

ELORA

BEANIE HARPER

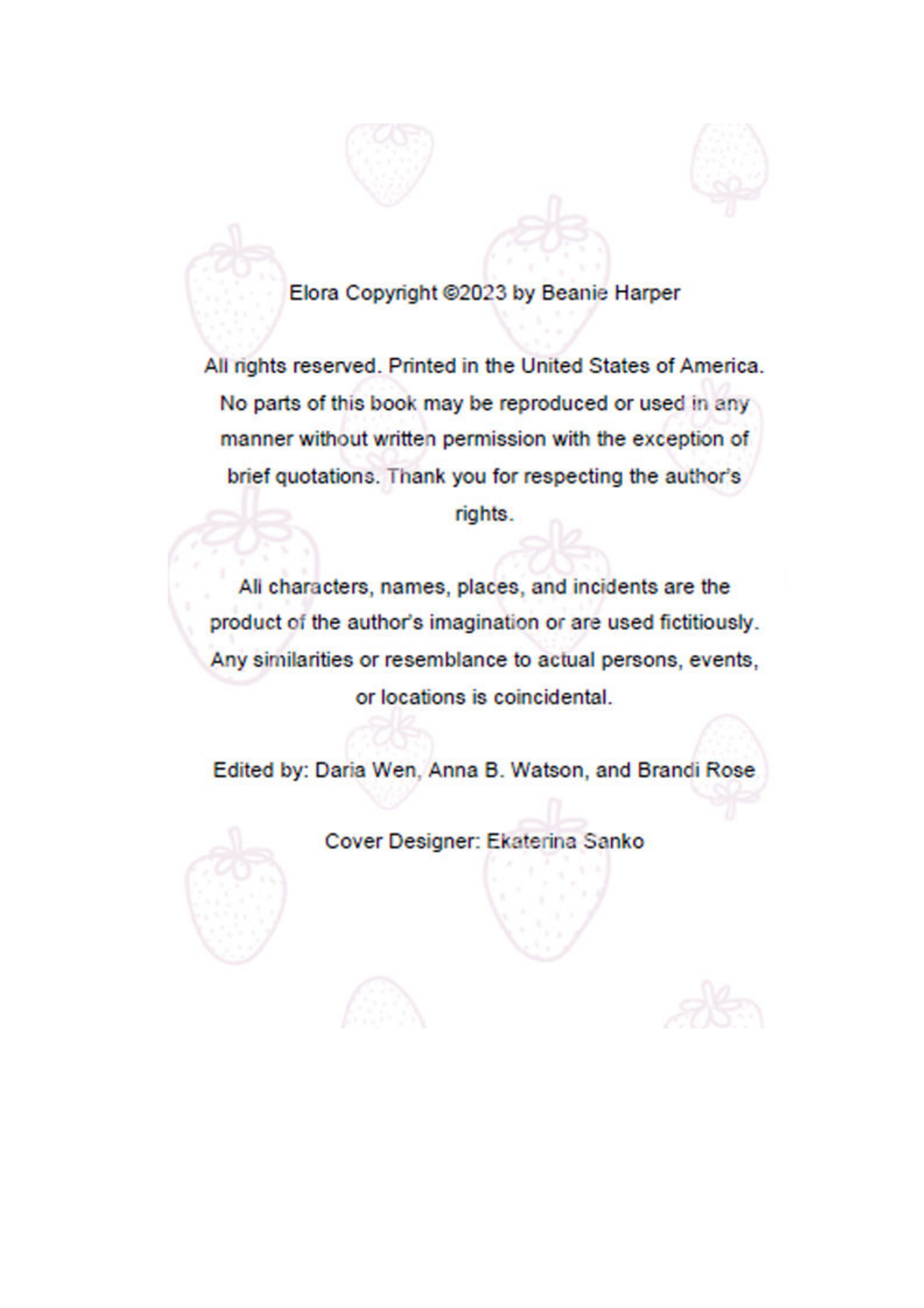


"After thousands of years, we found our light in the most unexpected person"

ELORA

BEANIE HARPER





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Edited by: Daria Wen, Anna B. Watson, and Brandi Rose

Cover Designer: Ekaterina Sanko

The page features several faint, light pink watermarks of strawberries scattered across the background. Some are whole, while others are sliced. The word "Playlist" is written in a pink, cursive font at the top center.

Playlist

Into You - Ariana Grande

Yes To Heaven - Lana Del Rey

Young and Beautiful - Lana Del Rey

Be My Queen - Seafret

*All I Have To Do Is Dream - Everly
Brothers*

Stay - Miley Cyrus


Guys My Age - Hley Violet

Infinity - Niykee Heaton

Forever Young - Undressed

Dancing Queen - Abba

*Crimson and Clover - Tommy James & The
Shondells*



For me & for you

Disclaimer

This book is a work of fiction that contains explicit sexual content. This story is a reverse harem, revolving around a polyamorous relationship between a young woman and seven vampires. There are no sexual feelings until Elora is eighteen. The relationship the men have with her as she's growing up is loving and nurturing. The male protagonists are not her 'father figures' as you will learn as the plot progresses.

This book contains: BDSM (bondage and discipline + sadism and masochism), knife play, blood play, degradation, anal sex, breath play, choking, CNC (consensual non-consent), somnophilia, double penetration, curse words, light drug and alcohol use, age gaps, and second hand embarrassment

This book is not meant to be a BDSM guide or used for sexual educational purposes.

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Duke

“*B*e rational about this, Felix,” I begged him as I paced his study. He sat in the oversized black chair behind his desk. The room was dimly lit, with the fireplace shadowing his face.

He tapped on the glass of whiskey he was drinking, his eyes glowing red in the firelight. Felix never was one to back down from a fight. For the thousands of years I’d known him, he craved violence and destruction.

I’d had my share, but I was done hurting people. Our kind was built for chaos... for pain. I believed we could be better. We could do better; we had the ability to help people. We didn’t have to encourage the suffering or pain of others.

Felix drank the remainder of his whiskey, setting it down on the desk. “I will not sit here as those mutts tear my brethren to shreds. They need our help, Duke. I *am* being rational,” he replied slowly.

Turning away, I shook my head.

“Werewolves aren’t our concern. There are no packs anywhere near here. The other clans can handle themselves,” I reasoned. We’ve fought many battles, only a few actually being our own. It was time for us to step back and let the other clans fight for themselves.

Though he got up and walked in my direction, I stood my ground. He was intimidating to most; his body was only slightly taller than mine, but I didn’t let that bother me. I kept my gaze focused on him even as he came into view.

“You’d let them die? Where is this request coming from, Duke?” He asked.

“I’m 2,890 years old and haven’t lived a single day. The fighting, the war, and the hate will never stop. Vampires and

werewolves have been natural enemies from the dawn of time. Let it go—let us live in peace,” I placed my hand on his shoulder as I begged, trying to get through to him.

Felix dropped his head, seemingly deep in thought. I was asking a lot of my clan with this request, but it was necessary. Hopefully, he would see things my way. He looked up, his red eyes full of remorse. “Come, we will discuss this with the rest of the clan,” he instructed, stepping from the office into the foyer of the castle we called home.

“There is something that must be discussed; come to the foyer,” Felix communicated through our clan’s mind-link.

Soon, there were hushed sounds of wind passing and quickened footfall on the polished marble floor. In front of us stood the rest of our clan. There were only seven of us, but we were stronger and older than all the other vampires in America. Our leader, Felix, had royal blood, which made him the king of vampires.

“Is this about the werewolf attacks?” Quin questioned, looking ready for a fight.

“Yes,” Felix confirmed. “I say we step in and fight amongst our clans. Duke suggested that we have done enough, and he’s tired of fighting,” He eyed all the men, gauging their reactions.

I took a breath before speaking, “All we do is fight battles that aren’t ours. Instead of fighting, we could help others—”

“Others? Tell me you’re not referring to humans?” Eugene scoffed, laughing at the idea.

“Yes, humans,” I affirmed with clenched fists. They were defenseless against werewolves and our fellow vampires as well. Instead of choosing to hate them, we could help. “Vampires and werewolves will *always* have wars to fight. It’s time we defend humans from their biggest threat.” Humans had never known of the existence of our kind or werewolves. They couldn’t defend themselves if they knew nothing of us.

Quin raised an eyebrow as he smirked. “Just the thought of them makes my mouth water.”

My clanmates chuckled at his comment, and I worried I may be alone in this. Nevertheless, Felix raised his hand, silencing them. “Is anyone else besides Duke tired of fighting?” He inquired.

Lucifer, Theo, and Dane raised their hands. I stared at them, shocked. I’d spoken to them about the constant battles before, and they listened with an open mind. However, I never expected them to agree with me.

“Let natural selection do its job. If they need us, we’ll be there, but the clans don’t need us as much as they used to,” Lucifer added with his arms crossed over his chest.

“Bullshit! They’re under attack, and *we* never lose. It’s our duty to help our brothers,” Eugene exclaimed with a glare, disappointment evident in his gaze.

Felix nodded. “A compromise,” he started. “When a clan needs our help, three of us will go on a mission to assist them, and the others will stay. Once the mission is over, three others will go. We will continue helping other clans and make time to... *live*.” He paused to chuckle before continuing. “As Duke put it earlier.”

The room was quiet for several minutes while everyone considered his offer.

These wars typically only last a few years. When the time came for me to go on a mission, I would gladly fight for a short time if that was the cost of living my own life.

“I agree,” I said.

The rest of the clan was reluctant to agree, taking several minutes before relenting to the proposed deal.

“That settles it,” Felix stated as he watched everyone. “Quin, Eugene, and I will go. Duke is in command until I get back.” He gave Quin and Eugene a sharp look.

Felix, Quin, and Eugene are the most ruthless out of us all. Their bloodlust was unmatched. It was smart that Felix would take the first rotation. The more they wait for a taste of destruction, the bigger the rampage would be when they explode.

Found



600 years later

The world around them had evolved. It was nothing new to them; they'd seen it change for centuries. Felix and his clan of vampires continued to rule over the other clans. Their strength and speed were unparalleled, making them invincible.

Duke, Lucifer, and Theo dropped their bags at the front door, comforted by the smell of their home. They'd been on hundreds of missions to help other clans with whatever they needed. This mission had lasted five years—five long years since they'd been home and seen their clan. It went without saying that they were happy to be back.

“What a greeting,” Theo mused with an eye roll after noticing that no one came to welcome them home.

“Next time, we can give them more of a warning. That way, they can have balloons and confetti in the entryway for you,” Duke teased with a smile as he walked.

“A simple ‘welcome back, we’ve missed you’ would suffice.” Theo followed. Lucifer was already long gone, probably in his room. He preferred to be alone.

Duke pulled a blood bag from the refrigerator and began drinking from it. His clanmate, Dane, worked at a hospital as a surgeon specializing in reconstructive surgery for children. He had no need for additional income, so his career was more of a hobby than a job.

He had access to fresh blood to benefit his clan and himself. He kept the fridge well-stocked.

Duke paused when he heard a woman moan upstairs while handing a bag to Theo. It was then that they noticed the repeating slapping sound as one of their friends thrust into her.

Theo smirked at Duke. “Any guesses?” He wondered.

Duke sighed. “You’re here with me, so I’d have to assume Felix.”

It was no secret that Theo was quite the womanizer. Granted, they all were charming. Vampires were naturally known to be beautiful creatures: tall, muscular, and almost impossible to resist.

Theo laughed, drinking from the bag. The woman’s moans soon turned to screams of terror as the warm scent of flesh and blood filled the air. “Do you think Felix will ever fuck a woman without killing her?” He mused casually.

“That’s the best part,” Eugene smirked with a shrug as he entered the kitchen. “Their blood always tastes so sweet as they cum. It’s impossible not to indulge when they’re so willing to give themselves to us.”

Duke hated this about vampires, himself included. Sex and blood were a vampire’s favorite things, so once they started drinking, it was near impossible to stop. Learning when to stop drinking blood took several hundred years.

Rolling his eyes, Duke questioned. “Must you be so crude?” There was no doubt the vampire was stuck in his old-fashioned ways, and talking about women so indecently irritated him.

“Duke,” Theo teased while nudging Eugene, “Don’t act so innocent. We’ve all heard you during sex.”

“You hear because you can’t mind your own business,” Duke stated, his posture straightening. It was apparent he didn’t want to talk about his sex life.

“We hear because you’re so annoyingly talkative,” Eugene chuckled before mocking his friend. “Oh, my darling! Look how perfect you are! You take my cock so well—”

Duke threw a kitchen towel at him. “Enough, Eugene.”

“Is Duke home?” Dane joked as he entered the kitchen, sporting a slight grin. He’d definitely heard Eugene’s parody.

Dane hugged Duke and Theo, welcoming them home.

They spent a few minutes talking and catching up before Felix and Quin entered the room, greeting the two with half hugs.

“How was it?” Felix asked, always eager to hear of bloodshed.

“I was about to ask you the same thing,” Theo taunted as he gave him a knowing look.

“Nothing special,” Felix dismissed, obviously unaffected by taking his conquest’s life.

“It wasn’t werewolf packs this time—it was rogue werewolves. More of a challenge, but we helped the clan, rest assured,” Duke answered Felix’s question from earlier.

Rogue werewolves were more feral and animalistic than ordinary werewolves that were in a pack. Rogues had no structure, no rules, and they didn’t hold back when it came to a fight. Wherever there were rogues, there was bound to be bloodshed.

“Of course, you three get the fun missions. I’d do anything to fuck up rogues,” Quin commented with crossed arms as he leaned against the counter.

“Shall we celebrate your return with dinner?” Dane queried with eyebrows raised.

Theo held up the blood bag in his hand.

The surgeon rolled his eyes, “Actual food. There’s a restaurant half an hour away that serves wonderful steak.”



The seven vampires walked down the sidewalk as the sun slowly set. They’d lived in the same town for hundreds of years, yet they were always surprised at how fast things changed. Where a woman once stood selling silk and apples eons ago now sat a four-star restaurant. Everything around them had adapted except them.

Duke feared that another couple hundred years would pass and he would remain the same. He craved something more. A meaning beyond all the fighting and bloodlust; he wanted white-picket normalcy. Unfortunately, that sort of normal and vampires didn't mix.

Vampires and werewolves could only be males, which meant wives were finite and rare. Females could not carry the vampire nor the werewolf genes, and though several had tried to change their past loves, none had succeeded.

"You're right—that was delicious," Theo agreed.

"Am I ever wrong?" Dane smirked.

"We should discuss who the next three are to go when the time comes," Felix noted. Always planning and organizing, the royal wasn't one for surprises or spontaneity. He liked things his way.

"Eugene and I will go," Quin quickly answered.

Felix raised his eyebrows at his friend. Usually, the three of them went together, but Felix wasn't feeling up for a fight. Had his evening's conquest drained him of the need to dominate? Perhaps he would feel differently tomorrow.

"We'll choose the third some other time," Felix dismissed.

The faint sound of teeth chattering together disrupted their walk. It wasn't loud, but they could hear a butterfly's wing flap from a mile away. For them, the racket may as well have been right in their ears.

Felix, Eugene, Quin, and Lucifer didn't pay any attention to the sound. They figured it was a homeless person, most likely begging for money, and continued walking.

The others slowed, quickly pinpointing where the noise was coming from.

Theo gave the perpetrator—a child—a stern look while studying her. None of them liked kids, but Theo had a particular distaste for them. Humans were disgusting, *especially* the little ones who caused messes.

Dane and Duke, however, stilled. Their cold hearts hurt for the girl.

She was curled up under a cardboard box, both her and her makeshift home soaked from the earlier rain. Trembling, she pushed herself as far into the corner of her shelter as she could. The girl was tiny, even for a kid, and it concerned Duke. He could only wonder: where was her mother?

He observed her further, though only for a short time. She wore an oversized t-shirt covering her whole body, leaving her bare toes sticking out from under it. Her grime-drenched hair was blonde, long, and knotted.

“Is there an issue?” Felix asked the two men, noticing their fixation on the child.

“It’s very sad, don’t you think?” Dane whispered, still watching her.

“I think it’s disgusting. Humans can’t fend for themselves at all. She’ll probably die of hypothermia or starvation. What a pathetic species,” the royal spat as he glared at the girl.

For the first time, Duke looked away from the girl and scowled at his clan leader. “Are you truly incapable of compassion, Felix?”

Without another word, Duke slowly approached the young girl. He knew he looked different from other men she’d seen in the past and didn’t want to scare her.

For one, he was much taller than human males, and if she looked close enough, she’d notice his eyes weren’t brown but dark red.

“Duke! What the hell are you doing?” Quin whispered, not wanting to bring attention to them. There weren’t many people around—actually, there was no one near. It was just them and the little girl.

Duke ignored his friends and kneeled a foot away from the child.

She slowly looked up, her big blue eyes studying him, from his polished black boots to his shiny brown hair. She’d never

seen a man who looked so *fancy before*, which scared her. The girl curled further into a ball, scooting away from the strange man until her back hit the flimsy box and felt the cement behind it.

He was sad, but Duke smiled at the girl nonetheless. “Hello,” he began gently in an effort not to frighten the girl further. “My name is Duke. What’s yours?”

The child looked around everywhere, her gaze briefly landing on the other men observing the interaction from several yards away. They all scared her. She’d seen bad men before—the kind that rode on motorcycles and punched each other late at night. She always hid from them; she was good at hiding.

But these men didn’t look like the others. They were huge and incredibly intimidating, but the way Duke spoke brought her some level of comfort.

She looked up at Duke, her eyelashes wet with dewdrop tears. He looked nice, or so she thought.

Despite the cold, she answered, her voice small and wavering: “Elora.”

“It’s nice to meet you, Elora. Are you here alone?” Duke asked. He had a sneaking suspicion she was. Clearly, the child hadn’t eaten or bathed in far too long. The vampire sincerely hoped any parent or caretaker would put a child’s needs before their own.

Elora nodded. “Mommy told me to stay here, and someone will h–help me,” she explained. It had been so long since she’d seen her mom. The poor girl didn’t know any better, but it was evident to Duke that her mother wasn’t coming back.

With a sigh, Duke turned towards Felix, looking at him with an unspoken question in his gaze.

This child, finding her—this could be his purpose. Duke wanted to help people, and now he had his chance. He was more than capable of raising a child and had more money than he knew what to do with. In his mind, he could give her a

good life, send her to college, and watch her grow old, knowing he did his duty to help save a life.

Felix tensed and shook his head. “Are you mad?” He hissed, dumbfounded by the very idea of a child in their manor.

Indeed, his friend was insane for even thinking of taking in a human girl. Their life was abnormal, and she’d be in constant danger. “Absolutely not, Duke,” the royal stated sternly.

The kind vampire’s mind was already made up. “I can’t leave her,” he objected, holding his friend’s stare. “She’ll be my responsibility, Felix.”

“So we’re taking in strays now?” Quin scoffed, already finding a hundred things about Elora that annoyed him.

Ignoring their comments, Duke turned back towards the girl. “Would you like to come with me? My house is warm, and we have food,” he tried, unsure of how to speak to her. He didn’t know how to relate to a human, much less a child. The last thing he wanted to do was come off as a creep.

Elora thought about his question for several seconds. She couldn’t think of a reason not to. Her mom had told her someone would help, and Duke’s invitation was tempting. She was hungry and cold, and the thought of not being alone delighted her.

“Cookies?” The orphan asked. She hadn’t had cookies in so long.

“Yes, we have a few sweets Lucifer keeps hidden,” Duke replied, chuckling as he held his large hand out to her. “Ready to go, Elora?”

She hesitantly grabbed it, her whole hand only covering his thumb. Standing up, Elora’s shirt fell below her ankles while Duke towered over her. She liked him much more when he was her height. His friends didn’t exactly help her nerves either.

Letting go of his hand, she reached for Duke. The vampire smiled and scooped Elora into his arms while she marveled

over his surprising heat.

She didn't know it was possible for a person to be anything but cold. Everyone else had felt like ice, but this man was different. As she pressed her little hands to his chest, she couldn't help but smile. For the first time in forever, she felt warm; she was warm.

Elora

The men were quiet as they walked, Duke still carrying me alongside them. I spent most of the trip to his *home*—wherever that was—nuzzling into his warmth.

The sun was never out here—no, it was always raining with a cold wind to match. I'd lived in my little box for so long, and I couldn't remember a time when I wasn't curled up in a ball next to the building. There was no way I wasn't going to savor Duke's comfort.

I didn't think I'd ever been this cared for, which made me happy.

Much happier than Duke's friends were; they looked angry. Duke told me their names earlier, but they were too scary for me to talk to quite yet.

"How old are you, Elora?" Duke questioned as he glanced down at me.

Blinking up at him, I held out four fingers. "I'm this many," I answered but was soon distracted by my own fingers. With my hands placed as close to his face as possible, I began to count each finger. "One... two... three... four."

"And what's your favorite color?" Duke asked with a smile.

My favorite color? I looked around at things as we walked, trying to pick one. The stop sign was red, the sky was black, the grass was green, and my shirt was gray.

"What's yours?" I countered, needing another idea.

He raised an eyebrow at my question. "I like happy colors, yellow, blue, green, pink—"

"I like pink!" I remembered. I knew I had petted a dog with a pink collar long ago, and I liked that. So, it made sense. Pink was my favorite.

My attention was caught by the scariest building I'd ever seen. Eyes wide, my gaze drifted over the bricks and monster

statues lining the roof. I shrunk in Duke's arms, the large structure giving me the creeps.

"Scary," I mumbled.

Duke bounced lightly. "No, no, it's not scary. It's just dark outside," Duke calmly assured while bouncing me gently in his hold.

I buried my head into his chest, not wanting to look at the spooky castle. "This is where you live?" I whimpered, struggling with a few words.

A door creaked, and the world got quiet. Looking up, I saw a big room with stairs on either side.

Now that we were inside and the wind wasn't drowning out the sound, I could hear myself breathing.

"It's where you live now, too," Duke whispered with a smile.

"Give the kid a bath; I'm tired of smelling her," Quin snapped, crossing his arms as he stared at me. He had short and tidy brown hair with a sharp, angular face.

Duke glared at Quin before carrying me up the steps. "Do you like bubbles? I don't have any bath toys for you, but I do have bubble bath," he asked as we walked into a large bathroom. It reminded me of the ones in pictures I'd seen in newspaper ads.

My eyes were wide as I stared at everything. The room was practically sparkling and way different from the port-a-potty I'd had to use before.

I'd never seen a bathroom like this. It even had a bathtub! The only time I'd been able to clean myself was when a nice old lady had taken me with her to a shelter. Many dirty-looking people were there, and the shower was cold, short, and hard to use. No one helped me, and I could never figure out how to open the soap.

"I've never had bubbles," I murmured, still entranced by the room.

Duke sat me down on the toilet as he messed with the bath, and I was in awe as clear water rushed out of the faucet. The water I was used to seeing was murky and white.

Settling near the tub's edge, Duke let the water run off his hand.

“You can have all the bubbles you'd like here. And tomorrow, I'll take you to get clothes that fit you and toys,” he promised.

I grinned, my heart swelling at the thought of having my own toys. I'd always seen pictures of soft things, but I'd never had any for myself.

“My own?” I pressed my hands against my chest, feeling overwhelmed.

He laughed, his chuckle deep and loud. “Yes, I promise none of us will want them. And we can get you your favorite foods, too.”

Sliding off the toilet, I reached into the bath water only to gasp at its heat.

“Is it too hot?” Duke grabbed my hand, a concerned expression stressing his features.

I shook my head, reaching into the tub again and swirling my hand around in the water. “It's not cold,” I beamed. Was this warm water for me?

Duke exhaled deeply next to me, pouring a bottle of something into the bath. “Of course, it's warm. You'll never be cold again, Elora. I promise.”

The water began to bubble slowly until that was all I could see.

“Wow!” I jumped, not knowing how to control my excitement. “So pretty.” I played with the bubbles, clapping my hands together and making them go everywhere.

Smiling, Duke asked if I was ready to go in. I nodded eagerly, wiggling out of my oversized shirt and underwear as quickly as possible. He gently lowered me into the tub, and I

couldn't withhold my excited squeal as the water warmed my skin.

Duke watched and laughed as I played in the sweet-smelling bubbles. They served as a great distraction when he began to wash my hair.

"You have hair like Rapunzel, you know that?" He questioned in an amused tone despite struggling to detangle my hair.

"Who?" I asked.

"She's a Princess with very long hair. I think we have the book in our library. I can read it to you," he answered.

"I like stories," I hummed as I pushed some suds against my chin, giving myself a silly beard.

The sound of footsteps made me turn to see another of Duke's friends, Dane, enter the bathroom with some comfy clothes in his hands.

He looked kind, like Duke, while the rest still seemed not so kind. "These should work for tonight until you get her real clothes," Dane set the clothes down near the bathtub.

Leaning against the counter, the other man stared at Duke. He looked like he had something to say. "Do you really think this is a good idea?"

Duke continued to brush my hair, and I tried to focus back on my bubbles, though I kept looking back at Duke's friend.

His eyes were red; he must've been tired. Whenever I was tired, my eyes got red—at least, that was what Mommy said.

"I do. This will be good for all of us. And her," Duke said softly.

Dane was quiet for a few seconds, then nodded. "I hope you're right."

"Owie!" I cried, feeling Duke tug too hard on my hair. I rubbed the sore spot with a pout. With a finger pointed at my new friend, I spoke again, "That's not nice."

Holding his hands up in surrender, Duke chuckled. “I apologize. If you want to look like a Princess, I have to get these tangles out,” he explained and turned me around again.

I looked up at Dane, whose gaze seemed to move between the two of us. Pushing my eyebrows together, I couldn’t help but wonder why he seemed so upset. Maybe I could make him smile! My hands grabbed a giant glob of bubbles and held them out for him to see. “I have bubbles,” I mumbled shyly.

He looked amused, a small smile suddenly tugging at the corner of his lips. “I can see that.”

With a smile, I grabbed more with the full intent of sharing. After all, Mommy did say sharing was caring. “Here,” I chirped as I pushed the bubbles toward Dane. “They will make you happy.”

“I am happy,” he stated, though he seemed surprised. Grabbing my wrists, he placed them back in the tub so that I could continue playing. “Thank you anyway.”

I nodded, but it was followed by a yawn. My body really wanted a nap. Looking back to my new friends, I was also reminded of how sleepy they looked. “My eyes are red when I’m tired too.”

Both men laughed, and I could have sworn I heard someone downstairs join them.

“This is going to be an interesting few years,” Dane chuckled as he stood and walked out the door.

Pretty Eyes

Elora is 6

Elora

I clung to Duke's leg as we walked into the noisy room. Hiding behind him, I kept my fists clenched tightly around his jeans. There had to be a hundred kids here, all screaming and running around like wild animals. I wanted to go home, but I promised Duke that I would at least try this whole kindergarten thing.

When he told me about school, he made it sound like a dream. He said there would be games, counting, and more friends than I could ever imagine. Standing here in this nuthouse, I couldn't help except feel overwhelmed. Duke was my bestest friend in the whole world, and I didn't need any other friends besides him.

A tall woman approached us, and Duke gave her a warm smile before returning his focus to me. The unfamiliar lady returned his toothy grin before giving me one as well. Her teeth were white and shiny but not nearly as polished as the men I lived with; not as pointy either.

She crouched before me, making me squeeze Duke's pants again while he ran his fingers through my hair. He was always best at calming me down. "Hello, my name is Mrs. Beth. I'll be your kindergarten teacher," she said in a friendly voice. "You must be Elora, right?"

I shyly looked down, not wanting to talk to her. She seemed kind, but Eugene always told me not to talk to strangers.

Duke kneeled down, and I gripped his arm tightly. "I want to go home," I mumbled, knowing he heard me. He could always hear me, no matter how far away I was.

"We can't go home yet," he replied with a soft smile before turning to look at Mrs. Beth. "She's just a bit shy. She'll warm

up in no time.”

“That’s completely normal.” Mrs. Beth replied with a nod before focusing her attention back on me. With a smile of her own, she asked me what activities I liked to do for fun. “What kind of games do you like to play, Elora?”

I looked up at Duke, waiting for him to answer her.

Chuckling, he encouraged me to answer on my own. “You know what games you like. Tell her about that card game you and Theo play.”

“Go Fish,” I answered, peering up at the teacher.

Mrs. Beth widened her eyes. “Really?! That’s a great game,” she replied with a grin and a wink, causing me to smile in return. “You know what—we are actually going to play a few games this morning so we can all get to know each other. I think one of the games we are playing is Go Fish.”

“They’re playing my favorite game,” I whispered excitedly as I looked at Duke. Despite my sudden delight, I was still nervous about joining all those kids in that room.

He grinned. “That sounds fun, doesn’t it?”

Mrs. Beth looked at me as she stood and began leading us further into the room. “Let me show you your desk so we can get started on those games.”

“Are you excited, Elora?” Duke implored as he rubbed my arm, only letting go to point towards Mrs. Beth. She was pulling out a small chair that was placed in a square with three other little desks. “Look at that desk—that’s all yours.”

“I do like that I don’t have to share,” I whispered, eyeing my new workstation.

Duke laughed, standing up to his full height (that seemed to tower over everyone else in the room). “I know you do. Alright, I will be over there with all the other grown-ups while you go have some fun, okay?”

Still unsure, I murmured. “It’s scary.”

“It’s not scary,” he responded with a sad smile. Kneeling once more, he turned me so that I was fully facing the classroom. “Look around and tell me what you see—”

“Madness.” I interrupted without hesitation.

“Well, I see a bunch of kids who are looking for friends—who are just as nervous as you are,” Duke commented with a sigh before gesturing towards the tiny desks. “Look at that little girl sitting at the desk beside yours.”

The girl seemed shy, sitting alone with nothing except her dark curls to entertain her. “She looks nice,” I conceded.

“Why don’t you go say hi?” He suggested.

I nodded, deciding she looked less crazy than the other kids here. Still nervous, I glanced back at Duke for comfort while I sauntered toward my desk. Each time I glanced back at him, he gave me the same encouraging smile and nod.

As I slid into my chair, I peeked at the girl, noticing her shirt had a pink butterfly on it. “I like your shirt,” I muttered, my heart pounding in hopes she didn’t think I was weird.

She looked down at her outfit and smiled. “Thanks, I picked it all by myself,” she said proudly.

“Really?” I giggled, “Duke picks my outfits for me.” He always dressed me in cute outfits, but only after asking what color I felt like wearing that day.

“That’s not what big girls do. My mommy said big girls dress themselves,” she began while eyeing my outfit. “I’m Willow. What’s your name?”

I shrunk in my seat, confused by what she meant. Eugene taught me how to count to twenty, and I knew all my letters. Those were big girl things...right?

“Elora,” I answered.

“Alright! It looks like everyone has found their seats,” Mrs. Beth announced. “We’re going to play a few learning games today. How does that sound?”

The class got loud again, but I stayed quiet.

“Good! As we play our games, the grown-ups are going to leave for a few hours, and they’ll come back when we’re done,” she smiled, but her words horrified me.

Looking back at Duke, I knew he wouldn’t leave me. It didn’t matter what the teacher said—he wouldn’t do that. “Don’t go,” I whispered anyway.

He looked sad for a second before he gave me another reassuring smile. The adults who were standing at the back of the class started walking out the door, and Duke followed them.

Once the door was shut, I noticed that I wasn’t the only one worried. A few kids were crying, and someone even wailed.

Jeez, they didn’t even have *Dukes*. What were they so worked up about?

None of their adults could compare to mine. It made me feel better knowing that as scared as I was, at least I wasn’t throwing a fit. I was a big girl, and I would keep my promise that I’d try kindergarten.



Kindergarten wasn’t so horrible. The first few hours went by fast, mostly because I was just thinking about Duke coming back and saving me from this place. However, after a few matching games, I started having fun.

Mrs. Beth drew an awful drawing of a stick woman on the whiteboard. She drew arrows to the triangle dress the stick lady wore as well as to its hair, skin, fingers, and eyes.

“Alright, this next game is going to be about our colors and numbers,” our teacher began. “Can anyone tell me how many eyes we have?”

“Two!” Someone shouted.

“That’s right! Great job,” Mrs. Beth gushed. “Now, can anyone tell me what colors our eyes can be? Any guesses?”

“Brown!”

“Green!”

“Blue!”

It got quiet momentarily while I waited for someone to shout out the prettiest one. I took a breath as I looked around the room. No one was saying it, so I guess I probably should. Saying the first words I’d spoken in class all day, I called out: “Red!”

A few kids snickered, and I blushed, feeling embarrassed.

Mrs. Beth was quick to hush them before smiling kindly in my direction. “Red is a good color, Elora. But only albino people have red eyes, good thinking.”

“No... a lot of people have red eyes,” I insisted with furrowed eyebrows. Basically, everyone I knew had pretty red eyes.

“Mrs. Beth, she’s lying!” A little girl screeched as she pointed at me.

“I’m not lying!” I defended myself.

Quieting the class once again, Mrs. Beth returned her attention to me, though her smile wasn’t as friendly this time.

“There’s nothing wrong with playing make-believe. In school, we’re here to learn and tell the truth. So, no more funny colors,” she reprimanded gently.

“But—”

“Can anyone tell me what hair colors we can have?” The teacher interrupted and ignored me, intent on changing the subject.

I lowered my head, pouting in my seat and not understanding why they called me a liar. I *knew* I was right.



Duke and I walked through the front door of our house. After an enjoyable first day of school, I was happy to be home. He got me ice cream as an apology for leaving. He also said that adults couldn't go to kindergarten—that it wasn't allowed, and they had to do other things.

I didn't like that. Duke could sit at the desk next to mine for all I cared.

Theo grinned when he saw me and scooped me into his arms. "Hey, kiddo! How was school?" He asked while trying to steal a bite of my ice cream.

I shrugged as I tried to keep my treat away from his open mouth. "It was okay. Wanna go with me tomorrow? You can sit next to me and play games," I invited.

"Yes, Theo," Eugene taunted. "Please go back to kindergarten."

Sitting me down on his lap, Theo and I joined everyone else in the dining room—even Lucifer.

Theo shot Eugene a look before smiling at me. "You know I would, but with you gone all day, who's going to look after these guys?" He gestured around the table.

I giggled, "I'm hungry."

Quin glanced at me. "I'm making food," he dismissed.

Dane closed his laptop and leaned back in his chair. "Well, what did you learn today?" He questioned.

"Nothing," I responded while continuing to eat Duke's ice cream apology. "We just played games."

"Oh yeah?" Dane laughed. "What kind?"

A game piece on a large map on the dining room table distracted me from my conversation with my friends. It was Felix's since he was the one moving other pieces around, but it didn't seem like he was having fun. In fact, he looked angry.

A throat clearing reminded me of Dane's question, and I blinked before finally answering. "Oh, uh—matching, counting, colors..." I paused, my eyes widening as I grabbed Theo's

face with my sticky fingers and looked closely at his. “Are you an albino person?”

“No?” He raised his eyebrows, seeming baffled by my question. “Where’d you hear that?”

“We were naming eye colors, and I said red, and everyone called me a liar, and Mrs. Beth said I was playing make-believe because only albino people have red eyes—” I said in all one breath before being rudely interrupted.

“Elora—” Felix scolded.

“She doesn’t know any better,” Duke quickly cut in while pulling my hands from Theo’s face. He always had a wet wipe ready to make my hands clean again.

“Then make her know better,” Felix snapped, scowling in my direction.

Suddenly, everyone began glancing at each other, their expressions super serious.

Duke took me away from Theo and sat me down on the table in front of him. He brought the wet wipe to my face as he spoke softly. “Elora, you know what a secret is, right?” He asked.

I nodded eagerly. One time, I woke up late because I had to go potty, and when I opened my eyes, I saw Lucifer in my closet. He was grabbing a bag of marshmallows from the top shelf and looked annoyed when he saw that I was awake. Still, he handed me a marshmallow before whispering that it was ‘our secret.’ Even now, I hadn’t told a soul. “Yup, you never ever ever ever—”

“Elora,” Duke warned, giving me a stern look. Out of the corner of my eye, I could have sworn I saw Lucifer move, but I was too busy talking to Duke to take notice.

“—Ever tell secrets. Unless you tell me I have to tell you, then I’ll tell *you*,” I chirped, pointing at him. It was true; Duke was always allowed to know my secrets.

“That’s right,” he stated with a smile. “You’re so smart.”

I grinned from ear to ear. “I know!” I exclaimed excitedly before covering my mouth and giggling at my outburst. My eyes widened with realization, and my voice softened into a whisper. “Are you going to give me a secret?”

“*Tell* you a secret,” Eugene corrected.

Duke nodded in agreement before addressing me again. “Elora, it’s imperative that you *never* tell anyone this secret, okay?”

Nodding, I held my pinky up. “Pinky promise.” He hooked his around it. Wow! This must be a serious secret! I couldn’t help but feel ecstatic.

With his lips pressed together, Duke looked as though he was contemplating what he’d say next. “Eugene, Felix, Dane, Lucifer, Theo, and I,” he began. “We’re not like other people—”

“Because you have pretty eyes?” I blurted.

“Kind of,” he replied with a chuckle. “We’re special. You know how we’re fast?”

“Really, very fast,” I agreed. They were so quick that sometimes I couldn’t even see them.

“And stronger than other people,” Duke continued. “We’re also older than we look. You know how when you get hungry, you want food?”

Food... Quin was making food! Thank goodness. I looked in his direction. “What are you making—”

“Elora, pay attention,” Dane instructed.

“Uh-huh.” I sighed. It wasn’t my fault that I was getting bored.

“Well,” Duke kept going as though he hadn’t been interrupted. “When *we* get hungry, we drink blood—”

“Ew!” I stuck out my tongue in disgust. “Icky.”

Duke agreed with a laugh before explaining that they were a different kind of people—a special kind. They were called *vampires*.

“Not an albino?” I asked, pushing my eyebrows together.

With a shake of his head, Duke confirmed. “No.”

I took a second to think about our new secret before squishing his cheeks and smiling, “Mosquito.”

A burst of laughter came from Theo’s lips. “An overgrown one,” he joked.

Felix gave me a cold stare. “Elora, do you understand the secret? You must never say anything about it to anyone.”

Nodding my agreement, I glanced at his game and grabbed a small metal wolf. “What are you playing?” I asked.

“It’s not a game,” Felix sneered as he snatched the figurine from my hand. “Don’t touch things that aren’t yours.”

Quin straightened in his seat with a deep look of concern. “What happens if she runs around telling people about the men she lives with having red eyes, running fast, never sleeping, and God knows what else?” He sighed, “Eventually, the wrong people will hear, and it could get back to someone who will try to kill he—”

Duke narrowed his eyes at him. “We’ll have this discussion later, Quin.”

Rolling his eyes, Quin glanced at me briefly before looking back at Duke. “There doesn’t have to be a discussion. If anything happens, she’ll accompany you while we take care of it.”

I didn’t know what they were talking about, but I did know that Felix was distracted. Seizing the moment, I grabbed one of his toys and began moving it across the table. A smile was on my face as I moved the small wolf, letting it walk away from all its wolf friends.

During my game, everyone left until Felix, and I were still at the table. I moved onto a chair, tucking my legs under me so I was tall enough to lean over the table. Felix didn’t pay me any mind as he continued playing his game.

I watched him move a wolf every few seconds before changing his mind and moving it back. Pretending his wolves

were friends with mine, I slowly moved my wolf closer to all its friends.

Waiting until he had one in his hand, I brought my wolf next to it and, in a deep voice, made it greet its friend. "Hello."

Felix blinked down at me, then at the wolf in my hand, before he grabbed the metallic animal. "I told you not to touch things that aren't yours," he scolded.

Slouching against the back of my chair, I felt bad for my wolf, but then I remembered that Theo was always happy to play games with me. I looked around for my ice cream so I could leave and take it with me, but I didn't see it anywhere.

My brows scrunched briefly before I shrugged and moved to get off the chair. Unable to escape it completely, I grunted a few times while my feet dangled above the ground.

With a loud sigh, Felix moved around the table and lifted me off the chair by my underarms. He seemed irritated but handed me my little wolf anyway.

"Now leave me alone," he ordered as he returned to his game.

I nodded, a little sad that he never lets me play his games. Eugene always said being selfish could be good sometimes, but I didn't see it. I only saw Felix being really greedy with his toys.

Smiling at the metal wolf in my hand, I ran as fast as I could toward the kitchen. "Theo!" I shouted. "I have a new game!"

Blood

Elora is 9

Elora

“Give it back!” I jumped up, knowing it was no use. Theo was a whole tree taller than me. He was also a superhuman who was stronger and faster than literally everyone else.

Well, maybe not Felix. Giving up, I crossed my arms and squinted my eyes at him in an attempt to look intimidating.

Theo gave me a pointed look. “You may have your book back once you’ve finished your homework,” he declared.

“I don’t like doing the numbers,” I pouted. I always got frustrated and felt like crying when it came to math. My fourth-grade teacher said it was good to learn math and that we’d use it throughout the rest of our lives. Well, I had never used it outside of homework and school, and I didn’t plan to either.

Sticking out my lower lip, I tried to give Theo my best puppy dog eyes. “Please?”

He put his hands on his knees, copying my expression as he crouched down to my height. “That only works on Duke, sweetheart,” he smirked, pointing to the living room where my schoolwork was. “Go.”

I stomped all the way to the living room. “Math is stupid. Division is dumb. Why can’t numbers just stay the same—” I stopped muttering when I saw Felix leave his office and glower in my direction.

My body tensed as he stared angrily at me. Uh oh—this wasn’t good. “Is there a reason you’re being so loud?” He practically growled.

“Um, no,” I whispered, folding my hands in front of myself while I kept my gaze on my shoes. I didn’t think Felix liked me very much, but I loved him even if he did scare me to no end. I loved all my vampire friends.

“Then stop stomping and muttering,” he scolded. “Do what you’re told, Elora.”

I nodded, rushing away to the living room after whispering my apologies to Felix. In no time, I was knelt at the coffee table and doing my equations like a good girl.

Three of my friends leave every few months, and the longest any of them had been away was a year. Unfortunately for me, Duke, Dane, and Quin had been gone the past two weeks.

I missed Duke, he was my best friend, but the guys are returning today at some point. Duke was also easier on me than everyone else.

Eugene usually helped me with homework, but he didn’t need to today. I did my math with little to no issues. It was all thanks to him anyway. In the past, he always taught me the best way to solve problems, all while calling schoolwork fun.

The front door opened, and Duke, Dane, and Quin walked in carrying their luggage. I instantly shot up and ran over to them, nearly tackling them with hugs. “You’re back!”

“Hey, kiddo,” Quin greeted me as he patted my back and walked away.

Duke picked me up, placing me on his hip. “How were they?” He questioned. He had told me to keep an eye on everyone while he was gone.

“Nothing to report,” I stated with a smile. “Theo stole my book, though. Can you get it back?”

Dane joined Duke’s side as we wandered into the kitchen. “Why would he do that?” The latter gave me a sharp look.

“I have no idea,” I looked away while I lied through my teeth. “Maybe he’s crazy.”

“Sure,” Duke replied with an eye roll while carrying me into the kitchen. Once there, he sat me on a stool at the kitchen island.

“Maybe I’m crazy?” Theo repeated with a piercing glance.

Oops. Vampire super hearing would always be my downfall.

“It was just an observation,” I spoke innocently, resting my head on my fist. “Who steals a book from a child?”

Theo leaned on the counter across from me, “Someone who doesn’t want you to grow up *stupid*. You’ll thank me one day.”

I gasped dramatically while pointing at him. “Name-calling!”

“Wait till you’re older,” Theo smirked, and I could’ve sworn I saw mischief in his gaze. “I’ll teach you the really fun words—”

“Enough!” Duke interrupted, looking between us before resting his eyes on Theo. “For God’s sake—are you really arguing with a nine-year-old? Why did you take the book?”

“She wasn’t doing her homework,” Theo tattled as he straightened his posture.

Glancing sheepishly at Duke, I found his attention already on me. “It’s done! I finished it,” I defended quickly in response to his stern stare.

“School is important, Elora,” Duke scolded. “You can’t procrastinate like that. You’ll form bad habits.”

“I don’t even know what that means,” I confessed with a nonchalant shrug.

“It’s already happening!” Theo teased with a smug look. “She’s growing up stupid.”

“I’m not stupid!” I whined. I’d stomp my foot as well if it wasn’t seated already.

Duke glared at Theo, who looked way too happy with himself. “No, you’re not stupid. Ignore Theo; he’s sick in the head—”

“Told you he’s crazy,” I giggled before hopping off my stool to make a snack. Grabbing the milk, my favorite brand of cereal, and a bowl, I went to open the drawer to find a spoon. The drawer was cluttered with silverware, but no spoon was in sight.

“Fine,” Theo relented before explaining the definition of procrastination. “It’s putting something off until the last minute. Like not doing your homework until the morning before school.”

Accepting Theo’s response, I dug through the drawer, wondering how it was possible we didn’t have the one eating utensil I needed. There had to be one in there!

“So, Duke procrastinated coming home, so I’d be stuck with *you* to take care of me?” I looked over my shoulder, ready for Duke to scold me and tell me I was wrong. Sometimes it was fun getting on his nerves.

“Owie!” I cried when my hand hit something sharp. The knife did even more damage when I suddenly yanked my arm back, and I couldn’t stop the tears welling in my eyes at the pain.

I’d never been good around blood, getting queasy every time I encountered it. The blood oozing from my palm like a fountain wasn’t helping at all. I could already feel nausea creeping in.

Noticing how quiet it was, I turned around. I was nervous and slightly scared to see everyone in the kitchen. I hadn’t even heard them come in, but my vampires have always been stealthy.

Seeing Lucifer’s bright red eyes and fangs poking out from his open mouth made me tense. I looked at the others and saw they all looked identical except Dane. Duke looked at war with himself as though he was in pain just at the sight of my crimson hand.

Dane was at my side in a flash, ushering me to the sink. He turned the tap on cold and held my hand under it. I couldn’t help but recoil as I watched my blood run down the drain.

“Hold your hand there. You’re going to need stitches,” he instructed but made no move to let go of my hand while he focused on the guys behind us.

I knew they were vampires and drank blood, but they’d never hurt me. Or would they? No—I was sure they wouldn’t. It didn’t make their expressions any less scary. Dane worked at the hospital, meaning he was better than the rest of our friends around blood. That didn’t mean I liked seeing them like this.

“You should be more careful, Elora,” Lucifer stated as he left the kitchen. I widened my eyes in shock. He never spoke, especially not to me. I’m lucky if he even says one sentence to me a month.

That’s also the first time he’s ever called me by my name.

I watched the blood circling the drain and couldn’t help except feel guilty. It’s not like I meant to cut myself. Plus, it really hurt too.

Duke appeared next to me, looking normal again. “It’s okay—accidents happen,” he comforted me and rubbed my arm.

“Don’t let her move her hand from the faucet,” Dane spoke after looking at Duke for a second or two. “I’ll be right back.” A moment later, he was gone.

Taking ahold of my hand, Duke firmly held it under the water. “I can hold it there myself, you know,” I mumbled, still feeling vulnerable.

“I know you can,” Duke answered, still gripping my wrist. I knitted my eyebrows together, realizing why they were so insistent on this. They wanted the sight and smell of my blood to disappear down the drain as soon as possible.

“I’m sorry,” I murmured, feeling tears collect on my eyelashes. I really should have been more careful, like Lucifer said.

“You’re going to have a scar on your hand now,” Duke sighed. “It’s okay, though. I just wish you didn’t hurt yourself.” He seemed upset; he probably blamed himself.

There was the sound of commotion behind me, and I tried to look, but Duke was quick to grab my head with his free hand. Instead, he forced me to keep facing the sink. “Wha—”

“Just—look how big your flowers are growing! Pretty, huh?” He pointed to the flower pot on the windowsill.

I nodded, noticing how they’d gotten bigger. Glancing up, I felt my heart sink at what I saw in the reflection of the window. The knife that had cut my hand—the same blade that had been drenched in my blood—was now clean.

Felix and Eugene were holding Quin back, struggling to drag him out of the room. He looked mad, utterly deranged. His eyes were bright red, and he looked murderous.

Eugene firmly placed his hand over Quin’s mouth, drowning out anything he was trying to say. He was also being restrained by Felix, who was holding his arms tightly to his sides. That was all I saw before they left the kitchen.

Once they were gone, I looked down at my palm only to see the blood still pouring out. I couldn’t tell if it was from my newfound fear of Quin or the sight of my blood, but my vision began to waver. “I don’t feel so good, Duke,” I slurred and blinked slowly as I stared at the now-reddened sink.

Duke wrapped his arm around my ribs, holding me tightly. “Don’t look at the blood. Look at the flowers,” he soothed.

It was too late. I tried to focus on the flowers, but my wound caught me in a trance. My vision became blurry, and I felt my weight give out before I fell asleep in Duke’s arms.

Felix

“Quin, get it together!” Eugene yelled, pinning him to the ground in my study. I stood at the door, ready to block him if he broke away.

This was precisely why I didn’t want a human in this house, much less a clumsy child who didn’t understand how severe a cut could be. If Quin had gotten to her, he would’ve killed her. And what if Dane and Duke hadn’t been home? Dane was the only one with enough self-control to help Elora.

I was ashamed of myself for even thinking about hurting that little girl. The second I smelled blood, my mind was clouded by it. Elora had lived with us for five years, and I was shocked that she hadn’t hurt herself sooner. That didn’t change how sweet her blood smelled or how tempting it was.

I couldn’t blame Quin for licking the knife, but I also knew he knew better. He was fully aware that tasting her blood would drive him insane. Now that he’d had a drop of her blood, he’d likely always crave it.

Before long, Quin stopped thrashing and took several deep breaths. His fangs retracted, and his eyes darkened—both signs he was coming down from his frenzy. Eugene waited for a few ticks before getting off of him to sit at his side on the floor.

Leaning against the wall, I sighed and pondered what would happen now. Duke didn’t allow her to see Quin, probably because she’d be scared of him. It was a good idea on his part and not surprising due to his caring and nurturing nature.

That’s why I was so dismayed to see that even he was so drawn to her blood. Duke fought it with everything in him, but he would’ve drank from her, too, if given a chance.

“Fuck!” Quin slammed his fist on the floor as he raged and rubbed his hands over his face. There was no doubt in my mind that the guilt over what he’d done was setting in. Eugene reached out to touch his shoulder, but Quin pushed him away.

“I fucked up,” he stated as he stood and ran a hand through his hair. “That’s all there is to it.”

“It could have been much worse. Luckily it wasn’t. Take it as a victory,” I dismissed before walking out of the room. The kitchen had gone quiet, and my interest was piqued.

I know Dane hesitated to leave Duke with her as he got the medical supplies to stitch her hand.

Strolling into the kitchen, I caught sight of Duke holding an unconscious Elora upright atop the counter. The water was still running over her hand while Dane stitched her up.

“Did she really lose that much blood?” I questioned. The cut hadn’t looked deep enough for her to pass out.

Duke blinked up at me, then looked back at her hand that was being fixed. “No. She’s always been uncomfortable around blood, you know that,” he replied.

Her sensitivity to blood had completely slipped my mind. When she was in first grade, some clumsy peer of hers had cut his knees on the playground. The sight of his blood alone was enough for Elora to vomit. Duke had to bring her home early that day. I suppose it’s good she only fainted.

“How’s Quin?” Dane implored.

“Beating himself up,” I said, thinking the answer was obvious.

Duke kept his attention on her; he looked like a hurt puppy. I rolled my eyes. That girl had him wrapped around her little finger.

“It should have never happened,” he thought aloud. Guilt was written all over his face. “When she runs, I stop her before she trips. When she climbs a tree, I catch her when she inevitably slips.

“Hell—she wasn’t allowed to go down the stairs by herself until she was seven. I don’t even let her cut her own food.”

“This isn’t your fault,” Dane comforted Duke with a gentle smile while he finished stitching Elora’s hand. “She’s a kid. Freak accidents like this happen more than you think. The only

reason this hasn't happened sooner is because you baby her. Kids are clumsy. You said it best—accidents happen.”

Duke shook his head, preferring to wallow rather than see reason. “I could have hurt her. When it happened, I didn't see *Elora*. I just saw a blood bag.” There was a pause before he continued with a snarl. “I should have booked it like Theo did the second she cut herself.”

I glanced around the kitchen, noticing Theo wasn't anywhere to be seen. He must have left after Dane washed the blood away.

Part of me wanted to tell everyone how right I was, to rub my successful premonitions in my friends' faces. I'd voiced how much of a bad idea having a fragile human in our house was. However, I knew my gloating wouldn't help.

What was the point of bragging? It wasn't like we could send her away. No, everyone was too attached, as was she. It would be too cruel. We just had to hold out until she turned eighteen. Nine more years to go, and they'd fly by; that always seemed to happen when you didn't age.

Leaning against the counter, I attempted to soothe my friend as well. “Duke, she's okay. You didn't hurt her—no one did. Quin didn't even get close to her. Besides, when this happens again—and it will—we'll know how to handle it.”

Dane wrapped her hand in gauze rather expertly. “Good as new,” he winked at Duke, patting him on his back while taking his leave.

I watched as Duke scooped her up, holding her close, protectively, as he carried her to her room.

Cramps & Dreams

Elora is 12

Elora

I stretched out on the couch, watching some war movie with Theo and Lucifer. It had been quiet for the moment; a perfect lazy Saturday. With the weather outside both rainy and miserable, I cuddled up in a thick, fuzzy blanket for warmth. All my other friends were somewhere around the house, doing their own thing.

My knees and ankles made a satisfying *pop* as I stretched, earning me an uneasy look from the two vampires at my side.

“Fuck—was that your neck?” Theo’s eyes widened as he watched me with an odd mix of disgust, worry, and intrigue.

“No,” I smiled as I stretched my legs out. “It was my knees.” They made another small pop.

“Stop that!” Theo exclaimed as he pushed himself back in his seat. “You’ll break yourself, and then Duke will blame *us*.”

“You mean you guys don’t pop your joints?” I questioned with furrowed brows. Oddly enough, I’d never really wondered if they could or not. It just seemed like one of those universal things that everyone could do.

“No! That’s disgusting.” Theo eyed me while he spoke.

I giggled as I bent my neck to the side and pressed my knuckles together, resulting in even more satisfying popping sounds. Judging by the look on Theo’s face, I’d successfully annoyed him.

“Elora!” Felix warned from his office.

“Oops,” I blurted, immediately ceasing my cracking and shrinking into my seat.

“Humans concern me,” Theo judged before turning his focus back to the TV. “Especially you.”

Using my blanket as a cloak, I moved closer to Lucifer. He looked down at me with an expression that said, ‘what do you want’ and ‘why are you closer’ simultaneously, but I didn’t pay it any mind.

Instead, I reached my hand out with my palm up. “Can I have your hand?”

He seemed skeptical but put his hand in mine anyway. It wasn’t like him to speak, so I wasn’t surprised by his lack of verbal response. Many thought his silence was intimidating, and while he definitely was, I was convinced he was secretly a big softie.

I pushed his knuckles down, trying to get them to crack. When that didn’t work, I pulled on his fingers, pulled them back, and twisted them, but they still didn’t pop. I tried again, putting more force into it with each try. It wasn’t like I could hurt him. They had to pop! How dare these men call me concerning when their knuckles couldn’t even crack!

“What are you doing?” Lucifer glanced at me and inquired in his usual low whisper.

Using all my might, I pushed his hand down with both of mine. My voice came out strained as I was clearly struggling. “Trying to pop your knuckles.”

“It’s impossible, Elora,” Theo replied with a laugh.

With a glare at Lucifer’s hand, I finally gave up. “That’s gross. What do you do when your neck hurts?” I couldn’t believe there was no satisfactory ‘pop’ whenever they moved a certain way.

“They don’t,” Theo stated with an eye-roll. “And you think we’re gross? Humans sleep half the day and then sweat and *pop* the other half. Disgusting.”

My mouth dropped open with mock offense. “I don’t sleep half the day,” I retorted confidently while squinting at him. “I get just my full eight hours. And I don’t sweat.”

Shaking his head, Theo chuckled. “Yes, then you nap twice a day. I don’t understand it. You just close your eyes and die for a few hours.”

Vampires didn’t sleep... like ever. It weirded me out completely. While I was asleep, they were still up doing whatever it was that they were doing. When did they recharge? Did they even need to?

“So you’ve never had a dream before?” I questioned, suddenly curious.

Theo shook his head. “No.”

I frowned, feeling sad for them. I couldn’t imagine a life without dreams, much less rest altogether.

“What do you dream about?” Lucifer asked me. I hadn’t realized he was listening, and when I peered up at him, I could see the genuine intrigue in his gaze. He looked curious, his black hair falling just above his eyebrows.

“Lots of things,” I mused after a brief pause. “Lately, I’ve been dreaming that I have a pet elephant, but it keeps flying away from me. It’s frustrating that I can’t remember everything I dream of, though.”

“What about nightmares?” Theo inquired while giving me a pointed look. “You talk in your sleep sometimes. Nothing coherent, but you always sound scared. Duke usually comes and shakes you a bit, so you snap out of it,” he gave me a pointed look.

Nightmares? I did have a few, but that didn’t mean I wanted to share them with anyone else. One of them was when I was little and living in that makeshift cardboard home. Sitting there cold and in the rain with no food, baths, or love—that was the nightmare. It was more of a memory than a nightmare; though I could barely remember those younger years, that nightmare always brought me back.

My other recurring night terror was from the day I cut my hand. The look on their faces, especially Quin’s, was terrifying. Even years later, he still had to leave the house when I got even the most minor scrape.

“I don’t know,” I asserted with a shrug. My focus once again on the television was a sign that conversation was done, and thankfully, Theo respected that.



“Point proven!” My eyes snapped open at the exclamation, instantly finding Theo as he stood over me. Why did he look so happy?

I rubbed my eyes, sitting up from where I was lying alone on the couch. “Huh?” I asked tiredly.

“You sleep all the time,” he replied, his words dragging. “Especially lately, you must be going through a growth spurt again,” he mumbled.

“Probably,” I began, standing to follow him into the dining room. “My ankles hurt.”

Oh good—I’d made it in time for dinner. Quin made dinner every night these days. Though my friends could survive on blood alone (which I was sure they acquired while I was at school, they still liked the way *real* food tasted. Therefore, Quin cooked. I admit it was nice not eating alone, either.

My stomach growled as I sat between Duke and Eugene.

“You’d think we don’t feed you,” Eugene remarked as he eyed my tummy with faux concern.

Trying not to take his words to heart, I shrugged. It wasn’t an easy task. I always felt insecure about my ‘human sounds’ around them. “I can’t control it; it has a mind of its own,” I rubbed my tummy.

“Ah yes,” Quin crooned while he brought me a plate full of food and set it in front of me. “Her stomach clearly just said, ‘give me a steak!’”

“My stomach thanks you,” I jokingly replied with a smile.

“Do you still want to try out for the track team on Monday?” Duke asked, finally acknowledging my presence.

I responded with a nod, my mouth too busy chewing to speak.

“Do you have everything you need, running shoes and whatnot?” He further questioned me.

“Yup, I already have everything ready,” I said after swallowing. Only heathens spoke with their mouths full. “It should be fun. I’m already outrunning the boys in my gym class, so I’m not really worried about not making the team.”

“You are?” Duke teased with a grin. “How is that possible? You’re so short for your age.”

How original, as if I hadn’t heard that before. With an eye roll, I responded before taking another bite. “Short but fast.”

“Wanna race?” Dane smirked, joining us at the table.

“Obviously, I’m not as fast as you,” I deadpanned between bites.

Dane shrugged. “It was worth a try. You sounded so cocky, I thought I’d humble you.”

“You can just watch me smoke the other students at track meets,” I jeered.

It was quiet as everyone ate their food. I joined in the silence and was glad for it. My mood was slowly turning sour for no reason. At first, I thought it could be the pain in my stomach causing my emotional changes. That was what I got for overeating.

With a grimace, I began picking at the mushrooms in the noodle salad. They were just so gross! Who even put mushrooms with noodles anyway?

“Did you get those documents to the office?” Felix asked Quin.

Business talk was a recurring theme at dinner and one I was more than happy to tune out. I didn’t even know they did, but I knew they owned some kind of business in the ‘human’ world.

What felt like seconds must have been minutes, but I couldn't tell. I was in my own little world, playing with my mushrooms with a vacant stare.

"Is something wrong?" Quin looked between me and my plate.

Following his gaze, I became increasingly irritated (though I wasn't entirely sure why). "I don't like mushrooms," I sneered and cringed at the same time, glaring at the unwanted fungi on my plate.

"Just eat around them," Quin insisted with a nonchalant shrug. "There's only a few."

I begrudgingly rested my cheek on my fist. The mushrooms honestly ruined the whole noodle salad. I was the only one in this house who actually needed food, and they still had the audacity to include food I didn't like. It wasn't fair! I glared at the plate in annoyance.

Duke used his fork and plucked all the slimy fungi off my plate before narrowing his eyes at me. "There. Now, get rid of the scowl."

"I wasn't scowling," I scowled further.

"Stop arguing, Elora," Felix warned, giving me a sharp look.

I let out a huff of air, aggressively stabbing my fork into my noodle salad and angrily eating it. Glaring at Felix, I felt my outrage grow while courage began to mix with it.

"I wasn't arguing," I began with a glower of my own. "I was *refuting* my claim. I am *allowed* to not like things, aren't I?" I made sure to use that new word I learned in school to make my point sound stronger.

Everyone stopped eating, looking at me with confused expressions. You would have thought I killed someone. Felix's eyes widened, stunned by my nerve. Was that the first time I'd even talked back to him? I thought it was, and gosh, did it feel good. I also felt like I was going to puke from anxiety, but the satisfaction outweighed it.

Once the shock settled, Felix's eyes narrowed and jaw clenched, but he remained silent. Instead, he shot me a warning glance before returning his attention to his laptop.

"No more mushrooms for dinner, I guess," Quin joked as he smirked in Felix's direction. He was trying to ease the tension in the room, but I wasn't sure it was working.

"And tomorrow, you're going outside for at least half an hour," Theo teased, chuckling lightly. "I think being inside all day makes you cranky."

I glared at him. "I'm not cranky. I just don't like mushrooms."

"One more complaint, and you're going to bed," Felix threatened, not bothering to look up from his laptop.

Sighing, I continued to stare at my plate. I peeked at him several times to ensure he wasn't glaring at me. It seemed my confidence was short-lived.

Felix *hated* any kind of disobedience. Honestly, I wasn't sure why I mouthed off to him in the first place. I wasn't usually this irritable and couldn't figure out why I was either. I'd had moments like this the past couple of days, but luckily they were all at school, and I kept them to myself. I didn't like acting this irrationally and didn't know why my attitude was so nasty.

I gave lip to Felix of all people! The one who slapped my hand when I chased a pretty bird instead of staying indoors when I was ten—*that* Felix. Granted, I deserved the smack and the scolding, but I cried for hours nonetheless. Since then, I'd stayed out of trouble, especially with Felix. He may have been my friend, but he was still scary.

Trying to stay under the radar after my outburst, I finished eating in peace before cleaning my plate in the sink. Somehow, I was still hungry, with my stomach feeling like a never-ending pit. But what to eat? It was then I remembered the chocolate ice cream Eugene had bought at the store. That sounded perfect.

I stood by the counter and began to scheme my master plan. If I just asked for ice cream, they'd say no. Felix was already irritated at me and would say I didn't deserve it. So, I did the next best thing—I walked over and stood behind Eugene.

Even sitting down, Eugene towered over me. According to my doctor, my legs were long, but I was still shorter than average. That was okay, though; she also said I had plenty of time to grow.

“Why are you lurking?” Eugene turned and tilted his head at me.

“Well,” I began with my hands folded in front of me. He needed to take the bait, so I needed to put on an innocent act. “I was just wondering if you wanted ice cream. Remember you got some the other day?”

Eugene chuckled and got up from his seat. “You little master manipulator,” he smirked as he went to clean his plate.

Sticking to him like glue, I watched as he went to the freezer and pulled out the tub of frozen chocolate deliciousness. Sweets were my weakness, and I couldn't help the little dance I did while I watched the ice cream with wide eyes. Licking my lips, I watched my friend pull two bowls from the cupboard before finding the scooper and scooping.

“It worked, didn't it?” I simpered before grinning when he scooped the ice cream into the second bowl.

“This is for Felix,” Eugene responded with his own smirk, wiggling the bowl.

Instantly, my shoulders dropped. Disappointment flooded my entire being, and I genuinely felt like I was going to cry—over ice cream, of all things! I looked between Felix and him, unsure where I had gone wrong. My talking back wasn't that bad, was it?

Felix was enveloped by typing away at his computer, unaware of how lucky he was.

“But that's my ice cream,” I pouted, my voice on the verge of a sob. My eyes became glossy with unshed tears.

“Eugene...”

“Jesus, Eugene—give her the ice cream,” Duke sighed.

Eugene laughed. “Even from across the room, she gets you like that!” He snapped for emphasis.

Looking down at me, he finally saw my tear-drenched cheeks. Immediately, his eyes widened, and he slid the frozen treat my way. “Why the hell are you crying?! Felix doesn’t even like ice cream. I was messing with you, Elora.”

“You’re mean,” I replied, tears streaming down my face. Why was I even crying? What was wrong with me? That didn’t stop me from shoving another bite of chocolatey goodness into my mouth. “I love ice cream,” I said through tears, with a mouth full of the chocolatey goodness.

“Here,” Eugene rushed and quickly scooped more ice cream into my bowl. He seemed uncomfortable, glancing at the table where the rest of my friends watched me with similar expressions. Shaking his head, my blonde buddy hurried out of the kitchen.

With a smile, I called after Eugene. “Thank you!”

Wiping my tears away, I noticed how much better I felt. Everything seemed right in the world, and with a little happy dance, I climbed onto one of the kitchen stools. No one would ever come between me and my ice cream again.



I tossed and turned in my bed, my side hurting badly. I didn’t necessarily feel sick, but every time I fell asleep, a pain in my tummy woke me up.

A single glance at my window told me that it was still nighttime. My alarm clock confirmed it, telling me it was just past two in the morning. Rubbing my eyes, I rolled over with an annoyed scowl, upset that my body woke me up.

To make matters worse, I needed to pee. I groaned as I got out of bed, practically crawling to the bathroom. It didn't matter that I looked cute in my fuzzy pajama pants with my feet bare and hair tied into braids. Of course, the braids were done by Duke. I just wanted to be back in bed, warm and snug, and sleeping.

Half awake, I sat down to do my business, only to look down and freeze. I squinted as my tired eyes adjusted to the bathroom light, not quite believing what I saw. In my formerly clean white underwear sat a dark red stain. What was that? Was that blood?

My pulse quickened as I frantically grabbed toilet paper and wiped myself. There was even more blood on the paper.

I stared at the blood in denial for a whole five minutes, my mind racing and my heart thumping in my chest. Why was I bleeding from there? I wiped again, just to be sure, and saw more blood.

Tears welled in my eyes. I didn't know much about human anatomy but knew I *should not* be bleeding from my girly parts. I had to be sick; there was no other explanation. Shaking, I began to wonder how long I had left to live. I wasn't ready to die—I was only 12!

Cleaning myself up the best I could, I pulled up my underwear and pants back up in a rush. I washed my hands quickly before bolting out the door.

The halls seemed longer as I sped through them, the journey downstairs more grueling than usual. Just as I hit the last stair, I began screaming. "I need to go to a hospital! I need a doctor! I'm dying! Duke! Dane!"

Once I got to our colossal dining room, I saw them all sitting in the dim light, papers and their laptops cluttered around them. *So this was what they did while I slept. Boring.*

Duke was standing up, looking just as panicked as I was. Everyone else looked alert, but they stayed sitting where they were.

“I’m dying; I need to go to the hospital *right now!*” I stressed, grabbing Duke’s hand and trying to pull him towards the door to leave.

Quin narrowed his eyes at me, unconvinced that I was dying. “How did you hurt yourself while you were sleeping?”

Frozen, I watched Duke’s eyes roam my face before he stepped forward to grab my hands. He turned them over, his wary gaze searching for a wound and finding none. “Elora, why do you think you’re dying? Where are you bleeding?”

“I have internal bleeding!” I sighed, not having time to explain what was going on. Every moment spent wasting time brought me a moment closer to death. Pulling his hands, I hurried my friend. “Let’s go!”

He started to walk with me towards the door. “What? You coughed up blood?” He sounded concerned.

“Duke—” Dane started.

“No, the other end!” I pushed my eyebrows together as I tried to explain it quickly. Dane wasn’t helping, so I gave him a piercing glance. “I need a *different* doctor, not you!”

Duke stopped walking, and I stilled at his side. Why wasn’t he taking me to the emergency room? Did he want me to die? I looked at him, my vision clouded by unshed tears. “Let’s go! This is serious!”

With a sigh, Duke seemed less alarmed, trading his fright for discomfort. He gave Dane a look I couldn’t read. “Stop. You’re not dying, Elora.”

Quin got up from the table and headed to the front door. “Good luck with that,” he chuckled, leaving the house.

Eugene and Theo glanced at one another, their expressions playful. “Now it makes sense,” Theo added with a grin before gasping, “I should have bought you red balloons. How about cake with strawberry filling? Or—”

“Theo,” Felix muttered, stopping his rant. Even Felix seemed to be holding back a grin. Clearly, this was amusing to them, and it only made me angry.

“What?” I squeaked out in full panic mode. “Cake sounds good.” I didn’t know why cake and balloons were brought up, but the dessert part sounded excellent. Whatever Theo was talking about had my support as long as it involved cake.

Dane turned his chair, so he was fully facing Duke and me. “What’s happening is completely normal. You don’t need to go to the hospital,” he said calmly.

Eugene and Theo fought back laughs behind him, with their hands casually placed over their mouths. What was so funny about this?!

“Are you crazy?! I’m bleeding out!” My heart was racing, and I threw my hands up in frustration. Why weren’t they taking this seriously?

Felix and Lucifer watched us as though we were an interesting TV show or movie. They didn’t look amused or angry. No, they were all blank expressions and casual postures.

“Calm down, Elora,” Duke comforted or tried to. It didn’t help my panic at all.

Dane leaned forwards, resting his elbows on his knees. “Listen,” he spoke loudly and calmly, making my eyes snap to him. “You’re menstruating, also known as being on your period. Did you learn about that in school yet?”

I shook my head. Wasn’t a period what goes at the end of a sentence? My teacher hadn’t said it meant anything else. “Is it bad?”

“No, it’s not bad,” he explained softly. “It means your body can have a baby now and—”

“I’m having a baby?!” Instantly, the color drained from my face. My throat felt like it was closing in on itself as my hand clutched at my chest. I couldn’t be having a baby! I hadn’t seen any storks, and I hadn’t asked for a baby either. I was too young! I *was* a baby!

My chest ached as I coughed or tried to. Nothing was coming out, and nothing got past my throat when I inhaled. I couldn’t breathe. Why couldn’t I breathe?

Duke grabbed my shoulders as he kneeled before me. “Elora, look at me,” he instructed calmly. I listened. “You’re not having a baby, you’re not sick, and you’re most definitely not dying. All girls go through this. I should have prepared you for it, but I forgot.”

His words didn’t help. I still couldn’t get air into my lungs, my mouth now gasping for new air. With an apologetic look, he spoke again, his pupils dilating as he did. “I need you to breathe, Sweetheart.”

Suddenly I felt like I was pulled back up from drowning. I sucked in a deep breath, and my burning lungs instantly soothed. I gulped air, thankful that my throat had finally relaxed.

“I thought we agreed never to do that,” Theo mumbled, but I heard it.

“It was an emergency,” Duke responded lowly.

Looking away from me, Duke returned his attention to Dane. “Wanna try that again? Much clearer this time, please,” he snapped.”

Dane stood, walked to me, and grabbed my hand. “I’ll explain in the car. We have to go to the store and get you some things.”

“Like what?” I wondered.

I went with Dane out to his fancy car. He opened the passenger door and waited until I sat down to explain further. “Well, you’re bleeding, so there are products to soak up the blood. They keep the blood from getting all over your clothes as well as yourself.”

Duke joined us and sat in the back. “I’m sorry, Elora. I forgot about this part of... womanhood,” he cringed, seemingly uncomfortable with his word choice.

“What part?! What is this?” I crossed my arms across my tummy, feeling angry and gross. I *hated* blood.

Dane started speeding to the store, going at least 10 over the speed limit. He never did that. On the drive, he calmly

explained a lot of things to me. The gist of this whole period thing was that I had to be in pain and bleed once a month for basically ever.

We finally arrived at a 24-hour drugstore, and I felt incredibly awkward being out in public in my pajamas. Granted, it was late at night, but still. If anyone from school saw me like this, I'd cry. Well, I was ready to cry at the drop of a pin, if I was being honest.

As soon as we entered the store, Duke wandered off while Dane led me to a... diaper aisle?

"Oh God," I whispered, my eyes welling with tears again. "Dane, make the period go away. I'll do surgery—I'll do anything. Just don't make me wear a diaper." I was begging at that point, absolutely horrified at the idea of wearing one of those juvenile things.

I could tell he was trying to hide a laugh, but he continued walking further into the aisle. "You're not wearing a diaper, Elora. Calm down—"

"Don't yell at me!" I wailed.

"I'm not yelling at you," Dane defended with wide eyes. He led us further down the aisle before stopping in front of various colored packages. They had big cotton bandages on their fronts. "Better than diapers, right?"

I looked at all the packages, beginning to feel extremely overwhelmed by all this. "I'm gonna lose it," I warned.

He instantly grabbed a pink box, holding it in front of me. "I promise it's not so bad, Elora," Dane soothed before explaining what they were. "These are pads. They sit in your underwear and catch any blood that comes out," he explained.

The urge to cry came back as he put the package into the basket, and I had to cover my eyes to keep them at bay. This was honestly hell; I was in hell. "So I get to sit in blood all day."

Dane quickly moved to a different set of boxes, "There are also tampons. These absorb the blood, so you don't have to 'sit in it.' You can try both and decide which you like better," he

countered, his tone cheery while he tried to add optimism to my very bleak and downright inhumane night.

I reached for the box, not understanding how the two were different. I read the directions, and my eyes widened again. “You’re joking. What kind of sick shit—”

“Elora,” Dane warned. They’d never liked me saying curse words. Given the circumstances, this was a perfect time to use them.

Duke finally returned, strolling around the corner with a small garbage can that looked fancier than the one I had in my bathroom. It was one of the ones that locked in that gross garbage smell. He smiled at us. “You two ready to go?”

My mouth fell open as I grabbed the two packages and immediately began crying, my speech being an incoherent mess. This was not okay. I was *definitely* not ready.

Dane ran a hand through his hair as he looked at Duke. “I’m trying. She’s freaking out—”

“Duh!” I held the tampon box up to his face, emphasizing my concerns. It all seemed like torture.

Duke sighed. “It’ll be okay, Elora. Now stop crying and let’s go home,” he ordered sternly.

I sniffled and rubbed my bloodshot eyes. Exhaustion was creeping up on me, and I wanted nothing more than to return to bed. Tiredly, I threw the box into Dane’s shopping basket before holding Duke’s hand while he led us to the cashier.



With feminine hygiene products in hand (or at least that’s what Dane called them), I tiredly walked through our front door.

“Back from the hospital so soon?” Quin joked as he walked into the foyer. It earned him a glare and frown.

“Shut up,” I snapped, walking back up to my bedroom.

Be Good

Elora is 14

Duke

“*T*he rogue attacks are getting out of hand. Almost ten clans have been attacked in the past year alone,” Felix explained, his tone irate.

I gazed down at the table, shaking my head in thought. The escalation in attacks wasn't something new, at least not to me, and many had died as a result of them. In the past, we'd step in, each of us going to a different region where we'd offer assistance, but Elora was my life now. I couldn't just leave her.

In an effort to calm myself, I listened to her. She was sleeping; her steady breathing and fragile heartbeat reminded me why I needed to stay.

“Are you suggesting that more than three of us go?” Dane asked.

Leaning back in my chair, I observed Felix. As much as I don't like the idea, I understand the seriousness of the situation. If we let the rogues continue to rampage our clans, vampires could become even more endangered—more so than we already are.

Felix looked between all of us, “Duke, Lucifer, and I have the most experience in war strategies and fighting rogues—”

“I will not leave Elora. We all know this mission will take *years*. I said I would be her sole caregiver, and I refuse to go,” I stated with conviction.

When I found her all those years ago, I didn't know I'd become as attached to her as I was. My plan was to raise her and give her a better life, not to love her. I couldn't leave her, not when I was her best friend. Not seeing her smiling face every day isn't something I could handle.

Our leader narrowed his eyes at me. “They need you and your expertise. Not even I know battle tactics as well as you, Duke. Like it or not, we have a responsibility to stop events like this,” he reminded me as though I didn’t already know my talents.

“Felix is right,” Eugene looked between Lucifer and me. “Between the three of you, you’ll make a lot of progress with things fast. Quin, Theo, Dane, and I are strong fighters, but when it comes to negotiation, we cannot compete with you.”

I ran a hand through my hair, knitting my brows. The longest I’ve ever been away from Elora was three weeks.

Dane grabbed my shoulder. “Believe it or not, we are capable of looking after Elora.”

They shouldn’t have to, though. She was my responsibility, and taking her in was my decision. Over the years, they’d all come to love her too, but she was mine first. I couldn’t bear the thought of missing even a second of her life, let alone years.

Felix had clearly made up his mind. I had no choice; I was going whether I wanted to or not. All I could do was glare at the royal and hope, somehow, that could change his decision.

To my surprise, his eyes softened, and I felt hope only for it to be squashed as he spoke gently. “I’m sorry, Duke. We need you. You know I wouldn’t ask this of you if it wasn’t necessary.”

Melancholy filled me, and my mind was clouded with dread. Elora would be under the care of Theo, Eugene, and Quin. One was a horrible influence and a terrible authority figure. Another teased her constantly, almost as much as the first, and I worried for her self-esteem with both of them ganging up on her. Then there was Quin—a cruel monster. Granted, he never showed her that side of him, but he wouldn’t hesitate to drain her dry should she cut herself and bleed while in his care.

My only hope was Dane, the most reliable of the bunch. He’d be there when she needed it. He was kind and nurturing,

but even he had his faults. For one, he was easygoing. All she'd need to do was ask, and Dane would give her anything her heart desired without question.

Felix, Lucifer, and I had been the only ones to give her any kind of authority or punishment, and we were leaving. I'd leave her in the care of four unfit vampires during her formative years.

Lucifer stood up. "We'll leave on Monday. The sooner we leave, the sooner we'll get back," he said in his usual whisper. He glanced in my direction before leaving for his quarters.

I stood and made my way to the staircase, letting my feet guide me toward Elora's bedroom. Gently opening her door, I couldn't stop my slight smile at the sight of her form practically being swallowed by her king-sized bed as she slept.

She was the only one in the house who slept, so I bought her the best bed money could buy. I'd always gone a bit overboard in spoiling her, but I was happy with my decision to do so. Seeing her so calm and bundled made me smile. She'd always been a tiny thing.

Sitting on the edge of her mattress, I held her little hand in mine. How could I tell her? How would I tell her? She wouldn't take it well and wouldn't want to let me leave. Even before, she'd hated when I had to go.

Had I made a mistake in spoiling her and coddling her? At that moment, watching her little nose twitch as she slept, I felt like I'd failed her. She'd depended on me her whole life, and I'd always been there. From the moment I'd met her, she'd attached herself to me. Now, I wouldn't be there for her. I'd be thousands of miles away while she'd remain right here.

Leaning down, I placed a gentle kiss on the top of her head. "Forgive me," I whispered. I let go of her hand and headed towards the door.

"Duke?" Elora mumbled, her tone groggy.

I turned to look at her as she sat up, rubbing her eyes. She squinted at me through the darkness, seeming confused by my

presence. I felt guilty for waking her; she'd always been an incredibly tired person and had made it clear she liked her sleep. Theo and her bicker about her sleeping habits at least three times a year. He didn't understand humans, and she didn't understand vampires. It was pretty amusing.

"Go back to sleep," I murmured. She'd finished middle school recently and was on summer break, but that didn't change her strict eight o'clock bedtime. To be honest, she never really needed one. She naturally fell asleep by eight.

She yawned, nodding her head and pointing to the dresser. "Can you grab my water?"

The water bottle wasn't too far, and I was able to grab it quickly before sitting back down at her side. With an arm outstretched, I handed off her bottle before apologizing. "I didn't mean to wake you."

She shrugged as she gracelessly chugged the remaining water. I chuckled, shaking my head at her.

Elora held out the empty trash to me, "I need to stay hydrated. I plan to be on track, tennis, and soccer teams next year," she sleepily muttered.

I rolled my eyes, taking the piece of plastic from her. It was clear I had spoiled her. She would never have handed anyone else her trash so shamelessly. I was fully wrapped around her finger, and she knew it.

"That's a lot for freshman year," I stated with a nod.

"If I'm going to make varsity by junior year, I need to start putting in the work now," she reasoned as she laid back down. Even in the dark, I could see her eyes blinking up at me.

Her ambition made me smile, pride filling my entire being. While Elora may not have been the most competitive (or poised) person, she'd definitely been athletic. Over the years, I'd watched her run track, swim, and play softball—giving it her all each and every time. No matter what, we supported her; through loss or victory, we were always there.

"There's not a doubt in my mind that you won't make varsity by then... or sooner," I replied honestly.

My mind was filled with all the milestones I'd miss—birthdays, sporting events, games, awards, ceremonies, dating, and more. I wouldn't be there for any of those moments. In a perfect world, I wouldn't be gone longer than a year—which I still felt was too long.

She eyed me, her eyebrows pulling together. "You look sad," Elora observed.

Honesty was always something I prized, showing it through example versus verbal lessons. Even when the truth was challenging or painful, I never hesitated to share it. That was why she never lied—at least not to me. With me, she was comfortable enough to tell me anything.

"I am sad," I admitted instantly.

Elora tilted her head, her eyes widening. She'd always been something of an empath—a soul far too kind for our world. "What's wrong?"

I didn't want to tell her like this. I planned to take her out for ice cream or milkshakes and soften the blow before I shared the bad news. Waking her up and ruining her evening wasn't ideal in the slightest. "Felix, Lucifer, and I are going away for a while."

Elora responded with a nod. "You've been gone before. Do you not like where you're going this time?"

Oh, my dear sweet girl. She wasn't understanding. She knew what we did when we were gone and how long it could take sometimes. I'd never woken her so solemnly before any of my other trips.

I shook my head. "It's different this time, Sweetheart. We'll be gone for a long time," I explained, feeling a pain emerging in my chest.

Instantly, she was sitting up, her expression worried and a bit frantic. An accusatory finger was pointed at my chest as she spoke. "You're not leaving me for a month again, are you? You said you wouldn't be gone that long ever again, remember? You *promised*."

There was shuffling downstairs, and I could hear Eugene clearly despite the distance. “I can’t listen to this,” he stated somberly, his footsteps approaching the front door. “I’m going to get ice cream.”

Seeing the sad look in her big blue eyes caused my chest to ache. I never imagined I’d be gone so long, not again. After finding her, we’d agreed I would only join month-long missions, nothing more. I’d told her that, too; it seemed Felix wasn’t the only one breaking his word.

Grabbing her hand in mine, I sighed and tried to comfort her. “I don’t have a choice, Elora,” I explained gently. “Dane and the others will be here, and I’ll be back before you know it.”

She didn’t look away from me, and I heard her heart beginning to race in her chest. “How long?” She asked, knowing I was avoiding the answer.

I dropped my shoulders, hating that I was causing her sadness. “Years.”

Her mouth dropped open in shock, and she instantly started shaking her head. Her eyes became glossy with tears as she repositioned herself until she was my height. “No,” she rejected, her voice rushed and desperate, “You can’t do that! I won’t let you—you can’t leave me for that long! Send Quin or Eugene. They—they love going on missions. Please, anyone but you.”

If I had a beating heart, it would break. Seeing her like that was the worst form of torture. I shook my head, mumbling my reply. “I’m sorry, Elora.”

Her breathing became rushed, shallow and heavy, and I knew a panic attack was imminent. She got them sometimes, but only because she stressed about the little things. At first, mind control was the only thing that could stop them—something we vowed never to do outside of her frenzied anxious state. Thankfully, Dane taught her several methods to quell the attacks before they began, something I aimed to help with any chance I could.

“No, they can’t make you! I don’t want you to go,” she sobbed, her body wracked with emotion. She was collapsing, breaking right in front of me.

I wrapped my arms protectively around her, pulling her into my lap as she wept. This was out of my power; I couldn’t do anything to stop it. Not even her tears could change the outcome of this.

“Please stop, Elora,” I pled as I held her tighter. “Relax. Deep breaths.”

“I hate Felix,” Elora mumbled while she buried her head into my chest, soaking my shirt with fresh tears. Pulling her head from me, she looked toward her still-open door. “I know you can hear me, and *I hate you!*”

The sob that followed was a clear indication that she didn’t really loathe our friend. Still, her initial statement didn’t change how taken aback I was. With brows pushed together, I watched her cry harder. It didn’t take a scientist to know Elora was just angry and speaking rashly in the moment.

Closing my eyes, I hated myself for what I was about to do, but she needed to understand this wasn’t all Felix’s fault. Yes, he *was* making me go, but it was his duty, just as it was mine, to listen and do as instructed. If she was going to be upset with anyone, it should’ve been me. I gave her my word after all.

“Shh, it’s okay,” I began. My following words felt like poison on my tongue, and I had to hold back a grimace as I let them out. “This isn’t his fault, Elora. I *asked* to go.”

She lifted her head, staring up at me. Tears streamed from her doe eyes, and their sadness only furthered the ache in my chest. “W–what?” She mumbled. “You want to leave me?”

I nodded my head. “It’s not what I *want* to do—I have to. The other clans need us. If there was another way, you know I’d stay.”

Her lower lip wobbled before she wailed once more. “But *I* need you.”

In my thousands of years, I’d never felt so much agony. I’d rather be ripped to shreds by rogues than ever see Elora like

this again.

“I’ll still be here,” I comforted or tried to. I was pretty sure I was attempting to soothe both of us now. “I’ll get you a cell phone before I leave on Monday, and I’ll call you every day.”

Elora gasped. “You’re leaving in two days?”

Nodding, I tried to keep my expression calm. “I’ll send you packages of those shiny agates you like whenever I find them,” I bargained, hoping she would feel better. Part of me knew she wouldn’t, but I’d do anything to lessen her pain.

Her little arms wrapped around me while her head found my chest again. Though her sobs had quieted, her embrace tightened as though I’d disappear any minute.

It didn’t take long before her breathing and crying calmed. With tear-stained cheeks and eyes shut, she continued to hold me.

As she fell asleep in my arms, I savored the moment, not knowing when I’d get to do it again. The thought alone made me squeeze my eyes shut and hold her even tighter.

Leaving her was the last thing I wanted to do. I was a horrible vampire, clan mate, and leader for thinking it, but I’d let the rogues take over if it meant staying at her side. She was my whole world, and I was abandoning her.

Elora

Two days weren't long enough. I didn't understand why he had to leave for so long. He told me he didn't even like going on missions. Suddenly he was going *and* leaving for *years*. How many? Would I be in college the next time I saw him? Could I be moved out by the time he returned?

I really didn't want him to go.

Duke had been practically glued to my side for the last 48 hours. It was my choice—just like it was his choice to leave. He was my best friend in the whole wide world, yet he was choosing to go. I felt uneasy whenever I thought about his confession. My chest would get heavy, and my breathing hard as I tried to soothe the pain in my heart.

Still, I wanted to soak up every moment with him that I could, going as far as convincing him to stay in my room while I slept. If he was going to abandon me, he would deal with my clinginess before he did.

I wasn't speaking to anyone, knowing someone must have convinced my Duke to leave. It was the only thing that made sense! Whoever it was, I was angry at them. They knew I *needed* Duke, and they talked him into leaving me. Duke could say whatever he wanted, but I knew him. He wouldn't choose this... right?

It was hard to believe that Felix, Lucifer, and Duke would be gone for so long. Sure, I got along fine with Theo, Dane, Quin, and Eugene, but they were so laid back. The other three were different—a good different that I'd definitely miss.

When I said I hated Felix, I truly had, but only at that moment. I didn't really hate him, and I honestly felt guilty that I'd said it in the first place. I wanted to apologize to him before he left, but I was hesitant to approach him. Who was I kidding—Felix didn't care if I hated him or not.

Looking out the window, I couldn't help except notice how the rain fit the mood. I was solemn and gray, just like the sky, as I watched Duke pack his suitcase. The darkening sky told

me it was almost time for him to leave. We only had so many minutes left.

I walked over to his bed and sat beside his luggage, watching it slowly fill with clothes. My fingers fidgeted, twiddling the edges of shirts and sweaters as I let my nerves get to me. My eyes felt dry. I'd cried so much over the past two days, definitely enough to fill a pool, and I wasn't sure I had any more tears left. I hoped I didn't; I'd promised Duke I wouldn't cry when he left. There was no way I was fulfilling that promise, but it didn't hurt to try.

Duke stepped out of his closet, his eyes meeting mine. I pulled my gaze away and looked at the space he had left in his suitcase. "I could fit, you know," I bargained. "Just take me with you."

He sighed, setting more neatly folded clothes into his suitcase. Duke gave me a pointed look. "You wouldn't be safe where we're going—"

"You wouldn't let anything bad happen to me," I reasoned, suddenly hopeful that he'd take the bait and let me tag along.

"Elora," he spoke gently, kneeling before me with a concerned expression. "This is your home. Everything you know is here—your life is *here*. You know I can not take you with me. Don't do this again."

I glared at his luggage with a pout. I could definitely fit. "Will you come to visit?" I asked as I returned my focus to him.

"I probably won't have time, sweetheart," Duke stated before standing and returning to his closet. He came back a moment later with more clothes for his suitcase. Once they were in, he zipped it up. "These situations are serious, and I have to work around the clock."

My shoulders slumped at his rejection but straightened up as hope flooded my system. I looked at him with widened eyes. "But you'll try, right?"

With one hand holding his suitcase, Duke reached for me. I grabbed his outstretched one, holding it tightly as he led us out

of his room and down the hall. “Of course, I will. I just don’t want you to get your hopes up.”

Reality set in once I saw Felix and Lucifer already standing by the door. My stomach dropped, my heart hammering while my brain begged for all of this to be a bad dream. The two vampires held their luggage as they said goodbye to the rest of our friends, but all I could think about was Duke.

Felix and Lucifer didn’t really need him, did they? He was my best friend, not theirs. Besides, they were grown men *and* vampires! They could handle anything they wanted to on their own.

My feet moved, but I was too numb to notice. One second, I was at the last step of the staircase, and the next, I was joining Lucifer and Felix by the door.

Don’t cry. I kept telling myself. *Don’t cry.*

“There’s been several attacks in Delaware in the past few hours. I’ll start there,” Felix announced.

“I’ll go to Texas,” Lucifer said softly.

“Montana,” Duke grunted, sounding beside himself. He should; he’s leaving me.

Felix nodded and then glanced down at me. “Very well,” he affirmed, his gaze darting back to Lucifer and Duke. “We should go.”

“Give them hell for us,” Quin smirked, giving them each a side-hug. Duke let go of my hand to hug him back, making it that much harder to control my emotions.

I wasn’t only sad about Duke leaving. I wouldn’t see Felix or Lucifer for a long time, either. It may not have seemed like it, but I’d miss them, no matter how stern and scary they were at times.

“Bye, Lucifer. I’m going to miss our long talks,” I joked as I held him tightly. Theo was the only one who laughed, but that wasn’t surprising; he’d always been silly with no concept of proper timing.

Lucifer stiffly patted me on my shoulder, not wanting to hug me back. That was okay, though. He'd never been very touchy-feely. Pulling away, I watched as he withdrew an envelope from his pocket and handed it to me.

With a slight smile (the only I'd ever seen from him if I was being honest), he patted my head. "You'll be okay."

Turning the envelope over in my hands, I didn't notice Lucifer take his leave until it was too late. Instead, I focused on the next vampire in line—Felix.

With a shy glance at the giant leader, I couldn't help but give him a quick (yet gentle) hug. "I don't hate you," I mumbled into his shirt.

"I know you don't," he replied, trying to hide the solace in his red gaze. I saw it when I peered up to meet his eyes, and I couldn't help my sudden guilt at the sight. Had he really thought I hated him for the best two days? Giving me a soft smile, Felix continued, "Be good, Elora."

My lip began to wobble as tears clouded my vision. I watched Felix leave, catching Lucifer's fancy car peeling away while he entered his. Did they all have to leave? I didn't want them to go.

"Elora," Duke spoke, pulling my attention back to him. He knelt in front of me, and just like that, my resolve broke. Tears raced down my cheeks, their saltiness stinging as they fell.

I wrapped my arms tightly around his neck, soaking his shirt as I wept. "I can fit in your suitcase," I blubbered.

He wrapped his arms around me, rubbing my back as he did. "I'll be back before you know it, I promise," he repeated for what felt like the hundredth time.

My body shook, and I squeezed my eyes shut in an effort to keep myself from breaking down. "Please don't go," I whispered through sniffles and sobs. "I don't want you to go."

Duke pressed me closer to him, his voice as hushed as mine. "I love you too," he said before standing.

With a forlorn glance, he looked to Dane and then turned to leave.

“Duke!” I wailed, ready to run out the door. Duke couldn’t leave; I wouldn’t let him. My chest heaved, and I panicked as he made his way to his car.

Dane gripped my shoulders, preventing me from running after Duke. “Shh, it’s okay, Elora,” he consoled, pulling me into his chest.

It wasn’t okay. There was nothing *okay* about Duke being gone for years. Thrashing against Dane, I made a fruitless effort to fight him off—going as far as elbowing him to do so. I could feel my chest caving in on itself as I watched Duke pull his car door open. Without a single glance back, he got into his vehicle.

“I can go with you!” I screamed. My lungs stopped working, my sight blurred, and my face soaked with a new surge of tears. I could honestly care less. The person I loved most was speeding away, and I had no idea when I’d see him again—or if I ever would.

Dane turned me away from the door, kneeling before me the same way Duke had moments before. I tried to get back to the door, hoping I could still catch a glimpse of my best friend, but it was useless. My sobs weren’t stopping, and I still couldn’t breathe. Coughs began to wrack my body, and my head felt woozy due to a lack of oxygen.

In an instant, Dane’s hands were on my cheeks, his expression worried and upset. With his gaze on mine, he spoke: “Go to sleep.”

With his words echoing in my ears, I felt my body relax, my lungs finally allowing me to breathe again. My eyes felt as though they weighed a ton, and as soon as they closed, I felt my body slump into my friend’s waiting arms. After that, there was nothing—nothing except sleep and my aching heart.

Knees



Current; Elora is 18

Elora

Of all the days of the week, Thursdays tended to be my least favorite. They typically meant tennis practices, which (if I was being honest) I only played for the cute outfits. Nevertheless, I grabbed my backpack and headed downstairs.

I wore a long, sleeved white top under checkered shorts, perfect for the windy yet sunny day ahead. My wheat-colored hair hung loosely down my back, which was probably not wise given the morning's forecasted gales. However, I was too lazy to do anything else with my waist-length locks, so down it was. A pair of white tennis shoes completed my simple school-day outfit, and I was pleased by how cute I looked as I made it to the first floor.

The first thing I saw as I turned the corner into the kitchen was Dane typing away on his laptop on the countertop. With a small smile, I greeted him, "Morning."

Not that the concept of 'mornings' meant anything to vampires anyway. Still, Dane wasn't rude enough to ignore my daybreak pleasantries and nodded my way.

"Good morning," he replied, shutting his computer and watching me slice an apple for breakfast. "What time am I picking you up today?"

My schedule constantly changing daily, but that was only because of all my extracurriculars. I had track, soccer, debate club, and student council to worry about, along with tennis. That was before considering I was captain for debate and the senior class vice president. In other words, I was busy.

Even though I had my driver's license, the guys insisted on driving me everywhere. They claimed it was because they had

nothing better to do, but I had my doubts. Either way, it made me feel like a burden, but I wasn't about to argue.

Sometimes it was overwhelming to be involved with so many after-school activities. Still, with Duke gone, I needed to do something to soothe the constant emptiness he left behind. Sports and clubs helped, but even so, I missed him every day.

For the first year, he called every night just like he promised. It didn't matter that he could only speak for a few minutes each time. As long as I heard his voice, I was happy. However, it didn't take long for our schedules to clash. I got busy with school, and he got busy doing whatever he was doing. The last time we spoke was almost four years ago, on my fifteenth birthday.

It'd be a lie to say things returned to normal after Duke, Lucifer, and Felix left. There was always a hollowness in our home that was never entirely filled. Sometimes, I wondered if my fourteen year olds anxieties were correct, if the next time I saw them would be at my college graduation... if I'd ever see them again at all. Part of me even wondered if the mission was just their excuse to leave me for good.

We figured out our dynamics and routines pretty quickly, but Dane was no Duke. He definitely tried and didn't do a bad job looking out for me. Even so, he was not my best friend.

That didn't mean my days were dull. Theo and Quin constantly made me laugh, while the latter helped me pick out songs for the upcoming homecoming dance. We bonded over it while he cooked dinner, and it was definitely a highlight of my day. Eugene was my tutor, always eager to help me with my studies despite keeping to himself. My academic success was due to him, and he knew it too.

In the end, I was content. Things may not have been flawless without the other three guys here, but we were trying, and that counted for something.

Over the last two years, I'd developed an obsession with perfection, which meant my satisfaction with our imperfect situation showed progress. I blamed living with vampires for my fixation on perfection. They had no flaws, sicknesses, or

blemishes, and that sort of high standard could definitely lead to an inferiority complex. So, I tried to keep up and, in turn, became the perfectionist I now was. I needed things tidy and would rearrange things until they were done right. I had a posture as straight as Eugene's, a gait almost as quiet as Theo's, and a presence nearly as reserved as Quin's. Thankfully, my passion for all things perfect got better over time. However, it was still there, even if I barely recognized it anymore.

"Um, probably around five?" I guessed while biting my bottom lip. That should have given me enough time to clean up my tennis equipment without rushing.

Dane raised an eyebrow, his gaze firm as he looked my way. "Aren't you forgetting something?"

"Am I?" I thought about my schedule for the day, trying to find what I'd missed. There was a quick meeting this morning for an assembly where I'd be introducing a guest speaker about drugs. After that, I had an AP Biology test. Tennis followed, then home. Unable to think of anything else, I met his look with a confused one of my own.

"You mentioned something about the chess club a few days ago," he recalled, and I snapped my fingers in realization.

How could I forget about that? After my tennis match, I'd promised to talk with their president about funding new chess boards. Running a hand through my hair, I gave Dane a sheepish smile. "Six then?" I questioned sweetly.

He nodded, agreeing with a smirk. "Six."

"Who needs a planner when I have you?" I joked while finishing up the rest of my morning routine. Pulling my lunch pail from the fridge and stuffing it into my backpack, I hugged Dane before leaving the room.

"Or you could take it easy and be lazy like a normal high schooler!" He called after, and I swore I could hear the smirk in his voice. I paid him no mind as I entered the living room.

Eugene and Quin were there, sitting on the couch as they watched an old movie. With my hands folded behind my back,

I looked for Theo, only to find the house clown missing. It wasn't too surprising. Sometimes they'd sneak away, and I wasn't sure where they'd go, but something told me I didn't want to know either.

"Is Theo here?" I asked them. "He said he'd drive me."

"He'll be down in a second," Eugene answered, sparing me a quick glance before turning back towards the television. They must have spoken through their mind-link, which always irked me. I'd never liked that they could communicate telepathically.

Quin rose from his seat, looming over my short stature once he'd reached my side. He wasn't the only one who towered above me—they all did, but what did I expect? I was only 5'3," and if Dane was correct, I'd probably stopped growing a little over a year ago. It bothered me that my height wasn't an even number, not to mention boring. If only I could be taller, with legs for days, or short and cute... not that I didn't feel short. I just felt so average height-wise.

He bent down to show me a picture on his phone. It was food—some fancy-looking spaghetti with lots of greens. Instantly, I felt hungry again.

"That looks good. Are you making it for dinner?" I questioned.

"I am now," Quin grinned. "I wasn't sure if it looked good or like it had too much going on. Figured it would be a good idea to leave it up to the human taste buds."

I beamed at our not-so-little personal chef, happy he wanted my input. It was shocking, given my horrible eating habits. Lucifer, having left me the key to his secret sweets closet, didn't help. I had cookies, marshmallows, candies, and more at my disposal. Truthfully, I was only thin due to my fast metabolism, active lifestyle, and teenage youth.

The significance of Lucifer giving me access to his private sugar stash in his absence wasn't lost on me. He'd always been more dragon than vampire when it came to junk food—

hoarding it away where others couldn't reach. I blamed his glucose-induced mania on his everlasting sweet tooth.

After he left, I opened the envelope he'd given me, and that's where I found the key. It came accompanied by a note:

We'll be back before you finish it all –L

I sobbed when I saw it. Lucifer wasn't one for words; I used to think it was because he didn't like anyone. I knew better now; he just never had much to say. When he did speak, he always said something significant, and when he gave me that note, he knew he was giving me hope.

There was still a fourth of the confectionary cabinet to go.

“Just leave out the mushrooms–”

“I know,” Quin interrupted with a roll of his eyes.

“Let's get this show on the road!” Theo announced as he ran down the stairs so fast that he was nearly invisible for a moment. “Ready to timidly tell all your peers they're doing everything wrong all day?”

“At least I'm nice about it. Not everyone can be so loud and obnoxious,” I teased right back. He wasn't wrong; I was shy and absolutely hated when people didn't do things properly.

With a hand over his heart, Theo—the ever-dramatic—continued to joke. “Ouch! If my heart wasn't frozen, it'd break.”

Smirking, I rolled my eyes at Theo's comment as I plopped into the passenger seat of his car. Once we started to move, I leaned my head on the window, watching the trees blur by. Much like his running, the vampire drove fast too. It was good that he did too. We lived thirty minutes from town in a secluded part of the forest, and he knew I hated being tardy.

Theo glanced my way after I let out a yawn and rested my head against the seatbelt. It didn't disappoint him, but I could sense he wasn't happy. “You were up way too late studying last night.”

“I have a biology test today,” I explained with a shrug. I was up until midnight taking notes and flipping through my textbook. Needless to say, I was absolutely prepared but very exhausted.

Theo kept side-eyeing me, jaw clenching as though he had something he wanted to say. It made me raise a brow, trying to provoke him into speaking, which he mirrored before relenting. “Maybe if you weren’t in twenty clubs,” he began lecturing, returning his gaze to the road, “you’d have extra time to study or, you know, have *fun*.”

We had the same talk every month, with him telling me to relax and me telling him I was happy the way I was. He just didn’t understand! My mind would wander when I wasn’t busy, and my abandonment issues could creep in, poisoning my brain further. I couldn’t have that. My current solution, a successful one at that, was after-school activities.

“I *like* being busy,” I stated, arms crossing over my chest.

Instead of replying and continuing our usual banter, Theo remained silent. His expression changed abruptly, almost like he’d realized something. His gaze bounced all over the road, but I could recognize the look in his eyes anywhere—he was using the mind-link the guys shared.

“Something wrong?” I asked, studying him as we pulled up to the school.

My words seemed to pull him out of his trance, and he looked at me, eyes narrowing before he shrugged and put the car in park. “Nothing’s wrong.”

Liar. He was clearly distracted by something, but I wasn’t going to push it.

“Okay,” I chirped while gathering my things and leaving Theo’s luxury vehicle. “See you when I get home!”

Without waiting for his reply, I turned and entered the empty school. There were only a few of us in attendance for a meeting so early in the morning, and the bare halls were a result of that.

“These early morning meetings are going to be the death of me,” Willow groaned as she fell in step next to me with a steaming cup of coffee in her hand.

Willow was my best friend, which was a little sad, seeing as we weren't very close. I purposefully made myself unavailable for relationships, too afraid of being left behind should I let anyone in. It was better not to let others in. To make up for my interpersonal issues, I tried to be friendly to all and had several acquaintances.

In addition to being my best (and only friend), Willow was the senior class president as well as my track teammate. Heck—with all the clubs she was in, she was practically as busy as I was.

I gave my friend a sharp look before smiling. “*You’re* the one who planned this.”

“Look,” Willow began, rolling her hazel eyes as she spoke. I’d never not be jealous of the contrast between their light shade and the deep tone of her skin. She could have been a model with features like those. “Scheduling a meeting and actually showing up are two different mindsets.”

My friend sipped at her coffee before speaking to me again. Her speech was dull, clearly bored with what she was asking. “We’re picking a person to lecture everyone about drugs today, right?”

Nodding, I couldn't help except shrug as I thought more about the issue at hand. “I’m sure half the school will skip the assembly anyways,” I reasoned. “I wouldn't stress too much about who we choose.” A guest speaker probably wouldn't persuade the minds of those that smoked weed, but the school board wanted to try. Our job was to make their wishes a reality.

A laugh bubbled from Willow's glossed lips before relaxing into a sigh. “We essentially have to choose someone who has done way too many drugs in their life and now goes around traumatizing kids about how horrible their life was before sobriety.”

Willow paused, taking a breather before continuing. “Or the exact opposite—we have to find someone who has never touched drugs or alcohol and loves talking about how awesome their life is because of it.”

“Bingo,” I affirmed with a smirk before playfully bumping my friend’s shoulder. She rolled her eyes in reply while we continued our trek through the desolate high school halls.



“Thank you so much, Elora. We’ve been trying to get funding for two years, but no one cares about the chess team anymore,” the chess club president, a scrawny junior named Simon, ranted while reaching for my hand.

With widened eyes, I scooted away from Simon’s touch. “Well, I said I’d try. I can’t promise anything,” I stated as clearly as possible.

It was nothing against the chess club, but my day had been arduous. After so much back and forth, I was over it. They’d even made me late to meet up with Dane, which only irked me further.

“Even trying means a lot—especially when you’re the one trying,” Simon replied with a brace-filled grin. The way he was awkwardly eyeing me gave me the creeps. “After all, no one says no to Elora Carmine.”

Pressing my lips together, I tried not to physically cringe. I wasn’t in the mood to be flirted with, not when I was tardy to pick up, and definitely not by some unappealing science nerd. Take a hint.

“Well, I better get going,” I said with the most forced smile a girl could muster.

“Bye, Elora!” Simon called after me as I turned to leave. “Don’t be a stranger!”

I had barely reached the doorway before I heard one of his pals speak. “Dude, she was totally into you.”

Ew.

After quickly stopping at my locker to retrieve my things, I jogged toward the empty parking lot. I probably looked ridiculous with the weight of my backpack weighing me down. Luckily, the only ones here were teachers, a few clubs, me... and Dane.

His car was near the back, all shrouded by shadows, and still the nicest one in the lot. I bee-lined for it, giving the guy an apologetic smile. Placing my things in the car, I tried my best to rectify my belated arrival. “Sorry, I’m late. I got caught up with the chess team.”

“I heard,” Dane responded with a nod and sly smirk. “Apparently, they think you’re totally into them.”

“No way,” I rejected with a slight grimace and blush. Honestly, the entire notion was so absurd I couldn’t help but laugh. “That’s probably the first time some of them have spoken to a girl.”

Dane shook his head and began to pull away from the school. “So, how was your test?”

“I think I did well, but a lot of people finished before I did,” I admitted as my hands fiddled with one another. Why had I taken so long? It wasn’t like I didn’t know the material, yet I still felt insecure about my lagging.

“Blame Eugene,” Dane directed, albeit absentmindedly. “He’s always had you triple-check your work.”

I’d always been grateful for Eugene’s help when it came to schoolwork. He was my study buddy, my tutor. Whenever I had a question, he was eager to help me solve it. He was brilliant; they all were. “I do second guess everything,” I agreed.

Silence followed, and I glanced at Dane only to see him staring ahead. He looked like he was biting his tongue, ready to speak, but he remained silent. It reminded me of Theo’s odd expression earlier in the day.

“Penny for your thoughts?” I questioned before biting my bottom lip.

The quiet was deafening as it continued on. Curiosity raced through my veins while Dane peered at me. It seemed like he was studying for a moment before he sighed. “Their missions are over,” he relented. “They’re coming home.”

Now, it was my turn to be speechless. I stared at him, mouth agape as my mind reeled. They were coming home? After five years—and four without promised correspondence—they were coming back.

With my eyes on the road, I felt my thoughts jumble and race. I knew the day of their return would eventually come, but I’d always expected to be happy about it. Now, I just felt very anxious. My mind continued to cloud, and I was almost sure I’d faint.

Did Duke miss me as much as I missed him? Did his chest ache at our distance? Will Felix be proud of me when he learns of my accomplishments? I’d made varsity in tennis my sophomore year and was on the path to being valedictorian. I’d hoped they’d be impressed by all I’d achieved.

How would their return affect things at home? We’d developed a routine, one I’d become accustomed to. Would that change?

Could I handle seeing Duke again? I was still so mad and sad when I thought of his absence over the last five years. He should have been here; I stood by that. Honestly, just calling or texting me would have sufficed, but he chose to desert me in every possible way.

That wasn’t to say I didn’t love him anymore, but our relationship had definitely taken a hit. His return wouldn’t fill the gap caused by our separation.

“When?” I whispered, not looking away from the road.

“Lucifer’s going to be here in time for dinner tonight,” Dane answered gently, knowing this would be a touchy subject for me. As a matter of fact, none of them had mentioned the

missing three around me unless they absolutely had to. “Felix and Duke might take a few more days.”

Only a few days? Lucifer’s returning tonight? I thought it would’ve been at least a month before they’d tied up loose ends and made their way back. Perhaps they’d already done that; maybe this was all planned on their part.

Glancing at the clock, I saw that it was almost seven. Quin was probably already in the kitchen making dinner. That meant Lucifer was almost home—if he wasn’t already there.

Dane reached over and held my hand, rubbing his thumb over my palm. “Tell me what you’re thinking.”

My heart hammered, and I felt the growing urge to lie to the vampire. I wanted to tell him I was happy they were coming home and that I was looking forward to it. While those statements weren’t entirely false, I was too nervous to feel any sort of anticipation.

Unsure how to answer, I looked to Dane and forced a soft smile. “That Quin is making pasta, and Lucifer hates pasta.”

“He does *hate* pasta,” Dane replied with a chuckle. I was just glad he didn’t press me for an honest answer, instead choosing to play along with my (incredibly smooth) subject change. “Though I think he’ll be too focused on being home to even notice, don’t you think?”

I nodded, secretly hoping they were all too distracted by being back to pay me any mind. Maybe then they wouldn’t notice all my faults. “Let’s hope so,” I agreed in a whisper.

We pulled into our long driveway moments later, and my gaze immediately drifted to Lucifer’s car. He was parking—he was actually here! My eyes widened, and my previous anxiety was replaced with excitement. Despite my inner turbulence, I had to admit that I missed him.

Eugene, Theo, and Quin walked out of the house just as Lucifer opened his car door. They were like his little welcoming committee, flocking around him as he left his vehicle. Aside from a new haircut, he looked the exact same

way he had five years prior—not that I was surprised. The guys didn't age.

My eyes traced him, noting his black jeans and button-up. His fingers and neck were decorated in silver jewelry. He'd always been a dark soul with hair, clothes, eyes, and personality to match. It only emphasized how unchanged he was while I felt like a whole new person in comparison.

As per usual, he didn't smile. The man was ever—stoic even when greeting his best friends after years apart. Again, I wasn't shocked. My gaze drifted to his lips as they spoke silent salutations, only regaining focus when Dane parked the car.

Only once Dane left the car did my nerves flare again. I'd never felt this way before: both excited and apprehensive simultaneously. My body buzzed like never before—not even before extensive tests or championship games. I did my best to calm myself, breathing deeply as I grabbed my bags and left the vehicle.

Lucifer's eyes met mine the moment I stepped out of the automobile. His gaze seemed intrigued and perplexed with something I didn't quite recognize brewing in their crimson depths. I had to guess it was because he hadn't seen me in so long. That didn't change the somewhat pleasant burn I felt as his eyes continued to follow me.

Dane got to him first, giving his friend a swift handshake and an even quicker 'hello.' Not that Lucifer seemed to notice; he seemed distracted even though his eyes were no longer on me. They were on Theo instead, his lips moving quickly and just as quietly as before.

Theo smirked, patting Lucifer on the shoulder before mouthing a reply. He then turned and walked back into the house, chuckling at something he'd said. Knowing Theo, it was something ridiculous, but it made me happy that Lucifer was falling back into our fold so seamlessly.'

Setting my bags down, I couldn't help except immediately throw my arms around Lucifer's giant frame. I squeezed as tight as I could, a smile on my lips while his scent left me

nostalgic. When I finally stepped back, I was practically beaming, my grin nearly as bright as the midday sun. “Welcome home!”

He hesitated before wrapping his arms around my shoulders. While it wasn’t much, it was definitely better than the pat on the head he’d given me five years prior.

Pulling away from his half-hearted embrace, I grinned even wider. “We’ve missed you, Lucifer. Well, obviously not Quin,” I joked. “He’s making pasta on the night you return, but the rest of us? Definitely missed you.”

Eugene took it upon himself to grab my bags from me, and my shoulders silently thanked him for the relief. Though he lifted them effortlessly, I saw his eyes widen. “These bags weigh more than you do. What do you have in them?”

“Books?” I replied with a sheepish shrug.

“You have a library in your house,” he retorted, turning back towards the front door. “What the hell could you possibly bring home from high school?”

With a roll of my eyes, I looked back to Lucifer just in time to see his gaze snap back to mine. I knew it had been a long time since I’d seen the guy, but he definitely seemed out of it. Maybe he needed some candy... I gasped and grabbed his hand, instantly remembering the sugary stash he’d left me.

“C’mon,” I urged, pulling the red-eyed gargantuan into the house.

The vampire didn’t utter a single word as he followed—not a question nor an objection. He allowed me to drag him through the foyer, up the stairs, and down several hallways until we reached his bedroom door. My body warmed with the joy of his return, and I nearly bounced with excitement as I opened the door.

I led us both through the threshold, letting go of Lucifer’s hand as he peered around his room. He was probably making sure everything was how he’d left it, and he would’ve been right if he didn’t count the stash of goodies now at my side. In my defense, I did have his permission.

“Come here,” I called him over, waving my hand to get his attention. In a second, he was next to me, looking as confused as ever. “So, Theo tried to get in like ten times. Obviously, if he really wanted to get in without a key, he could, but I think he knew you’d beat him if he broke the door.”

“Smart guy,” Lucifer interrupted my rambling with a nod. I’d missed his quiet voice.

I smiled. I missed his quiet voice.

Getting down on my knees, I couldn’t help but notice the way Lucifer’s eyes narrowed. His gaze flickered between the door and me, though he was probably just making sure no one else could see where I’d hidden his key. “So, I wore this around my neck for a long time, but I kept having to take it off for sports. Then I lost it for a week,” I rushed out, silently hoping he’d ignore that last part. Bending down until I was on all fours, I reached under the cupboard and pulled out an old key. “So instead, I used a little reverse psychology and hid the key somewhere Theo wouldn’t think to look.”

There was relief in Lucifer’s eyes once I stood, though I wasn’t sure why, and pushed the key into its hole. With a turn and a click, the door was opened, revealing a shelf that was still chock-full of delicious sweets.

“Ta-da!” I giggled but calmed as I tried to gauge his reaction.

Lucifer glanced in the cabinet for a split second before his gaze fell on me again. It was a piercing sort of stare, the kind that left one vulnerable and bare—as though he suddenly knew every little thing about me without having uttered a single word.

It was a good thing he couldn’t actually read my mind, or else he’d see the attraction brewing within. I honestly hadn’t remembered Lucifer being so enticing. Granted, I knew all the guys were objectively attractive, but fourteen-year-old me must have been blind. Now, I could admit it: Lucifer was handsome, a perfect blend of tall, dark, and formidable.

No! I couldn't think of him that way! He was Lucifer, and I blushed, embarrassed that my mind had even gone there.

"Anyways," I spoke after clearing my throat in an attempt to rid myself of those potentially sinful thoughts. "Now that you're back, I'm no longer responsible for your sweets stash."

With that said, I held out the key for him to take, which he did almost immediately. His eyes were on mine the entire time, even as he shoved the item into his pocket, and I couldn't help how my skin buzzed under his gaze. Once more, I felt exposed and powerless. My teeth pressed gently into my bottom lip, my hands folded behind my back as I bounced lightly on my heels.

I knew the guys returning would require adjustment, but I'd never imagined this kind of reaction. Since when was I like this around any of my guys? I was being ridiculous! It was just Lucifer.

"Theo didn't have a problem trying to steal the key from me," I said, doing my best to break the imagined tension, "but unless he has a death wish, I think it's safest with you."

Our eye contact broke when Lucifer stepped forward and closed the cabinet, his movement slow and calculated. Even as he locked it, he seemed on edge—like he was waiting for someone to jump out of the dark and ambush him.

Once the key was returned, I had no other reason to be in Lucifer's room, so I turned on my heel. I didn't even reach the doorway before his voice caught my attention.

"Elora," he called, his tone calming and musical in its own unique way. I turned around only to find Lucifer much closer than anticipated. It made me flinch. My breath caught in my throat as he bent down until his face was near mine. Every nerve in my body was alive, and my mind was blank while my heart hammered within my chest.

He smirked as he watched my eyes widen, tilting his head as he finally continued whatever he was going to say. "I'll make you a copy."

As quickly as he'd neared, he'd also left, brushing past me as he did so. I was a confused wreck in his wake, dazed by definition and asking myself so many questions. What the heck was that? Not that I wasn't thrilled he was giving me a key to his most prized, but my reaction to his proximity was concerning. What was going on with me?

Snapping out of my frozen state, I regained my composure. I made my way toward the kitchen, making sure to close Lucifer's door behind me.

My feet hadn't even made it past the threshold before Quin was calling out to me. "I have my playlist ready."

"Me too!" I beamed as I made my way to him. "A girl at school recommended a few songs." I pulled out my phone, connecting it to the Bluetooth speaker Quin got specifically for our listening parties. I'd hoped that even after our playlist for the dance was complete, we could still keep music as our shared 'thing.'

Quin was all over the place: stirring, chopping, scooping, and spicing. It was commonplace in our household, part of our aforementioned routine, for him to be busy and me to be idling. Like usual, I jumped onto the countertop, sitting out of his way.

"Okay," I began, ocean eyes on my phone. "First on our list is an indie song by a new artist. I'm thinking maybe a slow song, but not a long slow-dancing song, you know?"

The song played, and Quin lightly bobbed his head to it. "It's like coffee shop music, hard pass," he rejected once it was over.

"Fair enough," I responded with a shrug. "Your turn."

"Hmm," Quin hummed, taking a break from whatever he was doing to grab my phone and type in a song title. "It's a throwback, but since we're picking a slow song tonight, I think it'll work."

As soon as he pressed play, I was gasping and singing along. How else was I supposed to react to the dulcet tones of The Everly Brothers? 'All I Have to Do Is Dream' was a

favorite of mine, a classic played throughout my childhood by the same vampire who was playing it now. It'd been years since I'd last heard it, though.

The hairs on the back of my neck tingled, and somehow I knew I was being watched. Looking at the dining table on the other side of the room, I found Lucifer, Theo, and Eugene's eyes were all on me.

Weirdos. I cheesed at them, the gesture exaggerated and playful, and Theo responded with a chuckle.

"Open," Quin ordered, pulling my attention back to him. He held a spoon to my lips, and I opened my mouth without another thought, tasting the sauce he'd slaved over. "Good?"

I nodded enthusiastically. "Really good, the song too, it's going on the list," I decided.

Quin bowed playfully, enjoying the moment. I let him have it; it wasn't every day his choice made it to our playlist.

His suggestion turned out to be the only one to make the setlist that night. Not that I minded—I was hungry, and Quin had finished cooking. Quin came and lifted me off the counter by my waist. "Go sit down," he shooed me once my feet were on the ground.

"Rude," I mumbled, but did what I was told and walked toward the dining room.

A yawn escaped me as I sat beside Eugene and Dane. It was probably due to a lack of sleep and a long day, but I liked to think the guys' business conversation didn't help. Thankfully, I had a good distraction in the form of Quin and his delicious culinary concoctions. He liked to say he had a bad sense of taste, but I thought he had a gift. And I was happy to eat the fruits of said gift.

"You don't have another test tomorrow, do you?" Theo asked, giving me a knowing look.

"No," I replied, shaking my head. "Thank goodness. I don't think I'd be able to function tomorrow if I didn't sleep well."

Dane glanced in my direction while twirling his noodles around his fork. “You *do* look tired. You’re racing against that other school tomorrow, aren’t you?”

“Uh–huh,” I responded distractedly between bites.

“That’s all, though, right?” He asked with furrowed brows. “No meetings or club activities? Just the track meet?”

“You probably know better than I do.” I shrugged. “Are you coming to watch?”

Eugene raised his brows, gaining my attention. “Have we ever missed a game, a debate, a match, or a meet of any kind?”

He was right. They’d always been supportive, and I couldn’t deny it. “Just asking,” I defended with my hands up in surrender. I then looked to Lucifer, who was already looking my way. “You’ll come too, right?”

He nodded, just like I hoped he would.



My night ended how they typically did: with a shower. Once I was clean and dry, I dressed in my cotton pajama shorts and tank top before braiding my hair. It was my bedtime routine, and it was perfect.

Another part of said routine was filling a water bottle before bed. Ever since I was young, I’d always had something

to drink within reach during the night hours. Theo called me a ‘midnight drinker,’ but I called myself quenched.

I made my way down the stairs. Theo, Eugene, Dane, and Quin were all lounging in the sitting room, either working on laptops or watching some ancient movie they’d already seen a million times over.

I hadn’t expected to see Lucifer standing against the counter with a sugary pastry in his hand, but I wasn’t surprised by the sight. Without socks covering my feet, my footfall was noisy—soft little pats of skin against linoleum as I made my way to the fridge. He watched my every move with a calculated gaze, and I once more felt the tension from earlier race through my veins. His intimidating stare made me aware of every little action I made.

Once I’d opened the fridge and grabbed some water, I turned to meet his eyes head-on. My loud mind couldn’t stand the silence; if I didn’t say anything, my mind would run amok.

“Did you have sweets where you were?” I questioned. Lucifer wouldn’t be *Lucifer* if he wasn’t constantly indulging himself in his gluttony for all things sweet.

There was a long pause where I feared he wouldn’t respond, making my question seem awkward. I couldn’t understand why he kept looking at me. The last time I saw him, he wanted nothing to do with me. Now that he was back, I felt his eyes everywhere I went.

Finally, he looked down at the danish, breaking off a small flakey piece, and ate it. His thumb was covered in cream cheese frosting from the sacchariferous treat, and I couldn’t look away when he brought the finger to his lips.

When he sucked the icing off, I was sure my brain shut down. All he did was clean his thumb—I’d done the same thing a million times with Cheetos. He made it look... Well, I wasn’t sure how it made me feel, but it was in my best interest that he never did that again.

“Infrequently.” His answer came out in that low, raspy tone of his.

My memory seemed to be a casualty of the edgy atmosphere, for I couldn't remember whatever it was that I asked. Instead, I played it off with a gentle 'oh.'

A bead of cold water dripped down my palm, calling me back to reality and reminding me of why I'd come down in the first place. Honestly, I was grateful for the condensation for giving me back my wits.

Sucking in a breath, I gave the vampire a small smile. "Goodnight, Lucifer."

His red gaze did as it had all day and followed me as I exited the room. I passed the others once more, giving them all cheery smiles before bounding up the stairs. "Goodnight!"

Each returned my smile, mumbling their own versions of 'goodnight,' 'sweet dreams,' and 'see you in the morning.'

Slumping against the mattress, I felt sleepiness begin to consume me. As my mind relaxed, I reflected on the day. Lucifer's return had gone a lot better than I thought it would. Granted, he was the easier of the three. Things would be very different in a few days when Felix and Duke returned.

Beautiful



Duke

The smile I wore as our mansion came into view was my first genuine one in years. It didn't matter that it was late at night, nor that I hadn't let my brothers know we were coming home early. I was happy; I was going to see Elora.

I knew she'd be angry at me and had every right to be, but I'd missed her. Not a day, hour, or minute went by without her on my mind. It had been five years since I'd seen the sweet girl and four since I'd spoken to her. I'd wanted to call, but every time I tried, I couldn't. What if she ignored me? Her voice alone was enough to make me want to come back home. My heart couldn't handle the hypothetical cold shoulder from her, so I broke hers instead.

Her soft breathing and heart beating could be heard from the driveway, and I knew from the steadiness of both that she was asleep. A wave of serenity washed over me, and I sighed, not realizing how much I'd missed the sounds of her mortality. I decided right then that I'd never leave her again.

Felix pulled in right as I threw my gear into park. He was also eager to be home, though for a much different reason than I. I didn't bother getting my bags as I exited my car. Instead, I made my way around my car until I met our leader head-on.

"I will not go on another mission," I stated, my tone leaving no room for debate. "That is final. Five years was too long."

The vampire didn't reply while he pulled his suitcase from his trunk, and I took his silence as agreement. With a nod, I turned from my friend and approached our front door. I didn't even bother knocking in preference of pushing the door open. The dim lighting and musky scent of 'home' welcomed me warmly. "You two weren't supposed to be back for a few more

days,” Eugene greeted, his eyebrows creased as he watched Felix follow me in.

Everyone was sprawled out on sofas, full drinks in hand, and I could only assume they were celebrating Lucifer’s return. I doubt the man did much grandiose entertaining. However, they were probably still interested in what had taken place over the years.

Theo grinned. “Welcome home.”

Felix immediately went to grab a glass and poured himself a whisky on the rocks. “The world is going to shit,” he mused, raising his glass in a subtle toast before downing it just as quickly.

That it was. One by one, werewolf packs were taking over large territories of unclaimed land, and where there were packs, there were rogues. With rogues came destruction and bloodshed; with rogues came death.

As much as I wanted to have a seat and make up for lost time with my clanmates, I needed to see *her*. Without a ‘hello’ or ‘thank you,’ I was turning away from my friends in favor of the stairs that would bring me to my Elora.

“Duke, don’t–” Dane started.

“Let her sleep. She had a long day,” Quin cut him off.

I didn’t listen to them and really didn’t care what they had to say. Having been apart from her for so long, I needed to see her; I yearned for it. Once on her floor, I trekked through hallways and corridors until I was finally at her door. It was only then that my nerves flared.

Going back downstairs wasn’t an option—not when I was so close. I palmed the doorknob, letting myself gather my faculties before slowly turning it. It was not my goal to disrupt her slumber, but I wouldn’t be too fussed if I were to accidentally wake her. I wanted to talk to her, see her smile, or laugh. Just being in her presence was enough, but I was greedy and couldn’t deny wanting more.

When the door opened, I walked through the threshold only to stop as soon as my crimson gaze settled on her. My breath

got stuck in my throat, and my body froze completely. Where there once was a small fourteen-year-old lay a young woman—a beautiful one at that. Sure, I had expected a growth spurt or two, but nothing could have prepared me for what Elora had become.

The right side of her body was hidden under a thick white comforter, while the left was exposed, vulnerable to the cold room. Despite her maturation, she was still a tiny thing—just with longer legs. My eyes traced them, taking note of their sunkissed tone until they reached her feet.

Her waist was narrow, and her hips curved gently, showcasing her petite yet healthy-proportioned figure. I forced myself to look elsewhere when my gaze lingered on her bottom as it peeked out from her pajama shorts.

Instead, I found myself looking at her visible collarbone and the slim shoulders it was attached to. Whether I liked it or not, my eyes drifted lower, finding themselves drawn to the tasteful cleavage peeking from the top of her shirt.

Pushing my gaze somewhere more appropriate yet again, I focused on her face. What once was cherubic was now seraphic, carved masterfully as though by Michelangelo's hand. Her eyelashes almost brushed the top of her cheeks as she remained in tranquil slumber. Below them, her lips were puffy and pouted while her wild hair fell from her braid into divine disarray.

This was not the Elora I left behind; this was something new. It was a bud that had blossomed not into a flower but into one of the most exquisite women I'd ever seen.

I furrowed my brows, bewildered by my current thought path. How dare I think of her that way! Hell, I shouldn't have been eyeing her so greedily, either. I knew better; no matter how much she had changed, this was still *Elora*.

Forcing my legs to move, I went to the side of her bed and tugged her blanket until it covered her completely. In my appraisal, I hadn't missed the sleeping beauty's goosebumps or gentle shivers. It was cold, and she hated the cold.

Once she was covered thoroughly, I crouched down and studied her. God, she was beautiful. She'd grown so much, and I'd missed it all. I should have never left; I should have stood my ground more. Now, I'd lost five years of her life that neither of us could get back.

Maybe her dramatic transformation wouldn't have hit me so hard if I'd stayed.

Having seen enough, I stood and briskly made my way out of her room. I closed the door with the utmost care, needing a moment to collect my thoughts before leaving.

Even as a vampire, which by definition, were nearly perfect beings, I'd never seen another soul look that flawless. How had this happened? How had the little girl that I rescued become so striking?

My mind raced as I meandered downstairs. I hesitated to enter the living room after my one-sided interaction with Elora. Once I did, everyone there (minus Felix) gave me a knowing look.

"I didn't wake her," I stated with narrowed eyes, though I was sure they'd been eavesdropping the entire time.

Theo smirked. "Good. Just watched her sleep, you creep."

With a roll of my eyes, I defended myself. "It wasn't like that. I haven't seen her in five years."

"And now that you have?" Lucifer asked lowly, his head cocked ever-so slightly.

Once again, everyone gave me the same stare as though they expected me to reveal my improper attraction. I couldn't; I wouldn't. Instead, I poured myself a much-needed drink and sat on one of the couches. For them to even consider what they were... It was wrong.

"Welcome home," Theo laughed, shaking his head at my discomfort.

Felix looked between us. "Am I missing something?" He questioned.

He was met with silence while my lips met the edge of my cup, downing the whiskey within.

Quin raised his eyebrows (also), unsure if he wanted to give a direct statement about the sleeping girl upstairs. “You’ll see for yourself in the morning,” he responded ambiguously. His non-answer furthered Felix’s confusion.

“Elora got hot,” Lucifer deadpanned, breaking the silence and revealing our secret in one fell swoop.

Dane physically cringed. “That’s enough,” he snapped, looking flustered.

“Right,” Felix scoffed and rolled his eyes. His demeanor reeked with disbelief—as though he believed Lucifer was lying; he wasn’t. “That kid probably grew up to be lazy and annoying under the watch of you four.”

That caught my attention, and I sat up straighter. How could I have been so careless? I was so wrapped up in the time lost and her physical development that I’d forgotten to think of who she’d become.

“How is she in school? Does she still do sports? What about friends—does she have friends?” I asked, feeling the sudden need to be caught up on everything about her.

“You should ask her all that tomorrow,” Dane replied with a knowing smile.

“Yeah—you’re going to need an icebreaker,” Eugene chimed in, giving me a sharp glance. It quickly became a solemn smile. “I don’t think she ever forgave you for leaving.”

I leaned back with a sigh. Deep down, I knew she hadn’t forgiven me, just as I knew I’d do everything within my power to make it up to her. My absence made me miss so many milestones; it was my fault she hadn’t shared them with me over the phone. Not knowing the answers to my questions brought me shame, and I only had myself to blame.

Hell—she was probably on her third boyfriend by now, someone as attractive as her had to be. Part of me hoped she was unattached; single, and pure. The thought of some

disgusting mortal boy with his grubby hands all over her made my blood boil.

“What about boys?” I asked Dane, needing to know the answer just as much as dear Elora needed air.

Theo laughed. “Like I’d allow that.”

“There are no boys,” Dane answered, his glare and tone stern.

Though I was surprised, I was mostly pacified. As much as I wanted to say my relief was due to her young age, I knew my reasons were selfish in nature. To say any different would have been a lie.

“I think we should go over our missions,” Felix interjected, effectively changing the subject.

My report came first, followed by Felix’s and Lucifer’s. Elora plagued my every thought the entire time, and I could only imagine what would happen when she awoke in a few hours. She’d be surprised to see me; I was sure of it. I just hoped she’d listen to my apologies. I desperately wanted—no, needed to fix things, but in order for that to happen, she had to let me.

Spoiled

Elora

The blaring of my alarm pulled me violently from my slumber. I showed no remorse as I attempted to smack it silent in tired desperation. My hits were haphazard, missing nearly every time and leaving me with a sore palm and a splinter. That was enough for me to crack my lids, my tired eyes searching for my early morning torture device before I finally turned it off. At least it was finally Friday. This week had crawled by, and I still needed to prepare mentally for Duke and Felix's return.

They'd been gone so long, and I still didn't know what I'd say (or do) when reunited with them. Part of me was still in disbelief that they were actually returning. Lucifer being home was surreal enough as it was. All I knew was that things would never be like they once were; everything had changed.

No—I was not going to ruin a perfectly good morning by overthinking and hyping myself up. Forcing my mind elsewhere, I stretched and got out of bed. I made it quickly and correctly before pattering my way toward the bathroom. It was time to get ready.

Once I showered and dried, I dressed myself in a cute little number made up of a tan skirt, a white button-down crop top, a pink cardigan, and white Converse shoes. My hair was pulled from its unruly braids and left to style itself. It had always been wild *and unmanageable*, and with everything on my mind, I wasn't exactly in the mood to battle with it either. Instead, I pushed it back with a white headband and called it a day. I looked adorable, regardless.

I grabbed my backpack and went downstairs. A stinging in my palm reminded me of my alarm clock-related battle wound, and I squinted in an effort to find the little sliver of

wood. I could barely see it, but I knew it would bother me all day if I didn't get it out as soon as possible.

"Morning," I called as I passed by the living room. I didn't bother glancing at those in the room; I knew Quin and Eugene would be watching something ancient as usual.

As soon as I stepped into the kitchen, I found Dane. He was right where I expected he'd be—sat at the counter, browsing on his laptop. Letting my backpack fall to the ground, I scooted onto a stool beside him and thrust my injured hand in his face.

"Can you see anything?" I asked, knowing vampires had impeccable eyesight.

Dane tore his gaze from his computer screen to study my face before looking at my hand. Once his eyes were back on mine, he spoke. "Uh, your hand?" He questioned, his look just as incredulous.

"No," I began, shaking my head. With my free hand, I pointed to where I thought my battle wound was. "I have a splinter. What do you think, Doc? Am I gonna make it?"

He chuckled lowly, grabbing my hand and prodding the tender area. I'd guessed he'd found the little piece of wood by how he seemed to only poke where it hurt, but the way he kept glancing at me made me second guess that. "That's what you're worried about this morning? A tiny splinter?" He questioned.

My shoulders lifted into a slight (and somewhat lazy) shrug. Truth be told, I didn't really understand what he was asking. "What else would I worry about?"

There was a pause—a deafening, all-consuming lull as Dane stopped what he was doing and looked at me with wide eyes. "You didn't see—you didn't," he started, his tongue tripping over the words before he shook his head.

Puzzled, I watched as he continued his previous activity. Things didn't feel quite right, and I could tell he was keeping something from me. Did I need to be worried? Was it bad? My mind reeled, trying to solve the mystery behind Dane's words.

“I don’t mind driving myself to school,” I stated, overthinking and wondering if that could be it. He probably wanted to spend time with Lucifer—not that I blamed him.

“I’m driving you.”

His voice was like a cannonball that dropped straight on my chest. My heart pounded, and my eyes widened. No. It couldn’t be. *I’d know that voice anywhere.* It didn’t matter that I hadn’t heard it in (what seemed like) eons. That voice was as memorable as the back of my hand, as swimming or riding a bike.

It was soft and kind, the sort of timbre that brought warmth; *he* was warm and always had been. And now that he stood somewhere behind me, I felt none of his signature comfort but nerves and shock instead.

There was supposed to be more time; that was what my guys said. I wasn’t ready to face him yet. There was supposed to be a weekend to prepare, not five seconds!

Keeping my hand in front of Dane, I attempted to turn on my stool. Instantly, my eyes locked on his, causing chills to run down my spine. This man who was once my everything felt almost like a stranger.

“Duke,” I whispered, dumbstruck by his presence.

He looked just as I remembered him, with his brown hair styled to perfection and his eyes dark enough to be mistaken for brown. As always, kindness was swimming through them. Despite my many growth spurts, he still towered over me, not that I expected him not to. He stood before me with his hands tucked into the front pockets of his light-wash jeans, his white button-up complementing them perfectly. By the way he stood, I had no doubt he was just as nervous as I was.

“Got it!” Dane exclaimed, pulling away from my hand. He was grinning proudly, only to let his lips relax once he noticed the tension between Duke and I. Instantly, his eyes were back on his computer screen, a soft ‘oh’ leaving his lips.

Duke took a few cautious steps toward me, his body language reminiscent of a zoo keeper approaching a predator.

“Hi, Elora.”

The urge to tackle him with affection was strong, but I suppressed it, battling it into submission. I *should* have been upset at him. I’d played through hundreds of ways to tell him how wrong he was for leaving me. And now that he was there, standing a few feet away? I didn’t have the heart to scold him.

“I thought you weren’t supposed to come back for another few days?” It was all my malfunctioning mind could think of as I spoke, my gaze locked on him with no intention of faltering.

“I sped home the second I could,” Duke admitted with a nod, his eyes telling me everything his lips wanted to and couldn’t. All those years ago, he’d promised me he’d be back before I knew it, and while he didn’t say it, I could tell he tried. The effort alone meant a lot to me.

I stood from my stool and walked his way, wrapping my arms around his waist once I was close. “Good,” I conceded, though my tone remained casual, distant. “I’m glad you’re home.”

When his arms wrapped around me in an attempt to hug me back, I felt a tingling sensation radiate from his touch. It was almost as though my muscles were falling asleep or waking up after an uncomfortable nap. It gave me another excuse to pull away from his embrace, the first being my hesitance to completely forgive him. That didn’t mean I needed to be cold toward him. After all, he did *just* get back home.

“Well,” I stated, bending down to grab my backpack. “I don’t want to be late for school.” With that, I made my way to the kitchen’s exit despite school being the last thing on my mind at that moment.

Duke trailed behind me at a distance. He knew how much I’d been hurt and how fresh the wounds still were, so the space was something of a Godsend.

My feet sped to the door, eager for us to get going. The sooner I was at school, the sooner I could be alone to process the morning events.

“Elora,” Quin’s baritone voice rumbled.

“Yeah?” I had stopped, turning to watch my messy-haired friend.

The vampire wore a sharp look as he regarded me, his unkempt hair gently touching his eyebrows. He pointed toward the kitchen. “Lunch.”

Leave it to me to forget, even though Duke’s unexpected arrival was a good excuse. Quin always packed my lunch while I slept, and while it was typically leftovers, it was always delicious.

“Oh, right,” I chirped, turning so that I could hurry back and grab my lunch pail from the fridge without running too behind.

The sight of a large body looming in front of the refrigerator left me frozen. I didn’t need to see his face to know it was him; I was a fool to think Duke arrived alone. As my eyes drifted down Felix’s muscular back (something I hadn’t really noticed before), I knew—just like the others—he hadn’t changed.

My nerves were racing as I watched him. In all the years he’d known me, Felix hadn’t liked me. He’d let me know it too. Would he feel differently after not seeing me for five years? One could only hope.

It only took a few steps before I was behind his hulking form. Swallowing my anxiety, I greeted him. “I didn’t know you were back too.”

As soon as he heard my voice, the red-eyed vampire turned away from the fridge and looked at me. His face blanched, and I’d say I scared him if I didn’t know any better. I know I couldn’t have; it was literally impossible to sneak up on any of them.

His luminescent red eyes made calculated movements as he looked over me, and I felt goosebumps cover my skin. I really didn’t remember any of my guys being so handsome, not even Duke, yet now I felt myself entranced by their beauty.

After some time, Felix began to blink, his mind waking from whatever trance he'd been in. "Shouldn't you be at school?" He questioned.

My eyebrows shot up in shock despite the sudden wave of sadness that washed over me. He couldn't even muster up a simple 'hi'? It seemed five years hadn't changed his dislike for me. He wasn't wrong, though. Despite always arriving at school twenty minutes early, I was running behind, and his presence wasn't exactly helping. As a matter of fact, being off schedule was already biting at my brain, annoying me beyond belief.

"Yeah," I muttered, averting my eyes quickly. In doing so, I could finally spot my lunch bag behind him, only to notice it was open. Not just that, but the sandwich inside had a few bites taken out of it.

Instantly, the itching in my brain became a burn. He... he *ate* my lunch. I hadn't even been out of the kitchen for two seconds, and Felix didn't just show up early, but he ate my lunch. It wasn't like he could mistake it for his. It was in a lunch bag; he wasn't dressed for work and didn't attend school.

I bit my tongue to keep myself from complaining. He already thought I was a slacker for not being an hour early to school. I didn't want him to think I was insolent as well.

The whole morning had gone wrong, and everything was the complete opposite of how I wanted it. Now, I was frustrated and confused, and my OCPD was in full panic mode. I was late to being early; Felix and Duke were two days early, and the lunch that Quin had packed for me every day since the dawn of time was ruined. What was I going to do? I'd never eaten cafeteria food or been off campus for lunch.

What I needed to do was leave before I had a meltdown. I could already feel one rising, and I didn't really want to cry or scream in front of everyone—not with Lucifer, Felix, and Duke there.

Without another word, I turned to leave, my body burning with discomfort at my lack of lunch. When I tried to leave the

first time, I forgot it by accident, but it was ruined this time.

My need for isolation grew. Being alone in a car awkwardly with Duke was no longer on my to-do list. Though my reaction may have seemed a little much, I couldn't help it. My blood was heated, boiling within my veins, and my head tingled with the false need to sneeze. I was beyond annoyed, and rightfully so.

"Theo, give me your keys," I ordered quickly. Despite my warring emotions, my voice sounded calm, and a part of me found pride in that.

His eyebrows rose, but he reached for his keys nevertheless, tossing them effortlessly in my direction. I caught them with ease.

Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Duke look forlorn, probably thinking I was upset with him. "Are you sure?" Duke questioned gently. There was some hope in his voice, but it was subdued by the desire not to push me too far. "I can drive you, Elora."

"I can drive myself," I replied with a nod. "Thanks."

Everyone looked at me, watching me with confused expressions. Even Lucifer, who usually was disinterested in my antics, looked puzzled by my behavior. I felt their stares but opened the front door anyway.

"Wait," Quin called out, his tone laced with irritation. "You didn't grab your lunch."

"I know," I snapped back, closing the door behind me. The hot sun warmed my skin as I walked to Theo's car and got in.

If there was anything I hated more than mushrooms, it was driving. Just being in the driver's seat made me clench my jaw, though it was already stiff, to begin with. Everything about the morning had been horrible, and school hadn't even started yet.

Once the house was out of sight, I felt the overwhelming urge to cry, and I was *not* a pretty crier. My face would get all red and splotchy. It was not a good look for school, but I couldn't help it; everything was just too much all at once.

Duke was home, and it was more awkward than I had predicted. Then there was Felix, who couldn't even be bothered to say 'hi' before criticizing me. Just thinking of his words brought about a sadness that made me tearful.

For years, all I could think about was showing them how much I'd changed since they'd been gone—how much I'd grown and excelled in everything I tried. Instead, I looked stupid and weak. I couldn't even be in the same car as Duke, and Felix was clearly less than impressed by me.

I let my tears fall down my face, deciding to deal with my appearance when I got to school. I don't know if it was because I was annoyed, my obsessive compulsive personality disorder, or sadness, but I felt *atrocious*.

Shouldn't you be at school? His words echoed repeatedly, and I wished he'd said anything else. To think I was ready to give him a welcome-home hug and tell him how much I'd missed him, and he didn't even care.

After parking my car in the back of the lot, I took a moment to weep into my hands. I'd been irritated before; my OCPD flared up when things were not on my idealized schedule. This time, I wasn't only crying because of that but also because of them and how they made me feel. Duke tried so hard this morning to drive me, but I shut him down. He was probably heartbroken because of me.

Too lost in my thoughts, I hadn't seen the figure near my passenger door until the door was yanked open. It made me yelp, thinking I was about to be abducted.

My eyes widened momentarily, only to relax when I realized it was only Quin. A sigh escaped my lips while the vampire slid into the passenger seat, closing the door behind him. In his hand, he had my lunch bag; on his face, he wore an angry expression.

"You know better than to leave this door unlocked," he scolded with a glare.

Remembering what I'd been doing before Quin's arrival, I couldn't help but wipe any residual wetness from my cheeks

in embarrassment. “What are you doing here?” I asked, narrowing my eyes.

“I know you, Elora,” Quin replied, cocking his head to one side and gesturing to my (probably blotchy) face. He then held my lunchpail out for me to grab. “Your morning routine was messed up, and I know how you get. I remade your lunch.”

As soon as it was in my hands, the bag was unzipped, with everything inside uneaten, fresh, and just right. I glanced at Quin and felt like I should have explained myself. He knew it wasn't like me to storm out the way I had.

“Thank you,” I began. “I just got so angry. He didn't even say hi to me. Felix just shows up after five years, eats my sandwich, and doesn't even say ‘hi.’ I mean, who does that?”

Quin sighed, reaching for my hand. “He didn't know, Elora. Dumb on his part, but he didn't know it was yours or that you're particular about your things,” he reasoned or attempted to. “I think he was just surprised to see you—that's why he didn't greet you.”

“Surprised to see me?” I scoffed, my tone sarcastic. “He knew I was behind him. He wasn't surprised. It's not like he's ever liked me anyway, but he didn't need to be mean.”

There was a brief lull, the car quiet as Quin contemplated what I'd said. “That's no reason to cry, Elora,” he responded softly.

“I'm crying because my routine was messed up,” I rushed with wide eyes, knowing that was only a half-truth, “and I'm frustrated.”

The vampire raised a brow before rolling his eyes. Before I could grasp what was happening, I was manhandled over the center console and sat down on his lap side-saddle.

I knew I should have felt awkward, but I'd been sitting on all of their laps since I was young. If anything, this helped calm me.

He ran a hand through my wild hair as I curled further into his chest, loving the comfort he was providing.

“You’re crying because you weren’t expecting Duke or Felix to be there this morning, and you’re overwhelmed. Don’t lie to me, Elora,” he consoled gently, though his last statement seemed stern in comparison.

I bit my lip, knowing Quin was right. I didn’t want to look any weaker than I already did, though. I hated how them simply being there early was enough to make me run out of the house and break down. I should have handled that situation better.

Pulling away from Quin’s embrace, I looked up to study his face. He appeared stern as always, but he also seemed concerned. I mean—why else would he be here unless he was worried?

“You should have warned me,” I mumbled while absentmindedly fiddling with the buttons on his shirt. “*Someone* should have at least told me so I wouldn’t have looked so stupid.”

“You didn’t look stupid,” he began, the hand not in my hair tracing circles around my knee. His lips pulled into a smug grin as he squeezed my leg gently before resuming his drawing. “If it makes you feel any better, Duke and Felix were just as surprised to see you.”

My eyes narrowed, and I gave Quin a sharp look. “Whatever,” I replied, doubting his words.

Seeing movement out of my peripheral, I looked up at the school to see people milling around. Excellent—I was late to being early now.

“Can you take this back?” I asked sweetly as I handed Quin the keys to Theo’s car. “I don’t like driving, and Dane can just take me home after my meet.”

Quin shook his head and chuckled. “I figured as much,” he responded and grabbed the keys before opening the door for me.

My skirt rode up when I clumsily slid out of his lap, though I pulled it down as soon as my feet hit the blacktop. That

didn't stop me from glancing around to ensure no one else saw anything. *All clear!*

"The whole world almost saw my butt!" I turned towards Quin, laughing. I definitely felt much better after our heart-to-heart.

"Nope," he replied, his tone teetering on the edge of playful for some strange reason. He shook his head, lips pressed together. "Just me."

"Thank goodness! I don't think I'd ever be able to live that down around here. I have a reputation, you know," I teased right back, though my words weren't wholly inaccurate. I *did* have a reputation to uphold at school, the kind that exposing my knickers would definitely ruin.

Besides, it was better that only Quin saw anything. It wasn't like he hadn't seen my butt before. He used to give me baths when I was a kid! Though he did look really uncomfortable now...

I shrugged the thought away and grabbed my bag. A second later, I was out of the car and jogging to school, calling out to the vampire behind me as I did so. "See you after school!"



The locker room was full of chatter as I changed into my track clothes, and it was hard not to listen in. Willow changed ahead of time and bolted out to the track, leaving me to cringe at the gossip.

If only Willow hadn't left me behind, I wouldn't be alone in hearing my peers gossiping about the Homecoming Dance.

The event was right around the corner, and I swore it was all anyone talked about anymore. *Who were they going with? What were they going to wear?* Was anyone concerned with midterms, which were the week after Homecoming? Talk about priorities.

I finished getting dressed, deciding to tie my shoes when I got to the track. I carried my sneakers in my hand, walking out to the rubber cement track. Germs were constantly on my mind, but being barefoot or wearing socks on the ground didn't bother me. I figured it was because the ground wasn't something I could avoid—that and my feet were squeaky clean by the time I got into bed each night.

Our school wasn't a big one, but neither was our town. Around here, football was all anyone really cared about. Coaches and teachers put the sport as their top priority, and other sports got less practice time and funding because of it. As annoying as it was, there was nothing any of us students could do to change it.

That was why the football team practiced in the field within the track despite our meet being in less than an hour. It was our normal. We ran during scrimmages all the time.

After a quick scan of the area, I found Willow seated on the track and approached her. "Thanks for abandoning me with the Homecoming crazies again."

Dropping next to her, I let my eyes fall on those around us. The bleachers were a ghost town, but that was to be expected. We had at least fifteen minutes until our meet started.

Once seated, I made quick work of slipping on my black shoes and tying their equally as dark laces. Despite our relaxed dress code, Willow and I always seemed to match in our sports bras, shorts, and thin jackets. The only differences were in colors, with my ensemble black and hers blue.

Typically, it was the other way around, but I'd grown accustomed to wearing dark athletic gear. Plus, it was nice diversifying my wardrobe every once in a while.

"Why would I subject myself to that longer than I have to?" She smirked with an eyebrow raised.

"Fair enough," I agreed with a giggle.

For a moment, Willow and I soaked up the sun, enjoying the nice weather and unsure when it would be like this again. As usual, our track coach, Mrs. Daily, wasn't here yet. Her

husband, Mr. Daily, was the football coach, and while they thought they were being sneaky with their constant disappearing acts, we all knew what they were doing...

“Question,” Willow prompted as she watched me with interest. I nodded and gestured for her to continue. “You don’t have to tell me because it’s not my business...”

She turned towards me as though we were gossiping about the cheerleading squad, and I was intrigued. I nodded, waiting for her to continue. She sucked in a breath and did just that.

“...But you and Simon?” Willow nearly spat, her countenance as judgmental as could be.

My brows furrowed. Simon? He was the captain of the chess team—the same one I spoke to the night before. “Me and Simon... what?”

Willow put her hand on my knee and jokingly nudged me. “Girl, he told everyone that you two hooked up after school,” she revealed.

Instantly, I glanced around only to find Simon in the bleachers with the rest of the chess team. He looked smug from where I was, and I noticed a few popular guys high-five him as they strolled by.

“Hooked up,” I began as I looked back to Willow. Even I could tell I looked and sounded as confused as I felt. “As in, I met with the whole chess club to discuss funding?”

“What an asshole,” she mumbled with a shake of her head. “No, he told everyone you two boned.”

I could feel my blood boiling. “Like sex?” I whispered.

Anyone who knew me knew I didn’t like talking about sex. It made me uncomfortable. Heck, even the word felt dirty coming from my lips.

Willow nodded slowly, her lips pressed together. “I knew something was up when I heard,” she continued. “First of all, because—no offense—but you’re *you*. And second, ew, Simon!” She visibly cringed at the mere thought.

Why would he lie and tell people that? Nothing I said or did hinted that I was interested in him in any way. To make matters worse, the entire chess team was there and could have vouched for me, but they didn't.

"Hey, gurlies," Jason called out as he jogged up to us in his football gear. He was a good friend, even though he wasn't super close with us. We only talked as often as we did because we shared a social circle.

"Hey," Willow greeted with a smile, and I noticed her confidence dim into something much more timid. It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out she liked him.

"So," Jason started as he sat down next to us. "Simon's been telling everyone you guys fucked. Most of us know he's full of shit, though. Want me to kick his ass for you?" In true jock fashion, he smirked, displaying his cockiness for all to see.

"No," I replied with a blush. I really wanted to give Simon the benefit of the doubt, no matter how difficult it was. "I'm sure it's some kind of misunderstanding?"

Willow and Jason laughed quietly before rolling their eyes. "Come on, Elora," Willow stated with a tilt of her head. "You're smarter than that."

She was right, but that didn't mean I wanted to admit that Simon would do such a low, despicable thing on purpose. Not to mention that this was not something I necessarily wanted to deal with, not with the morning I'd had.

"I'll go talk to him," I reasoned with a gentle smile as I stood up, "and get things straightened out."

"If you need backup, you know where to find me," Jason joked... or at least I thought he did. With how he was flexing, I couldn't tell. Dane's biceps were exponentially more considerable, and he was the 'small' one out of my guys.

Turning away from my friends, I walked towards the bleachers and pondered how I was going to approach this. My gaze flitted around, never settling as I continued to contemplate my course of action until they landed on the top

left corner of the bleachers. I couldn't help how my breath hitched at the sight of my guys. Even Felix and Duke were there.

How long had they been there? By the looks of it, they'd been there a while. They definitely seemed comfortable. How much of that had they heard? Oh goodness—Theo would never let me hear the end of it!

They all watched me with a variety of expressions. Theo, for example, was grinning like a madman, no doubt finding this awful situation hilarious. On the other hand, Duke and Felix looked extremely angry, and I had to avert my eyes from their fierce gaze. *Yikes*. Eugene was in full predator mode, standing up with such ferocity that I feared he'd jump down and take out Simon.

With a wave and a smile, I tried to lighten the mood and let them know I didn't need their help. In all honesty, I wasn't *that* upset by what Simon did; just irritated. It was nothing that couldn't be fixed with a little passive aggression.

"Sit down, Eugene," I mumbled, knowing full well they could all hear me. I had to be discreet when I whispered to them, or else I'd run the risk of looking insane.

"Do you want me to kill him?" Eugene mouthed with an eyebrow raised. He'd used exaggerated hand motions and gestures to help communication before sliding a finger across his throat for good measure.

Shaking my head, I couldn't help except giggle at Eugene's antics and willingness to defend me. "I'll let you know," I joked.

Eugene looked disappointed as he sat down. He loved confrontation and scaring the living daylights out of people.

Though I would have handled Simon's behavior no matter what, facing him also allowed me to gain back a little self-respect after my early morning fit. It was my chance to show Duke and Felix how strong-willed I was, that I could stand up for myself, and that I was no longer a little kid but a young woman instead.

Simon looked like a deer in highlights when he finally saw me approaching him and his friends. He knew what he did, and his expression proved it.

I walked up to where they were in the bleachers, standing just in front of the first row with my hands on my hips. “Hi, Simon,” I greeted sweetly. “I just wanted to follow up with you about our meeting yesterday.”

“Oh,” he stammered, looking as though he wasn’t sure what to say. His hands were anxiously clenching at his sides, and I could see beads of sweat begin to pool around his hairline. It was kind of disgusting in a slightly funny sort of way. “Um–uh... Is there any news?”

If there was one thing everyone could agree on, it was that I was nice. I didn’t get any satisfaction from being mean to others or bringing them down. Eugene and Theo thought it was a weakness, likening it to my Achilles Heel, but just because I was soft didn’t mean I was a pushover. I had my own ways of getting even.

“Well, people are saying the weirdest things today,” I answered, keeping my composure collected and calm. “Lots of rumors are getting spread around. That’s really the only *new news*.”

Simon’s already pale skin paled further. “I–I don’t know what you’re talking about, Elora,” he fibbed pathetically. Anyone with ears could tell he was lying.

My smile never faltered, not even as I shrugged in reply. “Don’t stress about it,” I replied cheerfully. “Anyways, I’m actually here to tell you that I’m going to defund and get rid of the chess club.”

Instantly, Simon’s shoulders slumped. His friends began protesting, but not a single one of them looked my way. They were too busy scolding their friend, knowing I was not only justified but also doing it out of spite.

“Why would you do that?!” Simon furrowed his brows and glared at me before relaxing. As a matter of fact, he seemed to take on a whole new air—a confidence he didn’t deserve to

have. “You can’t do that. You don’t personally have the power or say in what clubs get shut down.”

His attempt to gain control of the situation was pitiful, and I suppressed the urge to cringe at the display. “Unfortunately for you, I do,” I explained with a smile. “You see, the materials and supplies for the chess club aren’t exactly cheap. Add on that you haven’t even won a game in over a year, and I really doubt the school board would want to keep your club open. Financially, it’s smarter to disband it.”

Simon’s face reddened as he stood up. Despite our slight height disparity, I stood my ground, not even flinching when he pointed an accusatory finger in my face. “You can’t do that!”

Crossing my arms over my chest, I watched Simon’s pathetic tantrum. I could tell he was trying to be intimidating, but I literally lived with vampires. He seemed like a whiny toddler in comparison.

My smile faded, and my eyes narrowed into a glare. “Sit down,” I demanded.

Simon flinched and sat back down, peeking over at his friends while I continued.

“Believe me, I get no joy out of closing a whole club down,” I made sure to address the entire group, even though the majority of my focus was on their leader. “Unfortunately for you, Simon, your actions have consequences. Next time, choose your battles more wisely.”

I stood there for a moment, watching the group’s faces change from angry to sad as realization dawned on them. They still would have had their precious club if they hadn’t lied.

As sympathetic as I wanted to be, the show had to go on. So, I plastered a new smile on my face and placed my arms behind my back. “I’m delighted we had this chat,” I chirped before rejoining my friends.

Honestly, they should have known better than to spread a rumor about the Student Council Vice President and Debate Club Captain. Did they really think it would’ve ended well for

them? I may have been nice, but I was not the one to mess with.

As I went to leave, I peeked toward my guys and smiled. Theo wore his pride like a badge of honor, head nod and all, while Felix looked pleasantly surprised. His reaction made my heart soar, and my ego grew three times in that second alone. Poor Duke still looked unsettled but gave me a small smile nonetheless.

“Thank you,” I whispered with a giggle while I continued making my way back to the track.

“Oh my God, you made Simon cry!” Willow covered her mouth as she laughed. “What did you do?”

“I pulled the VP card,” I replied with a shrug as I sat beside her. “I’m going to defund the chess club.”

Jason widened his eyes and laughed, clearly not expecting such a drastic outcome. “Remind me never to get on your bad side, Smalls,” he teased before getting up. His eyes met Willow’s quickly before he turned to leave, but not before calling back to us. “Kick ass, girls!”

Willow and I stood, seeing Coach Daily finally make her way over to us. Her husband wasn’t trailing far behind.

“Oh my God,” Willow murmured and nudged my arm. “She’s limping!”

Willow was right; she *was* limping. Every other step looked incredibly painful, and I couldn’t help but voice my concern. “Hopefully, she didn’t hurt her leg too badly,” I said.

“My sweet Elora,” Willow sighed before gently hugging my head. “You are too innocent for this world.”



Once I’d changed out of my track outfit, I left the locker room and mulled over the meet results. I’d ended up getting second place in my division, and though it wasn’t first, I was

still proud of myself. Then again, I would've been pleased with anything other than third or fourth. My OCPD didn't like those numbers, and many days had been ruined by my placement in them. So, second was good—second was welcome.

When my win was announced, my entire body lit up, my grin blinding as I radiated pride and joy. Even Felix looked pleasantly surprised, clapping for me alongside my other guys. He must've just had a rough morning; it was the only explanation for his previous cold shoulder and current zeal.

Eugene was probably my biggest cheerleader. His competitive edge was way higher than mine; he enjoyed watching me and was excellent at giving me tips as a result. He was my go-to guy if it had to do with sports or academics.

My nerves raced when I located my guys near the bottom of the bleachers. They were waiting for me, and it sort of felt as though I was walking into the lion's den while I made my way toward them. It had been so long since I'd seen them all in one place, and they took up so much space. Literally—they were massive.

A few cheerleaders stood nearby, drooling and pining pathetically. I rolled my eyes at their display. *Yeah, no.* I was never going to let that happen. For some reason, the mere thought of any of *my* guys giving their attention to another girl made my blood boil.

Duke turned around when he heard me approach. "Great race!" He beamed, all previous nervousness seemingly absent. "You did wonderfully."

The rest followed his lead and turned to watch my approach.

"If you didn't trip over your own feet," Eugene teased, "you could have gotten first."

"It's a talent," I joked sweetly, lifting and wiggling my foot for emphasis. I was famously clumsy. In sophomore year, I tried out for the cheerleading team only to be rejected once the

captains realized I couldn't stand on my own two feet, much less jump or dance.

Grabbing my backpack, Duke hauled it over his shoulder with ease. "Come on," he stated as he began leading us toward the parking lot. "We've got reservations."

"For what?" I asked with raised brows and grabbed Dane's hand while we trailed behind Duke. Quin rarely allowed us to eat out. He said it was all junk and insisted on making us 'nutritious' meals at home.

Lucifer was walking on the other side of me, with Felix following and everyone else walking ahead of us.

Glancing at Lucifer, I felt awful. He looked so listless, as though he'd rather be anywhere else. In an attempt to cheer him up, I grabbed his hand with my free one. His gaze focused on our hands before slowly drifting up my arm until it stopped on my smile.

I lightly swayed his arm along with Dane's rhythm.

"Do you know where we're going?" I asked Lucifer.

Lucifer's hand was almost frozen to the touch, way colder than Dane's, but I felt warm nonetheless. It was like drinking a cup of hot cocoa on a rainy afternoon; the ceramic cold against the lips while the liquid within warms the body.

I watched Lucifer nod before looking away.

Well, that didn't go as planned. I rolled my eyes, giggling as I squeezed his hand to get his attention again. "Where?"

"Don't be annoying, Elora," Felix ordered as he followed after us.

Instantly, my smile and excitement over getting second place were gone. All it took was three words that sat in my stomach, weighing me down and churning my gut all at once.

Felix thought I was annoying?

Was I annoying?

I only wanted to know where we were going.

Was that why Lucifer didn't answer? Did he think I was annoying too?

He seemed like he was being his usual, quiet self.

From now on, I'd just have to do my best not to annoy anyone. It wasn't like Felix had been welcoming anyway. He hadn't said one nice thing to me yet, only acknowledging me when I did something he didn't like. I shouldn't have cared so much what he thought of me, but I did—I really did.

We were silent as we made our way to the cars, and I detached myself from Lucifer and Dane once we got closer to Theo's car. I didn't even have to say anything; shotgun was mine, and my guys knew it. Plus—he gave the best rides; he was fun.

The others piled in the remaining vehicles, with Duke sliding into our backseat. I knew he preferred to be in the front, which meant that he was probably only in Theo's car because I was. Part of me knew he wanted to talk. Call it intuition, but I could just feel it.

Theo sped off, expertly weaving his way through the crowded parking lot. He didn't turn toward me, but he still said, "You're not annoying, Elora."

I sighed, not wanting to speak about Felix's criticism at the moment. Sometimes, I really wished vampire hearing wasn't as perfect as it was. With how in tune Theo (and the others) were with my emotions, I wondered if they were also mind readers.

"I don't know why Felix has been in such a sour mood since our arrival," Duke comforted or attempted to while leaning closer to the back of my chair. "Don't take it personally."

How could I not take his words to heart? He treated me like a nuisance!

"It's not a big deal, and I don't care," I spat. My tone was violent, but I wanted them to get the hint that I didn't want to talk about Felix right now.

Theo narrowed his eyes. "Watch the attitude." He warned.

“Watch the road,” I snapped back.

“He really got to you, huh?” He pried with a chuckle.

“Of course he did! He didn’t even say hi to me, Theo. He’s been nothing but mean this whole day. I know he’s like a million years old; maybe he’s getting menopause,” I raged as I slumped into my seat. Should I have said that? No, probably not, but I didn’t care. It wasn’t like I lied.

Theo’s laughter increased, and he shook his head before smirking in my direction. “I bet he got jealous.”

“Theo, don’t start,” Duke cautioned. His voice was shockingly stern; I’d never heard him speak like that.

I looked between the two, my eyebrows furrowed in confusion. “Jealous of who?” I asked. Why would Felix be jealous of anyone or anything? The vampire literally had it all.

Silence filled the air as neither vampire was eager to give me a response. Theo was even shaking his head, his lips pressed into a forced line. They were keen to keep it a mystery—one that would bother me until the end of my days (or at least a few days).

Duke cleared his throat in an effort to change the subject. “I found a frozen yogurt shop where you can choose your own toppings. I thought you’d like it,” he stated with a hopeful look.

He was trying so hard to rekindle what we once had, but that connection seemed so distant. “Is that where we’re going?” I asked.

Through the rearview mirror, I watched him nod.

Frozen yogurt sounded wonderful—a true treat. I really liked it too. “Yummy,” I commented, smiling at Duke before looking back at the road. I still didn’t know how to act around him.



Felix and Eugene didn't join us for 'dessert for dinner,' which was their loss. I don't know how I'd spent my entire life in our little town without ever knowing that the little froyo shop existed. Kudos to Duke for finding it.

We all ate way too much frozen yogurt. Well, I knew Lucifer and I did. Our outing was actually a lot of fun. I just wish everyone had been there to enjoy it. It didn't feel right celebrating without them.

As soon as Theo threw the car into park, I was out and headed toward our front door.

The entire day had been odd, not just because the guys had returned. Something inside me was changing. I'd never thought of any of them as attractive or... *hot*. They'd always just been *them—my guys*.

Now, I'd begun to notice how their jaws moved when they talked, and I'd caught myself itching to run my fingers along them. I was suddenly paying attention to how their muscles bulged through any clothing they wore. Even their speech patterns (which hadn't changed) made me feel some way.

It was probably just my mind playing tricks on me, but it made me feel guilty. In human years, they were all in their mid-to-late twenties, which wasn't bad in itself, except *they raised me*. Bad Elora!

Dane walked to my side, grinning down at me as he pulled me from my thoughts. "Call me crazy, but I think we all just had ice cream for dinner."

"I've waited eighteen years to do that!" I beamed right back. I wasn't lying either—I'd asked Quin for a dessert dinner more times than I could recall.

"Hope you enjoyed it," Quin shouted from somewhere behind us. "It won't be happening again."

I gave him a sheepish smile over my shoulder, which he returned with a somewhat apologetic one. It was nice he put so much effort into keeping me healthy despite nutrition not mattering as much to the rest of them. They were vampires, after all. "You know I like your food more," I complimented.

We followed Dane as he led us inside our home. Immediately, our eyes settled on Felix and Eugene as they sat on the couch with beers in their hands. Their attention was focused on an old football rerun from years ago, barely noticing our presence until Eugene raised an eyebrow and looked our way.

“You all smell sickly sweet,” he judged. He spoke like he wouldn’t have pigged out on all-you-can-eat froyo with unlimited toppings if given a chance, which was a big fat lie.

“Jealous?” I smirked, skipping until I was behind the couch. Leaning over, I let my feet lift off the ground while the sofa supported my full weight. “We had frozen yogurt for dinner.”

Eugene was shocked and looked behind me in slight disbelief. “Really?” He asked, and Quin replied with a sound of regret. With an approving nod, he looked back at me.

“Look at that,” Eugene teased. “Duke’s back for a day, and you finally get your dessert dinner.”

“To be fair,” I began, trying to make myself sound less spoiled than I already was, “I didn’t *ask* to go.” Duke used to spoil me rotten before he left. I loved it back then, and I still did now too. Not that I wanted my guys (*especially* Duke) to know that. In fact, I preferred they didn’t.

“You didn’t have to,” Duke smugly replied as he joined Eugene on the couch. He glanced over his shoulder, his crimson gaze meeting my sapphire-shaded eyes. “Put your feet down, Elora. You’ll hurt yourself.”

As much as I wanted to resist, I did as instructed before joining my guys on the sofas. Sadly, the only open seat was between Lucifer and Felix. While Lucifer wasn’t too much of a concern, I was still confused about Felix. Every cell in my body was so upset over what he’d done and said, but I still found some comfort in his masculine musk. *He just smelled so good.*

Tucking my sock-laden feet under my butt, I attempted to relax. It didn’t help that I could feel Felix’s stare on the side of

my face, giving me goosebumps and shivers by the sheer intensity. Locking my eyes with his only made it worse. He may have been insanely handsome, but he was still the most intimidating being I knew—more so than anyone else.

“How did you get to be Vice President?” He asked in a low tone, genuine curiosity riddled throughout his baritone timbre.

My eyebrows raised in surprise. I wasn't expecting him to say anything to me, much less ask about my achievements. This was my chance! I felt myself easing against Lucifer's arm, though I doubted he minded in the least bit. “Well, I was Treasurer last year, so I kind of learned about the Student Council and their responsibilities. So, I decided to run for a better position this year. It was a lot of fun,” I chirped, smiling as I remembered how stressed Theo was during the campaigning process.

Felix just stared at me blankly, yet I knew he was some flavor of intrigued. “And you're in the debate club?” He inquired further.

I *loved* that he was asking about me. It made me feel like he genuinely cared. That's all I'd wanted from him since his return: for him to show a sliver—a hint—that he missed me and ask how I'd been.

“*Captain* of the debate club,” I corrected with a nod.

He replied with a nod of his own. In all honesty, he looked impressed, and I couldn't help but preen under his acceptance. “And Eugene says you're on track to become valedictorian.”

“What?” Duke sounded shocked. “You're top of your class?”

“Well, there's still a few months left,” I explained with a shrug, “but as of right now, it's me.”

Duke looked around at everyone, gauging their reactions. He was acting like I single-handedly found the cure for cancer. “That's outstanding,” Duke praised as he beamed with pride.

My cheeks flushed under his flattery, and I had to look at the TV so I didn't seem too cocky with who I'd become. After everything, it turned out to be a pretty good day. Felix may

have thought I was annoying, but at least he now knew what I was capable of. And Duke wore a starry expression as he continued to watch me, seeming dazed and elated all at once.

Silence fell over us as our collective attention focused on the television. Slowly, my body shifted until I found myself relaxing against Lucifer's side. I loved physical contact, so much so that Dane often joked that it was my love language (whatever that meant). I couldn't help; it just felt so good to be right next to someone. It was relaxing, a sort of warmth that seeped deep into my bones; it was comforting, knowing that whoever it was couldn't leave without me knowing.

Besides, Lucifer didn't seem to mind any. He actually had wrapped his arm around my shoulders, his hands finding their resting spot on my lower ribs. He was comfortable, I was relaxed, and together, we fit.

It wasn't long before I ended up completely enveloped in Lucifer's embrace. His legs were on either side of me, and our positions had changed just enough for my back to recline against his hard chest. One of his index fingers drew delicate patterns across my stomach, lulling me to sleep with every soothing stroke.

As for my legs? They ended up on Felix's lap, though I wasn't entirely sure how they got there. Either way, he allowed the contact while I savored the warm tingles racing along my skin at his touch. Every time his fingers brushed against my ankle, I felt warm, as though he was the sun and I was Icarus ready to burn.

With Lucifer's arms holding me and Felix's fingers caressing my legs, I felt safe—cozy; I felt complete. It had been so long since I'd felt that way, but having all my guys here made me feel whole. I fell asleep like that: cared for and loved.

Little

Felix

She looked so different—not that I’d expected her to look the same, but I also hadn’t anticipated something so stark. For heaven’s sake, we were only gone for four years! Granted, Elora had always been a cute kid, but none of us could have foreseen coming home to *her*.

What once was chubby-cheeked and tenderfoot had blossomed into the most alluring little creature I’d ever seen. Her body seemed lean yet soft, perfect in every way—a masterpiece, some distant God’s magnum opus. Hell, her little, round ass alone was enough to make a man devout, all barely concealed and begging to be spanked.

Said ass was on display, her skirt hiked to expose the pink panties underneath. They were cheeky, meant to show off rather than conceal—not that I was complaining. A better man in my position probably would’ve covered her back up, respecting her modesty as best he could... but I was not a better man, and, honestly, I liked the view.

A brief sigh and change in position from the angel in my arms forced my teeth to grit. Along with everything else, her scent had changed into something intoxicatingly sweet—addictive even—and I found myself yearning for her blood. It was nothing I’d ever act on; I would never hurt her, but I couldn’t lie to myself either.

My gaze drifted up to her beautiful face. Any and all baby fat was gone, leaving soft cheekbones and a sharp jawline in its wake. Whatever was left behind had no doubt come to rest in her plump, pouty lips. They puckered gently as she slept. As I watched them, I suddenly understood why Duke always gave her anything she wanted.

With a sigh, I returned my focus to the TV. I didn’t know why I was so drawn to her. Even the slightest touch made me

feel crazed, frothing internally for more of her. She was so warm—*so soft*—and the mere idea of letting her go was distressing.

My mind was torn; I wanted her, though I didn't want to.

Her perfection didn't end with her beauty alone, either. She was all-around flawless, almost exceedingly so, but I knew that was for us. Our standards influenced her and shaped her. After placing second in her meet, I could see how she looked to us for approval. When I asked her about school, she radiated joy. Even if she hadn't, the twinkle in her eyes told me all I needed to know.

I only hoped Elora felt proud of what she had accomplished. She should have; I knew I did despite my lackluster way of showing it. Even as I glanced her way, I felt uncomfortable. She was nearly a stranger, and I treated her like one. Now, I'd have to relearn everything about her.

In spite of my behavior, it was annoying watching her walk around as though she had no idea how she affected us. She was clinging to us constantly with no sense of personal space. Earlier, it was Dane and Lucifer. Now, it was Lucifer and me. She was clearly comfortable around us, but was she really so clueless that she couldn't see how we felt?

Everyone made it clear last night that they think she's *hot* (as Lucifer so eloquently put it). Dane could deny it all he wanted, but who was the first of us to always offer her his hand? No, Dane couldn't fool me. He just felt guilty.

He wasn't alone. I also felt ashamed of my feelings, and it kept coming out in the worst ways. I'd hurt her countless times already, but if I revealed my true emotions to her, there was no doubt in my mind that she'd run for the hills. I had to keep my guard up to keep her; I had to wear my stoicism and indifference like a shield, no matter how much it pained us both.

She shifted in her sleep, rolling onto her side despite the cramped space. Her face was pressed into Lucifer's stomach, and I could have sworn her entire torso fit between his legs.

Then again, she'd always been small, while his legs had always been long.

Thankfully, her legs remained on my lap and my hands on them.

That wasn't the only upside to her posture adjustment. It seemed her movement did nothing to help her skirt situation—not that any of us were complaining. It didn't matter if her ass was facing the couch or not; it was completely exposed to all who dared to glance at it. I didn't just dare; I ogled it all while fantasizing about how much better it would look with my handprint on it.

On the other hand, Lucifer seemed too lost in thought to notice her state of undress. He was robotic in the way he pet her hair, his eyes completely glued to her resting body. Not even the TV was worthy for him, though I had to admit it was surprising to see him enjoying Elora's closeness as much as he was.

The vampire may have been my best friend, but he wasn't much of a people person, much less a 'touchy-feely' one. Hell—when Elora was younger, he practically hid from her. He'd do anything possible to keep his distance. Even the slightest touch from her had made him recoil in discomfort. Now, they seemed like one soul with her sound asleep in his embrace.

I wasn't even envious, either. It was strange. I wanted her all to myself, yet had no problem with Lucifer (nor anyone else in my clan) watching her just how I was. It was out of character for me to be so sharing, and I couldn't explain the reason why. Hell—at her track meet, I'd been prepared to kill every slimy teenager that dared to look in her direction.

Why was that anger nowhere to be seen when it came to my friends? They were much more dangerous than some measly human boys. In a way, it felt like she was the sun and we helpless souls trapped in her gravitational pull—all equal in our devotion and undoubtedly hers.

My senses tingled, and even if I hadn't felt Duke's gaze burning into the side of my head, I would have still known he

was watching the three of us. I turned to catch his eye, our stares locked until I broke eye contact to look back at Elora.

“My mind can’t fathom how fast she’s changed. I barely even recognize her,” he whispered.

“You left between ages fourteen through eighteen—basically nineteen, arguably the most formative years,” Dane replied, his tone sounding more like a medical professional explaining a diagnosis than anything else.

Duke glanced at Dane with severity. “You know that’s not what I meant,” he hissed before glancing toward Lucifer and me. His gaze was scientific, analytical at best. “Just look at you two acting soft. Who saw it coming?”

He wasn’t wrong. Our behavior was *unusual*.

“She does have that effect on people,” Quin gushed softly, his gaze brimming with adoration as they settled on her.

My eyes scanned the room, and I found myself paying closer attention to my friends. They all had that look about them when it came to her—that same one I undeniably wore as well. It was then I knew for sure that they felt exactly the same way that I did.

“I’m glad I’m not the only one,” I muttered while her button nose twitched and crinkled in her repose.

With that, Lucifer finally looked away from Elora. Usually, his gaze was calculating—conniving—but he seemed at genuine ease for the first time in centuries. He eyed the rest of us for a few seconds before looking back to the sleeping beauty in his arms.

A smirk worked its way across his lips as they opened for the first time in what felt like forever. “So we’ve *all* been staring at her ass for hours then.”

That was definitely one way to put it. My eyebrows rose at Lucifer’s candid statement, eyes threatening to bulge while an incredulous laugh escaped my throat.

Theo snickered, “Pretty much.”

Duke, on the other hand, looked downright offended. “Absolutely not,” he snapped, and though there was caution in his tone, there was also denial. “Lucifer, watch your tongue.”

“Hypocrite,” Quinn baited with a pat on Duke’s shoulder. He was trying to provoke the struggling vampire, and by the look on his victim’s face, I’d say he was succeeding.

Eugene nodded. “Yeah, you’ve been staring more than anyone else, man. It’s okay—it’s not like we’re going to put you in a corner,” he teased.

“It’s not *okay* by any means,” Duke dismissed, obviously flustered from being exposed. “I’m done discussing this.

One part of me felt for him. This must have been hard on him, given their past. She was his baby—he’d spoiled, coddled, and raised her almost entirely by himself. Now, she was a woman.

The other part of me smirked as I watched my friend grow increasingly uncomfortable in the proverbial spotlight.

“Is that why you’ve been so mean to her, Felix?” Theo asked, pulling me from my trance. His timbre was accusing, and its hostility caught me off guard. “Because you have a crush?”

In no mood to be analyzed, I shot him a scathing glare. “I haven’t been mean—”

“You made her cry,” Quin said darkly.

“You never said hi to her,” Dane added.

“You called her annoying,” Duke continued, giving me a glare of his own.

“I know!” My outburst stopped them from saying anything else. When faced with the reality of my previous actions, I could only feel guilt. I’d been awful to the poor girl since the moment she woke up. Had I really been that harsh, though?

I knew I’d been on edge and said things I didn’t mean, but that was no excuse. Just the thought of tears running down our princess’ delicate cheeks made my chest tighten.

“I made her cry?” I asked, my own voice resigned and full of regret.

“You’ve been gone for a long time, and Elora’s developed Obsessive Compulsive Personality Disorder,” Quin began, leaning forward to get a better glimpse of Duke, Lucifer, and me. “She shows up twenty minutes early to school, and that’s on time for her. This morning, she was late. Then you went and ate her lunch.”

The guilt worsened, gnawing at my bones. How was I supposed to know? She’d never shown signs of OCPD before. I was truly an oaf, but never again would I make her weep in sadness; that was my vow to myself.

Theo nodded along with Quin, though he did give Duke something of a half smile. “Yeah, that’s a recipe for a meltdown. I doubt you two showing up early helped, either. I’m sure that’s why she hasn’t really spoken to you yet. She probably assumed she had time to figure out what to say.”

“Anything,” Duke croaked. “She could say anything to me at this point. I’d rather her yell or scream at me than treat me like a stranger.” There was desperation in his venting, as though he was pleading in karmic futility.

“She cried for months after you left. You’ve been back for less than a day; give her some time,” Dane advised.

As much as I wanted to admit it, the memories of that day would forever haunt each of our minds. Elora’s screaming was, by definition, heartbreaking. It took everything for us not to turn around, but we had a critical mission—a fact I had to remind Duke of, even as we peeled away from our home. He had never hated me more.

Watching her, I had to admit: she’d done incredibly well for herself. Granted, she had her obvious abandonment issues, as well as an irrational need to constantly please us. Still, she’d also become self-sufficient, a tour-de-force among humans her age.

“She’ll never have to endure that again,” Duke promised. He eyed her for a moment, his gaze melancholic. “She should

go to bed. That can't be comfortable.”

Lucifer's eyes instantly met his, and they promised death. That wasn't downplaying it—our friend looked livid at the thought of her leaving his arms.

However, Duke was right (as he usually was). Her neck and back would be sore in the morning if left where she was. It felt strange worrying over her. Given the past, I almost felt bad for it. When she was younger, I couldn't have cared less about her, not even when she needed it. Now that she was older and didn't need our tutelage, I wanted to provide it.

I gave Lucifer a look that left no room for argument as I stood and lifted her from his hold. The vampire could be called many things, but he was obedient when it came down to it. He remained silent, and I began to carry Elora to her room.

Her petite body rested lazily in my arms, her long hair dangling as I walked. Tingles erupted where our skin touched, though I blamed it on her warm body rather than anything else.

It wasn't long before I gently sat her on her bed and covered her body with a thick comforter. Immediately, her arms found a pillow, clinging to it much like she had with Lucifer earlier in the evening. A soft hum left her lips, followed by a faint smile that made my mind race.

Was it possible she felt it too—the warmth, the warm tingles, the lust, the general need to be around us? If she did, she hid it well. No—I couldn't let myself fantasize about that, not with Elora. My safest bet was to put distance between us—not necessarily ignoring her, but staying away nonetheless. The less I saw her, the easier it would be for me to steer clear of my attraction and unadulterated want for our human.

Lips

Elora

The hot water engulfed me, cascading over my shoulders while I brushed the conditioner out of my hair. I still had time to rinse it; I'd made sure of that. It was a lazy shower day, *a Saturday*, and I had all the time in the world to get as clean or relaxed as I wanted. It didn't matter that my schedule was messed up—heck! Falling asleep on the couch last night had messed up my schedule, but I couldn't be fussed. Normally, I would have been annoyed, but I'd been so comfortable in Lucifer's arms that I'd just passed out.

It was pretty early for a weekend, being around 8 in the morning, but I never was the type to sleep in late. I must admit that waking up in last night's outfit was a bit annoying. Whoever carried me to bed couldn't have woken me up long enough so I could change? Then again, I guess I should've considered myself lucky they didn't just leave me on the couch.

After turning off the water, I reached out to grab my towel, only to be met with the cold—and rather barren—towel rod. Knitting my brows together, I pushed my shower curtain aside and looked around my bathroom for my much-needed covering. *Dang it!* Another repercussion of falling asleep on the couch last night: I didn't have the chance to leave a towel out.

I closed the curtain and squeezed the water out of my hair as best I could. "Can someone bring me a towel, please?" I asked, knowing they could hear me.

It wasn't like me to be so disorganized. I knew it wasn't a big deal, but I still couldn't believe I didn't at least check the towel rod before getting in.

"Elora," Duke called out as he entered my bathroom.

“Thank you! I’m not usually such an airhead,” I joked, giggling softly. I stuck my arm out of the shower, my hand opening and closing in a typical ‘grabby’ gesture. “I guess it serves me right for passing out on the couch, huh?”

His fingertips brushed against my hand as he passed me the after-shower garment, and I felt the strange tingles at the contact. Instantly, my stomach fluttered, but I quickly grabbed the towel and covered myself, trying to ignore it.

Breaking the slight silence, Duke cleared his throat. He sounded uncomfortable, though not incredibly so. “You were exhausted. I think you should take more time for yourself. I don’t think being as... involved in school activities as you are is good for your well-being,” he commented.

“You sound like Theo.” I pulled the shower curtain and raised an eyebrow at him, daring him to keep going.

Duke froze for a few seconds, his eyes scanning my form quickly before just as rapidly fixing on the sink. “I’m just saying it’s okay to relax,” he mumbled, though he suddenly seemed tense—more so than before.

“You should take your own advice,” I teased, poking him in the stomach with a toothbrush. I’d only just grabbed it, ready to put toothpaste on the bristles, but I couldn’t resist jabbing him with it.

He was growing more flustered by the second, and I didn’t understand why. He’d seen me in much less than a towel before, albeit I was little and hadn’t physically matured. Still, I wasn’t flashing him. I was covered by a towel, for goodness sake!

Duke backed up to the door, looking like he was trying to find an escape route. “This isn’t the most appropriate time to have a conversation,” he fretted before clearing his throat again.

With a shrug, I leaned a hip against the counter and finally started brushing my teeth. That didn’t mean I stopped watching him. As a matter of fact, I smiled, but could anyone blame me? He looked all flustered and cute. *Cute?* Bad Elora!

I gave him an amused smile before gesturing to myself. “It’s a towel, Duke. I’m not naked.” Had he already forgotten the hundreds of baths, showers, and clothing changes he’d given me as a child? What a weirdo.

“Felix is taking us all out on the boat today,” he stated on his way out of my bathroom, ignoring my statement completely. He left the door slightly ajar, nearly closed but not quite.

Good thing he said that, too; I took his words into consideration by picking out a swimsuit and shorts as my outfit for the day. It was a white set with slightly cheeky bottoms and a decently conservative top. Paired with unbuttoned, light-wash denim shorts, I looked perfect for a nice day by the water.

Honestly, I loved boat days! It had been so long since Felix had taken us out on the lake. I assumed we’d be taking his pontoon; that was my favorite.

After styling my hair by putting it in two loose braids, I went downstairs. Everyone was already in the kitchen, clad in swim trunks and t-shirts, typical for a day out in the sun. Theo and Felix were the exceptions (being that they were completely shirtless). For a second, I found myself ogling their muscles.

Quin was busy cooking breakfast, so naturally, I gravitated to him. He always let me taste-test his creations, and I was hungry. I padded over to him, peeking around his body to see what was on the stove.

A green glob of grossness sizzled in the pan in place of eggs or bacon, and I widened my eyes at the sight of it. “What’s that?” I asked politely, not wanting to show my reservations about the... vegetable?

Quin glanced down at me. “It’s a healthy breakfast, making up for your ice cream dinner last night.”

I crossed my arms and shot him a sharp look. “Is it... edible?”

“Don’t give me sass,” Quin reprimanded, his eyes narrowed as he mimicked my stance. Oops. “Of course, it’s edible. I wouldn’t give you something you can’t eat.”

“It’s poisoned,” Theo mumbled, even though everyone could hear him just fine.

Out of curiosity, I looked at Theo only to find him smirking as he smugly awaited Quin’s reaction.

The vampire in question pointed the spatula at him. “Just your portion.”

A question popped into my head at his retort. “*Can* vampires be poisoned?” I thought nothing could kill them.

There was a mix of yeses and nos, including a ‘sort of’ somewhere in the chaos. I pressed my lips together. “That was super clear, thanks,” I deadpanned.

Dane shook his head. “Vampires cannot be poisoned. Nothing lethal to us would survive in our blood,” he explained.

“Yes, we can—there’s one herb that makes us feel like we are on the brink of death but does not kill us,” Felix argued.

Quin turned and looked between his friends. “Silphium went extinct thousands of years ago,” he dismissed.

Accepting that answer, I walked over and sat between Eugene and Lucifer. I tried to tell myself it was because I wanted their company, but we all knew it was because they had sweets on their plates. I honestly didn’t know if I could actually stomach Quin’s ‘healthy breakfast.’

As they continued to bicker over my question, I tried to sweet-talk myself into whatever goodie Lucifer was eating. It looked like a cream cheese danish.

With the best puppy-dog eyes I could muster, I blinked up at him. “Good morning,” I chirped with a cutesy smile.

As expected, he peered down at me but said nothing back. I felt both his and Eugene’s hands rest just above my knees, and a faint tickling feeling followed. It shot through my legs, warmth spreading along my thighs. My brain tried to figure

out what that feeling was; It was so unfamiliar, but I probably just needed to pee.

“Are you excited to go on the boat?” I asked playfully.

Eugene nodded. “Boats have never been my favorite, but seeing as today’s going to be scalding, yes.”

Bringing my full attention back to Lucifer, I urged him to answer too. I didn’t know why, but I had wanted to hear his voice lately. It had such a calming tone to it now, much different than I remembered.

He looked at me for a few seconds, clearly calculating whether he should reply or not. I kept patiently waiting. “No,” he murmured, but the corners of his mouth turned slightly up in (what looked like) an amused smile.

Lucifer was lying; I could tell. He had always refused to go boating with us before. Why go now if he wasn’t happy about it? It didn’t make any sense.

Whatever—it didn’t matter; what did matter was pastries. I was about to jokingly beg Lucifer for a crumb of his danish but stopped myself. There was a time in my life that I had to beg people for the tiniest morsel of food. I wasn’t always as lucky as I was now, so I should have been grateful for the food Quin made me, even though it looked absolutely disgusting.

My shoulders slumped in surrender, and I looked away from the pastry as Quin walked over to me with a plate. With a forced smile, I mumbled a ‘thanks’ and took a bite of the green gelatinous mass.

Ick! Ick ick ick. It tasted like he blended eggs with kale, celery, cucumber, and every other green vegetable we had in the kitchen, cooked it, and made an omelet. Still, I reluctantly ate the entire dish, earning a pleased look from Quin.

Theo looked disturbed at my empty plate. “I can’t believe you ate that thing.”

“It wasn’t my favorite, but it wasn’t horrible,” I lied with a shrug, not wanting to hurt Quin’s feelings.

Quin shot me a soft look, somehow knowing I wasn't telling the truth. "If you didn't like it, you didn't have to eat it," he replied.

Fair enough. I grabbed one of Lucifer's sweets, not bothering to ask permission, before I took a bite and savored the pastry's sugary taste. "Never make that again," I said.



"Have you decided on what you want to do yet?" Dane asked me, seemingly out of nowhere.

We'd been on the boat for a few hours, just chatting and having fun. They were all shirtless while I was shorts-less, hoping to get tan—though it seemed my eyes had a mind of their own, sneaking peeks at the men without my permission.

I shifted in my seat, stretching my legs out as I did so. "I've wanted to be an anesthesiologist since I was ten, you know that," I responded. I'd make a lot of money and not have to deal with any actual blood; it was a win-win.

"For your birthday, Elora," he clarified with a chuckle.

"Oh, right." I blushed, shrugging while I thought about it for a second. "I don't know. As long as I get a cake, I'm happy."

Duke leaned forward with a small smile. "There isn't anything specific you want? You only get one nineteenth birthday."

"It's just another year older," I replied with another shrug. "As long as I get cake, I'm happy."

My 'birthday' was the day that Duke found me. He decided that since I didn't know my actual birthday, we would replace it with my 'adoption' day. I knew I was already older than four when he saved me, so I was probably closer to twenty, but no one was really counting.

“You’ll actually be able to vote this year!” Theo faked enthusiasm, clearly not caring about politics. Last year wasn’t an election year, so sadly, I missed out. However, I was delighted that I’d be able to contribute this year.

It always seemed like they were more excited about my birthday than I was; it seemed like this year was no different.

“You’re eighteen?” Lucifer added in his usual hushed tone. I could tell he was thinking hard, probably calculating the years they’d been gone. “You’re legal,” he said, primarily to himself, but the rest of the group easily heard him.

Everyone gave him a sharp look. Dane and Duke appeared especially irked. On the other hand, Theo was smirking and shaking his head; clearly amused by whatever Lucifer had said.

I felt my brows furrow. Legal? “What does that mean?” I questioned.

Eugene groaned, running his hands down his face before glaring at his friend. “Thanks, Lucifer.”

Theo scoffed. “How did the education system fail you this badly?” He asked in disbelief.

Confused, I shrugged.

Felix sighed from where he sat, still seemingly focused on steering the boat. “Legal means you’re of age to consent,” he remarked, briefly glancing my way. “You know what that means, right?”

Oh. That’s awkward. That’s very awkward. Why the heck would Lucifer say that?! Sex made me very uncomfortable, and I tried not to think about it, much less talk about it, especially with them.

“It means if we don’t change the subject, I’m going to throw myself overboard,” I mumbled.

Dane sucked in a breath. “Me too—anyways, you really don’t want to have your friends over for a party or something?” He quickly—and successfully—changed the subject.

“Not really,” I replied with a shake of my head. I’d never been invited to anyone else’s parties, so I didn’t feel the need to include them in mine. I didn’t have any close friends I would’ve wanted there anyway. With a bright smile, I added: “I’m just happy with it being us—and a *huge* cake.”

Wanting to move on as well, I stood up and walked over to Felix. “Can I steer?”

Felix eyed me briefly before nodding, gesturing for me to sit in his lap.

I beamed, wasting no time sitting on his legs. Tingles erupted on my back where our skin touched. They were just like the ones I’d gotten from Duke yesterday, and while I wanted to ask about them, I was also embarrassed. Luckily, the tingles felt... good; not quite like the feel of the sun kissing my skin, but something else entirely. I’d never felt anything like it and liked it, but I thought it best to keep it to myself for the time being.

Interrupting my thoughts, Felix wrapped his arm around my stomach, resting his large hand resting on my hip. I knew it was not a *real* hug, and he was acting more as a seatbelt than anything, but I was going to count it as a hug.

“Keep it straight for now. I’ll tell you when to turn,” he instructed.

“You got it, captain,” I joked with a dramatic salute.

The idea of being able to vote made me think. Vampires didn’t really have presidents. At least, not that I knew about. Their world was very different from mine, and I’d never really questioned it before. “In your world, do you have a president? Is someone in charge of all vampires? Or do you all just do whatever you want?” I asked, glancing at everyone.

“Not exactly,” Theo replied with his signature smirk. “Thousands of years ago, when the very first vampires came into existence, they were declared... *royals*. They ruled for thousands of years, but eventually, they were killed by rogue werewolves, starting the feud between our kind and theirs.”

“So, there was never another person chosen as a leader?” I inferred.

Eugene turned towards me. “There’s no election or choosing. Power and status are dependent on age. The older we are, the stronger we are. We can develop abilities with age that others will never have,” he clarified.

“Like superpowers?” I teased.

My back moved while Felix laughed behind me. “Lucifer can get into peoples’ heads and read their minds. Back in the day, when we needed information, we... persuaded our enemies into allowing him into their minds. It’s incredibly advantageous. I don’t know another vampire who’s developed an ability quite like his,” he disclosed as he grabbed the wheel from me, seeing as I wasn’t paying attention.

My eyebrows rose. “Lucifer, you can read minds?” I asked in awe. *That’s cool!*

Lucifer looked at me through his dark sunglasses and nodded. He somehow had found the only shaded area on the boat and hadn’t received a drop of sunlight during our sailing.

“Isn’t that what you already do, though? You can talk to each other in your heads,” I mused aloud. Mind reading wasn’t that useful if he could already do that as a vampire.

Duke shook his head. “No, the mind-link is different. We choose what we say to one another, like talking. If someone allows Lucifer in their mind, he has access to every thought they have. With that access, he could take over their mind, senses, and body, essentially using them as a puppet.”

I eyed Lucifer curiously. I never really thought anything mean about anyone and doubted I would in the future. Why not test it? “Okay, prove it,” I challenged while turning sideways in Felix’s lap. “Tell me what I’m thinking—”

“Elora, you don’t want to do that,” Dane cautioned, his expression severe and stern.

“I agree. You don’t want someone prying into your head. Don’t give him permission so easily,” Duke advised.

“Oh, come on,” I dismissed their worries with a smile and roll of my eyes. “I’m not worried.”

“You’ll never be able to kick him out once he’s in. Wherever you are, he has full access to your mind. Usually, I’d be all for it, but trust me, this is a *bad idea*,” Theo stated, giving me a similar discouraging look.

What were they so worried about? It was Lucifer! He would leave me and my mind alone if I asked him to; I was sure of it. With a smile, I gave Lucifer my permission to enter my head. “Do it. Tell me what I’m thinking.”

Lucifer straightened, seeming intrigued as he watched me before satisfaction washed over his face. “As you wish,” he whispered.

Suddenly, there was the softest flutter in the back of my mind. It was strange and felt odd, but (somehow) I knew he was there. I could feel his consciousness prodding gently, and I wasn’t sure whether or not I liked the feeling of it. It was definitely bizarre.

Everyone seemed tense, but my gaze was fixed on Lucifer. He tilted his head. “I’ve never had access to a human mind before. It’s mystifying,” he mumbled.

I raised my eyebrows, surprised by his comment. How was my mind different from anyone else’s? I knew there were vampires and werewolves, but they were still cognitive beings with thoughts and feelings like I did.

Lucifer shook his head. “You’re *cold, exhausted, your thoughts are slow, you can’t smell the salt in the air, and you’re still mad at Duke.*”

Immediately, I flinched back. Lucifer’s voice in my mind shocked the smile right off my face. He’d just spoken to me... telepathically. I didn’t like that and pushed myself back into Felix as I could, as though he could protect me. A person’s mind was their own; they were never supposed to hear someone else’s voice in their thoughts. It was beyond unsettling and my own dang fault.

“I told you,” Duke grumbled, shaking his head at my reaction.

“She’s annoyed because no one ever answered her question,” Lucifer revealed as he relaxed, resting his head against the back of his seat.

Was I? I guess I must have been. It was true; no one had ever told me who was in charge.

Felix tightened his arm around me. “As the last vampire with royal blood, I am the ruler over vampires,” he confessed with pride.

“*You?* How did I not know that?” My eyes widened, and all of my attention was instantaneously on him. I shouldn’t have been surprised; Felix had always been stern, exuding power just by demeanor alone. For him to be the leader of vampires... that must’ve meant all of them were in positions of power.

Felix smirked at my surprised reaction. “It wouldn’t have made a difference if you knew or not,” he answered.

He was right. Nothing could ever change how much I loved them. I felt uneasy knowing that the most powerful vampires in the world chose to help *me*. They went on missions that I now understood were part of their leadership duties, making themselves responsible for peace and war alike. Wouldn’t I have been a burden?

“*You’re overthinking. Duke took you in because you needed help. It’s the best decision we’ve ever made. Don’t doubt that for a second,*” Lucifer’s voice echoed in my mind.

I brought my eyes to meet his, only to see him already looking at me. I smiled at him before turning to look at the sunset.

A mix of pinks and oranges painted the sky, and I felt happy. No matter what Lucifer thought, I wasn’t mad at Duke. I just wished he’d never left and I didn’t miss all those years with him.

Now that they were all back and I had all my guys with me, I felt complete. All of my missing puzzle pieces were falling

into place. I just wish I knew why it felt different than before.



Walking into the kitchen the next day, I saw Dane sitting on his usual stool at the counter. He was typing away at his laptop, as usual. Sometimes I wondered if he worked too hard, but then I remembered that they couldn't really get exhausted. They didn't even have to work; they were billionaires, after all. Anything extra they chose to do was just to build their own equity.

Lazy Sundays had always been a tradition everyone respected in our house, and I'd always appreciated it. Today, I enjoyed it even more. Unfortunately (and despite Duke's repeated insistence for sunscreen), I'd gotten a slight sunburn on my shoulders. To avoid agitating the burn, I'd dressed in a sports bra with a white camisole and soft gray sweatpants to complete my 'lounge' look.

"Whatcha doing?" I asked as I sat beside Dane, absentmindedly grabbing a mandarin orange to peel.

His dark red eyes shifted from his screen to mine, and he smiled. "Nothing interesting. Where's Quin? Shouldn't he be whipping you up something to eat?" He teased me.

"He chooses to cook for me. I never *expect* anything," I giggled, though my words were honest. With a shrug, I continued: "I'm not very hungry anyway."

We sat in comfortable silence for a few minutes as I picked all those gross white stringy things off of my orange. If it was not perfect, I couldn't eat it. One time, I spent half an hour peeling one only to throw it away when pulling the top didn't pull the entire stringy core out.

I glanced up at Dane again, noticing his hair was a little longer than he usually kept it. For as long as I could remember, he never let his hair touch his ears. Now, it was

almost half an inch past his ears. I knit my brows together. “Are you okay?” I asked.

Dane stopped typing and turned to me, tilting his head once his eyes met mine. “Of course. Why do you ask?”

“I think you’re stressed out about something. You never let your hair get this long,” I observed, reaching out to touch his locks as I spoke.

It seemed my words had broken through his walls because his shoulders sagged ever so slightly in reply. He stared at me for what seemed like forever as my fingers absentmindedly played with his mane. My eyes roamed his face, trying to figure out what was troubling him and what was making him look at me the way he currently was. There was something he wanted to tell me; I could see it in his eyes.

My eyebrows rose as I wondered if I had done something to cause his stress. He knew my schedule better than I did. If memorizing my games and club meets was too much on his plate, he should have just told me. “Did I do something?” I questioned softly.

With a gentle smile, he cupped his hand on my cheek and ran his thumb along my cheekbone. “No, sweetheart. Not intentionally,” he added before he closed his laptop, got up, and walked out of the kitchen.

My hand fell in my lap, and I realized my fingertips felt *normal*. I didn’t notice it, but the tingles were there again when I touched his hair.

At first, I thought the feeling might have been a weird coincidence—that whatever part of my body touched them got sensitive and fuzzy. Now, I didn’t know what to think. I’d never felt those little sparks before the others came home, but I had recently caught myself wanting to touch them more since feeling them. I liked how it felt—how I felt when they touched me.

I stared at my hand, wondering what Dane meant. He didn’t seem mad at me for whatever I *unintentionally* did. He looked more cautious than anything.

Hearing someone enter the room, I snapped out of my thoughts. Looking up, I smiled at Duke, who appeared in the doorway. He was wearing gray sweatpants and a white t-shirt. “We’re matching,” I noticed.

He nodded and held a hand out for me. “I dressed for a day in the library. Would you like to join me?”

Hopping off my stool and grabbing his hand, I felt the same tingles. Despite everything, I really missed him. “What are we going to read?” I asked.

He led us through the house until we finally reached the gigantic library. I’d always loved it here. The architecture throughout the whole house was beautiful. Still, the high arches and woodwork in the library had always been breathtakingly beautiful and unique.

The castle’s library held hundreds of thousands of books and was three times the size of our local town library. While I did love the room, I also *despised* it. Every single book was out of order. I’d tried many times to begin organizing it, but with shelves so high (nearly twenty feet off the ground!) and the sheer number of books, it was impossible. Truthfully, I felt uneasy in this room because of it. I hated thinking about the disorganization; it made my skin crawl.

“Whatever you choose. I just wanted to spend time with you,” he admitted.

My chest warmed up at his words, and I felt happy. *About time.* I knew we needed to talk; we’d been avoiding it. Now, I think I knew what to say to him.

“We should pick a random one!” I beamed up at him. I didn’t have anything particular in mind, and Eugene said it was always good to try new things.

“Pick one,” Duke chuckled as he let go of my hand.

I looked up and down the aisles, trying to find an interesting book that I typically wouldn’t have picked. “This one looks good; what do you think?” I held it up to him.

Before we knew it, we were seated on one of the leather couches in the library. Duke was sitting on the loveseat, and I

was in his lap. Why sit by myself when he was right there?

Theo frequently called me a ‘level-ten-clinger.’ Quin blamed my touchy-feely nature on Duke carrying me too much as a kid. I didn’t care, though; I just liked being around them. The guys never complained, so I was going to continue invading their personal space as much as I wanted.

Stretching my legs onto the cushion, I rested my head on his shoulder. The book was in my hands as I read aloud. I wasn’t sure Duke was even listening, not when I was also having difficulties focusing. He was running his hand through my hair like he used to when I was younger, and it was making my head fuzzy.

Duke knew me inside and out. He had learned all my soft spots, recognizing them better than I ever could.

I closed the book after a few chapters. Turning towards him, I positioned myself so that my legs were on either side of him in an effort to meet his eyes. “Duke?” I started.

He narrowed his eyes at me but hummed a soft, “Hm?”

With my bottom lip pulled between my teeth, I peered at the collar of his shirt and attempted to gather my thoughts. I looked up at him. “Why did you stop calling?” I asked.

His eyes softened as he studied me and sucked in a breath. “I wanted to. When time zones and schedules changed, it got hard. And after months of no contact, I couldn’t bear the thought of you watching the phone ring as I called,” he explained.

“I wouldn’t have ignored you, though.” I looked away again. He’d thought I was mad at him and purposely dodging his calls. That was why he’d stopped calling—because it hurt him too much.

He began to rub my back gently. “Hearing your voice made me want to drop everything and go home. I couldn’t do that. That’s another reason I stopped calling. The sooner I finished my duties there, the sooner I could get back to you...” He trailed off sadly.

With his other hand, he grabbed my chin and made me look back at him. “Elora, there wasn’t an hour that went by that I didn’t regret leaving. I promise you’ll never feel that way again,” Duke whispered, his crimson eyes filled with sincerity.

To stop it from wobbling, I bit my bottom lip again and nodded. A ball swelled in my throat, and I couldn’t speak. I wished I had known that a long time ago. I’d spent years thinking that being away was easy for him. Now, I knew he was hurting just as much as I was.

Before, it was Duke and me against the world. In his absence, I’d gained that same respect with all my other guys. As much as I’d missed him, there was good that’d come from it. If he had never left, I wouldn’t have gotten as close as I had with Eugene, Quin, Theo, and Dane.

I swallowed the lump and smiled. “I love you, Duke.” I wrapped my arms around his neck and hugged him tight.

He hugged me back. “I love you too, Baby.”

I stayed in his arms for (what seemed like) a long time, letting tingles spread through me like wildfire. I could have stayed in his arms forever—if I wouldn’t have missed my other guys. Duke had always been warm and comforting.

Pulling away, I looked up at him through my eyelashes. His prominent jawline made his lips look soft and inviting. His hands rested on my hips, and at that moment, I felt relaxed; I felt happy.

Duke’s eyes roamed my face before settling on my lips, and I felt a blush creep up my neck. He was very attractive, and his staring at me like he was made me nervous.

Slowly, he began to lean down as though trying to get nearer and close the gap between us, making my brain short-circuit in the process. My heart was hammering in my chest while his lips inched closer to mine, and my hands gripped the front of his shirt to help him.

Duke was going to kiss me—and I wanted him to. I knew that was wrong of me, but I didn’t care.

My eyes fluttered shut when I felt his breath mingle with mine. I sucked in softly, just barely feeling his soft lips brush against mine.

I prepared myself for the full impact of his lips on my own but felt nothing instead.

Duke inhaled deeply before he pulled away, and when I opened my eyes, I saw pain in his. He looked like he was struggling with something. I hoped it was the same thing I was: the urge to kiss him that seemingly came out of nowhere.

He looked away from me quickly. "I'm sorry, I shouldn't have done that," he murmured. He didn't look at me as he gently lifted me off of him and began to walk away.

Part of me wanted to stop him, but I didn't know what to say. We almost kissed, and it felt natural. Duke was a millimeter away from kissing me! *Bad Elora!* I should have known better; I just got caught up in the moment and wasn't thinking.

Well, I *was* thinking... but not about what I should have been.

"Duke," I called out to get him to come back.

"Dinners almost done—we should go eat." he glanced at me one last time before exiting the library, the same pained expression on his face.

For a moment, I touched my fingers to my lips, wondering where these newfound feelings came from. I had a crush on Duke; that was bad enough. To make matters worse, I think I had a crush on *all* of them. I needed to push the feeling down before I ruined what I had with them.

Despite how I felt, I wasn't about to risk losing them over feelings I was sure would disappear soon. *Right?*

Bloodsuckers



Elora

When my alarm went off the following day, I felt like a rock. Mornings were usually easy for me, but I really didn't want to get out of bed for some reason. My lids felt heavy and stiff, and they wanted to stay shut every time I closed them.

I didn't even stay up that late, forcing myself to go to bed when all I wanted to do was overthink my *almost* kiss with Duke.

After leaving the library, he acted like nothing had happened between us. At dinner, he barely looked at me. In all honesty, it made me sad, so it was probably best that I didn't think about it too much. I guess he just didn't want to kiss me as much as I wanted to kiss him.

With great effort, I crawled out of bed to get ready for the day. My outfit of choice was a cute, mid-thigh white dress with purple flowers. I paired it with a matching cropped cardigan (to keep my arms warm) and purple sandals to complete the sweet yet modest look. My hair was left down in unmanageable waves with a few strands pinned back, making it look like I was put together even if I felt like the walking dead.

I wasn't usually this groggy, and I really didn't want to go to school today. Obviously, I was going; my OCPD couldn't handle skipping a day for illness, let alone missing one for laziness or being tired. I could already tell it would be a tiresome, drawn-out day.

My footsteps shuffled, and my head lolled as my body moped down the long halls and stairs until I stood outside the kitchen door.

From beyond the threshold, I heard a woman laugh. “Eugene, you’re so bad!” She squealed. *Um, what the heck?* She wasn’t done speaking. “I’ll have those reports done by Wednesday.”

Okay, nope. Who was this woman? What was she doing in my house? And why was she talking to *my* Eugene, all flirty and gross?

“I’m serious, Jennifer,” Eugene’s stern voice replied. “You’ve missed the past four deadlines. I’ve been lenient for the past few months. This is your last opportunity to show me you can do this job.”

Opening the door, I saw all my guys standing around the counter with some stupidly pretty brunette. There were papers spread all over the counter that they seemed to be looking at. I guess she worked for them?

Jennifer was tall with short and tidy hair. Her skirt was short and tight, showcasing her shapely backside; I silently commended her for the work she surely put in at the gym to achieve it. Her white button-down shirt had the first two buttons undone, revealing a significant amount of cleavage. I couldn’t help except be weary of her.

“Good morning,” Theo greeted me with a smile. “Bit of a late start for you, isn’t it?” He teased.

I shrugged, still in a sour mood.

The woman noticed me and smiled while toying with a lock of her hair. “Oh, you must be Lorie—”

“Elora,” Felix corrected, giving Jennifer a scary glare.

I smirked. *Know your place, Barbie.*

“*Easy, Kitten.*” I flinched at Lucifer’s voice in my head. I’d forgotten that he could get into my mind whenever he wanted to now.

Locking eyes with him, I saw him watching me, appearing amused.

The woman looked caught off guard by Felix’s harsh tone. “Oh, right. How silly of me. I’d better get going—it was nice

meeting you,” she replied and shot me a quick smile before exiting the house in a hurry.

I watched her leave, and I snapped my head back to them when the door closed. “Who was that?”

As soon as I heard my accusing tone, I paused. I was... jealous... of a woman who was like *ten years* older than me, whose only crime was being around them. Since when was I the jealous type?

Theo smirked in my direction. “Jennifer. She’s Eugene’s assistant,” he explained. “She’s been slacking. That’s why you haven’t seen her.”

Walking around the counter, I stood beside him and served myself bacon from a plate. Eugene didn’t need an assistant. It wasn’t like he needed to sleep or rest—no, he could do all his work himself. “You should fire her,” I suggested, showing my bitterness.

Eugene chuckled. “Because she pronounced your name wrong?”

“Because she doesn’t know how to button her shirt, has a pitchy laugh, is apparently bad at her job, *and* she said my name wrong,” I corrected while smiling sweetly. I really didn’t like her.

Theo laughed as he draped his arms around my shoulders, slightly swaying me from side to side. “Damn, you’re *grumpy* this morning,” he quipped.

My phone buzzed before I could respond, and I instantly checked the message.

Mrs. K:

Good morning Elora! We have two new students starting today. Would you mind showing them around campus this morning? You’ll be excused from your first two classes.

I sighed. I wasn’t in the mood to talk to strangers and be bubbly, but as Student Body Vice President, showing new students around was one of my duties.

Still, I texted back, agreeing with her request.

“You text your teachers?” Theo cocked an eyebrow at me.

“No, my teachers text *me*.” There was a big difference.

“Ready to go?” He loosened his arms around me and gestured toward the door.

My reply was a simple nod as I followed him out of the kitchen.

Eugene’s faint voice caught my attention as we walked out of the house, and I did my best to eavesdrop. “Jennifer, you’re fired... Yes... Please clear your desk by tomorrow...”

Victory! I smiled while getting into Theo’s car. *Bye-bye, brunette Barbie!*

Theo shook his head at me before switching gears and driving away from the house. “Possessive today, aren’t we?”

I widened my eyes at him, “No, of course not. She was... icky. And she was bad at her job!” I tried to justify myself.

“Whatever you say, Princess,” he chuckled.



By the time we reached the school, I felt much better and much more awake. Maybe it was Eugene’s firing of ‘Jennifer’ that helped my mood; perhaps it was the calm, peaceful drive with Theo. Whatever it was, I welcomed it.

Walking up to the office, I noticed two tall boys standing around. I didn’t recognize them, so I assumed they were the new students.

Approaching them, I smiled warmly. “Hi, I’m Elora. I’m going to show you two around for a couple hours this morning,” I greeted.

They both looked down at me, returning kind smiles. “I’m Elliot, and this is Jonas,” the brunet shook my hand. Jonas had orange hair that complimented his freckles nicely.

“Welcome! If you have any questions as we go or anytime, I’m your girl,” I offered. I noticed schedules in their hands. “It looks like you’re all checked in here; are you ready to start the tour?”

“Lead the way,” Jonas responded, gesturing toward the door.

First, I showed them the library—which the one in my home put to shame, but at least the school one was alphabetized—followed by the cafeteria and the auditorium. “So, where did you move from?” I attempted to make small talk.

From the corner of my eye, I saw Elliot give Jonas a side glance before answering. “We travel a lot. We’re actually here paying a visit to some... old friends.”

“Well, I hope you enjoy the town while you’re here,” I replied with a nod. “There’s not much to do, but it’s home.”

“What about you?” Jonas asked suddenly.

Finding his question odd, I furrowed my brows before shrugging. “I was born and raised here.”

“And you live with your family?” He questioned further.

Gently biting my lip, I nodded. Of course, I did, but I didn’t consider them ‘family’ the same way others did with theirs. We turned down a hall, and I took the opportunity to switch the subject. “Um, this is C Hall. The music room is down there, along with several science labs—”

“Are you close with them?” Jonas inquired again.

Turning to look at him, I felt a growing discomfort with his line of questioning. He hadn’t even known me for an hour!

He must have noticed my concern because he gave me a sheepish smile, “Sorry, just trying to make friends,” he explained, putting his hands up in surrender.

I nodded; I guess that made sense. “No worries,” I dismissed.

“Speaking of friends,” Elliot started, “We want to join the football team. Would you mind showing us the field?” He

smiled.

“Sure! I’m sure you two will have no problem making the team. You’re both really tall. Did you play at your old school?” I tried to sound as supportive as possible. As the Student Council’s Vice President, I was a big supporter of people joining clubs and school teams.

“Yes, we did,” Jonas answered.

In no time, I was leading them through the doors and toward the football field. We only stopped when I saw Elliott’s neck just about snap as he turned to look at something. Following his gaze, I saw that *something* was actually a *someone*.

Red flags waved everywhere in my mind, not because the man looked like a threat but, because he was trespassing on school grounds. The man had no distinguishable features—especially not from far away. Dark hair, jeans, and a button-up were all my eyes could make-out.

“Oh, jeez,” I sighed before waving his way. “Hi! Unless you’re here to pick up a student, you shouldn’t be lingering on school grounds!” I called from across the parking lot. Truth be told—if he left on his own, I wouldn’t have to bother the administrator when I went back in.

Elliot, Jonas, and I watched as the man gave a slight nod and a wave before he made his way off campus.

“Sorry about that—the staff usually deals with people who wander,” I explained.

The both of them shrugged but said nothing more.

The air between us seemed to fill with awkward silence, so I gestured to the football field with a big smile. “This is it! Most days, the football team and track team will practice at the same time.”

Elliot’s eyes scanned the area. “And what’s behind those trees?” He asked.

“The whole school is pretty secluded,” I answered coolly, unsure of what he was asking. “The surrounding area is

basically miles of woods. Sometimes the coaches take us on runs through them.”

Jonas stepped forward next. “Can you show us?” He questioned, though his tone implied he was more demanding we go rather than asking.

I suddenly felt uncomfortable again and almost defensively crossed an arm over my body. “That’s not really part of the tour... you can go look around the woods on your own time, though,” I suggested and glanced back at the school, “Okay, we should get back inside and finish the tour—”

“Walk,” Jonas commanded lowly as he stepped closer, his entire demeanor changing in the blink of an eye.

My breathing quickened, knowing I was in a bad situation. I looked between them. “N-no,” I stammered and swallowed hard. They stalked closer to me, forcing me to stumble back—closer to the woods. “I’m not going into the woods...” I tried to be firm, but my voice was trembling.

Something was not right about this...

Elliot grabbed my upper arm, and I panicked as he harshly led me into the woods. I pulled and screamed, trying to get away from him. “Let me go, now! This is not okay—”

“Your bloodsuckers took everything from us. We’re only returning the favor,” my captor snarled down at me.

Warm blood ran cold as my heartbeat hammered against my ears. *My bloodsuckers...*

He held my arm so tightly I was sure it was about to break off from force alone. “I don’t know what you’re talking about,” I tried to lie.

“There were rumors of them taking in a human pet,” Jonas smirked down at me. “We thought it would take longer to get to you. Just our luck that *you’re* the one the school chose to show us around,” he chuckled sardonically.

I felt tears well in my eyes as I tried to think of a way out of this. “Who are you?” I asked.

They leered at each other. “That doesn’t matter. What matters is that you’re going to die,” Elliot retorted, only halting our trek once we were far from campus and deep in the woods. “And I can’t wait for them to find your lifeless body.”

A sob escaped my lips as I cried, beyond terrified of them and what they were planning. Quin always said that nothing bad would happen to me, that none of their enemies would ever even cross the state line. I sucked in a breath, trying to pull myself together as best I could. “If you hurt me, they’ll come after you,” I threatened.

Jonas leaned down so his hazel eyes were level with mine. “Stupid girl, they don’t even know we’re here. They practically handed you to us. By the time they find out, it’ll be too late.”

Realizing dawned on me that these guys would kill me if I didn’t get help. I quickly pulled out my phone to text or call any of my guys. Even if it only rang once, they would know something was wrong.

As soon as my screen turned on, my ginger abductor grabbed the phone out of my hand and crumbled it like it was nothing. It may as well have been a clump of dirt in his hand with how easily he crushed it—not a sturdy phone *at all*. Jonas shook his head at me. “Tsk tsk tsk, you shouldn’t have done that...” he said darkly.

I trembled, knowing that they were going to hurt me. I feared Elliot and Jonas were right if anything happened to me. My guys needed me as much as I needed them, and if they killed me, they would break down.

Breathing became difficult; every inhale and exhale required double the effort as my chest began to ache. I glanced in the direction of the school, slowly backing away from them. “Leave me alone,” I ordered, trying to sound as threatening as possible. It was impossible, with tears running down my face.

“Don’t make this more difficult than it has to be,” Elliot challenged, rolling his eyes.

As soon as the words left his mouth, I turned around and darted for the school, running as fast as my legs could take me. I passed by several trees, but everything blurred together. It may have been the adrenaline, the tears, or the possible panic attack, but everything was a hazy blur.

It wasn't long before I was suddenly tackled to the ground, my back hitting the dirt hard enough to knock the wind out of me. I coughed, squeezing my eyes shut and clutching my chest.

My attacker had come out of nowhere. The only time I'd seen anyone move that fast was my guys.

Realization dawned on me as I stared up at Jonas. Earlier, I asked the wrong question. It was not *who* they were. "*What* are you?" I asked, my voice shaken and rasped.

Ignoring my question, Elliot yanked me up by my hair, making me shriek in pain. "Help!" I screamed as loud as I could.

"No one can hear you!" He shouted while grabbing my face roughly, making my attempts seem futile.

I thrashed in his arms, but his hold on me was so tight that any movement caused pain. They were not human—that much I knew. I also knew I couldn't win against them and had no way of calling for help.

Sobbing, I wondered what I'd done to deserve this. I wanted my guys, and I *needed* them. "Please, I won't tell anyone; just let me go," I bargained, or at least attempted to.

Jonas snarled at me, and it didn't sound like any noise I'd heard a human or a vampire make before. It sounded feral and threatening. "If you say one more word, I'll rip out your tongue."

My shoulders shook as I cried harder, my silent sobs bordering on wails.

I was going to die, and I didn't even say goodbye to them this morning. Shit, I'd left in a bad mood. Lucifer had even heard my mean thoughts about Jennifer, and he would

probably think poorly of how I acted in his last memories of me.

Lucifer. My eyes widened.

Silently, I focused on that little sliver in the back of my mind. I didn't know if this would work, but it was my last chance—my only chance. I just hoped he would hear me and decide to pop into my head.

Lucifer, I need help.

Lucifer? I thought.

My chest tightened again, doubt setting in that this was a lost cause. After all, why would he randomly look into my mind?

Lucifer, I'm in trouble—

“Where are you?” His voice was stern in my mind, unlike the soft, quiet tone he typically spoke in.

I relaxed a little, my eyes watching Jonas circle me as he spoke (though I couldn't focus on any of the words he was saying).

In the woods, they said they're going to kill me—I'm terrified—I don't know where I am... My thoughts jumbled together, but I hoped he could make sense of them.

The sliver he usually occupied felt like it got more prominent, and I somehow knew he could see everything I saw.

“We're on the way. It'll be okay,” his voice was still austere, but I trusted him with my entire being.

They would get here in time.

Elliot pulled my hair again. “Why so quiet all of a sudden?” He taunted.

“They're almost here,” I threatened as I glared up at him with tear-stained cheeks.

He laughed at my words. “Nice try, but you're not going to delay this.”

Jonas suddenly turned and stared off into the woods. “Elliot, do you smell that?” He asked, his tone changing from confident to worried.

Elliot’s face also dropped, and he glowered in my direction. “That’s impossible,” he snapped. He grabbed my throat and squeezed, his nails puncturing my neck.

I screamed, but no sound came out. In an attempt to break free, I scratched him and flailed my dangling legs. My head pounded as he stopped my blood flow and ability to breathe.

As quickly as Elliot’s hand was around my throat, it was gone. A gust of wind swooshed past us, and I fell to the ground, coughing and clutching my throat.

Despite everything being blurry, I saw Elliot turn into a massive wolf; an image I would have nightmares about for years to come. Just as the transformation happened, Quin was in front of him, grabbing each of his jaws and pulling them apart.

The wolf—or Elliot—was torn in half in a second. His blood splattered everywhere; it shot out onto me and the ground around me.

It drenched my hands as I stared at them, watching as they shook. *I don’t want this on me—I don’t want to be here.*

Quin killed Elliot like he was nothing. I’ve never seen him or any of my guys like this before. His lack of hesitation and ease of his actions were almost more terrifying than Elliot and Jonas.

I blinked up, feeling the blood on my face as well. It really *was* everywhere. My vision pulsed as everything around me slowed down. I hadn’t liked blood as a child and still didn’t like it.

Nearby, I saw Jonas being held against a tree by his throat. Felix was shouting something at him with Eugene and Lucifer at his sides, holding the teen’s arms.

Everything slowed, and I saw Lucifer and Eugene tear his arms off like they were made of paper. Jonas opened his

mouth like he was screaming in pain, but I couldn't hear anything.

My body shook violently as I watched them. Jonas and Elliot were evil people, but I didn't know *my* guys were capable of such horrible things. I mean, I *knew*, but I'd never seen it myself.

My eyes returned to my crimson-covered hands. I shakily tried to wipe them off on my dress, only to realize it was also drenched in Elliot's blood.

Someone's hands covered my own, and my eyes snapped up to meet Duke's. He looked worried, more worried than I'd ever seen him before. Suddenly, I could hear again, but a high-pitched buzzing muffled everything except his voice.

"Don't look at it, Baby," he consoled, grabbing my chin and making me look away from the carnage that soaked me. "You're okay. They're not going to hurt you." He slid his arms under my knees and around my back as he spoke, lifting me into his arms.

My chest heaved, and all I could think about was the blood all over me, "I-it's all over me..." I muttered but was unable to hear my own words.

I felt a cold gust against my face, and the trees around us blurred more than before. Duke was running. "I know; I'm going to get it off, okay?" He promised.

I didn't feel good. There was intense pain in my neck, thanks to Elliott's claws that punctured my flesh and how hard he'd squeezed it.

Seconds later, we were outside of our house. Theo stood in the doorway, his face twisted into a livid scowl. "How the fuck did we let this happen?" He snapped.

Duke pushed past him, quickly carrying me up the stairs. "Not now, Theo. She's in shock, be quiet," Duke silenced him.

My eyes wandered back down to my hands. It was disgusting. Quin tore Elliott in half like a piece of paper. Elliot was *dead*, and his blood was all over *me*. I was *smothered* in it.

I couldn't help the sobs that overtook me. The only thing I was able to think about was the blood that covered me. I despised it, and I wanted it off. "Get it off..." I cried. "Please get it off. I can't have this on me! *I don't like it,*" my voice got louder as I rambled.

My head felt weird like none of this was actually happening. The only emotion I could feel was panic.

Warm water fell on my shoulders. Looking around, I recognized my shower. I sobbed, watching the water run red down the drain. "Shh, it's okay. I'll make it okay," Duke stood me on my feet but supported my weight. "Look, it's washing away, Baby," he whispered.

Still panicked, I started removing my cardigan and dress. I just needed it all to go away. I needed to scrub everything.

I didn't care that Duke was in the shower with me; I just needed to be clean. He didn't seem phased by my bareness either, and he just kept his gaze on or above my head.

I stripped down to just my underwear, thankful that they didn't have any blood on them.

My hands shook as I grabbed my shampoo, making it slip out of my hands.

Duke quickly caught the bottle before it hit the ground, "Let me help, okay?" He squirted some product into his hand, and soon after, he washed my hair.

With my body wash and a loofah in hand, I began scrubbing. I scrubbed my skin raw, making it appear bright red like a fresh sunburn. It still wasn't clean enough; I could still feel the blood all over me.

I sobbed, lathering more soap and scrubbing myself harder. Duke washed and rinsed my hair twice, but I still felt gross.

I reached for more body wash, but Duke's hand on mine stopped me, "You're clean, Elora. It's all gone, I promise," he said.

Looking down at the ground, I watched the water drain clear. My breathing slowed, but I couldn't stop crying. I'd

never felt this way before and never wanted to feel like it again.

My eyes caught a glimpse of something red on my shoulder. More blood was trickling down my arm, causing another wave of panic. I widened my eyes, “No. No no no—”

“Shh,” Duke hugged my naked chest to his clothed one, soothing me as he ran his hand down my wet hair. “That’s your blood, Baby. Dane will take care of you.”

I wrapped my arms around his waist, hugging him as tight as my shaky arms could. “I don’t want to get out,” I cried.

His hands ran down my back, and I felt my body begin to relax. “I’m so sorry, Baby. I’ll never let anything bad happen to you ever again,” he pulled me impossibly closer to him.

What felt like hours later, I was finally feeling like myself again. However, I was still very out of it. I’d heard about shock before but never expected it to be like that. It was worse than any panic attack I’d ever had.

Duke turned the water off and grabbed a towel, quickly bundling me up. My gaze fell to the ground, my memory was spotty, but I couldn’t stop replaying what happened.

I should have known something was off when Jonas kept asking about them. I could have prevented this, and I should have trusted my gut.

Duke set me on the counter, still enveloped in a warm, fluffy towel. He was soaking wet, his clothes dripping onto the tile. He ran his thumb under my eye, “Elora, look at me,” he whispered.

I slowly lifted my eyes and gazed at him.

“You’re okay. No one will ever hurt you again, do you understand?” He asked.

I nodded, wincing at a pain in my neck. The adrenaline was wearing off, along with the numbness that dulled the pain.

Dane walked in, carrying a first aid kit. His eyes roamed over me quickly before I was wrapped in his arms, “Are you hurt anywhere else?” He asked quickly.

I tried to feel my body, but everything just felt so numb. “I—I don’t know,” I answered.

Dane pulled away and nodded, a heartbroken look on his face. He glanced at Duke, “Is she?”

“No. Her back is bruised, and her knee is scraped, but the worst is on her neck,” he answered.

Dane started touching my neck, putting bandages and suture tape over the four small holes the rogue’s nails made in my skin.

The room was so eerily quiet; my thoughts took over, and I felt my lip wobble.

Dane pulled away and finished putting the bandages on my neck. He pushed my wet hair behind my ear, “Please don’t cry,” he sounded pained.

I dropped my head in my hands, “I’m so stupid. I should have known. They kept asking about you...” I tried to explain.

“Elora,” I snapped my head up and looked at Felix. He was walking through the large bathroom straight for me. I widened my eyes as he picked me up, carrying me out of the room. “This is not your fault, do you understand? It’s mine... they followed me back here, and I didn’t notice. I am so sorry,” he apologized.

I’d never heard him apologize before. I’d never heard him with emotion—aside from anger—in his tone. I buried my head in his neck and felt my body relax from his scent. In his arms, in any of their arms, I knew I was safe.

He walked into his room and closed the door behind us. I looked around at the dark walls and textiles. I’d never been allowed in his bedroom before.

Felix sat on a sofa, keeping me locked tightly in his arms. “You’re not stupid; I don’t want to hear you say that ever again,” he sternly requested.

I nodded.

I pulled my head away from his neck and looked up at him, “Don’t leave again, okay?” I thought out loud. I was done with

them leaving. If any of them left for a mission, it would be as hard as when Duke left.

Felix's eyes roamed my face before he slowly nodded, "Never again," he agreed, pulling me tighter against him like he was frightened I'd disappear if he let me go.

"I'm so proud of you, you know that, right?" He kissed the top of my head.

I let out a long breath, exhaustion hitting me. I rested my head against his chest and closed my eyes. My body went limp as I fell into a deep sleep.

Duke

“I’m going to kill every last one of them,” Eugene seethed. He paced the living room, his eyes glowing red with anger. “I’ll hunt every last rogue down and tear them to pieces myself. *No one* lays a hand on her,” he spat.

None of us saw the attack coming. Our carelessness made everything that happened our fault. Elora’s trauma, her pain, and the terror she must have felt were because we were negligent.

We knew better than that. We’d just spent five years slaughtering rogues in an attempt to eradicate them. We should have seen it coming.

Granted, this was the first time anyone ever tried to stand against us. Those two young rogues went for the kill. *Her*. She was our weak spot.

My world stopped spinning when Lucifer said we needed to ‘*go now*.’ If we had been seconds late, it would have been too late.

Seeing her on the ground, covered in some mutts’ blood, with bruises and puncture wounds on her neck made me want to kill. I’d always been more civil than my clan mates. I believed in talking through conflicts, not fighting. Yet, at that moment, I couldn’t help but agree with Eugene.

I could have compelled her to forget—I *should* have. Doing so would have been selfish of me. Years ago, we’d agreed not to compel her. I’d only done it when she panicked and stopped breathing. Even then, I felt manipulative and guilty. Just like Lucifer had his gift, I had a relatively insignificant one of my own. Vampires can compel humans after many years of practice. As long as a vampire or werewolf is weak-willed, I could compel them. It wasn’t a skill I used often, but I’d always had a perfect success rate at compelling.

The way she looked at Quin, Eugene, and Lucifer also had me worried. She looked terrified, witnessing them kill those rogues. I knew that Elora didn’t understand what happened

(and likely wouldn't for some time), and watching the men who raised her tear off the top portion of a werewolf's skull would wholly haunt her.

"As far as I can tell, it was just the two boys," Theo announced as he and Lucifer entered the house. They'd run the state line, checking for any trace of other werewolves.

Elora had been asleep for a few hours, safe in Felix's arms. Felix had gotten all the answers out of the one rogue before he killed him.

The two boys followed Felix home and targeted Elora, knowing we were attached to her. It was a surprisingly intelligent strategy... for rogues.

"For now," I added. "They could have used their mind-link to let others know. They know her name, what school she goes to, and where we live," I said.

"I agree. Our clan has been at the top of the food chain for thousands of years. Now that we have a known weakness, other vampire clans and werewolves *will* use that to their advantage," Lucifer sat in the chair across from me.

"It doesn't matter. We can easily win against anyone who challenges us," Quin dismissed.

"Unless they get to her again. Who's to say this won't happen again. If Lucifer wasn't able to read her mind, she would have been killed. We got very lucky," Dane commented quietly, his last words fading into a whisper.

Eugene glared at Dane, "*I say*. I don't care if she never gets to leave the house again; over my dead body will I let anyone even close to hurting her," he spat.

Dane stood up, "That's your solution? Locking her up here?" He asked.

"If that's what it takes to keep her safe," Eugene matched Dane's stance.

"No one is locking her up. We let our guard down and know not to make that mistake again. We're all on the same

page. Our goal is to stop this from happening again,” I tried to reason.

I heard movement upstairs, and soon after, Felix joined us in the living room. “If another vampire or werewolf enters the state, we will monitor them. I agree with Dane. This was too close. We need to be more cautious. She doesn’t know of the threats that could come her way,” he intervened. “We should consider ourselves lucky that it was only two little ones.”

I nodded, hoping the situation wouldn’t escalate. We could defend ourselves easily. Quin said it best; no one stood a chance against us. Elora, however, was fragile, as fragile as humans can come. She was too kind and trusted people too easily.

Several minutes passed as we all pondered what had happened. We almost lost her. I didn’t know how to exist in a world without her. I’d always hated seeing her cry, and my goal had always been to make her smile as much as possible. Today took a piece of her that she’d never get back.

Quin stood up, walking to the kitchen. “Do you think she’ll wake up for dinner?” He asked.

“No,” Dane responded. “Her life was threatened, she saw the rogues get torn to shreds, and she’s a borderline germaphobe who got drenched in blood. That kind of trauma knocks people out,” he explained like it was conspicuous.

Quin stopped by the door before turning back around. “She’s not going to school for the rest of the week, not until we’re absolutely sure she won’t be in danger,” he decided.

“Good luck telling her that,” Theo scoffed.

I cocked my eyebrow. I knew she was particular about her schedule, but I doubted she’d want to return so soon anyway.

I glanced at Lucifer, feeling envious of him. He was able to hear her thoughts and interpret her feelings. I wish I’d known how she felt about yesterday. My recklessness caused me to almost kiss her. She just looked so beautiful—it was impossible not to.

Maybe it was just my selfish mind playing tricks on me, but I thought she looked *disappointed* when I left the library. “Lucifer,” I started, not knowing how to phrase my question. I didn’t want to seem like a creep.

His eyes drifted across the room as he looked at me.

“You can read her thoughts,” I paused. “What does she think?” I asked vaguely.

Lucifer stood up. “The sparks we all get when we touch her,” he didn’t answer my question, but he captured my interest.

We all felt the tingles? I watched him with wide eyes as he began to walk up the steps. Felix, Dane, Eugene, Theo, and Quin also listened intently. It looked like Lucifer was the only one who’d figured something out. I would never say anything about how she made me feel—or the tingles.

None of us knew about the others; that was clear from the surprised look we all shared.

Lucifer smirked over his shoulder. “She gets them too.”

Elora

The sunlight blinded me as I blinked my eyes open. I squinted, looking around my room, realizing that Felix must have put me to bed after I fell asleep. That explained why I was still in a towel...

My back hurt, but it was nothing too horrible, and my neck felt the same. I rubbed my eyes as yesterday's events flashed through my mind.

Everything happened so fast, but I remembered how scared I felt. Elliot, a *werewolf*, was torn in half. I've never seen something so vulgar in my life. There was not a doubt in my mind that Jonas was also dead.

I didn't pity them; they tried to kill me, after all. But I wish I'd never seen my guys act that way. Years ago, when Quin licked the knife with my blood on it, I thought he was scary. After seeing him grab a massive wolf's upper and lower jaws and *rip* it in two like it was nothing, I knew they'd severely sheltered me from what they were truly capable of.

Same with Lucifer and Eugene—they removed Jonas's arms from his body like they were toothpicks.

When push came to shove, I was just glad they came to save me. I wouldn't be here if Lucifer had never heard me.

I sat up, noticing that it was already mid-morning. I sucked in a breath, realizing I was insanely late for school. I'd slept for so long!

I quickly padded my way into the bathroom, scrubbing myself again. The memory of being covered in blood still burned into my brain. I was glad Duke was there to help me; I didn't think I would have been able to clean myself properly. I was so shaken up.

With limited time, I left my hair slightly damp. I put on a burnt orange skirt and black crop top before heading down the stairs.

I'd only been late once before, a few years ago, and Dane had woken me up then. Why didn't he or Eugene wake me?

They were usually stern when it came to school and understood my need to maintain my regular routine.

When I reached the bottom of the steps, I realized I wasn't going to school. One of them would have woken me up if I had somewhere to be.

I guessed this was best, as much as I may not have liked it. I wasn't feeling up for school anyway, not after being targeted and brutally attacked by two students I was supposed to be giving tours to and witnessing murders in real-time. A few days away will be a good thing.

Eugene was waiting for me at the bottom of the stairs, dressed in dark jeans and a gray button-down shirt. His eyes watched me closely, and I wanted to make a joke about still being alive, but it was too soon.

I stood on the last step, making me almost the same height as him. I pressed my lips together. "I'm not going to school today, am I?"

He shook his head. "No. Not for a few days," he spoke softly.

He looked worried, watching me like I would crumble any second. "I'm okay, Eugene," I promised with a tilt of my head.

He let out a breath and carefully wrapped his arms around me, pulling me into his chest, "I'm not going to let anyone hurt you ever again," his voice was more stern now. I felt his hands tangle into my hair as he gripped me impossibly closer to him.

I wrapped my arms around his neck, letting his campfire-like touch warm my whole body. "I know you won't," I pulled away to look into his unusually bright red eyes. "Where is everyone?" I asked, taking note of how quiet it was.

"Dane went to get your school work for the next week, Duke went to get you a new phone, and the others are out trying to figure out if anyone else knows about you," he informed.

My shoulders slumped as guilt settled in the pit of my stomach. I crossed an arm over my torso. "I didn't mean to

cause you all so much trouble,” I sighed. Felix, Lucifer, and Duke just got back, and that shouldn’t be how they spent their time.

Eugene wrapped a strong arm around my thighs, picking me up by them, and walked to the kitchen. I practically sat on his arm, allowing my fingers to play with his hair. I liked being carried; I always have.

He sat me on the counter. “This isn’t your fault. We’re doing this because we have to. It’s our job. And the thought of something happening to you—”

“You won’t let anything happen to me. None of you will,” I stopped him from stressing. Since the attack, everyone had been reassuring me that they wouldn’t let anything happen to me again.

He rested both hands on either side of me, caging me between his arms. Vampire’s eyes changed to a bright red whenever they were angry or craving blood. I guess Eugene was still furious.

Biting my lip, I watched his handsome face soften. “Elora, I have to ask you something,” he whispered.

“Ask,” I matched his tone. I got nervous at his closeness, but his warmth pulled me in. He was a flame—no—a bonfire, and I was a moth ready to burn. (A sanitary, non-creepy-crawly moth, of course).

His eyes didn’t look away from mine as I felt his fingertips brush over my bare knee. My eyes shifted down, watching his hand move closer to my thigh, stopping where my skirt ended. Continuing to draw small patterns on my leg, his fingertips shot small flames that traveled up my thigh.

“What do you feel... right now?” He questioned as his glimmering red eyes studied me closely.

My eyes rounded, feeling caught. Was he talking about the tingles? How could he have possibly known that? I hadn’t told anyone... Lucifer.

Nervously swinging my feet, I looked at his large hand that covered most of my thigh. “I don’t know...” I mumbled. It

was embarrassing to admit the sensation. To be fair, it was kind of the truth because I really didn't know what the tingling was.

Eugene grabbed my chin firmly, making me meet his bright eyes, "I've taught you everything you know. That's why you don't know how to lie," he detected. "Tell me."

With a sigh, I grabbed his arm, softly running my fingertips up and down his forearm, hopefully tickling him. "It's like that, only everywhere," I admitted.

He nodded slowly, watching my hand. "When do you feel it?"

I blinked up and stared at him for a few seconds. I didn't want to talk about the tingles or how much I liked how they felt. "When I touch you... any of you," I answered.

"When did it start?"

Thinking back to the night Lucifer returned, I'd noticed it first when he hugged me. That was when the tingles started. "When they came back home," I realized. A sudden panic washed over me. Why was he asking these questions? Have I been sick?! Was that why I kept getting the tingles? What if I felt them when I touched everyone? Obviously, I wouldn't have known because I didn't like touching other people besides them. *Germs*.

I widened my eyes, "Is there something wrong with me? Do I have a disease?" I thought out loud.

Eugene chuckled, "No, nothing is wrong with you—"

"We should have Dane look, what if I'm dying?" I concluded. Dane has called me a hypochondriac before, but I didn't think that was true. I was just very health conscious.

With a pointed look, he shut me up quickly. Grabbing my hand, he held it in front of me. "You can't be sick because whatever the feeling is, we all have it, too," he admitted, studying me for a reaction.

The tingles crept up my arm at his touch. They could feel them too? Why didn't they say anything? Thinking that made

me a hypocrite, but it would have made me feel much more normal if they'd said something. I shifted my gaze to him. "You can feel them?" I repeated softly.

He nodded before letting go of my hand and caged me in again, "Elora, if you ignore the tingles, how do you feel about us?" He hesitantly questioned.

I pouted. "That's a stupid question. I love you," I rolled my eyes.

He chuckled, "I know, Sweetheart." His eyes wandered my face as if he was struggling to find the right words, "There are different kinds of love—"

"All of them," I said in a duh tone. I made it very clear that I *love love love* them. Eugene needed to pay more attention, or I needed to love more aggressively. I liked the second option better.

His eyes turned darker, shaking his head as he laughed. He stepped away, walking toward the pantry, "Sorry for questioning you," he joked, seemingly happy.

I faintly heard the front door open as another question about the tingles came to mind. "Eugene?" I started.

He glanced at me, a small amused smile still on his lips. "Yes, love?"

I pushed my eyebrows together, not knowing how to describe it. "Sometimes when the tingling happens, I can feel it in my privates," I continued swinging my feet as I spoke. "Like I have to use the bathroom, but I don't *actually*," I explained. Meeting his gaze, I found his eyes wide and mouth open. "What is that?"

The kitchen door opened with a loud thud, "Elora..." Theo smirked at me, slowly entering the kitchen. "Naughty, naughty..."

I pouted, "Is it naughty, Theo?" I didn't want to be naughty; when I was a kid, Duke always told me to be a good girl, and I listened. If the feeling in my girly parts was *bad*, I was afraid I didn't know how to stop it. It just happened.

Theo and Eugene shared a knowing look before approaching me, where I sat on the counter. Theo tilted his head, still smirking, “Very naughty, Princess,” he teased.

I widened my eyes, feeling guilty. I didn’t want to be naughty... My gaze wandered everywhere, trying to think of a way to control it. Honestly, I liked how it felt when the tingles traveled down there, although it could get frustrating. However, if it was bad—

Theo’s hand grabbed my thigh, and I blinked at him, feeling the tingles start to travel—*No! Don’t think about it.*

His demeanor was completely different than it usually was. He had always been playful and liked to joke around, but something about him seemed... dark. Even the way he looked at me was intense.

“Don’t look so heinous; there’s nothing *wrong* with being turned on,” Theo assured.

“Turned on?” I asked quietly.

Eugene stood on my other side; his hand settled on my knee. “Yes, that’s what the sensation is between your legs,” he explained lowly, his eyes a bright red again.

Still confused, I knitted my eyebrows. “Does everyone feel turned on?”

Theo smirked, “Most do.” His hand moved an inch up my thigh, and I sucked in a breath. *Don’t think about it.* His face inched closer to mine, and I felt his minty breath on my collarbone. “Being turned on means your little pussy wants attention, Princess,” he husked, his eyes as molten as Eugene’s.

A deep lush stained my cheeks pink. “O—oh,” I stuttered, feeling overwhelmed by both of their hands on me. The tone of Theo’s voice was making it worse. “How do I make it stop?” I asked, noticing a heartbeat between my thighs.

Eugene pushed my hair behind my ear, “We can help you,” he insisted, his face moving closer to my neck. I turned to the side, granting him access to my skin.

Theo moved his hand under my skirt, and my heart hammered in my chest. “Do you want us to help you, Princess?” Theo asked softly.

Eugene’s lips were pressed against my skin, lightly kissing the sensitive area where my shoulder and neck met. I gasped as wetness pooled in my underwear. I widened my eyes. *Did I just pee my pants?!*

“*No. Let them take care of you, Kitten,*” Lucifer demanded in my mind. I blushed harder, not realizing he was ‘listening.’ *If he says so...*

I softly nodded. “Uh-huh,” I agreed. It was almost painful now, and I wanted the feeling to fade.

Eugene pulled my knee, spreading my legs apart. His other hand wrapped around my back, keeping me in place. “You smell so good,” he breathed into my ear as he continued his teasing kisses.

Theo watched me closely with clouded red eyes. His hand slipped higher beneath my skirt until I felt his fingertips brush my inner thigh, *right next* to where I wanted him to touch me. “Have you ever touched yourself here, Princess?” He asked gently.

I shook my head. Until now, I didn’t have a reason to—I didn’t know I was supposed to. All I wanted was for the ache to go away.

Theo quickly glanced at Eugene, his eyes landing back on me with a slight grin. “Fuck, we’re going to ruin you,” he groaned.

I held back a whimper, the ache worsening with each second. Eugene’s attack on my neck became more desperate, and I was struggling to remember how to breathe. By *we*, I didn’t think he meant just Eugene and himself.

I gasped as Theo’s finger lightly ran down the outside of my underwear, right over my center. Instinctively, I grabbed his wrist, holding onto his arm. My thighs tried to close, but Eugene’s hand was solid, and I couldn’t budge.

Theo watched my face closely and strummed his finger again, making another wave of juices flow out of me. He pressed the pad of his thumb onto my clit, and I moaned, my eyes closing shut. *Oh, my goodness.*

Eugene smirked against my neck, “Good girl.”

Theo kept the pressure on me and slowly rubbed his thumb in small circles. My nails dug into his wrist, never wanting this to stop, but feeling overwhelmed simultaneously.

“Theo, Eugene!” My eyes shot open, following the voice to the kitchen door where Duke was standing, looking horrified at the sight of Theo between my legs and Eugene at my throat.

A million shades of red covered my body as I locked eyes with Duke. His eyes kept changing from bright red to his usual dark red.

Eugene pulled his head away from my neck before he gave Duke an annoyed look, “Yes?” He challenged.

Theo slowly retracted his hand, much to my dismay. He never once looked at Duke; he just kept his eyes locked on me.

“A word, now,” Duke hissed at them, walking out of the kitchen. I zoned my eyes on something strained against his thigh in his pants. Maybe he’d brought me home a big candy bar? He used to do that sometimes. Although, judging from the disapproval on his face, I doubt I would get it now.

Eugene rolled his eyes, softly squeezing my knee before following Duke out.

I locked eyes with Theo, and he didn’t seem like he had a care in the world. I bit my lip; if I felt guilty before, I really did now. “Are we in trouble?” I whispered.

He smirked, grabbing me by the waist and lifting me off the counter, onto my wobbly feet. *Woah.* He fixed my skirt, positioning it back how it was before the *touching* started. “No. He’s just jealous it wasn’t *his* hand under your skirt,” he boasted.

My lips parted in surprise. Surely, that was not what was on Duke’s mind. I mean, I *hoped* he felt that way about me. If that

was true, why did he stop us instead of joining us?

Theo sighed, “We’ll continue later, okay?”

I swallowed, nervously twiddling with my hair. “We will?” I asked.

He chuckled, “You couldn’t keep me away if you tried, Princess,” he eyed me lustfully for a few seconds before reluctantly leaving the kitchen.

I let out a breath I didn’t know I was holding, repeating what had just happened. Their hands on me felt so *right*. I could still feel Eugene’s warm, wet kisses on my neck, and I wanted more.

The ache between my legs was still there and was much worse than before. Why couldn’t Duke have walked in a few minutes later? Why did he stop them, they were making me feel good, and he ruined it.

I just wanted more.



I fidgeted with my hands under the table as anxiety built in me. Everyone was home now; we were all spread around the kitchen. Quin was almost done preparing dinner, and it couldn’t come soon enough.

Duke, Eugene, and Theo have been quiet about what happened earlier. None of the three of them had said a word about it after they had left me alone in the kitchen, and that was what made me nervous. I knew it was coming, that the rest of my guys were bound to figure out what happened. Goodness, what would they think of me? Duke could barely look at me, and Theo and Eugene kept smirking at me.

I had to avert my eyes every time I caught them staring, or I would get wet *down there* again.

Luckily, Dane came home with my homework shortly after they left the kitchen, and I busied myself vigorously, finishing

it all.

I was between Lucifer and Felix, with whom I also avoided eye contact. Lucifer knew what had happened too, but I knew he wouldn't say anything. It was not in his personality to comment on it, but the fact that he *knew* was enough to make my blood run cold.

I couldn't help but feel like Felix would scold me *a lot* if he knew. I didn't want him to be mad at me. Same with Quin and Dane; they'd probably think less of me, too. I just wanted everyone to be happy, and the unknown was killing me.

I felt Lucifer hold my hand under the table, his thumb rubbing small circles around my hand, silently telling me 'it'll be okay.'

Quin's gaze scanned the kitchen and dining room, narrowing his eyes at everyone. "Look, I know yesterday was scary, but what the hell is with everyone?" He broke the silence.

I tensed, my eyes widening at his accusation. This wasn't good...

Duke glanced at me quickly before looking away again. I blushed, looking at the table, my heart hammering.

"Elora?" Felix's voice was filled with concern as he looked down at me. Blinking up at him, I felt a wave of panic wash over me. Even as he intimidatingly towered over me, I couldn't help but think he was stupidly handsome.

I cringed internally, thinking if I could hear my loud heartbeat, so could they. Goodness, I reeked of guilt, and I was a horrible liar.

I knew it was wrong of me to be *like that* with Eugene and Theo... but it wasn't. I didn't know how I knew; I just did. I wanted to be like that with all of them, and I just didn't know how to tell them that.

Lucifer softly squeezed my hand, and I widened my eyes, knowing he knew how I felt. I could see why everyone was so against me allowing him in now. I was just lucky he was being

nice about my drastic change of emotion towards them. I knew I'd been having a lot of *weird* thoughts since they returned.

Feeling *attraction* was new to me in general. I'd always been focused on school and never had time to think about boys. I'd always known my guys were attractive, more than anyone else I'd ever seen, but that was the extent of it. Maybe I was losing my mind, but something in me *changed* when they returned.

Felix looked around at everyone, noting how strangely awkward the air was. "You all have five seconds to tell me what's going on," he ordered, but his gaze stayed locked on me, probably knowing I would crack before the rest of them did.

Oh no.

Seconds went by as I panicked. I couldn't let Theo and Eugene take the blame. Although, they both looked like they weren't affected by Felix's powerful and scary tone. If I was being honest, they probably weren't. On the other hand, I was crumbling by the second in my chair.

Maybe if I just came clean, it wouldn't be so bad. What would I even say? I didn't know what it was called—or if it had a name. There was no kissing, but there was most certainly *touching*.

Quin set a plate before me, and I stuffed my mouth.

"Elora?" Felix demanded lowly, giving me a stern look.

Nope. I took another big bite, stopping myself from speaking. I pointed to my mouth and shrugged, hinting that I couldn't talk.

Dane nervously chuckled, "What's so bad that you can't say?" He gave me a funny look.

Oh goodness, if only he knew.

"*Tell them,*" Lucifer insisted. I looked up at him in horror. Was he crazy? I couldn't.

I tried to take another bite, but Felix quickly pushed my plate away. "Hey," I pouted at him, actually a bit upset that

he'd taken my food away.

"Spill," he ordered.

Not looking away from his intense eyes, I shook my head no.

He raised his eyebrows, clearly taking my denial as a challenge. "No?" He repeated.

Reluctantly, I nodded. I didn't want to defy him; I really didn't. In fact, every single fiber of my being was screaming at me to listen to him. I couldn't tell him; I didn't want him to be angry with me. I'd done something really naughty.

Felix narrowed his eyes at me, challenging me to deny him again. "Last chance," he warned, standing up from his chair.

My eyes were rounded as I watched him. I squeezed Lucifer's hand under the table, getting all the comfort I could from the contact. Lucifer seemed intrigued by everything.

When Felix saw I wasn't going to answer, he grabbed my arm firmly but didn't hurt me. "Let's go," he pulled me behind him.

Fear filled me. "Where?" I asked.

"When I ask you a question, you answer. You've chosen to learn that the hard way," he scolded.

My eyes rounded. He was going to scold me; I knew it. He had only given me a spanking one time, and I hated it.

"Felix," Duke said firmly, grabbing my other hand and halting us before we walked out the door. "That's not necessary."

Felix looked down at me, "Then she better start telling the truth," he deadpanned.

I glanced at Theo and Eugene, sending them pleading looks. I needed help. I couldn't handle the pressure of explaining what had happened. It wasn't an accident, and I'd do it again if I could, but they might not understand that it was *okay*, and I was perfectly fine with what happened.

They raised me and that I *shouldn't* be attracted to them—I knew that—but I was. There was no denying my attraction. I wasn't ashamed of my newfound feelings; I was just worried they might not have felt the same way. I didn't think my heart could take it if they didn't want me like I wanted them.

Dane followed my gaze, looking at Theo and Eugene. His eyes slowly trailed back to me, and realization suddenly dawned on him.

Theo stood up, giving everyone a small smile before he spoke. “Eugene and I fooled around with Elora,” he announced proudly.

Oh no.

Eugene smirked, “Which corner would you like us in?” He joked.

I didn't think they'd be that blunt about it! I paled, my mouth falling open. I looked around at everyone, seeing their bright red eyes on me.

I was in trouble.

Candy Bar

Theo

Elora looked petrified as her little heart was pounding against her chest. I wanted her to be the one to tell everyone, granting her some control. I knew what happened was a big deal to her, and it was for Eugene and me too.

Fuck, she was so good for us. I was still pissed off that Duke interrupted. We'd barely even begun.

I didn't see why this had to be so difficult. She wanted us. We wanted her. Duke tried scolding us earlier, but Eugene and I just walked away from him. He didn't even believe his own words; why would I waste my time? He wanted her as badly as the rest of us.

That was why he had watched from the kitchen doorway for several minutes as we had our way with her before barging in. Eugene and I knew he was there, but Elora clearly had no idea. He said he didn't want her in a sexual way, but his actions weren't matching his words.

Felix looked shocked as he stared down at Elora. I narrowed my eyes at him, hoping he wouldn't react poorly. He would have done the same thing if he had been there.

She'd had a confusing past two days, first the rouge attack; now she was exploring her newfound sexual feelings towards us. Elora had always been sensitive, and when she felt things, she felt them with her whole heart. She needed to know nothing was wrong with what had happened, and if any of them said the incorrect thing, I'd lose it.

Quin leaned both hands against the kitchen counter, deeply perplexed. "What do you mean, *fooled around*?" He asked.

Elora's heart skipped a beat before it started pounding again. "It was my fault; I asked them to," she started. I widened my eyes at her, not expecting her to comment on it.

She stood with her back against Duke's front, where he held her shoulders almost defensively. I couldn't blame him; Elora had nearly got her ass smacked by Felix mere minutes ago.

Her eyes wandered around to everyone as she spoke faster than I'd ever heard her before. "I—I know it was wrong, but I don't care, and if I don't, neither should any of you. I know you all feel the tingles too, and that's not a coincidence. Unless I have a disease that I somehow gave to you..." She softly shook her head, veering off-topic while her hypochondriac brain overthought.

Taking a shaky breath, she continued. "I'm very confused about a lot of things, and I haven't felt these kinds of emotions before. So, if I'm doing something wrong, you have to tell me," she glanced at Felix quickly. "Since the three of you got back, my brain has been mush, and I'm not the only one acting weird, so you *can't* be mad at me—"

Felix softened his eyes, "No one's mad at you—"

"I'm really overwhelmed, between Duke sending mixed signals, almost kissing me, and then pretending it never happened," Duke tensed behind her, and I almost let out a small laugh. What a fucking hypocrite. "And Lucifer keeps making weird comments that I don't understand, and Dane saying I did something unintentional that's making his hair crazy, and now this happens, *and* you two," she looked at Eugene and me, "Tell me there's nothing wrong with feeling like this, then you all react like I *killed* someone," she rushed out in a single breath.

When she finally caught her breath, her voice came out shaky, and her eyes welled with tears. All the emotions she just said must have caught up with her. "But I didn't. You did. You killed those *things* like it was nothing. And it really scared me..."

Duke bent to his knees and turned her around, hugging her face into his neck. She wrapped her arms tight around him and sobbed.

I widened my eyes. Why was she crying so much? I felt horrible, but I didn't understand it. Maybe it was a human

thing?

“Shh, it’s okay, Elora. You don’t have to explain,” Duke soothed.

“I don’t know why I’m crying, I feel terrible, though,” she said through broken tears into his neck.

My shoulders dropped. I’d always hated seeing her cry.

I felt eyes on me and locked eyes with Lucifer. He was glaring at Eugene and me... what the fuck. If looks could kill...

Duke swooped her up into his arms, and she wrapped her legs around his stomach. “We don’t have to talk about anything tonight,” Duke started carrying her away. “How about we watch a movie? How does that sound?” He suggested.

She sniffled, “Okay,” she agreed. “Can I have that candy bar now?” She asked sweetly.

“What candy bar?” Duke carried her out of sight and upstairs.

Felix sighed as he ran his hands through his hair, “I didn’t see that happening so soon,” he said. He grabbed a glass and filled it with whisky, “We’ll discuss it tomorrow,” he declared, looking exhausted as he walked out of the kitchen.

“My question still stands; what the fuck did you mean by fooling around, Theo?” Quin snapped. “She’s not one of your whores—”

I glared back at him, “You don’t think I know that?” I spat. “It’s been months since I’ve fucked anyone because all I can think about is her. Don’t speak unless you know what you’re talking about,” I seethed. How dare he accuse me of using her. I love her with my whole heart, and I would never treat her like some piece of meat. I knew I didn’t have the best reputation with women, but Elora was different. She was my Princess forever, and I’d always treat her like one.

“I kissed her neck, and Theo never got past her panties; it was very PG-13,” Eugene answered Quin.

Quin nodded slowly, his mind clearly racing as he cleaned up dinner.

“It might not have been a big deal to you two, but try to put yourself in her shoes,” Dane said calmly, looking at the both of us.

I pushed my eyebrows together, not understanding. I knew it was new for her, but we were gentle and answered any questions she had. “Are you blaming us for her outburst?” I concluded.

Dane nodded, “Yes.” With a pointed look, he grabbed his laptop and walked out.

Still feeling Lucifer’s glare, I turned to meet his eyes. After thousands of years of knowing the man, I still couldn’t read him. He hid his emotions and thoughts remarkably well.

He stood up, still looking at Eugene and me. His jaw clenched before he spoke. “Do Elora a favor and educate yourselves on aftercare and sub drop,” he said in his low tone. He joined Quin behind the counter and started helping him with the dishes.

He was right. How could I have been so negligent? I’d never been with someone like Elora. She was very obviously innocent and submissive. Eugene and I should have seen her turmoil coming. For her, I would make sure to do better next time.

Eat You Up

Elora

Shifting in my sleep, I felt a big body next to me. The familiar hand running through my hair and down my back was a dead giveaway for Duke.

After showering and getting ready for bed last night, Duke stayed with me; we'd gotten halfway through *Tangled* before I fell asleep. I guessed he had decided to stay with me. I didn't mind at all; I was just surprised. Vampires couldn't sleep, so he stayed with me all night while I slept. My heart swelled with love for him.

I swung my leg over his waist, climbing on top of him. Cuddling into his chest, I soaked up all the warmth I could. "What time is it?" I mumbled.

"A little past six; go back to sleep," he coaxed, slipping his hand under my tank top while he rubbed my back.

Say less. Closing my eyes, I quickly fell back into a deep sleep.



"Elora," Duke called softly, his hand gently moving strands of disheveled hair out of my face.

Stretching my legs out, I blinked up at him. "Hm?"

Duke smiled down at me, his dark red eyes full of adoration. A smirk played at my lips, *awe he loves me.* "Happy birthday, Baby," he whispered.

It was?! I pushed away from him quickly, making him chuckle. How had I forgotten? I grabbed my phone and looked at the date. They'd made me forget my own birthday!

Running to the bathroom, I started to get ready. “Why didn’t you wake me up? It’s my birthday!” I repeated, excitement taking over.

I’d always dressed up on my birthday, although we hardly ever did anything. As I’d said on the boat, I was delighted as long as I had them—and a really massive cake.

When I finished brushing the tangles out of my hair, my nose caught a whiff of something sweet.

I smiled, knowing Quin always made me strawberry and cream crêpes on my birthday.

I raced down the halls, quickly stopping, seeing Dane walking shirtless around his room with a towel around his waist. *Hunka hunka*. Grinning, I eyed the sculpted V-line his muscles made on his stomach.

Skipping into his room, I sat on his bed, sending him a snappy smile. He *must have* known what day it was. I twirled my hair impatiently. “Any minute now, Doc...” I teased.

Letting out a small, breathy chuckle, he seemed to realize what I meant. “Happy Birthday, Elora,” he finally said.

Cheesing from ear to ear, I excitedly folded my hands in front of me. “About time! I’ve been awake for half an hour, and the only person who’s wished me a happy birthday is Duke; how rude,” I pouted.

Dang, maybe I was spoiled. To be fair, it was my birthday, the one day I was allowed to be spoiled. I fully planned on basking in *my* day. It was my first birthday with *all* my guys in years, and I was practically buzzing with joy.

Dane chuckled, shaking his head, “Yes, but if I told you earlier, I wouldn’t get the pleasure of this moment. Great timing, by the way,” he joked before gesturing to his towel.

I shrugged, “Your door was open. That’s all the invitation I need,” I stood up, walking to the door so he could get dressed. Pausing in his doorway, I turned around and twirled. “Do you like my birthday dress?” I asked. The mid-thigh length dress was my favorite shade of pink and was made of silk.

He nodded approvingly. “Yes, you’re very cute. Now go,” he pointed to the door, chucking.

I smiled before I closed his door behind me and hurried downstairs. Eugene gave me a giant smile as I passed the living room. “Happy birthday, Love,” he wished, adding to my giddy delight.

Opening the kitchen door, the sugary goodness blessed my senses. I skipped over to Quin, wrapping my arms around his stomach as he drizzled cream cheese over the crêpes. “... More,” I pushed.

He gave me a warning glance. Quin has never liked me having sugary sweet things.

In response, I smirked. “More,” I challenged—birthday privilege.

Reluctantly pouring more, he gave me a knowing peer. “I’m not responsible for the stomachache you get later.”

Taking a bite, I raised my eyebrows at him. “It has strawberries; it’s healthy,” I reasoned.

He leaned against the counter next to me. “I can’t argue with you on your birthday, can I?” He noted with an eye roll.

I shrugged. “I mean, you can *try*.” I took a few more bites as he simply smiled down at me. “But it’s not going to end in your favor,” I finished.

He narrowed his eyes at the snarky comment. “And why is that?” His eyes flickered with challenge. Quin never liked being sassed. After Felix, he was the next most stern one.

“Because it’s my birthday, and that means *you* do what *I* tell you,” I tried to sound confident, but I couldn’t help but giggle.

Quin’s jaw ticked. *Oop—he didn’t like that*. A smug smile replaced his regular one. “Oh yeah? Go into Felix’s office and tell *him* that,” he challenged.

It was my birthday; I didn’t have a death wish! I crossed my arms. “Are you crazy?” I whispered.

He smirked before straightening, “Looks like you don’t have *everyone* in your pocket today. Nice try, though,” he gloated.

A huff of air left my lips. What was the worst Felix could do? I mean, it was *my* birthday, so everyone had to be nice to me. It was practically the law. *Oh, what the heck.*

After finishing my plate, I smirked at Quin. “Fine,” I agreed, walking to Felix’s office.

Quin laughed as an amused expression took over his features. “Careful, Elora,” he warned.

I knocked on his door, “Felix?” I called.

“Come in.”

Here we go.

Closing the door behind me, my gaze fell on Felix’s large frame, where he sat behind a desk. He was wearing a white button-up that was unbuttoned and black slacks. His defined chest and abs practically begged me to touch them.

“Yes?” He questioned with a devilish smirk, breaking my greedy eyes out of a trance.

Nerves painted my cheeks pink. Challenging Felix was a bad idea. What was I thinking? I folded my hands behind me and bounced on my heels, “Um, well,” I tried to think of a way out of the situation I’d somehow put myself in.

Pushing his chair back, he curled a finger at me. “Come here.”

My legs moved on their own accord, eagerly walking behind his desk. I stood in front of him, avoiding eye contact.

He patted his thick thigh. “Sit,” he ordered. I happily sat down on one of his thighs. His arms immediately wrapped themselves loosely around my waist, holding me closely. “Now tell me, why are you in here?”

I bit my lip. “Quin wanted me to tell you something,” I tried to shift the blame off me. I didn’t know if I was being a coward or brave. I suppose it was a little bit of both.

He smirked. “He did?”

I nodded. “He wanted me to tell you that because it’s my birthday, you should listen to me... maybe... if you want to,” I nervously muttered.

He grabbed my face gently. “You’re so pretty when you lie,” he said, his voice low and teasing.

I widened my eyes, concluding that he’d definitely heard Quin and me in the kitchen. *Uh oh*. “It’s my birthday,” I nervously smiled, desperately trying to change the subject.

Felix let go of my face before he leaned back in his chair. “I didn’t forget,” he responded.

Turning to face him, I shifted in his lap—still sitting sideways on his thigh. “You haven’t wished me a Happy Birthday, though,” I pouted.

Felix stared at me, and his gaze fell to my lips. Tilting his head to the side, he reached his hand up and ran his thumb along my bottom lip. “Open,” instructed, leaving no room for argument.

Confused, I parted my lips for him. I was playing with fire, and I knew it—I just didn’t care. He slid his thumb in, and I was quick to taste the strawberry on his thumb.

I watched his eyes turn bright red as I sucked the flavor off his thumb. I didn’t remember seeing a belt, but the buckle was poking into the side of my thigh.

He slowly withdrew his thumb, his eyes shifting from my lips to my eyes. “I’ve been thinking about what you said last night,” he started. His hand traced the side of my face, gently rubbing his thumb over my lips. “I don’t think it’s a coincidence either,” he admitted.

Intrigued, I leaned into him. “You’re not mad?”

He shook his head, “No. I’m still upset that you didn’t answer me when I asked you a question,” he gave me a pointed look.

My shoulders slumped, “...It was embarrassing,” I mumbled.

His hand dropped from my lips to my neck, gently wrapping his hand around it. I blushed as butterflies flooded my tummy. He gave me a dark look. “I don’t care how embarrassed you are; you do what I tell you,” he demanded. He pulled me close to his face, his lips impossibly close to mine, making my breath hitch. “If you want to be embarrassed, I’ll give you something to be embarrassed about,” he promised.

My heart hammered as he licked my lips, slowly teasing them with the tip of his tongue.

My eyes fluttered closed as I parted my lips for him. The feeling was new, and it was making my girly parts *throb*.

His tongue entered my mouth, massaging my own. The minty coolness of his breath fanned across my lips, making me shiver. His lips were rough against my soft ones. He kissed me hard, almost desperately.

His hand squeezed my thigh, and I let out a whimper as I felt the strange wetness leak out of me again.

Pulling away from my lips, he allowed me to catch my breath. He moved his attack to my neck, leaving burning kisses everywhere. “Fuck, I could eat you up,” he husked against me.

“As long as you save some for the rest of us.”

My eyes rounded at the sight of the rest of my guys, all standing in the office doorway, watching Felix and me. More wetness seeped out of me at Quin’s comment.

My mind was battling itself. Should I listen to the heartbeat in my chest or the one in my underwear? I wanted all of them, obviously; I loved them. This new dynamic was scary for some reason. I’d never feared them, even when I should have. Even when they ripped Elliot and Jonas apart, I justified their actions.

Seeing them all look at me like they really did want to eat me up made my heart nervous.

My *other*, greedier, more impulsive heartbeat was excited—to say the absolute least.

They wanted me in the same way I wanted them, I thought. I'd been going back and forth about how I was supposed to feel. Sat in Felix's lap, my lips swollen from being kissed, and all my other guys looking ready to pounce on me, I'd never been so sure about anything.

They were mine. I was theirs.

I stayed frozen on top of Felix, his large hand teasingly rubbing up and down my thigh. Lightning shot from his fingertips straight between my thighs.

Lucifer moved slowly, his eyes staying on me as he sat in the far corner of the office. He crossed his legs, resting his ankle on his knee. As usual, he didn't say a word, but the intense look he gave me said everything.

The rest of them dispersed, moving to various areas of the office. Theo and Duke sat in front of us on the other side of the desk. Dane leaned against the wall behind us. Quin and Eugene stood by the corners of the desk on either side of Duke and Theo.

I shrunk in Felix's arms, feeling consumed by their intense presence—not that I was complaining; I'd never been one for attention and often shied away from it. On the contrary, I'd always craved attention from *my guys*. Even with them circling like lions, they were giving me their attention, which was *electrifying*.

“You look like you want to ask something?” Felix said, breaking the silence.

Several questions bombarded my thoughts. Before my brain could stop the words from leaving, I asked the first thing that came to mind. “Is this allowed?” I gestured to all of them around me.

Theo chuckled, softly nodding his head at me in a reassuring way.

“Who makes the rules *today*, Doll?” Quin hinted at our earlier conversation.

Peeking at Felix, I took note of the daring look in his eyes. Even on my birthday, he was always the one in control of

everything. Grinning at Felix, I answered, “That’d be *me*.”

In response, Felix smirked, giving my inner thigh a small slap.

I yipped, giving him a pout. *Ouch, how rude.*

Quin smirked as he looked between the two of us. “That’s right. So tell us, is it allowed?” He asked.

Um, yes. It absolutely was. I could never be like this with just one of them. I’d be too sad. I wanted them all in a way that I didn’t fully understand.

“Careful with your answer, Angel,” Dane warned, but his eyes remained calm. His gaze was a bright scarlet hue that I had never seen before. He tilted his head, studying me. “Do you know what you’re getting yourself into?” He asked.

It wasn’t that complicated for me. I didn’t know what he was worried about. I liked being around them, I loved touching them, and kissing was definitely high on that list. I wanted to know what he meant, though. I looked up at him through my eyelashes. “Show me?”

Felix tensed behind me, and I noticed the air in the room thicken.

Felix ran his hand along my side, rubbing his hand down the silk of my dress. “Why don’t you go show Duke what a good kisser you are,” he tested. His voice came out in a husk behind my ear.

Blushing, I locked eyes with Duke. He smiled at me, pushing his chair out to make room on his lap for me. “I would love that,” he spoke softly.

Remembering how close he’d come to kissing me in the library, I was quick to take my chance again. He wasn’t going to get away this time.

I stood up and slowly walked around the desk; seven pairs of eyes followed me like a moving target. Before I could sit down in his lap, Theo pulled me into his. He held my hips down on him, still giving me easy access to Duke.

Duke watched me lovingly, making a lot of my nerves disappear. It was odd. With each of them individually, I was completely comfortable. As a group, they were much more intimidating.

I sat on Theo's thighs, my back to his front with his hands caressing my hips, watching Duke's hand reach for my face.

Duke softly grabbed my chin, tilting my face up to meet his. "Be a good girl and show me what Felix taught you, hm?" He coaxed, his ruby eyes fixated on my lips.

My heart fluttered as I leaned forward, lightly licking his lips before I kissed him.

Duke responded immediately, tilting his head and deepening the kiss. He was much more gentle than Felix, but it felt just as good. His tongue was soft as it played with mine, and I bit back a moan.

Theo's hands fondled my ass, massaging my cheeks through the short dress.

A gasp escaped me as I felt the dress slide up over my ass, exposing my underwear. Reluctantly breaking away from the kiss, I turned to look at Theo. He seemed all too happy with himself as he smirked at me, his large hands resting on my exposed hips.

He hooked his finger along the thin waistband of my lace underwear. "I like these," he complimented calmly. "Can I have them?" He gave me a pointed look, hinting that it was a rhetorical question.

"You want my underwear?" I repeated, looking puzzled.

"You won't be needing them, Princess," he explained.

I won't?

Before I could blink, Theo effortlessly lifted me up and sat me on the edge of Felix's desk. "I promised you we'd continue, didn't I?" He said.

I raised my eyebrows, watching Duke and Theo each grab one of my knees and pull them apart, spreading my legs for

everyone else to see. I was blushing profusely but felt more liquid leak out of me.

Nothing but the thin fabric of my soaking wet panties covered me down there.

I heard Felix stand behind me and soon felt his hands on my shoulders. “Awe, look at the mess you’re making all over my desk,” he teased. I peered down and saw the wet spot on his desk. I widened my eyes, my heart pounding.

Duke’s thumb stroked my knee where he held me. “Don’t look so guilty, Baby. You’re doing so good,” he praised.

“Yes, that means you’re enjoying this, Elora. If you have questions, you need to ask us,” Eugene said gently, taking hold of my hand. “Understand?” He added.

I nodded.

He cocked his eyebrow, “Words, Love,” he warned.

“I understand.”

Quin walked around the desk and stood between my legs, his red eyes hungrily roaming my body. He smirked at Felix, “It’s nothing that can’t be cleaned up,” he said.

Felix smirked, softly pushing me down on my back, “Does that sound good, pretty Baby? Do you want Quin to lick you up?” He ran his thumb across my lips again. “Do you want him to fuck your tight little hole with his tongue?” He asked darkly.

Nodding, I whimpered as my girly parts pulsed with need. “Uh-huh,” my voice sounded strange, high, and incredibly needy.

I felt Dane grab my other hand, but I couldn’t focus on anything except the sensation of Quin running his finger along the outside of my underwear. He was barely touching me, and it wasn’t enough. Goodness, I needed this. I needed him to touch me. The thought of his mouth on me made my core ache.

“Beg.” I lifted my head, looking at Lucifer through glossed eyes. He sat in the same corner, in the same position as before.

He hadn't moved, and I didn't like that. I wanted him over here touching me too. It made me nervous knowing he was sitting back and simply watching everything.

Quin put pressure on me, his finger teasingly rubbing up and down my panty-covered slit. I moaned as my head fell back.

"Beg him, Kitten," Lucifer ordered again.

I flushed pink. Doing that would be embarrassing, and the thought of begging Quin to touch me made me want to hide. But I desperately wanted this.

Quin surveyed me intently as he kept teasing me, waiting. I couldn't look away; it was almost too much to handle. "Please, Quin," I whispered shyly.

Duke smiled at me while his hand traveled lower down my thigh.

"Tsk tsk tsk," Lucifer softly shook his head. "You can do better than that, can't she, Quin?"

Felix leaned down and kissed me hard, his lips were upside down against mine, but it just made me wetter. I felt something hot and damp on the outside of my underwear and almost screamed.

Enraptured in the moment, I lost track of whose hands belonged to who. Their hands were everywhere, touching up my arms and thighs. Quin's mouth was tantalizing with his small licks to the outside of my underwear—the sheer lace robbing me of where I needed him most. Felix's tongue stroking against mine pushed me over the edge. I wanted them more than I'd ever wanted anything in my life. If having them meant I'd have to beg, that was what I'd do.

I moaned against Felix's lips. "Please, I want you to touch me so badly that it hurts," I begged through whimpers.

"Good girl," Theo cooed, pulling my thigh further back and spreading my legs wider.

Quin tore my panties off me, the cold air on my core making me shiver. I didn't get the chance to react before I felt

the most intense pleasure I'd ever experienced. Quin was harshly lapping at my clit, sucking and kissing it.

Squirming, I tried to close my legs, but to no avail. Duke and Theo kept me firmly in place as Eugene and Dane kept my arms from moving. My eyes were filled with tears of pleasure. I loved this.

My back arched off the desk, only for Quin to push my hips down. "Shit—your pussy tastes so good," he growled, sounding much more animalistic than I'd heard before.

Felix gently pulled away from me and watched Quin eating me closely.

I let out a high-pitched shriek when I felt his thick tongue push into me. I closed my eyes, and my mouth fell open in ecstasy. "Oh, God—" I panted as an intense pleasure grew inside me.

Dane placed a tender kiss against my palm. "Cum for us, Angel," he guided.

Quin plunged his tongue deeper into me, hitting a delicate part of me that made me see stars.

My body twitched as I let out a string of moans, my senses quickly becoming overstimulated.

A sharp pain stung my inner thigh and both of my wrists. I winced, but the pain soon turned to immense pleasure, and I found myself enveloped in the sensation *three* more times.

Ecstasy filled my entire being; my whole body felt weightless and satisfied. I couldn't stop moaning, and soon enough, my own voice was just background noise to the fuzzy feeling in my mind. It was pure love, and I never wanted it to end.

My body went limp against the desk, and exhaustion took over me. I just needed a little nap...

"Quin, that's enough," I faintly heard Duke say.

"Quin," Dane warned, a sudden urgency in his tone.

Exhaustion hit me, and I felt myself quickly fall asleep, as happy as I'd ever been. I was just overjoyed that they loved me as much as I loved them.

The last thing I heard before sleep took me was Lucifer's calm voice, then yelling, followed by a loud clatter—then everything went peacefully silent.

Daddy



Elora

The soothing sensation of Lucifer's hand rubbing through my hair awakened me from a deep sleep. I wasn't sure how I knew it was him, but I did.

My body felt *heavy* with exhaustion. I couldn't bring myself to open my eyes as I cuddled further into his chest.

"Elora?" Dane whispered from somewhere in the room. I wanted to respond but couldn't—I just wanted to sleep. "Is she awake?" He asked.

"Not quite," Lucifer answered. "It's strange—being able to feel her feelings. I know why she sleeps so much now," he said thoughtfully.

"You can feel her exhaustion?" Theo added. "I didn't know that was possible."

"I can feel everything she can, just not physically. If she feels tired, I don't, but I'm forced to empathize with her emotions—it's difficult to describe."

After several minutes of silence, I willed my eyes to open. Blinking a few times, I adjusted my eyes to the bright light that came in through the large, open windows. I quickly realized I was lying on top of Lucifer in the living room; his hands were still gently running through my hair.

Finally lifting my head, I gazed up at Lucifer. His jawline was well-defined and sharp. I liked it a lot. It made him look like a work of art, a sculpture. He was chiseled to absolute perfection.

His eyes shifted down to me with a tilt of his head. He didn't say a word, but I was okay with that. With Lucifer, I didn't feel like he ever had to say much—or anything to all—to get his point across.

Using my arms as leverage, I sat up. Once I was sitting on my own with my back against the sofa, another wave of heaviness fell over me. The room spun for a second, and my head pulsed. “Woah,” I gasped, holding my head and blinking slowly. My body felt weird.

On the one hand, I felt relaxed and satisfied, especially in my girly parts. On the other, I was also freezing cold, and my body felt enervated.

I was still wearing my pink dress, with Felix’s white shirt from earlier over it. I squinted at my wrist, seeing two little puncture wounds. What were those? I touched one of the wounds and winced. That small amount of damage shouldn’t have been *that* tender.

My eyes wandered to my other wrist, seeing the same wounds on that one too.

I looked up at Lucifer, who watched me closely, studying my every move. “What are these?” I asked.

Lucifer glanced at my wrists and thigh before narrowing his eyes on me. “You know what they are.”

Looking down at my thigh with pinched eyebrows, I examined the marks again. I pulled the dress up a bit—remembering I was completely bare under the dress. My eyes rounded, seeing another set of puncture marks on my inner thigh. Though, the wounds looked redder and were much deeper than my wrists.

Quin, Eugene, and Dane. They bit me! My mouth dropped open in shock as I surveyed Lucifer again. I couldn’t believe it. They drank from me without even asking.

I guess it’d felt really good at the time, but I didn’t know if I was okay with them biting me. The wounds where they’d bitten me were sore. It was a sort of unspoken rule that had always been implied—that they weren’t allowed to drink from me. Especially at a time like that, when my mind was already foggy.

Is that why I felt so *drained*? Because they’d drank my blood?

Oh, I was mad. I was so incredibly furious.

Not only did they do that, but it wasn't even an even number of bites. There were *three* sets of wounds. I hated the number three more than anything. What the heck.

Looking up, I saw Duke and Dane enter the living room. Duke gave me a bright smile. "Have a nice nap?" He asked.

Yes, but I wasn't about to admit that.

My gaze shifted to Dane, and I couldn't help but glare. Out of everyone, I would think he'd be the last to bite me. Honestly, I didn't think any of them would have. I was genuinely surprised that Dane, a doctor whose morals align slightly more with mine, would have done that.

Dane stopped walking, giving me a confused stare. "You look upset?"

Well, no duh! I opened my mouth to complain, but I was quickly cut off.

"I can make it even for you if you'd like," Lucifer offered in my mind.

I widened my eyes at him, earning a sharp glance from him. Was he crazy? I didn't want to be bitten again; that was the entire point I wanted to make. Yes, it was irritating that there were three bites instead of an even number, but I could live with that. I'd be lying if I wasn't intrigued by the idea of having Lucifer's hot mouth on me, though. "No... get out of my head," I mumbled.

Dane was quickly in front of me, kneeling by the sofa. "What's wrong, Angel?" He asked, his calm eyes locked with mine. *Stupid, charming, devil...* I was still mad at him no matter how *ooh-la-la* he was.

I glanced between his eyes before I sighed, holding my wrists out for him to examine. "You bit me," I pouted.

He didn't bother looking down at my wrists, probably knowing firsthand what they looked like. He slowly nodded, placing his hand on my knee. "And you're not okay with that?" He concluded.

In what world would I be okay with that? “Not really, no.”

Duke looked guilty, but his eyebrows stayed knotted like he didn't understand. “Why not?”

I shrugged. I wasn't sure because it felt amazing. Now that I'd had time to think about it, it felt icky. “I'm not a snack,” I exclaimed.

Dane fought back a smirk. “Debatable, but we can argue that later,” he dismissed. I blushed, looking away from him. “How about this,” he started, “We won't bite you again until you ask us to,” he decided.

Thinking his condition was silly, I lifted a brow at him. “I'll never ask you to,” I stated matter of factly.

Dane sent Lucifer and Duke a knowing expression that I didn't understand. He gave me a small smile. “Your cake is ready. Are you hungry?” He asked.

Remembering that it was still my birthday, my eyes rounded. I eagerly nodded. “Obviously!” When I stood up, my body pulsed quickly, and I felt my head become fuzzy. Dizziness consumed me as I stumbled. Dane promptly caught me in his arms before I hit the ground.

“Careful, you've lost so much blood,” Dane mumbled while remorse took over his features.

Dane walked me into the kitchen, where my giant four-tier chocolate cake awaited me on the counter. *Yum!* I smiled, seeing all my guys in the kitchen, standing around the counter, ready to wish me a happy birthday—everyone except Quin.

My smile faded as I pushed my eyebrows together. Something felt weird.

I leaned against the counter next to Felix and Theo, “When is Quin coming down?” I asked, hoping he was just upstairs.

Theo gave Felix a quick glance before he gave me a sorry-looking smile. “Sweetheart, Quin had to go into the office for the rest of the day,” he explained.

My shoulders slumped. “On my birthday?” I asked. This wasn't right; they never worked on my birthday. I couldn't

possibly let them sing me happy birthday and eat cake without Quin. This was supposed to be my first birthday with *all* of them in years. I bit my lip as I thought. “Well, we can wait for him to come home, right?”

Theo looked around uncomfortably, rubbing the back of his head. His muscular bicep caught my eye as it bulged from his shirt. *Yummy.*

Duke wrapped his arm around my shoulders, pulling me into his chest from behind. “I’m sorry, Baby. You’re going to have to have a slice with him tomorrow,” he said softly.

Nope, I didn’t like that. Quin *made* this cake for me like he did every year. It was special to me, and I would wait for him. I grabbed the glass cover and placed it over the cake. “No.”

Felix narrowed his eyes at me. “You’re saying no to sugar?”

I folded one of my arms across my middle. “It’s not right that he’s not here, so for now, yes,” I explained.

Lucifer pressed his lips together, seemingly disappointed, as he practically gawked at the cake. And Felix wanted to tease *me* about being a sweet tooth. No one could ever compete with Lucifer and his craving for all things sweet.

Eugene sighed, shaking his head. “You only asked for two things. A big ass cake and for all of us to be here,” he sounded upset as he gave everyone a calculating look.

They looked at one another, obviously doing that mind-link thing. Duke’s grip on me slightly tightened, and their cautious behavior had me putting the pieces together.

I remember them saying Quin’s name and telling him to stop; that must have been when he bit me. I didn’t think Eugene and Dane took much, and Quin must have found it difficult to stop. That was why I was so dizzy. It made the most sense, especially if I recall what had happened when I was a kid. He licked that knife and went crazy.

“Quin isn’t working, is he?” I asked solemnly.

Lucifer's gaze shifted to me. He leaned against the counter, playing with his gold chain necklace. "No. He's chained to the wall in the basement," he deadpanned.

My mouth fell open, and my blood—or what was left of it—ran cold. I shouldn't have asked any questions. I'd much rather believe that he was in some big office. Not chained to a wall like an animal... not my Quin. Guilt settled in my tummy. "Because of me?" I looked up at him with wide eyes.

Lucifer softly shook his head, kneeling in front of me. "No, Elora. Quin is down there because he's choosing to be. He requested to be kept away till morning," he explained, his big hand holding the back of my thigh.

Quin was punishing himself? I didn't understand why he would do that. Did he think he'd hurt me if he didn't lock himself up? I knew he wouldn't. He obviously struggled with my blood, but I knew in my heart he would never hurt me.

Lucifer cocked an eyebrow at me, his demeanor changing from soothing to stern. "Now, be a good girl for me and eat your cake—"

"But Quin—"

"Quin ate something much more delicious than a cake. I promise he doesn't mind," he gave my thigh a quick slap, telling me not to argue.

I blushed, remembering how amazing Quin's mouth felt on me. I guess if Quin really didn't mind... I shyly looked away from Lucifer and at my wonderful cake. I smiled. "Okay, Luci, but you have to bring him a slice," I compromised.

Felix chuckled, and I saw Theo casually cover his mouth, hiding a snicker.

Lucifer stood up, towering over me, an amused grin also on his lip. "Luci?" He repeated, the nickname sounding like poison on his tongue.

I nodded. It made him sound *softer*, I guess. 'Lucifer' was literally the devil's name, and I'd never cared much for that. Luci was much cuter and way less intimidating.

He chuckled, his laugh low and threatening. I'd *never* heard him laugh! He firmly grabbed my cheeks, pulling my face close to his, making me stretch onto my tiptoes.

Duke let go of me, allowing Lucifer to pull me flush against him. I gasped as his lips roughly crashed onto mine. He controlled every aspect of the kiss, and I couldn't have been happier.

His tongue parted my lips, and I blushed, beginning to feel hot again. I felt the eyes of my other guys watching, and that shockingly only made me wetter, not embarrassed.

Lucifer caught my tongue between his teeth and bit it—hard. I moaned against his mouth, feeling him suck and lick my tongue before he pulled away, leaving me a panting mess.

His face was an inch from mine as he watched me with bright red eyes, “If you ever call me Luci again, I’ll bite your tongue off,” he threatened in a sickly sweet voice.

His threat didn't scare me; it made my stomach erupt with butterflies, which confused me. My heart hammered against my chest as I slowly nodded, feeling hazy from the kiss and lack of blood.

Lucifer stood to his full height, his hand that held my cheeks moved to touch my lips, “I prefer *Daddy*.”

The name suited him, and it made me smile. I'd do anything to make him happy, even if I did think it was a bit strange. “Okay, Daddy,” I said sweetly.



“Elora! You’ve been asleep for ten hours. I’m kinda freaked out,” I heard Theo whisper, followed by my shoulder being tapped lightly.

Theo cuddled me to sleep last night after eating entirely too much cake—it was totally worth the belly ache.

In an attempt to wake myself, I stretched out my limbs, hitting my headboard with my closed fist on accident.

He let out a small breath. “That better not have been on purpose, Princess,” he mumbled.

Confused, I peeked my eyes open, noticing I’d punched his face. *Oops?* Covering my mouth with my hands didn’t help to stop my fit of giggles and laughs. It wasn’t on purpose, but he deserved it for waking me up.

We were in my bed; he was sitting up against the headboard, dressed in shorts and *no shirt*... I eyed his toned chest and torso, suddenly feeling much more awake. I was lying down by his waist; I wore just a pair of underwear and a tank top to bed, caring more about comfort than couture.

Theo smirked, his eyes full of love as he adoringly watched me laugh at him. “I can’t even jokingly be mad at you; you’re so goddamn cute,” he marveled, shifting and hovering over me. He began attacking my neck and face with huge, sloppy kisses.

I squirmed under him, laughing as his lips tickled me. “Theo!” I warned, but my giggles and huge smile weren’t convincing.

He held himself up with his arms, trapping me under him, “Is there a problem?” He teased.

I nodded, my stomach starting to hurt from laughing. “Y–yes! You’re tickling me,” I tried to block him with my hands.

Theo stopped his attack, hovering over me again. “Oh really?” He said slowly. He caressed my stomach, softly running his fingers along the waistband of my underwear. I tensed as his touch sent lightning bolts to my girly parts. He smirked. “Are you ticklish here too?” He asked innocently.

I nodded. “Uh-huh...” I looked between his hand and his handsome face. It was so early in the morning; surely he wouldn’t tantalize me with touch. My heart pounded against my chest, and I felt the familiar annoying wetness coat my underwear.

Theo slowly ran his hand across my hip and down to my thigh. His fingertips left trails of fire that made my skin burn with desire. My body flinched as he teased me; his touch was as light as a feather and everywhere except where I needed him most.

His eyes never left my face as he toyed with me. “What’s wrong, Princess?” He smirked. “Are you wet already? Just from this?” He taunted.

Averting my eyes away from him, I hid my blush. I bit my lip, not knowing how to defend myself. I couldn’t help it; it felt wonderful. Peeking back at him, I watched him look my body up and down, a satisfied approval on his face.

“Don’t be mean, Theo. You like me this way,” I responded, noticing the obvious enjoyment he was getting out of my reactions.

His eyes shot back to mine, and he smiled, “I love you every way, but yes, teasing your little pussy is far too much fun.” He suddenly cupped the outside of my underwear with his hand, gently rubbing three of his fingers along them.

With a gasp, my head fell back onto my pillow. Instinctively, my hand reached for his wrist, not to stop him. I just wanted something to hold on to. I wasn’t sure why I kept doing that...

With his free hand, he swiftly gathered both my wrists and pinned them above my head. “Ah, ah, ah,” he shook his head at me. “We’re going to have to break that habit,” he said darkly, his voice sterner than it usually was.

With my arms above my head, my tank top rode up just under my breasts, exposing my middle. In this position, Theo had complete control over me; the thought of that made goosebumps cover my skin. “Sorry,” I said weakly through my panting.

His middle finger applied pressure to my clit, earning a hearty moan from me while my eyes fluttered shut.

“Not yet, you aren’t. Try that with Felix or Quin—then you’ll be sorry,” he informed.

I pushed my eyebrows together but didn't question it. I couldn't think of anything else except his fingers rubbing the outside of my underwear. "Theo, please," I whimpered. My hips started rolling against his hand, my body desperately needing more.

He groaned, putting more pressure on my clit. "You're so fucking gorgeous. Look at you, so desperate, fucking yourself on my hand," he chuckled, but it wasn't his usual, playful laugh.

Opening my eyes, I immediately zoned in on his bright red eyes. He looked feral, like he hadn't eaten in months. I moaned, sickly liking how dirty his words were. I shouldn't have enjoyed it as much as I actually did. Even though it could be embarrassing, I craved it.

Theo stared at me as he ripped my underwear off of me, cold air hitting my hot core. I gasped. "Hey!" I pouted, remembering the same casualty of my underwear from the day before.

With a roll of his eyes, he leaned down and kissed me. His tongue was in my mouth in a second, exploring and toying with my own. He moaned into the kiss. "I'll buy you new ones," he dismissed.

I felt defenseless with my hands restrained as his large body kept my much smaller one in place. Melting into the kiss, I forgot about my aching core for a moment. His lips were soft and supple, making the kiss hot and sloppy.

His long finger ran along my slit, making me fidget with need. He flicked my clit with the tip of his finger before returning and teasing my little hole.

"God, I want to fuck you."

My eyes rounded at the urgency in his tone. I wasn't sure if I was ready for that yet. I wanted to—I *really* wanted to. But I didn't think it was the right time. I wanted all of my guys with me when that happened.

Theo pulled away from my lips, smirking down at my shocked expression. "Relax, Princess, today's not the day," he

reassured.

I relaxed, relieved that he'd understood without me having to explain. "I like this, though," I said quickly, worried he might stop.

He grinned. "Why so eager? I promised you we'd continue, as fun as it would be to stop now and leave you a fucking mess for the rest of the day; I don't have that kind of control," he cocked his eyebrow before I felt pressure against my entrance.

My mouth fell open as his finger slowly pushed into me. "Holy shi—" Biting down on my lip, I stopped myself. The intrusion was strange and uncomfortable, but it felt so good.

"Good girl, just relax for me," he coaxed, pushing his finger in me until he was knuckle-deep. I whimpered, feeling a slight stretch. It wasn't painful, just new and weird. His fingers were giant...

He watched me in a trance as he slowly rocked his finger in and out of me, making a wet sound as he did. I squirmed under him, not knowing what to do with myself. "Am I hurting you, Princess?" He asked.

Hurting? I shook my head, my heart swelling with love. His slow, teasing pace was killing me. "Faster," I moaned, pushing my hips up, meeting his fingers' movements.

He smirked, a devilish look in his bright eyes as he shook his head. "Careful what you wish for," he warned.

I screamed as his finger pulled out of me and slammed back in *over and over again*. My whole body tensed, feeling an overwhelming pleasure deep inside me. My eyes welled with tears, and my vision blurred.

It almost hurt from how good it felt. But I never wanted it to end; I wanted this forever. His finger curled inside me, rubbing against my sensitive wall, and I saw stars. "Theo!" I cried, clenching around his finger.

A string of moans turned into screams as he continued thrusting his finger viciously into me. Tears ran down my face as he kept hitting the same delicious spot, elongating my orgasm and pushing me over the edge into oblivion.

After several more pumps, he pulled his finger out of me, making me shiver. His other hand released my wrists, and they dropped to my side.

Panting and exhausted, I watched him suck my juices off his finger. A delightful moan rumbled through his chest. “You taste so sweet,” he smirked at me.

I couldn’t even blush; I just stared at him. He was so hot, and it was hard to believe he was mine. I reached up and wrapped my arms around his neck, pulling him to my lips. I kissed him, tasting traces of myself and selfishly enjoying whatever I could get.

He smiled into the kiss before pulling away while adoringly looking down at me. “What was that for?” He asked.

“I just love you,” I responded with a shrug.

His eyes softened as he scooped me up into his arms. “Let’s get you cleaned up.” Theo carried me into the bathroom and sat me on the counter before he started the shower.

He moved swiftly around my bathroom, placing a towel in the warmer and checking the water temperature. “Where’s everyone else?” I asked, thinking at least one of them would have walked in after hearing us.

Theo walked over to me. “They had stuff to do this morning; it’s just us here,” he explained. He lightly touched my elbows. “Lift.”

Lifting my arms, I allowed him to remove my shirt. With a sly smirk, his hands immediately cupped my underboob... He was way too happy about it for his own good.

I couldn’t help but giggle before swatting his hand away. “The shower, Theo...” I reminded him.

He looked back at me, snapping out of it. Putting his hands up in surrender, he gave me a pointed look as if he was about to tell me something important. “You should walk around topless forever.”

I tilted my head at him. “No!” I laughed, crossing my arms over my boobs in an attempt to cover them.

With a sigh, he wrapped his arms around my waist and carried me into the shower. “It was worth a try,” he defended.

Standing under the warm water, the heat relaxed my muscles. “You’re not coming in?” I asked when he didn’t step in after me.

There was a pause as he seemed to ponder. “I’d love that, Princess. But not this time. I don’t think I can take much more,” he said softly, like he didn’t want to hurt my feelings.

Darn, I wanted him to come in with me. If he said no, that was okay. “Next time, right?” I bargained.

He laughed. “You’re going to be the death of me.”



Boredom had slowly taken over my mind. It was still just Theo and me, the others hadn’t returned home yet, and it was almost evening.

For the entire day, we watched movies. I made him alphabetically organize their hundreds of records (which I’d wanted to do for years), and we dusted every single nook and cranny of our huge house. We also labeled everything in the kitchen. It was my first time using the label maker Quin had gifted me for my birthday. I had a really fun day, but Theo did not.

He never complained once, though. But I could tell none of those things interested him in the least. I was beyond satisfied; I never had time to fix the things that bothered me before. I was lucky to have had time off and someone to help me. I was delighted.

Theo and I were in the library. I was lying on the floor with my feet up on the wall, looking at *ancient* pictures and paintings of old men. Theo sat against the wall, looking at a book he randomly grabbed.

“Theo?” I started.

He slowly turned to look at me. “You’re not going to ask to organize the books, are you?” He practically begged.

“No,” I assured with a laugh. I pointed up at the pictures. “Who are those people?” I asked. I’d lived here all my life and never questioned why we had strangers’ photos displayed on the wall.

Theo turned and looked up at the pictures. “You’d have to ask Felix. I never much cared for politics or men who thought they were important,” he shrugged.

“Hm,” I thought. There was not a single picture of *us* anywhere. The library was the only room in the house with photographs and paintings; they were all strangers. “Do you think Felix would be mad if we took them down?” I asked.

Theo smirked, probably intrigued at the idea of getting under Felix’s skin. “Maybe. Why?”

Grinning at him, I sat up. “We should put up pictures of us, you know. Not these creepy-looking old dudes,” I thought.

“Hey,” he warned with a chuckle. He stood up and jumped several feet in the air, making it look effortless as he grabbed one of the smaller paintings. He sat back down by me and handed me the frame. “Not all of them are creepy-looking old guys.”

I pushed my eyebrows together, looking at the incredibly old painting. It was of seven men, all dressed in strange clothes and funny hair, that looked straight out of a 1700s movie. I questioningly eyed Theo, unsure of what he wanted me to do with this.

He laughed. “That’s us, like a few thousand years ago or something,” he shook his head.

“What?!” I looked again, noticing some similarities now. *Wow*, they looked much different in this painting. They were dressed horribly. “You’re so old,” I teased with a laugh. “You all look so angry,” I noticed.

He nodded. “There’s a lot about us that you don’t know, Princess. For a long time, our status defined us. We were better

than everyone else, and we weren't humble about it," he explained.

I kept looking at the painting, wishing I could have known them forever. It was hard for me to accept that there were aspects of their long lives that I would never know. I smiled. "I can't imagine you being anything but nice," I said honestly.

The sound of the front door opening broke us from the conversation. Excitement whirled within me; they were finally home! Theo stood up, reaching his hand out for me to take. I set the painting down and grabbed his hand. He smiled. "I wish I could see the good in everyone like you,"

"It's a gift," I said smugly, pulling him through the house until I saw all my other guys standing by the foyer. I'd missed them so much, and it had only been a day.

Letting go of Theo, I flung myself at Quin, still feeling bad that he punished himself over something that wasn't *that* big of a deal. *Kind of...*

"Did you like the cake?" I asked, looking up at him.

Wrapping his arms around my back, he gently swayed me. "I should be asking you that. It's *your* cake," he softly chuckled.

I beamed up at him. "Oh, I loved it, overate, felt sick, gained like a hundred pounds, regular birthday stuff. You know?" I joked.

He let go of me, and my back was pulled into Felix's hard chest. "We did try to warn you, Baby—"

"I'm a garbage disposal when it comes to sweets," I deadpanned. They could warn me all they wanted, I'd accepted that my addiction to all things sweet and sugary would never go away.

Eugene let out a small laugh. "What did you two do all day?" He questioned, taking a seat next to Lucifer on the sofa.

I stood on top of Felix's feet as he walked goofily into the living room, walking for the both of us. With a smile, I

watched our feet move. *This is fun!* “I put him to work,” I answered absentmindedly.

Eugene raised his eyebrows, “Is that code for something, love?”

Theo shook his head, plopping down across from him. “No, she actually made me her personal maid for the day,” he cringed. He pressed his lips together and smirked. “After she took a joyride on my finger,” he smugly added.

My head snapped in his direction while a dark blush crept up my neck. He couldn’t be selling me out like that! Theo’s admittance had them all smirking at me. *Dang it, Theo!* I puffed my cheeks, looking down at our feet, unable to meet anyone’s eyes.

Felix’s hand wrapped itself around my throat, lifting my head up. My neck was stretched, so I was looking straight up at him. “You’d best be getting over your shyness, Baby. It won’t help you,” he advised with a devilish smirk.

My eyes rounded as I stared at him. The firm grip he held on my neck sent butterflies throughout my body. He was right, though, if I was going to have all of them—and I would—I was going to have to be more comfortable in my own skin. *Yeah... right.*

Felix’s hold on me loosened, and I looked forward again. Eugene looked like he had a secret that he was dying to tell someone. After knowing him forever, he was a dead giveaway when he learned about a scandal or something he shouldn’t have. He smirked at me. “Speaking of shyness, I got you a surprise today,” he said.

I loved surprises! I wiggled out of Felix’s hold and plopped down next to him and Lucifer. “Do I get it now? What is it—give me a hint,” I rambled, my thoughts and excitement moving too fast for my mouth to catch up.

Eugene chuckled while nodding his head. “Sure, it’s in the bag by the door,” he informed.

I got a few steps away from him before Dane grabbed my wrist. Turning to him, I was ready to complain that he was

keeping me from my present. I quickly stopped, seeing him eyeing the front window cautiously. Nerves took over my excitement, seeing the rest of them watching the same window with looks of uncertainty on their faces. What was happening?

“Are they invited?” Dane asked into the open air.

Who? Looking out the window, I saw nothing but our long driveway. They must have heard or smelled something I couldn't.

“No,” Felix answered sharply. “Elora, go to your room,” he ordered.

My feet moved on their own accord, but Duke quickly wrapped his arm around my waist. “Stay with us, Baby,” he countered Felix's order. Pushing my eyebrows together, I looked between the two. Felix gave Duke a warning glare, making me avert my eyes. He didn't even look at me, and I felt intimidated. Duke tightened his hold on me. “The safest place for her is *here* with us,” he said firmly.

Safest? My heart started racing, remembering Elliot and Jonas. Was someone here to hurt me again? I didn't want to go through anything similar to that—I couldn't do that again.

“Elora, come here,” Lucifer called, patting his thigh.

Duke let go, and I quickly sat on Lucifer's lap, burying my back into his chest as he tightly wrapped his arms around me. “Calm down, they're old friends of ours,” he explained in his low whisper. The calmness in his tone relaxed me.

“*Friends* that I'm not safe around?” I stressed.

“He didn't say they're *good* friends,” Quin said boredly. Honestly, they didn't look scared at all; they just seemed surprised. Maybe the reason they were worried was because whoever was visiting was unexpected. No other vampires have ever visited here. I've never known others—I didn't want to.

Lucifer put his hand on my lap, and I started twiddling with his rings. “*Do you truly believe anyone's stupid enough to try and hurt you with us around?*” Lucifer spoke into my mind.

No, I didn't. But there were many stupid people in this world, so says Eugene.

I watched Felix go to the door and open it. "To what do we owe the pleasure?" He asked casually.

Two men, clearly vampires with dark red eyes, stepped in. They were both wearing jeans and t-shirts, dressed casually. "Felix, it's been far too long," the one with dark hair greeted.

A creeping feeling of *deja vu* crept up my spine. I knew I'd never seen that man before, but there was a feeling of familiarity I couldn't shake.

Felix narrowed his eyes at them. "I don't like repeating myself, Zion. Cut the shit. Why are you and Gavin here?"

Zion walked further into the living room, surveying everyone. His eyes landed on me, and I quickly looked down at Lucifer's hand, trying to look busy with playing with his rings.

"We've come to warn you," Gavin spoke, and I peeked up at him. "It's no secret that your clan has pissed off many rogues," he continued as he leaned against a wall.

"We know about the rogues. Two of them have already attacked," Eugene dismissed.

Jeez, they were all acting so serious. I prefer them all lovey-dovey and sweet like they usually are.

Zion cocked an eyebrow. "Gavin and I have heard rumors that rogues are planning to overthrow you," he explained.

Quin chuckled, "Overthrow? They couldn't if they tried; surely they must know that," he rolled his eyes, still looking bored.

Zion shrugged. "I agree," his eyes shifted to me. "Unless they have the right leverage," he smiled at me. "It seems you boys have taken in a pet," he grinned at them.

Pet? Excuse me; I think not. Who even was this guy?

Lucifer softly stroked my side with his hand that I wasn't playing with. "*Don't react, Kitten. They're trying to get a*

reaction out of one of us—”

“Watch your fucking mouth,” Theo glared at Zion.

I felt Lucifer sigh behind me. Of course, it would be Theo—he’d never had a filter.

Gavin put his hands up in surrender. “We mean no harm, Theodore. You’ve helped us out of sticky situations, consider this warning our repayment.”

“If that’s all, you may leave,” Dane gave them both a cold stare. Even Dane was on edge with them here. I didn’t think they were friends at all. They must just *know* each other.

Zion eyed me. “You’re really willing to risk dozens of rogues coming after you all for a silly little human?” He thought.

Felix chuckled, but there was no humor in the sound. “Another word, and I’ll let *her* pick how you die. We’ll see how silly she gets then,” he threatened, venom dripping from each word.

I tensed, my heart hammering against my chest. I hoped Felix wasn’t serious; I could never be responsible for something like that.

Zion and Gavin looked between the eight of us, realization dawning in their eyes. “I see,” Gavin said calmly, pushing himself off the wall. He seemed to be the less intimidating of the two.

Zion followed suit and started towards the front door. “We’ll be in touch if you need anything,” he waved bye sarcastically at everyone. “Nice to meet you, Elora,” he replied smugly.

No one said my name...

“*He’s trying to scare you. He heard us say it earlier. Vampire hearing, Kitten,*” Lucifer ran his hand soothingly through my hair.

I sighed in relief. Vampires were scary. Well, all except mine.

“Don’t count on it,” Felix closed the door behind them, and I turned to look out the window, watching them run off.

Duke looked annoyed as he crossed his arms. “What reason could they possibly have to show up here? We’re the best at what we do; they must know that we’re aware of the rogues,” he thought.

Eugene eyed me, “We’ll discuss this later,” he said firmly but gave me a comforting smile shortly after.

Remembering my surprise, I lifted my eyebrows. “Now that the creeps are gone, may I have my surprise?” I begged.

Eugene stood up and grabbed the small black bag before handing it to me, looking much too satisfied with himself. *Oh, this was gonna be good!*

Reaching into the bag, I pulled out a... metal wine bottle cork thing? It was small and shaped like a teardrop, with a thin part that connected to a pink gem. I had no idea what it was. Eugene wouldn’t have gotten me a wine stopper, I didn’t drink.

I cocked my eyebrow at it, glancing at Eugene, who was smirking. “Thanks for the...” I turned it around a few times, desperately trying to figure out what it was. “I have no idea what this is—”

“Eugene!” Duke called out, sounding offended. He quickly grabbed the thing out of my hand and threw it back in the bag.

I glanced around, seeing Dane holding his head in his hands, shaking his head. Felix was still by the front door, watching everyone closely. Quin was smirking, sending Eugene a look of approval. Theo laughed hysterically, walking out of the room and mumbling about my reaction. Duke was mortified for some reason. Lucifer was calm as ever, but he did seem intrigued. Eugene was still way too happy with himself.

Eugene shrugged at Duke. “What?” He questioned innocently. “If we’re going to fit, we need to start stretch—”

Duke gave him a wild look. With how Duke acted, I was a little scared for Eugene. “Don’t you *dare* finish that sentence,”

he warned, pointing a finger at him.

I was beyond confused, but I couldn't believe that Duke had taken my surprise away. I didn't know what it was, but Eugene got it for me, so it was automatically special. "Hey, that's mine," I reached for the bag.

Duke held it out of my reach, closing his eyes and taking a breath, looking like he was in shock. "No, Baby, I'll get you something better; you don't want this," he said quickly.

I thought for a few seconds. "Do I finally get the candy bar?" I asked hopefully. He keeps teasing me with it. I kept seeing it in his pocket every once in a while, but he hadn't given it to me yet.

Duke knitted his eyebrows. "This is the fifth time you've mentioned a candy bar—what candy bar?" He asked. He sounded so shaken up by Eugene's gift.

Lucifer let out a small, breathy laugh from behind me.

"The one you keep carrying in your pocket. I keep waiting for you to give it to me, but it's obviously a king-size one, so you're bad at hiding it," I said in a duh tone.

Eugene

She looked beyond confused between the butt plug I got her and confusing Duke's dick for a candy bar. She has always been worryingly naïve and innocent. Watching her, with the most adorable pout on her face, made my dick hard. All the new things we were going to teach her and all the ways we were going to ruin her were constantly running through my mind.

I grabbed the bag back from Duke, seeing him still too dumbfounded to care. He was horrified that I got her a butt plug, and I knew he would be. He somehow wanted to keep her innocent and fuck her brains out simultaneously. He was going to have the most difficulty adjusting to this.

It needed to happen because at least one of us would fuck her perfect little ass. She needed to be used to something down there, or it was not going to be enjoyable for her—and I wasn't about to let that happen.

"She's confused out of her mind. Someone explain before I do," Lucifer announced through the mind-link.

I held out the plug to her, so she could look at it again. "This is a butt plug, Love," I started.

She looked down at it suspiciously. "A what?" She squeaked, clearly scared of it.

Duke sent me a furious look behind her, shaking his head at me. He was horrified that I got his baby a butt plug. I knew he would try and scold me later, trying to convince himself he didn't want to fuck her there. The only person he was fooling was himself and probably Elora. He would thank me later.

I pointed to the pear-shaped knob. "This goes in your ass. It's meant to help stretch you out, so when—if," I corrected, not wanting her to feel like she had to do anything. *"Something goes up there, it won't be uncomfortable,"* I explained.

She blushed a deep crimson, her expression mimicking Duke's. She opened her mouth to object, but Lucifer was

quick to speak. “It would make us very happy if you tried it, Kitten,” he coaxed.

She relaxed against him, glancing at the plug. “I do like pink...” she agreed shyly.

Lucifer spent a week in her head and suddenly was the best person to talk her down. To be fair, he was speaking directly to her obvious praise kink.

She’d always been a people-pleaser, going above and beyond in academics and sports. But with us, she was almost *too* easily manipulated. She’d do anything to make us happy, which I personally loved. But it was a thin line we had to be careful not to cross. I fear that one day she might be too shy to tell us if something bothered or made her uncomfortable. Luckily, with Lucifer taking a permanent residence in her mind, he would know.

She truly was such a good girl; I made sure to tell her frequently. She’d never go out of her way to do something that would intentionally upset or defy us. She was naturally submissive, which was perfect for us. I knew Felix was looking for *any* reason to spank her.

Felix and Quin are straight-up sadists, and they’d love nothing more than to throw her around for a few hours.

Despite her adorable personality and soft skin—I had a sneaking suspicion she’d happily take any punishment they determined necessary. Fuck, she called Lucifer Daddy, loved any kind of sexual attention we gave her, and got drenched when we said dirty things to her. She was just as kinky as we were; she couldn’t hide that from me.

She bit her lip, looking up at me with big blue eyes. “But not today, right?” She asked, hinting that she wasn’t ready for that.

I grabbed her tiny hand. “Whenever you want to, Love,” I assured.

She relaxed against Lucifer again, resting her head on his shoulder, looking at Duke expectantly. I smirked at him, eager

to see how Mr. Proper himself was going to explain a boner to his baby.

Due to her playing sports and being a member of many school clubs, she often missed her last class of the day. Unfortunately for everyone here—that class was health. If I could go back in time to when she asked if she could join as many extracurriculars as she wanted to, I would have told her no. Not only did she miss out on basic, common knowledge any nineteen-year-old should know—like what a boner is—she also exhausted herself. Dane, Theo, Quin, and I all knew she busied herself with erasing Duke’s memory from her mind. At the time, with her crying every day, we would have agreed to anything she could distract herself with.

Elora was brilliant—I made sure of that over the years. School and education had always been something I valued, and I passed on that value to her at a young age. When she needed help with an assignment, I jumped in to explain things and help her before Theo or—*God forbid*—Felix could. She was sensitive, and yelling at her would *never* work. With that being said, trying to explain new things to a child, preteen, and even teenager was a difficult task.

She was academically advanced but incredibly laughable when it came to sex, drugs, alcohol, or anything else one would learn in a health class. It was the one thing I’d failed to ensure she was educated in.

Duke cleared his throat while straightening his posture. “It’s not a candy bar,” he started. Elora pouted, and I almost let out a laugh. Such a sweet girl. He sighed, obviously unhappy that he had to explain it to her. “When you’re turned on, you get wet; that’s how most women show arousal,” he continued.

I pushed my eyebrows together, finding this route interesting. I’d just tell her she makes my dick hard and offer her a feel. He was so flustered I almost felt bad for the man. Outside of the bedroom, he’d never been good at this kind of stuff. Once in bed with a woman, he was incredibly vocal—a completely different person.

Elora blushed, “Okay?”

“When a *man* is turned on, his penis gets hard,” he explained. “That’s what you saw,” he finished.

Theo sarcastically clapped his hands. “Atta boy!”

Duke shot him a harsh look, and Theo left the room with a smirk. He just couldn’t help himself.

Elora pressed her lips together. “Oh,” she looked deep in thought. “So, you think I’m hot, huh?” She smirked, wiggling her eyebrows at him playfully.

I smiled, watching her attempts to lighten the mood and ease his stress.

Duke smiled. “As a matter of fact, I do,” he gave her a pointed look before he followed Quin into the kitchen. Probably to pour himself a drink.

Elora giggled after he left, softly shaking her head. Lucifer turned on *Gone with the Wind*, and soon everyone did their own thing.

Halfway through the movie, Elora fell asleep in Lucifer’s arms. She’d always been a tired person, but even more so when she was about to get her period. As vampires, we were able to tell *days before* she started bleeding. Her hormones changed, and she smelled slightly different. I’d say her period was the most challenging part about living with her.

It has gotten easier over the years, but the constant smell of blood around her for a few days a month was unnerving. Quin was out of the house as much as possible during her three days.

Now that we’ve been intimate with her, I think it was going to be much more complex. At least for me, it would be. She smells so fucking sweet as it is, throwing blood into the mix; that was a recipe for disaster.

I thought about Zion and Gavin. Their visit wasn’t to warn us about rogues. One of us could single-handedly fight off any wolves that attempted to invade. There was a reason we were the ones who got sent to mediate whenever there were attacks. We were the best at what we did, and any wolf who even thought of attacking must be suicidal.

“Do you think they came here to see Elora?” I asked Lucifer.

He glanced at me. “It’s more believable than assuming we’re ignorant to the rogues,” he agreed.

“What would they gain from it? I doubt either of them would be working with rogues, it’s not in their nature,” I thought.

“We shouldn’t rule it out. Their visit had more than one intention, that much is clear,” he looked down at Elora, softly touching her stomach where her shirt rolled up.

Elora

Snapping my eyes open, I felt the familiar pain in my side that could only mean one thing. *Crap, this again. Every month...*

As I rolled out of bed, I noticed Dane wasn't next to me where I'd clearly left him. What a lousy cuddler. I was going to have to train him. *I sleep, and he holds me*—it was really not that difficult. If Theo could do it, anyone could. That man didn't understand sleep in the slightest, and he was incredibly impatient.

Entering my bathroom, I was happy to see that I'd caught it before any blood hit my underwear. After I'd cleaned myself up, I glanced at myself in the mirror.

Oh yuck, three in the morning was not a good look for me. My hair was wild, my crop top stretched sideways with a strap hanging off my shoulder, my eyes were red from tiredness, and a scowl sat upon my face—but at least my booty looked cute in these shorts.

With a blanket wrapped around myself, I began walking to find Dane. Annoyance rested heavily in my mind. I didn't exactly know what I was doing—but I knew that I had gone to bed with him, and he left me. That was a no-no. I had a *thing* about people leaving me, he knew that.

Groggily walking through the house, I found myself at the top of the stairs. Felix was waiting at the bottom for me with a gentle expression. “What’s wrong, Baby?” He asked. He must have heard me coming.

Not really in the mood to talk, I responded with a halfhearted shrug. I suddenly felt like crying but pushed the feeling down. I'd always been a crybaby but never liked crying in front of Felix. It was just my hormones all out of whack. “Where’s Dane?” I asked softly.

He wrapped his arms around my blanket-covered body. “He got called into the hospital; a kid needed emergency surgery,” he explained.

Oh. I suppose that was okay. As far as excuses go, that was a pretty good one. I still didn't like being alone, though. After being spooned to sleep last week, I couldn't go back to sleep without one of them.

Duke walked out of the kitchen, and his gaze immediately landed on me. "You look tired, Baby. Go back to bed," he ordered.

With knitted eyebrows, I watched Quin walk across the living room quickly, heading to the front door. He opened it and walked out swiftly, looking like he was on a mission. His leaving in haste was no surprise to me at this point. I wasn't the only one who was *extra sensitive* around this time of the month. I always pretended I didn't notice his strange behavior. It was easier than admitting he had a hard time controlling himself.

I nodded, agreeing with Duke.

"Come with me?" I asked Felix sweetly, seeing as he was already holding me. His arms were so comfy, we should've just stayed like this forever.

Felix picked me up by my booty, his hands cupping my cheeks. "You never even have to ask, Sweetheart," he chuckled.

Wrapping my legs around his waist, I rested my head on his shoulder. I smiled at Duke as we ascended up the windy steps. "I love you, Duke," I yawned, closing my eyes.

"Goodnight, Baby."

Drooling

Elora

A lustful moan escaped my lips as I lifted my hips off my bed, feeling myself come undone. I gripped the sheets, confused and in ecstasy, as my clit throbbed.

Tiredly opening my eyes, I saw Felix with his head clamped between my thighs. My shorts and underwear were thrown off the bed, leaving me in a small crop top.

I blushed. “Felix?” I questioned. Why would he wake me up like this? I wasn’t complaining; it was actually a wonderful way to wake up, but it just seemed weird to me.

He glanced up at me before continuing to gently lap at me. “Go back to sleep, Baby,” he mumbled as if in a trance.

Propping myself on my elbow, I watched him. I pulled my lip between my teeth, fighting back moans at the shockwaves from his tongue caused. “I don’t think I can,” I responded softly.

For a moment, I saw a glimpse of annoyance as though I’d interrupted him. The look was gone quickly and replaced with a smirk as he placed his arm under my lower back, lifting my hips further to his face. “Then lay down and let me make you feel good,” he coaxed.

He slid his tongue into me, the angle he had my hips held at making me see stars in seconds. His fervent sucking and licking quickly brought another release. I moaned, my eyes welling with tears again.

“That’s my good girl, cum for Daddy,” Felix husked against me.

A new wave of arousal flooded through me. *Daddy?* Felix liked to be called Daddy too?

Felix didn't let up at all. The overwhelming sensation against my clit was almost too much to handle. I needed a break or for him to be a bit more gentle. I whimpered. "Slow down, Daddy."

I tried to think about anything else, knowing it would be too much for me if I came again so soon. It was difficult with him being so persistent with me. What had gotten into him?

My eyes wandered around my room in a futile attempt to distract myself. My skin paled as I saw my shorts and now red-tinged underwear that I wore to bed. My eyes widened, remembering that my period had started last night.

With a gasp, my whole body became rigid. "Felix, stop," I ordered and tried to sit up, absolute terror overtaking me.

Embarrassment flooded through me, overpowering any kind of pleasure I felt. I didn't want to do this if I was bleeding—it was incredibly unsanitary. I couldn't believe I'd forgotten! How long had he been down there? Probably not long, or I would have woken up sooner.

Felix didn't seem to hear me as he kept going, his eyes glowing the brightest red I'd ever seen. I fought my eyes from rolling back as I felt myself close again, but I still couldn't justify doing this. No matter how hard I tried to push him away, he was much bigger than me. "Stop," I tried again. "Felix, I said—"

Suddenly, Felix was thrown across the room with his body hitting the wall so hard, I was shocked it didn't crack.

Dane stood next to me, looking me over for a second before pinning Felix against the wall. I flinched, watching as Felix thrashed against his hold, clearly trying to get to me.

He seethed at Dane. "If you don't let go of me, I'm going to break your fucking neck," he threatened, the promise evident behind his words.

I shrunk back, scared for Dane and scared for myself. What did I do that made him act this way? Was it simply the fact that I was bleeding? Felix *was a vampire*, after all. Nature and instinct didn't just go away overnight.

Dane looked like he was struggling to keep Felix away. “Snap out of it! You crossed the line!” Dane yelled back, fighting against him.

Felix wasn't even looking at Dane; his complete attention was set on me with an unfamiliar and deadly look in his eyes. “Get the fuck off—”

My hands covered my mouth to stop a scream from escaping as Eugene snapped Felix's neck out of nowhere, his body ragdolling onto the floor with no strength to keep him upright. Dane glared down at Felix, brushing off his button-down shirt. “What was he thinking...” he mumbled to himself.

Dane then locked eyes with me and walked over, sitting on the edge of my bed. I covered my bottom half with a blanket, remembering my nakedness from the waist down.

His eyes softened as he took me in. “I'm sorry, Angel. You shouldn't have had to see that—”

“Is he okay?”

Eugene scoffed. “Like I give a shit, that fucker deserves to be out cold for a few hours,” he practically spat.

Dane turned, shooting Eugene a harsh glare. “You know as well as I do he didn't mean for that to happen. Calm down,” he said firmly.

Eugene glared at Dane. “I don't care how far gone he is—if she says stop, he fucking *stops*,” he spat, glancing at me as he spoke.

How far gone he is? He *was* acting crazy because of my blood. Ick, I was going to have to talk with him about this. I was not okay with doing things like that on my period. It may not have mattered to them because they were vampires, but it made me incredibly uncomfortable.

Dane sighed but nodded in agreeance with Eugene. I knew they were both mad about what happened—but it really felt like Felix *couldn't* stop. I didn't even think he heard me, and I wasn't angry in that aspect. Rather, I was horrified that he would even think it was okay to do anything during this time of the month.

I bit my lip, feeling uneasy from the tension in the air. I glanced up at Dane. “Am I going to school today?” I asked, desperate to change the conversation.

“Not today, Beautiful. We need to be sure Zion and Gavin aren’t lingering around,” Dane explained as he held my hand, rubbing his thumb over my knuckles.

I looked down at my hands, realizing how much it bothered me that my routine had been wrong for most of the week. I missed talking to Willow and answering people’s questions. It was satisfying to help people; helping made me happy, and they always said thank you so nicely. I loved being with my guys and having their attention 24/7, but I missed my normalcy.

Lucifer lingered in the back of my mind, but he didn’t say anything. I think I just needed to accept that he would always be listening after Jonas and Elliott attacked. He was my built-in security system.

I felt Dane’s’ eyes on me. “Theo mentioned something about pictures. I think he wanted to do a project with you today,” he commented, trying to cheer me up.

“Really?” I peeked up at him with rounded eyes. Theo was going to help me put up our pictures? It was a long shot when I mentioned it to him, and I didn’t think he was paying much attention.

Dane smiled in relief while nodding. “Mhm, so get ready, then I’ll take you to get some pictures printed. How does that sound?” He offered.

“Okay!” I grinned, watching him get up and walk out of my room. Felix and Eugene were also gone—Eugene must have carried him out at some point. I really should’ve paid more attention to my surroundings. It was shocking how oblivious I was at times.

Getting ready for the day, I dressed in a cream sweater, pink jumper dress, and black Chucks. My hair was up in two pigtails, letting some strands fall around my face.

As I walked down the hall, I poked my head into each of their rooms, hoping they were there so I could say good morning. Unfortunately, Lucifer, Theo, and Quin weren't in their rooms. I assumed Dane, Eugene, and a knocked-out Felix were downstairs. That left Duke.

Wandering into his room with a mischievous grin, I heard his shower running. *Oh yay!* I tiptoed through his room, hoping to sneak up on him. The water was loud, hopefully, loud enough to drown out any noise I made.

Entering his bathroom, I pulled myself onto the counter, placing his neatly folded towel in my lap. He was going to be so impressed that I snuck in here—he didn't even see it coming. I was not a very graceful person, but man, I even impressed myself sometimes.

A few minutes later, the shower turned off, and I heard him pause momentarily. “Elora?” He called out, sticking his head through the curtain while giving me a pointed look. “What are you doing, Baby?” He chuckled.

My shoulders dropped. “Dang it, I thought I could surprise you,” I explained.

Duke softly shook his head at me as he smiled. “Good try, but it's nearly impossible.” He gestured to the towel in my lap. “Will you bring me the towel, Baby?” He asked.

I moved to get up but stopped. *I wanna see it...*

“Come get it,” I teased, holding it to him slyly. I'd never seen a penis in person before, just funky-looking diagrams in health class (that now I realize I should have paid much more attention to). I was excused for my last class of the day a lot in middle school for sports, which just so happened to be when I had health.

Duke raised his eyebrows, giving me a surprised stare. “I'm not decent, Elora,” he denied.

I shrugged. “You've seen me naked,” I argued, ushering him to step out.

His eyes locked on mine for several seconds, like he was challenging or testing me. I wasn't backing down; I was too

curious.

The corner of his mouth turned up slightly in a slight smirk. “Yes, I suppose it’s only fair,” he drawled before opening the shower curtain.

I blushed profusely, not expecting him to actually open the curtain. Honestly, I figured he would have found a way around it. I’d like to say I eyed his dripping wet abs and defined arms before I looked at *it*. But unfortunately, I had no self-control, and my eyes immediately zoned in on *it*.

It was long and about as thick around as my wrists. The tip of it looked angry and red, mushrooming over the rest of it, which was covered in veins.

Oh my God. That was going to eventually be inside me?! *Nope*. It would never fit. Theo’s fingers felt big—how on earth was I supposed to take that?

My eyes were practically glued open, and I couldn’t stop staring at him. I didn’t know if I was scared of it or thought it looked yummy. It definitely looked like something I wanted to touch, but I wasn’t expecting it to look so intimidating.

I didn’t even notice Duke walking towards me until the towel was gently taken from my lap. I looked up at him through my eyelashes, only holding eye contact for a second before looking at the wall. What was I thinking? This was embarrassing.

Duke placed the towel over his shoulders, making no effort to dry or cover himself. My heart pounded as he grabbed my chin and made me look at him. He smirked. “Not feeling so brave anymore, are you?” He tilted his head. His deep tone had an unusual roughness that made my lower stomach clench.

Not knowing how to respond to that, I pulled my bottom lip between my teeth. *No, I definitely wasn’t*.

Letting go of my chin, he placed his arms on either side of me, trapping me between him and the mirror. “You’re practically drooling, Elora,” he observed. His eyes softened as his bright red eyes roamed my face. “Next time you toy with me, I’ll take you against this counter,” he said far too calmly.

“So you can watch yourself become my mindless little cock slut,” he promised.

My lips parted, and my whole body glowed with heat and color. This was not how I expected our interaction to go. I’d never heard him say such dirty things; it gave me butterflies.

Taking in my stunned reaction, he smirked. “If you eye me like that again, I’ll fuck you until you’re nothing but a pretty little mess who can’t recall your own name.” He placed a gentle kiss on my lips as if sealing his promise with it.

Holding me by my hips, he lifted me off the counter, making me stand almost flush against his body. Our height difference made me squirm as I tried not to think about what part of him was level with my torso.

He ran his hand through one of my pigtails, gently wrapping his hand around it. “Be a good girl for me and go eat breakfast. You look hungry, Baby,” he teased sweetly.

I nodded before taking my exit from the lion’s den. Rushing out of the room, I felt my hair slip through his fingers.

A huff of air escaped my lungs when I was in the clear. I placed my hands on my cheeks, feeling how hot they were. Duke was *not* as easily manipulated as I’d thought. That was not how I expected him to act. But I really liked it...

Mine



Elora

“This one’s cute too, don’t you think?” I asked Dane, gesturing to a picture of Quin and me laughing in the kitchen. Before we left the house, I’d asked everyone to send me any group pictures or any pictures they might like of us. To my surprise, they all had several photos.

“The library wall can only hold so many, Angel,” he chuckled.

“I know... I just like them all so much,” I pouted, scrolling through the kiosk on which we downloaded the pictures. It was nearly empty in the building, probably because it was early morning on a weekday, and Dane went to the fanciest printing shop I’d ever seen.

I wanted all of the photos—it was impossible to choose. I’ve tried to sneak cute, in-the-moment candid photos of them, but they always caught me and ruined the authenticity of it.

They were clearly much better at capturing moments than I was. Before they sent them to me, I never knew most of these pictures existed.

He wrapped his arms around my shoulder. “How about we get a few smaller ones so we can frame them in other rooms, yes?” He thought.

“Are you sure Felix would be okay with that? I know he has a *thing* about decor,” I hinted with a smile. The manor had been updated to be lived in the current day and age, but it was still hundreds of years old, and Felix liked to preserve the old, or *creepy*, feel to it.

Dane kept one of his hands on my shoulder as he stepped in front of me with a firm expression. “Elora, *I* say it’s okay. If I tell you something, you don’t have to question it,” he scolded.

I bit my lip, “But—”

“No buts, Angel.”

Deciding it was best not to argue, I simply nodded in agreement. I just knew Felix would be upset if we changed too much, and I didn't want to be on the receiving end of it.

“Dane?” I started. “What if *you* tell me one thing, but Felix or one of the others tells me another? Who do I listen to?” The question had been lingering in my mind since Felix told me to go to my room, and Duke made me stay—I'd felt so conflicted. I wanted to make everyone happy, but how could I when there were seven personalities in the mix?

Dane knitted his eyebrows while his eyes roamed my features. “You can always make your *own* decisions, Elora. If any of us tell you to do something you don't want to, tell us,” he responded gently.

“Unless it's medical advice, then I'm definitely going to you, doc,” I assured with a giggle. I tried to picture Theo performing surgery. “Imagine Theo as a doctor!” I shivered. “Think of the disaster...”

Dane chuckled. “I'd rather not.”

We finished picking our pictures, getting many in different sizes. I was so excited to hang them with Theo. The photos would make the manor feel much homier.

The clerk woman eyed Dane in a way that made my skin crawl. “Your order will be ready in a few minutes, sir,” she gave him a flirty smile.

I tried not to glare at her from where we stood on the other side of the counter. He was mine, and the woman needed to stop looking at him like that... he was for my eyes only.

Dane gave her a quick nod. “Thank you,” he said politely.

She bit her lip, looking like a hound gnawing on a chew toy... *that was mean*. I shouldn't care so much that she was flirting with him, he only loves me, and I knew that. But she didn't.

She handed him a piece of paper with a phone number written down. “If you need anything else outside of photos,

give me a call,” she winked.

Nope, I didn't like that one bit.

Snatching the paper from her hands, I looked the woman dead in the eyes as I ripped it to shreds. With an innocent smile, I gestured to the area behind the counter. “Is there a trashcan back there?” I held out the torn paper to her, waiting for her to take back her failed attempt at getting Dane's attention.

Okay, I needed to calm down. I felt so angry. What kind of woman flirted with a man when he was clearly here with someone else. *Ick*.

She opened her mouth and glared at me before she rolled her eyes, taking the trash from me before walking to the back.

Dane smirked down at me. “I didn't peg you for the jealous type, Angel. After Jennifer and now this, I was wrong,” he teased.

Crossing my arms and shrugging, I responded, “She kept *looking* at you, being all gross and flirty.”

He wrapped his arms around me, pressing my back into his chest. “So? I'm yours. You're far too beautiful to be jealous of anyone else,” he complimented.

With a slight tilt of my head, I looked up at him through my lashes. “Say that again,” I smirked. I loved how that sounded.

Dane raised his eyebrows. “You're beautiful—”

“The other thing.”

He turned me around before gently placing his finger under my chin. His lips were dangerously close to mine as he spoke. “I'm yours. I always have been.”

My stomach erupted with butterflies. That was what I wanted to hear. Stood on my tiptoes, I kissed him on his perfectly plump lips. He wrapped his arms around my waist, and I grabbed the back of his neck, pulling him down to me.

Dane kissed me softly, slowly, like he savored every second. I tilted my head to the side, parting my lips for him,

craving more.

He took the invitation greedily, his tongue darting into my mouth as he let out a low moan that made my lower stomach clench. His grip on my hips tightened as he pulled me flush against him.

I quickly realized he was a much more gentle kisser than the others so far. He was still very much so in control, but I could kiss him for hours. With the others, my lips would start to hurt from the sucking, or I'd run out of breath. But Dane's kisses... Goodness, help me.

I heard footsteps, and without stopping our hot, little make-out session, I opened my eyes, seeing the clerk with several bags of photos in her hands. She stared at us wide-eyed, and I almost smirked.

Without looking away from her, I sucked on his yummy tongue, slowly pulling away from him. *He was fucking mine.*

"Kitten..." Lucifer practically groaned in my mind. *"Watch your language, or I'll put your mouth to good use,"* he threatened.

Oops?

The woman looked stunned as she pointed to the bags, clearly at a loss for words.

Dane looked down at me in a trance as I stepped away from him. His lips were slightly ajar, and his eyes clouded as he followed my every movement. With a grin, I reached into his hoodie pocket and grabbed his wallet. It looks like he was long gone—dang, Felix said I was a good kisser, but who knew! Dane literally seemed like he was in his own world.

I handed the clerk his card, and she quickly ran it.

What has gotten into me? This *so* wasn't like me. Maybe it was the hormones. Yeah, definitely that.

She handed his card back to me. "H—have a good day, miss," she swallowed, averting her gaze from us.

Grabbing the bags, I handed them to Dane. He took them, but his eyes never left me. We silently walked out to his car,

the air still very thick between us.

Huh, Duke had clearly become less easy to manipulate, but Dane seemed like a completely different story.

After we loaded the trunk with the bags, I went around to sit in the passenger seat, ready to go home and hang them.

Dane grabbed my hand before I could reach the door handle, “Backseat,” he ordered, his voice rasped and stern.

My eyes rounded, and my stomach clenched again. He opened the door to the backseat, and I climbed in. Confused, I watched him get in with me, closing the door behind him.

Not seconds later, he pulled me into his lap, and I instantly felt something hard pressed against my underwear. I gasped, but it was cut short as he slammed his lips against mine, continuing right where we had left off in the shop.

I melted into him while my hands tangled themselves in his hair. Feeling him slide my overall skirt up my hips, I gently moaned. He didn’t make any effort to remove my underwear, which I appreciated.

His hands squeezed my bottom, firmly dragging my hips forward, making me rub against him.

With a gasp, I broke away from the kiss. Dane didn’t stop guiding my hips, pulling me back and then forcefully forward. Knowing what it was that I was rubbing against and feeling him twitch under me made me a panting mess in seconds.

Dane watched me with so much intensity I thought I would crumble under his touch. “You think you’re clever? Sucking my tongue like it’s a cock,” he groaned, bucking his own hips up as he pulled me forward.

My hands gripped his shoulders, trying to keep myself stable as he used my lower half to his pleasure. I moaned, biting my bottom lip. “She had to know that you’re mine,” I attempted to explain through moans.

My clit throbbed, desperately wanting his sweatpants off. If it felt good through both our underwear and his thick sweats, I

couldn't imagine how it felt with nothing between us. Goodness, I wanted him so badly.

Dane slapped my bottom, and I cried out. It stung but sent a flood of arousal straight to my girly parts. If I wasn't wearing a tampon, I was sure there'd be a wet mess between us.

He looked down at me darkly. "Yes, you made that abundantly clear, darling. But you made me hard, and now your hot, little pussy is going to finish me off," he bucked his hips up again.

My head fell back in pleasure. I should tease him more often.

Moving my own hips, I matched his thrusts. Fervently, we ground against each other, both of us greedily using one another to get off.

A string of moans and whimpers escaped my lips as I felt myself close to cumming. He took control of my movements and jerked my hips over the tent in his sweatpants. "Shit, I want you to ride me, just like this, with my cock buried inside you," he moaned.

His thrusts became jerky and rigid, and I watched in a trance as his head fell back, his eyes remaining locked on me. His lips parted as his moans turned to whimpers. "Fuck Baby, cum with me—cum for my cock," he said through soft whimpers.

With one final thrust, I cried out in ecstasy, my eyes welling with tears as I came on top of him, my legs slightly shook from the spread position they were in.

Dane moaned while his hands palmed my ass, watching me as he twitched against me.

With a sigh, he wrapped his hand around the back of my neck and smothered me in kisses.

He kissed me slowly, his tongue dancing with mine, as if we had done this a million times.

My shaking body relaxed onto him, and I felt happiness spread through my nerves.

After what felt like hours of kissing, I finally pulled away, noticing something damp on my thigh.

Looking down between us, I saw a wet spot on his sweatpants. I widened my eyes, not knowing how that happened. I didn't think any would leak out... I looked up at him through my lashes. "Sorry, I made a mess..."

He knitted his eyebrows together, his gaze following mine. He softly shook his head and chuckled. "That's *my* mess, Angel," he assured.

A blush crept up my neck. I wasn't sure if he came or not... I didn't really know how to tell—I mean, I knew *something* came out; I just didn't know if it was like mine or not.

A sudden wave of accomplishment hit me, and I beamed up at him. "Really? You mean I made you feel good, too?" I thought out loud.

I knew we both enjoyed what'd happened, but it filled me with so much joy and accomplishment that I was able to make him feel as good as he made me feel.

His hand cupped my cheek. "Of course you did. You did so well, Baby. You're so perfect for me," he cooed, placing small kisses all over my face.

Overjoyed with love, there was no stopping the giggles that followed.



"We're home!" I called as Dane, and I walked through the front door. He set the bags down and promptly went upstairs (probably to clean himself from our earlier sexy time).

No one answered, so I wandered around the first floor for a few minutes, looking for one of them.

I found them all in the backyard, all shirtless with jeans on.

I sure was a lucky girl today.

Stepping outside, the sun hit my legs, but the crisp air sent a chill up my arms.

Eugene and Quin were punching each other, looking like they were having a gentleman's brawl, but with more aggression. I pushed my eyebrows together in confusion. Why were they fighting? Clearly, they weren't mad at each other because they were smiling and laughing at each other.

Honestly, the sight of all of them together made my heart happy.

Felix locked eyes with me, and I waved him over. I hadn't forgotten about what happened this morning, and I'd been planning my lecture.

In a few long strides, he was next to me. "Shall I apologize now or after you tell me how wrong I was?" He asked, obviously aware of the scolding he was in for.

I crossed my arms. "After, so you know what you're sorry for," I started.

He nodded as he took a seat on the porch swing, patting his lap. "Come on then, let me hear it, Baby," he beckoned.

I tried not to smile as I happily sat on his thigh. Turning to him, I tried not to feel intimidated. His abs had abs, and they were on full display to me. *Ugh, did he plan this?* Clearly, he knew I was planning on having a talk with him. But he looked so yummy...

I made sure my gaze never left his eyes as I spoke, knowing I might forget what I was supposed to be upset about. "First, you are never allowed to do anything like that during this time of the month. I don't like it, and it makes me uncomfortable," I gave him a stern look.

He didn't respond; he nodded, listening, and allowed me to speak.

"Second, you should have stopped the first time I asked, Felix. I'm not too mad about that—" I admitted. "But, next time, you listen to me, or I'll..." I looked around, trying to think of something to threaten him with. There was not much I could do to him myself; he was invincible. I glanced at his lips

and grinned. "I'll never kiss you again," I threatened. It wasn't possible, I'd give in quickly, but he didn't need to know that.

Felix looked taken back but nodded. "I promise I'll never do either of those things again," he said sincerely. "I won't give you any excuses for my actions, but I am truly sorry, sweetheart. More about the second than the first," he gave me a sly look.

I sighed. "You're gross."

"We're vampires, Elora. For humans, yes, it probably would be, but—"

I gave him a sharp look, "I *am* a human, and it's gross to *me*," I exclaimed. I got it; I really did. But that was not something I would ever be comfortable with. I didn't want to hear about how normal he might think it was.

He eyed me and softly nodded. "As you wish, I'll never mention it again," he promised.

I nodded, finally letting myself look down at him. Felix was the bulkiest out of all my guys. He was much broader than the others. "What are you all doing?" I asked, looking at the others, seeing Theo and Lucifer going at it.

Felix smiled. "After Eugene snapped my neck this morning, he needed to be humbled. So, I fought him. It turned into a pissing contest to see who's the best brawler," he explained.

I laughed. "Really? Is that something you need answered? You're all strong," I said. It seemed silly, but if they were having fun, I guess it was okay—especially if none of them were actually getting hurt.

Theo ran over to us, the speed giving me whiplash. "Ready to decorate, Princess?" He smiled.

"Yeah! Dane and I got so many good photos," I got up from Felix's lap.

"Decorate?" Felix questioned. There was already distaste growing behind his eyes.

Uh oh. Here we go.

Nervously, I bit my lip. “Uh-huh, I wanted to put up pictures of *us* instead of the old ones,” I explained. I put my hands behind my back and smiled. “That’s okay, right, Daddy?”

Felix cocked a warning eyebrow at me, but I could tell I had already gotten my way. He nodded, “Yes, I think that’s a wonderful idea,” he gave in.

Theo smirked, looking between the two of us. He grabbed my hand and pulled me into the house. “Well played,” he complimented.

The Game

Elora

Wandering about the manor, I feared I was about to lose my mind from boredom. It had been a week of house arrest, and I couldn't take it anymore. I wanted to go back to school and have something to *do*. I wasn't meant for laziness and spontaneity. I missed my *routine* and my days being planned out and structured.

My guys have done an excellent job at doing things with me to keep me busy this past week, but today was a different story. Eugene cuddled me to sleep last night but left as dawn broke.

They were all busy with work, werewolves, or other vampires—which I was okay with. I knew I couldn't take up *all* their time; that wouldn't be fair.

To start my day, I pulled out all my clothes from my closet just to put them back exactly how they were, just so I would have something to do. I'd done everything I wanted to do and more. I was really going to go crazy.

Looking at my feet, I walked down one of the many long halls, walking heel to toe, counting how many steps it took to get from one wall to another. I was dressed in thigh-high white socks and an oversized sweater. My hair was tangled from scrubbing all the trimming throughout the house.

Half an hour later, my feet led me in front of Felix's office. I needed to measure in there too. My game would be incomplete if I didn't do every room (excluding the bedrooms).

Trusting my luck, I bit my lip and softly knocked. "Felix," I whispered, knowing he could hear me. I really didn't want to bug any of them, I knew they were busy. I'd purposely stayed

away, so they would get their work done sooner; then, the rest of their time would belong to me.

“Come in,” he called.

I entered his office, closing the door quietly behind me, seeing he was on the phone. He was sitting behind his desk, wearing black slacks and a white button-down with his sleeves rolled up to his elbows. Holding the phone to his ear, his other hand controlled a computer mouse.

He was so yummy, it hurt.

Felix watched me as I put my heel against the wall and started walking again. I blinked up at him, faintly smiling as I counted the steps.

Unfortunately, getting from one side of his office to the other didn't take very long. I didn't want to leave... Sadly, this was the most attention I'd gotten all day long. I really was spoiled.

I lingered around one of his bookshelves for a few minutes, listening to him talk about things I didn't quite understand over the phone. I just wanted to be around him, there was no harm in that, especially if I didn't bother him.

Eyeing the chair on the other side of his desk, I moved to sit in it. Why shouldn't I? I sat in the chair, my knees to my chest, watching him work.

Admiring the way his jaw moved when he talked, I lost myself in daydreams. His jaw was very prominent and strong. He also had a good stubble on his cheeks, which I personally prefer on him. He looked good with a bit of facial hair.

After a few minutes, he finally hung up the phone and gave me an amused grin. “Yes, Baby?” He asked.

I shrugged, hoping the gesture assured him I was simply there to observe. “Nothing! Can I stay in here? I'm dying of boredom, and you're all busy,” I explained, proud of myself that it didn't come out as a pout.

He clicked a few things on his computer before pulling out his chair. “Come here,” he tilted his head.

Practically pouncing in his lap, I wrapped my legs around him and looked up at him through my eyelashes.

Woah deja-vu.

“I was wondering why you’ve been so quiet. I expected you to come in here much earlier,” he said, wrapping his arms around my waist.

“I don’t want to bother you; I know you’re busy.”

He ran his hand through my hair. “You’re not a bother,” he assured. I didn’t know about that, I was feeling particularly clingy lately. Maybe because I’d been starved of attention. He glanced at his computer, and I looked too, seeing dozens of unread emails marked as urgent. *Ugh.*

I looked up at him. “I just remembered I have another room to measure,” I lied, not wanting to keep him from his work.

He gave me a pointed look. “I heard you walk through every room in this house—every room that you know about,” he mumbled the last part.

Wondering what room I’d never been in, I pushed my brows together and came up short. I knew every single nook and cranny of this place...

He absentmindedly ran his hands up my thighs. “This is strike one. Don’t lie to us, Elora,” he warned.

I widened my eyes. It wasn’t a bad lie; I just didn’t want him to fall behind because of me. “What happens if I get three?” I asked.

He chuckled. “Baby, you only get *two* strikes. Then you’ll be punished,” he smirked, sounding wickedly happy.

Not liking the sound of that, I shrunk in his arms. I don’t like that he was so happy with the idea of punishment, either. I pushed my eyebrows together, looking away from him, feeling nervous. “Why only two? I thought everything is ‘three strikes, and you’re out,’” I asked.

“Because you’re just *too good*,” he dismissed. He glanced at some files on his desk before looking at me happily. “Would you like to help me with something, Baby?” He offered.

Finally feeling useful, I beamed up at him. “Yes! I can do anything—just not hard stuff, you shouldn’t trust me with serious paperwork. Wait, I don’t want to mess anything up, probably not,” my train of thought rambled. The more I thought about it, the more intimidated I felt. Their business was serious, and I didn’t want to be the one to mess it up.

He chuckled, placing a small kiss against my lips. “I just want you to give these to Lucifer, Dane, and Duke,” he glanced at the files.

Oh. “I can do that!” I nodded. It gave me an excuse to go see them. I knew they could run down here, or Felix could deliver them himself with vampire speed. He gave me a task, and I was beyond grateful.

He wrote each of their names on a sticky note and put them on the corresponding folders. I stood up and grabbed them, excited to finally do something slightly productive. “Thanks, Felix!” I called over my shoulder as I walked out.

The kitchen was my first stop, knowing Dane would be sitting in his usual spot at the counter.

I smiled when I saw him typing away at his laptop with papers spread all over the counter. I sat on the stool next to him, earning a smile from him while he still looked at his computer.

“Special delivery, Doc,” I wiggled the folder in my hand.

He finished whatever he was typing and turned to me. “Felix shouldn’t have,” he joked. He took the folder and tossed it on the counter with the other files. “He sent you all for me?” He teased.

I smiled. “Uh-huh, and I come with free kisses and cuddles,” I flirted.

He chuckled, his smile reaching his eyes, “Get over here then,” he pushed his chair back, similar to how Felix had earlier.

Climbing into his lap, I immediately wrapped my arms around his neck and planted a big kiss on his perfect lips.

He smiled against my lips, kissing me gently. His hands rested on my ass, cupping my cheeks under my sweater. He was an ass guy, for sure.

After a few minutes, he pulled away, still smiling at me, “Well, I must say, this is the best business interaction I’ve ever had,” he playfully patted my bottom.

I laughed. “It better be.” I grabbed the two other folders and slid off his lap. “I’d love to stay, Doc, but I’ve got other deliveries to make.”

He sarcastically rolled his eyes. “Yes, it looks like you got your work cut out for you, Angel,” he looked back at his computer for a second. He sighed, turning back to me and tapping his lips, “One for the road.”

I stood on my toes and kissed him before I skipped out of the kitchen, Duke’s room being my next destination.

I didn’t bother knocking; it was Duke, and he didn’t care. I opened his door and plopped on his bed next to him, careful not to touch any of the folders he had sprawled everywhere.

He smiled at me, watching me as I climbed onto his lap. “I’m here for your break,” I explained.

His windows were open, letting the bright light and fresh air into the room, but it was always cozy. I’d always loved Duke’s room. It was bright and happy, just like he was.

“Oh? Is this you telling me I need one?” He asked.

I nodded, “Yup, there’s also a folder thingy, but that’s not as important,” I handed him the folder with his name on it.

He placed the folder neatly on his bed, wrapping his arms around me and lying back on his pillows. I smiled, lying flush against his chest. “Look at you, being so helpful. Such a good Baby,” he cooed.

I cuddled further into him, feeling him run his big hand up and down my back. This was more like it—I wasn’t meant to be alone for so many hours. I wanted to be coddled and babied, and most of all, I wanted their undivided attention forever. That wasn’t too much to ask for.

“What happened to your hair?” He asked.

I sat up, straddling his waist. I ran my hands through it a few times, blushing. “Oh, I guess it got messed up throughout the day. I cleaned a lot,” I explained.

He gave me a pointed look. “You know I don’t like it when you clean. We can do all the housework.”

I shrugged. “But I like to clean. It’s satisfying.”

He sat up and opened his bedside drawer. The contents of it puzzled me. A hairbrush, a brand new pack of hair ties, and a tube of clear-looking lotion that was still sealed.

Choosing not to question it, I watched as he grabbed the brush. “Turn around, let me fix your lion’s mane,” he joked.

Obliging with a smile, I turned around, putting my head back, so he could brush it better. I’d always loved when he did my hair; it felt lovely. “What are you all so swamped with, Duke? You’re all drowning in emails and paperwork,” I asked. They were usually not this overworked.

He brushed my hair and began braiding it. “We had a lot of things happen at once. About thirty different deliveries were made, a whole shipment of supplies suddenly disappeared, and for some reason, we can’t track it, among many other boring things,” he halfheartedly explained.

I wouldn’t want to talk about work either if that was the only thing I’d done all day long. “I’m sorry you’re so busy,” I said genuinely. “But hey, you have me to distract you for a while,” I tried to change the subject.

He finished braiding my hair, and I turned to look at him. He nodded. “Yes, you are quite distracting. Did Felix want us to get any work done?” He pushed his eyebrows together.

I giggled as he pulled me to him by my waist, wrapping his arm around my lower back and pressing gentle kisses to my neck.

Trying not to get hot and bothered, I tilted my head to the side, knowing I still had to give Lucifer his file, and I planned on visiting Eugene, Quin, and Theo too. I thought they all

deserved a break, even if it was a short one. I didn't want to start something I knew I couldn't finish, as much as I might want to.

Shivers ran down my spine as his tongue softly grazed my ear.

Pulling away and rising onto my knees, I held the back of his neck and kissed him hard on the mouth. He moved his lips with mine, his tongue quickly licking my bottom lip. Immediately, I opened my mouth for him.

He moaned as he took my mouth, desperately sucking my tongue and biting my lips. I whimpered, squeezing my legs together.

Duke's phone rang loudly, making me jump. He rolled his eyes, glaring at it. Of course, it would ring right as things got interesting. Stupid work.

He gave me an apologetic smile. "Sorry, Baby, break time is over," he said regretfully.

At least I got a little sexy time, I was happy with that. "That's okay, the other guys need breaks, too," I explained.

He softly put his head back. "Now that I've got you all warmed up, I have to send you off?" He groaned. He sighed before smirking. "Life has been cruel today."

"I can always come back," I teased.

"I'll see you at dinner, Baby," he softly chuckled, but I heard the strain against his words.

Grabbing Lucifer's folder, I walked to his door. "I love you," I waved over my shoulder.

His eyes followed me as I left. "I love you," he responded.

Many spare rooms were passed before I stood outside of Lucifer's room. I knocked before entering, on the off chance he didn't read my mind or hear me coming.

Closing the door behind me, I saw him on the phone, standing by his closed window. He wore dark ripped jeans and a black hoodie with the hood up.

As to not disturb him, I slowly made my way over to his bed and sat on the edge, where I patiently waited for him to be done.

My posture stiffened at the intensity of the conversation he was having. His voice was always low, barely above a whisper; he was obviously angry at whatever unlucky person was on the other end.

His piercing gaze landed on me, greedily eyeing me for a few seconds. I noticed his gaze lingering on my thighs but didn't get too caught up in it.

He curled his finger at me, beckoning me to him. I stood up and walked up to him. Still on the phone, he wrapped his arm under my bottom and lifted me onto his hip.

Wrapping my legs and arms around him, I felt an all too familiar blush creep to my face. The familiar tingles rippled from his body to mine. He paced his room, scolding the person on the other end.

Several minutes passed by as he held me. "Do your fucking job, or I will. If I have to follow up on the missing shipment again, you'll lose much more than your job. Get it done," he threatened almost too calmly before ending the call.

The only light in his dark room was the sliver of daylight that came through the closed curtain, making him look sexily scary.

I nervously pulled my lip between my teeth. "I brought you a file," I announced.

He glanced at the folder, seeming more interested in me. *Good.* He walked towards his bed before he dropped me on it. I giggled, bouncing a few times. I'd never known he had a water bed. Weird, they didn't sleep...

"You look like you need to be fucked with these on," he said lowly while running his hands up my thighs.

My words caught in my throat, and I could only gasp. I thought they were cute and warm. "You like them?" I asked.

“I do.” Lucifer touched the bottom of my sweater. “Take this off,” he ordered.

My cheeks became hot, and I widened my eyes at him. “I—it’s cold,” I quickly thought of an excuse.

“I’ll warm you up,” he promised with a smirk. “Now, take it off before I rip it off of you,” he threatened.

Not wanting yet another piece of clothing ruined because they sucked at gently removing them, I nodded.

I grabbed the bottom of the sweater and pulled it over my head, quickly holding it against my bra-covered chest, feeling shy. I looked anywhere but his eyes, unable to match his intensity.

He hummed a disapproving tone. “Move your hands, Kitten.”

I hesitated before I placed my sweater to the side. I sucked in a breath, wrapping my arms around my torso. I felt way too exposed—which was strange because Eugene and Duke had spread my legs while Lucifer *watched*.

There was something intimidating about being alone with him when I was wearing only a pink bra, underwear, and white thigh-high socks. And he was fully dressed.

Lucifer gently grabbed my hands, pulling them away from my body. His eyes hungrily took me in, even half-naked, I noticed his gaze lingering on the thigh-highs a bit longer.

My chest was rising and falling rapidly as I watched him. He let go of my hands, and they fell to my sides. His body brushed against mine as he leaned down. His hood shifted, making his face more intimidating as it darkened his features. His lips trailed against my neck, leaving soft kisses. I whimpered as his hands cupped my breasts.

“Let’s play a game, Kitten.”

“A game?”

Lucifer hummed against my neck. “Yes.”

Chills shot down my spine, and I shivered. “What kind of game?” I whispered.

He lifted himself from my neck, boxing me under him with his arms. Deep red eyes, melting like crimson gold, stared down at me. “Since this will be our first time playing, I’ll only give myself five minutes. If you moan, I win. If you don’t, you win,” he explained in his usual low tone.

The implications made me blush. I sounded like a winner either way? I was confused. “What does the winner get?”

He smirked, “Anything they want.”

Anything? That sounded awfully vague. I glanced at his cabinet with all his cherished goodies. “So if I win, and I told you you had to stop eating sugary stuff for a month, you’d *have to*?” I emphasized. For Lucifer, that’d be a cruel thing to do, and I would never. But it was a good example.

A quick flicker of pain flashed through his eyes as he glanced at the cabinet before he looked back down at me. “Yes.” He sat back onto his calves, grabbing me behind my knees before pulling me flush against him.

Propping myself up on my elbows, I looked down at where my underwear brushed against his jeans. My cheeks were stained red at the closeness.

Running his hands along the socks, he gripped the skin of my thigh where they ended. “And if *I* won and told you to show up to dinner wearing *nothing* but these socks and your panties, you’d have to,” he shot back.

I immediately shook my head. *No way!* It wasn’t worth it. Was he crazy? First of all, that sounded unsanitary; we would be eating. Second, that would not end well for me. He was playing devil’s advocate!

Now that I thought of it, Lucifer had been, more or less, stirring the pot since he got back—with his innuendo comments and his voice in my head. Now with his new game, which I really wanted to win for personal reasons—

“I’ll take that as a yes,” he said. Stupid, hot, devil mind reader. *That’s not fair.* Then again, Lucifer had never been one

to play fair.

Okay, if I literally kept my lips pressed together the whole time, I would win. I mean, it couldn't be *that* hard. I was only worried that he'd go past my underwear. My period ended last night and was no longer off-limits. Thinking of all the fun things I could make him do made winning very tempting. I have a pink dress that would look great on him!

Still, I was really nervous about him winning. Lucifer could be cruel, even if it was in the best way. I bit my lip. "If you win—and I'm not saying you will," I quickly defended. "You won't be too mean, right, Daddy?" I asked, using my new magic word that tended to get me whatever I wanted.

He gave my thigh a harsh slap. "We'll see."

With a gasp, I watched him step off the bed. Okay, that worked *much* better on Felix.

I stayed propped up on my elbows, following him with my eyes as he grabbed things around the room. Under his bed, he got some kind of chain... I tensed as I inspected the heavy metal.

He stood at the end of his bed, grabbing a clip that was connected to the frame. He attached it to a chain that had a leather cuff at the end. I watched closely as he did the same to each corner, my confusion rising.

Before I could comprehend anything, he gently strapped one of my wrists in one of the cuffs. Wait—

I looked at the other three cuffs. He was chaining me to his bed. I wouldn't be able to move. I turned to Lucifer. "Wait, this isn't what I agreed," I panicked.

Effortlessly cuffing my other wrist, he smirked, his cold fingers playing with the clasp on my bra. It was one of the ones with a clasp in the front. I always thought they were easier to put on... Now I regretted wearing it. It was *too* easy to take off.

In a swift movement, he freed my breasts, and each cup of the bra loosely fell to my sides. I tried to cover myself, but the restraints wouldn't allow my hands to budge.

Lucifer softly cupped my underboob, and a satisfied look of approval consumed his ghostly features. His eyes flickered up at me. “*This* is the game, Kitten,” he said.

This was *so* not good.

He cuffed both my ankles, leaving me a helpless starfish, unable to move or touch him. This was so wrong. Not nearly as wrong as my girly parts throbbing because of it, though. I was a dirty little sicko, greedy for anything they could do to me.

Lucifer stood at the end of his bed, his eyes gleaming with satisfaction as he took me in. He pulled out his phone and did something on it for a few seconds. Turning it around, he showed me a timer set for five minutes.

My courage began to lessen as I swallowed my nerves. I didn’t know I’d be tied down, unable to do anything with my hands. The position he had me in alone was almost enough to make me moan.

Willpower, Elora! I just had to stay calm. Who was I kidding? I was utterly screwed.

He slowly walked to my side, the back of his index knuckle brushing against my cheek. “Nothing’s too tight?” He whispered.

There was some wiggle room when I moved my hands and ankles, but no chance of me breaking free. I shook my head, “No... but if you want to take them off, you can,” I tried.

He cocked an eyebrow. “Or I could keep you here all night,” he retorted.

I tensed. Well, okay then, I couldn’t manipulate him in the slightest. If I pulled an inch, he threatened a mile. I should just do whatever he told me to do, and maybe I would get out of this with my dignity.

I huffed. “Did you start the timer?” I asked, ready to get this over with.

He held up his phone, showing four minutes and ten seconds remaining.

He already started it?! He wasted a minute talking to me, why would he have done that? I mean, who cared? I was a whole, unearned minute closer to winning.

Lucifer climbed onto the bed, his body hovering over my own again. His hood and jet-black hair fell just above his eyebrows. Rough fingertips brushed against my lower stomach, sending the worst tingles between my thighs.

My hips jerked upwards like they had a mind of their own. I took a deep breath, looking up at him.

His hands ran up my torso until he softly kneaded my breasts. I gasped at the unfamiliar feeling, my chest rising and falling quickly.

Lucifer's gaze shifted from my chest to my face. "I don't need more than a few seconds to make you moan, Kitten," he smirked.

I pushed my eyebrows together. That wasn't true. I think I was doing pretty well. Under normal circumstances, I would have definitely moaned by now.

He pinched one of my nipples, and I clamped my lips, and my eyes shut so I wouldn't make a sound. It didn't exactly hurt, but it did sting in a way that made my stomach clench.

I heard him hum in approval. "You're so sensitive," he practically moaned. "I can't wait to overstimulate this little pussy," he slapped the outside of my panties harshly, the thin fabric did nothing to lessen the blow.

My whole body flinched as I moaned. The chains made a loud sound as I squirmed beneath him. His hand stayed firm on the outside of my underwear, teasingly rubbing me.

My eyes were clouded as I blinked up at him, seeing a devilish smirk playing on his lips. *No! I lost!* How could I have lost with only a couple more minutes left?! I was so close... I couldn't help it, though; it just came out.

"Awe, was that too much for you?" He teased with a chuckle. I blushed, unable to meet his eyes. His middle finger softly stroked the divot in my panties that my lips made. I

could feel my wetness as his finger softly tilted toward my hole. “You lost, Kitten,” he whispered against my neck.

I tried to close my legs, but the restraints just made another loud clang. It was really hard to feel disappointed in myself when his hand was between my legs. I bit my lip, trying to think of something to defend my apparent neediness. “You cheated. You never said I’d be tied down.”

Cold air kissed me as Lucifer moved my underwear to the side. I sucked in a breath, feeling his middle and index fingers stroke my slit, coating them in my juices.

Casually, like he wasn’t touching me, he shrugged. “Should I give you another chance?” He asked lowly as his lips brushed against my breast.

I nodded, really not wanting him to win.

He lifted his head and gave me a stern look. “Be a good girl and ask nicely, Kitten.”

I widened my eyes, not wanting to ruin my chances of a second chance. “Please let me try aga—”

Lucifer wrapped his hand around my throat, squeezing the sides of it. I squeaked as he slipped the same two fingers he was rubbing my pussy with over my tongue.

Crimson bloomed over my skin, and I coughed at the sudden intrusion. I was overwhelmed by the intense feeling of his hand cutting off my circulation, combined with the strange taste of me on his fingers.

“Awe, Baby, are you trying to say something?” He chuckled.

I pouted up at him with my eyes, but wetness practically waterfalled out of me. He was cruel. And I adored him for it.

He gently pumped his fingers inside my mouth. “Lick your fucking cum off my fingers like a good little slut. Then I’ll let you beg me for a second chance,” he growled.

With my lips wrapped around his fingers, I moaned again, feeling my girly parts throb. I happily sucked on his fingers,

licking my wetness off of him. His eyes turned bright red as he watched his fingers pump in and out of my mouth.

He pulled his fingers out of my mouth and loosened his grip around my throat. I sighed, taking a breath. I glanced at the timer, seeing I had just over a minute left. "Please, Daddy," I started begging. "Let me try again—ah!" Without warning, his middle finger roughly plunged into me.

The chains clanked together as I flinched. His finger was buried in me up to his knuckle, and I found my hips moving on their own accord.

He cocked a dark eyebrow at me. "What's wrong, Kitten?" He asked with false sympathy. "Beg," he ordered.

Tears welled in my eyes at how badly I wanted him to move his finger. I loved having something inside me; it felt like ecstasy. I panted. "Please—" he pulled his finger all the way out and harshly pounded it into me several times. I screamed, feeling a slight sting at the roughness. My eyes glossed over, no longer caring about the game. He won, and I didn't care anymore.

His finger repeatedly slammed into me, making a wet, clapping noise, but it was drowned out by my moans. He was hitting something deep inside me, making everything else in the world seem irrelevant.

He squeezed my throat again, and tears fell down my cheeks. Not letting up on his pumping, he leaned down and kissed me. Much to my surprise, the kiss was soft and gentle.

I came instantly as his lips touched mine, the tenderness pushing me over the edge. I cried out against his lips, but he kept plunging his finger into me.

He gently removed his finger from me, and my thighs shuddered at the emptiness.

His lips kept moving against mine, gently sucking and nipping my lips and tongue. He released my throat, honestly, much to my dismay. His hands trailed up my arms until they were at my wrists, where he skillfully released them.

I instantly wrapped my hands around the back of his neck, pulling him impossibly closer to me.

A low moan escaped his lips as I felt him grind against me. I gasped, feeling how hard he was. I could feel him on my girly parts and my inner thigh... he was big.

I tried to wrap my legs around his waist, but they were still tied down. Lucifer didn't seem to mind, though, as he gently kneaded my breasts. His fingers gently pinched my nipples, causing me to arch my back as I moaned into his mouth.

Once again, I found myself painfully throbbing down there. I didn't think I'd ever get enough of this...

With a painful-sounding moan and a harsh nip to my tongue, he reluctantly pulled away from me. I pouted, not wanting to stop. "Daddy," I blinked up at him through glossy eyes.

He reached behind him and freed my ankles. I instantly closed my legs after he moved my underwear back into place.

His eyes looked clouded as he sent me a warning glance. "Don't tempt me, Kitten. If we don't stop now, I'll fuck you stupid," he husked out.

I blushed as he gently clasped my bra again and put my sweater back on. How could he be so rough and degrading yet gentle and loving simultaneously? I didn't care as long as he never stopped.

He scooped me into his arms, lying on his bed with me on top of him. I smiled, nuzzling into his neck. I wasn't super tired, but I was a little exhausted. This was perfect.

My eyes rounded as I peered up at him. "I lost..."

In response, he smirked, rubbing my thighs.

"What are you going to make me do?"

His gaze shifted from the ceiling to me. "I didn't say I would pick today," he taunted.

Oh crap. The reward was redeemable at any time? I just hoped he wouldn't be too mean when he decided to use it.



Lucifer set me down in front of Eugene's door after insisting on carrying me here. We cuddled for a long time, and I almost fell asleep. But then I remembered I still had to give my other guys their work breaks.

Ready to give Eugene all my love, I put my hand on the knob, but a thought crept into my head. I looked up at Lucifer. "You love me, right?" I asked.

He looked between my eyes for several seconds, a confused expression taking over his face. He just never said it out loud, and I was awful at reading him.

He reached into his back pocket, pulling out a familiar-looking key. It was the key that unlocked his goodie cabinet, but newer. He held it out to me, and I cheesed like a crazy person, taking it from him.

He did love me. I opened Eugene's door and stepped in. "I love you too!" I giggled. I saw the beginning of a smile on his lips before he turned down the hall and returned to his own room.

Arms wrapped around my stomach, lifting me up off the ground. "My turn," Eugene chuckled, carrying me further into his room.

I smiled. "You know I couldn't forget about you, slaving away up here," I joked.

He tossed me onto his bed, giving me a pointed look. "I thought Lucifer wasn't going to let you out of his bed," he teased.

I blushed. "You heard that?" I forgot all about their vampire hearing. It was kind of embarrassing, but I also liked it. Since when did embarrassment turn me on?

Eugene sat next to me, pulling me on top of him, making me straddle him. He nodded, an evident playfulness in his

eyes. “Of course. I’m pretty sure Theo jerked off to it,” he cocked an eyebrow.

“I don’t know what that means,” I shrugged.

He pressed his lips together and smiled. “Shocker,” he said sarcastically. “Ask him,” he dismissed.

His back leaned against his headboard, and I wrapped my arms around his neck, playing with his disheveled blond hair. It was curly and fell loosely at his ears. “I like your hair like this,” I complimented, rubbing my hands through it. He usually has it up in a small bun, but I liked the messy look.

He smiled. “You don’t have to flirt with me, love. I’m all yours,” he wrapped his arms around my back and pulled me until we were chest to chest. “Kiss me. I’ve heard amazing things about your lips,” he joked but looked down at my lips with a desperate longing.

I giggled, gently placing my lips against his. I gently kissed him, instantly feeling thousands of delightful sparks. In unison, we pulled each other closer, me by my waist and him by his neck.

As per usual, I opened my mouth for him, practically asking him to take control. Something I’d realized about myself since our sexy time had started, I didn’t want any control. It was strange for me because I usually liked to be in control. I had to have things my way, or it bothered me. But letting my guys take over my mind and body, I preferred it. I trusted them more than anyone else, which was probably why letting go was so easy.

I liked letting go for a while and not having to worry about anything.

Eugene kissed me for what felt like forever, slowly. If his firm grip was any sign, he was definitely enjoying himself.

I didn’t think my skimpy underwear could take any more today. They were still drenched from Lucifer when I got here. Now, I felt it seeping onto my thigh.

Slowly, I felt something grow under me and poke my ass. I smiled, thinking of how strange their *things* were. Like, the

thought of them makes my mouth water, but it was also weird that they had a whole body part that inflates and deflates like a balloon. Specifically, the kind that you can twist and bend to make an animal.

Eugene pulled away, a soft smile on his lips. “What’s so funny?” He asked.

“Nothing,” I dismissed with a shake of my head. I couldn’t really tell him I was comparing his manly ding-a-ling to a balloon, could I?

He narrowed his eyes at me. “Tell me,” he coaxed, his hand gently rubbing up and down my back.

With a sigh, I gave him a mischievous grin. “I don’t know, it’s just *weird*,” I quickly glanced down between us, gesturing to his thing.

He knitted his brows. “What? My dick?” He chuckled.

I nodded.

He rolled his eyes. “You wear that outfit, kiss me like that, with your pussy literally dripping onto my shorts, and expect me not to get hard?” He gave me a pointed look.

Without thinking, I placed my hand over his thin shorts, wanting to feel him. Eugene flinched gently, a deep groan escaping his lips. “Elora,” he warned.

A smirk played on my lips as I eyed him. “Hm?”

My hand traced the imprint in his shorts, feeling how long he was. It wasn’t like a balloon, it was firmer than that. I couldn’t quite wrap my hand all the way around it, but maybe it was because of the extra layers of his shorts and underwear?

He watched me closely. “What do you think you’re doing, Love?” He asked.

“I wanted to touch it,” I explained with an innocent shrug.

He opened his mouth to say something, but his phone rang before any words left his lips. “Fucking hell,” he rolled his eyes.

Reluctantly, I hopped off him so he could finish some work. “See you at dinner!” I giggled.

“Yes, you will...” he mumbled, giving me an uneasy feeling. Had I done something wrong? I was just teasing him. Oh well!

I skipped to Theo’s room and opened the door, seeing him with a stack of papers next to him. Despite the copious amount of paperwork, he had a game controller in his hands.

With a smile, he lifted his finger to his lips, signaling me to be quiet about his little shenanigans. He wasn’t actually working?

Closing his door, I sat next to him on the floor. “They’re gonna kill you,” I smirked.

He gave me a pointed look. “They don’t trust me enough to handle this shit anyways,” he whispered.

He wrapped his arm around me, still playing some muted racing game. “Theo, they’re drowning in paperwork—”

“Quiet Princess, I’ve been getting away with this for years,” he assured.

As I straddled his lap, I’d also successfully blocked his view of the game. He smiled at me, putting the controller down. “If you lecture me, I’m going to get a boner. And if I get a boner again, you’re going to be the one to fix it. So choose wisely,” he smirked.

I slouched in his lap. Well, there went my lecture about how he should have been helping them. He wasn’t lazy, he was actually really smart. A few years back, I discovered that Theo had three master’s degrees and, a few decades ago, owned his own law firm where he worked as an attorney. Of course, Theo would have had a career where he got to argue... Now, I think he didn’t want to deal with talking to people on the phone, hence his laziness.

In challenge, I raised an eyebrow at him. “You get no kisses,” I whispered, getting off his lap.

He scoffed. “Elora, you better sit your little ass back down,” he snapped his fingers and pointed to his lap.

“No.” I crossed my arms while laughing. “I’m here to give you a break, but you clearly don’t need one from all the *hard work* you’re doing,” I shot.

He stood up, towering over me. “Watch the attitude, Princess, or I’ll tell Felix you earned strike two,” he threatened.

My eyes rounded. He wanted to play it like that, huh? “And I’ll tell Felix you’re not helping,” I whispered my threat.

With a sigh, he crossed his arms in defeat. “Well played,” he complimented. “How about we forget Felix, kiss and make up?” He smirked.

I tried not to smile at him. *Clever devil*. I grabbed a folder off his stack. “I’ll kiss you if you promise to do... whatever is in this folder,” I bargained.

He glanced at the folder before cringing. “Can you pick a different folder?” He asked.

“Nope. No folder; no smooch,” I retorted with a shake of my head.

He chuckled, taking a few long strides toward me, closing the distance between us. He grabbed the folder from me and wrapped his arms around my lower back. “You’re lucky I love you,” he dipped me backward, kissing me passionately.

I giggled at my upside-down state, wrapping my arms around his neck, moving my lips against his.

He placed me back on my feet. “Totally worth it,” he smugly chirped.

“Chop chop!” I clapped, walking out the door.

By the time I got to Quin, I was really exhausted. Being passed around to all my guys like this was a lot of work. I loved it, but I was tired.

After gently knocking on his door, I entered his room. He was sitting at his desk while talking on the phone. He smiled,

tilted his head at me, and beckoned me to his lap.

Sat on his thighs, I cuddled into his chest. “Awe, Doll, did they wear you out?” He chuckled. Quickly after he spoke, he glared at the phone in his hand. “Do you really think I’m fucking speaking to you? Dumbass,” he snapped.

Despite feeling sorry for the poor man on the other end, I laughed. I rested my head against his shoulder. “Be nice.”

He pulled the phone away from his ear, setting it down on the table while still on the call. Even at a distance, his heightened hearing allowed him to clearly comprehend the speaker on the line. Reaching behind him, he grabbed a blanket out of a basket. Draping it over me, he placed a comforting kiss against my lips.

I smiled up at him. Quin was the sweetest person in the world, I swear. He knew me so well.

With his arms wrapped securely around me, he cuddled me closer to him. “How about you take a nap for a few hours, and I’ll wake you up in time to help me with dinner?” He offered.

I nodded. “Uh-huh, that sounds good to me,” I yawned, lifting my legs up and draping them over the side of his office chair.

He chuckled. “Go to sleep, Doll. Something tells me you’re going to have your work cut out for you when dinner rolls around.”

Cherry



Elora

“*W*ould you still love me if I was an eel?” I asked Quin as he carried me down the stairs. He’d just woken me up, and I had dreamt about eels and how gross they were.

Quin looked down at me, his eyes wide and his eyebrows pushed together. He was carrying me to the kitchen so he could start making dinner. “That’s a ridiculous question,” he dismissed.

I gave him a pointed look, insulted that he wouldn’t like me if I was a fish—or whatever species eels were. “You wouldn’t love me just because I’d be an eel? That’s kinda selfish... I’d still love you,” I pouted.

Deeply sighing, he rolled his eyes. “What am I supposed to do? Keep you in a tank—”

Shoving him away from me, I gasped—although I had no intention of getting down. I loved being carried, I got to touch his shoulders and back while he thought I was just holding on for ‘support.’ Nope, I just liked his delicious muscles. “You’d get rid of me if I turned into an eel?” I deadpanned. What was wrong with him?

He stopped walking as we entered the kitchen. He gave me a stern look that made me stop complaining immediately. “If you turned into an eel, I’d cook you. You’d make a nice filet, don’t you think, Doll?” He smirked.

My mouth dropped open in shock. No, he did not.

He won, and I didn’t want to ask him a hypothetical question ever again. *Cook me... I’ll cook him.*

He sat me down on the counter in my usual corner as he started moving around the kitchen, collecting ingredients.

“What are you making?”

“What do you want?” He retorted.

I always wanted pasta, but Lucifer didn't like pasta, so that was out the window. “Hm,” I thought. “Tacos?” I suggested. Quin had been working all day, and I didn't want him to make some elaborate dinner. Tacos were easy. I smiled, “I can chop the veggies,” I offered.

“Can you be trusted with a knife?” He joked.

Could he? I bit my tongue but smirked.

As soon as the snarky comment came into my mind, I felt Lucifer's presence intensify. “*I won't count that as a strike because you were so good for me earlier.*” I tensed at the warning. “*None of us know that you know about that,*” he informed.

I pressed my lips together, worried he might tell them I saw Quin that day. Quin obviously had issues with *my* blood for some reason, but that day was different. I knew he would have hurt me if Eugene and Felix didn't stop him. Duke tried so hard to distract me but overlooked the reflection. I'd hate for Quin to figure out that I saw and be embarrassed. He was very prideful, and that was a major moment of weakness. I was more than sure he was ashamed.

Although it was terrifying to see him like that, I'd never blamed or thought any less of him for it. We all had our vices, some more deadly than others.

“*It'll be our secret,*” Lucifer promised, ending my inner turmoil.

Quin grabbed a few vegetables and placed them on a cutting board to my side. He handed me a knife, and I started chopping away. Quin began cooking the beef, looking extra yummy with a spatula in his hand.

I widened my eyes at myself and looked back down at my masterpiece of slaughtered veggies. Was it normal for me to feel this way so often? I mean, I thought I had my fill with Lucifer earlier. Then Eugene started me back up like I had a

hidden switch they knew about. And now Quin innocently cooking—minding his own business—got me hot.

How much did one girl need in a single day? *Dang, I have issues.*

Quin smiled down at my sloppily chopped vegetables. “Very nice, almost too pretty to eat,” he grabbed the cutting board, knife, and veggies, sorting them into their organized pile.

I grinned, always loving when I got compliments. I grabbed my phone and scrolled through social media to find cute outfits while he cooked.

A bit later, my other guys finally poured into the kitchen. Theo stopped by and kissed me before he went to sit at the table with the others. They spent a few minutes discussing their business and how much today had sucked.

Continuing to scroll, I looked at cute outfits that I wanted. I saved Eugene’s debit card number, and I usually just ordered online whenever I wanted something. I always asked him, and he always told me the same thing, ‘Stop asking.’ I loved those little chats. Perks of them being literal billionaires, I guess.

Feeling eyes on me, I looked over the top of my phone.

Duke was staring straight at me, a far-off look in his eyes. He wasn’t smiling, but he didn’t exactly look mad or upset. I shot him a small smile, but he didn’t react at all—it was as if he didn’t see me.

I cocked an eyebrow, watching his eyes slowly fall to my chest, stomach, thighs, legs, and back up again. *Wow*—he was really spacing.

He was sitting, facing me with his arms folded on the table. He looked a bit intimidating, but he was so out of it I didn’t think it was purposeful.

I looked back at my phone but could only focus on his eyes burning a hole through me. My skin became hot again, and I peeked up at Duke, seeing him still staring at me with a dark look in his red eyes.

Shifting my glance back to the phone, I bit my lip. I really couldn't handle him looking at me like that. Messing with Duke and teasing him had always been one of my favorite things to do. He got flustered and broke so easily.

After what he said in the bathroom, I didn't know if toying with him was such a good idea, though. I glanced up at him again, noticing his gaze on my thighs.

Slowly looking back at my phone, I decided I would mess with him—just a little. I slowly spread my legs, knowing he would have a clear view of my underwear.

After a few seconds, I looked up at him again. He shifted in his chair, so he was leaning back, his legs spread and his arms loosely on the armrests. His lips parted, making him look ravenous. Happy with myself, I smirked. What has gotten into him?

In my peripheral vision, I saw Quin do a double take. I turned to look at him, hoping that I wasn't caught.

He looked between Duke and me before narrowing his eyes at me. "I know what you're doing," he warned.

"Looking at my phone?"

Quin tilted his head to the side and chuckled. "Lie again," he commented, but it sounded like a threat.

I mean, I was looking at my phone. I just so happened to spread my legs to flash Duke. What was the issue? "I'm on my phone," I said innocently.

Quin's lips turned up into a dark smirk. "You're going to regret that, Doll," he glanced at Felix, and they shared a knowing look. Felix smirked at me, sending a shiver down my spine. That couldn't be good.

I pressed my lips together, not liking the look they shared. What did he mean? I looked back at Duke, only to realize that his eyes were already staring at me, now looking much sharper. *Uh oh.*

After hopping down from the counter, I walked over to the table. I took a safe seat next to Theo and Dane. Duke looked

absolutely feral, and Quin had threatened me, so I was just going to leave everyone alone and be as good as possible so they would forget anything I said or did.

I saw Dane switch between a few different applications on his phone, still working.

Theo smiled at me, resting his arm around the back of my chair. He was playing some game on his phone, but it didn't really catch my interest until he switched to a different app.

Wait...

I squinted at his screen, only catching glimpses of his background.

No way.

I gasped, realizing his background was a very topless photo of me, chained to Lucifer's bed from earlier. I blushed. "Theo?!" I scolded, in shock. When did Lucifer even take a picture?

His gaze quickly shot down to me. "Yeah?" He sounded confused.

Gesturing to his phone with wide eyes, I scoffed. "Your background," I deadpanned.

He chuckled. "Like it?" He teased, minimizing his apps and showing the raunchy photo of me.

I quickly tried to snatch his phone out of his hands, but he held it out of my reach. "No!" Oh goodness, I was a pornstar!

Lucifer coughed, choking on whatever he was drinking. It looked like apple juice, but it was probably some fancy bourbon. He quickly composed himself, though his amused grin made me glare at him. "You," I warned. "It's not funny," I pouted.

He took a naughty picture of me and probably sent it to all of them. I wasn't mad, only because I knew they wouldn't show anyone else, obviously. I honestly looked kinda good in the photo, but that was beside the point! It was mortifying.

Lucifer just smirked. "You looked pretty."

I saw Eugene nod out of the corner of my eye. He did send it to them all... jeez. I ran my hands down my face, the redness in my cheeks never fading.

Theo chuckled. "Wait till she finds out the folders were empty," he smirked down at me.

Huh? I turned and looked at the folder that I had delivered to Dane earlier. It was still sitting in the pile just where he'd left it. No way—why would Felix do that? I mean, I definitely didn't mind spending time with each of them.

I stood up and walked over to the folder, opening it.

Empty.

So... I didn't help.

I stared at the folder, my brain starting to buzz in a familiar annoying way. Felix sent me away, maybe because I was being annoying. And to make it worse, I delivered *three* stupid empty folders. When I thought they actually had content in them that would help Dane, Duke, and Lucifer do their job, that was acceptable because it was *productive* and *helpful*. But it didn't mean anything. He even put sticky notes on them!

Three folders. Three sticky notes. I hated it—what was the point? He could have just told me to give them breaks without the folders. I didn't need an excuse.

Trying to calm myself down, I took a breath, knowing I was being ridiculous. It wasn't that serious, and Felix didn't mean anything by it. But my brain was going to explode.

A plate was suddenly placed on top of the folder. Two tacos and six slices of cucumber on it. I looked up at Quin, seeing him give me a small smile. "Help me pass the plates out?" He asked.

My shoulders relaxed as I counted the even number of foods on the plate again.

"We can get our own—" Felix started but was cut off by Quin.

"Felix," Quin snapped, sending him a stern look, followed by the far-off look they get when communicating through their

mind-link.

I wanted to help. The plates were nice and even, and I'd actually be doing something useful—*Oh*. I blinked up at Quin, my heart swelling with adoration for the vampire. He somehow always knew whenever my OCPD was flaring up. He was honestly the best one at helping me deal with it, too.

He raised his eyebrows at me. “Better?”

I nodded, grabbing the plates and delivering them to each of my guys.

We all sat around the table, the guys having small talk about work still. I glanced up at Theo, remembering I never asked him what Eugene told me to. “Theo?”

He smiled down at me. “Yes, Princess?”

“What’s jerking off?”

Everyone suddenly stopped talking, their heads turning and staring me down. I pushed my eyebrows together, confused. Eugene placed his fist over his mouth, hiding his laughs as he stared at Theo.

Dane’s jaw slacked. “*Elora*,” he sounded surprised like I asked for a cigarette or something.

Theo blinked once slowly, like he couldn’t believe what I had just asked. He narrowed his eyes, looking around the table, his gaze settling on Eugene, who was barely keeping his composure. Theo shook his head but laughed. “Oh, fuck you,” he rolled his eyes.

Eugene shrugged. “Answer her question.”

Theo returned the shrug. “Happily,” he shot him a challenging look.

I was getting the vibe that it might have been a naughty or possibly vulgar thing.

Theo turned to me. “Would you like a visual demonstration?” He asked.

I almost nodded but wasn’t sure if that would be a good idea.

Duke narrowed his eyes at Theo. “An explanation will suffice.”

Peeking at Duke, I saw his frustration still evident. What was wrong with him right now? He’d been acting funny since he got down here.

Theo rolled his eyes. “Killjoy,” he mumbled. He gave me a chipper smile. “Jerking off is what guys do to get off,” he grabbed the salt shaker. “See, we grab our dicks like this,” he held it in one fist. “And go ham,” he smugly shook the salt over his plate, looking around at everyone. “Any other questions?”

Oh. I widened my eyes. So, Theo got off to the sound of Lucifer and me earlier... interesting. I guess hearing any of them moan would turn me on, too; it made sense.



Happily fed, I wandered about the manor trying to find Duke. After we’d eaten, everyone disbursed again. Most of them were watching TV, done working for the day.

I was just worried about Duke; he was acting strange and grumpy. Earlier, he seemed perfectly fine. I wondered if something ticked him off while working.

Entering the library, I saw him sitting on one of the sofas with an unopened book in his lap.

Padding up to him, I moved the book and sat on his thighs, my legs resting across his lap and the couch. I wrapped my hands around the back of his neck, playing with his hair. “What’s wrong?” I asked.

He gently ran his hands up my back. “Just a long day, Baby,” he obviously lied.

“Can I help?” I asked. I’d never liked when any of them were upset.

Duke's eyes kept switching from dark red to bright red as he stared at me. I fidgeted at his unfamiliar, intense gaze. I wish I'd known what he was thinking. Was this about what I did at dinner? I didn't mean to upset him; I just wanted to tease him. "Duke?" I repeated.

He grabbed my waist and shifted me on his lap. I widened my eyes, feeling his bulge poking my butt. His hands traveled up my thighs, sending tickles where his fingertips touched my skin. "Spread your legs for me, Baby."

Spreading my legs apart, watching him closely.

He didn't look away from me as his hand cupped me, his thumb rubbing my clit gently. My hand grabbed his wrist as I gasped. I let go quickly, remembering what Theo had said.

Duke's eyes softened, looking much less frustrated now. He pushed my underwear to the side and stroked two of his fingers along my entrance.

My lips parted as my arousal leaked out of me onto his fingers. Silently begging for more, I looked up at him with pleading eyes.

He softly smiled down at me. "Do you think it's fun to tease me, Baby?" He asked gently.

Confused, I knitted my brows. His tone and question didn't align. "Huh?" I breathed out. My mind was prepared for *touch*, not *talk*.

His fingers barely pressed into me, like he was warning me with his fingers, not his tone. *Uh oh*. "Yes or no?" He questioned softly.

I bit my lip. It was incredibly hard to think about anything other than him touching me. I gently nodded. "Sometimes," I admitted. "Yes..."

He cocked an eyebrow, slowly pushing two fingers into me. I gasped, feeling a new stretching sensation. Instinctually, I grabbed his wrist again. It was a bit uncomfortable, but it felt really good. The mixture of the two sensations gave me butterflies. "Duke," I panted.

His other arm wrapped around my waist, his hand resting on my thigh. He didn't seem to care about my hand on his wrist. "I know, Baby," he dismissed my warning. He slowly pumped his fingers into me at a pace a snail would beat.

My heart was pounding against my chest, anticipation filling me. What was he doing? At this pace, he was literally toying with me. I tried to move my hips, but Duke held my waist with his arm. "You'll take what I give you," he scolded. He quickly thrust his fingers into me once, and my body flinched at the suddenness of it. "You're so greedy, Baby. Always so wet and desperate to have your little cunt filled," he whispered against my neck.

My girly parts started to ache as I moaned for him. He was right, I was greedy, but I didn't care. He wasn't giving me enough; I wanted more. I tilted my neck, giving him more access.

"Are you punishing me for teasing you?" I asked, still not understanding what he was trying to accomplish with his leisurely pace.

"Punish?" He questioned before smiling against my neck. He pulled away and gave me an amused grin. "If you think *this* is a punishment, you're in for a shock, Elora."

I pushed my eyebrows together. "Then why are you teasing me?" I pouted.

His fingers slowly pulled out of me again, and a third joined when he pushed back in. Inhaling sharply, the third finger felt much more uncomfortable this time. "Duke, wha—"

His eyes were gentle as he gazed down at me. "You've had your fun teasing us, haven't you? Now it's my turn, Baby. I'm going to give you exactly what you want. But before I fill you with cock, I need to stretch you out," he said gently.

My mouth fell open, and my eyes rounded. Nerves filled my whole being, but another wave of wetness spilled onto his fingers.

He slowly pumped his fingers into me. "I'm not teasing you. If I go any faster, your greedy pussy will cum, and the

only thing you're cumming on tonight is my cock," he explained.

A low, desperate moan escaped my lips. Bending my leg at the knee, I tried to make the stretching feeling more comfortable. Duke grabbed my knee, pulling it to my chest, helping me. I moaned at the ease—his fingers slid in much smoother at this angle. "Good girl, does that feel better?" He asked.

I nodded. "Uh-huh." I strangely didn't feel scared about losing my virginity. I knew Duke would be gentle, and I'd been waiting for this to happen if I was being honest with myself. As silly as it sounded, I was just nervous about being completely naked. He'd seen everything already—just not all at once. I was also a bit worried about his... *size*.

Duke kissed down my neck, leaving a hot wet trail with his tongue. Craving his lips, I turned my head, catching his lips with mine.

He immediately parted my lips with his tongue and explored my mouth. I moaned into the kiss, almost forgetting his fingers slowly pushing into me. *Almost*.

He moaned, and I felt his dick twitch under me. He clearly wanted this as much as I did. What were we waiting for? I pulled away from him, a thought popping into my mind. "We're not *doing it* in the library, right?" I asked.

He chuckled, shaking his head. "Not unless you want to."

I shook my head.

He cocked an eyebrow. "Dining room table?" He suggested.

I shook my head, smiling.

"Kitchen counter?"

I shook my head, trying not to giggle.

"Shower?" He smirked like it was an actual offer instead of a joke.

I laughed, feeling his fingers pull out of me. “How about a bed,” I gave him a pointed look.

He scooped me up into his arms, carrying me bridal style. “Of course,” he said with false realization. “Whose?” He smirked down at me.

“Mine or yours,” I giggled, sending him a jokingly scolding expression. It would be disrespectful if we did it in one of my other guys’ beds.

My other guys... where were they? I wanted them to be there with me. This was a big deal to me, and damn it, if I wasn’t babied by all of them, I wanted a refund. I wasn’t ignorant, I knew it would hurt, and I wasn’t looking forward to that part.

He carried me into his room, gently placing me on the bed. He pulled his shirt and jeans off, leaving him in his boxers. I spent a few seconds drooling over his toned chest and abs.

He climbed on top of me, gently removing my sweater and leaving me in my underwear, bra, and thigh-highs again. He gently kissed me. “You’re so beautiful, Baby.”

“Isn’t she?” Eugene agreed from the doorway.

Eugene walked in, followed by the rest of my men. My heart hammered, nerves starting to take their toll as red stained my cheeks. I wanted them to be here, but that didn’t change the fact that I was shy.

Lucifer took a seat in the corner, similar to how he did in Felix’s office. Felix stood at the end of the bed, his hands holding the frame. Eugene and Dane stood a few feet away from the sides of the bed, almost as if they didn’t want to intrude. Theo gave my foot a quick love tap before standing beside Felix. Quin stayed in the doorway, not even entering the room.

Duke didn’t seem phased by them being here at all. He just kept his gaze on me. It was clear that they were just here as spectators. Duke gently grabbed my cheek, shifting my gaze away from everyone else. “Don’t be nervous, Baby,” he coaxed, leaning down and kissing my neck.

Dane crouched down, taking my hand in his. “We’re not here to join,” he explained. I turned to him, giving Duke more access. I let out a small moan as Duke kissed down my neck, collarbone, and the valley between my breasts. Dane smiled. “I need you to do something for me, Angel.”

Duke unclasped my bra, removing it. I blushed, moving my arms to cover myself. Duke looked amused. “Are you going to move your hands, or am I?” He asked.

I bit my lip, deciding it was in my best interest to give in now rather than later. This was *happening*. I was going to be naked. I couldn’t make eye contact with anyone other than Duke as I slowly placed my hands to my sides.

Duke smiled. “Good girl.” He softly kissed me, his lips deliciously puffy against mine. I sucked in a breath, feeling his hands on my breasts, gently kneading them. He broke away from my lips and sucked on my neck.

“Elora, you need to let him bite you,” Dane said softly.

I pushed my eyebrows together. “Huh?” Duke’s mouth was on my nipple, licking it. I moaned at the new feeling, and ripples of pleasure spread through me. His hands wrapped around my underwear, slowly pulling them down.

Duke released my nipple, focusing on getting my underwear off. His bright ruby eyes gazed down at me as he pulled them off my legs. “It’ll help with the pain, Baby,” he explained.

He wanted to bite me... so I wouldn’t hurt? *Hurt me so I won’t hurt—what an oxymoron*. “I’m good,” I dismissed. I didn’t want to be bitten again. Last time I was dizzy and didn’t feel good for hours after.

Duke sighed before giving Dane a reluctant nod that I couldn’t read.

I pushed my legs together, feeling the cold hit me. Duke swiftly removed his boxers, climbing on top of me again. As if my body was on autopilot, my legs spread for him. I propped myself up on my elbows, looking down at his dick.

I widened my eyes, the nerves settling in my lower stomach. Was he going to fit?

Duke gently grabbed my elbows, making me fall onto my back again. “Relax, Baby,” he placed his hand on my cheek.

Drawing in a big breath, I felt his tip rub along my slit, collecting my juices. I moaned as he kept teasing me with it, my craving for it growing. I didn’t care how bad it might hurt; I just wanted to be close to him.

Duke let out a low moan, a pained look in his eyes. “Are you sure you want to do this tonight, Baby?” He asked.

I gave him the best smile I could muster through my nerves. “I’ve never been patient,” I joked, urging him to continue.

Duke moved his dick down to my entrance, and I felt the slightest amount of pressure. He held my hands with his large one and held them above my head. “Relax for me, Baby,” he kissed my lips.

I closed my eyes, melting into the kiss. He pushed into me, and I winced, my mouth falling agape and my eyes widening. *Nope!* “I don’t like it, Duke,” I started my rant, an uncomfortable pinch between my legs.

Duke cupped my cheek with his free hand. “It’ll get better, Baby, I promise. You’re doing so good, just a bit more,” he encouraged.

My teeth clenched as I squeezed his hands in mine. I locked eyes with Quin in the doorway. He gave me a small nod, agreeing with Duke, silently telling me it would get better. Quin seemed like he was in pain, like something was bothering him. He gave me a small smile before he left the room.

My body tensed, and I shrieked in pain as I felt him push another inch into me. I squeezed my eyes shut, feeling tears start to form. “Ouch,” I said through my teeth.

Duke kissed my tear-covered cheeks. I opened my eyes, concerned about covering his face. He sighed. “Do you trust me, Baby?” He asked.

“Of course; why?” I said in a shaky voice.

He gave me a pointed look, “Then, I need you to trust that I know what’s best. Be a good girl and let me help you. I hate seeing you in pain,” he begged.

Unsure of what exactly he meant, I still nodded. If Duke thought biting me or something would help, I’d take any relief I could. “I trust you.”

He smiled, wiping a tear away with his thumb. “Such a good girl,” he cooed. I felt him hold onto my hands a bit tighter. He kissed where my neck met my shoulder, his hot breath tickling me. “Forgive me,” was the only warning he gave before he slammed into me, his dick buried inside me completely.

I gasped, too stunned at the amount of pain between my legs for my voice to scream. The pain consumed me; the only way to describe it was like being split in half. I cried, my arms thrashing against his hand. “Take it out, take it out!” I pleaded.

My cries quickly turned to moans as I felt his teeth sink into my neck. Instantly, wave after wave of pleasure rippled through me, making the ache between my legs an afterthought.

Duke pulled away a few seconds later, licking my skin where he bit me. I moaned, wanting more.

“You’re doing so good, Baby—the hard part is over. You feel so good around my cock,” he grunted the last part.

I faintly smiled up at him, still hazy from my orgasm. Why did I say they couldn’t bite me again?

I did it—I had sex! It hurt a lot, and his dick in me didn’t feel as good as I thought it would, but it was what it was. Duke also didn’t look as satisfied as I thought he would. Dane looked much happier after he came.

Lucifer made a strained, confused sound from the corner of the room. “You think that’s it?” He questioned.

I pushed my eyebrows together. Wasn’t it? He put his dick in me; what else was there to do?

Everyone else looked as confused as I was.

Lucifer smirked. “He just popped your cherry, Kitten.”

“We’re not done?” I asked with wide eyes, relief filling me.

Duke looked bewildered. “Done? No, Baby,” he looked at me adoringly.

Theo chuckled. “You’re so fucking adorable, it hurts.”

I looked up at Duke, still confused. My legs shifted a bit, and I sucked in a breath when I felt a dull ache within me. I thought sex was just a penis inside a vagina. I bit my lip, not knowing where to go from here.

Duke smiled. “I’m going to move now, okay? If it still hurts too badly, tell me,” he ordered.

Move? I nodded.

He gently rocked his hips, his dick moving slowly into me. I gasped, squeezing his hands again. It still hurt a lot, but pleasure was mixed with the pain.

Duke watched me closely, slowly speeding up his thrusts. I moaned, feeling him continually hit something deep inside me. I felt so full and stretched in the best possible way.

“That’s my good girl. Moan for my cock, beautiful,” he groaned, speeding up again. “Such a good little cockslut, so tight and wet for me,” he husked.

I squirmed under him, arching my back off the bed at his naughty words. I loved it when he called me a good girl. A string of whines escaped my lips and filled the room. I loved this; I loved being as close as possible to him and how amazing it felt.

He let go of my hands and grabbed my hips. “Fuck,” he grunted out. I dreamily watched his lips part, and his eyes roll back. I bit my lip, looking up at him through glassy eyes. He was so handsome... He let out a pained groan, gripping my hips hard. “Sorry, Baby, I need to fuck you,” he strained out.

I screamed as he suddenly pounded into me. His hands lifted my hips off the bed, holding me at an angle. I cried out as the mix of pleasure and pain brought me close to my release.

The only sounds that could be heard were our moans and his skin slapping against mine. “Duke!” I screamed in ecstasy.

He gave me a sharp look. “Not yet, Baby. You hold it until I give you permission,” he warned.

I grabbed his wrists by my waist, squeezing them in fear that I’d float away if I didn’t have something to grab onto. My breasts bounced from the force he was putting into the thrusts. Tears cascaded down my cheeks as I tried to hold my orgasm.

Duke’s thrusts got sloppier, and his moans started to mix with whimpers. “Shit–cum on my cock, Baby. Cum with me,” he ordered.

I instantly came at his whimpering voice, pushing me over the edge. My body shook at the intensity of it, leaving me a sweaty, mewling mess under him.

He thrust into me a few more times, groaning loudly as I felt warm liquid fill me. I gasped, hazily blinking up at him. He looked so sexy when he came. I could watch him all day. Heck, I could do this all day... if it didn’t hurt as much or make me tired.

Duke let go of my hips, trapping me under him with his arms. I blinked slowly, feeling a sudden sleepiness crash into me. I was so happy and warm. If it wasn’t for the returning soreness in my girly parts, everything would be completely perfect.

He placed several kisses against my lips and cheeks. I kissed him back but felt myself slowly drifting. “Elora, don’t go to sleep yet. I’ve got to get you cleaned up, Baby,” he coaxed.

I moaned, feeling him slide out of me and stickiness coat my thighs. I closed my eyes, his bed molding to my body like a soft hug.

My body felt weightless as he lifted into his arms and carried me. “No, I’m sleeping,” I pouted.

He chuckled. “You can fall asleep after you pee, okay?” I felt myself being sat on a toilet.

Opening my eyes to look up at Duke, I felt a blush cross my cheeks. He stood before me, naked, as he turned the bath on. I bit my lip. “I can’t pee in front of you...” I mumbled. Why do I even have to pee? I didn’t really have to go that bad; I could’ve just slept.

Duke gave me a funny look. “You’re worried about me seeing you pee? After we—never mind,” he chuckled, leaving the bathroom.

I finished doing my business but couldn’t bring myself to stand once I flushed. I just wanted to sleep; that was all I wanted. I’d never been so tired in my life. The world around me had turned into something of a dreamscape: hazy and romantic.

The bathroom door opened, and Felix walked in with a bottle of blue water. He knelt down, proudly smiling at me. “Here, Sweetheart. Drink this,” he cooed and raised it to my lips.

I drank a bit, but felt myself slipping into sleep again. “Take me to bed?” I pleaded. I realized I was still bare, and Felix’s head was level with my bare breasts, but luckily for me, I was literally too exhausted to care.

Duke walked back in, and Felix stood up. “She didn’t drink much. Try to get her to drink it all before she sleeps. Assuming she doesn’t pass out in the bath,” Felix informed, glancing at me before he left.

Duke scooped me into his arms and sat me down with him in the large bath. My back rested against his chest, my body between his legs.

I sighed, my body relaxing and my muscles loosening. This was nice...

“You did so well, Baby,” Duke kissed the top of my head. “I’m sorry I hurt you,” he sounded guilty.

Feeling myself slip away, I absentmindedly said something I would probably regret. “I kinda liked the pain.”

Quin

It pained me to leave, but I had to. I wanted to stay; I wanted to be there for her. Sex wasn't something she ever spoke to us about, at least not until recently. I knew Elora; I knew tonight was a big deal to her. I hated that I couldn't keep my bloodlust at bay around her. The slightest drop of blood, and I saw red.

I'd off myself if I ever hurt her, I could barely live with myself now, craving her blood like I did. I thought it was because I licked the fucking knife when she was nine. I thought I developed a craving for it all those years ago, and that was why I struggled so much with it.

But, seeing the others have no problems around blood... I was deeply ashamed. I'd been on this earth for thousands of years, and I've *never* craved another human's blood like I do hers. I'd never struggled with craving blood before.

I wanted to be better for her, but not at the risk of hurting her. I knew myself and would have lost control if I didn't walk away. She looked so confused when I left... I didn't know how to explain myself to her. I didn't want her to think I was a monster, for her to be uncomfortable around me. Most of the time, I was perfectly fine. It was only when she hurt herself or bled that I struggled.

After taking a walk through the woods for half an hour, I walked back into the manor. Duke could easily go for hours, but he definitely wouldn't have her go through that her first time. That was why it was him. We all wanted to, but we agreed that Duke or Dane should be the ones to take her virginity, of course, unless she wished another to. The two of them were gentler than the rest, so it made the most sense.

I heard water draining and assumed Duke stuck her in a bath after. The laundry machine was also running; I was sure he had also stripped his bed sheets.

I wanted to see her to ensure she knew I didn't *want* to leave. I entered Duke's room, seeing him in boxers, his hair still damp. Elora was out cold on his bed, wearing a pair of his

much too huge boxers on her tiny frame. *Cute*. Duke skillfully slipped one of his t-shirts over her head, unfortunately covering her amazing breasts.

Everything about her was small, even her delicate curves complimented her in all the right places. Personally, her thighs killed me. I knew everyone else adored her ass, and I did too. But *fuck, her thighs...*

I leaned against the doorway. “Did I miss anything good? Besides the obvious,” I joked. I truly wanted to be here and tried to stay even after I smelled her blood, but it was overwhelming.

Duke glanced up at me as he tightened the boxers around her waist, seeing as they’d fall off if he didn’t. He looked down at her lovingly. “It was *all* good,” he corrected. He sat on his bed, pulling her sleeping body into his lap. He smirked, looking amused. “She must have read the literal definition of sex because she thought we were done once I finally got it in,” he recalled.

“Of course she did,” I looked down at her as I chuckled. That was very on-brand for her and her adorable–yet painful innocence.

We were silent for a while as we listened to her soft breathing. I felt Duke’s eyes on me and turned to him. He let out a small breath. “She said she liked the pain,” he sounded hurt but mostly confused as the words left his mouth.

A dark smirk fell on my lips. “Now that *is* a surprise.” My mind started racing with all the twisted things I was going to do to her. I was hoping she was a little masochist.

Duke rolled his eyes. “Don’t look so happy,” he scolded. Awe, someone doesn’t like that his baby was a dirty little pain slut. He looked down at her. “I saw the look you gave Felix earlier,” he pushed his eyebrows together, pulling her closer to him. He gave me a pleading look. “Just... go easy. She’s fragile.”

I chuckled at how much the vampire coddled her—especially now. “She’s less fragile than you think,” I

dismissed. Obviously, we weren't going to *break* her—we would just make her cry and scream for a few hours.

Duke couldn't be more different than I was. He was gentle and nurturing, and she had him tightly wound around her finger to the point where she got away with anything. I didn't put up with that shit because I knew she knew better. I wanted to watch her face twist in pain while tears ran down her rosy cheeks as I slapped her ass. Duke would *never* hit her even if she asked him to.

She had always treated Duke differently than the rest of us. I wouldn't say *worse*, but she knew she could manipulate him easily. I cocked a brow at him. "I have a sneaking suspicion that she'll love whatever we decide to do to her," I added, so he wouldn't worry so much.

Even with my confidence, he looked down at her with worry, clearly not a fan of the idea. *What a softie*. I stepped into the room, holding my arms out. "I'll take her to bed," I offered, selfishly wanting her in my arms. They all got to watch Duke fuck her, and it was only fair that I held her while she slept.

Duke nodded, placing a small kiss on her head before I carefully took her from his arms. Her legs and arms limply fell as I carried her bridal style to her room. Duke bit her; the marks on her neck were evidence of that. The bite, along with sex and at least two orgasms, was probably what knocked her out.

When we bite a human, they feel some sort of ecstasy. It calms them to the point of euphoria. It was a sick evolutionary trick to our advantage.

When we bit Elora in Felix's office, we weren't expecting her to have an orgasm from each bite—none of us had heard of that happening until it happened to her. It was strange, and Dane had been trying to find a reason why the bites had a *much stronger* effect on her than on other humans.

A lot about our situation was strange; we all knew that. Before Duke, Felix, and Lucifer came home, Elora was just... Elora. It was like a wave of emotion crashed all at once, and

my feelings did a 360. It was strange, but I knew it was right. As a man who didn't believe in fate—I knew that Elora was mine.

Dane was trying to give many things a logical explanation. The orgasms when we bit her, why our feelings changed, and how we suddenly loved her so deeply and equally. I suggested that we call our close friend, an old bastard named Dimitri. He was gifted and could read auras. If there was something *wrong, right, or peculiar* with Elora, he'd be the one who'd be able to tell. They kept brushing my idea off, saying they didn't want anyone—even close friends—to know about Elora yet. I understood and somewhat agreed, but whatever was happening between us... it was more profound than what could be seen and heard.

I laid her down in her pink bed before stripping down to my boxers and lying with her. She cuddled into my side, wrapping her little fist around the blanket.

Sometimes, I wished I could sleep. I wanted to know how it felt. I don't mind getting to hold and admire her all night, but I want to sleep with her. She always looked so cozy and peaceful when she slept.

My humanity ended thousands of years ago before the vampiric gene plagued me when I was only 26. I couldn't remember my human years—the rest of my life was more eventful. I couldn't even remember how exhaustion felt.

About one in every hundred thousand men was born with the gene. The disease took over and changed us into vampires sometime in our twenties. As far as I knew, it was a random mutation that occurred. Vampires cannot be made, despite what literally every single stupid vampire movie claimed.

Although my thousands of years made my early memories fade into nothing, I was very grateful for this life. I'd seen things others have only dreamed of, been everywhere multiple times, and lived hundreds of lives.

Somehow, I knew that it was all leading up to *her*. She was the center of my universe. Life before her was dull. Her bright smile lit up my world. I'd genuinely do anything for her. As

much as I'd like to sleep again, to know what exhaustion feels like, I'd forget it a million times over just to hold her while she slept.

Vanilla



Elora

*B*arely awake, I stretched my legs and torso like I usually did first thing in the morning. Pain shot down my legs from between my thighs. I instantly clamped my thighs shut, not wanting to move. I gasped, my eyes opening wide. “Shit–fuck!” I cursed through my teeth.

Feeling a large body next to me, I slowly peeked up. Quin was smirking down at me. “A bit sore this morning, Doll?” He teased.

I blushed, knowing I shouldn’t have cursed; it just came out. I’d never liked curse words, they just weren’t friendly. When I felt like I was gutted like a fish. However, one or two colorful words were permitted. I nodded. “When did I get here?” I asked, gesturing to my bed.

Looking down, I noticed I was wearing Duke’s clothes. I couldn’t remember anything after sitting down in the bath with Duke. I fell asleep so quickly, it was insane. Well, I guess I knew a good way to put myself to sleep when I had a restless night. Fun and functional, I like it.

Quin carefully pulled me onto his lap, making me wince as I straddled him. Okay, it better not be this painful every time. He lifted his knees, and I rested my back against his thighs. He was like a delicious, shirtless, sexy man-chair. “I pried you out of Duke’s arms once I got back,” he explained. His eyebrows lightly pushed together. “I’m sorry I left, Elora,” he added.

“You didn’t lock yourself in the basement again, did you?” I pouted. I didn’t want him doing that.

“No, I went on a walk.” He smiled. “Speaking of–” he reached over to my nightstand and grabbed a small stone. “I found one of those rocks you like,” he held it out to me.

I grinned hugely, looking down at the rock that had a clear quartz chunk on it. “Awe, I love it, Quin!” I leaned forward and kissed him. I felt him smile as he softly kissed me back.

I pulled away after a few seconds, wanting to put my new stone on my shelf with the others. I hopped off him, grimacing at the tenderness between my legs. I set the stone down on the shelf, looking at it with the others.

Rearranging the shelf several times, I tried to find the best order. I was having such a good morning, besides the soreness. I got a stone, I got kisses, and I got to organize!

Quin wrapped his arms around my ribcage, pulling me into his chest. “It looks very pretty in that spot,” he complimented. I grinned, feeling his lips on my neck. “Come shower with me?” He asked.

About time! None of them ever wanted to shower with me. I blinked up at him. “Is this you saying that I stink?” I joked.

He scooped me up into his arms and walked to my bathroom. “No, this is me saying I want to see you naked,” he smirked.

Oh. I giggled. “Say the magic word,” I teased. If he wanted to see me naked, he needed to say please.

He sat me down on the counter, giving me a pointed look. “Strike two,” he smirked, a clear challenge in his gaze.

I gasped, my face heating up in a blush. “No!” I covered his mouth with my hands, hoping and praying that Felix didn’t hear him. Was he trying to get me killed? I glanced at the door before looking back at him. “I didn’t do anything,” I whispered, taking my hands away from his mouth.

He looked amused as he cocked an eyebrow. “Oh, you thought I was talking about this morning?” He started. “No, Doll. I’m referring to yesterday at dinner. That was strike two,” he said evilly. “Now, please, get naked,” he added, his lips turning up into a not-so-innocent smile.

Not believing what I was hearing, I could only gawk at him. The look he and Felix gave each other... I should have

known Quin was in on it. I wasn't even teasing either of them, I was teasing Duke! ...And look how that turned out.

Man, I had a lot to learn from them. Duke couldn't be manipulated like he used to. Felix and Quin are punishing me for the smallest of things. Lucifer was cruel, and I didn't even want to try to tease him in any way. Eugene wanted to put things in my butt and was way too happy about it. Theo could manipulate me so easily, all he had to do was give me one of his stupid smiles, and I crumbled. Dane was my saving grace; he was the least intense out of them all, which was shocking with Duke in the mix.

For years, I'd known them like the back of my hand. Now, sexually, as lovers instead of friends, I barely knew them at all. Duke was a completely different person, and so was Lucifer. Felix got ten times scarier. Quin—my sweet Quin suddenly wanted to punish me.

I bet if I went to sweet talk Felix, maybe he'd let me out of whatever punishment he and Quin had planned for me. Yup! That was what I'd do. But for now, it was time to get Quin out of his clothes.

Holding the counter's edge, I lowered myself back onto the ground, my bare feet cold against the tile. He watched me carefully as I walked over and turned the shower on.

Making sure I had his full attention, I lifted Duke's shirt over my head and dropped it to the floor. My nipples hardened against the cool air, and goosebumps pricked my skin. I hooked my thumbs around the boxers and wiggled out of them. They pooled at my feet, and I softly kicked them, making them land on his feet.

Quin's eyes roamed my body, and my cheeks lit up like a Christmas tree. He smirked. "Do you really think teasing me is wise, Babydoll?" He warned.

"You said get naked. I'm just doing what I'm told," I gave him a sweet smile before stepping into the warm shower. He didn't say I couldn't be a little sexy with it, did he?

I busied myself with taking my hair out of its braid. It was so knotted after being in Lucifer's bed, then Duke's last night, and mine. With one hand, I brushed my teeth, and the other struggled to finger-brush the knots.

I finally finished getting it out of the braid a few minutes later and washed it.

Quin stepped in behind me, and I turned to look at him. I fought with all my might not to immediately look down at his naked groin. I must have been weak-willed because my eye line immediately fell the second he leaned forward to adjust the water.

I raised my eyebrows, wondering if they were all... well-endowed. Quin was a bit more girthy than Duke and a bit shorter. He wasn't small by any means. "Fuck, you look so pretty when you want cock," Quin's voice broke me out of my trance, and I looked up at him with wide eyes, feeling caught. He pulled me flush against his chest, and I felt his dick pressing into my abdomen. His lips were centimeters away from mine as he whispered. "Kiss me," he ordered.

I blushed, my stomach clenching at the thought of him in me. Yes, please... I stood on my toes, placing a soft kiss on his lips. His hand wrapped itself around my throat and pulled me up, impossibly closer to him.

Quin devoured my mouth for what felt like an eternity, roughly taking exactly what he wanted. His hand was tight around my throat, and I could barely stand on my toes with how he gripped me. It got steamy in more ways than one, with the hot water making the air thick.

He pushed me until my back hit the cold shower wall. I gasped, feeling his hand snake down my front until it was between my thighs.

He pulled away from my lips but didn't loosen his grip on my neck. His eyes were bright red as he stared at me with an evil-looking smirk.

His finger lightly ran along my slit, making me squirm against him.

My pulse spiked with nerves as I grabbed his wrist instinctually.

Quin froze like a sudden switch was turned on in his mind. His smirk changed to a dark, threatening gaze. I instantly let go, knowing that I messed up. His eyes glared down at me in a way that scared me, but it didn't stop my girly parts from pulsing.

With fear evident in my rounded eyes, I stared up at him. A familiar look in his eyes told me he was communicating through their mind-link, but I didn't question it.

Quin looked murderous as I tried to push myself further into the wall, but it was impossible. I quickly ducked under him, back under the water, putting some distance between us. "I'm sorry, it just happens—" I tried explaining, but he shut me up with his intense glare.

He cocked an eyebrow at me, "Do you know why you do it?" He asked in a tone that was far too calm with how upset he was.

I didn't answer; I just stared at him, my heart pounding.

He gave my thigh a harsh slap, and I winced. "You will answer me," he ordered.

"N-no," I answered quickly. He intimidated me, but why was I soaking wet between my legs and not from the shower... Goodness, I was twisted.

Quin held my hands in his own, lightly running his thumbs over my palms. "Control," he said. "If I want to play with your pussy, I will," he stepped closer to me. "If I want to fingerfuck you, I will." He pulled me forward by my hands, making me stumble into his chest. "If I want you to give up every last ounce of control you have," he smirked, "You will."

The air changed, and the hot water stopped hitting my back. I tensed, my blood running cold. I watched Quin as he smirked, looking behind me.

No way.

Turning slowly, I was met with a very naked and very intense-looking Felix.

Shit.

I felt so tiny between them, each more than a foot taller than me and almost three times as wide. I bit my lip, knowing I was in big trouble. The worst part was they looked smug about it, almost as if it was planned.

I couldn't talk myself out of this, that much was clear. But maybe I could sweet talk Felix into going easy on me. I didn't know what they were going to do, and a sick part of me was excited to find out.

"Hi, Daddy," I tried to say sweetly as I looked up at Felix through my lashes, but my voice came out small and scared.

He smirked, his thumb pulling my bottom lip down. "Awe, Baby," he pushed his eyebrows together, giving me a false look of sympathy. He leaned down, pressing a kiss against my lips, "That's not going to work," he whispered.

I gasped as something cold clicked around my wrist. I looked down, seeing a silver pair of metal handcuffs. Felix skillfully cuffed my other wrist before I had time to react. How did I not notice those in his hand?!

Quin grabbed the chain between the cuffs, moving my hands over my head. "It's time for you to learn how to keep your hands to yourself, Doll," he said as he hooked the cuffs around the shower head.

My arms and torso were stretched to the maximum, with the showerhead several inches above me. I stood there, entirely bare for them, my body on full display, with warm water dripping down my skin. The only way I was getting out of this was if they unhooked me. I couldn't get the cuffs over the showerhead myself.

My shower was huge, easily fitting the three of us. Felix stood at my side and Quin in front of me. My chest rose and fell rapidly, anticipation killing me.

Felix moved my hair behind me, his fingertips burning my neck wherever they touched. "Do you know what a safe word

is, Baby?” He asked.

I shook my head. “No?”

He ran his hand down my torso, his touch soft like little butterfly kisses. “A safe word is a word you say when you want to stop. If you say your safe word, everything stops immediately, do you understand?” He explained.

Well, why not just say stop? I nodded. “Yes—”

“Ask them to explain. Don’t lie.” Lucifer demanded in my mind.

“Can’t I just say stop?” I asked with a blush.

Felix smiled, seeming happy that I asked, which confused me. “When you told Duke to take it out last night, did you mean it?” He asked.

It hurt badly, but I didn’t want to stop. “No, not really,” I admitted.

Felix nodded. “That’s the difference. If you say stop, we will, but it might be more of a pause or check-in. But if you use your safe word, we’ll know we crossed a physical, emotional, or even moral boundary,” he explained.

Oh. I liked that idea, but I doubt I’d ever use it. “Why are you telling me this?” I asked.

“Because you might need it today,” Quin answered.

Felix studied me. “Using your safe word isn’t bad, Baby. It’s a very good thing, and you need to be comfortable saying it. We’re going to push you and test your limits,” he added with an evil smirk.

My lips parted as I stared at them in shock. What were they going to do...

“Pick a word, Babydoll,” Quin ordered.

Oh jeez. I liked cookies? They were sweet and sugary, and I wouldn’t accidentally say it during sex. Sugar? No, it doesn’t really roll off the tongue. Flour? No. I raised my eyebrows, “Vanilla?” I thought.

Quin smiled. “I like it,” he shared a glance with Felix that I couldn’t read.

Felix adjusted the shower head, moving it up higher. I whimpered, barely able to stand on my toes now. I squirmed, my arms starting to hurt from being strained.

Quin stepped closer to me, his hand cupping my girly parts again. “Are you still sore?” He asked.

I nodded, “Uh-huh.”

He smirked, “Good.”

He plunged two fingers into me without any warning. I cried out, flinching against the cuffs. I didn’t know whether to cry or moan at the mix between discomfort and pain.

Felix moved behind me, lifting me up by my thighs and spreading them open. My thighs were in the splits, bent at my knees. “Watch his fucking fingers,” Felix ordered. “Watch him use your little pussy while you’re restrained,” he growled into my ear.

I looked down, watching Quin roughly pumping his fingers into me. His hand was covered in veins and looked strong against my much softer skin. I moaned, feeling myself close already. It was all so overwhelming—their words, my position, having them both in here using me for their own pleasure, and Quin’s fingers.

Quin went faster, his hand slapping against my pussy, splashing water from the force. I yipped, trying to close my legs, but Felix held them. “You want to cum, Doll?” Quin asked, his free hand gripping my cheeks.

I nodded, desperate for a release.

Quin impossibly pushed his fingers into me faster, and I clenched around him. “Words,” he warned.

I gasped. “Yes! Please...” I whimpered.

Quin smirked, and I started to cum, but everything stopped as he pulled his fingers out of me. “No!” I cried, a painful ache between my legs as my orgasm slipped away from me.

Quin pulled my face close to his. “Bad girls don’t get to cum,” he said in a low voice.

I squirmed against Felix, hating that I didn’t get to finish. It was cruel.

Felix let go of my thighs, and I once again struggled to stand on my tiptoes. I felt his dick against my ass, resting between my cheeks. I widened my eyes, feeling how hard and big he was. I absentmindedly rubbed against him, loving the way he felt against me.

Felix’s hand was around my throat in a second, stopping my movements. “Look at you, so desperate for cock,” he husked into my ear, sending chills down my spine. “You want me to punish-fuck my little pussy? Hm? Is that what you want?”

Another wave of arousal crashed into me, and I moaned. My body felt like it was on fire. Punish-fuck? I knew I didn’t like being punished, but that didn’t sound bad...

Quin smirked. “Awe, look how pathetic she looks. Poor Baby can’t even make decisions for herself,” he said with false sympathy.

I felt a piece of myself, the part that needed to be in control of everything, my need for everything to be my way, fade away. With one sentence from Quin, I slipped into a state I’d never experienced before, and I liked it.

For once, I wasn’t thinking about the right thing to do, organizing my thoughts, micromanaging everything around me, or making decisions. I had no desire to make any decisions right now, and my mind felt free. The annoying nag that was always there ceased to exist.

I blinked up at Quin, my eyes hazy and full of love. “Use me,” I practically begged, giving them complete control.

A satisfied smirk fell on his lips as he gave Felix a look.

Felix unlocked the cuffs, allowing my arms to fall to my sides. I sighed, relieved that my arms weren’t sore. That relief was short-lived as he re-cuffed my wrists behind my back.

Felix placed his hand on my lower back. “Bend over,” he ordered.

I bent at the waist, stopping when I was parallel to the floor. I gasped, feeling Felix’s huge tip probe my entrance, rubbing up and down my slit teasingly.

Quin fisted his hand in my hair, pulling my head back, forcefully making me look up at him. “Open,” he rasped, his other hand around his dick.

I opened my mouth, eager to taste him. He placed his tip against my lips, pushing himself into my mouth.

I moaned, feeling Felix slowly enter me. I whimpered around Quin’s dick, feeling stretched and sore again. But I loved it.

Felix moaned as he slowly buried himself inside me; the sound was music to my ears. “You’re so fucking tight, Baby,” he cursed.

Quin rubbed his tip against my tongue, a deep moan escaping his perfect lips. “Wrap your lips around me,” he ordered.

I closed my lips around him, and he pushed himself further into my mouth. I softly bobbed my head, sucking half of him into my mouth. His head fell back as he moaned, using my hair as leverage to push me further down into him. “Fuck, your little mouth is just what I needed.”

Felix grabbed my wrists and thrust into me. I cried onto Quin’s dick, my eyes welling with tears. He was massive, and I was glad he gave me a few minutes to get used to him as Duke did.

Both started thrusting into me, using me like I begged them to. I tried screaming in pleasure, but it came out muffled as Quin pushed himself down my throat.

I coughed when he took it out, drool running down my chin. “Such a dirty slut,” he mumbled before taking my throat again. I was fighting the urge to gag as he slid down my throat, stopping my breathing.

Felix slapped my ass hard, and I gasped around Quin's cock, tingles erupting like ripples from where he hit me. "I've wanted to bruise your perfect skin ever since I got back," he groaned, slapping me again.

I flinched, feeling close to cumming again. I needed to cum, they couldn't torture me like that again.

Quin pulled out, allowing me to breathe. I took in a big breath of air. "Please let me cum, Daddy," I cried out with tears falling down my cheeks.

Quin shut me up, thrusting himself down my throat again. He chuckled. "What do you think, Felix? Has she earned it?" He teased.

I whimpered, trying to say yes, but talking with Quin's dick in my mouth was impossible.

Felix grabbed my hips and pulled me back onto him. I moaned, my vision becoming blurry as he hit the perfect spot. Oh my goodness... please. "Cum for us, Baby," Felix moaned.

My whole body shook, and I immediately came. Quin pulled out of me, and the shower was filled with my moans and whimpers.

Felix didn't let up on his thrusts, making my orgasm last for what felt like forever. Felix slapped my ass again. "If you want to cum so bad, let's see how many you can take before your legs give out," he threatened.

Quin pushed himself into my mouth again, grabbing my head with his hands and roughly bobbing my head on him. "I'm going to cum down that pretty little throat, and you're going to swallow it all," he said lowly.

I nodded, my eyes hazily blinking up at him. He was so handsome... I wanted him to feel good like I was. I hollowed my cheeks and sucked harder, ignoring the soreness in my jaw.

Felix's thrusts became faster and more sloppy, his grunts and moans pushing me over the edge again as I came for the second time.

My hands shook behind my back, and my legs trembled, struggling to stay up against Felix's powerful thrusts.

I felt Quin twitch in my mouth and moan. "Fuck, Elora," he moaned as he spilled his cum down my throat.

I swallowed mouthfuls of his sweet-tasting cum, overjoyed that I made him feel good. He pulled out of my mouth, and I gasped for air, looking up at him dreamily.

Felix slammed my hips against his, a loud wet clapping sound filling the room. I whimpered, feeling overwhelmed. "Daddy," I moaned.

"Daddy's cumming, Baby," he moaned. "Fuck you're going to milk my cock of everything I have."

A warm, full feeling spread through me as he came inside me. I cried out again, clenching around him as I came.

My legs finally gave out from under me, and if Felix hadn't been holding me, I would have fallen onto the floor. My mind felt completely fuzzy, but I was proud of myself for lasting this long.

Felix wasted no time as he brought my shoulders back, lifting me to an upright position. Felix kissed the tears on my cheeks, still inside me. "I don't think she's had enough, Quin," he smirked.

I whimpered, looking between the two. What did he mean?! I couldn't take any more of this. I wanted to lie down and have a little nap.

As if on cue, the shower curtain was softly pulled back, revealing Lucifer, a smug grin on his lips.

I didn't think I'd stopped blushing this entire time, but if it was possible, I turned darker. He leaned against the wall, holding something out to Quin. It was some kind of handle with a rounded end, like a microphone.

I pushed my eyebrows together, confused. He wasn't here to save me? To take these cuffs off and carry me to safety? What the hell did he give Quin, and what was with the grin?

Lucifer smirked at me. “Scream for me, Kitten. I’ll be listening,” he said lowly as he turned and walked away.

With round eyes, I watched him walk away. “Lucifer?”

Quin pressed a switch on the thing, and it started buzzing. I narrowed my eyes at it as he placed it against my clit.

I sharply gasped, flinching against Felix as it sent waves of pleasure through me. Felix gently rocked his hips, and I shuddered.

“How many are we at, Baby? Three?” Quin asked.

I tried my hardest to think, but I honestly couldn’t remember. My mind was utterly mush.

Quin smirked, pressing another button on the torture device. If possible, it vibrated faster, almost painfully, against my clit as I came again.

I couldn’t help the scream that escaped, my body becoming jello in Felix’s strong arms. It was all too much. The orgasms—as delightful as they were—were starting to push me over the edge.

Quin ran his thumb across my cheek, wiping away a tear, “Feeling sleepy?” He asked, and I couldn’t tell if he was teasing me or not; my brain wasn’t working like it usually did. I could truly only focus on the throbbing between my legs.

Felix pulled out of me, and I whimpered at the tenderness. I thought it was bad before, but now it was fresh, and I doubted I’d be able to sit right for a few days.

Quin pressed the button again, and I thrashed against Felix, my vision starting to blur. “Vanilla!” I finally gave in, unable to take another second of this. It was too much to handle.

Quin pulled the thing away, setting it down on the side of the shower. Felix released my hands from the cuffs, placing gentle kisses on my shoulder.

Felix hugged my shoulders, supporting most of my weight. “Shh, you’re okay, Baby. You did amazing,” he cooed into my ear.

My body was shaking violently, and I couldn't stop it. Everything felt numb, and when Felix tried to put me down, I couldn't stand on my own legs.

Quin grabbed me, holding me up by my waist. "You lasted much longer than I expected," he moved us into the water again. I looked around, noticing Felix wasn't in the shower anymore. "I'm so proud of you, Babydoll," he praised.

I blinked slowly, smiling up at him. My mind felt so funny; I was acting weird too. Sex was what I thought hard drugs would have felt like. Not that I ever imagined hard drugs at all—but if I had to guess, they would feel like this.

Quin took a cloth and gently cleaned my thighs, washing away any stickiness. He got close to my clit, and I flinched, whimpering. I was way too sensitive down there, and I didn't want anything even near my girly parts.

Quin put the cloth down and turned the shower off. When he opened the curtain, Felix was there with a warm towel in hand. Felix gave it to Quin, and he wrapped it around my still-shaking body.

Felix was wearing sweatpants now, his chest was still a little damp. He took me from Quin as he dried off. "Do you want to get dressed or take a nap?" Felix asked.

Was that really a question he had to ask? "Definitely nap," I groggily answered.

He smirked. "I thought so. Come on, let's get you to Duke before he has an aneurysm," he smirked down at me, but I didn't understand what that meant.

Felix carried me bridal style into my bedroom. Duke was sitting on the edge of my bed, his elbows resting on his knees and his hands folded together, looking worried. What was wrong with him?

He widened his eyes, taking my shaking, towel bundled self in. He stood up, walking over to us. "Baby, you're shaking," he observed, his tone filled with worry.

He'd be shaking, too, if he just went through what I did.

Felix handed me to Duke, who almost protectively squeezed me in his arms.

Quin walked out of my bathroom with boxers on. He smirked, "Are you gonna live?" He asked.

I nodded. "I'm fine?" I was just exhausted.

Quin smiled at me. "Oh I know, Babydoll. You're happily sedated," he shifted his gaze to Duke. "I was talking to Duke," he gave him a pointed look.

Huh? I blinked slowly, my mind too mush to comprehend what Duke was so worried about.

Duke gave him a warning look before he carried me out of the room. "Are you okay, Baby?" He asked gently.

I nodded. "I'm tired. Come sleep with me?" I yawned, cuddling into his chest.

He sat on his bed, pulling the blankets over us. I felt warm as he removed the wet towel and pulled me into his chest. "You surprise me, Elora," he whispered.

"You love surprises," I absentmindedly responded.

"I love you."

Mangos

Elora

In awe, I watched Eugene as he messed with a few things under the hood of his insanely old car. I guessed it stopped starting, and he was holding onto a sliver of hope that he could fix it.

We were in the garage with the door open. The sun, exposed by my blouse and shorts, warmed my arms and legs. Eugene looked delicious as ever, with his blue jeans hung low on his hips and nothing else. His long blond hair was messily tied back, a few strands framing his face.

Truthfully, I was only out here to watch him do his thing—that, and I had nothing better to do.

Leaning against the open hood, I smirked at him. “Eugene, do you actually know how to fix this thing?” I asked.

He straightened, placing a dirty rag over his shoulder. “Do you think I’m pretending to fix it?”

“Maybe,” I teased with a shrug.

He tilted his head to the side. “And why would I do that?”

Pulling out my phone, I took a quick picture of him... or five. I held out my phone to him, showing him how handsome he looked fixing the car. “I’m sure it has nothing to do with how good you look,” I giggled. Even if he was actually fixing it, he was definitely putting on an excellent show for me. I gave him a pointed look. “I’m just saying it’s probably safer to do this with your shirt *on*,” I called him out.

Eugene smirked. “This turns you on?” He twisted my words.

I gasped, grabbing the towel off his shoulder and slapping him with it. “Eugene,” I warned.

He chuckled, going back to tinkering with the engine.

I leaned on my elbows, watching his bicep flex. I smirked. “Well, I’m not out here because I have a particular interest in cars,” I flirted.

He smirked up at me, gently shaking his head with a chuckle.

A few more minutes passed by in comfortable silence. Oldies’ music was quietly playing on the radio. I bit my lip, “Why are you so adamant about fixing this car anyways? You have three other cars that cost more than most people’s houses,” I questioned. Rationally, he’d never take this thing on the road ever again.

Eugene straightened, leaning against the car, a happy gleam in his eyes. “This was my first car,” he said proudly. “I’ve fixed it a hundred times, and its expiration date was years ago. But if you take care of things, they last,” he smiled as if he’d given me some life lesson.

I smiled, nodding. I get it; it was special to him.

...What would happen when I got old.

A dreadful thought dawned on me, and my whole body felt cold. They were going to stay young while I turned frail and gray. Their forever and mine were two different realities. I have eighty more years left if I was lucky, and they’d still be here long after I was gone.

My existence was a tiny blimp in their lives. They’d been here for thousands of years and would continue to be here long after I was in the ground. How would that work? They aren’t going to think I’m pretty when I need a cane to walk. They might always love me, but who wanted to be with an old person, *yuck*.

As soon as the dreadful realization dawned on me, I couldn’t get it out of my mind. I blinked up at Eugene. “I’m gonna get us some food,” I announced offhandedly, walking inside.

I passed by Lucifer and Quin in the living room. They were playing chess, and both equally concentrated on winning.

Lucifer's eyes slowly met mine, and I saw a sliver of concern behind his usual void expression.

He knew what I was thinking, but clearly, he didn't know what to say about it either. None of us knew what would happen to us when I aged. He looked like he wanted to say something, but what could he have possibly said? There was no solution to this. Humans aged. Vampires didn't.

When I entered the kitchen, I saw Theo snacking on mangos. His eyes lit up when he saw me. "Gracing me with your presence, Princess—" his chipper expression was replaced with concern. "You look sad; what's wrong?" His attitude quickly changed.

Assuming I was the first to realize that my aging was inevitable, I didn't know how to answer his question. I didn't want to bring it up and bum everyone out. "I'm just hungry," I lied, giving him an assuring nod.

As if lying to him offended him, he pushed his head back. "I know your hungry face, and I know your sad face. Want to try that again?" He gave me a pointed look. "What's *wrong, Elora?*"

Crossing my arms over my stomach, I leaned against the counter and looked up at him. "I was just thinking," I started. "What happens when I get old, Theo?" I asked, not knowing if I wanted to know his opinions myself.

Theo's shoulders dropped, and his face suddenly seemed dull. He stared at me as the same realization fell upon him, too. He took a deep breath, lifting me by my hips and placing me on the counter. "I don't know," he said regretfully. From the sullen depth in his eyes, I could tell he hated his answer. He ran his hand through my hair. "But I do know that we're here now, and that's all that matters," the corner of his lips lifted in a small smile. The smile didn't reach his eyes; I could tell I'd given him a weight to carry. Nonetheless, I appreciated his subject change.

Returning his smile, I nodded in agreement. I rested my head against his shoulder, trying to push the intrusive thought

out of my head. He was right. I'd worry about it when I got there. For now, everything was perfect.

"You smell like mangos," I pulled away, giving him a sardonic look, trying to brighten the mood.

Theo looked excited as he stepped away from me. "I got the *weirdest* craving for mangos last night, anyways—" He opened the fridge, and there were easily 20 containers full of sliced mangos.

Breaking out in a fit of giggles, I shook my head at his impulsivity. Why did he do that? He filled Quin's fridge (which he was very particular and strict about) with mangos. "You know Quin's gonna kill you, right?"

Theo shrugged before closing the fridge. "I've been killed before," he dismissed like it was nothing.

"Theo, what the hell did you do?!" Quin called from the other room.

Trying not to laugh, I pressed my lips together and hopped off the counter.

Theo smirked. "I got groceries!" He called back. I mean... he wasn't lying *entirely*.

Grabbing one of the many containers of mangos, I tried to leave Theo to get mauled by Quin.

Theo made an offended sound. "Elora?"

Turning to look at him with my eyebrows knitted, I was met with him looking bewildered with his arms crossed over his chest. "Greedy! You have like a hundred, one isn't going to hurt."

"No, but you leaving without letting me stick my tongue down your throat is unacceptable."

I huffed out a small laugh, placing my hand on my hip. Theo was lucky he was dreamy. I set the container down on the counter and walked over to him.

A huge grin made small wrinkles appear next to his eyes. "That's right, come to Daddy," he smirked, holding his arms

out.

Well, I wasn't expecting that. Lucifer and Felix, I understood, because they were more... *Daddy-ish*, and the name suited them. But Theo was soft and sweet. "You too?" I asked.

He chuckled, hugging his long arms around my waist. "No, it was a joke," he looked amused. "I shouldn't joke about that, though, because you're totally into it, you little freak," he smirked, giving me a look that made me blush.

What was wrong with calling them Daddy? They all called me cute pet names all day long, and there was nothing wrong with that? It was probably just Theo being *Theo* and messing with me.

"Yeah, well, I'm *your* little freak, so be nice to me," I retorted with a lifted brow.

He smiled, slowly getting closer to my lips. "But it's so easy to embarrass you. You get the cutest little blush," his nose touched mine. "I'm starting to think you have a humiliation kink. You always get so wet—"

Not wanting him to finish that sentence, I kissed him. I definitely didn't like being embarrassed, especially not in a sexy way. He was surely mistaken.

Theo snaked his hands up my back until he reached the back of my neck and placed his thumbs on my cheeks. His lips moved gracefully against mine, making my head spin. I parted my lips for him, loving when they took control.

He reacted instantly, his tongue teasing my own with soft licks that had me clenching my thighs together.

After a few minutes, I knew I'd probably walk around with a limp again like I had yesterday if I didn't leave now. Placing my hands on his chest, I gently pushed him away.

He groaned, looking down at me with red eyes, but his expression stayed soft and desperate. "Do you *have* to go back to Eugene?" He asked. He patted the counter, "The counter's the *perfect* fucking height. Wanna take it for a spin?" He gave me a hopeful look.

That did sound good... but I didn't think I could have sexy time on the kitchen counter. First of all, Quin would be mad, and second, "That sounds unsanitary."

Theo smirked, a rare evilness I'd only seen a few times gleaming in his eyes. "I'll have you lick up any mess we make," he said casually.

My goodness! I quickly grabbed the mangos and started for the door. "Theo!" I whispered over my shoulder, in disbelief that he'd actually said that. I was crimson red at the suggestion, but mostly because I couldn't stop imagining it.

I quickly walked past Lucifer and Quin, who were smirking at me. *Ugh.*

Opening the garage door, the cool outside air refreshed my lungs. I leaned my hip against the old car, waiting for Eugene to acknowledge me.

He smiled up at me. "What did you bring?" He asked.

"Fruit," I answered, offering the mangos to him.

He straightened, glancing between me and the mangos with a look on his face that I couldn't decipher. Seemingly done fixing the engine, he closed the hood. Cleaning any grime or oil off his hands, he held his hands in the garage sink and lathered soap into suds. He looked devilishly handsome, all dirty and fixing things.

When he'd finished, I held out the mangos to him again, but he just grabbed them and set them down on the car's hood. I pushed my eyebrows together. "You don't like them?" I asked.

I yipped when he suddenly picked me up and sat me on the hood of the car. His large body stood between my legs. Eugene stared at me, a loving flicker in his eyes. I smiled up at him, "What?" I questioned in a soft voice.

"You're beautiful. Am I not allowed to look at you, Love?"

I raised my eyebrows, taken back by his sudden romanticism. My heart fluttered, and I smiled. "You're allowed," I responded shyly, feeling small under his intense look.

Eugene pulled my thighs, making my body jolt forward. I sat on the edge of the hood with my hands resting against his chest. “Every blink is a sin,” he whispered, his eyes slowly roaming my face.

Instantly turning to mush in his arms, I glanced away as a blush heated my skin. Who’d given him the right to be this perfect? With my hand on the back of his neck, I pulled him down to me. My lips crashed onto his, and butterflies filled my belly.

Eugene’s hands moved to my ass, palming it through my shorts. My hands fell to the waistband of his jeans, playing with the button.

My stomach kept clenching over and over again, and I was desperate for any kind of relief. None of them had touched me since yesterday morning—I felt deprived.

Eugene grabbed my hand and placed it over his bulge. I moaned against his lips, gently rubbing it. He was hard, and I could feel how hot he was under my hand.

My hands weren’t the only ones to wander. I moaned as he rubbed me through my shorts, firmly pressing on my clit. My underwear served no purpose, my arousal drenching them.

I couldn’t take it anymore.

Breaking away from the kiss, I looked down and undid his pants. I pulled them just below his butt, resting on his thighs.

As if the same need was surging through him, he quickly undid my button and zipper. He wrapped his arm around my waist, lifting just enough over the car so he could pull my shorts down my legs. My shorts hung around one of my ankles as he sat me back down.

With my underwear to the side, he pushed a thick finger into me. My body weight rested on my hands behind my back, propping myself up.

He pumped his finger into me a few times, which I loved—but I needed him inside me... “Eugene,” I panted out, giving him a pleading look.

Clearly just as desperate as I was, he only nodded, sliding his finger out of me. He sucked his finger quickly, and I whimpered at the sight of it. Heaven help me...

He pulled his boxers down, revealing his dick, thick and veiny. My mouth watered as I pondered if I'd rather have it down my throat or pussy.

Eugene pulled me to the edge so my ass was hanging off the car's hood. He gently touched the backs of my thighs, "Over my shoulders, Love," he instructed. I lifted my legs, but they weren't quite long enough to reach, so my ankles ended up next to his head. He smirked down at me, "So tiny."

He grabbed the base of his dick, moaning as he rubbed it against my pussy. It only took seconds before we were both a moaning, slick mess from his teasing. With the anticipation killing me and my girly parts a throbbing mess, I whined, "Please, Eugene."

We both let out deep moans as he slowly pushed into me. The stretch burned, and it was mildly uncomfortable. On the bright side, it didn't hurt this time! He still gave me a few seconds to adjust, but there was no tenderness.

When they said it would get easier, I honestly didn't believe them. To be fair, Duke was my first, and Felix was pretty rough. Eugene was being gentle and sweet. I loved it all. Honestly, any kind of attention they gave me, sexual or not, I craved.

Eugene thrust into me a few times, sending millions of little sparks through me each time. This position was new, and it felt intoxicating. He wasn't giving me his entire length, which I was grateful for, he was already pretty deep in me. Any more, and it might have been uncomfortable.

Eugene watched me closely, his eyes burning a hole through me as he gripped my thighs to fuck into me.

He suddenly stopped, looking away from me, clearly annoyed.

My blood ran cold, wondering what I'd done. "Eugene?" I questioned quickly.

He groaned, but it sounded painful. He pushed into me slowly. “Fuck,” he cursed, sounding incredibly upset.

I moaned, but my concern didn’t falter.

With one last pained expression, he pulled out of me, and I shuddered. I laid there, feeling empty and unsatisfied. “Eugene wha—”

He gave me a soft look, but his eyes remained bright red. “Your human friends are coming down the driveway...” he explained.

My eyes rounded. *My, who are what?!* That was impossible. No one knew where I lived.

Eugene pulled his pants back into place, despite the massive, painful-looking boner he had. Lifting me off the car, he stood me up straight. “I’m sorry, Love. What fucking horrible timing,” he said, the last part through his teeth.

Both of us straightened ourselves out, trying to look like we weren’t just *doing it* on the hood of a car. This better be worth it—who was I kidding? There was not a single person who would come down that driveway that would make it worth it.

I didn’t want to stop, and clearly, Eugene felt the same way. Stopping and leaving us both unsatisfied was pure torture.

Just as I finished buttoning my shorts, a Jeep pulled into the driveway. I watched Willow and Jason step out of the vehicle, looking up at the manor in shock.

“No way, this can’t be the right address?” Jason said.

Willow slowly nodded. “Well, there’s only one way to find out,” she looked toward the front door. “Go knock.”

Jason seemed taken aback. “Fuck that, I’m not getting possessed. This place is haunted as a motherf—”

I stepped out of the garage. “Willow, Jason, what are you doing here?” I asked.

Willow turned and smiled at me, walking up and wrapping me in a hug. “I thought you were dead!” She expressed, pulling away from me, holding me by my shoulders. “I called,

texted, I even sent you an email. You never miss school, even when you're sick. You missed a whole week!" She vented.

She suddenly glared at me. "Oh, you're gonna wish you were dead when I'm done with you! I've had to take over all your duties since you left! I gave you all the hard stuff I didn't want to do *on purpose*, you know. You totally left me hanging, and you're clearly healthy as a horse! You better have a good reason for ditching me," she crossed her arms.

A lump caught in my throat, and I swallowed nervously. "I'm sorry, really. I didn't mean to make anyone worry or make your life harder," I folded my hands in front of me, guilt filling me. I didn't even think about that... "I dropped my phone and got a new one, so I wasn't purposely ignoring you," I explained.

I saw Jason inching towards us. "Girls," he whispered. "Please tell me you know those guys, Smalls," he looked scared as he gestured toward the manor.

Following his gaze, I found all my guys standing in the garage, watching us. I pressed my lips together, knowing they didn't like guests. I wasn't a big fan of people being over, either. I liked *our* space. "Of course, Jason," I answered with a sigh.

Jason let out a breath. "Whew, I thought I was seeing ghosts," he tried to joke, but I could see the fear in his eyes. He waved at my guys. "Hi! I'm Jason!" He called.

Lucifer turned around and walked inside, a disgusted look on his face.

"What's with the mansion, Elora?" Willow asked. "We've known each other for years, and you've never mentioned your house looking like this," she expressed.

"I never thought it was important?" Why would I want people to know that I basically lived in a castle?

She shrugged. "Whatever, that's not what I'm here about," she blinked a few times. "Are you okay? I really thought you were on your deathbed," she pushed her eyebrows together.

My heart pounded, knowing I was an awful liar. How could I explain this to her? She knew how obsessive I was about school. “Well—”

“I apologize,” Duke smiled as he approached us. My shoulders relaxed as he came to save me from blubbing. “It’s my fault she missed the last week of school. Our household celebrates a religious holiday once every five years,” he lied flawlessly.

Willow cocked her eyebrow, slowly nodding. “And what religion is that?” She asked, clearly skeptical.

“Willow,” Jason hissed at her rudeness, sending her a pointed look.

She sighed and rolled her eyes. “Sorry, I’m just—I’m honestly shocked. This is all very weird,” she admitted. “Are you being kidnapped? Do you need to come back with us?” She whispered to me.

I laughed. “No, I’m an orphan, remember?” I explained. That was how I’d always explained my unique situation. They never legally adopted me—thank goodness for that. They were never ‘father figures’; they’d always just been *friends*. Duke compelled some social workers into allowing me to live with them when I was a kid, so no further action or explanation had to be done or made.

It might be weird for her to see me in a scary-looking mansion with seven strange men. “How did you get my address anyways?” I asked.

She smirked. “School personal records,” she answered.

I should have known.

I watched Jason, being the social butterfly himbo he was, walk over and try to start a conversation with the rest of my guys. Quin, Felix, and Dane went inside, leaving Theo and Eugene to deal with Jason.

Duke smiled politely at Willow. “You should stay for dinner. It’s not often we get to meet Elora’s friends.”

“Duke,” I mumbled under my breath, feeling embarrassed. He didn’t have to call me out like that. I knew what he was doing; he was totally checking up on my social life.

Willow smiled at him. “Oh, we’re going to have to take a raincheck on that,” she declined. She looked at me, “But I’ve never been in a castle before. Show me your room!” She grabbed my hands, pulling me towards the front door.

I giggled at her excitement. Her house was massive, but in a modern ‘her parents are both lawyers’ kind of way.

Jason looked up at us, saying bye to Theo, who looked happy with himself. Of course, the two of them got along... Jason ran, catching up with us. “If I get possessed, or a ghost tries to touch my weiner, I’m suing,” he joked.

Willow and I both rolled our eyes. She raised her eyebrows at him. “Yes, because *that’s* the first thing a ghost would do, dipshit,” she laughed.

I opened the door, and both of them gasped. “This is it,” I said, gesturing to the foyer.

Jason looked uncomfortable. “You know those stores you go into, and your mom tells you not to touch anything, or she’ll beat your ass?” He asked. “This is like that—but times ten.”

I started walking up the steps, and they followed me. Willow grabbed my hand. “So, are you gonna show us the secret door?” She wiggled her eyebrows.

“Secret door?” I repeated.

She rolled her eyes. “Yeah, like you pull out a book, and the wall opens, revealing a secret library or some shit,” she said like it was obvious.

“We don’t have a secret door. And our library is definitely not a secret either.” I couldn’t help but giggle at her wild imagination.

She sarcastically nodded. “Right, you just have to say that because it’s a *secret* door,” she said. I wished there was a

secret door. That would be cool. Sadly, there were no hidden rooms.



Despite my unsatisfied girly parts still wanting to finish what Eugene and I started, I was actually having a lot of fun. Willow and Jason have been over for a few hours, and it felt good to be around my friends again. I missed them, and hearing about drama and what happened during sporting games was refreshing.

We spent a while in the library, then the theater room, and finally, my room, where Willow raved about my closet. We were all sitting on my bed, looking at old yearbooks, going through all the pictures of people we knew.

“I had the biggest crush on him freshman year,” Willow said, pointing to one of the guys.

Jason cocked an eyebrow at her. “You know he’s gay, right?”

She pushed her lips together. “He is not. He’s had so many girlfriends—”

“He tried to fuck me sophomore year in the locker room!”

Willow and I both gasped. “Watch your mouth,” I warned.

“I doubt that,” Willow said. Was she... flirting? I think she was. Wait, why had they come here *together*? And why couldn’t they stay for dinner? I smirked. *Sneaky...*

Jason sighed, holding out his pinky, “Hold ‘em up.”

Confused, Willow and I held our pinkies out, giving him a pinky promise. “You two can never say anything; the football team would never let me live it down.”

Willow gasped. “You did it?”

“No!” He said quickly. “I’m not gay, but he told me how much he liked me, and I felt bad for the kid. So I let him kiss

me, but it was totally out of pity, and I let him down easy,” he explained.

So Jason let another guy kiss him just to be nice? That was really surprising. I knew Jason was kind, but I never knew him to be sweet.

A small smile fell on Willow’s lips. “That’s actually really sweet,” she whispered.

Jason blushed but shrugged quickly. “Your turn. I told you a secret, now you two have to tell one of yours,” he smirked.

I guess that was fair. I didn’t really have any secrets that I could tell.

Willow turned to me. “You can’t be mad,” she started.

“I won’t be.”

She sighed. “You beat me in the election for senior class President by like... thirty votes,” she said.

Huh? I leaned back. “What do you mean? I’m not mad, just curious,” I added.

“So, I really wanted to win, and a certain teacher tipped me off about you winning. So I kind of... I blew him, and he fudged the numbers in my favor,” she explained quickly with a nervous chuckle.

Not believing what I heard, I could only stare at her for a few seconds. I really didn’t care that I actually won, although I was a bit upset that I’d earned the title of President but got stuck with Vice President. “A teacher?” I nudged her. “That’s illegal, and you could get in a lot of trouble,” I became nervous just at the thought of it.

Jason was losing his mind with laughter. “That makes me feel so much better about myself,” he said.

Willow rolled her eyes. “It wasn’t that big of a deal. He quit anyways,” she shrugged. “Your turn,” she smiled at me.

“I’m not supposed to tell anyone, but I have access to the school’s cameras,” I started.

“Oh my gosh, that’s so useful,” Jason looked excited. “Imagine all the things we could get away with!” He started plotting.

“You guys know I’m clumsy. I accidentally spilled some acid during lab one day—”

Willow’s mouth dropped. “*You’re* the one who burnt a hole through the final exams?” She giggled.

I remorsefully nodded. “I felt horrible, and no one saw me do it. I didn’t want to get in trouble, so I deleted the footage,” I admitted.

Jason grinned. “You’re literally my hero, SSmalls. I know I bombed that test, and if they weren’t destroyed, I would have failed chemistry.”

Jason stood up. “I’m gonna go pee, then we should probably head out?” He gave Willow a look before he went into my bathroom.

I quickly turned to her. “What’s with you two?” I whispered.

She averted her eyes, “What do you mean?”

I laughed, “I knew it!”

“Don’t judge,” she laughed. “I know he’s not the brightest crayon in the box, but he’s funny and surprisingly sweet,” she said with a dreamy look in her eyes.

Awe. “I’m not judging. I think it’s cute.”

“Yeah? We don’t look ugly together?” She asked.

I shook my head. “Definitely not, you two look great together,” I smiled.

She sighed, looking relieved. “You won’t tell anyone, will you?” She asked.

“Who would I tell?”

Jason opened the door, a massive smirk on his face. He leaned against the doorway, and I blushed viciously at the two items in his hand. The evil microphone and the handcuffs.

“I’m suddenly very interested in this religion you’re into, Smalls,” he teased.

If I died at that moment, I would be okay. I jumped up and ran over to him, snatching the things out of his hands and shoving them in a drawer. This was so embarrassing; I was going to kill Quin and Felix.

Jason laughed. “Ooo, Elora has a boytoy—who is he?” He pried.

Willow gave me a pointed look. “Who the fuck is handcuffing you in the shower, girl?” She asked. “And where can I get him?” She smirked.

Jason rolled his eyes, giving her a warning look. “I’m shocked; who knew you’d be so kinky?”

“Not me,” Willow smirked, both of them having the time of their lives teasing me.

I ran my hands down my face, “Oh my goodness, please stop,” I begged. “Don’t you two have to leave now?” I said, wanting this embarrassment to end.

“Fine, we’ll go,” he put his hands up in surrender.

Willow smiled at me as we walked down the stairs. “I’ll figure out who your sneaky link is, mark my words, Elora,” she smirked.

As we passed through the living room, I couldn’t bring myself to look in my guys’ direction, knowing they were probably smirking.

Willow and Jason walked to his Jeep as I stood in the warm doorway. “This was such a good bonding experience,” Jason grinned. “Same time next week?” He joked.

He looked behind me and waved again. “Bye, dudes, cool house!” He called.

Lord, help me.

Waving bye to them, I closed the door behind me. I turned towards my guys and walked to them. “Oh! I could just kill

you right now,” I sat in Felix’s lap, giving his shoulder a little slap. “That was so embarrassing,” I glared at Quin.

Felix smirked. “Good.”

Quin seemed annoyed. “I’m just glad they’re gone. The boy was loud, obnoxious, and incredibly daft,” he observed.

I nodded. “That’s Jason,” I agreed.

“I like him; he seems like a nice guy,” Theo shrugged.

Lucifer was looking at his hands. “I contemplated killing him eight different times.”

I scoffed. “You guys really need to work on your social skills.”

“I thought they were pleasant. You should have your friends over more often,” Duke smiled.

In unison, everyone said no, instantly declining the idea. I giggled. “I don’t think so; they’re nice and all, but I don’t like having people in my space,” I explained.

I needed to wash my sheets, vacuum the floor where we sat, and scrub my bathroom.

Dane sighed in relief. “They weren’t horrible, but I agree. Unless having them over makes you happy, I’d rather not deal with teenage humans.”

“*I’m* a teenage human, Dane.”

He smiled at me. “Yes, but you don’t stink like one,” he said smugly.

They can smell exceptionally well, and I couldn’t imagine how bad a teenage boy must smell to them. A shiver ran through my spine at the thought.

Eugene stood up, walking over and scooping me out of Felix’s arms. “Let’s go, Love. I haven’t finished with you yet,” he said eagerly.

Relief washed through me as I blushed. *Finally*, I’d been on an unexpected sexual hold for four hours.

“Eugene,” Lucifer started, but Eugene eagerly kept walking. “I think it’s time you make use of the gift you got her.”

Face Down Ass Up



Elora

Eugene wasted no time once we entered his bedroom. He dropped me on his bed, making me bounce a few times. With a smile, I watched him lift his shirt over his head, revealing his lickable abs and back muscles that were to die for.

Noticing my dreamy expression, he lifted a brow at me, almost as though he was challenging me. Eugene slowly walked to the edge of the bed, smirking down at me. He gently ran his hand through my hair. “I’m going to go grab a few things,” he nodded to the door. “When I come back, I want you naked, face down, ass up,” he ordered, giving me a stern stare. “Got it?”

My mouth was open in shock, and anxiety filled me. The thought of being naked and him seeing my girlie parts and my butt... didn’t sound flattering. If that was what he wanted, though, I’d just have to blush through it. I gently nodded, “Okay.”

“Good girl,” he cooed with an approving grin. He stepped away, walking to the door. “And I’d hurry, Love,” he advised. “I won’t be gone long.”

He left the room, and my heart thumped in my chest. Nerves filled me, wondering what *things* he was retrieving. What was he going to do to me? I was sure whatever it was, I would like it. There hadn’t been anything that I hadn’t liked so far, so I trusted him.

With haste, I undid the hooks on my top, remembering his warning. How long did I have exactly? All I knew was I wanted to listen to him; if I’d learned one thing, it was better to just do what they said, or I wouldn’t be able to walk the next day.

My cheeks heated as I undressed. I almost wanted to go under the covers and put myself in the position he told me to, but I fought the urge.

Shifting onto my hands and knees, I lowered my head to the pillows, making my back arch and my *holes* nicely presented for Eugene whenever he walked through that door.

...This was embarrassing...and cold.

I let my mind fill with thoughts of what might happen as I waited for him. Although I was still anxiously waiting, I felt myself getting excited.

The seconds turned into minutes, and I found myself pondering how long it would take him to grab the things. I shifted uncomfortably, wondering if he may have forgotten about me.

He said he wouldn't take very long, but he was. Tension filled me as more and more thoughts of what he was doing crept into my mind.

I watched the clock on his nightstand for 20 minutes, a mixture between anxiety and arousal plagued my mind. Wetness cascaded down my thighs, and I almost wanted to break my position, just for a second, so I could look out the door—but I didn't.

I heard footsteps behind me and tensed. Turning my head, I saw Eugene walk in, his gaze on my ass. I pushed my eyebrows together, only seeing the *butt plug* he got me in his hands. *That* was what took so long?! Didn't he know how anxious I'd been just waiting here for him?

“What took you so long?” I pouted.

He smirked, walking up to me and lightly running his finger along my slit, soaking it instantly. “You're going to act upset when you're drenched? Next time, I'll make you wait longer,” he threatened.

At a loss for words, I closed my mouth. He made me wait just to tease me? Well, it worked; he was cruel. I sucked in a breath, feeling his finger push into me slowly.

He hummed in approval, painfully slowly pushing his finger into me. “Such a good little girl, following orders like a good slut,” he rasped.

I bit my lip, feeling my walls clench around his finger. God, I loved when they called me a good girl.

With his finger still teasing me, he placed himself behind me on his knees. He kept slowly pumping his long finger into me, curling it up toward my spine.

Softness surrounded me as I dropped my head to the pillow, a low moan escaping my lips. My hips moved on their own accord, and I rocked back on his finger.

He palmed my ass with his other hand and chuckled, stopping my movements. “Ah, ah, ah,” he scolded. “Now, Love, you’ve got to learn patience.”

“Have I not been patient? You left for half an hour, and I waited here just like you asked,” I ranted, pushing myself back on his finger again, just to show him how serious I was. I was sick of the waiting and his slowness. I wanted him to fuck me. It wasn’t complicated.

Eugene gave my ass a firm smack that hurt like a burn. My cheek stung, and I flinched forwards, wincing. His finger pulled out of me, and I heard him unzip his jeans. “I’m going to fuck that attitude right out of you,” he warned.

Oh, yay!

I grinned at the pillow, thankful he couldn’t see my smug expression. They’d called me spoiled, greedy, and desperate. They were definitely all correct—they’d made a monster out of me.

Eugene’s tip rubbed my entrance, and I delightedly closed my eyes. I slowly pushed back onto him, feeling the familiar stretching sensation.

With a needy moan, he grabbed my hips and pulled me flush against him.

Gasping, I bunched the sheets in my hands. The angle felt new and strange. I wasn’t sure if I liked this new position. It

made him feel deeper, almost painful.

“Fuck, you’re so tight, Love,” he slowly rocked his hips.

My mouth dropped open, allowing a desperate string of moans to echo off the walls in the room. “Eugene,” I panted out. He felt so much deeper than Duke or Felix had, and it wasn’t because of size. They were all relatively similar from what I’d seen and experienced thus far. The position was slowly becoming a favorite of mine.

He used my hips as handles as he picked up his pace, pushing into me. His thrusts weren’t fast, but they were *hard* and forceful. Each time he thrust into me, he hit a sweet spot that made me see stars. It wouldn’t be long until I came if he kept doing that.

“Look how good this little pussy takes dick,” he teased. I could hear the smirk in his voice. He pulled all the way out, and I pouted for a second before he slammed back into me.

My back arched for him, pushing my hips higher for him to use me as he pleased. I bit my lip, trying not to come undone, as he pulled out and slammed back into me several more times.

He grabbed a fistful of my hair and pulled my body up by it. A gasp escaped me, but it was more from surprise than pain. It hurt, but it was a good pain that made my core ache. He yanked my hair back and forced me to look upside-down at him. “Don’t cum, Love,” he threatened.

I pouted. “Wha—” I shrieked as he started pounding into me, speeding up his thrusts so they were hard and fast. I felt tears in my eyes. The only thing that stopped my orgasm was my stupid need to listen to him. I fought with everything in me not to cum.

He held onto my hair, viciously thrusting into me. The only sounds in the room were my cries and the sound of his groin smacking against my ass.

I was panting, my legs shaking, with tears of pleasure falling down my face. Holding it was starting to become painful. “Eugene, slow down or let me cum, please,” I cried.

He looked pleased as he let go of my hair, making my head fall back to the pillows. His thrusts slowed, once again steadily pushing into me. I panted, still fighting the urge to cum.

His hands were all over my ass as he hummed. “You’re doing so good, Love. I know it’s not easy,” he complimented.

I tensed, feeling his finger circling the area around my asshole. I blushed, “Eugene?” I questioned wearily.

“Are you okay with this?” He asked hesitation and hope in his tone.

Was I? The thought of anything around, or especially in my ass, was scary. “I—I don’t know...” I knew I said I’d try, but it felt weird. It felt like it was something really naughty that I shouldn’t do. I knew most of the things I’d been doing were a bit strange but—

“If you don’t like it after trying it, we’ll never ask you to do it again.” Lucifer’s voice calmed my thoughts.

Eugene placed his fingertip against my hole, still thrusting into me slowly. I couldn’t even think when he was inside me. “For me, Love?” Eugene asked.

It wouldn’t hurt to try it, I supposed. “Only if you let me cum,” I bargained.

Eugene chuckled. “Of course, you don’t actually think I’d leave you unsatisfied,” he agreed easily. His speed picked up again. “Try to relax for me, my finger will go in easier,” he said gently.

I couldn’t even nod. I was just focusing on the feeling of his dick hitting that sweet spot inside me. I moaned, rocking my hips back with his thrusts.

I heard a faint click, like a toothpaste cap opening. Something cold and wet on my ass made me tense. “Cum for me, Love. I want you to cum on my cock and soak it in your cum,” he moaned, his finger starting to push into my ass as his thrusts became violent again. “When we’re done, I’m going to make you swallow my load, and you’re going to lick your little slut juice off my cock,” he rasped.

My eyes rolled back as I came, my body shivering as he simultaneously pushed his finger into my ass. “Oh God,” I moaned as he pumped his finger along with his dick, drawing out my orgasm.

It didn't feel like I thought it would. It definitely wasn't as good as having one of their fingers in my pussy, obviously. But I kinda liked it...

Eugene's free hand ran up and down my spine soothingly. “Good girl. I'm not going to play with your ass too much today, Love. That's for another day,” he hinted.

I bit my lip in thought. Were they going to... was he going to sex my butt?

“It's called anal, Kitten. And yes.”

I blushed, realizing that I was kind of excited for that. Of course, I was nervous, but if his finger felt good, I was sure their dicks would too.

Eugene's thrusts picked up again. “I'm close, Love. I've been waiting to fuck this wet little pussy all day,” he groaned. His thrusts got sloppy as he pulled his finger out of my ass. “I'm going to put the plug in, okay?” He tried to explain through his lust-filled moans. “It's going to be cold, and you're going to feel pressure. Be my good girl and relax,” he coaxed.

His sexy voice was enough for me to do whatever he told me. I was a sucker for their whimpering voices in the seconds before they came.

I felt something cold against my ass but tried to focus on his dick rather than the plug. It wasn't hard, especially with him desperately pounding into me. The plug being pushed into my ass was an afterthought as I came for the second time.

“Fuck,” Eugene whispered. “Turn around and open your mouth,” he ordered, pulling out of me.

Following his orders, I quickly turned and opened my mouth. He looked down at me darkly, pushing his dick down my throat.

I gazed up at him, thinking he looked delicious right now, with his hair messily falling around his face and his eyes bright red. I wrapped my lips around him and sucked, bobbing my head.

He looked surprised as his mouth fell open. “Shit, Elora,” he moaned before I was swallowing mouthfuls of his cum. I continued to lick him clean, just like he wanted me to. His thighs twitched, and he pulled me away from him. “Fuck, if I didn’t have a soul before, I definitely don’t have one now,” he chuckled down at me.

Huh?

He sighed, wrapping me in his arms and lying on his bed. He ran his big hand up my bare back. “The next time your friends interrupt us, I’m just going to fuck you in front of them, yeah?” He suggested, no hint of a joke in his tone.

“No!” I denied with a giggle. I cuddled into him for a few minutes. I’d fall asleep if I wasn’t hungry, but I was. My stomach growled loudly, and I blushed. “Eugene?” I started.

“Hungry?” He chuckled. I nodded. He sat up with me in his arms, placing me on my feet. I shifted uncomfortably, with stickiness between my thighs and an object in my butt. “Come here, let’s get you cleaned up, Love,” he grabbed my hand and started walking towards the bathroom.

“Um—Eugene, you forgot to take the *thing* out,” I reminded him shyly.

He grabbed a warm cloth and started wiping away any stickiness. “It’ll stay in for a few hours every day. It’s meant to stretch your ass, so when we fuck it, it won’t be as uncomfortable if we don’t prepare—”

“It’s called anal.”

Eugene straightened, looking down at me with his eyebrows knitted together. He tilted his head, a confused expression on his face. “Elora, you didn’t know what *regular* sex was—how do you know what anal is?” He questioned, giving me a speculating look.

I shrugged. “Lucifer told me,” I answered casually.

He narrowed his eyes at me. “Lucifer told you...” he repeated, looking deep in thought. “And has Lucifer corrupted your mind with anything else?” He asked.

I laughed, walking back into the room, pulling my clothes on, moving a bit wonky from the plug. “Not really. Why? Are you worried?” I smirked at him. Sometimes it was helpful having him in my head. Instead of the devil on my shoulder, I had Lucifer; and he was much dirtier.

Eugene pulled on a pair of sweats. “No, I’m not worried,” he chuckled. “He can just be... intense. I don’t want him telling you about things you don’t need to know yet,” he mumbled, looking like he regretted the words right as they came out.

Although I was curious, I decided not to push it. It seemed he didn’t want to go any further on the subject anyway. “Feed me?” I asked sweetly while grabbing his hand.

He smirked down at me, placing a sweet kiss against my lips. “You know I can’t cook, Love. How about we go find Quin, and I’ll have him make you something sweet?”

“Sweet?” I repeated. “Dream big. He’ll never let me have something sweet for dinner,”

“I’m sure if you show him your pink gem, he’d happily make you dinner pancakes or something sugary.”

Cupcakes



Elora

“*R*eally?!” I jumped out of my bed, clapping my hands in joy. I’d waited so long for this day to finally come.

Duke chuckled, pulling the comforter off of his yummy body. He was dressed only in sweatpants, looking unfairly attractive for someone with bed head. “Yes, we’re sure no other vampires or werewolves are in the state. Just be careful, okay?” He gave me a pleading look.

I nodded vigorously, “Yes, I’ll be so careful I won’t even...” I tried to think about things I could say to reassure him, but I fully planned on having a typical day at school. I shrugged, skipping to the bathroom. “I don’t know, but whatever unsafe thing you’re thinking, just know I *won’t* do it!” I rushed out.

Stepping into the shower, I got ready for the day. I’d missed actually dressing cutely to go somewhere and getting compliments on my outfits. I couldn’t wait to see Willow, Jason, and everyone I talked to during class. Oh! I had a track meet after school too!

I got ready in record time, dressing in a dusty sage plaid skirt and pullover. I put my hair in a ponytail and skipped down the halls.

Opening Theo’s door, I saw him playing on his game console. He smiled up at me before setting the remote down. “You look extra pretty today, Princess. Did I miss something?” He asked.

“Duke said I can go back to school today!” I cheesed.

He looked to the side as if trying not to look annoyed. “Oh goodie.”

With a giggle, I plopped down next to him on his bed. “You know, I was thinking. Willow cheated her way into being president of the senior class. So, she must have really wanted it, right?”

He rolled his eyes. “Or she’s just a slut–”

“*Anyways,*” I gave him a stern look. That might have been kind of true, but she was still my friend. “She asked me to do most of her duties. So I’m doing my own, and hers too. I figured if she wanted to be president that badly, she should be doing her own work. So I’m going to tell her that,” I explained.

I wasn’t mad at what she did or how she did it, but I did believe that she needed to dedicate herself to the role more. If she wanted to be president, she was going to get the duties that came with the job.

Theo smirked. “Is this you saying you’d rather be home with us than doing boring school shit?”

“That might have something to do with it,” I flirted as I got up and left his room.



School was absolutely wonderful. I had a pop quiz that I did really well on, my teachers were thrilled to see me, and I spent a lot of time doing my and Willow’s duties. I cherished completing hers, knowing it would be the last time. I didn’t dislike helping out and doing the tasks, but it would be nice having time for myself.

“Hey!” I smiled as I walked into the locker room, seeing Willow undressing.

She grinned at me. “You’re back! I can’t even explain how happy I am to see you. You’re the only one who keeps me sane here, I swear,” she joked.

I started undressing to change into my track outfit. “I’m happy to be back; I’ve missed everyone,” I admitted. I smiled at her, “Hey, there’s actually something I want to talk to you about.”

She nodded, “Okay, well, now I’m panicking,” she chuckled, eyeing me cautiously. “What’s up?”

We started walking out to the track. “So I guess I didn’t realize how much you like being the senior class president. I just feel like I’m taking a lot of the responsibilities away from you.” I thought about my wording, trying to make myself come off as agreeable as possible. “I guess I’m trying to say that I am going to let you do the senior class president duties. I know how much it means to you,” I smiled.

Willow looked like a deer in headlights. She ran her hand through her curly hair. “Uh... wow,” she let out a huff of a laugh. “I mean, yes, of course. I just thought you liked doing them too,” she stumbled through her words.

“I do, but I don’t want to take that away from you, you know?”

She cocked her eyebrow, pressing her lips together. “Yeah, definitely, it’s whatever,” she shrugged. She seemed annoyed at me... Taking a frustrated breath, she sent me a forced smile. “Would you mind making me a list of the things I need to do?” She asked.

“Yeah, definitely!” I nodded. “I know it’s been a bit, and if you need a refresher on anything, I’d be happy to help—”

“No thanks, I’ve got it. After all, they are *my* responsibilities, Elora.”

Her tone caught me off guard, and I pushed my head back in surprise. She’d *snapped* at me when I was just trying to help. I nervously wrapped my arm around my torso as we walked in silence. I really didn’t like it when people were upset with me, it made my stomach feel heavy, and my mind swarm with guilt.

We sat on the track like always, watching the football team try to impress the cheerleaders and vice versa.

Willow sighed and nudged me. "I'm sorry. I've just had a lot going on lately. You wouldn't understand," she smiled at me.

Uh. Okay? I always have a lot going on, too. I wasn't in a competition with her, so I figured it was best not to comment on it. "Don't worry about it," I dismissed.

She turned towards me. "Are you going to Daniel's party tonight?" She asked.

I didn't even know there was a party. I wasn't invited, and partygoers weren't really my crowd. "No, I don't think so."

"Yes, you are, Smalls!" Willow and I flinched at Jason's large body, plopping down next to us. For such a big guy, he was sneaky. He gave me a pointed look. "We won't take no for an answer. You never do fun stuff with us."

My palms got sweaty as I looked between them. *I don't know...* I'd rather be at home with my guys. "Wait, it's Monday night, what's everyone doing going to a party?" I asked. That was really irresponsible.

Willow chuckled. "Girl, do you live under a rock? Tomorrow's senior skip day. Party tonight, sleep in tomorrow," she smirked.

Wow, I was really not getting the memo around here. I didn't like the thought of skipping school, but it was a tradition. It would bother me more if I was the only senior who showed up when the rest would be out. "Is everyone going to be there tonight?" I asked.

Jason nodded. "All the seniors. Come on, it'll be so weird if you don't show up. You'll have fun, I promise, Smalls," he urged.

Willow grabbed my hand. "Please? I know you have this weird social awkwardness thing, I swear I won't leave your side. And if you want to go, we'll go," she looked at me hopefully.

That didn't sound so bad... and getting to know the people I talk to outside of school wouldn't be a bad idea. "I have to ask, so maybe," I gave in.

Oh. I looked up into the bleachers, my gaze landing on my guys, all giving me a calculating gaze. That didn't look promising.

Jason pushed his eyebrows together. "Aren't you 19?" He asked.

There was nothing wrong with me asking them if I could go. I respected their opinions. I returned Jason's look. "Aren't you supposed to be practicing?" I shot back.

He held his hands up in surrender. "Well, you should ask sooner than later. Most of us are taking off to Daniel's house after sports are over. The party's already started," he informed before standing up and walking away.

Ugh. On a random Monday. *Because that makes total sense.* They should have let me pick what day senior skip day fell on. I'd pick a Friday, not a lousy Tuesday. Seriously, there was a reason people trusted me with these kinds of things.

Willow squeezed my hand. "I don't want to be the asshole to peer pressure you, but it's going to be really fun. You should come," she gave me a comforting smile.

I smiled back at her. "I'll be right back," I stood up, walking to the bleachers.

The chance of them telling me no was way more likely than them agreeing to this. There were still creepy vampires and werewolves who really didn't like me out there. But Lucifer was always in my head, and if someone or something showed up, he'd come get me.

As I ascended the steps, I watched them all in a heated discussion, looking like they were arguing. I strained my ears, trying to pick out bits and pieces of their hushed voices in the noisy crowd.

"She never has any fun," Theo exclaimed.

"Drunk, stupid teenagers sound fun to you?" Felix glared at Theo.

"She should go out and have fun with her friends," Duke reasoned.

“Absolutely not. She wouldn’t be comfortable there, to say the least,” Quin said firmly.

“I don’t like the idea either, but it might be good for her,” Eugene shrugged.

“It’s not up to us,” Dane gave them a calming look.

“The fuck it isn’t. She prefers us making decisions,” Lucifer said in a hushed tone.

They were all speaking over one another, and I could barely make out what they were saying—but I got the gist. Oh, jeez, was it even worth asking? I mean, all the things they were saying were factors that I’d already considered.

The last thing I heard as I approached was Theo mumbling: ‘I’ll kill you’ to Quin.

I stood in front of them, gauging their expressions before I spoke. “Can I go?” I asked.

A mixture between yeses and nos reached my ears, conflicting me further.

Quin gave me a stern look. “Teenagers do stupid things at parties, Sweetheart. No.”

Theo rolled his eyes. “She can learn that for herself,” he defended. He narrowed his eyes at Quin. “What did I just say to you?” He threatened through his teeth.

Dane held his hand out, pushing Theo back. “No one is killing anyone,” he said calmly. He gave me a gentle look. “What do *you* want to do, Angel?”

I bit my lip. “I don’t want to be left out. Everyone’s going, and even if I just pop in to say hi, I’d like to go,” I explained sweetly.

Felix and Quin gave me a stern look, obviously hating the idea.

“Can you be responsible?” Lucifer questioned.

Has he met me? I was the most level-headed person I knew. My shoulders dropped slightly, and I smiled. “Do you really have to ask that?”

Felix glanced at Lucifer before his lip turned up in a small smirk. “If you truly want to experience this, you’re going to learn why we’re so hesitant to allow you to go the hard way,” he added. “You’re going to be on your own, Baby. None of us can go with you, do you realize that?”

“I’ll be fine. Everyone here loves me,” I smiled. “Is that a yes?”

Duke smiled. “Yes, just have fun, don’t let them stress you out,” he gestured to Felix, Quin, and Lucifer.

I smiled, nervous and excited about my first high school party. “Thank you!” I grinned.

“Wait—” Duke stopped me before I could give Willow and Jason the good news. “I’m not finished,” he gave me a pointed look. I leaned my hip against one of the rails and watched him. He rested his elbows on his knees as he spoke, “Sometimes, these kinds of parties can get out of hand. There might be drugs—and I know I don’t need to lecture you on those—”

“You sure don’t,” I agreed, giggling a bit. I would never do drugs; I’d heard far too many horror stories from Dane over the years about crazy crackheads in the hospital. I knew myself, and even the legal ones would make me paranoid.

“You know not to take a drink from *anyone*, right?” He continued. I nodded. “Are you planning on drinking?” He asked.

I bit my lip. “No—wait, maybe. If everyone else is, probably,” I decided.

Duke nodded a slightly concerned expression on his handsome face. “Alright. If you decide to, you know only to have a little, right Baby?” He glanced at my other guys, and I could tell they were conversing secretly.

I sighed dramatically. “Yes, I know,” I smiled, thinking this was a bit ridiculous. I wasn’t completely clueless, but I loved that they were so worried about me.

“You’ve never been to a party, you *don’t* know,” Quin retorted, still looking unhappy about my decision to go. “I can hear seven different conversations these little shithead humans

are having about this party *right now*. Elora, they don't seem like the kind of people you want to hang out with."

Theo gave me an encouraging smile, disregarding what Quin had said. "Most importantly, you'll call one of us when you want to come home, okay?"

In agreeance, I nodded for the last time. "Am I done with the lecture?" I raised my eyebrows at them. "The meet is about to start," I pointed my thumb over my shoulder.

Felix sighed but nodded.

"I love you!" I giggled, hoping to ease their horrible moods. Quin was quite the pessimist and had a particular distaste for human youths. The people attending the party were people I saw every day, people I spoke to, and some I'd known since kindergarten.

I jogged back down the bleachers. "Make good decisions," Lucifer warned quietly after me.

"Do I need to change or anything? Or can I wear the outfit I wore to school?" I asked Willow once I met her.

"You can come?!" She chimed as she stood up next to me. She grabbed my hands and jumped a bit. "I'm so excited! No, no one actually dresses up for these things. I definitely don't. I can't stand most of these buffoons anyways," she dismissed. She wiggled her eyebrows. "And Daniel is such eye candy, not to mention his house is massive," she gushed.

"Aren't you dating Jason?" I asked confusedly.

She rolled her eyes. "Eh, something like that," she shrugged. "I just said he's cute. Sue me," she winked, laughing it off.



Willow, Jason, and I got out of his jeep, blinking up at the vast, modern, square-shaped house in front of us. Daniel's

parents were well-known lawyers in town, and they obviously flaunted their wealth.

He lived in an area like I did—far away from town and decently secluded. That was good because there were many cars, people, and loud music booming from inside. I highly doubted neighbors of any kind would appreciate the rowdiness.

Willow grabbed my hand, giving me an excited squeeze. “You’ll have fun,” she said warmly, probably noticing my slight discomfort.

I smiled, glad I had friends who were so kind to me. We walked behind Jason as we entered the house.

The music was so loud, and there were familiar faces everywhere. Most people were around the house in groups talking, some were dancing, and a ping pong game was happening in the corner. This actually didn’t seem so bad.

Jason looked at Willow and me. “I’m driving. So, go crazy, girls,” he chuckled.

Willow pulled me away towards the kitchen. “You don’t have to tell me twice!” She called over her shoulder.

She grabbed two glass bottles labeled ‘Smirnoff Ice’ out of a cooler and handed me one. “You’ve drunk before, right?” She asked.

I shook my head. There was one time, a long time ago, when I accidentally took a sip of Felix’s whisky, thinking it was apple juice. It was revolting, and I got in trouble.

She raised her eyebrows. “Oh, well, you don’t have to if you don’t want to, but these are pretty good. They won’t get you drunk or anything,” she informed.

Surveying the room, I noticed most everyone had some kind of beverage in their hand. Why not? I smiled, “I like pink lemonade; I’ll try it.”

I took a sip, deciding I liked it. I thought alcohol was supposed to taste bad, but this didn’t taste bad at all. I’d

choose juice or soda over it any day because of the weird kick it had, but I didn't mind it.

"Hey, Elora!" I turned, seeing Daniel walking up behind me with Jason and a few of the other guys on the football team. "I didn't know you were coming," he leaned against the counter.

"Willow and Jason asked me to come," I explained with a smile.

"Well, I'm glad you're here. What would the senior class do without our fearless leader?" He joked.

"Hi, Daniel," Willow said suddenly, her smile not quite reaching her eyes. Jason's arms were around her waist, but her eyes stayed locked on Daniel. *Weird...*

He glanced up at her. "Oh, hey, Winter, how's it going?" He smiled, clearly not knowing the mistake he'd just made. *Oof.*

Her face fell for a split second before she brushed it off with a chuckle. "It's Willow, your actual *fearless leader*," she smiled.

Daniel rubbed the back of his neck, looking nervous. "Ah shit, sorry. I don't know why I—" he took a breath. "You know what? The keg just got here. Want to use it before it gets covered in everyone's spit?" He pointed to the back door.

Nice save. Very smooth. What's a keg?

Willow still looked annoyed but smiled. "Absolutely," she agreed. She broke away from Jason kind of harshly, following the group out.

I fell in step next to her. "What's a keg?"

"It's basically a beer dispenser, I'll show you."

Two large tin barrels were in the backyard—I assumed those were kegs.

Jason patted one of the barrels, grinning at Willow and me. "Ladies first."

I wiggled my drink. "I have this, I think I'll pass," I said politely.

Willow looked around at the football players for a bit before she smiled. "I'll do it." She set her drink down, stepping in front of the barrel. "Grab my feet?" She asked Jason.

She kicked herself off the ground, and Jason grabbed her legs, assisting her handstand. She stuck the dispenser in her mouth and began chugging mouthfuls down.

I opened my mouth in shock, listening to everyone around her hoot and cheer her on. I laughed, joining in with everyone, impressed with how much she drank.

She dropped to her feet, throwing her hands in the air. "Bow down, bitches!" She joked.

Daniel clapped, "Well done!"

Willow smiled at me. "Your turn!" She called.

"Oh, I'll break my neck if I try to do a handstand," I shook my head with round eyes.

Willow grabbed my hand and pulled me to the other keg with a clean, unused dispenser. "Jason will help keep you up. Come on, it's fun!" She hip-bumped me.

A small crowd was around us now, after Willow's impressive performance with the keg, probably waiting their turn. I looked around nervously, not wanting to have this attention. "Okay, but only for a second," I agreed.

Jason held his hands out. "Alright, Smalls, up you go," he nodded at me.

I set my drink at my feet where I could see it and grabbed the edge of the barrel. I kicked my legs up, feeling Jason catch my calves and Willow's hands on my thighs. I raised my eyebrows, and she gave me a pointed look. "Skirt," she winked at me.

Oh! I didn't even think about that. I was glad she caught my skirt before it fell, showing the whole senior class my ass.

I put the dispenser in my mouth and turned the tab like Willow had done moments before. Everyone around me was immediately hollering, chanting my name. The beer—which

was nasty—started to pour into my mouth quickly, giving me no choice but to swallow it. It was a lot, and my head started to feel hot from being upside down.

Between chugging, the blood rushing to my head, and everyone chanting, I was overwhelmed. I turned the tap off, and Jason and Willow released my legs.

Planting my feet back on the ground, I smiled as everyone swarmed around the kegs. Willow grinned at me. “Girl, you killed that!” She said excitedly.

I grabbed my drink off the ground and followed her and Jason inside, away from the kegs. “I definitely like this better than beer,” I pointed to my drink and giggled.

“Shocking!” Jason teased. “I’m going to go find some of my friends. I’ll catch up with you later, okay?” He waved at us as he walked off.

I took the opportunity to pry just a bit. “Is everything okay between you two?” I asked Willow. I kept getting this feeling that something had changed between Saturday and now. She was just telling me how sweet he was, and now she was acting like she wanted nothing to do with him, and he seemed confused.

Willow shrugged, grabbing my now empty bottle and throwing it away. “I don’t know... he’s been acting strange. Like he keeps getting upset over the smallest things. I guess it was just more fun when we were hooking up. I don’t know how to tell him that, though.”

So, she lost feelings in two days? *Wow*. I didn’t want to use the word shallow, but that was fast. I bit my lip, kind of feeling bad for Jason. “Maybe you should just tell him? He’s always been easygoing. I don’t think he’ll mind as long as you’re honest—”

“Girl, he can’t do better than me, and he knows it. Losing me would break his little heart,” she laughed, rolling her eyes.

Not knowing how to respond to that, I tensed. She was stunning, but that didn’t give her the right to treat him like a

toy. Giving her the benefit of the doubt, I hoped she was just having a *really* off day.

She pulled out two red cups. “I’m going to make us something a bit stronger,” she shrugged, like she was asking if I was okay with that.

“Sure, as long as it’s not that gross beer stuff,” I giggled, glad for the subject change.

Spotting a whole plethora of treats on the counter, I grinned, going straight for the cupcakes. “Wait, Elora—” Willow said as I took a bite out of one.

“Hm?” I asked as I chewed.

She paused, glancing around the empty kitchen. “Nothing,” she shook her head. “Strawberry or raspberry?” She asked, pointing to two bottles of rum.

“Strawberry, please,” I answered. Quin would kill me if he knew I was having sweets and sugary drinks.

I finished my cupcake, grabbing the cup Willow handed me. It was starting to get dark out, and a bunch of tiny lights lit up the rooms in different colored strips.

“Come dance with me?” Willow asked.

Grabbing her hand, she pulled me through the house until we were amongst a crowd of people grinding and jumping around to a beat.

I couldn’t help but let out a laugh, seeing some of the horrible moves these people had. I was no dancer either, but at least I didn’t flaunt it.

My laugh turned into Willow and I dancing around, uncontrollably giggling at the other people in the room. I was starting to feel a bit odd, but not like how it was portrayed in movies. Everything seemed funnier, and my vision was slightly off, but that was it.



Stumbling over my feet, I grabbed the kitchen stools to stabilize myself. “I’ll try mango this time,” I told Willow, and she made us another one of those delicious rum drinks. We’d had several, and I was feeling *weird*.

Despite the fog in my brain, I was having so much fun. Willow and I had been dancing. We played something called beer pong and lost horribly. At one point, we were running around the backyard playing group tag. I was thrilled I decided to come! I couldn’t wait to show my guys all the fun pictures and selfies I’d taken, just to prove that I could be responsible and have fun.

I did miss them, though... I could feel the weight of Lucifer heavily in my mind, and I knew he’d been lingering this whole night.

Engulfing my gluttony for the fourth time tonight, I grabbed another delicious cupcake. “You good?” Willow giggled.

The world was moving in slow motion as I blinked up at her, smiling and nodding. “I feel wonderful.”

She laughed, pouring our drinks. “You’re such a mess right now. I don’t know how you haven’t blacked out,” she exclaimed.

I didn’t know what she meant by that. I don’t know why I would pass out, but a nap did sound really nice. I leaned my head against my hands, liking how my cold palms felt against my eyelids. “I want to do that,” I mumbled.

“You want to blackout?” She repeated. “No, you don’t, trust me.” She set another drink down in front of me.

I opened my eyes, groggily smiling at it. “Yum, I love rum,” I widened my eyes. “That rhymes,” I giggled.

Willow smiled in a tight line and nodded. “Yeah... Okay, let’s go dance!” She started walking to the door.

I tried to keep up with her, but she was moving so fast, and my body felt like it was in slow motion. I’d just have to catch up with her later, but it would have been nice if she had waited for me.

Using the wall as a guide, I ran my hand along it as I walked so I had some support. My entire body felt light as air, and the room was very spiny.

After stumbling around the dance floor, I finally found Willow talking to Daniel.

“Oh, she’s cheating,” I accidentally said out loud, my filter clearly not working. Luckily, no one heard me over the music.

I walked up to them. “You left me, and I needed the wall,” I tried to explain, but my speech slurred.

Willow smirked down at me. “I’ve babysat you all night. Can I have like five minutes to myself?” She gave me a pointed look, and I got the feeling it might have been code for something.

My brows raised. *Babysat?* I thought we were having fun?

Daniel grinned at me. “Jesus, I think you broke Elora,” he glanced at Willow. He chuckled. “You’re totally wasted,” he said like it was the funniest thing ever.

Was I? I shrugged, “I’m okay, thank you.” I took another drink, closing my eyes and softly swaying. When I closed my eyes, it was so much better. The room stopped spinning for a second.

Trying to find my center again, I kept my eyes shut for a few minutes. Gravity was definitely not my friend right now. Even with my eyes closed, everything around me seemed to spin.

I slowly blinked my eyes open, squinting to see who and where everyone was. I spotted a head of curly black hair and started walking over to her, a bit offended that she’d abandoned me again.

Several people said hi as I passed, and I smiled and waved, not feeling well enough to converse with anyone. I really didn't feel good.

I finally got to Willow, only to see her making out with Daniel. His grubby hands were in her shorts, gripping her ass. Uh... that was not okay. Poor Jason.

I cleared my throat, and Willow pulled away from him, looking annoyed. "Yes, Elora?" She rolled her eyes at me.

"I don't feel good," I told her. My tummy hurt, my body felt numb, and my head was literally spinning. I couldn't even think straight.

She let out a breath, looking at Daniel. "Go upstairs and wait for me. I'll be right up," she winked at him.

He smirked at her. "Hurry." He glanced at me, "You're going to take care of her, right? She doesn't look so good—"

Willow rolled her eyes. "Of course, can you not worry about her?" She gave him a pointed look.

He put his hands up in surrender as he left the room.

I blinked up at her. "Willow, what about Jason? This isn't right," I said slowly.

Willow cocked an eyebrow at me. "Wow, I didn't expect this from you. As a woman, you should support me and my sexuality—"

"Wha—no, that's not—" I got frustrated, confused as to how she'd gotten that idea. I just didn't like her cheating on my friend. Especially when he didn't do anything wrong. I sighed, deciding to drop it. It was none of my business. "Look, I really don't feel good."

"Girl, what do you want me to do about it?" She shrugged and laughed. I felt awful about myself. She said she'd stay by my side. This whole night had been so much fun, but now she was being rude. "Go throw up for something. I'll be right back," she smirked, walking away from me.

"Wait—" I stumbled over my feet, trying to catch up to her. But she was gone, leaving me very upset.

Everything and everyone in here was blurry, and I just wanted it to stop. It wasn't fun anymore.

Using my wall method, I slowly walked around for what felt like a long time. Feeling hungry, I passed the kitchen and grabbed another cupcake. I didn't know how my tummy hurt, but I was hungry at the same time—alcohol was weird.

Finally finding a bathroom, I signed in relief. I walked in, leaving the door cracked. Trying to see everything, I squinted my eyes. I took another drink, shivering as I swallowed.

I wanted to be home, feeling normal, with my guys. This was much more fun a few hours ago. But now my feelings were hurt, and I was sick.

Also, I wanted nothing more than to lie down on this cold floor, but I hadn't cleaned it. I stumbled over to a cabinet, found a towel, and smiled. This would work.

Placing the towel on the floor, I sat on it, leaning against the wall. I hated this feeling and didn't want to feel like this anymore.

My heavy eyes started closing, but I opened them when I heard a knock. "Smalls?" Jason called. "Elora, is that you?" He said again.

"Uh-huh," I mumbled.

"Okay, I'm coming in," he said. A few seconds later, I saw a big blurry shape—Jason—walk in and crouch beside me. "You don't look so good, kiddo," he chuckled.

I turned my head. "I don't feel good."

He grabbed the cup that was in my hand. "I think you've had a bit too much," he dumped the drink down the drain and threw the cup away. "Wait—" he grabbed something off my shirt. I squinted my eyes, seeing it was a cupcake crumb. "Elora, how many cupcakes did you eat?" He asked.

I shrugged. "Five or six—"

"Holy shit, Smalls!" He exclaimed, nervously chuckling. "When was the last time you ate one?" He asked.

“I think a little bit ago,” I ran my hand down my face, trying to unjumble my spotty memory. “Willow left me, and I don’t feel good,” I repeated.

He sighed. “I know; I’ve been looking for you for like ten minutes,” he sounded apologetic.

I couldn’t keep my eyes open. “I don’t want to touch the floor...” I mumbled.

He grabbed my arm, hoisting me up off the floor. “Upsie daisy, kiddo. Let’s get you home,” he said.

Home. I smiled, “Please, yes.” Dane would make me feel better; he’d know what to do. I forced my eyes open, looking up at Jason. “Uh, Willow?” I tried to ask. She rode with us.

I squinted my eyes at Jason to see his expression. He gave me a small, sad-looking smile before he shook his head. “Willow’s is going to stay here tonight. She made that very clear,” he said calmly.

I pouted. What a mean girl. “I’m sorry,” I said, patting his shoulder. He didn’t deserve that.

He shrugged, holding me up so I wouldn’t stumble as we walked through the crowded house. “Eh, it’s alright, Smalls. I had a feeling,” he dismissed.

He held my arm the whole way to his Jeep, where he helped me into the passenger seat. I immediately rested my head against the seatbelt, the urge to fall asleep consuming me.

Jason got in the driver’s seat and started driving away. “If you throw up, out the window, okay?” He chuckled.

“I think I’m going to,” I said honestly.

My window was instantly rolled down, and I sighed, liking the cold wind on my face. *Refreshing.*

“Want me to stop and get you some fries or something?” He asked.

I shook my head. The thought of eating anything made me want to gag. “Home, please,” I mumbled.

It was quiet for a bit as he drove, and I slipped further into unconsciousness. “Did you have fun, though? I feel bad. I didn’t know Willow would get you so fucked up,” he sounded guilty.

“Uh-huh. Fun until she was mean,” I said, not wanting to talk. My mouth felt dry, and my voice was hoarse.

“I’m sorry. Hopefully, this doesn’t ruin your image of parties. It’s usually not like this,” he explained.

“It’s ruined. I’m spin-y.”

The car stopped, and I slowly opened my eyes. *Home*. I fumbled with my buckle, unlocking it by the time Jason opened my door. He left the vehicle on as he supported me by my arm again.

I literally couldn’t even keep my eyes open, let alone walk. He stopped at the front door and started to knock.

I grabbed the handle. “I live here,” I said. Why would he knock? *Duh*.

He chuckled. “Oh, right.” He pushed the door open, and I was instantly in big, comforting arms.

In a haze, I blinked up at Felix and saw my other guys around the door. I let my body relax in his arms, knowing he wouldn’t let me fall. I still didn’t feel well at all, but I loved that I was home.

Jason nervously cleared his throat. “Hey, dudes,” his voice sounded calm. “She’s pretty fucked up. She had like four weed cupcakes and way too much to drink, just a heads up,” he explained.

Weed? I widened my eyes, shaking my head. I turned to Jason. “I had regular,” I denied.

He pressed his lips together and shook his head. “There weren’t any regular ones. You’re probably going to be high tomorrow, too,” he said.

Oh, goodness. I was a drug addict. *Four weeds!* Guilt filled me and made my stomach turn again. I’d never wanted to try drugs and was upset at myself for being so negligent.

“Thank you for bringing her home,” Duke said, sounding worried.

“For sure,” Jason said politely. “Alright, well, you fellas, have fun with that mess. It’s officially out of my hands. See you later, Smalls!” His voice sounded far away, and then the door closed.

I knew I was in trouble, but I could only think about how my body felt.

“So, how was the whole *responsible* thing?” Theo asked, a teasing smirk on his lips.

“Tomorrow, not now,” I waved my hand at him as I groaned. I couldn’t even comprehend being lectured right now.

Felix sighed. “Don’t you worry, your pretty little head, Baby. We’re saving your punishment for tomorrow,” he informed.

“I’m going to fucking puke,” I widened my eyes, wiggling out of Felix’s hold.

“Elora!” Duke gasped.

I covered my mouth with my hand and bolted to the bathroom, stumbling and sliding until I was bent over the toilet, emptying my stomach.

My hair was instantly grabbed and held up out of my face. My ponytail I had earlier was now a low mess of tangles.

Tears ran down my cheeks as I basically died over the toilet. I hate puking, especially now.

“Shh, it’s okay, Angel,” Dane whispered, running his hand up and down my back.

I flushed and wiped my mouth with the damp cloth that he gave me. Sweating from throwing up, I pulled my top off, leaving me in my skirt and bra. I was hot but shivering at the same time.

I noticed the bathroom smelled like cleaning soap. The floor was spotless, and the toilet was sparkling. Someone cleaned it... probably for me.

My lip wobbled as guilt flooded into me. I held my head in my hands as I cried.

Dane pulled me into his lap, wrapping his arms around me. “Why are you crying?” He asked gently.

“I—I don’t know,” I sniffled. The room spun as I leaned my head against his shoulder. “I’m sorry.”

Dane rubbed his hand up my arm. “Don’t cry, Baby. No one’s mad at you right now, okay? You’re just confused,” he comforted.

I sniffled. “I didn’t mean to get high, I really didn’t,” I mumbled.

“I know, Lucifer mind-linked your thoughts to us the entire night. You don’t have to explain anything,”

I blinked up at him, having trouble wrapping my mind around that. Lucifer played my evening out to them like a movie? I didn’t mind; it was just weird.

“Can you make it stop?” I begged.

He kissed the top of my head. “I’m sorry, Baby, no. How about you drink some water, and we go to bed? Does that sound good?”

I sat up straight. “No, I need to take a shower. I touched so many germs, I can feel them crawling all over me, and I don’t want to wear this anymore—”

“Okay, we can take a shower, too. I need you to calm down, though,” he ran his hand through my hair.

Resting my head against him again, I tried to take calming breaths. “I don’t like this. I feel icky. My head is spinning, my tummy hurts, and my arms and legs feel like nothing,” I explained.

He stood up with me in his arms, “You’ll feel better after you sleep.”

I opened my eyes, slowly blinking and squinting at my other guys as they watched Dane carry me. “Are you mad?” I slurred.

Quin ignored my question and turned to Theo. “Look how bloodshot her eyes are. Fucking hell.”

Lucifer looked very upset from where he sat in the corner, watching me closely.

Dane started going up the steps. “I told you, no one is mad right now. We’re just glad you’re home—”

“If you knew, why didn’t you come get me?” I asked. It was very unlike them to simply observe as I made bad decisions.

Dane sighed. “Because what did you learn?” He asked.

I tried to think. That Willow was a lousy friend. Drinking was only fun when you had a little bit. And always ask if cupcakes have drugs in them before eating half of them. And I should not have gotten in Jason’s Jeep so easily, now that I thought about it.

We walked into my bathroom, seeing Eugene pouring bubbles into a bath. He gave me a soft smile. “How are you feeling, Love?” He asked.

I shook my head and groaned.

Any second now, I’d pass out, and I was okay with that. Dane would take care of me. He’d get the germs and grossness off. I just wanted to sleep for a whole day.

Lucifer

“I’m going to catapult that bitch,” Theo seethed as he paced the living room. All of us were extremely disappointed with how her friend, Willow, was acting. After tonight, Elora would no longer be allowed to associate with that skinsack.

I was focusing more on my Baby than their reactions. She was not okay, and it took everything in me not to go to that house and take her home myself. I didn’t mind if she had a bit to drink, but she’d gone overboard. The cupcakes she’d greedily been eating were clearly laced with weed, too. As usual, she was completely oblivious, thinking she ‘felt so funny’ from the alcohol.

None of us blamed her or were upset that she got high. It would be unfair of us because she didn’t know herself. She’d never willingly take any drugs if she knew what they were. I hope this taught her a lesson about life and how it eats up innocence as rare as hers. Now, she’d probably be more aware of what her ‘friend’ was doing if she didn’t first get drunk. She’d made horrible decisions tonight like I knew she would. She was too easily manipulated, always wanting to please others.

We agreed that we wouldn’t intervene with her party unless we needed to. Theo broke that rule a few hours in and ran across town, where he lingered outside the house for a few hours.

Being allowed into her mind was easy for me. I’d never had access to a mind as complex as hers. She felt things that I didn’t understand, but I was learning. Her thought process couldn’t be more different than mine.

My clan mates were having a hard time with it, though. I was projecting everything I could read from her to them, and while they were glad they could see what was happening, none of them looked like they enjoyed it. The intensity, unfamiliarity, and lack of control of being in someone’s mind weren’t easily stomached.

I wanted her to text or call one of us so badly. Instead of sitting on the bathroom floor, she could have been home with us. All she needed to do was ask; I didn't know why she hadn't yet.

I tensed as the boy, Jason, walked into the bathroom.

Felix stood up. "This kid just signed his death warrant," he practically growled, heading to the door.

"Felix," I warned.

He shook his head. "No, I'm going to get her," he dismissed.

I narrowed my eyes at him. He had always been a hothead, impulsively making decisions without thinking. "She trusts him, and you should trust her."

Felix paused, rubbing his hands through his hair. He let out a breath, sitting on the stairs.

Theo gasped, pointing ahead of him at nothing. "You better put that fucking drink down! You better not—oh, I'm gonna—okay, that's right, dump it out, bitch," he slowly nodded.

I rolled my eyes. Theo definitely couldn't handle it.



I listened to Dane try to talk Elora down as she threw up again. She was completely blacked out, only waking up long enough to vomit and cry before she passed out again.

This was painful to listen to. I didn't consider myself a softie, but I didn't like it when she was hurting—unless I was the one inflicting the pain, of course. This wasn't enjoyable for anyone, though.

She had too much alcohol and accidentally ingested a profound amount of weed. Her tiny body couldn't handle that.

When she finally came down and felt better, I thoroughly planned on ruining her again. She was irresponsible and made

us all worry after we specifically warned her to be responsible.

“I—I don’t want to be here,” I heard her stumble through sobs.

“Here?” Dane repeated. “The house?” He tried to make sense of her jumbled speech.

I accessed that sliver in the back of my mind, in her subconscious, where I’d always be. She was too far gone to form her regular thoughts—which were jumbled and messy regularly when she was sober. But I knew she was thinking about germs, and she was bothered. “The bathroom,” I said lowly, knowing Dane could hear me.

“You don’t want to be in the bathroom?” Dane asked her.

“Uh-huh, I didn’t clean it—Quin cleaned downstairs for me, and I love him,” she tried to explain.

I smirked, glancing at Quin, who had a soft smile on his face.

I may have access to her thoughts and feelings, but my own mind didn’t understand why she thought the way she did. I’d seen how much it affected her when something wasn’t her way. I understood it irritated her, but I didn’t understand *why*.

Quin understood her easily. He somehow knew exactly what to do when it came to her obsessive compulsive personality disorder. He mastered the steps to take to calm her loud mind. When he *scrubbed* the downstairs bathroom earlier, we were all confused. But now it made perfect sense. She was a germaphobe, and it was clear she would throw up at least once.

Dane let out the smallest of chuckles at her drunken slurs. “Okay, Angel, how about we go back to bed?”

“No, I’m gonna throw up... downstairs, okay?” Elora demanded through heavy breaths.

I heard the faucet and assumed Dane was helping her brush her teeth again.

“This is the first time in centuries I’ve felt murderous,” Duke said lowly, looking down at his hands.

Eugene smirked. “We could kill her,” he shrugged, referring to Willow.

Theo cleared his throat, a smug grin on his expression. “Oh, I’ve already taken care of her. No need,” he announced.

I cocked an eyebrow at him. He disappeared for about an hour a while ago. Theo was no murderer—not anymore. “What did you do?” I asked.

Theo placed his hands behind his head, leaning back, “Compelled her,” he said casually. “I figured she owes Elora an apology; she’s also going to tell the truth about cheating her way into her role, and just for fun, she’s going to tell everyone she has chlamydia.”

“Nice,” Eugene nodded.

“Not my best work, but it’ll do,” Theo shrugged.

Felix entered the living room, a conflicted expression on his face. “I have a proposal,” he announced.

Eyeing him closely, I wondered if this was about the intensive research he and I’d been doing. Elora was human, and we knew her years with us were limited. I absolutely refused to accept that, and since I’d gotten back, I’d been reading every book on supernatural history, medical phenomena, and even urban myths.

I never expected to feel this way, and I’d forever be grateful for how Elora made me feel. After returning from my mission, I expected to come home to the same people. In the four years we were gone, so much had changed. The second I saw her excited little body and her bright smile walking towards me, I *knew*. I *knew* that if Theo, Eugene, Quin, or Dane weren’t already completely obsessed with her, it wouldn’t be long until one or all of us would be.

Shock and surprise weren’t emotions I experienced often, but it took me several minutes to become coherent that day. *After* I asked Theo if any of them were fucking her *yet*, that is. The words had slipped from my lips before I could stop them, but Theo’s response confirmed my thoughts. He told me *not yet* because he *knew* too.

Dane and Felix were also searching for ways to make her time with us longer. With Dane's expertise in human health and anatomy and being the lead scientist studying vampirism, his knowledge was needed. He'd been so caught up in searching he'd let his hair grow, which was unusual for him.

Felix had been alive for longer than the rest of us and had lived with the first vampires. There was a chance he may remember something that wasn't in any books or writings. As for me, I was desperate and willing to do anything to keep her with us for as long as possible.

The others knew about us looking and helped where they could, but too many minds in the mix would've made it more complicated.

Duke avoided the subject at all costs—he couldn't handle the thought of her death one day. I'd never seen a vampire break down like he had a few nights ago when Theo mentioned her asking him about her getting older. Duke completely shut down, rejecting the thought. He clearly hadn't thought of her being human until that moment. Still, he didn't have to snap Theo's neck the way he did for merely mentioning it.

There was little that could make Duke lose his composure, but Elora was one of them.

As far as our vigorous searching has gone... we were still empty-handed. Nothing we found gave Elora an option for living longer than a normal human life.

I worry about what would happen if we did find something, though. Would she want to live longer? Even if it was just a few years, her lifespan was not a decision we could make for her.

“What?” Quin prompted.

Felix rested his hands on the back of the couch. “It's been a decade; we're due for our gathering. In the past, we've met with the other clans outside our home. With our current situation, however, I think it would be prudent to host the event here,” he said.

I rolled my eyes. I fucking hated that gathering. Every ten years, the king—or Felix—must host an event where all the vampire clans come together to discuss any new vampires they'd added to their clan, hostile situations, and anything else they wanted to blabber about.

Being alone brought me peace; I preferred it. Spending time around people irked me; anyone outside my clan and Elora exhausted me. I couldn't care less about the gathering. Our clan had privileges, and one of those was already knowing everything there was to know about what was going on with the other clans. There was absolutely no benefit to my being there.

Duke narrowed his eyes at Felix. "Are you insane? A house full of vampires and one human? Absolutely not."

"What benefits?" Quin asked, looking intrigued.

If I had to guess, seeing how they reacted around us. If there was a traitor among the clans working with rogues to 'overthrow' us, there would be signs in their behavior. I doubted there was because the majority of clans respected us and were completely compliant. Anyone who defied us had a death wish.

"If we invite them into our home, it will throw them off guard. I'm sure everyone knows of Elora and our relationship by now; Zion and Gavin will have made sure of that. If they think we have something to hide, it shows our weakness. If we're open about it, they'll know they have no leverage to use against us," Felix explained.

Slowly nodding, I took in his proposition. "I agree," I said.

"Me too. It also gives us the opportunity to gauge their reactions. If there's a rat, they'll be easily spotted," Quin said.

Duke widened his eyes. "No. Elora will be in danger. She won't be comfortable with nearly three hundred vampires around *her* house," he signed. "Not to mention, our town will also be at risk. All those clans will have to feed," he tried to reason.

Theo rubbed his neck. “Yeah, I don’t know, Felix. It sounds risky, and I don’t want that many people in my house,” he grimaced. He tilted his head. “If we can kick them out after 9:00 pm, deal. If not, you can go meet them on some island like you usually do,” he waved off.

For once, I agreed with one of Theo’s opinions. “The meeting will last for a maximum of three days,” I added my own terms. The gathering usually lasted up to a month.

“Wait, I’m not okay with this,” Eugene commented. “Duke said it best, Elora won’t be safe. She’s already a target.”

Annoyance filled me, and I let out a sigh. As long as Elora was with one of us, she’d be as safe as can be. One of us can fight off at least ten vampires on our own. No one would try to harm her, *that* I was confident of. Most will probably be too intimidated by us to even look in her direction.

There was a reason Theo called her Princess, she just hadn’t realized it yet. Felix was the king of vampires. The rest of us were the following highest-ranking vampires. We were hers, and she was ours. She may not have been a vampire, but she was royalty by association. Whether the clans liked it or not, she outranked every last one of them.

“I will look after Elora, the clans tend to keep away from me anyways,” I said, hoping to ease Duke and Eugene’s worries. In the past, I was much different and had a reputation for it. I killed anyone who crossed me, tortured them into allowing me into their minds, then tore them apart from the inside out. I loved the screams, and sometimes I missed them. I was content with slowing down and relaxing in my solitude, though. I couldn’t be that monster anymore, not with Elora around.

Besides, if I had her with me, it would give me an excuse to stay upstairs with her and avoid everyone else. Spending three days with her plastered to my side granted me the freedom to *play* with her.

Duke slowly nodded. “Send out the invites, and make the arrangements *very* clear. I don’t want any of them lingering after nightfall,” he reluctantly agreed.

Eugene crossed his arms. “I still don’t like the idea, despite the benefits of the gathering being here” He glanced at the stairs, hearing Dane walking down the steps. “I think it goes without saying, we all need to be on guard at all times,” he assessed.

No shit. I hated this official clan talk. If it were up to me, I’d eradicate all ranks and have vampires, werewolves, and rogues all slaughter each other without remorse or order. Everyone I cared about would be just fine, and the population of people who annoyed me would half. Natural selection would take its course.

Felix studied everyone for a few seconds before giving a slight nod. “It’s settled then. I’ll make the arrangements.”

Looking up, I saw my Elora. She was haphazardly lying in Dane’s arms as he entered the room. She was awake, but her eyes were closed.

Her eyes had dark circles under them, and her complexion was ghostly pale. She was also shivering, probably because she confused and poisoned her body.

She was dressed in a pink tank top and small shorts. I assumed Dane picked sleepwear that she wouldn’t get too hot in.

She groaned, holding her head as Dane sat down with her in his arms. “It’s spiny...” she mumbled.

Dane stroked her hair. “Try to sleep.”

She opened her eyes, and I was taken aback by how red the whites of her eyes were. I thought they were bloodshot earlier, but now the drugs had fully kicked in. She slowly looked around at us, squinting her eyes, the alcohol still imparting her ability to see correctly.

She pushed her eyebrows together. “How did I get here?” She slurred her words.

I felt sorry for her but was also selfishly excited for tomorrow. I may not have been as severe as Felix or Quin could be, but *I’m cruel*, as Elora liked to put it in her thoughts.

I loved the psychological aspect of domination. I'd wanted to fuck her but refrained for my own sick game. The longer I made her wait, the more she'd crave me.

My plan was already working, she was confused when I didn't join in Felix's office, and she wasn't a fan of me sitting in the corner away from the others as Duke fucked her either.

I wanted her squirming with a simple glance in her direction before I gave her my cock. I wanted her to beg me to fuck her without having to tell her to beg.

Luckily for her, I think her mind would be too scrambled to remember her own name by the time her punishment rolled around tomorrow.

Fuck, I wanted to make a mess out of her. She was so innocent and sweet; that made it so much better. The poor baby walked around most days with her pussy dripping, doing what she was told like a good girl. I didn't think she knew how twisted and kinky the things she'd already done and the things I was going to make her do were. I smirked at the thought.

"I carried you down here," Dane explained gently.

She slowly nodded, opening and closing her mouth a few times. "I feel weird—I'm hungry," she immediately looked at Quin.

Dane raised his eyebrows at her, "You just said your stomach hurts?"

"It does," she closed her eyes and rested her head on his shoulder. "I want cookies."

Theo chuckled. "I think someone's got the munchies."

"I'm spinning," she mumbled to no one in particular. "My pussy has a heartbeat," she added.

I smirked. I thought I smelled her arousal earlier but dismissed it. She was always horny, she tried to pretend she wasn't, but I knew how dirty her thoughts were.

Duke gave her a stern look. "Elora," he warned.

She giggled, wincing as she held her stomach. She blinked slowly, smirking at Duke. “Give me dick or cookies,” she said bluntly. She pointed to her mouth, then her crotch. “Fill one hole or the other,” she slurred.

Holy shit. She would never act this way sober, and even I had to admit, it was amusing. Not as amusing as the look on Duke and Dane’s faces, though. She was completely wasted, and she wouldn’t remember acting this way.

Unfortunately for her intoxicated horniness, she would not get any pleasure until she was in her usual state of mind.

“Be careful with your wording. If you tell her no, she might take it personally and cry,” Quin advised through the mind-link.

Yes, the last thing we wanted was a meltdown because she was having trouble processing things. Even impaired, Elora was a serial overthinker. When she was in class the other day, I had nothing better to do than eavesdrop on her delightful, unique mind. She got the smallest of papercuts, one that didn’t cut deep enough to draw blood. In two seconds flat, she convinced herself she was *going* to die... from a paper cut. Quin had warned us that she’d become quite the hypochondriac. Still, I didn’t expect her to convince herself germs would get into the nonexistent wound, infect her, and ultimately end up six feet under.

“Cookies and milk?” Theo smiled at her, ready to get her anything her little heart desired.

Her eyes widened as she slowly nodded. “And the... the,” she snapped her fingers, trying to remember, “The chocolate candy,” she attempted.

Theo chuckled while heading to the kitchen. “You got it, Princess.”

Elora smiled, her gaze slowly shifting to Eugene, where her hazy eyes settled. She stared at him, completely zoned out, before her lips slowly lifted into a smirk.

Eugene narrowed his eyes at her as if to say, ‘Knock it off.’ He’d probably blush if he could see into her mind like I could.

Elora's mind was in scrambles and more challenging to read than usual. The dirty images she was daydreaming of told me all I needed to know. She imagined her hand tangled in his hair while his head was between her thighs. Her thoughts flashed with images of Eugene hovering over her with her legs over his shoulders.

Admittedly, seeing and overhearing her sexual fantasies of my clanmates was slightly uncomfortable. It wasn't bothersome, though; it was a small price to pay in return for knowing her every thought. After all, *I* was the one intruding on *her* mind.

She wanted to be touched, licked, and fucked. I could feel her cravings for us; I could tell how much the ache between her thighs was bothering her.

"Elora," Felix scolded, forcing her eyes away from Eugene. She managed to catch everyone's attention with her lustful stare. They may not know precisely what she was thinking, but it wasn't hard to guess with the suggestive smirk she wore.

She blinked a few times, trying to process the past few seconds. When she understood why Felix said her name, she cocked an eyebrow at him. "Hm?" She questioned innocently.

Not in the mood for her games, he crossed his arms over his chest. Even I had to hand it to her, she knew how to manipulate and sweet-talk her way out of trouble.

"We know what you're doing. Wipe the smirk off your lips," he ordered.

She giggled, using the back of her hand to wipe her mouth. She looked at the back of her hand. "Nope." She tried again. "Not that time either." Again. "It's not working," she held her hand out in Felix's direction. "Wanna try?" She giggled.

Brat.

Felix let a humorless chuckle escape, smirking at her. "One more word and I'll fuck your throat raw tomorr—"

"Which word would you like?" She grinned. "I know lots of them," she giggled again. She looked up at the ceiling, resting her head against the back of the couch, mumbling

random words. “Photosynthesis... igloo... candle... soda... computer... shoe...”

She pushed her eyebrows together as her expression morphed into one of concern. “How the heck did I run out of words?” She asked herself. “I can’t think of any more words,” she raised her hands to cover her eyes as she suddenly got emotional.

Dane reacted quickly, gently pulling her hands away from her teary eyes. “Elora, let’s go to bed, okay?” He tried again. “You need to sleep this off,” he explained.

She didn’t respond as she rested her head against his arm, closing her eyes. “See, isn’t that better, Angel?”

From what I could tell from her mind, the position helped with the dizziness. She was clearly overwhelmed—the fewer senses she had, the better off she’d feel.

I watched her body relax as she fell asleep in record time, all thoughts of sex and cookies out of her mind. “She’s asleep, Theo,” I said.

He walked out of the kitchen empty-handed. “Good, because we have no cookies.”

Duke glanced at me, “You have my full support for whatever you decide to do to her tomorrow. This is unacceptable,” he let out the slightest laugh, shaking his head.

I smirked, surprised that he said that. Duke was old fashioned, and Elora going out, getting way too drunk, high, then acting *improper* must have gotten to him. She was definitely his baby, and he worried about her a lot tonight. It was about time he came around. Her irresponsibility and general drunken behavior earned her one hell of a punishment.

“What *we’re* going to do to her tomorrow,” I corrected, glancing around at everyone before my eyes landed on her. Poor baby didn’t know what she was in for.

Punishment

Elora

Daylight woke me as I groggily blinked my sleepy eyes open. Feeling a dull ache in my temple, I groaned. I was *never* going to another party again and definitely never drinking again. Bad—no, *horrible*—decisions were made, and I regretted going.

It was super fun up until Willow basically left me to die on the bathroom floor. I wasn't a malicious person, but I planned on having a stern talk with her tomorrow. Hopefully, that would be my last interaction with her; I didn't need someone like her in my life.

Sitting up, I realized I was downstairs on the couch, not in my bed. Racking my mind, I couldn't recall much after getting home; even before that, my memory was hazed and jumbled.

I was leaning against Dane, and he just... *smiled* down at me. Normally, I wouldn't think anything of it. His was a regular, cute smile, and I loved to see it. But, I was undoubtedly in trouble. There was no way they weren't *at least* irritated at me for getting drunk and coming home super late.

Dane reached over to the side table and picked up two white pills that he must have had readily available for me. "Open," he ordered.

Thank goodness—my head hurt horribly. I opened my mouth, and he gave me the pills, followed by a water bottle. The water felt like heaven in a cup, soothing my insides as I drank it all.

Anticipating the lecture that was surely fated, I couldn't help but feel uncomfortable. I *knew* they were going to lecture me, and I just wished they'd get the scolding over with so I

wouldn't have to dwell on it. It was in my best interest that I tread delicately.

Dane stood up before holding out his big hand for me to grab. "Let's get some food in you. You threw up everything last night," he said.

Taking his hand, we walked to the kitchen. My body felt weak and shaky. The thought of food had me drooling. Not really, but if I opened my mouth, I might have left a snail trail of saliva. It was safe to say I was ravenous.

We walked hand in hand until we reached the kitchen, where the other guys were. Quin was standing at the stove with a spatula in hand. Felix and Duke were sitting at the counter, and Theo, Eugene, and Lucifer were at the table.

Here the lecture comes...

Instead of harsh looks or scolding, a nice big breakfast plate was placed in front of me when I sat at the table. I skeptically looked up at Quin, examining his neutral expression. *Huh?*

Theo placed his hand on my thigh and gave me a smug grin. "Feeling better, Princess?" He asked.

This was almost worse than them being mad at me. They were acting so... *normal*. Their indifferent attitudes were making the hair on my arms stand. Whatever was happening right now, I didn't like it one bit.

Taking a hesitant bite of my eggs, I nodded. "Uh-huh," I answered. I cautiously eyed my other guys as they had their own conversations.

This was either really good or really bad.

Should I apologize? Did I dare even mention it? They hadn't forgotten my behavior, so what was the hold-up? Yell at me, scold me, lecture me, do anything besides *this*.

Oh goodness, were they *disappointed*? I couldn't handle that word; it made my neck itch, then I broke out in hives everywhere and eventually had a full-blown panic attack.

“Elora,” My eyes shot to Lucifer. Okay, here we go! “We’re not disappointed,” he informed clearly, in his low tone.

I let out a breath I didn’t know I was holding. Well, that was good news. But what about–

“You will be punished for your lack of responsibility,” Felix added sternly. I tensed. *Punished?* Not a lecture or scolding? I was confused. His eyes burned my skin with an intensity that I couldn’t match. “When you’re done eating, you’ll shower, braid your hair, then meet us in the hidden room. Do you understand?” He explained, leaving no room for argument.

Wait–hidden room? Willow was right?! One thing at a time... First things first: I was in big trouble. I didn’t understand what exactly he meant by punishment. What did he mean when he said that I was meeting them all in the *hidden* room? What was the hidden room? Why was I going there for this so-called punishment?

“We have a secret room?” I asked in a whisper, curiosity being my vice.

Felix cocked an eyebrow at me. “Lucifer gave you the key, did he not?”

Confused, I knitted my eyebrows together. The only key Lucifer gave me was to his cabinet full of sweets. I looked at Lucifer, seeing an evil smirk playing on his lips. “There’s a divot on the left shelf, push it, and the wall opens,” he explained.

I’d had the key all this time? But why? What was in the hidden room?

“I won’t repeat myself,” I flinched at Felix’s stern voice. I grabbed Theo’s hand under the table.

“I understand,” I squeaked with a nod.

“Good. You have one hour,” he informed as he walked out of the kitchen. Lucifer and Quin weren’t far behind him, both sending me admonitory as they left.

Nerves filled me as questions about what would come raced through my mind. What punishment would I be receiving? Where did they go? What was in the hidden room?

Theo ran his hand through my tangled hair. “Eat, or you’ll probably pass out,” he mumbled.

Pass out? I looked up at him with wide eyes. All my thoughts and stress came out at once. “Why? What’s in the room? What did Felix mean by punishment? Why did Lucifer give me a key?” My questions came out as rapid fire.

Theo smirked. “You think I’d tell you and ruin the surprise? Oh, Princess, half the fun is getting to see your reaction,” he said darkly, standing up to leave.

My mouth dropped open as I watched him walk out of the kitchen, a smirk still on his lips. Whatever the punishment was, it was clear that I needed to get out of it—and I knew just the guy to get me out of it.

I finished eating, really savoring the weight of the food in my stomach. I felt a million times better physically. Mentally, I was a mess.

Eyeing the back of Duke’s head, I lurked behind him as he typed something on his phone. Finally garnering the courage, I stood and padded over to him, ready to work my magic.

“Duke?” I said sweetly, but my voice shook with nerves.

He put his phone on the counter and looked down at me. His expression was stern, not mad or unpleasant, but not happy either. “Yes, Baby?” He asked.

Taking his hand in mine, I twiddled with his fingers. “I’m really sorry. I didn’t mean for it to get that bad,” I said honestly, giving him the best puppy-dog eyes I could.

He sighed, looking a smidgen less tense. He held my cheek in his big hand, and I leaned into his touch. “I know you didn’t, Baby,” he said gently. Relief filled me as I imagined him convincing the others not to punish me.

The feeling was quickly gone as his gentle touch on my cheeks turned to a firm grip as he squeezed my cheeks

together. “That won’t work this time, though. Now, go be a good girl and go take a shower,” he husked as if saying the words pained him.

He released my face, and I gasped. If Duke wouldn’t even help me, I knew I’d really messed up.

Dane and Eugene watched me closely, challenging me to try and get them to crack too. I was helpless.

Feeling like I might have just made my punishment worse, I left the kitchen.

I showered, taking the time to relax as I tried to ease my mind. I was going to get punished; I’d accepted that. How they planned on punishing me, I hadn’t a clue. Scrubbing myself clean, I began to feel completely back to normal after last night’s mistakes.

Just like Felix requested, I styled my hair into two long braids. He always said he liked my hair down, but maybe he’d changed his mind?

Leaving my bathroom, I headed to my closet to pick out a pair of leggings and a top to wear, but something on my bed caught my eye.

Walking over, I blushed, seeing a red lace bodysuit and matching stockings. I immediately picked up a small note beside it, recognizing Eugene’s ancient handwriting.

Wear this.

Carefully picking up the material, I felt how thin it was. This wouldn’t *cover* anything! It was see-through, and the crotch was open.

Realization dawned on me, and I tensed. *Punishment*. I recalled Felix’s voice from the morning in the shower. He definitely said *punish fuck, right?*

As I put on the bodysuit, my towel fell to the floor in a puddle. I struggled a bit, seeing as the crotch had three potential leg holes. Oh goodness, the slit in the bodysuit perfectly aligned with my holes. That couldn’t have been a coincidence.

Once fully dressed—although I still felt naked—I walked over to my mirror to assess the damage.

When I saw myself, I had to suck in a breath, reminding myself to breathe. To be fair, I looked bootylicious in this. Sure, it was flattering, and the stockings neatly ended at my butt, making it look a bit bigger. I couldn't possibly wear this in front of them, though. My nipples and *everything else* were on full display through the fabric.

I bit my lip, sitting on my bed. If I wasn't in that room in ten minutes, I'd just be digging myself a bigger hole.

Why was I so nervous? They'd all seen me naked. I loved sexual things, and they never disappointed in that category. The only thing that was psyching me out was that it was a punishment, and not knowing what they had planned was killing me.

As a last-ditch effort to appease them, I put the pink gemmed butt plug back in. Hopefully, they'd see it and think: *Wow! Elora may have caused us distress and worry, but she's such a good girl for wearing the butt plug for us. We should forgive her with no punishment!* It was a long shot, but nothing was impossible, and I was beyond desperate.

Deciding it was time to go, I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. I stood up, walking to Lucifer's room. I didn't see any of them, and I assumed they were all already inside the hidden room.

I held the key in my hand as I slowly unlocked the cabinet like I had hundreds of times before. I placed my hand on the shelf to the left and felt around for a latch. My hand sunk into the wall, pushing a small button, and the wall creaked open.

I nervously pushed it, opening the secret door, mesmerized that I'd never noticed it before. I bet this was where Lucifer kept his *delicious* sweets. There was no doubt in my mind about that.

In front of me was a dark hall, only a few feet long, and a black door at the end of it. I slowly walked to it, getting chills

down my spine. The hall felt ominous, and I'd definitely never come here alone—*total nightmare fuel*.

Finding the doorknob, I was quick to open the door, just to get out of the creepy hall. I quickly adjusted my hair, cleverly placing the braids over my boobs as a last-ditch attempt to cover myself. As for my crotch, as long as I didn't spread my legs, it looked like a typical onesie.

Stepping into the room, I paled. All worries about my guys seeing me in this outfit were thrown out the window. I barely even acknowledged them in different places around the big room.

The contents of the space intimidated me to my core. It looked like a very clean Butcher Shop, with an enormous round bed in the middle.

My eyes darted around the room, trying to make sense of the torture devices everywhere. All over the walls were whips, chains, cuffs, and *spiky things*, hung from their respective handles.

The room looked very different from the rest of the house. The walls were white, and the hardwood floor was stained black. The lights in the room were red, giving everything a dark glow that made me shiver. It smelled heavenly, too, like the ambrosial musk that Lucifer exuded.

Everything was clean and tidy, which satisfied me. Everything had its own place, which I loved despite the horror of the actual objects.

The bed was huge and round, covered in neat black silk sheets. Around the bed were five posts with round clips going down them. Images of being tied to Lucifer's bed flashed into my mind, and I looked away.

Around the room, there were also strange white chairs that looked dreadfully uncomfortable. They reminded me of workout equipment, but I doubted working out was how I would exhaust myself in this room.

What kinda freaky shit is this... I started backing up, deciding to take my chances in the creepy hall of death.

I bumped into a large body; the tingles I got somehow told me it was Quin. Feeling his hands on my shoulders, I tensed. “Where do you think you’re going, Doll?”

My heart was pounding against my rib cage as nerves consumed me. I finally examined my guys, seeing them all in different areas of the room.

Lucifer was sitting on the edge of the bed, studying me. Theo and Eugene stood by a wall of torture devices, smirking at me. Duke and Dane looked strangely out of place, both sitting in different chairs against the wall. Felix was approaching me, rolling his sleeves up to his elbows.

Quin started taking steps forward, further into the room and away from my exit. Seeing as his hands were practically welded to my shoulders, I was forced to walk with him.

Once I stood in the middle of the room, less than a foot away from Felix (who looked absolutely terrifying, might I add), Quin stopped. Keeping his hands on my shoulders, he gently pushed me down. “On your knees,” he ordered. My body instantly obeyed, and I dropped to my knees, tucking my calves under my ass.

His hands moved from my shoulders to my hair. With my braided hair in his hands, he gently pushed the locks of hair behind me. With my only coverage gone, I was left with nothing but red lace to cover me.

At the same time, Felix placed his ankles between my knees and swiftly used his own legs to spread mine open.

The slit between my legs opened with my thighs, leaving my girly parts bare for the whole world to see. Or *my* whole world, I should say. Now completely exposed, I let out the quietest of whimpers.

Quin stood behind me, and I could feel the warmth of his skin on my back. My hands fell flimsily between my spread thighs as I subtly tried to cover myself.

I looked up at Felix with wide eyes as he gently caressed my cheekbone. “Do you know why you’re in here?” He asked.

Because God hates me, I nodded. “I shouldn’t have gotten that drunk, and I should have called one of you to come get me,” I quickly answered.

A pleased look crossed his gorgeous face. “And what do you think you deserve for acting so irresponsibly?”

“To be let off with a warning!” I blurted, showing my nerves. “I promise I’ll never do it—”

Shoving his thumb into my mouth, Felix shut me up. He narrowed his eyes at me. “Awe, I know you won’t, Baby, not after this,” he said darkly.

A cold shiver ran straight to my girly parts at the evil promise behind his tone. I shouldn’t have liked this; the sane part of me didn’t. However, the sliver of my mind that was enjoying this—like a sick little pervert—had a direct line to my core.

Felix pulled his thumb out of my mouth before turning to Lucifer. He gave him an expectant look that I desperately wanted to understand. This was unfair! They were totally teaming up against me.

Lucifer’s bright red eyes shifted to me as he stood beside the bed. “Come here, Kitten,” he curled his finger at me.

Not wanting to provoke them any further, I moved to stand.

“*Crawl*,” Lucifer ordered lowly.

My shoulders slumped, and I bit my lip. *Crawl*? Inspecting the floor, not a speck of dust could be found. I couldn’t even use the ‘it’s dirty’ excuse.

Whatever, just do it. Don’t think about everyone being able to see your ass with the gem thingy in it. Don’t think about how embarrassing it is. It’ll just be worse if you prolong it. I chanted in my head, giving myself a pep talk.

On my hands and knees, I crawled over to Lucifer. I felt everyone’s eyes on my ass, making my blush travel down to my chest. I took a shaky breath, stopping at Lucifer’s feet.

Was this their punishment? Humiliation?

“Good girl,” Lucifer praised with a devilish smirk. He leaned down, placing his hands on my elbows, lifting me back onto my feet. Relief filled me, grateful that I wasn’t on the floor anymore.

Lucifer glanced behind me. “Theo,” he called. I pushed my eyebrows together, turning to look at him. Theo blinked a few times as if broken out of a trance. He reached behind him and grabbed some neatly folded black rope, and tossed it to Lucifer, who caught it easily.

Knowing exactly what Lucifer intended to use that rope for, I swallowed a nervous lump in my throat. He’d tied me up before; I was sure he’d do it again. My body betrayed my mind as my thighs clenched, wetness leaking between my legs.

Lucifer worked quickly, securing the rope to the top of one of the pillars a few feet from the bed. He grabbed my wrists, being much rougher than he had been in the past. I tensed, watching him tie my wrists together.

He watched me as he expertly tied the rope. “What’s your safe word?” He asked.

My eyes wandered to his face, thinking he looked extra yummy despite the danger looming behind his gaze. I peeked behind him at Quin and Felix, remembering that damned word. “Vanilla,” my voice came out as a shaky whisper.

Pulling a rope that was behind me, Lucifer raised my arms high in the air. Forced to stand on my tiptoes, my torso stretched, and my breasts almost spilled out of the lingerie from the position he put me in. I tried to wiggle my hands, but I couldn’t budge.

Felix walked over with some kind of small pole in his hands that had cuffs on each end.

Lucifer tilted his head, making my attention snap back to him. Felix was doing something with my ankles, but my eyes remained locked on Lucifer. “And when do you use it?” He continued.

Right now! This was a lot, and my eyes were already glossy for some reason. I always cried whenever I did sexual stuff,

but they were never tears of sadness. “When I want to stop,” I answered.

He nodded. “Try to remember that,” he smirked. “By the time we each have our turn with this little pussy,” he suddenly cupped me, his middle finger running along my slit.

I gasped, trying to close my legs. Whatever contraption Felix strapped to my ankles immediately spread further, making my legs open wide. *Oh shit.*

Lucifer pushed a finger into me, and I let out a low moan. His lips lowered to mine, where they teasingly hovered. “You’ll be so stupid that you won’t remember. I promise,” he said heatedly.

Just as quickly as his finger was inserted, he yanked his finger out of me and stepped away. My hips jolted forward, wanting more.

Felix ran his hands up my torso, cupping my breasts. I let out a small sound, my pussy clenching with need. I wanted them *all*. Lucifer said I was getting all of them, and I hoped that was true.

“Awe, Pretty Baby, look how cute you look all tied up and crying for us,” he softly stroked my face, but the smirk on his lips made me shiver. He turned to look at my other vampires. “What should we do with you now?” He asked, lowering himself to my face.

With rounded eyes, I listened to the others circle around me like lions ready to attack and pray on a lamb. It was impossible to hide my arousal from them; they could sense it, and even if I lied, they’d call my bluff.

Staring into his red eyes, I sealed my fate with two words. “Punish me?”

My breathing was heavy with anticipation as Eugene approached with a strip of black silk. He stopped in front of me and smirked, eyeing me slowly. *Damn this outfit!* Beneath his stare, I squirmed uncomfortably.

He seemed all too pleased as he covered my eyes with the blindfold. I gasped at my sudden lack of vision, but his lips

immediately occupied my mouth as they crashed into mine. He kissed me harshly, devouring my mouth.

Feeling his hand between my legs, I moaned into his mouth. I pulled against the rope, desperate to touch him. Being restrained and blindfolded made it difficult to focus on anything but his hands on me.

He pulled away, leaving me gasping for air. His fingers were slowly stroking my slit. I shivered, wishing I could see him. He chuckled lowly. “You’re so fucking wet. You’re so pathetic, Love, aren’t you?” He rasped.

Another pair of hands were suddenly cupping my breasts, squeezing them, and pinching my nipples. “Theo,” I gasped, feeling him stand behind me.

Eugene’s finger slid into me, making a new wave of goosebumps cover my body. He pushed his finger into me several times—with harsh, ungentle movements. “Say it,” Eugene ordered. “Say you’re a pathetic little slut.”

Blushing, I pulled my bottom lip between my teeth. At my lack of response, he added another finger and quickened his pace, roughly fucking into me. I moaned while trying to close my legs, but the bar between my ankles wouldn’t allow it. I didn’t want to say that... It was embarrassing.

One of Theo’s hands left my breast. I felt his hand cup my ass cheek before he moved lower, accessing my entrance from behind—not before tapping the end of the butt plug, sending shivers up my spine. I whimpered as his finger joined Eugene’s fingers inside of me. Theo gently kissed behind my ear. “Say it, or I’ll add another finger,” he threatened. “What do you think, Eugene? How many fingers can her pussy take until her knees give out?” He teased.

My body froze with pleasure, and both of them pushing into me made my eyes roll back. *Holy shit...*

Eugene chuckled. “As many as it takes for her to *listen*,” he rasped.

Okay, it was time to be a good girl. Three fingers were enough. “I’m *your* pathetic slut,” I moaned out, being sure to

make that correction.

Quin made a sound of approval somewhere in the room, and I knew I'd made the right decision.

Eugene hummed, pulling his fingers out of me. "Wait—" I gasped, suddenly feeling empty as Theo pulled out of me too. *I didn't—they didn't—I didn't cum!*

"You thought it'd be that easy, Love? You're going to have to work for it if you want to cum," he explained, amusement in his cruel tone.

My girly parts throbbed, missing being filled.

Theo moved away from behind me, and I felt lost again, having no idea where any of them were in the room.

I heard movement over by the wall across from me.

"Baby," Duke said gently. I relaxed, feeling his hand run down my side. "Do you have any idea of how worried we were last night?" He asked.

I nodded my head, guilt filling me. "I'm sorry," I said honestly.

He gripped my hip. "I know, Baby," he said in a comforting tone. "You're going to show us just how sorry you are," he added, giving my lips a gentle kiss. He gave my ass a slight slap that I barely felt compared to Dane and Felix's. "So, be my good girl and count them out for us."

Count what?

His hand left me, and his presence was replaced with a much more intense one. I tilted my head up, even though I couldn't see. "Felix?" I guessed.

A sudden smack stung my ass, and I gasped out. "Ouch!" I pouted. "Daddy, that hurt," I cried.

He ran his big hand over where he hit me. It definitely wasn't a hand that hit my ass. I bet it was one of the torture devices on the wall. "Awe, poor Baby," he taunted, with no sympathy in his tone. "You forgot to count. Now we have to start all over," he chimed.

I whimpered, “But—”

“Lucifer, do you have anything to shut her up?” Felix asked.

I tensed. I already couldn’t move or see! I’d like to keep my mouth. “No, no, no, I’ll be quiet.” They weren’t playing around.

“I do,” Lucifer whispered in his low tone next to me. I flinched to the other side, not expecting him to be so close. I felt his thumb touch my lips. “Her jaw will be sore enough by the end of the day without a gag in her mouth,” he chuckled. I felt his lips touch my ear, sending tickles down my spine. “So, shut your fucking mouth,” he said harshly.

Wetness flooded out of me, soaking my thighs. I nodded, immediately submitting to him. I wouldn’t dare argue with him (or any of them, for that matter). Maybe Duke, but not today.

I felt his thumb leave my lips and swallowed hard.

Another harsh sting pained my ass, and I cried out: “One!”

“Good girl,” Quin commented. “If you’re as sorry as you say you are, tell us,” he ordered.

Felix slapped my ass again, and I flinched against the ropes. “Two,” I winced. “I’m sorry, Quin,” I started.

Another slap was heard in the room, and I cried out, tears escaping from the blindfold. “Th—three,” I cried. “I’m sorry, Daddy!”

“Which one?” Theo mumbled, and I heard a slap in the room, but it wasn’t on my ass, thank goodness. “My bad,” Theo whispered, but I heard it.

Felix rubbed his hand over my ass cheek, soothing the burning sensation. “Only five more, Baby,” he cooed.

Five?! My ass hurt so badly already. I did really want to show them how sorry I was, though... If this was what it took, I could do it.

“I love you, Elora.”

I raised my eyebrows in surprise, and my heart swelled with love. I knew he loved me, but I never thought I'd actually hear him say it—even if it was only in my head.

I cried out as Felix swatted me again. “Four! I’m sorry, Dane,” I sobbed.

“Thank you, Angel,” Dane said happily from across the room.

“Five,” I panted, trying not to scream. It hurt horribly, but my pussy clenched every time the assumed *paddle* connected with my skin. “I’m sorry, Theo.”

“Oh, I’m not upset, Princess. I’m here because it’s fun,” I could hear the smirk in his tone.

That was very on-brand for him, and I adored him for it. With the burning on my ass, I couldn’t even crack a smile at him.

My body shook as Felix struck me again. “S—six,” I let out a high-pitched whimper, feeling Felix soothe my burning cheek with his hand again. “I’m so sorry, Eugene!” I called out with tears running down my face, escaping the blindfold.

For the last time, Felix struck my ass swiftly. This one was harder than the rest, and I screamed. “Se—seven!” I grabbed the rope around my wrist, squeezing it as my body shook again. “I’m s—sorry, Duke,” I cried, taking shaky breaths.

I’d never do anything bad again. This punishment wasn’t worth going against their direction. My booty hurt so bad I was scared to see how it looked.

The ropes shifted, and my arms were lowered. The blindfold was gently removed, and I blinked a few times, my vision slightly blurry from the tears.

Quin began to untie my wrists while Felix removed the evil bar of torture from my ankles. Felix freed my ankles quickly, and I closed my legs, wincing as the bodysuit material brushed against my ass.

Quin studied me as if making sure I was still okay. “You did wonderfully, Doll.” The corner of his mouth turned up in a

proud smile. My shoulders relaxed, and I gave him a small smile. “How are you feeling?” He asked as he finished freeing my wrists.

I glanced at Felix. “Very sorry. And in desperate need of an ice pack,” I answered honestly.

Theo approached out of nowhere, now wearing nothing but boxers. “You can sit on my cold meat, Princess,” he smirked.

My mouth dropped open, astounded at his lack of a filter. I just got my ass beat, and he was making jokes. I admit, it was kind of funny—but still.

All my other guys let out a quiet sigh in unison. I wouldn’t have heard it if it were just one of them. Every single one of them shot Theo a warning look.

Unbothered by their stares, Theo simply smirked, gently taking my hands out of Quin’s. He gave me his signature charming smile as he laid on the bed, skillfully placing me on top of him. “Glare all you want. You’re the ones watching with hard-ons as I fuck her,” he boasted.

Wait, he was serious? I knew Lucifer said I’d get them *all*, but if I did my math correctly, the spanking canceled that out. Nerves filled me—not about having sex with them—I was thrilled about that part. My concern was that I already felt worn out.

Looking down at Theo, I still felt small, although I was the one on top. He was a massive man; they all were. I bit my lip, not knowing how to... *start*. Could his dick even bend backward that way? “Uh, what do I do?” I questioned.

“Lift your hips, Princess,” he said with a gentle smile. I hovered over him momentarily as he pulled his dick out of his boxers. I raised my eyebrows, looking under me at his dick. My face twisted in both terror and awe. He was the length of my freaking forearm! Were any of them going to go in easily, or were they all massive?

Chalking it up to *well-endowment* being a *vampire thing*, I tried not to focus on how it would obliterate me in a few seconds.

He grabbed the base of his dick, propping it up. With his free hand, he moved my hips, positioning me over him. "Sit," he instructed with a raise of his eyebrows.

I placed my hands on his muscular chest, using him as leverage so I wouldn't fall off him. Slowly lowering myself onto him, I gasped at the stretching sensation. It took a few extra seconds, but I was finally back to sitting on him. Only now, his dick was buried inside me. The new position felt strange, in the best way, of course.

Theo sucked in a breath while looking down between us, and I felt him twitch inside me. Biting his lip between his teeth, he gripped my hips. His expression turned back into a smile. "Good?" He asked.

I nodded. I was more than good. If he looked at me like that again, however, I'd cum instantly.

He looked distracted, glancing between our connected bodies and my face. "Good girl, now just move however you'd like. Find what feels good, and ride me like there's no tomorrow," he grinned.

I could do that! Although I was very aware of my other guys watching, and being on top gave me stage fright.

Noticing my hesitation, Theo grabbed my hips again, slowly lifting me off him and pulling me back down. I moaned quietly, feeling him deep inside me. I liked this angle; he was so deep inside me, and it felt amazing.

Still using my hips, he pushed and pulled me against him. I arched my back, lifting my sore ass off him and back down along with him. "That's my girl," he moaned.

Shifting slightly, I found a different angle that felt better. Theo kept his hands on my hips but allowed me to move however I wanted. Being on top was nice; they never let me have control.

The bed shifted, and a heavy body was suddenly behind me. I cocked my eyebrow, stopping my movements to look behind us.

I blinked a few times at Dane, confused. He was naked, and my greedy eyes were quick to look. Of course, he was big. Why wouldn't he be? There was a strong *vampire-ish* theme here... Why was he on the bed? Especially when Theo and I were in the middle of something.

In his hand was that clear lotion that Duke had in his bedside drawer. "What's that?" I asked.

Dane smiled at me. "Lube. It makes it easier for my dick to fit into your little ass," he said casually.

My mouth dropped open. *Excuse me?* Wait—I turned to Duke, giving him a shocked look, "Why did you have this?!"

Duke's lips slowly turned into a small devious smirk as he looked away.

Theo suddenly thrust into me, causing pleasure to ripple through my body. I made a sound between a whimper and a moan at the unexpectedness of it. Theo gave me a stern gaze. "He's gonna fuck your ass, Princess. Now, bend down," he explained bluntly.

Okay then...

I leaned down with his dick still buried inside me, resting my chest against his. He glanced behind me at Dane. "Be a pal and hurry up. I'm dying over here," he sounded frustrated.

Dane sighed in annoyance. He took a breath to respond, but Quin beat him to the punch. "Theo, one more snide comment, and *you'll* be the one with a ball gag," Quin warned.

Theo pressed his lips together, amusement evident on his face. I actually liked Theo and his jokes. Was this the best time for it? No. Still, it makes me less nervous. Everyone else was so serious; it scared me.

Dane shifted behind me again and lightly tapped on the plug in my ass, making my butt feel weird. Dane ran his hand over my ass cheeks a few times. "Are you okay with this, Angel?" He asked.

Uh. I thought it was weird—*really* weird. I was willing to try it, though. It felt okay when Eugene fingered my ass, so I

hoped it wouldn't be as bad as it sounded. I was looking at Theo but nodded at Dane. "Yeah, just go slow, okay?"

Dane chuckled. "Of course."

The plug was taken out of me, and I tensed. I should've been used to it by now after having it removed and put back in for the past few days. Eugene showed me how to take it out for bathroom breaks and whatnot. He requested that I keep it in as often as possible so I'd only remove it to use the bathroom, shower, and sleep. I could do it myself, but having someone else do it felt extra weird.

Theo placed a small kiss to the tip of my nose, and I smiled at him. His dick inside me was rock hard, and I think both of us were growing impatient. This was torture. He put his finger under my chin, lifting my head to his lips. He kissed me, and I opened my mouth for him. I massaged his tongue with my own, feeling my core pulsing with want.

As we made out, Dane put something cold on my ass. I didn't know exactly what he was doing, but a lot was going on back there, to say the least. I tried to focus on the kiss instead, but I became rigid when I felt something much bigger than a finger or plug against my hole.

"Relax," Dane reminded gently. There was pressure as he slowly pushed into me. The feeling was incredibly strange. It didn't exactly hurt, probably because he was being very gentle, but it was uncomfortable. Having sex for the first time hurt horribly. In comparison, this was nothing.

Feeling his torso against my ass, I knew he was entirely in me. I felt so full, and there was definitely a mild stretching sting from the two of them being in me at the same time, but it wasn't unpleasant.

Dane gently ran his hand over my ass cheek, which was still incredibly hot and sore from Felix. "Are you okay? Do you need a few more minutes to—"

"I'm okay." I think I'd die if I had to stay still for another second. I'd waited patiently; now, I wanted them to fuck me.

Dane slapped my ass, making me flinch. “Watch the attitude,” he warned.

Theo wrapped his arms around my lower waist, hugging me to him. “Let us do the work. We don’t want you to hurt yourself, Princess,” he explained.

“That’s my job,” Lucifer said from somewhere in the room.

I raised my eyebrows but nodded at Theo. “Okay.”

An intense shiver rippled through me as Theo rocked his hips, pushing into me. I moaned quietly, finally getting what I wanted.

Theo held my hips down, so I couldn’t move them even if I wanted to. Dane didn’t move as Theo’s thrusts became faster, hitting that deep spot in me that made my eyes roll back.

I watched Theo in awe as his lips parted in pleasure. Soft moans escaped his lips as his gaze was cast down between us. I ran my hands through his hair, wanting to touch him, but my options were limited in this position.

I gasped, feeling movement that wasn’t Theo’s. Dane slowly pulled out of my ass before going back in. I squeezed my fist around Theo’s hair, the sensation of them thrusting into me at different times was overwhelming.

Dane’s hands were placed on my hips, pulling me back onto him. Their movements worked together, using me like I weighed nothing. Theo was pushing me down, and Dane was rocking my hips.

The room filled with my moans and wet sounds as liquid poured out of my pussy. I liked this more than I thought I would...

“Look at how much our little slut likes being filled with cock,” Felix chuckled. I gazed up at him as he moved to the side of the bed. Despite the blush that painted my cheeks, I couldn’t stop moaning as Dane and Theo sped up in unison. Felix watched me with an evil smirk as he began undoing his belt.

Curious as to what he planned on doing, I turned to look at him. Theo suddenly started roughly bouncing me on top of him, our thighs slapping together. I cried out, pulling his hair more, all curiosity vanishing. Deep inside me, I felt the familiar tingles start to build. Dane also took the opportunity to speed up, his own groans escaping his lips.

Dane gave my ass a slap, and I moaned, the pain still very much so present. “Such a good girl, using your desperate little holes to show us how sorry you are,” Dane rasped.

I heard Felix’s pants unzip and hazily looked up at him. I blinked, watching him pull his dick out, holding his massive size by the base.

My mouth watered, knowing what he planned to do. I struggled to hold back moans as my core clenched around Theo and Dane. Theo smirked, not looking away from my face as he pounded into me impossibly faster. My legs felt like jelly, and I cried again, but I loved this.

Theo tilted his head at me. “I can feel your greedy pussy pulsing, Princess,” he said teasingly. “Are you going to cum?” He taunted in a sympathetic voice.

Feeling like I was seconds away from my release, I could only whimper. I nodded, pleading with my eyes.

Theo kept his eyes on me. “This *is* a punishment. Do you think you deserve to cum?” He asked.

I was fighting my orgasm with everything in me, knowing I’d be in more trouble if I came without their permission. I wanted to scream *yes* at the top of my lungs and beg them, but I had a better idea.

With my doe eyes, I blinked up at Theo. “It’s not u–up to me,” I struggled to say through moans. As much as I desperately *needed* this, it was important to me that they knew I really was sorry. They needed to understand that I knew I deserved this.

Theo raised his eyebrows with a pleased expression. His eyes looked far away for a moment, and I knew they were talking through their mind-link. He smirked at me, pulling my

waist tighter against him, keeping the same fast pace. “Cum for us, Princess.”

Before he even finished his sentence, I came. My legs shook from the intensity as I moaned into the thick air around us.

I whimpered when they didn't slow down. I just needed a second to collect myself. My pussy was dripping down Theo's dick, and my legs trembled around him. “Wait—” I panted.

“Ah ah ah, Angel,” Dane rasped out, sounding more stern than usual. “No breaks,” he denied.

It was too much. I didn't think I could go much longer if they didn't give me time to recuperate between orgasms.

My moans turned to desperate whimpers as Theo's thrusts got harder and messier. “Theo!” I cried out, close to my orgasm again so soon after my last one.

Dane's grip on my hips tightened, almost painfully, as a string of deep, sexy whimpers left him. His thrusts also got sloppier, and I knew it wouldn't be long until they came.

Exhausted, limbs shaking, and overstimulated, I slowly blinked down at Theo, watching his eyebrows tighten in pleasure. I felt his dick twitch before he slammed my waist down on him again before groaning lowly. “Fuck Princess, I'm going to cum so deep in that hot little cunt,” he moaned in a strained voice.

His dirty words went straight to my girly parts and pushed me over the edge. For the second time, I came all over his dick, soaking it. I cried out in pleasure as warm liquid filled both my pussy and my ass.

Dane slowly pulled out of me, making me shudder. I'd never liked how it felt when they pulled out of me. Sometimes I wish they would just stay forever.

Dane placed a lingering kiss on the back of my neck. “You did so good, Angel,” he said before the bed shifted, and he was gone.

Theo gave me a big kiss, keeping me in his arms as he skillfully turned us around so he was on top of me. He gently pulled out of me, and I felt very leaky and sticky between my legs. I groggily glanced down before looking at Dane, who was pulling up a pair of boxers, then up at Theo. “We made a mess,” I mumbled.

Theo smirked, his eyes roaming my body. “That was the plan,” he commented before he got off the bed.

Felix suddenly grabbed me under my arms and pulled me to the edge of the bed. My body was still fully on the bed, but my neck was placed on the edge, making my head hang loosely.

I raised my eyebrows, looking up at Felix with his massive dick still eagerly in his hand. “Open,” he ordered.

My mouth opened immediately, and he quickly pushed his dick into my mouth. “Relax your throat, Baby,” he instructed.

The bed shifted again. I desperately wanted to look and see who it was, but I didn’t dare move from the position Felix had me in.

Felix pushed himself past my mouth and down my stretched throat, letting out a throaty moan. I moaned around him, happy that I was making him feel good.

Gentle hands caressed my thighs before spreading them again. *Eugene*. He knelt between my legs, running his hands up and down before grabbing my feet. He lifted them and opened me wide, almost into a split. “Grab your thighs and don’t let go, Love,” he said.

Anything for him. I reached down and placed my hands just above the underside of my knees, holding my thighs open.

Felix pulled away, and I took a big breath, my heart pounding. He peered down at me darkly. “Bad girls who misbehave don’t get to breathe,” he warned before his dick was down my throat again. He thrust his hips lightly, and I felt my throat extend each time he pushed in.

More tears fell down my face, and I fought the urge to gag as he repeatedly hit the back of my throat.

There was pressure on my asshole again, and I tensed. Eugene ran his hand up my torso, grabbing and massaging one of my breasts. “You’re the prettiest little thing I’ve ever seen,” he mumbled. If my mouth wasn’t otherwise occupied, I’d smile.

Felix pulled out of me just as Eugene pushed into me, and I gasped, squeezing my thighs. I didn’t think I’d cum from anal; it felt good—just not the same kind of toe-curling mouth-watering good. That was okay, though. I was perfectly satisfied already and needed a break anyways.

Felix gave me a few seconds to catch my breath as he rubbed his tip against my swollen lips. I stuck my tongue out, licking it. He narrowed his eyes at me like he’d taken the lick as a challenge. His hands shifted my head back further, and his dick was down my throat again, thrusting deeper and more viciously. “I think you’re enjoying this punishment too much, Baby.”

I mean... Yeah, duh. The spanking was horrible, but I loved sex and being as close as possible with them. I just wished they would slow down a bit. I was tired.

Eugene rocked his hips, making me moan around Felix.

My body went rigid when I heard a familiar buzzing. *The evil microphone of death.* I hated that thing. It was entirely too much for my poor clit to handle.

Felix chuckled. “Awe, Baby, what’s wrong?” He said with false sympathy. He pulled out long enough for me to take a single breath of air before thrusting down my throat again.

My body flinched as Eugene placed the torture device on my clit. I whimpered as my legs tried to close despite my hands holding them open. Eugene thrust into me harshly, giving my thigh a slap. “You keep those fucking legs open,” he warned.

I pulled my legs, spreading them back to their original place. I was a moaning mess, my clit throbbing as I felt an orgasm building.

Felix let me breathe again when he pulled away. I coughed a few times, my throat raw and my jaw sore. I took several breaths, moaning and looking down, too curious to see what Eugene was doing.

He was thrusting into me, his delicious abs flexing in the red glow of the room. In his hand was the toy, placed on my girly parts. His lips were turned up in a satisfied smirk as he watched me.

His thumb moved on a dial, and the vibrations became impossibly more powerful. With the change of speed, I instantly came, crying and moaning. “Your pussy is so fucking wet,” Eugene moaned, pushing a finger into me.

My mouth fell open in pleasure, and Felix took the opportunity to fuck my throat again. “Such a good slut, taking this Daddy dick down your tight little throat,” Felix rasped, thrusting sloppily.

Drool was escaping my lips as I moaned, my mind starting to slip away from me. My chest was rising and falling rapidly, the pleasure consuming me.

I squeezed my thighs again, reminding myself to keep them open.

Eugene curled his finger, hitting that spot I loved so much. I flinched, my legs starting to shake. He was stimulating everything, my clit, pussy, and my ass.

At this rate, I’d tap out before I got through them all. I couldn’t have that, so I needed to finish them off.

Hollowing my cheeks, I sucked on Felix’s cock, bobbing my head along with his thrusts. He closed his eyes, softly moaning. “Fucking hell, Baby, don’t stop,” he demanded.

I happily sucked and licked his perfect dick, the lack of oxygen making my head spin slightly.

Once again, I came again without enough time to recuperate. I held my shaky legs open for Eugene as he viciously pounded into my ass. “Your ass feels so fucking good. You’re such a good girl,” he moaned, turning up the vibrations again.

My attempted scream came out as muffled high-pitched moans. I wasn't even over my orgasm when I was forced to cum again, my eyes fogging as tears of pleasure and pain cascaded down my cheeks.

Eugene moaned lowly as he came, shooting the warm liquid into my ass. He pulled his finger out of me and took the evil microphone away from my clit. He gently pulled out of me, and I let go of my thighs. My body went limp, my legs shaking and my girly parts throbbing.

Felix's hands on my head started viciously pulling me to him. A string of animalistic growls and grunts left his lips as he spilled his yummy liquid down my throat.

I swallowed big gulps, surprised at how much was coming out of him. I didn't waste a drop, licking his tip as he pulled out of my throat.

I gasped for air, grateful for the oxygen. I coughed and whimpered, my body feeling like a sticky, sloppy mess.

Felix shifted my body, so I was lying on the pillows again. His thumbs ran under my eyes, wiping away tears. "You're the most beautiful disaster I've ever seen," he eyed me cautiously for a few moments. "Now, get on your knees and put your face in the pillow so Duke can have his turn with your filthy little pussy," He cocked an eyebrow at me.

My heart pounded, and I hazily focused on Duke as he stood from the chair, removing his shirt. *Yummy*. I shifted, my body shaking as my muscles wanted to give out. At least Duke would go easy on me; he'd always been my saving grace. He wouldn't torture me like the others.

On my knees with my back arched, I rested my cheek on the pillow. I had no gauge on time, my mind was clouded, and my thoughts were jumbled.

Soon enough, Duke was behind me, gently rubbing his hands over my back. "Baby?" He asked gently.

I blinked over my shoulder at him. "Hm?" I questioned, too exhausted to move or talk.

A deep look of concern was on his face as he gently ran his thumb down my cheeks, collecting any tears that escaped after Felix wiped them away. "Are you okay?" He asked.

I slowly nodded, filled with hope that at least one of my guys was going to take it easy on me.

He studied my dazed expression for a few seconds before he nodded. He took both my hands and placed them on two small pillars on the headboard. "Don't let go," he instructed with a pointed look.

I slowly nodded, a bit confused. Okay?

He didn't break eye contact with me as I waited for an explanation. Without warning, he roughly thrust all the way into my pussy, immediately pounding into me.

I screamed out, not ready for the roughness. "Duke!" I cried as he fucked me like he hated me. If my hands weren't holding the pillars, I would have hit my head on the headboard with the force he put into each thrust.

The bed shook, and I felt like his dick was tearing me in half. "Don't you *Duke* me," he seethed. "Do you have any idea how worried I was?" He asked, his hands on my hips, pulling me back onto him.

I whimpered, but the pleasure outweighed the guilt.

"You come home drunk, in the arms of some boy," he grunted out, my ass clapping against his groin. "Stumbling into the house at three in the morning, then begging us to fuck you," he added.

My eyes rolled back as I moaned. I didn't remember doing that, but Duke sure did, and he wasn't happy with me. "I-I'm sorry," I tried.

My hair was pulled, forcing me to look up. In front of us, just above the pillars, there was a mirror. "Look at yourself. Does that look like a good girl to you?" He asked, his voice dripping with venom.

In a haze, I took in my appearance. My hair had fallen out of the neat braids I had done earlier. Tear stains and fresh tears

covered my rosy pink cheeks. My lips were slightly parted in pleasure and puffy from sucking Felix off.

My breasts bounced with each thrust, and a sheer coat of sweat clung to my skin. My back was so arched that I could see my red ass, with rectangular marks and handprints all over it, bouncing as Duke fucked me.

I looked at Duke in the mirror, his eyes were bright red, and his eyebrows were knitted in anger. His jaw was clenched, looking much more handsome than I should've thought at this moment.

"N-no," I panted while shaking my head. I definitely didn't look like his good girl right now.

"No, you don't," he repeated. "You look like a naughty little slut," he moaned, thrusting hard into me. His pace slowed, but he put more power into his thrusts. "Next time you try making big girl decisions, remember this moment," he growled into my ear.

With a moan, my core clenched around his ruthless dick, desperate for another release. Trying not to cum, I bit my lip. I shouldn't have enjoyed this, but I did. I loved it.

Duke's thrusts got harder, and I heard soft, muffled moans escape him. "Remember what a pathetic little baby you are," he gave me a dark look in the mirror as his face mixed with pleasure. "A dumb little cock slut who *needs* her fucking daddies to make decisions for her," he grunted as he pulled my pussy flat against the base of his dick and filled me with his cum.

My orgasm rippled through my entire body, making my legs go numb. I fell limp against the bed as Duke pulled out of me. As soon as my head hit the pillow, I felt like gravity was pulling me down, begging me to sleep.

Duke grabbed my hips, turning me onto my back. "Elora," he started. I opened my eyes, looking up at him. He had an arm on each side of my head, holding himself above me. "If you *ever* behave that way again, I'll lock you in this room with Lucifer, Felix, and Quin. And I won't come save you no

matter how much you scream and beg, do you understand?" He warned; the cold tone of his voice sent a shiver down my spine.

I quickly nodded, absolutely terrified, looking up at him with wide eyes.

He studied my face as if making sure his threat sank into my soul. It did. He slowly nodded, placing a small kiss on my forehead.

Duke got off the bed, and I took note of everyone's shocked expressions. Theo's mouth was literally agape as he handed Eugene a crisp hundred Dollar bill. Eugene took it, pocketing it immediately with a smug grin.

Quin approached me, pulling his shirt over his head. "Can you move at all, Doll?" He asked.

I tried to lift my leg with all my might, but it shook horribly before it fell to the bed again.

Quin chuckled, smirking down at me, "They went a little too rough on you, didn't they?" He asked, but there was a clear taunting in his tone. *Uh oh.*

Lucifer walked around the corner, shirtless with black boxers on. He gazed down at me with a lit candle in his hand. "Her pussy works. That's all we need," he smirked at me.

I couldn't... I couldn't do this anymore. I wanted to sleep so badly. My legs were numb, and my girly parts, ass, thighs, and bed were a sticky mess.

But... I wanted them. I'd never even seen Lucifer's dick. He hasn't fucked me for some God-forsaken reason, and I was over it. I could do this. If I died, at least I would die happy and satisfied.

Quin took his boxers off, lifting me off the bed for a moment. He laid down, placing me on top of him with my back resting against his muscle-covered front. I felt his dick poking my ass and whimpered. This might actually be the death of me.

Quin placed his hands on my breasts before he grabbed the material of my slutty bodysuit and tore it in half. I gasped, shocked that he ruined such a pretty outfit so easily. It kinda grew on me...

I was way past being embarrassed about being naked. Truthfully, I couldn't bring myself to care about anything except Quin's hands on my body. All my other senses were lessened as my body felt like it was on fire. Every touch felt like lightning, and I could cum the second they put their dicks in me at this point. My poor pussy definitely got used and abused today, and they weren't even done with me.

Left in the red lacy stockings and absolutely nothing else, I tried to prepare for what was to come.

Quin lifted my hips, and I felt his tip push at my asshole. I raised my upper body, propping myself up and resting my hands behind me on his chest. Bending my legs, I placed my feet on either side of his thighs. I basically put myself in a bridge position over Quin, wanting to be comfortable.

"Good girl," Quin kissed behind my ear, sending tickles down my neck. He still supported most of my weight, which I was thankful for.

He placed his hand on my lower stomach, pushing me down onto him. I moaned softly, enjoying the stretch despite the tenderness.

Lucifer placed the candle on the nightstand, letting the wax drip down into a small cup at the base of the candle. He turned to me, eyeing me hungrily. He didn't look away from me as he removed his boxers.

I widened my eyes, seeing a silver hoop piercing at the tip of his dick.

...Lucifer scared me. Anyone who could go through that kind of pain for fun is definitely a borderline sociopath. Obviously, I loved him, but he was genuinely terrifying, especially right now.

With greedy eyes, I lustfully watched him as he got on the bed, positioning himself between my legs. He eyed my body

for a second before he grabbed the base of his dick. He looked at me with hooded eyes as he teasingly ran his tip along my soaking slit.

Quin thrust up into me slowly, almost as if the two were playing a sick game. They weren't *doing anything*, even though they knew that I was on the verge of my breaking point.

Impatiently, I threw my head back and gently rocked my hips. I rubbed my pussy against Lucifer and fucked myself on Quin. Eager for them to use me, I moaned.

Lucifer smirked, just barely pushing his tip into me.

In confusion, I groggily blinked up at the vampire. "Daddy?" I pouted. He hadn't fucked me at all, and now that he was, he wasn't giving me enough. I *knew* he was holding back, and I didn't like it one bit.

Holding his dick in one hand, he gripped my thigh with the other. "Yes, Kitten?" He asked innocently, like he didn't know exactly what he was doing.

He thrust into me, derailing my train of thought as he did so. Humming in pleasure, I looked up at Lucifer. "Why aren't you doing anything?" I mumbled out. I knew he thought I was pretty, and I knew he loved me, but why was he always holding back from going all the way with me? "Don't you want me?" I asked.

Lucifer tilted his head as if my question was absurd. "Want you?" He repeated. He smirked. "Yes, Baby, *I want you.*" He slowly pushed himself into me, and I gasped at the unfamiliar sensation of his piercing stroking against my walls.

For a split second, he and Quin shared an evil look before they both suddenly started fucking into me with no remorse. I screamed out in tenderness and pleasure, pathetically feeling my orgasm nearing already.

Lucifer's hand wrapped around my throat, squeezing the sides of it, making my head feel funny. "*I want you* to beg, to cry, to plead, whimper, and bleed," he said in his low tone.

I parted my lips but literally couldn't make any noise. His grip was tight, and I felt myself fading. Even as he and Quin railed me, my vision pulsed, and wetness pooled out of me. I liked this, but I was worried I might pass out. I slowly blinked at him, my reality fading.

...

My world went completely black for a few seconds. When I opened my eyes again, Quin was holding my upper body while Lucifer was using my hips as leverage as he pounded into me over the both of them.

I moaned, feeling a bundle of nerves in the pit of my stomach.

Lucifer smirked down at me. "Awe, Kitten, did we wake you?" He teased.

My mouth dropped open in shock. He choked me until I passed out. It didn't hurt; I just felt pressure.

Quin grabbed me around the throat, pulling me down close to his face. His lips were by my ear as he picked up his pace. "If you're so tired, let's put you to sleep, Doll," he said threateningly. My pussy was dripping, but I wasn't sure about this. Was it safe? It didn't hurt... His thumb and middle finger squeezed the sides of my throat again, and I whimpered.

I'd known that I was a sexually demented person since Duke took my virginity, and I preferred some pain. But to enjoy being used while unconscious... was beyond my own comprehension.

Quin chuckled, watching the tears run down my face. "Look how scared she looks. Fuck, it makes my dick hard," he said into my ear.

My eyes started closing again, the bundle getting harder to keep together. This was so wrong, and I felt guilty for enjoying it.

My body fell limp in their arms again as I lost consciousness.

...

The sound of my moaning and an intense, almost painful pleasure brought me back to reality. I hazily looked around, seeing Lucifer thrusting viciously into me. He narrowed his eyes at me, a look of satisfaction on his gorgeous face.

Unlike my other guys, Quin and Lucifer slowed way down after my orgasm, giving me time to collect myself. At least, that was what I thought until Lucifer reached his long arm over and grabbed the candle. I hadn't a clue what he planned to use it for, but my mind was too far lost in pleasure to care.

Quin grabbed my hair, moving the messy braids back so they dangled above his chest. "This is going to hurt, Doll. Be a good girl scream for us," he warned.

Hurt? I could barely think, let alone try and guess what they were about to do to me. I moaned as Lucifer picked up his pace. "She's a dirty little painlut; she'll cum the second the wax hits her skin," he smirked down at me.

I widened my eyes, trying to focus on the candle in his hands. Hot wax? Were they insane? It was going to burn my skin. I whimpered. "Please don't, Daddy—" I tried.

I screamed as a few drops of burning wax fell on the valley between my breasts. It hurt, but it was a good kind of pain.

Lucifer grabbed my face, holding my cheeks firmly as he leaned down toward me. "You don't make the rules in this room, Kitten," he informed. He slipped his tongue out and licked the tears off my cheek. "Don't pretend you don't like it, I can feel how wet your little cunt just got," he said darkly.

A shiver coursed through my body, the safe word on the tip of my tongue. This was overwhelming. I was overstimulated and completely physically and emotionally drained.

Quin slapped my ass, and I cried out, feeling my legs finally give out from under me. Quin was quick to catch me before I fell. He moaned, his thrusts getting sloppy. "It's okay, Doll. Hold on for us a little longer," he rasped out, knowing I was about to tap out or pass out—for real this time, and longer than a few seconds.

Lucifer poured more wax on me, a few drops on my breasts and a few dangerously close to my pussy. I flinched as each drop hit my skin, the burning sensation making my core clench.

Lucifer moaned, looking down at me. “Look at you, covered in cum, sweat, drool, and tears. Such a pretty little mess we’ve created,” he looked down at me in awe. As if I was a literal art project, he looked satisfied with their creation.

Quin took control of my hips, pushing me down on him as he moaned. “Fuck, Baby, you’re going to make me cum,” he warned.

I bit my lip, looking at Lucifer with a dreamy gaze. “Please, Daddy,” I pleaded. I wanted to make him feel good too.

His eyebrows pushed together as he gripped my breasts hard, pinching my nipples. “Beg, Kitten,” he ordered.

I felt warm liquid in my ass as Quin came and whimpered. He pulled out of me, skillfully moving out from under me.

Without Quin’s support, I fell onto my back, Lucifer’s dick still buried in me as he pounded me into the mattress. I couldn’t stop moaning. “I—I want you to cum in me,” I tried, a bit embarrassed as he gazed down at me.

He sounded strained as he cocked his eyebrow at me. “You can do better, Kitten,” he rasped.

My body flinched violently as he gave me a few deep hard thrusts, sending me into blissful oblivion. “Please, Daddy! I can’t k—keep going, I need you to cum,” I cried while hot tears cascaded down my cheeks.

He let out a low moan followed by whimpers as he finally came, lazily thrusting into me even after he emptied himself. I moaned, flinching and twitching.

My body felt like a gummy worm. I had no bones or muscles, and the ones I could feel were tender and sore. Every part of my body ached. Finally allowing my eyes to close, I focused on breathing, taking deep breaths. My jaw, pussy, ass, back, and thighs got the worst of it, and I didn’t even want to

think about walking. I didn't think standing was possible, even with regular (non-gummy) legs.

I'd never do anything remotely bad again. I loved a lot of aspects of what happened, but I hated that it was a punishment. Guilt filled me, and I couldn't help but wonder if they were still mad. I'd never seen Duke so angry... I really did give this my all. I hoped they could see how sorry I truly was.

"Elora?" Lucifer said gently, pulling out of me and wrapping me in his arms. He sat up with me in his lap. "Baby, you're okay," he placed a kiss on the side of my head.

Suddenly, I felt the weight of the world on my shoulders. Every emotion I didn't have time to feel *crashed* into me at once, and I broke down. I dropped my head in my hands, sobbing into them.

Aftercare



Elora

Something in me just shattered, and I didn't know why. The tears seemed endless as I cried into Lucifer's shoulder. I just felt so bad, and it didn't make sense.

He was carrying me out of the room, his big hands running down my bare back. My legs were wrapped around his naked waist, shaking horribly. My whole body was shaking like a leaf, and my girly parts were beyond tender.

I didn't know where my other guys went, but they weren't anywhere in sight as Lucifer carried me into his shower. The faucet was already on—I guessed one of them did it.

Lucifer gently set me down on my wobbly legs, keeping his arms wrapped around my back so I wouldn't stumble and fall.

The warm water hit my skin, relaxing my shoulders and back. I winced as it touched my bottom, the heat making the burning sting worse.

Lucifer gently ran his hand over my ass, turning me around so my back was facing his front. It helped a little, but my ass still hurt. He took my hair out of the braids, gently rubbing his hands through it as the water soaked it.

My shoulders trembled as I attempted to catch my breath, trying to stop crying. I placed my palms against my eyes. "I—I don't know why I'm crying," I tried to explain, but my voice was a broken whisper.

Lucifer's arm tightened around me, "It's okay to cry," he comforted, pumping some shampoo into his hand. He lathered it into my hair, and I closed my eyes as he massaged it. "It's called sub drop, Kitten. You just went through a scene much more intense than you're used to. Hormones, like adrenaline and endorphins, cause a high. Then, when the scene stops, it can cause an emotional crash," he explained.

Oh good, they broke my brain.

He washed my hair and helped me remove the stockings, seeing as I couldn't bend down. He grabbed a cloth, wetting it before he turned me towards him again. I flinched as the water hit my ass again, but soon forgot about it when I looked up at Lucifer in a haze. He was so handsome...

His lips turned up in a small smile as he watched me. He seemed intrigued as he gently wiped my cheeks, getting rid of any tear stains. The cloth lingered on my cheek briefly as he looked between my eyes. He dropped his arm. "You're beautiful, Elora," he said so seriously that it took me by surprise.

My tears slowed as I lifted my brows. "Huh?" I questioned softly.

"You're beautiful in every way possible. You're kind and patient; you don't have a mean bone in your body," he whispered. "You made me believe that someone can be kind without malicious intent. That happiness is real and not something people made up. You taught me what life is, what it means to live," his thumb rubbed my lower back where he held me. "You're so beautiful," he repeated.

I didn't know what to say... That was the most lovely thing anyone had ever said to me. I blinked up at him, my lips parted in surprise. I was confident about one thing: it wasn't easy for him to admit that. Lucifer had always been guarded, and talking about his feelings didn't come naturally to him.

Wrapping my arms around his torso, I pulled him to me, hugging him tightly. I knew Lucifer had a hard time saying the words *I love you*. But in his own unique way, he just did.

He wrapped his other arm around me, squeezing me into him.

We stayed like that for a few minutes as I cried, my body still shaking.

He pulled away, grabbing the cloth again. "Let me finish getting you cleaned up," he said. He lightly touched my thigh. "Spread," he ordered.

I did as he asked, flinching a few times as he cleaned between my legs, removing any stickiness. Every time he got remotely close to my core, I whimpered. It was going to be several days before *anything* went near me down there.

Lucifer smirked, straightening to his full height. He gently wiped away any wax that the water didn't wash away. It came off easily and painlessly. There weren't any burns left behind, just pinkish spots that didn't hurt.

I heard someone enter the bathroom and looked up at Lucifer expectantly. He grabbed my chin, tilting my head up. "I think I have to share you now, Kitten," he smirked.

I was okay with that... as long as he was okay with that. I wasn't sure. Everything felt so uncertain, like anything I did could upset them. I was worried they would take me back into that room. Deep down, I knew we were done but I couldn't shake the feeling.

"Baby," Duke said. My shoulders relaxed at his kind tone, much different than how it was in the *Butcher Shop*.

Lucifer gently turned my shoulders, and I saw Duke standing outside the shower, with a big towel in his hands open and ready to bundle me up. He smiled at me, and with the help of Lucifer, I stepped out of the shower.

Duke immediately wrapped me in the warm towel, picking me up bridal-style before walking out of the bathroom. I always loved it when he carried me; his hugs were so special.

Walking us into his room, he sat on his bed with me in his lap. He placed small kisses all over my face. "My sweet girl, I'm so sorry," he held me tight.

Allowing my heavy, tired eyes to close, I basked in his warmth. I loved him like this. *This* was my Duke, gentle and caring. I'd never cause him to act cruel again. I had really upset him... I bit my lip, feeling it wobble. I felt my stomach drop.

Does that look like a good girl to you? My chest caved in, and I wept into his chest. I should have *at least* called to tell him that I was okay. I made him worry so much... He didn't

deserve that. He was always so caring and went out of his way to do nice things for me.

“:, Baby, look at me,” he said softly, his finger under my chin.

My breathing was sharp as I peeked up at him. I kept averting eye contact and sniffing, unable to look at him. I hated feeling this way and wished I could break out of this horrible *mind cage* I was trapped in. I felt so small, and my ever-present urge to please them was at an all-time high. I just felt *terrible*.

Duke’s eyes were filled with sincerity as he lovingly gazed down at me. “I’m not upset with you, Baby.”

Although every limb in my body felt like it weighed a million pounds, I lifted my hand up to my face and rubbed away my tears. “I know...” I voiced quietly. He wasn’t mad anymore, but in the Butcher Shop, he definitely was.

“Then why are you crying?” He asked gently with a tilt of his head.

I shrugged, not knowing the answer myself. “I–I just,” I hiccuped, “I feel really bad that–that I made you all worry. I know better,” I rambled, a new set of sobs escaping.

Duke pulled me into his chest, and I wrapped my sore legs around his waist, hugging his neck tightly. He ran his big hand up and down my back in the way I’d always loved. “Calm down and breathe; your heart is racing,” he comforted.

Yawning, I took a shaky breath. The exhaustion was finally catching up to me. “You’re not allowed to be mad at me, okay?” I whispered. “I can’t–I can’t handle that,” I admitted.

“Never again, Baby. I promise,” he agreed while tightening his hold around me.

I could handle the ire and rough treatment from the other guys, but something about having Duke punishing me that way hurt me beyond belief. When he left for four years, the part of me he took left a gaping hole and, truthfully, was still fragile. Obviously, today, we both learned the hard way that we still were suffering from it.

My body relaxed in his arms, and I felt my eyes grow heavy. His hand running up and down my back was like a soothing lullaby, and I couldn't wait to sleep.

Duke kissed the top of my head. "How about we get you dressed, then Quin and Theo have a surprise for you," he soothed.

A surprise? A small smile fell on my lips. I loved surprises! "Okay," I said softly.

Duke stood us up and carried me to his closet. I watched as he picked out a pair of sweatpants and a cozy t-shirt. I winced as he sat me back on his bed, my ass cheeks still sore and burning. There was also a massive amount of discomfort on my girly parts and ass.

Duke mind-linked something as he put his shirt on me—it engulfed my body like a blanket would.

Dane walked in, wearing loose sweatpants, barely held up by his hips. His hair and chest were wet like he'd just gotten out of the shower. He had a little bottle of lotion in his hand that he wiggled. "This will help with the stinging, Angel," he informed.

The last time he had a bottle of lotion, he put his ding-a-ling in my ass. My bottom really hurt, though, all jokes aside. I nodded, desperately needing any sort of relief.

Dane gestured at the bed as he approached. "Lie on your stomach," he instructed gently.

Say less. Lying down, I rested my tired body on Duke's bed, closing my eyes. This was nice.

Dane chuckled, sitting next to my waist. "Are you tired?" He asked. His hand gently rubbed something cold and soothing on my cheeks, instantly relieving any stinging.

"Uh-huh."

Duke was gently running his fingers through my hair. Between both their loving touches, I was fighting sleep.

Dane put the sweatpants on me, pulling me into his lap. He kissed my cheek. "I'm so proud of you, Angel. You made us

so happy,” he cooed.

My stomach fluttered, and I couldn't help but smile. That was all I wanted, for them to know how sorry I was. “Can we go see my surprise now?” I remembered.

Dane pushed his eyebrows together, giving Duke a confused look.

Duke pressed his lips together. “Theo,” he answered.

Dane smiled down at me. “Don't get too excited, Angel, I wouldn't call it a surprise,” he informed.

That sounded good; I was sure I'd love whatever Theo and Quin had for me. It was too late, I was already excited. I shyly smiled at him. “Carry me?” I prompted him to take me to them.

The only thing that kept me awake was the need to see what they had for me. My tears were long gone, but my legs wouldn't stop shaking. There was also a strange feeling in my gut that I couldn't shake. I just felt *off*. I didn't feel like myself right now, but I didn't think it was a bad thing.

Dane placed his arm under my knees and lifted me up, carrying me bridal style. A lovely smell graced my nose as we walked to Theo's room. It was sugary, sweet, and oh-so-yummy.

Immediately recognizing the delightful smell, I raised my eyebrows. “Strawberry birthday crêpes?” I whispered in surprise.

We entered Theo's room, where Theo was straightening blankets hung loosely over his bed and dresser, making a dome over his floor. My stomach fluttered. “Theo, you made a fort?” I gushed.

Eugene crawled out from under the fort, looking slightly annoyed. “No, *we* made the fort while Theo *supervised*,” he gave Theo a cold look. Quin stood up, becoming visible from the other side of the fort.

Awe... My heart felt so full. Even Quin, who hated touchy-feely acts like this, helped. That meant so much to me.

Theo smiled, walking over to Dane and me with open arms. I smiled, letting him take me. “They’re just mad that I tricked them into doing all the work,” he placed a big kiss on my cheek. “Do you like it, Princess?” He asked.

I nodded; it’d been so long since I’d been in a fort. Theo and I used to build them when I was younger, but that was years ago. “Uh-huh, it looks really good,” I complimented.

Eugene smiled. “I’ll take credit for that, love,” he commented.

My stomach growled loudly, and Quin and I immediately made eye contact. “I know you have them,” I smirked at him. I loved my special crêpes. Man, I must have really outdone myself in the Butcher Shop if Quin made me my once-a-year sugary, sweet treat.

“I *may* have made something,” he played along while smiling.

I felt much better; I was incredibly excited to go into the fort and have my favorite food! This was turning out to be the best day ever—besides the booty pain and shaking legs.

Quin tilted his head and gestured to the fort. “They’re inside—” Before he finished his sentence, he turned to look out the window. He narrowed his eyes at the casement before starting towards the door.

When he was about to exit, he stopped beside Theo and me. He placed his hands on my cheeks and squished my mouth together into a pout. I giggled as he gave me a huge sloppy kiss. He pulled away and pointed to the fort. “The crêpes are in the fort, Doll. I added a *preposterous* amount of cream, just how you like them,” he grinned. “You know I love you?” He asked.

Duh. “I know,” I dismissed, too focused on my delicious treat waiting for me.

With that, Quin and Duke walked out of the room with haste.

Theo used his sleeve and wiped my mouth as if wiping away Quin’s kiss. “Hey—” I began to complain but was

silenced as he placed his own kiss on my lips.

“Ah, that’s much better,” he smirked, carrying me into the fort.

I scoffed. “You’re so petty,” I giggled.

“Aw, thanks, Princess. You’re pretty too.” He snickered.

Eugene was sitting down in the fort, putting *Tangled* on the TV they’d squeezed in here. *My favorite!*

Theo sat down, placing me between him and Eugene. Of course, not before he put two fluffy pillows under my butt. In front of me was a glorious plate of strawberry crêpes with a whole lot of cream drizzled over the top.

I had the best guys—”Where’s Felix?” I asked suddenly.

Eugene wrapped his arm around me. “He’ll be up in a second, love. He had to send a quick email.”

I smiled. Felix was going to watch *Tangled* in a fort with us? That was shocking on many levels. Childish forts like this definitely didn’t seem like something he would be interested in. Not to mention he would be watching a princess movie. He really did love me if he was going to put himself through this.

Felix

“It’s normal for her to behave this way,” I tried to comfort Duke. Elora was sobbing upstairs. She was in the shower with Lucifer, and I knew he wouldn’t let her spiral. He didn’t fuck around in the bedroom, but he also knew how to care for her afterward.

The rest of us had our own plans. I stood at the stove, waiting for water to boil so she could have hot chocolate with the crêpes Quin made for her. Theo was making Eugene help him with some kind of blanket cave. Dane has soothing lotion to soothe her ass—her cute little ass that was perfectly marked with my handprints.

I was incredibly proud of her. I thought she would use her safe word after Eugene and me. She surprised us all, powering through until the end.

We put her through a lot, and I couldn’t be more pleased with how she handled it. Halfway through, when it was Duke’s turn with her, Lucifer warned us there would be a massive drop. It would probably be a few hours until we got our happy girl back.

With guilt written all over his features, Duke ran his hands through his hair. “I shouldn’t have been so rough with her; she’ll never forgive me,” he stressed.

We were fully expecting him to go easy on her, it wasn’t like him to be as rough as he was. He didn’t hold back at all, which left us dumbstruck—but he was clearly having a difficult time with it. Elora wasn’t the only one who needed aftercare.

I smiled at my friend. “She’s okay, Duke. You definitely put the fear of God into her; maybe now she’ll stop pushing your buttons,” I teased. Elora knew she could get away with anything when it came to Duke. When she was young, if one of us told her no, she’d sneak away and ask Duke; of course, he said yes. Nothing has changed in that aspect—he was still a pushover for her. She was clever but not clever enough to know that we have always been very aware of her little antics.

He pushed his eyebrows together like the thought repulsed him. "I'm not that big of a pushover—"

"Yes, you are," Eugene cut in from upstairs.

Duke shrugged, "Seeing her happy makes me happy. I *live for her*. There's nothing I wouldn't do for her," he dismissed.

I smirked. She had him wound so tightly on her little finger.

Duke sighed. "I caused this, she's crying because of me—"

"Duke," I said calmly, stopping his upcoming rant in its tracks. "Go get her dressed," I suggested. All he needed was to hug her and see that she was perfectly fine.

He immediately started up the steps, eager to hold his baby.

I couldn't wait to hold and tell her how proud I was. She always got the cutest gleam in her eyes when we praised her. My compliments would have to wait, though. For now, I was attempting to make hot chocolate for the first time in my 'million years,' as Elora likes to say. I couldn't quite pinpoint my exact age, but I remember the birth of Pharaoh Ramesses I. Back then, our kind was scarce. As one of the first vampires to come into existence, I was incredibly lonely until I met Lucifer in 55 BC.

Finding the marshmallows took quite some time, seeing as Lucifer had a strange need to hoard sugary food everywhere. I didn't understand it at all; he didn't need anything except blood to survive. However, if he ran out of pastries and other non-perishable sweet crap, I think he would actually die. Over the years, I'd found hidden sweets in the strangest places.

Everyone knows about him hiding human food, but no one dared mention it. It wasn't worth it, and I was sure the reason behind it was simply greed. He didn't want others to eat his sweets. The only thing that man liked to share was Elora.

Listening to everyone in Theo's room, her sweet giggle made me smile.

Lucifer entered the kitchen, dressed in sweatpants and a black hoodie. He saw the marshmallows on the counter and instantly popped one into his mouth.

“Are you planning on watching the children’s movie Eugene insisted we watch with her?” I asked after scanning his loungy attire.

“No.”

I didn’t think so. If it wasn’t for her, I wouldn’t either. Curious about what he could read from her, I decided to pry. “How is she?”

Lucifer leaned against the counter. “Tired. Heavy. Quiet. And very cautious,” he answered.

Just in time, the hot water finished boiling, and I grabbed the mug, ready to hold my baby and have her sleep in my arms.

Over the cocoa scent, something familiar distracted me from going to her. Lucifer made eye contact momentarily before we both ran outside, stopping on the front porch. We could hear their footsteps coming down the driveway as they approached.

The clans were instructed to arrive on Friday. That way, we could keep an eye on Elora without worrying about her being in school where someone could attack her. No one should’ve been here this soon.

Coming from upstairs, where they must have sensed them as well, Quin and Duke joined us. I wasn’t in the mood for this.

“It’s completely unacceptable for them to show up unannounced like this for the second time,” Quin commented.

The familiar scent of Zion and Gavin hit me, and I glared at them as they approached.

“What is the meaning of this?” I asked.

Zion narrowed his eyes at me. “You’re hosting the gathering *here*? Why?” He asked.

My mind buzzed with rage. I stepped forward. “Are you questioning me? You dare come to our home unannounced and uninvited and question my decisions?” I seethed.

Zion shrunk slightly, putting his hands up in surrender. “Of course not,” he responded innocently. “I’m just confused. It seems a bit risky, don’t you think? Hundreds of thirsty vampires and your precious human,” he explained.

“Is that a threat?” Duke asked, his eyes quickly turning bright red.

Gavin placed his hand on Zion’s shoulder as if telling him to back off. “We mean no harm. We tried to stop by earlier, but it seems you were all... preoccupied,” he smirked.

“*He’s dead,*” Theo mind-linked. I could hear Elora’s soft breathing and knew she had fallen asleep. These fuckers showed up, threatened us, stole our time with Elora, and had the audacity to even mention what they may have heard.

“Gavin, if you’d like to live, I suggest you don’t finish that sentence,” Quin warned. “What do you want?” He repeated.

Zion cocked an eyebrow. “What, we can’t show up a few days early?” He asked.

“No. The invitations were clear. You’re not welcome in this house. If you show up here again before or after the gathering, you’ll pay with your life,” I warned.

Suddenly, Theo landed directly in front of Gavin, jumping down from his balcony. “Motherfuckers, I know your dumb asses didn’t just threaten us,” he chuckled.

I hadn’t seen that look in Theo’s eyes in a long time. *This should be good.*

“Theodore, there’s no need to make such a fuss over—” Gavin was quickly silenced as Theo grabbed his tongue.

Theo glared at Gavin. “Have you forgotten who you’re speaking to?” He asked before ripping Gavin’s tongue out of his mouth without hesitation.

Zion backed away quickly, a growing fear behind his eyes. Gavin fell to his knees, blood pouring from his mouth as he wailed out. Vampires could heal from a lot, but we couldn’t grow anything back.

Theo grabbed Gavin's hair, forcing his head up. "Don't forget your place. You wanna come here and act intimidating? You like to talk. I'd bet anything you're the ones who've been leaking information to rouges."

Gavin shook his head, staring at Theo in horror. I smirked.

"Theodore, please—" Zion started to beg.

"One more word, and I'll take your eyes," Theo promised.

Having seen enough, Duke went back inside. He'd never been one for violence.

Theo kneeled down next to Gavin. "Now, here's what's going to happen. You're going to *tell* the other clans what happens when any sort of treason is attempted. Do you understand?" Theo glared.

Gavin nodded.

Theo smirked. "What was that? I didn't hear you?" He teased.

Approving his antics, I slowly nodded. Theo was easygoing and friendly, but when he snapped, he became one sick motherfucker.

A few hundred years ago, he played a game of *tag* with a vampire who'd crossed him. For a hundred years, Theo would hunt him down, torture him for a few hours, then come back home like nothing had ever happened. The vampire lived in constant fear, never knowing when Theo would strike again. Sometimes years passed by between the tags. Eventually, Theo got bored and stopped.

Gavin tried to agree, but without his tongue, it came out as groans.

Theo chuckled. "Good. Now, off you go. If I see either of you again before Friday, I'll tie you up in the basement and see how long it takes to kill a vampire when I tear you apart limb by limb, organ by organ," he warned.

Zion and Gavin sped away the second Gavin was released.

Theo rolled his eyes at us. “Were you really going to let them get away with that?” He asked.

“No. I was going to kill them, but I like your method more,” I smirked. It would send a message to the other clans. Although we weren’t as cruel as we used to be, and we were extraordinarily soft for a tiny human girl, we were still royalty.

Quin crossed his arms, eyeing the bloody tongue in Theo’s hand. “What are you going to do with that?”

Theo grinned, holding the tongue out to Quin and wiggling it. “Wanna make out?”

The Crown & Throne



Elora

“*O*ur party Queen!”
“Ay, Elora!”

“How’s the hangover?”

“She’s a champ, look at her go.”

I shyly smiled at the football team as I passed them on the way to class. Unfortunately, I’d been getting comments about my ‘party animal’ behavior all day. I was just glad they were focused on me being completely trashed and not noticing my limp.

Obviously, it was out of character for me to go as ‘hard’ as I did, as my peers put it. It would be a long time before I went to another party, that was for sure.

Luckily, I hadn’t seen Willow yet, which I was thankful for. I was furious with her; I wanted to plan what to say so it wouldn’t come out as pure rage.

Still super sore from my punishment, I dressed comfortably in sweats, a tank top, and a cardigan. After I’d eaten my crêpes, I fell asleep and woke up in Felix’s arms this morning. He helped me shower and get ready. He even helped me pick out my outfit. Before I left for the day, he gave me some hot chocolate that he heated up for me. It was incredibly bland and watered down, but I didn’t have the heart to tell him.

Luckily, I didn’t have any plans for after school. No sports, clubs, or meets to attend.

“Elora!” I heard a familiar voice call as I took a seat in chemistry.

I rolled my eyes, ignoring her. She wasn’t my friend—not by a long shot. Willow was a horribly mean person, and our personalities couldn’t be more different.

She sat next to me, and I couldn't help but silently curse the teacher for the open seating chart. "Hey..." She kept sneaking nervous glances at me.

"Can you sit somewhere else, please?" I asked with a glare.

She pushed her head back, looking offended. "Elora, I—"

"Please fuck off."

She sucked in a breath, a regretful look in her eyes. "Okay... I just wanted to say that I'm sorry," she gave a half-assed apology that didn't sound genuine at all. Even if she apologized and meant it, I wouldn't have cared. Friends don't treat friends the way she treated me at the party. She set me up.

She was pathetic. I started gathering my things. If she wouldn't move, I would. "Willow, stop. I don't want to talk about it. You're not my friend, that's all there is to it. Stop being so dramatic," I deadpanned.

As I stood up to leave, she practically yelled: "But I have chlamydia!"

She should get that checked out... and probably not announce that to the whole class.

I smiled at a table full of familiar girls I'd studied with before. They greeted me kindly, and I took a seat, glad to be away from the mess that is Willow. She was seriously self-destructing.



By the end of the day, rumors were flying around the school. Willow must have told every single person she had an STD. That was all anyone could talk about.

She'd also somehow gotten her senior class President status revoked. No one knew how it happened, but people said she went into the principal's office for a whole class. When she came out, they called me into the office and offered me the position.

Of course, I said yes; I'd earned it, after all, not before making my own terms, though. Being on the debate team and with Eugene's excellent negotiation advice, I knew exactly what to do. I was no longer on the tennis team or debate club.

Honestly, now that my guys were all back, I didn't need as many distractions. I loved being president; it meant I could control things. I absolutely loved making decisions and organizing—especially when I got to boss people around (in a helpful way, of course).

Jason was our treasurer, so he got bumped up and was now Vice President. I was actually pretty happy with how the day had gone. I was prepared to be miserable all day, walking around with a limp and really sore. Karma came through big time.

The halls were emptying as students began leaving for the day. Dane was probably waiting for me in the parking lot, so I hurried to gather my things.

Closing my locker, I heard a loud slam against the lockers around the corner. "Get your fucking hands off of me!" I raised my eyebrows at Jason's unusually harsh tone.

Knowing I should be minding my own business, I peeked around the corner to snoop. Daniel had Jason pinned against the lockers, looking absolutely livid. "You could have warned me, man. That's why you broke up, right? Because she has chlamydia," Daniel gave him another shove, and I flinched.

Uh oh. I didn't want them to fight, but I wasn't stupid enough to get between two guys that were twice my size.

Jason let out a small chuckle, but it was anything but humorous. "Dude, if you do that again, I'm going to kick your ass," he warned, pushing Daniel away.

Daniel stumbled back, practically flying across the hall. "We didn't *break up*. She cheated... *with you*," Jason rolled his eyes. "You can have her. I'm not going to fight you over some girl I don't even want," Jason let out a huff of air, turning to walk away.

Daniel ground his teeth in anger, shaking his head. He sped up to Jason, shoving his shoulder. I flinched, hoping the violence was done. Why did Daniel want to fight him so badly? Jason was clearly trying to be the bigger person and walk away.

Jason turned around and narrowed his eyes at Daniel. “What’s your fucking problem?”

“Everyone saw you leave with Elora,” Daniel spat, and I froze. What was wrong with that? ...*I should not be listening to this.*

Jason ran his hands down his face, chuckling. “*That’s* what you’ve got your panties in a knot for? Because I *drove* her home,” he deadpanned with a pointed look.

Daniel narrowed his eyes. “You’re a fucking creep. You obviously fucked her to get back at Willow and me. Who takes advantage of a drunk girl like that? She’s literally limping—”

“You’re accusing me of rape?” Jason asked seriously.

Daniel smirked. “I’m telling you that I *know* what you did.”

What. I couldn’t let Jason’s name get dragged through the dirt like that. He was so nice to me; I couldn’t believe Daniel would even *think* such a thing. He and Willow were a perfect match.

I hit my foot against the lockers, making a loud sound before I went around the corner, so it wouldn’t look like I was eavesdropping.

Daniel and Jason both looked at me before giving each other a glare. “Hey, guys,” I smiled, playing dumb.

“Hey, Smalls,” Jason responded, not looking away from Daniel. He seemed murderous, his chest heaving up and down like he was going to lash out any second.

Daniel didn’t break eye contact either, like they were in some kind of stare-down. “How are you feeling?” Daniel asked.

“Oh, I’m fine. If Jason didn’t rescue me and take me home when he did, I probably would have thrown up on your

bathroom floor; you should thank him,” I said honestly.

Daniel looked down at me, pushing his eyebrows together. “You remember that?” He asked.

I smiled. “I remember pretty much everything, including you and Willow sneaking upstairs. You really shouldn’t have slept with her if she was drunk, by the way. You could *really* get a bad reputation if the word gets out,” I threatened sweetly. She may not have been at my level, but she had a lot to drink, too, and was definitely drunk.

Jason smirked, giving me a knowing look.

Daniel’s words caught in his throat, looking caught. “She wasn’t that drunk—”

I narrowed my eyes at him. “Maybe before you judge others, you should assess your own actions,” I deadpanned.

Daniel looked between the two of us. “But you’re limping, I thought...” He didn’t finish the sentence.

“I fell,” I lied.

Jason grinned at Daniel, patting his shoulder. “This must be embarrassing for you. If I were you, I’d get tested because you’re both too stupid to wear a condom.”

Daniel blushed before quickly walking away.

Jason and I shared a look for a second before we both laughed. We started walking to the parking lot. “So, how long were you hiding around that corner for?” He asked.

Caught. I blushed. “Long enough. I thought I’d better save you before you got beat up,” I teased.

He nodded. “Thank you, I definitely needed saving,” he said sarcastically. “I don’t know why, but lately, I get upset so easily. I don’t usually let people bother me, but everything and everyone has been annoying me,” he admitted. He ran his hand through his hair. “I mean, I was *seriously* going to hurt him.”

To be fair, he’d been going through a lot with football, then Willow, and now he had the weight of Vice President on his

shoulders. Of course, I was happy to help him, but it wasn't a simple task. Jason was easygoing, but all those things happening at once must've hit him hard. I struggled a lot with getting overwhelmed easily, and if I was able to help him, I would.

I nudged him. "If you ever need anyone to talk to, you can always come to me. Sometimes you just need to vent, you know?" I suggested.

He smiled. "You're such a sweetheart, Smalls, you give me a toothache," he joked. "Thank you, I might have to take you up on that."

"You should." We walked in a comfortable silence. A thought popped into my mind, and I couldn't help but voice my curiosity. "Hey, Jason?"

"Yeah?"

"I have a question about something you mentioned earlier."

He glanced down at me. "She didn't get the chlamydia from me," he immediately defended.

I giggled. "No, not that. What's a condom?" I asked. I'd heard the word before but never knew what it was. My best guess was a pill that helped prevent STDs.

Jason widened his eyes, a puzzled expression on his face. "Uh," he let out a sudden laugh. "Is this a joke?" He narrowed his eyes, studying me.

"It's just a question. You don't have to answer—"

He stopped walking, lightly pulling the sleeve of my cardigan to stop me too. "Smalls, you're telling me you don't know what a condom is when you have handcuffs in your shower?" He deadpanned.

My cheeks heated up in a blush, averting eye contact. "Shut up..." I mumbled.

He pressed his lips together, an amused grin trying to overtake his features. "Smalls, I'm going to pray for you because I think I just figured out why you're limping," he muttered.

“I fell!”

“On a dick?”

Yup. Sure did. Seven of them.

I flicked his arm. “Jason,” I warned.

He put his hands up in surrender, “Sorry–sorry,” he grinned. He sighed. “Look, a condom goes over a guy’s dick and collects the jizz so we don’t get girls pregnant,” he explained.

What. We hadn’t been using condoms–not once. My stomach sank, terror plaguing me. I’d never wanted kids, and none of my guys did either. I was too selfish to share *my* attention with anyone else. “Oh, okay,” I answered casually as if my mind wasn’t swirling.

Jason chuckled. “Come on, let’s go before you ask me to demonstrate with a banana,” he joked.

We walked out to the parking lot, where we parted ways.

Instead of Dane’s car, I saw Felix’s truck, and he was standing outside, leaning against it. He smiled at me as I approached him, “How was school, Baby?” He asked.

“I don’t want a baby! You were irresponsible and didn’t even tell me about condoms–I wasn’t thinking about reproduction at all. We need to go to the store because you’re all wearing them from now on. That’s final. What the hell were you thinking I–”

“Elora, stop,” Felix said firmly.

Pointing a finger at him, I continued to ramble. “No! You all know about these things, and I don’t. I’m very angry with all of you,” I ranted, in full panic mode. “Obviously, I know how babies are made, but I didn’t think of it until five seconds ago, and now I think I’m going to throw up,” I continued. I blinked a few times. Didn’t pregnant people throw up? “Oh my God, this can’t be happening–”

Felix covered my mouth with his big hand. “Baby, you’re not pregnant,” he said calmly. “Nor will you ever get pregnant. We can’t produce *live* sperm,” he explained.

My whole body relaxed, and I sighed in relief. That was a close one.

He removed his hand from my mouth, opening the passenger door for me. I climbed into the seat and buckled in as he started the truck. “Where’s Dane? He always picks me up.”

Felix maneuvered out of the parking lot, his hand resting on my thigh as he drove. *Okay, Daddy...* I smirked for a second before I looked up at him as he started talking. “There’s something I have to tell you. I figured it’s best I soften you up with milkshakes,” he gestured to the middle console with two cups filled with yummy ice cream treats.

Oh, yay! I grinned as I picked the pink one up and started eating. “I’m listening...” I urged. And Eugene says *I’m* the master of manipulation. No matter what, I could be won over with sweets and attention *every* time.

He glanced at me. “You know I’m the king of vampires—”

“Yes, Your Majesty,” I said quickly, unable to help myself. Ever since I found out that I wasn’t pregnant, I gained a newfound optimism.

“Elora,” he warned, not in the mood for jokes.

“Sorry, Daddy,” I said sweetly.

Felix gave me a look, it was definitely a warning, but his smile as he looked back at the road made me grin.

“As the king, I must host a meeting every ten years,” he continued. “In the past, I’ve always held the meeting on an island off the coast of Italy. This time, it will be at the manor. Every vampire will be in our home on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday from dusk till dawn,” he informed.

I chewed on the spoon, trying to collect my thoughts. I trusted Felix, and I was sure he had a good reason for having the meeting at our house. It made me uncomfortable, though. That was a lot of vampires in one place. “How many vampires?” I asked, trying to have an open mind about it.

“A few hundred, give or take a few. I know you don’t like the idea, but I think it’s important they meet their Queen at least once,” he gave me a hopeful look.

Queen? I didn’t understand; no one mentioned the Queen—wait—“Are you talking about me?” I gasped, leaning towards him.

He smiled. “Yes, my love. Technically, you’re the Princess, but soon enough, you’ll carry the title of Queen,” he said proudly.

Me? But I didn’t know how to be a queen or a princess. I was clumsy and the least graceful person I knew. I got nervous and shy when talking in crowds. I desperately needed a user manual or something; I knew absolutely nothing about this. I needed to study the history of vampires!

“Relax, Baby, no one expects you to make a statement. All I want you to do is be present for one announcement I make. You’ll just have to stand next to us. That’s all I ask,” he said soothingly, running his thumb over my thigh.

“What if they don’t like me? The French people didn’t like Marie Antoinette and killed her,” I recalled. I didn’t like rejection.

Felix chuckled. “They’ll love you. Marie Antoinette was a selfish, fashion-absorbed, gluttonous woman—”

“Hmm, who do you know who’s selfish, loves sweets, and may or may not have bought three new outfits online today during lunch?” I stared at him with pressed lips and wide eyes. “Me!”

With one serious glance in my direction, I decided it would be best if I just listened. With a huff, I threw myself back in the seat and stuck the straw in my mouth.

“There will be some who will try to shake you and test you if they get the chance. There will be men who don’t like the idea of a human ranking higher than them. I want you to ignore them, Baby. We won’t tolerate anyone disrespecting you in any way, do you understand?”

My heart did a flutter at the pride in his tone. “I understand,” I smiled. “Um, I don’t have to be *around* them, though, do I?” I asked, hoping the answer was no. Crowds of people intimidated me, I couldn’t imagine the anxiety I’d feel if I had to be in a mass of vampires.

He shook his head. “Of course not. Lucifer hates the gatherings, so you’ll be away from everyone with him,” he assured.

I smiled. That didn’t sound so bad. Obviously, I was nervous, but I wouldn’t mind hanging out with Lucifer for an entire weekend.

“I’ve been waiting to have you all to myself, Kitten,” Lucifer said.

Intrigued, I lifted my eyebrows.

Felix drove us home, and he answered any questions I had concerning the meeting.

Using the time to ask questions, I learned a lot about vampires. Vampires had clans, and each clan had a leader that reported to one of my guys monthly. Some vampires chose to drink animal blood, but it was rare because it made them weak. Age meant everything; the older a vampire was, the stronger they were.

“One more question,” I started. “Do you have a crown?” I smirked at him, a string of giggles escaping my lips. The thought of Felix in some big ridiculous fancy hat was almost unimaginable. He was such a big guy; he’d look goofy with a crown.

Fighting back a laugh of his own, he grinned. “No,” he answered. “But I’ll gladly have you sit on my face. Make me your throne, and you’ll be my crown.”

Authority



Elora

All my guys were rushing around, setting up tables and chairs. I guess they hadn't used the ballroom in years. I'd only been in the room once or twice, but everything was always covered in dust and cobwebs.

It was Thursday evening, and the clans would be here early Friday morning. My vampires had been cleaning and setting up all day, and I was beginning to feel attention-deprived.

Sitting in the middle of the ballroom, I watched them bicker about the table placement. Of course, I already had a glorious mind map of where I would put the tables and chairs to make the room look pretty and functional. Unfortunately for them, Eugene told me to stay out of the way, so now I was watching them struggle. Quite pettily, might I add.

So there I sat, looking pretty in my pajamas, hair in a braid, lollipop in my mouth, ready for bed. Quin gave me the lollipop to keep me quiet after I came in here. They were all being so serious. It was rare that I got to see them so frazzled; it was amusing.

Theo liked to try and delegate everything when he really just wanted to boss people around. Felix *actually* bossed them around but had no eye for decor. Lucifer was doing his own thing, getting the cobwebs out of the corners. Duke and Dane both looked *over it* with bored looks and crossed arms. Eugene and Quin would start throwing punches soon, both of them getting in each other's faces.

Men...

"Maybe if we didn't put this off until the night of, we would have been able to plan it," Duke glared at Theo dully.

I smirked. Coming from the man who'd given me hundreds of lectures about procrastination. *Ugh, I'm loving this.*

Theo clenched his jaw, pointing a finger at him. “That’s not on me! You know I can’t be trusted with these kinds of things,” he shot back.

Quin narrowed his eyes at Theo. “We know, so stop trying to fucking give orders.”

“You’re one to talk, Quin,” Eugene shoved his shoulder. “You want the tables to go diagonally!” He shrugged his shoulders as if it was a ridiculous idea.

It *was* a ridiculous idea. Continuing to lick the sugar stick, my eyes joyfully bounced between them.

“Everyone should just calm down,” Dane tried.

“Shut the fuck up!” Everyone yelled at him in unison.

I fought a giggle. Awe, my sweet Dane... To be fair, he should have known they would react snappily. Tensions were high, and they were running out of time.

Felix slowly shook his head. If vampires could get headaches, he looked like he’d have one. “Enough!” He shouted, making me flinch as his voice echoed off the walls.

“That was a little dramatic...” Theo mumbled, unphased by his booming voice.

Felix pointed to the tables. “We’re setting them up in rows of three, leaving a few feet between the rows,” he instructed.

That’s not... that’s not going to work. My brain buzzed in the annoying way it usually did when I knew something wouldn’t be even. I made a sound, trying to keep my thoughts to myself.

Felix slowly turned to me, the smallest amount of annoyance in his eyes. “Yes, Baby?” He challenged.

Finally! I stood up, walking over to where I would put the first table. “If you do them in threes, there won’t be walking space. But if you zig-zag them,” I took a few steps and stood where I’d put the following table. “It looks pretty, people won’t have to worry about popping someone’s bubble if they lean back, and there’s plenty of walking space,” I explained, giving them a sweet smile.

They all stared at me for a few seconds before they turned to each other, each with a puzzled expression.

“I fucking hate you,” Theo gave Eugene’s head a hard smack as he started towards me.

Folding my hands behind my back and bouncing on my heels, I grinned up at him.

“And how long have you had that figured out for, Princess?”

Lucifer dropped down from a ledge that overlooked the whole ballroom. “About an hour,” he answered.

Quin sent Lucifer a harsh look. “And you were just going to keep that to yourself, huh?”

“And watch you all bitch over goddamn tables?” Lucifer smirked. “Yes.”

That man had an appetite for destruction that I couldn’t relate to.

Felix was about to say something when three loud knocks echoed through the house. Everyone looked at each other in confusion. No one was supposed to arrive until early morning?

Theo shook his head, smirking, but the dark look in his eyes told me he was anything but amused. “If that’s who I think it is, I’m gonna lose it,” he chuckled.

Felix’s shoulders relaxed, and a faint grin was placed on his lips. “Relax, Theo, the only men stupid enough to show up here are our friends—”

The ballroom doors opened, and I flinched at the suddenness of it. Two tall men—or vampires strolled in, oozing confidence. The first had shaggy blonde hair, dressed in black cargo pants with silver chains hanging off the waistband. The other man was built like a wrestler, tall and uncommonly muscular. His dark skin made his striking red eyes stand out against his features. He was wearing dark jeans and a white t-shirt.

The blonde smirked at Felix. “*Now, now*, Felix, is that any way to greet us? We are here to help you set up after all,” he

teased, giving Felix a handshake.

Dane was by my side, draping his arm around my shoulder. I suddenly realized that my pajamas weren't the best attire to meet anyone. They weren't revealing or anything, just shorts, and a tank top. "Ready for bed, Angel?" He asked.

Still listening to my other guys greet the two men as old friends, I absentmindedly nodded.

"Ramsey, Sabastian," Theo smirked as he approached the two, giving them each a quick half hug. "What's it been? Ten years?"

Ramsey, the blond, chuckled. "Something like that. We had a hunch you'd be bickering like old ladies."

"You've always been shit at decision-making," Sebastian added.

I'd never met any of their friends before. Zion and Gavin didn't count—they definitely weren't friends. But Ramsey and Sebastian seemed nice.

"Not as bad as you," Eugene teased. "At least when we make decisions, we don't have to call anyone to save us—"

"One time! Other clans call you monthly; we have called once, and I was quite literally on fire," Ramsey defended.

"Are the other clans already lingering around the town?" Duke asked.

Sebastian nodded. "We only passed through, but there's vampire scent in every corner."

I bit my lip, feeling nervous. It probably wasn't as bad as it sounded, but that many vampires in our tiny little town would make anyone uneasy.

"Everyone's eager; it's unusual for you to host the gathering out of your manor, Felix. Zion has everyone riled up. He's been talking a *lot* of shit," Ramsey shifted his eyes toward me.

Ramsey and Sebastian both studied me, and I tried not to crumble. I didn't like this; I was vastly unprepared to meet

anyone. They were my guys' friends, and I wanted to make a good impression. But no, they got lollipop in mouth, barefoot, pajama girl. *Way to go Queen Elora.*

"So the rumors are true," Sebastian commented.

Felix gave me a proud smile before he curled his finger at me. "Elora, come here, Baby."

I glanced up at Dane, who gave me a small smile before letting me go. I padded over to Felix's side quickly, hating that all eyes were on me.

Felix wrapped his arm around my waist, pulling me to his side. "Baby, this is Ramsey and Sebastian," he introduced. "They're old friends of ours." Felix looked at the two, "Boys, this is Elora—"

"She's the Princess," Theo winked at me, and I blushed. I was still unsure if I liked being referred to as that just yet, especially since we had just met... *And I was in my pajamas... Oh dang the lollipop!*

I quickly took the sugary sweet out and handed it to Duke, who immediately popped it into his mouth.

Gross or hot? Hot.

Giving them a small wave, I shyly smiled at the two. "Hi, it's nice to meet you," I greeted politely. I'd already butchered the first impression; maybe I could save some of my dignity, though.

"Well, aren't you just adorable," Ramsey grinned at Felix like he was teasing him. "I almost feel bad for you, kid," he grinned at me. "One of you and seven of them, I know your shits wrecked—"

"Ramsey," Quin warned.

Ramsey put his hands up in surrender. "Just an observation," he defended.

Huh?

Sebastian smirked. "More importantly, who has the biggest dick, Elora?"

They shouldn't be talking about that... It's rude. I blushed a million shades of red at their insinuations. Looking up at Felix wide-eyed, I hoped he'd save me from this embarrassment.

Theo was fighting back laughs as Ramsey and Sebastian gave my guys amused smirks.

Dane grabbed my hand, gently pulling me out of Felix's hold. "That's enough for tonight. Come on, Angel, let's go to bed," he started walking out of the ballroom.

Oh, thank goodness. I squeezed his hand, traumatized that they even asked such a vulgar question.

"Keep it down up there, you two!" Ramsey teased, and I felt like dying.

"Now, what'd you do that for?" I heard Eugene chuckle as we walked away.

"Oh, come on, we're just messing with her," Sebastian said. "Poor girl is going to have a lot more than light teasing when the rest of the clans meet her."

"She's shy, don't mention it again," Duke deadpanned. My hero.



Once again, waking from my sleep, I cuddled into Dane. I kept hearing the sound of people talking, and each time it woke me. Peeking my eyes open, I noticed it was still dark outside.

Ugh. I threw my leg over Dane's hips, pulling him closer to me. I snuggled into him, trying to force myself back to sleep. Unfortunately, after a few minutes, all I could focus on was the noise coming from downstairs... and his hip that was perfectly pressed against my girly parts.

Well, if I couldn't sleep... and he was obviously up... and we were conveniently in bed, it was only fair that I should have my dirty way with him. It'd been *days*, and I was no

longer limping. It had also been days since they last touched me, which was far too long.

Opening my eyes, I tilted my head to look up at him. He was staring at the ceiling before his gaze shifted to me. He cocked an eyebrow, looking confused. “Why are you awake, Angel? Go back to sleep,” he ran his hand down my back.

Hmm no.

Pulling myself into his lap, I shifted and straddled him. I grinned at him. “I can’t sleep,” I gave him a suggestive look.

Dane narrowed his eyes at me, tilting his head. He looked at me with a calculating gaze for a few seconds before he raised his eyebrows, catching onto what I wanted. “It’s 4:30, Elora. Go back to sleep.”

The moonlight glimmered through the window, and I eyed his toned torso for a few seconds, admiring how it reflected off him. I gave him a sweet smile. “I don’t feel like sleeping.” I slowly rocked my hips, rubbing myself on the growing tent in his boxers.

Dane rested his head back against my headboard, gripping my hips. I smirked, knowing that I was getting my sexy time. Until his grip on my hips got tight and stopped my movement altogether. “Dane—” I pouted.

He looked pained as he narrowed his eyes at me. “The clans are here, Angel,” he said.

So? Congratulations. What did that have to do with anything? That explained the noise coming from downstairs. I tried to move my hips again, but Dane let out a small chuckle.

“No, Elora,” he pointed to his ear, giving me a stern look, but amusement was behind his eyes.

Oh. Always my downfall... stupid vampire hearing. I *knew* that; why didn’t I think of it?

I crossed my arms, annoyed. So close yet so far away. Dane let go of my hips and smiled up at me. “Why are you awake?” He asked.

“I can’t sleep. They’re being so loud,” I explained, frustrated that he couldn’t just fuck me to sleep.

Elora Carmine... I thought, stunned at my own thoughts. What had they done to me?

Dane caressed the side of my face with his big hand. “I’m sorry, Angel,” he placed a gentle kiss against my lips.

Immediately, I sank into the kiss, taking him by surprise. I wrapped my hands around the back of his head, pulling him close to me. I tilted my head to the side, giving him the freedom to take control.

His lips moved against mine slowly as his hands gripped my ass. Liquid leaked out of me, and I fought back a moan.

Dane pulled away quickly, giving me a stern look. “Elora,” he warned.

Oops?

He closed his eyes, leaning back, clearly trying to compose himself. He took a breath before he gave me a calm smile. “Okay, how about we have an early start, yeah? We can have a breakfast date; I’ll take you to a diner, then get you coffee before school. How does that sound?” He suggested.

“Okay!” I agreed happily. This was so weird, I was never up this late—or early. We were going to eat breakfast in a cozy little diner. I was so excited! I think this was just his excuse to get us out of bed, though. Smart guy.

He looked relieved as I got up to go to the shower. I smirked. Vampires couldn’t hear as clearly over water, could they? I turned around, giving him a sweet smile as he sat on the edge of my bed. “Coming?” I asked, inching closer to the bathroom.

He groaned, chuckling as he dropped his head into his hands. “Elora, Baby, please.”

“But I’m cold,” I pouted.

Pressed his lips together, he shook his head. He let out the smallest laugh, pointing to the bathroom. “Turn the dial to the left,” he instructed.

Ugh, fine. He was one tough shell to crack. I'd already had my way if I was trying to seduce Duke or Theo.

As a last-ditch attempt to tease him into the shower, I decided to undress here instead of in the bathroom. Sending him a mischievous smile, I slowly pulled my tank top over my head. He watched me, looking intrigued while slowly shaking his head. I did the same with my shorts, slowly pulling them down until they pooled at my ankles, where I made sure to bend down, giving him a clear view of my ass to pick them up.

As if saying a silent prayer for me, he closed his eyes. I grinned, walking to the bathroom. That was fun.

"Angel," he called.

Hopeful that he finally cracked, I turned to look at him.

"I love you," he said, still grinning at me.

My heart fluttered. I had to bite my lip to stop the stupid cheesy smile that overtook my lips as I left to shower.



Dressed in a white skirt, a button-up, and a cozy pink sweater over it, I felt cute and appropriately attired. I actually had to impress people today, so I'd better dress the part.

"Ready?" Dane asked, clad in black slacks and a button-up. Yummy.

"Uh-huh," I hummed while eyeing him. I didn't know what had gotten into me this morning, but if I could have just a smidgen of sexy time, I'd be cured.

Dane narrowed his eyes at me, clearly knowing I was up to no good. I couldn't help it, he was dreamy, and I was feeling quite slutty. He sighed, reaching his hand out for me to hold. "Don't let go of my hand, Angel. We're going to go straight to my car, okay?" He instructed.

I nodded. “Okay. Are there many people in the halls?” I asked. I thought they’d all be in the ballroom.

He shook his head. “No, there’s a few. I doubt they’ll say anything, but if they do, let me do the talking.”

Please, like I’d even know what to say. *Hi, I’m a teenage human who is also your Queen.* That wouldn’t go over well.

Holding onto Dane’s hand, we exited my bedroom, starting down the long halls. The door to the ballroom balcony entrance was closed, as it always was. The voices got louder the closer we got to the ballroom. Dane was walking quickly, so I didn’t get a chance to eavesdrop.

From the top of the stairs, I saw four men standing near the bottom, all in some kind of conversation about a sculpture in the foyer. Eugene collected all sorts of expensive art, filling the manor with them. I accidentally chipped one before—I was grounded for a day before Duke broke me out.

Their gaze shifted to Dane and me as we descended the steps. I really hated people staring at me, but I’d gotten used to it over the years. As Vice President—now president—I frequently gave speeches. Public speaking was something I was good at, but it wasn’t something I liked to do. Being judged was what bothered me. I had a sneaking suspicion there would be *a lot* of judgment this weekend.

I recognized one of them as Zion and instantly felt defensive. Something was just not right with him. I didn’t think he was necessarily a threat; I thought he was a snake who couldn’t mind his business.

One of the men smiled at Dane as we reached the bottom. “I was wondering when you’d make an appearance, Dane. Everyone’s been eager to see you and Lucifer; it’s been too long,” he said.

Yeah, well, he was mine. They could have his attention while I was away at school. For now, I called dibs.

Dane skillfully moved me to his other side, switching hands. He distanced me from them but made it look casual. I

took note of the sudden authority and power he carried as he stood in front of them.

“I’ll join later this morning. As for Lucifer, he will attend if he wants to. For now, I suggest you all get back to the meeting,” he said, his voice dripping with authority.

I tried not to smirk at him. There was nothing inherently sexy about this. Nothing at all. So why, for the love of God, was I turned on?

The man dropped his gaze to the ground. “Yes, of course,” he agreed instantly, turning to walk to the ballroom.

Feeling a bit surprised that they seemed so intimidated by Dane, I raised my eyebrows. He was harmless! Surely he was just putting on an act. He wouldn’t hurt a fly.

The other two followed suit, but Zion lingered for a few extra seconds. He seemed to size Dane up before his gaze fell to the floor, and he walked away. *Weird.*

Dane waited until the four were out of sight and in the ballroom before we turned to leave. “Pancakes?” He asked as we took off down the driveway.

“They probably won’t be as good as Quin’s, but I’m a sucker for sugary breakfasts,” I chirped.

“Anything for you.” He glanced at me. “Elora, it’s imperative that you aren’t alone for the duration of the gathering. You must always be with one of us, do you understand?” He asked.

“24/7 attention doesn’t sound bad to me. It should be like this all the time,” I joked. I really didn’t mind this. Being around them made me happy.

We pulled up to a small diner that’s parking lot was empty, seeing as it was still dark out. This time of day was oddly soothing.

Dane put the car in park and gave me a look. “Take your panties off and lift your skirt,” he ordered, gesturing for me to climb over the middle console and onto his lap.

Watching him take his belt off, I was practically drooling. *Oh wow, just for me?* I glanced around the parking lot, nervous that someone might see us.

“Do as I say, Angel,” his stern voice brought me back to reality.

I carefully took my underwear off, placing them on the seat before climbing over onto his lap. I grinned down at him, watching him pull out his dick, feeling smug that I finally got my sexy time. “What took you so long?” I teased.

He smirked. “As much as I’d love to give into your every sexual demand, Angel. I don’t want every vampire to hear, smell, or even think of what’s mine,” he gave me a dark look.

Lifting my hips, he placed his hand under my ass. His other hand positioned his dick until it was lined up with my sopping entrance. “What if someone sees?” I pouted, feeling guilty for doing *it* in a car in public.

He pulled me down suddenly, our thighs clapping together as his dick plunged into me. I cried out, gripping onto his shoulders.

“Then you’d better give them a good show,” Dane rasped.

Despite my blush, my core clenched desperately around him. He gripped my hips and pulled me forward. I moaned at the new sensation as he pulled my hips back and forth. He wasn’t going in and out, instead, he had me grinding on him, hitting something deliciously deep inside me.

Dane’s head fell back as he watched me with sunken dark eyes. I leaned back, placing my hands behind me on his knees. Keeping the same movement, I took over, rubbing my pussy against him.

He ran his hands up my thighs, smirking at me as he ran his thumb down my slit. I bit my lip as he gently rubbed my clit. “You’re so fucking hot, Angel,” he moaned as he reached for his phone with his free hand. “Now, smile pretty and show the guys what a good girl you are,” he instructed as he started recording me.

I giggled, glancing at the camera before eyeing Dane lustfully as I moaned. The thought of him sending a dirty video to my guys made my pussy throb.

After a few seconds, Dane put his phone down and grabbed my ass. He moaned as he lifted me up and pulled me back down on him.

I whimpered as he thrust into me and continued to bounce on him. My eyes rolled back, and I sighed happily. This was what I needed.

“You’re so wet, Baby,” Dane grunted, wrapping his arm around my torso and slamming me down onto him.

I shrieked in pleasure, feeling close as he roughly used me to fuck himself. “Don’t stop,” I begged as my eyes filled with tears.

Kissing me sloppily, he moaned against my lips. His hot tongue licked my lips and toyed with my tongue, making my thighs shake.

I cried out as I came, my pussy greedily squeezing around his dick. “Dane!”

Dane whimpered. “Is this what you wanted? You want to be used like a little fuckdoll?” He rasped out as he continued to slam me down onto him.

“Uh-huh,” I agreed breathlessly, feeling all my worries fade away.

Tangling my hands into his hair, I let him take my lips again. Meeting his own thrusts with my own, I heard him start to whimper in the cervix-crushing way he did before he cums.

I was satisfied, but I wasn’t done with him yet. I moaned as I felt his dick twitch, shooting that warm liquid I loved so much into me. He gripped my hips hard, thrusting into me a few more times as he finished himself off.

Dreamily watching him, I bit my lip. *He’s so hot; it made me want to cry.* I really was the luckiest girl in the world.

He looked down at me with a small smile. “Don’t move yet, Angel. I don’t want to get your skirt messy—”

“We’re not done yet.”

Dane pushed his head back, a look of surprise in his eyes. “We’re not...?” He repeated.

Smirking up at him, I shook my head. “We still have an hour until the sun comes up.”

He narrowed his eyes at me like he thought I was joking. “An hour for us to *eat breakfast*,” he gave me a pointed look.

Food? I wasn’t hungry anymore. I’d much rather stay in the car with him and fuck all morning. The choice was obvious.

How did I put this gently? I shifted on top of him, putting my weight on my knees as I carefully lifted myself off of him. I quickly caught any cum that leaked out of me with my hand. I locked eyes with him before bringing my hand up to my lips and licking our cum. Swallowing the sweetness, I smirked at him. “Or you could fuck my brains out all morning,” I suggested sweetly.

Dane’s lips parted as he stared at me with wide eyes. He seemed like he was at a loss for words. “What has gotten into you this morning?” He whispered.

I really didn’t know, but I knew I was horny. Painfully horny, and it was giving me an attitude. “It’s what was taken *out* of me, Dane,” I corrected.

He pushed his head back, narrowing his eyes at me. A small chuckle was his only warning before he tossed me over his shoulder and into the backseat.

I gasped as I landed on my back, and not two seconds later, he was opening the back door and climbing in next to me. He closed the door, instantly flipping me into my hands and knees. “Let’s get rid of that attitude, yes?” He said darkly.

Without warning or hesitation, he pushed his dick into me, roughly pounding my petite body into the seat. I reached one of my hands behind me, trying to get him to slow down.

Instead, he grabbed both my hands and crossed them behind my back. I cried out as he used my arms as handles and

fucked into me. My upper body hovered over the seat, only held up by my knees and his firm grip on my arms.

Dane grunted as he put force behind every single thrust, each time hitting a sweet spot that had me drooling. “Oh, Dane!” I cried out in pleasure.

Dane smacked my ass before palming my cheeks. “Fuck, Baby, your little cunt is throbbing for me,” he rasped out.

The car was shaking with every thrust, and I hoped no one else decided to have an early breakfast this morning.

I came quickly, unable to take his violent thrusts. “Dadd–Dane,” I moaned absentmindedly.

Dane chuckled evilly. “Awe, Angel, is this too much for you, little baby? Is it getting hard to think?” He teased.

A string of moans escaped my lips as I blushed. My thighs were shaking, and I was fighting to keep them from giving out. “I–I don’t have an attitude a–anymore!” I cried out. He didn’t slow down, giving me no time between orgasms.

“What happened, Baby? You wanted me to fuck your brains out for an hour, didn’t you?”

Whimpers and pants were my response as I nodded my head. What was I thinking? I couldn’t take an hour of this!

He pulled me flush against his groin, bending down, his lips next to my ear. “Now, are you going to keep acting like a spoiled little slut, or are you going to behave like my good girl and have a nice breakfast with me?” He challenged as he gave another hard thrust.

My eyes rolled back as I flinched. “I’m your good girl,” I panted out, looking behind me at him with glossy, rounded eyes.

He smirked, slowly pulling out of me, making me shudder. He wrapped his arm around my middle and pulled me into his arms. I took a few deep breaths as we sat in comfortable silence.

Dane leaned forward, grabbed my underwear from the passenger seat, and handed them to me. He sent me a

charming smile as I put them back on. “Have I mentioned that I *love* the short skirts and dresses you always wear?” He flirted.

“Cute *and* functional. You know I *purposely* wear them to tease you, right?”

Chuckling, he lifted his brows. “Let’s get some food in you, my little nympho,” he opened the door, holding his hand out to me. “I have a suspicion that you’re hangry.”

I pressed my lips together and raised my eyebrows as I exited the car. Huh, I was hangry.



The school day went by quickly. Probably because I was dreading going back home. I didn’t want to be around so many vampires; I didn’t think I’d live up to their expectations. They must have thought I was someone *special* for their king and the rest of my super-important guys to love me. When in reality, I was just me.

I didn’t want to pretend to be someone I wasn’t—I couldn’t lie well enough to pull it off. Truthfully, I didn’t even know how I was supposed to behave. When I asked Felix for a handbook, he thought I was joking. I was too embarrassed to admit I was completely serious, and now I regret it.

Knowing myself, I’d say or do something stupid or breathe too loudly, and they’d all hear me with their insane hearing. I was only supposed to be in front of everyone for a short amount of time, so says Felix. Yet, that was all I could think about all day.

After my much-needed sexy time with Dane, we had an excellent breakfast, then he dropped me off. He said Lucifer would pick me up, so I knew to look for his car.

“Elora!” I turned, hearing Jason call after me.

“Huh?” I questioned as he ran to me, unorganized papers and notebooks in his hand.

“I need your chem notes,” he held out his hand.

Looking at his hand, I knitted my brows and stepped back. My notes were nice and tidy, color organized, and alphabetical. What if he got a fingerprint on a page? Or smudges ink somehow? I’d have to redo it. “What for?”

He narrowed his eyes at me. “Oh, you know, light reading,” he teased. “I slept through my alarm, missed chemistry, and the final is on Monday,” he explained.

Chemistry had always been one of my strong subjects, and I understood it well. I knew I’d do well on Monday’s test, but I was selfish when it came to my things. “I can send you a picture?”

“I’m late for practice, and you don’t have my number. Please, Elora, I’ll give it back as soon as possible, I promise,” he begged.

I grabbed the notebook from my backpack, still unsure if I wanted to risk him ruining the perfect pages. “I don’t know—”

He grabbed the notebook out of my hand and started running away. “Thank you! You’re the best. I’ll bring it back, okay?!” He called over his shoulder.

Trying to process what had just happened, I stared at his back as he disappeared down a hall. He took my notebook, and I didn’t get to warn him about turning the page by the corners while being careful not to crease them. For his sake, I hoped he was careful, or I’d beat him to a pulp.

Lucifer was parked right outside the school doors, on the curb, waiting for me. I smiled, getting into the car. He was dressed in dark sweatpants and a black hoodie. “You’re not dressing up for the meeting?” I questioned. Everyone mentioned it briefly last night, and Dane looked so nice this morning that I thought it was a formal event.

He grabbed my hand as he drove. “You’re the only one I’ll dress up for,” he said in his usual whisper.

Light



Elora

Lucifer drove slowly as if prolonging our arrival. I bit my lip. “A few guys were asking about you this morning,” I informed.

He looked annoyed as he nodded. “Most of them think I’m dead.”

“Why would they think that?” I rushed out, concern filling me.

“The clans never see me. When I go on missions, I only speak to the clan leaders,” he explained.

It sounded like he was more of a rumor than an actual person, which made me sad. I bet they all wanted to see him; I knew I would. Despite his confident, carefree attitude, I think there was a deeper reason he stayed away. He went out of his way to not be seen, even though he clearly ranked highly in his world. “Do they make you nervous?” I asked cautiously.

Lucifer smirked. “No, Baby, they don’t make me nervous. They irritate and exhaust me,” he admitted.

I let out a small giggle. It was worth asking, but I doubted it in the first place. Eugene once used a word to describe Quin, but I think it was better used on Lucifer. *Unfuckwithable*, was what he said.

“Felix wants to introduce you to the clans when we arrive,” Lucifer informed.

So soon? I just got out of school. I didn’t know what to say. Did I have to say anything? Felix said I wouldn’t have to, but I didn’t want everyone to think I was weird if I just stood there like an airhead. I bit my lip. “What am I supposed to do?” I asked.

“Tell them to go fuck themselves,” he smirked.

“Yeah, I don’t think so.” I squeezed his hand in mine. “I don’t want to look weak or shy in front of your followers,” I pleaded.

His eyes roamed the road as he thought. “You won’t be alone on that stage, Kitten. You’ll have all of us with you. The clans already fear you—”

“Fear me?” I scoffed. “I’m about as intimidating as a teddy bear.”

Lucifer raised his eyebrows, nodding in agreement. “Yes, but if any of them even look at you in a disrespectful manner, they know they’ll be answering to *us*.”

Oh. Well, I didn’t want anyone to be scared of me either... Although, it was nice to have a safety cushion from my guys. Still, I wanted to make a good *genuine* impression. I’d be offended if the clans sucked up to me because they wanted to make a good impression on my guys. I was the *master* of sucking up and kissing ass to get what I wanted, and I knew it when I saw it.

Lucifer let go of my hand and touched my thigh, sliding his hand under my skirt. I raised my eyebrows, feeling cautious with how casually he moved. He didn’t move his hand from my thigh; I took it as a warning. “There will be rules for the next few days. If you break them, you won’t walk for a week, am I clear?” He gave me a stern look.

I quickly nodded. “I know I’m not supposed to be alone.”

“No, you’re not. Unless you’re with one of the others, you will be at my side,” he ordered. “If you try to toy with us like you did to Dane this morning, I’ll fuck you in front of the clans,” he threatened.

Averting my eyes, I felt my cheeks heat. “You wouldn’t—” I quickly took note of the warning glance he gave me and covered my mouth in shock. “You would!”

“If a vampire speaks to you, don’t respond unless we give you permission. It sounds harsh, but because of your rank, most of them aren’t permitted to speak to you unless spoken

to. If they do, it's a sign of disrespect towards you and us," he explained.

"Most importantly, if you aren't comfortable, want to leave a room, or something as simple as getting a bad feeling, tell us. This is *your* home, Kitten, remember that."

Letting the rules sink in, I nodded. I had no plans on breaking them. Most of them were simple enough, and things I did anyway. There was no scenario where I'd go out of my way to make conversation with a random vampire. I wouldn't want to leave their sides anyways. Also, I was *clearly* not in my proper mindset this morning with Dane. I didn't usually act so... slutty.

Truth be told, I was still petrified and recovering from the last punishment I got. I definitely wouldn't do anything to get myself punished again.

Lucifer turned a corner and drove down our driveway. Taking a nervous breath, I began to feel anxious about the clans behind the doors.

He gave my thigh a squeeze as he turned the car off. "Don't get out yet," he demanded as he got out. I stayed in the passenger seat, unbuckling my belt as he walked around the car. He put his hood up before opening the door for me.

I bit back a smile. I knew he only opened my door for me because it was safer, but I was going to pretend it was a romantic gesture.

Lucifer looked slightly offended as he pushed his head back. "Pretend?" He repeated.

It wasn't a bad thing. Lucifer wasn't the most romantic or loving person, that's all. He shows affection in different ways. He loved with looks and small gestures. It was special and specific to him and his personality, and I preferred his unique love language over stereotypical romantics.

"Did you get all that, or do you want me to verbalize it?" I joked.

He grabbed my hand, the slightest smile making its way into his lips. "I've got it," he placed a small kiss on the top of

my head as he led me inside.

His demeanor changed as we entered the manor. He looked on guard and irritated. He wasn't exaggerating when he said he didn't like being around the clans.

I was eager for this little meet and greet to be over so we could leave everyone. Not for me, for him. I was sure the only reason he would appear in front of the clans *at all* was for me.

We stood outside the doors to the ballroom, and I glanced up at Lucifer nervously. He ran his hand through my hair, tidying any wild curls that went rogue throughout the day.

“Ready?” He asked.

Wrapping my other hand around his forearm, I clung to his arm. Staring directly ahead, I nodded.

The door creaked loudly as he pushed it open. I internally cringed as what felt like a million red eyes immediately fell upon us.

Felix said there would be about a *few* hundred men... there were easily five hundred. I desperately wanted to retreat, to take off running to my room. But I couldn't act so childish when this meant so much to my guys.

Keeping my eyes locked in front of me, I made it a point not to make eye contact with any of them. It was easier if they were just bodies in a room, not hundreds of people judging my every move. I thought I'd known pressure before, but now, I realize I'd never known true judgment.

I could *feel* the skepticism radiating off of every wall in the room. My palms got sweaty, and Lucifer ran his thumb over my hand as he walked us deeper into the room. Keeping my posture straight, I walked with him, glued to his arm. I looked ahead of us at the rest of my guys. They looked so handsome! They were all dressed in suits that cost more than most people's cars. They were sitting on a stage at the front of the ballroom. The chairs weren't exactly thrones but were ancient and fancy-looking. *Where did they get those from?*

Duke locked eyes with me and gave me a comforting smile that made me relax a bit. Quin and Eugene were looking

around the room, and I didn't miss the harsh glances they were sending. Theo was grinning at me as he sent a flirty wink my way. Was he trying to make me blush in front of all these people? Dane was lightly tapping his index finger on the armrest of his chair, watching Lucifer and me as we walked through the tables of vampires. Felix was standing at the edge of the stage, giving me a proud look.

Halfway through, I started picking up quiet whispers echoing off the walls.

"I thought he died?"

"That's her?"

"Are they all boning her?"

"This motherfucker disappears for hundreds of years and shows up in a hoodie and sweatpants."

"I can't blame them; look at her ass."

"It's unnatural. I won't bow to a teenage human."

"She's cute, but I doubt they'll keep her for long."

"Who's that with her?"

"She looks kind. Give the kid a chance."

"This must be a joke; she can't even walk on her own."

"If I join their clan, do I get to fuck her too?"

"I expected more from our king than a five-foot preteen."

"*This* is the girl that was begging Dane to fuck her all morning? He certainly has more willpower than me."

"It looks like she got what she wanted, I can smell him all over her," someone else added with an icky laugh.

Oh goodness.

I... didn't think I could do this. I tried to focus on some of the nice things people said, but the bad outweighed the good. Their comments were insulting and rude. I knew I shouldn't take anything personally, but my feelings were hurt.

Suddenly, I couldn't hear what anyone was saying anymore. I could hear voices, but it sounded like everyone was speaking in a different room. *Huh?* I glanced around, looking at a few of them.

They were definitely speaking, but I couldn't understand a thing. Their voices sounded muffled, like a giant pillow was placed over their faces.

Oh no. Was I sick? My hearing went out!

"I'm doing it," Lucifer said in my mind.

I raised my eyebrows, looking up at him. I didn't know he could do something like that, but I was grateful. I was nervous enough as it was without the hundreds of vulgar comments.

Seeing movement, I looked at the stage again. Theo was standing up, saying something to the crowd. He looked angry and strangely threatening. I wish I could have heard what he said.

"No, you don't."

Theo had never been good about keeping his composure. All my guys were protective, but Theo had no filter, so I could only imagine the threats that spilled from his lips like venom.

We finally got to the stage, walking up the three short steps to the platform. I was grateful to be away from the tables of vampires, but now all their eyes were staring at me from a better angle.

Lucifer gave me my hearing back, and it felt like I was pulled up from underwater. I blinked a few times, noticing how quiet it was. There was no more loud chatter or whispering.

Lucifer walked me over to Felix, where he let go of my hand, giving me a pointed look before he left to lean against the wall in the corner.

I looked at Felix through my lashes as he wrapped his arm around my waist. His features darkened as his gaze shifted to look at the crowd. "If Theo didn't already, let me make this *very* clear. If any of you have a comment about Elora—"

“The Princess,” Theo added.

“You can come to Quin, Theo, Eugene, or myself at the end of the day,” Felix finished. I hoped no one was stupid enough to make a comment. I had a sneaking suspicion the conversation would be one-sided and very, *very* short.

All the men averted their eyes, clearly intimidated. Not so tough now...

“Gentlemen, many of you may have heard rumors or speculations of my clan recently. The truth has gotten twisted and over-complicated,” Felix began. I watched him in awe, admiring how effortlessly confident he was in front of a massive crowd. “The truth is simple; we fell in love with a human.”

He had captured my full attention, and I was unable to look away from him. My heart fluttered at the confidence in his tone.

There were a few hushed mumbles, and it was clear I wasn't the only one caught off guard by Felix's openness.

Felix glanced down at me briefly before looking back at the clans. “I don't expect you to accept her, but you will respect her. You may not like that she's a human, but over the next couple of days, you'll quickly see the qualities that she possesses that will make her a great queen.”

Go on...

“Elora is everything that we're not. She is kind, gentle, and forgiving to a fault. She somehow sees the good in everyone, even the cruelest of vampires,” he said.

Awe, say more nice things.

“She's our perfect match in every way. As vampires, we all have darkness in us, a lifeless hollow that plagues our chests. After thousands of years, we found our light in the most unexpected person,” he looked down at me with a small smile.

Don't cry. Don't cry. Don't cry.

He looked back at the crowd. “I've never failed you. I've made decisions and sacrificed many things to keep our kind

strong and thriving. I haven't always been kind or understanding, but with her, I'm learning—we all are,” he glanced at my other guys.

“You may see her as a weakness; you may even be daft enough—” I flicked his arm at the rude remark. He was doing so good. A few chuckles were heard in the crowd, and Felix smirked down at me. “You may be *closed-minded* enough to think having her as your future queen makes your own clans weaker,” he corrected. *Better*.

“Trust me when I say there's nothing weak about her. Under the pink frills and blonde curls, she's as stubborn as Quin is. She's as understanding and patient as Duke. She's intelligent like Dane. Like Eugene, she is cunning and quick-witted. She is as calculating as Lucifer. She even mastered the impossible task of putting Theo in his place—”

Someone in the crowd let out a holler, cheering as they joked. “Finally!” The crowd of men let out their laughs, teasing Theo.

I smirked behind me at Theo, who shook his head with a false bashful smile. He loved the attention; he couldn't fool me. Theo smirked at the crowd, waving them off. “We get it; I'm obnoxious, shut up,” he chuckled.

Felix and I shared a look before he continued his magnificent speech about how wonderful I was.

“I know she will be a great leader. I've always led with hatred, discipline, and a massive appetite for destruction. She will lead with grace, poise, and patience.” He looked around the crowd for a few seconds for emphasis. “Everything has been the same for thousands of years, and it's time for a change. With Elora by our side, she will be a light amongst all vampires,” he said proudly.

Okay... I knew I couldn't get pregnant, but I was going to let him try his hardest tonight. The things I was going to let this man do to me were infinite.

I didn't know he felt that way. I honestly couldn't believe he said so many nice things about me when his words fell

upon deaf ears. They had their minds made up—

There was a sudden noise, and I looked into the crowd. A man, whose eyes held much more wisdom than his young face showed, stood up. He locked his eyes on me as he smiled, “Adelfés psychés,” he said as he raised a glass.

Huh? Everyone in the room looked between my guys and me as if they had just realized something still unbeknownst to me. The faces that intrigued me were the ones of my guys. They also looked at the man in wonder.

I looked up at Felix. “What does that mean?” I asked.

“Dimitri is like me, Kitten. He has a gift. He can see everyone’s aura.” Lucifer said, but even in my mind, his voice sounded far off, like he was thinking about something else.

Felix slowly looked down at me, a calmness in his eyes I didn’t see often. “It means soul mates.”

Bedtime



Elora

Soulmates were a real thing? Actual people, who the universe chose for you? And my guys were mine. I wasn't surprised; I'd known for a while now that I was meant to be with them. I'd known ever since the sparks and tingles started when they touched me.

Dimitri confirming that they were destined to be with me brought a calmness that I didn't know I needed. It explained everything. The sparks, my need to be around them, my never-ending adoration for each of them. Everything made sense.

The clans slowly started to stand at their tables, and I watched them curiously. Ramsey, a familiar face, sent me a wink as he raised his glass. "To the Princess," he announced.

What seemed like a million more voices reached my ears as they toasted the same words. My heart swelled, a strange pride filling my chest as I smiled.

Their sudden change of attitude towards me made me think. Earlier, maybe they thought my guys were just messing around and not serious. After all, I was a human, and this *didn't* happen in their world. Especially because Felix was the king, and the rest of them were powerful. Now that Dimitri confirmed it, I think they realized that I was here to stay. I wasn't just some human they chose to rule by their side. The fact that we were soulmates meant a lot to the clans; that much was clear.

There would always be those who would doubt, and I'd always be judged harder because I was a female in this male-ruled world. Unfortunately, that was how most things were, even in the human world. This wasn't a role I took lightly, and I'd do my best to make my guys and the clans proud.

Standing here surrounded by my seven wonderful guys, with all the vampire clans toasting to me, I was filled with pride. In this moment, and all the moments to come, I'd always be proud to be the vampires' human.

Felix smiled down at me, his arm still wrapped around my waist. I glanced behind us. The rest of my guys were also standing, giving me looks of adoration. Lucifer kicked off the wall, walking towards me.

He and Felix shared a look before Lucifer gently nodded at me, gesturing that it was time for us to go. *Yay!* No disrespect towards the clans, but it was a lot of pressure having so many eyes on me at once.

Felix let go of my waist, and Lucifer instantly grabbed my hand. Felix turned his body, somewhat blocking me from the crowd as he spoke. "Go be good for Lucifer, Baby. I'll see you at dinner, okay?" He said gently.

I smiled up at him. "Okay Daddy."

The room got deathly quiet, and I didn't understand why. Just a second ago, everyone was having their own hushed conversations. Now, not a word.

A few seconds passed before the crowd slowly started to whisper until there were snickers, laughs, gasps, and a million conversations that I couldn't quite hear.

"Did she just--"

"Am I attracted to this?"

"I knew it."

I could barely hear complete sentences with the number of voices that started. What happened? I caught a glimpse of Sebastian and Ramsey, both nudging each other excitedly, like they had some kind of inside joke.

Felix pressed his lips together, looking at me with a mixture of pain and love. It was the same look Theo gave me when I asked him what jerking off was and when I asked Jason what a condom was. He gave Lucifer a quick look.

Before I could comprehend what was happening, I was in Lucifer's room. "Woah," I gasped at the insane speed. Lucifer dropped me on his bed, an amused smirk on his lips. "What happened?" I asked, still confused. I could still hear muffled voices coming from downstairs.

Lucifer shook his head. "Don't worry about it, Kitten," he dismissed. He sat beside me, and I got nervous at the close proximity.

He leaned forward, his nose brushing against mine, his cool minty breath fanning across my lips, "You're mine for the next few hours. What should I do with you?" He asked slowly, his lips millimeters away from a kiss.

Heaven help me. I widened my eyes, my heart hammering in my chest and girly parts. My mind went blank, and I said the first thing that came to mind. "I-I have homework."

His hand ran up my thigh, slowly teasing me. His tongue softly licked my lips, gently wetting them. My core clenched as my eyes started to flutter close. My legs spread on their own, craving his touch between my legs.

His hand left my thigh, making me open my eyes. *What's the hold-up?*

Lucifer was smirking at me with a cruel look that I'd seen before. His dark hooded eyes traveled down my body before he locked eyes with me. "Let's play a game, Kitten."



Lucifer fucked me slowly from behind as I tried my absolute hardest to figure out how to make a chemistry equation balance.

It'd been half an hour, four orgasms, and only six problems solved. We were in the Butcher Shop, much to my dismay. This room made me anxious—or *getting* into the room made me anxious. I still wasn't a fan of the creepy hallway of death. Lucifer explained that this was the only soundproof room in

the house. I'd rather be in here than have hundreds of vampires hear us. No one could hear us as long as the secret door was closed on the other end of the creepy hall of death.

The game was simple—or so I thought before we started. All I had to do was finish my chemistry homework... while he fucked me. When he proposed it, I agreed because I was horny and not thinking clearly. Now, I was struggling. I couldn't think at all.

My books and notes were in front of me, between my elbows. I was on my knees with my ass in the air. If I couldn't finish the assigned ten chemistry problems, he won. And if I somehow managed to complete all ten, I won. The prize: Quin's leftover strawberry crêpes (which I didn't know about).

I was determined to win this time; *my* sugary dessert was on the line. If I knew Lucifer, and I did, he wasn't giving in easily, either. He loved torture, and he loved sweets.

Fighting to keep my eyes open, I wrote on my paper. Homework was ruined for me forever. At first, this was encouraging, and I actually enjoyed doing my homework for the first time ever. Now, I was dying for the equations to just solve themselves.

He kept his thrusts slow yet *hard*, hitting what felt like my cervix with every single stroke. "Awe, Kitten, is it getting too hard for you?" Lucifer teased.

"Yes!" I cried out, helplessly hovering over my homework. "You're being too rough, Daddy," I pouted, hoping he'd ease up enough for me to finish the last four problems.

His big hand massaged my ass as he suddenly pulled out of me. I sighed, taking a second to compose myself. My heart was pounding, and a sheet of sweat covered my naked body.

A sharp sting rippled through me as he gave my ass a harsh slap, and I whimpered, turning to look at him.

When I turned, I was met with his crimson eyes. He ran a single finger down my slit before pushing it into me, making me shiver. "Don't mind me. Be a good little girl and do your fucking homework," he threatened.

He curled his finger inside me, and I gasped, quickly turning back around. I tried to rush through problems, knowing I probably didn't have long before he started fucking me again.

I got through three problems as he quite literally played with my pussy, teasing me. He seemed to be enjoying himself, but I was aching with need. I was so close to finishing the last problem and cumming. At his slow pace, he wouldn't let me.

My eyes widened, and I dropped my pen, feeling his mouth on my clit. I cried out in pleasure. "Daddy," I moaned lowly.

"Mmm, you taste so good, Baby," he rasped. He sucked on my clit harshly, causing waves of torturous pleasure to ripple through me.

A string of moans escaped my lips as his tongue slid into me. "Oh shit," I panted out. My body rocked back on its own, pushing my pussy onto his face.

Wrapping his arm around my thighs, he pulled me closer to him. "Good girl, fuck yourself on my tongue," he hummed in pleasure.

My hand shook as I picked up the pen, rocking my hips back onto him. He expertly shifted between tongue fucking my pussy and sucking my clit, pushing me over the edge. The mixture of penetration and stimulation was too much for me. I came for the fifth time, crying out in pleasure as he continued lapping at me.

My voice echoed through the room as I felt a slight pinch, followed by an *intense* orgasm.

I collapsed on the bed as he held my thighs up, greedily drinking from me. He moaned softly, slowly pulling his head away from my thigh.

Turning around, I shifted onto my back as I stared at him, my chest rapidly falling up and down. "You bit me," I commented. He never had before, and he looked kind of scary. His eyes were bright red, and he slowly eyed my body.

His gaze dropped to my thigh before he gently ran his finger over the sensitive skin where he bit me. I winced, but

my back arched off the bed with anticipation. He lifted his finger, and I saw ruby-red blood on it.

His eyes flashed with an emotion that I hadn't seen before. Curiosity? Lust? Cruelty? I couldn't tell, but it was scary.

“Open,” he ordered, glancing at my lips.

Absolute shock flowed through me as my eyes widened. “W—what?” I asked, surely I must have misheard him.

Leaning forward, his giant body loomed over mine. I watched as he gently ran his finger over my bottom lip, painting it with my blood. He slowly licked the blood off my lip, parting my lips with his tongue. “Open your mouth,” he said firmly.

My back arched off the bed, and I did what I was told. I parted my lips, locking eyes with him as he stuck his finger in my mouth. “Suck,” he smirked.

My blood ran cold, but I was strangely okay with this. It was my blood, and this was shockingly hot. Should I have been this wet? No. Was I? Yup. *Sicko*.

Wrapping my lips around his finger, I licked the blood off it. It tasted irony and somewhat familiar. I'd gotten paper cuts before and stuck my finger in my mouth to get the blood off. It was no different.

Lucifer tilted his head to the side as he watched me darkly. He moaned, pulling his finger out of my mouth and devouring my lips with his own.

I didn't have time to make a sound before his tongue was in my mouth, licking and sucking my tongue. My arousal was seeping out of me, and I craved him again. I reached between us as he kissed me like his life depended on it. I grabbed his dick and aligned it with my hole. “Fuck me, Daddy.”

He broke away from the kiss, wrapping his hand around my throat and plunging his dick into me. We both let out a low moan, needing to feel each other.

Lucifer wasted no time as he began viciously thrusting into me, his firm grip on my neck holding me in place as he used

me.

“You’re drenched, Kitten,” he said. “Does that turn you on? Having me lick your blood out of your dirty little mouth,” he rasped out, using his other hand to pinch my nipple.

I bit my lip, looking up at him as I nodded.

He pounded into me a few times, hard enough to shake the bed, and I cried out.

“Words, Baby,” he smirked.

My orgasm was building in the pit of my stomach. “Uh-huh,” I moaned.

In a dreamy trance, I watched him, eyeing his toned torso and muscular chest. I whimpered as my core clenched around him. “Daddy, you’re going to make me cum,” I warned.

He narrowed his eyes at me. “Not yet, Kitten.” His thrusts sped up, getting sloppier as he approached his release.

Tears pricked my eyes as I fought to hold it in. “Please,” I begged.

The beginning of a smirk started on his lips before his face twisted with pleasure as he spilled his cum inside me. “Cum for Daddy’s cock, Kitten,” he groaned.

I came instantly; whimpers and moans filled the room as we came. My head fell back as I caught my breath. “I won,” I panted.

Lucifer pulled out of me, and I leaked onto the bed. He pushed his eyebrows together in confusion, picking up my homework. He raised his eyebrows, seeing that I did, in fact, win.

He was having so much fun eating me out earlier, I had a feeling he wasn’t paying much attention to my thoughts and powered through to finish it. I gave him a sweet smile. “I beat you at your own game,” I teased.

He cocked an eyebrow at me. “Careful, Kitten. I still have my reward from last time.”

Oh crap. I'd almost forgotten about that. I bit my lip and looked up at him with my big doe eyes. "Have I mentioned that I love you?" I said sweetly.

He softly nodded as a small smile grew on his lips. "Every day."



I wrapped my arms around Duke, hugging him to me. "Hi," I smiled up at him. Their meeting was over for the day, and Lucifer just brought me downstairs.

He kissed my forehead, wrapping his arms around my back. "Hello, beautiful," he smiled. "How was your day?" He asked.

Oh. I shrugged. "It was good. I had breakfast with Dane, it was a good day at school, Felix said all those nice things about me, then Lucifer helped me with my homework," I twisted the truth *a bit*.

He raised his eyebrows at me. "Mhm, I saw the video of you and Dane *eating breakfast*," he gave me a pointed look making me blush.

Averting my eyes, I saw Dimitri, Sebastian, Ramsey, and a few others still here. I could see them talking to Eugene and Theo far down the hall. "Uh, Duke?" I grabbed onto his shirt, gesturing to the vampires. I thought they'd all left for the night?

He ran his hand through my hair. "Quin invited them to stay for dinner. If you're not okay with it, I'll have them leave—"

"No, it's okay," I assured quickly. The only friends my guys had were each other, really. I think it would be good for them to catch up with their other friends. Also, I selfishly wanted to see what they were like around their friends and what their friends were like, too. I smiled up at him. "What's for dinner?"

I was scooped out of Duke's arms and thrown over Quin's shoulder as he carried me to the kitchen, making me giggle. "Whatever you want, Doll."

"Hmm," I thought. "Alfredo?" I suggested. I was hungry—ravenous, really—anything sounded fantastic.

He sat me down on the counter in my usual corner. "Angel hair or rigatoni?" He asked.

"Angel," I answered.

"This is so domestic, I'm gonna barf," I snapped my eyes to a man I hadn't met yet. He had sandy blonde hair and a permanently annoyed expression.

I blushed, feeling out of place. I slid down from where I sat on the counter, standing next to it now.

Quin smirked at the man. "You never cook, Clarence?" He shot back. Quin was moving around the kitchen, gathering ingredients to make Alfredo. As he passed, he casually picked me up and put me back on the counter.

Clarence sat at one of the barstools, resting his cheek on his fist as he watched us. "I have no one to cook for," he shrugged.

That was kind of sad. I bit the inside of my lip, not knowing if I should join in on their conversation or sit here like a social recluse. The second option was tempting.

Quin gave him a small nod. "Cook for your clan?" He suggested.

Clarence cringed. "No. I'm around them enough as it is. Maybe I'll take up cooking classes for myself," he thought.

He glanced at me. "Where's Lucifer?" He asked.

Lucifer went back up to his room after handing me to Duke. "Around," I vaguely answered. He liked his privacy; I doubt he wanted people to know where he was.

Clarence seemed amused, "He's probably lurking in a dark corner somewhere. Such a closet emo," he and Quin chuckled. I couldn't argue with that.

“How is good ‘ole Lucifer? I haven’t seen him in... 750 years?” He added.

Quin shrugged. “Still a pain in the ass.”

“He is not,” I defended.

Quin tilted his head at me. “Not to you. None of us want to sit in the ballroom all day going over boring shit with the clans, Doll. He got the fun part.”

I blushed, softly shaking my head at Quin. Now wasn’t the time for dirty jokes. “Tomorrow, I’m going to have him go through the library with me and start alphabetizing the books. Is that what you mean by fun?” I shot back.

“At least it’s not me!” Theo yelled from across the house.

Quin pushed his eyebrows together. “We have thousands of books, Doll. It will take years to go through them all,” he explained.

Years for an *average* person. Organizing was my specialty.

“Káti myrízei nóstima! Kai den miláo gia tin prinkípissa,” Dimitri walked into the kitchen with a smile on his face.

“Are we all just supposed to speak Greek now?” Clarence mumbled. He looked over his shoulder. “English bro, English.”

Dimitri put his hands up in surrender. “My apologies, I forget,” he said in a thick accent. “Quin, are you not going to introduce me to your girl?” He cocked a playful eyebrow at him.

I like him.

I raised my eyebrows at Quin, pressing my lips together. He never introduced me to Clarence, either.

Quin stopped seasoning the chicken and turned to look at the three of us. “Was Felix’s massive speech earlier not an introduction?” He asked.

Clarence and I let out a small laugh. I could speak for myself anyway. I smiled at Dimitri. “Hi, I’m Elora.”

His eyes lit up as he approached me. “Yes, I know your name, my dear. Tell me about yourself,” he said as he stood in front of me, intrigue written all over his features.

Uh. I peeked at Quin, seeing an amused expression. “Like what?” I asked. I didn’t like talking about myself.

Dimitri shrugged. “How old are you?”

“Nineteen—”

“Thank the heavens,” he breathed, sending Quin a cheeky grin.

I widened my eyes, trying to think of anything to change the subject. “You can see people’s auras, right?” I asked.

“Don’t get him started. He’ll never shut up,” Clarence gave me a look.

I grinned. “What does mine look like?” I asked curiously.

Dimitri smiled, leaning against the counter next to me. “People have a misconstrued idea of what an aura is. There are no colors or orbs hanging above your head,” he started. “Many think that if you are a bad person, you will have a red fog around your head, yes?” He continued. I nodded; that was what I thought. “But there are many bad people in the world, yes?” I nodded. “No two souls are the same. Someone’s aura is a *feeling*. I don’t *see*, I *feel*. Do you understand?” He asked, his accent becoming thicker the more he spoke.

“So, you can feel people’s souls?” I summarized.

He smiled. “Yes. You asked what your soul looks like. I can paint a faint picture of your life, but I don’t know the details. I know how you *feel*, and that, my dear, is what makes up a person’s aura,” he explained.

“If someone always feels sad, their soul is sad?” I asked.

He nodded. “Yes. But as life changes, your feelings change. Souls are not consistent, they’re ever-changing with life’s experiences.” He smiled at me. “Tell me why you spent the first few years of your life in fear.”

“Dimitri,” Quin warned.

“It’s fine,” I waved him off. I looked back at Dimitri. “I don’t remember. I guess my mom abandoned me when I was a toddler. Before Duke found me, I was all alone, but I don’t remember. It was a long time ago,” I explained.

Dimitri looked sad as he nodded. “But you were never sad? Even now, there is no resentment toward the woman who left you,” he asked.

I shrugged. I never had a mom, not really. I didn’t want to be associated with anyone who left a kid to fend for themselves like that. If anything, I was grateful that I was abandoned so Duke could find me. If she never did, I wouldn’t have this wonderful life that I did. “I think everything happens for a reason.”

Dimitri smiled. “You are wise. You are kind. You are happy. You are all the things Felix mentioned earlier. *That* is what your aura looks like,” he said softly. He kicked off the cabinet, walking to leave.

I pushed my eyebrows together. “Dimitri?” I called. He raised his eyebrows at me. “How do you know we’re soul mates?” I asked.

He paused by the door. “I’ve never felt anything like it before. Your souls are intertwined. Your soul contains pieces of theirs. And each of them has pieces of yours. It’s lovely,” he explained as he walked out.



A wave of exhaustion fell over me, and I began blinking slowly. After we ate dinner, everyone had such a lovely time catching up that they’d lost track of time. We were all gathered in the living room. As they reminisced, most of them had some kind of fancy scotch in their hands.

I sat between Eugene and Duke, resting my head against Duke’s arm as I fought sleep. His arm was wrapped around my waist, tucking me into his side. My legs were resting on

Eugene's thighs. He kept rubbing his fingers down my calf, and it was starting to feel like a lullaby.

I'd had such a good night, listening to stories of their past. Seeing them interact with their friends was amazing. I definitely got the sweet, caring versions of them, which I loved. With their friends, they joked, laughed, and let loose after a long day of formalities. They seemed really happy.

Unfortunately, I'd been up since five this morning, and it was almost two. I was dead tired. I doubted I'd make a good image of myself if I passed out on the couch. Closing my eyes for a few seconds wouldn't hurt.

"I forgot that humans slept," a voice announced.

"Freaky, isn't it?" Theo responded. His voice was the last thing I heard before I escaped to dreamland.



"You ripped his tongue out?!" I heard someone laugh. "That's why the fucker was so quiet all day."

Cracking my eyes open, I blinked slowly. My head was in Duke's lap, my body curled into a ball on the couch.

"Shit, shut up," Theo hushed quickly.

I didn't want to bother any of my guys and ask them to come with me to bed, not when they were talking to their friends they didn't get to see very often. I was greedy and selfish, but not *that* much.

Lucifer, come get me, I thought.

Duke ran his hand through my hair as the others continued talking. "Is it bedtime, Baby?" He asked.

I nodded. "Mhm."

"Look who decided to join the fun," Sebastian announced. Confused, I looked around at everyone. Noticing Lucifer walking down the stairs, I sat up.

“My love, it’s been decades too long,” Dimitri winked at him.

I don’t like him anymore.

“He’s kidding, Kitten.”

Lucifer stood between two of the sofas with his hands in the pocket of his hoodie. He looked cozy, especially in the dim light provided by the fireplace.

“I think you gave everyone quite the scare earlier. The clans stopped expecting you to attend the gatherings after you went MIA for a few hundred years,” Clarence said.

“Can you blame me?” Lucifer asked in his low tone.

“Some of us don’t have the privilege to not show up,” Ramsey smirked. “No offense Felix, we love the gatherings,” he joked.

Felix chuckled. “You’re having a nice time, and you know it.”

Ramsey nodded. “*This* is fun. Having to sit through your lectures and speeches is awful. And tomorrow Dane and Duke will go over the science shit they discovered. Hard pass,” he deadpanned, making everyone laugh.

I’m just trying to go to sleep.

Quin looked at Lucifer and pointed over his shoulder. “I made pasta.”

Lucifer glanced at me. “I already ate.”

Everyone gave Lucifer a pointed look, and I swear I saw the *tiniest* hint of a smirk on his lips as he started walking over to me.

“You’re dead wrong for that,” Sebastian mumbled as he and Ramsey chuckled.

A blush crept onto my cheeks, realizing what Lucifer hinted at.

Theo was looking at something on his phone as he nudged Clarence. “Found the picture,” he grinned, handing him the

phone. "It's custom-made and way bigger than the ones everyone else picked," he drunkenly grinned.

Clarence nodded in approval. "Very nice." They must be talking about some business thing?

Theo turned to say something to Quin as Clarence's thumb swiped across the phone screen. His eyes widened as he stared at the screen. He blinked once before looking up at me with a sneaky grin. "Seb," he said quickly, tossing Theo's phone at Sebastian quicker than my tired human eyes could follow.

Although Sebastian was busy talking to the others, he caught the phone effortlessly. "What?" He snapped at the interruption. He looked slightly annoyed as he looked at the screen. Ramsey looked over his shoulder curiously. The two of them looked equally as surprised as their expressions turned smug.

This captured everyone's attention. Theo looked up, seeing Sebastian with his phone in hand. Theo grinned, "Nice, huh?" He smiled.

Ramsey chuckled, almost nervously. "I value my life too much to answer that," he looked around the room with a grin.

Dane pushed his eyebrows together, walking behind the two of them. The second Dane's eyes landed on the phone, he snatched it from Sebastian's hand. "Theo?!" He seethed.

Theo's eyes widened, looking confused. "What? It's nice, am I wrong?"

Dane blinked, anger and disbelief in his bright red eyes. "Do you know what's on your phone right now?" He asked slowly.

Theo glanced at me and nodded. "Yes, but I can't say it out loud. Why? Jealous?" He smirked.

Dane sighed, throwing the phone back to Theo, who caught it and looked down at the screen. He froze, looking around at my other guys, who all looked absolutely livid as they glared at him.

What was going on?

Theo turned to Clarence with a pointed look. “Why the fuck would you scroll?” He questioned, running his fingers through his hair. “Dude, you just got me in so much trouble,” he groaned.

Duke tensed, looking Sebastian in the eye as he spoke. “Forget what you saw.”

Sebastian cringed. “I’m too old to be compelled, even by you,” he said apologetically. “It was a good try, though,” he chuckled.

“Forget what?” I finally asked, wanting to be on the same page. Maybe it was a vampire thing? I was too tired to try and solve their puzzle.

Quin looked between the four guilty people in the room. “If I snap each of your necks, you’ll be back up in about thirty minutes. Theo, you’ll be up in ten,” he calculated. “So you three will die twice, and Theo... it’s going to be a long hour for you,” he decided.

Clarence nodded. “Yeah, that’s fair.”

Dimitri looked amused as his eyes shifted between everyone. “Theo, you know Clarence is a snooper. You should have been paying attention,” he gave him a pointed look.

I pushed my eyebrows together, surprised at how easily they agreed to have their necks snapped—multiple times... What was so bad on Theo’s phone?

“I plead innocence, but sure. Hit me with the ‘ol factory reset,” he chuckled.

Lucifer shook his head at Theo before leaning over Duke and me, nodding toward the stairs. “You heard Duke, it’s bedtime,” he said, obviously wanting me to leave the room before the planned and agreed-upon massacre started.

Say less. I stood up, feeling Duke’s hand on my thigh as he quickly adjusted my skirt so my ass wouldn’t show. It was a good thing his brain was working because mine was half asleep.

“Goodnight, Princess,” Theo drunkenly blew me a kiss. His eyes flickered to Felix, who was quickly approaching him, probably to break his neck. I wasn’t going to question it, although I didn’t like them killing each other so easily. It was freaky.

I smiled at him, grabbing Lucifer’s hand as he led me up the stairs.

“I regret nothing,” I heard Clarence chuckle before there was a thud.



Shifting in my sleep, I felt rough hands run up my thighs. The familiar tingles that ran up my thigh and straight to my girly parts made me squirm. I moaned, feeling his big hand snake into my loose pajama shorts. His finger ran up and down my slit, and I tried to clench my thighs together.

Opening my eyes, I tiredly gazed up at Felix, slowly blinking at him. “Daddy, what are you doing?” I whispered, sleep in my voice.

His hair was disheveled like he’d run his hands through it a million times throughout the day. The suit he once wore was off, leaving him in boxers and an unbuttoned white shirt. *Yummy.*

He slowly pushed his finger into me. “Daddy had a long day, Baby.” He gazed down at me, ploddingly pumping his finger.

Spreading my legs for him, I moaned deeply. “That feels good,” I whispered, closing my eyes, allowing the pleasure to consume me.

He placed his other hand on my hip, lovingly tracing circles around it. “All I could think about all day was that fucking video,” he rasped. “I know you’re tired, Baby. But Daddy needs to use you tonight.”

My pussy clenched tightly around his finger as wetness leaked out of me. He pulled his finger out of me, and I watched with round eyes as he wrapped his lips around it, sucking my arousal off.

Fuck me.

He pulled my shorts down, tossing them off to the side. He let out a low groan as he spread my legs again until my pussy was on full display for him. “Fuck, I love how easily your little pussy gets wet.”

My body shivered as he touched his finger to my clit, lightly rubbing it in circles. My hips bucked, desperately wanting more. “Daddy—”

“I know, Baby,” he said with false sympathy. He got off the bed, taking his boxers off. “Lift your hips,” he ordered, positioning himself over me again.

Lifting my hips, I watched as he grabbed a pillow and slid it under my lower back. He positioned himself between my legs, gently pushing me down by my stomach. “Lay down, let me make you feel good.”

I relaxed against the pillow, biting my lip as he stroked his dick a few times. He smirked, placing his dick against my tummy. “Look how tiny you are,” he said. Peering down, I looked at how big his dick was compared to my torso. Resting against me, it almost went past my belly button.

He rubbed his dick along my slit, coating it in my juices. Tired and horny was a fantastic combination—kind of like being tipsy.

I sucked in a breath as he pushed into me. His dick slid in easily from the slick mess I’d made. Feeling stretched and full was easily one of my favorite things. “Such a good little girl, letting Daddy use your holes,” he moaned, a satisfying look of relief across his face.

He gently pressed down on my lower stomach as he thrust into me. “Mmm, Daddy,” I moaned, wrapping my arms around his neck.

He smirked, watching me in a lustful trance. “You like that, Baby? Do you like being fucked deep and slow, feeling every inch of me while I rearrange your guts,” he said darkly.

“Uh-huh.” I wrapped my legs around his waist, pulling him closer to me, earning a sexy moan. I’d been dying to get fucked to sleep since this morning.

Felix rocked his hips, putting more pressure on my lower belly. Tears started to fill my eyes as my core clenched around him. “You’re so pretty, Baby. So many men wanted you today, and it makes me so fucking hard that I’m the one who gets to have you,” he rasped out, his thrusts speeding up.

Despite my bottom lip between my teeth, a lustful moan escaped. My eyes fluttered closed as I basked in his touch. I’d never liked attention from anyone but my guys. Even I had to admit, the thought of making them jealous just for fun was tempting.

“I’m yours, Daddy.” I lifted my hips to meet his thrusts. I opened my eyes, looking up at him with tears glossed in my eyes. “This pussy is yours,” I moaned.

Felix groaned deeply, grabbing my ankle and putting it over his shoulder. I was almost bent in half at the waist as he fucked into me viciously. “Fuck, I needed this,” he whispered.

My pussy was making wet sounds each time he pushed into me. That, our moans, and the bed shaking were the only sounds in the room.

His free hand held mine, an unusually loving gesture for our early morning ‘going at it like rabbits’ sex. His thrusts got harder, his pelvis hitting my thighs with a *clap* each time he pounded into me.

“You’re making me feel so good, Baby. You’re such a good girl for me,” he said with a strained voice.

The knot in my stomach started to come undone. “I’m gonna cum,” I warned.

His thrusts became sloppier as he slammed into me. “Wait for me, Baby,” he ordered.

Fighting the pleasure, I bit my lip so hard, I was surprised no blood was drawn. He dropped my leg down from his shoulder. Big hands covered my stomach as he gripped my hips, pulling me into him as he moaned desperately.

I cried out, giving in to the pleasure as I came on his dick. Tears fell down my cheeks as he continued to pound into me until he came deep inside me, holding my hips to his crotch.

Felix let out a string of moans and groans, his eyes never leaving mine as he fucked himself with me a few more times, milking every last drop into my pussy.

My head fell to my pillow, and I sighed happily. Now that the fun part was over, I was completely exhausted. Felix wrapped his arms around me, flipping us so he was lying under me with his dick still buried inside me.

He ran his hand through my hair. "I love you so much, Baby."

Hugging his chest, I smiled. "Did you mean everything you said earlier?" I asked.

He kissed the top of my head. "Every word." He pulled the blankets over us. "Go to sleep, Baby, you've had a long day," he husked.

My eyes got heavy as I breathed in his comforting, masculine scent. I blinked my eyes open. "Um, what about cleaning up?" I asked. They always washed me up before letting me sleep.

Felix smirked. "In the morning, Baby. Your little pussy is going to keep Daddy's cock warm all night long." He gently pushed my ass down, making his dick hit something sensitive after my orgasm, and I whimpered. "Now, sleep before I keep you up all night," he warned.

I rested my head back down on him, cuddling further into him. I loved this.

Delicious



Elora

“Are you planning on sleeping all day, Love?” Eugene’s big hand pushed my hair out of my face.

Ugh. Yes? Peeking my eyes open, I saw him standing over me with an amused expression. His hair was up in a messy knot, and he wore another suit that made him look lickable.

I glanced over at Lucifer, who was sitting at my desk, snacking on marshmallows. In comfortable clothes, obviously.

“What time is it?” I groaned. Super early this morning, Felix woke me up by pulling out of me. *Such* a rude awakening, but the clans started arriving, so he had to leave. He did spend a few minutes cleaning me up and kissing me all over my face, apologizing that he couldn’t stay longer.

Eugene chuckled. “Almost noon,” he answered.

“What?!” I sat up quickly, looking at the clock. What the hell was wrong with me? I never sleep so late. I was super exhausted after all of yesterday’s... cardio? I looked at Lucifer, “Why didn’t you wake me up?” I pouted. The clans probably thought I was a lazy bump on the log.

Lucifer shrugged as a slight grin appeared on his lips. “You look pretty when you sleep.”

Eugene rolled his eyes. “The longer you sleep, the longer he avoids going downstairs and being social,” he deadpanned. *Of course.* He gently lifted the blanket off me. “Get ready, Love. There are several clan leaders you should meet.”

I turned around and buried my face in the pillow. Didn’t I meet people yesterday?

There was a silence for a second before I heard Lucifer chuckle. “I’m not helping you. Getting her out of bed is *your prerogative.*”

Eugene's deep sigh was my only warning before my ankle was pulled, and I was over Eugene's shoulder in half a second. I shrieked. "Hey! What do you think you're doing?" I asked.

He started walking to my door. "I have no problem with introducing you dressed in pajamas."

I widened my eyes. "I do!" My gaze fell on his jiggly butt as he walked. *Awe*.

Stopping, he placed me on my feet in front of him. He narrowed his eyes at me. "Do you want to have a pain in the ass contest, Love? Or do you want to do what you're told?" He warned.

Oof. I crossed my arms, looking up at him through my lashes. "Make me," I mumbled. I was feeling particularly stubborn.

Eugene smirked, lifting his brows in amusement. "Do you want to rethink that?" He threatened, looking at his watch.

Uh oh. I pressed my lips together, remembering the last time I stepped a toe out of line. I sighed. "Rethink what?" I asked innocently as I walked to the bathroom, passing an amused Lucifer.

Eugene stepped in after me, wrapping his arms around my shoulders. Warmth spread through me as I looked up at us in the mirror. "What's wrong, Love? Why the attitude?" He asked, placing a gentle kiss against my hair.

Well, I wasn't attention deprived, nor on my period. My closet was organized. My homework was done. Realization dawned on me as I figured it out. My schedule. I woke up late, and now my day would be shorter. "I feel lazy," I answered.

Eugene gave me a soft smile in the mirror before he let go of me. He gave my ass a quick slap before turning on the shower. "How about you take a shower, put on a pretty outfit, and eat breakfast. I think that will make you feel better, yeah?" He said sweetly.

"Okay," I smiled. That actually sounded nice. I just felt awful when things like this happened—like I wasted my day

sleeping. To be fair, I needed to sleep. I woke up very early yesterday, then didn't sleep until late.

I looked up at Eugene as I undressed. "What time did your friends leave last night?" I asked, remembering how late they were here. Theo was incredibly drunk when I went to bed, but I was glad they all had fun. Their friends seemed nice—in a scary and intimidating kind of way.

Eugene absentmindedly looked at his watch. "They never left." He looked up at me with a devious grin on his lips. "Have I mentioned how breathtaking you are, Love?" He flirted.

Stepping into the shower, I giggled at his antics. Even in the morning, when I wasn't feeling my best, they were always so sweet to me.

He leaned against the wall outside the shower, cracking the curtain open to watch me. I gave him a pointed look. "Don't you have somewhere to be, Eugene?" I reminded. He'd been looking at his watch a lot. They probably took a short break.

He shrugged. "If Lucifer can miss the gathering, so can I—"

"Don't you speak next?" Lucifer cut in.

Eugene rolled his eyes, resting his head on the wall. "Yes," he responded dully. He looked at his watch again and sighed, "About two minutes ago..." he chuckled.

I smirked. "Go," I covered my boobs and shooed him.

He fake pouted, but I didn't miss the genuine hurt in his eyes. "I'll see you in a bit, Love," he winked at me before he left.

Lathering shampoo into my hands, I began washing my hair but paused. "They never left?" I repeated. I gasped, realizing their friends had heard Felix and me last night. My cheeks turned red, remembering all the filthy—completely dreamy—but still *filthy* things he said.



Just like Eugene suggested, I dressed in a pretty white dress. It had an open back, giving me a faint chill. Whoever invented adorable dresses with built-in bras and pockets needed a raise. I braided my hair into one giant braid, not wanting to spend too much time styling it.

Stepping in front of Lucifer, spun in a circle. “Like it?” I asked.

He eyed my dress, his gaze lingering on my thighs before looking back at me. He gave me a slight nod before he stood up, towering over me. He narrowed his eyes at me. “Behave, Kitten. I know what you’re doing,” he warned, grabbing my hand and leading me out of the room.

What was I doing? It wasn’t my fault that I looked delicious.

Lucifer and I walked hand in hand through the house. The door to the ballroom was open as we passed, and I peeked into the room. Theo’s eyes were immediately on me, doing a double take.

Yummy. Still holding Lucifer’s hand, I gave Theo a small wave and smiled at him before we walked out of sight.

Once we entered the kitchen, I sat on one of the stools at the counter while Lucifer opened the fridge. His eyes darted around the ingredients that Quin kept stocked.

I pressed my lips together, slightly amused at how confused he looked. Lucifer’s ‘human food’ diet consisted of nothing but sugar; I wasn’t surprised he didn’t know what to make.

One of Theo’s many containers of fruit caught my eye. “Can I just have mangos, please?” I decided to make it easy for him.

He looked relieved as he handed me the mangos. “Nothing but sugar?” He repeated in a hushed tone.

Well, sugar and pussy.

The air got thick between us as he gave me a warning glance. My eyes widened as a blush dusted my cheeks. Whoops. “Did I lie?” I muttered, filling the silence as I took a bite.

The corner of his lips turned up in a small grin. “No.”

A small gust of wind blew on my back before I felt Theo’s soft hand running down my spine. “Good morning Princess,” he greeted in a flirty tone.

Damn I’m good.

I turned and smiled up at him. “Hi, Theo. How’s the meeting going?” I asked.

He shrugged. “Eugene’s talking about boundaries between clans, so I’m on the verge of insanity,” he gave me a sarcastic smile. Theo had the attention span of a hummingbird, so I was sure he was losing his mind to boredom. He put one of his hands in his pants pocket and touched the side of his cheek with the other as he watched me. “Do me a favor?”

“Okay?” The question was clear in my tone.

“Stand up,” he instructed. I stood in front of him. He shifted from left to right, eyeing my dress for a second. “Uh-huh, now touch your toes,” he added.

“Theo—” Lucifer interjected.

Theo waved him off. “It’s a science experiment, fuck off.”

Still skeptical, I bent down briefly, touching my toes. Theo sighed, pushing his lips out. “Hmm,” he hummed.

“What?” I giggled while straightening.

Theo gave me a pointed look as he hooked his finger around the dress’s collar and slightly pulled it, looking down at my breasts. “Theo!” I swatted his hand away. “Is there something wrong with my dress?” I asked with crossed arms.

“No. I love it. It’s a great dress. Please change.”

I widened my eyes. “Why?” As fun as it would be to make Theo jealous, there was no way he would think other vampires would look at me in a dress. It was just a dress, after all. “Are you pulling the gross ‘no other man can look at my woman in a dress—grr’ card?” I mimicked a masculine tone.

With a laugh, he shook his head. “I don’t care about *other* men staring at you. I can fight.” Confidence was laced in his tone as he continued. “However, you’ve definitely caught *my* attention, Princess, and you are very distracting.”

He ran his hand through his hair. “Because I have to sit in that dumbass meeting all day. And you’re going to be walking around in that—and I’ll get one of these,” he grabbed my hand and placed it on his pants.

My lips parted, feeling the rock-hard boner he had. *Oh yay!* I smirked, softly palming him through his pants. “Where’s the problem?”

Theo sighed, looking at my hand. His eyes looked dark as he slowly looked back up at me. “You want to be the center of attention, Princess?”

“Unconsciously, yes,” Lucifer confirmed, his voice like a soft echo in the distance.

Theo grabbed my hand, stopping my movements. “Have we been too busy to give you attention? Is that why you’re acting out?” He challenged.

“Maybe.” I felt like I hadn’t really been around anyone but Lucifer, Felix, and Dane for the past two days. I cuddled with Duke, but I hadn’t really spoken to him. Same with Eugene and Quin, I only got a few short minutes with each of them.

I understood why Lucifer hated these meetings now. An email would have sufficed.

Theo wrapped his hands around me, pulling me to him. “Well, we can’t have that, can we?” He kissed my forehead.

Hamming it up, I sadly shook my head. “Nope.”

He chuckled, pulling away and gazing down at me. “I’ll tell you what. I’ll kick everyone out by eight, and we’ll give you

our full attention until they return in the morning. How does that sound?" His eyes shifted to Lucifer briefly, giving him a mischievous smirk.

"Yes!" I grinned happily, giving him a squeeze. Anything more than a crumb of attention would be appreciated.

Theo bent down to my much shorter height and planted a kiss against my lips. "Do me a favor, Princess, change or don't let me see you," he joked before leaving the kitchen.

"Brat," Lucifer said in a low voice.

"Hmm?" I questioned as I took another bite.

He leaned against the counter, cocking an eyebrow at me. "Eugene was strike one. Theo's strike two. I warned you not to toy with us, Kitten." His eyes narrowed at me as he spoke. "I beg of you to get another strike," he smirked, seeming excited.

My eyes shot open, remembering his threat in the car. Why was he encouraging me? I thought it was weird when I talked back to Eugene without Lucifer scolding me. I also got away with manipulating Theo.

"You think you're the one doing the manipulation?" He chuckled, sticking his thumb in his mouth, sucking off whip cream he spilled.

My stomach filled with butterflies at his unusual attitude. Did he *want* to fuck me in front of everyone? It seemed like he did.

Was I scared or turned on? Probably both.

Keeping my eyes away from Lucifer, I continued to eat my fruits. Well, this wasn't going as planned. On the one hand, it was fun to tease my guys and get them hot and bothered while people were here, and they couldn't do anything. On the other hand... Lucifer was dead serious, and I didn't want to bear that punishment.

My eyes wandered around for several minutes until someone caught my eye. Outside, through the kitchen window, a man was kneeling next to my very dead flowers. I'd never had a green thumb.

I watched him curiously as he studied the lifeless plants. His hand was steady as he slowly ran it over the top of the flower bed. My brows knitted together, and I put my mango down in wonder as the once-dead flowers started growing.

The leaves that were once brown and crunchy turned soft and green. The wilted petals gained their vibrant pink and red colors.

Never in my whole life had I seen something so magical. I'd lived with vampires forever, and I thought nothing else would surprise or shock me. But this... this was amazing.

"Lucifer..." I mumbled, not taking my eyes off the flowerbed. "Did you see that?" I questioned.

When I glanced at him, his eyes were already on me, a hint of a smile on his lips. He quickly peed at the man out the window before walking to the back door. "Want to look closer?" He offered in a gentle tone.

Grinning from ear to ear, I ran to him, holding his outstretched hand. I wanted to see it again.

We walked hand in hand outside. The man looked up at the two of us and smiled. He stood up, his sandy blond hair falling gently over his forehead. He seemed friendly, but he gave us no greeting.

Lucifer looked down at me. "Elora, this is Anton. He can manipulate plants," he explained. He gave Anton a bored look. "You know who she is," he said quickly.

Anton's smile reached his eyes as he did a small bow. "Hello," his voice was soft and warm. "I apologize for leaving the gathering, sir. But I saw these on the way in and couldn't help myself."

Sir. I smirked up at Lucifer.

Lucifer looked uninterested. "I don't care if you attend the meeting."

Anton raised his eyebrows, an innocent confused expression taking over. "You're not here to tell me to go back?" He asked.

“Couldn’t give a shit less—she wanted to look at the flowers you revived.”

Anton looked down at me and smiled. “Oh? I can do it again if you’d like?” He asked. His voice was kind, yet his confidence was lacking. Every vampire I’d met was almost too prideful and brooding, but he was bashful.

“Yes, please. We’re horrible at keeping plants alive, so you’ve got lots of choices around the garden,” I gestured to the backyard.

He chuckled. “It’s not that bad,” he lied, sneaking glances at Lucifer. It is evident that Anton felt intimidated, and I couldn’t blame him.

Lucifer let go of my hand, gesturing for me to follow Anton as he walked a few feet away to another small flower bed.

I took a few steps but looked back at Lucifer. Was this a test? He told me not to leave their sides... I couldn’t help but feel like Lucifer was testing me—

“It’s not a test. Anton is harmless. He doesn’t drink human blood.” Lucifer gave me a small nod. *Oh.*

Kneeling next to Anton, I smiled. “So you can bring plants back to life?” I asked, looking at the wilted tulips.

Anton nodded. “Yes, ma’am. I can also grow them, give them a longer lifetime than normal, and kill them—but I never do that,” he said the last part like it was obvious.

“Is it just plants, still?” Lucifer asked suddenly.

Anton looked confused for a moment before his eyebrows fell slightly. “It’s just plants...” He gave Lucifer a sullen look.

“Any plants? Could you grow a tree?” I asked.

His gaze shifted back to me, and he nodded. “Any vegetation that grows on land or sea miss.”

Wow. All those succulents I’d killed, and this guy can grow a tree at will. Life was unfair.

He held his hand over the flowerbed again, and I leaned forward, on my hands and knees, watching the dead flowers. They slowly sprung to life, once again leaving me in awe.

“I think you’re the only person I’ve met who thinks my gift is cool,” he chuckled while watching me.

I sat on my calves. “It’s amazing! Who would think it isn’t?” I asked.

He shrugged. “Compared to mind control, talking to animals, seeing people’s souls, telekinesis, weather manipulation, or teleportation... my gift is *almost* useless.”

There were people here that could do those things? Jeez... And Felix gave *me* the spotlight introduction like I was special.

I gave Anton a comforting smile. “If I could pick a gift for myself, it would be yours,” I said honestly. I didn’t want to know what people thought; I was too sensitive. If I could move things with my mind, I’d get lazy. The weather here was perfect. I preferred long road trips to get to where I needed to go. Animals really freaked me out. Anton’s gift was truly beautiful, and I liked it.

“Thank you; that’s very kind of you,” he commented. He glanced down at his hands for a second, looking deep in thought. He blinked up at me. “What’s your favorite fruit?” He asked.

Knowing where this was headed, I beamed. “Strawberry,” I folded my hands in my lap, looking at him expectantly. *Do it. Do it. Do it.*

He held his hand over a spot in the grass. A small vine started growing. Leaves formed, and soon a small strawberry began to expand on it. It grew quickly into the most giant strawberry I’d ever seen. It was the size of a small apple and looked delicious. “Wow!” I giggled, watching the single vine start to bend from the weight of the fruit.

“It’s yours; take it,” he nodded encouragingly.

Oh goodness, I almost felt bad for picking it—but I have no self-control, and it was made special for me, so... I grabbed

the berry and pulled it off the vine. I smiled at it, seeing it take up the palm of my hand. *So cool!*

Turning to show Lucifer, I blushed when I saw many people standing on the back porch, watching Anton and me. Felix was leaning his forearms against the railing, looking amused. Duke's eyes were filled with adoration as he watched me. Eugene and Quin stood beside Lucifer in the grass, arms crossed, glaring at Anton. Probably twenty other vampires were around, too, just watching... like creeps.

Theo was standing next to a man who, despite his colossal frame and tallness, looked absolutely terrified. His shoulders were slouched, and his body was shifted away from Theo, his eyes completely void yet filled with fear. On the other hand, Theo seemed smug and kept looking at the man. Weird...

Brushing my dirty knees off, I stood and walked over to Quin. "Look," I held the fruit out to him.

He nodded. "I saw, Doll. Are you going to eat it or hold it forever?" He chuckled.

"Hold it forever," I joked.

"Oh, please." My eyes darted to a man who looked and sounded much too cocky for his own good. His skin was dark in complexion, and I believe his accent was Jamaican. He hopped over the railing and walked up to us. Quin wrapped his arm around my shoulders, protectively yet casually. "If you are impressed by plant boy, wait until I show you my gift," he grinned.

Uh. That was a bit rude, but okay.

"Unfortunately, he's among the few who rank high enough to speak to you without being spoken to first. Don't let Teddy intimidate you. He's only doing this to kiss our ass because he thinks it'll impress you." Even in my mind, I could tell Lucifer was annoyed, and his social meter was running low.

I finally took a bite of the delicious strawberry and gave Anton a quick smile. It was easily the best strawberry I'd ever had.

He nodded at me once before his gaze fell to the ground again.

Teddy stood in the middle of the yard, facing the open woods. His eyes closed, and it was quiet for several minutes.

I got bored and looked at Duke. He lifted his eyebrows as if asking a silent question.

Holding up what was left of the giant strawberry, I smiled at him. I thought it was pretty cool, even if no one else did. I wish I'd taken a picture of it—darn it.

Duke smiled while nodding at me, genuine interest in his gaze.

Hearing a snap, I turned to look at the tree line. A few large deer slowly walked out, heading straight toward us. Several other smaller critters, rabbits, raccoons, squirrels, and even a fox came too.

Nope. I didn't like that.

Teddy opened his eyes, turning to everyone. "Petting zoo, anyone?" He smirked.

A few of the men chuckled, stepping onto the grass.

I blinked a few times, absolutely hating this. Animals had germs and carried nasty diseases. They definitely hadn't ever had a proper bath. Wild animals have ticks and fleas, and God knows what else.

Feeling an itch on my arm, I started scratching it. Oh goodness, they were all going to touch the animals, then the germs were going to be in my house! They were probably shedding too, and fur will get everywhere.

Like tiny bugs were crawling all over me, I started itching my whole arm, watching in horror as everyone approached the animals. Even if they washed their hands, fleas could jump onto their clothes.

They might not have been able to catch rabies, but I think I could. I had my shots, but I didn't want to risk it. I wanted to say something, but I didn't have the courage. It was selfish of

me to ask them not to pet the animals. They were adorable, but they were dirty...

My heart started hammering in my chest, and my breathing got heavy.

Quin grabbed my hand, stopping my violent itching. "Sorry, Teddy, no one will be petting any animals today. Get back inside. Break is over," he demanded.

Everyone looked a bit confused but followed Quin's orders without question as they made their way back inside.

Teddy looked between the animals and me. "Wait, don't you want to pet the cute deers?" He said the words like I was some child who'd be impressed by animals.

"No, sorry," I responded, trying to get my breathing under control.

He looked dissatisfied as he went back inside, the animals retreating into the woods as soon as he left.

"How was your strawberry?" Eugene asked.

I looked up at him, feeling the itching start to stop. "Really good. Not too sweet or sour. I'm sorry I didn't think to save any for you to try—I ate it already."

He chuckled. "That's quite alright, Love. I'd rather watch you get excited by a fruit; it was very cute."



"My pack is located in Brazil, but we come to the States every few years; I'm sure we'll meet again soon." The clan leader gave me a polite nod before he walked away from Lucifer, Eugene, and me.

I probably spoke to thirty different clan leaders in the past few hours. I remember none of their names or anything about their clans. I'd mastered the 'smile and nod' pretending to seem interested.

Seeing the room empty, I looked up at Eugene with pleading eyes. “Is there anyone else?” I asked.

He chuckled. “No, that was everyone—” he shared a glance with Lucifer before looking back at me. “Why is your human friend coming down the driveway?” He asked seriously.

Huh? I glanced out the window, seeing Jason’s jeep pulling in. Oh shit. What could he possibly be doing here? The house was full of vampires, and he wasn’t safe.

“He cannot be here, Elora. Send him home, now,” Eugene said sternly.

I nodded, walking with Lucifer to the front door.

Just as Jason got out, Lucifer and I approached him. “Hey, Smalls!” He grinned, giving me a big wave.

“What are you doing here?” I asked.

He gestured to his backpack. “Returning your notebook, duh.” His smile dropped a bit as he looked behind us at the house.

“Oh, it could have waited until Monday; you can go,” I tried to be polite, but I was panicking. The vampires couldn’t hurt me because I was protected, but Jason was free game. I’d hate myself if anything bad happened to him because of me.

He shrugged. “I’m already here,” he pulled my notebook out of his backpack and handed it to me.

“Thank you, see you on Monday,” I took it quickly, handing it to Lucifer. I rushed, trying to get him to leave.

Jason kept glancing behind us, and his expression hardened. “Uh hey... why don’t you come with me?” He asked, but his mind sounded somewhere else.

“Wha—no.”

“Please,” he practically begged me, his mood quickly changing.

Why did he suddenly want me to go with him? “Why? Never mind—Jason, you should just go,” I tried again.

He pressed his lips into a thin line, looking incredibly vulnerable and uncomfortable. “Come on, Smalls. We’ll go get ice cream or go see a movie—”

“No,” Lucifer immediately sent him a harsh glare.

“Are you asking me out?” I scoffed. What had gotten into him? I’d never shown any interest in him, and I never got the feeling he was interested in me. We had always been strictly platonic friends—that was as clear as daylight.

Jason rolled his eyes. “No, I just have a terrible feeling. Please, I’m begging you, we should not be here,” he pleaded with his eyes.

Lucifer stepped closer to me. “Go home, don’t come back,” he warned.

Jason had a flash of fear in his eyes as he approached us. “Get away from her,” he threatened Lucifer, shocking me.

“Jason, what is your problem? You’re acting insane; please just go home.” I insisted while moving closer to Lucifer.

Jason’s chest started rising and falling as he breathed heavily, “You’re not safe here, can’t you feel it? There’s something wrong with him, and there’s something wrong with the house,” he rambled, sounding so sure of himself.

I narrowed my eyes at him, trying to determine where his outburst had come from. He’d been here before; he’d even met Lucifer before. I was safer here with my guys than I would be anywhere else.

Jason suddenly clutched his stomach and fell to his knees. I gasped, moving to help him, but Lucifer caught me by the arm. “We should get Dane; something is wrong with him,” I stressed.

Jason screamed out, loudly groaning in pain. I flinched back, watching the back of his shirt rip as his muscles literally grew in front of my eyes.

“How old is he?” Lucifer asked.

“Huh?” I panted out, trying to think. “My age,” I answered quickly. “Wait—he was held back *and* started late, so 19,

almost 20?” I recalled a conversation from middle school.

Lucifer rolled his eyes. “Fuck,” he cursed.

“What’s happening to him?” I watched in horror as his body started contorting, and a strange slime coated him. His screams of agony hurt my heart.

“Quin, Felix!” Lucifer called, pulling me behind him.

What the hell was happening.

Jason didn’t look anything like himself anymore; he didn’t look human. His bones cracked, and hair started covering his body.

I’d seen this before. Only, it happened much faster and didn’t look nearly as painful. He was a werewolf. My friend, who I’d known nearly my whole life...

Felix and Quin were outside in a flash, both looking down at Jason in shock. “What the fuck?” Quin exclaimed.

“The scent of the clans must have triggered an early change,” Felix rushed out.

“You’re not going to hurt him, are you?” I asked, looking up at Felix. It was still Jason; he’d never hurt anyone.

Felix sighed, giving me a stern look. “Get back, Baby,” he dismissed.

My eyes widened as other vampires came out the front door.

Duke was by my side in a second, pulling me into his chest. “Don’t watch. The first shift for their kind is disturbing,” he said.

Where Jason used to be, there was a pile of shredded clothes and a slimy, hairy, huge, half man half wolf creature. Even if I tried, I couldn’t take my eyes away from the scene.

“What is a werewolf doing here?” A vampire questioned, sounding disgusted.

A wave of anger washed over me at his accusing tone. “He’s my friend,” I spat. Clearly, none of us, including Jason,

knew what he was.

I saw Anton come closer, standing near Duke and me, as he watched with a concerned expression.

Duke pulled me closer to him. “Let’s go inside, Baby. You don’t need to see this—”

I pulled away from him. “They’re going to hurt him, aren’t they?” My eyes started filling with tears. This wasn’t right.

Duke grabbed my cheeks and gave me a stern look. “No one is going to hurt him, I promise.”

Although I believed Duke, something about Jason’s behavior earlier wasn’t right. Staying exactly where I was, I made no move to go back inside and continued to watch Jason.

A few gruesome minutes passed as his screams turned to the whimpers of a beast. He stood on four paws as a massive tan wolf. His head was down, taking deep breaths, probably tired and exhausted after the agonizing shift.

None of the vampires looked scared or threatened in any way, just cautious as they watched him.

“Come on, go,” Quin muttered as if chanting to himself. His eyes were locked on Jason, waiting for him to pounce.

“Werewolves have a homing beacon. When they first shift, it’s in their instinct to go to the nearest pack.” Lucifer explained.

Why wasn’t he leaving? The clans looked like they were itching for a fight, and something told me that Jason would lose.

My lips parted in anticipation as Jason’s head slowly started to lift. His burnt orange eyes watched everyone like a predator ready to strike. This... wasn’t Jason. It couldn’t be. He must be somewhere in there, deep down. He looked feral and threatening, not like my carefree friend.

Everything and everyone were eerily *still*. The only sound was Jason’s deep breaths, making small puffs of steam fog the air from his snout.

His gaze finally fell on Duke and me, a low rumble coming from his chest.

“Don’t do it...” Quin said again, more to himself than anyone else.

I swallowed, watching Jason with wide, scared eyes. His huge form straightened, lifting his head, easily towering over Felix. I didn’t remember Elliot or Jonas being that big...

“He’s an alpha.”

His orange eyes darkened and zoned in on Duke. His mouth opened as he snarled at him, a terrifying loud growl piercing my ears.

I squeezed Duke’s arm, just in case there was a chance he wasn’t paying attention.

“Elora, step away from Duke,” Quin instructed softly.

“Are you mad?” Felix snapped, but none of them made a move. Probably not wanting to set Jason off and make him attack.

Quin gave Felix a harsh glare. “Werewolves don’t behave like this unless there’s a reason. Especially not alphas. He thinks we’re a threat and is trying to protect her,” he explained. “Elora do as I say,” he gave me a stern look.

Jason wouldn’t hurt me, but I didn’t know how far gone Jason was right now. I didn’t know if *that* was Jason. I took a breath, slowly stepping away from Duke.

Jason growled, his stance shifting, making me freeze. I was about two feet away from everyone else, standing between Duke, Felix, Quin, Lucifer, and Jason.

Jason’s gaze fell on Duke again, showing his teeth and stepping towards him.

“Duke, what the hell,” Ramsey asked, looking confused.

Duke was calm, keeping his eyes narrowed at Jason. “I must have set him off somehow,” he shook his head.

My shoulder was grabbed, and I was pulled into Lucifer’s chest. I sighed, sinking into him. That was scary... I didn’t

know how Duke looked so calm right now.

Jason let out a loud growl, lowering himself like he was about to attack. Duke's jaw clenched, ready to defend himself.

Instead of pouncing like I thought, Jason's ears perked up, and he looked off into the woods. A few seconds went by before he gave Duke one last snarl. He turned, running off into the woods at a speed I couldn't fathom.

"I've never seen a wolf behave like that," Ramsey mumbled.

"We're done for the day," Felix announced as he returned inside.

"Why did Jason want to attack Duke?" I asked Lucifer, watching all the clans zoom off.

Lucifer shrugged. "I don't know. He was trying to protect you."

"From Duke?" I deadpanned. That was insane. Duke would never even think of hurting me.

"That's what it looked like," we walked into the kitchen with my other guys. "He was probably confused. It was his first shift after all," he dismissed.

I nodded, letting everything sink in. Jason was a werewolf... an alpha, to be exact. That meant leader, which didn't surprise me. He'd always been a social butterfly, no matter how much of a himbo he was.

My soulmates were seven vampires, and my best friend was a werewolf. What was next? Was my birth mother a leprechaun?

Theo closed the front door, coming into the kitchen with us. "Well, I wasn't expecting that," he chuckled. "He straight up shifted in our driveway; that was sick," he joked, trying to lighten the mood.

"Do you think he'll be okay?" I asked.

Eugene nodded. "You probably won't ever see him again, Love. He'll be just fine," he tried to comfort.

I'd never see Jason again? Wait—I wouldn't get the chance to hound him about being a werewolf. Or joke about him having a literal tail. I hope I'd see him again. We had so much to talk about.

Dane wrapped his arms around my waist, kissing my head. "I'm sorry you had to see that, Sweetheart. I know today wasn't much fun, meeting the clan leaders," he softly swayed me.

I grinned. "It wasn't horrible," I lied. It was *awful* having to pretend I knew what any of them were talking about. Still, I understood why it was important that I met them, so I didn't comment on it. "What's for dinner?" I asked.

Dane's big hands ran down my torso, teasingly touching my exposed lower back. He hummed, pressing me into him. "You," he suggested as I felt something hard poke my butt.

Eugene leaned against one of the chairs, smirking at me. "After all, you do look *delicious*, right, Love?"

Wait. That was a private thought! I pointed at Lucifer. "Traitor!"

They all laughed at my reaction, obviously smug with themselves. "They did warn you not to allow me in, Kitten. Sometimes your thoughts are too good to keep to myself," Lucifer smirked.

I couldn't argue with that. *I'm a gem.*

Biting my lip, I looked down as Dane's gentle fingers slid the strap of my dress off my shoulder. Where his skin touched mine, tingles spread through me like wildfire.

About time!

Theo sucked in a quick breath, his hands in his front pockets, watching Dane and me. "As much as I like your idea, Dane, we have a better idea," he grinned.

Huh? Excuse me. After a day of being starved of attention, they were going to hold out on me?

Lucifer and Theo shared that same look they did earlier in the kitchen. Uh oh.

Theo cocked his head, gesturing for me to go to him. “Come here, Princess.”

Once I got to him, he lifted me onto the counter, sitting me on the edge of it. He trapped me between his arms as he leaned on them. His cool minty breath fanned my face as he smirked. “You’ve never touched yourself before, have you?” He tilted his head.

Shaking my head, I blushed. Why would I when they did it for me? “No,” I responded in a soft voice.

A glimmer of evil flashed through his eyes, “You wanted our attention, Princess. You have it,” he cocked an eyebrow at me, almost challengingly.

Oh goodness, he couldn’t be serious. He wanted me to do that... in front of them? Right here? No way. I couldn’t—

“I’m redeeming my favor.” My eyes snapped over to Lucifer, who took a seat on one of the stools on the other island, right across from me. *“Play with your wet little pussy for us, Kitten.”*

My eyes widened, my heart hammering, looking at all my guys who were practically salivating while watching me. I shouldn’t have lost Lucifer’s game...

Theo

She looked petrified at the thought of touching herself for us. However, the mouth-watering scent of her dripping arousal gave her away. She was just as excited as we were.

My dick was rock hard, eager to watch her. I knew how to make her feel good, as did my clan mates, but this was new territory for her. She'd never even tried, and I was curious to see what she'd do herself.

That sexy little white dress she wore had my mind in scrambles all day. She looked the best in white, as it symbolized her purity—at least to me, it did. Even after all the things she'd done and that we'd done to her, she remained innocent and pure of heart.

I ignored the sound of shuffling behind me as everyone found their ideal viewing position. “Spread your legs and show us your pussy, Princess,” I guided. She wouldn't do it herself if I didn't push her a little.

Elora would always be shy, but I was so proud of her confidence lately. She was becoming more comfortable with herself and her body. She'd always been polite, and conversing with people came easily for her. The barrier she usually had up that made her more reserved was non-existent to us. Nothing made me happier than knowing she was comfortable enough with us that she could learn to be comfortable with herself.

She hesitated before she opened her legs, revealing her pinky-lacy panties. Noticing a wet spot on them, I smirked. She wore a short, revealing dress and skimpy panties... She'd planned to tease us. I had a suspicion earlier, but this proved it.

What a dirty little nympho. *I love it.*

I hooked my hands around her panties and pulled them off of her. “Did you wear these for us, Princess?” I questioned, watching a blush tint her cheeks.

Her little heart was beating fiercely as she slowly nodded her head. “Do you like them?” She asked, looking up at me with her big doe eyes.

Grinning down at her, I had to commend her attempt at innocent manipulation. She knew we did; she just wanted to be complimented and praised. Fuck, she was so adorable, and she *knew* it. I stuffed them in my pocket. “I do.” My gaze dropped to her pussy, just barely visible from her skimpy dress.

Yeah... that's gotta go.

I adjusted her dress until it gathered at her hips, giving us a mouth-watering view of her. *Much better.* She nervously twiddled with the end of the dress, knowing Felix would probably spank her ass if she tried to cover herself. She learned that *quickly*.

Locking eyes with her, I gently grabbed her nervous hand and placed it on her inner thigh. “Fuck yourself,” I instructed, my voice coming out as a low whisper.

Stepping away from her, I leaned against the corner of the island. She wanted to be the center of attention a few hours ago. Why so shy now? I smirked.

Her eyes wandered between the seven of us, her fingers nervously twitching like she didn't know where to start.

“Look at me, Love,” Eugene gave her a comforting gaze. She watched Eugene, and I saw some nervousness fade as he made her feel less overwhelmed.

He's still a bitch, though. Why didn't I think of that? Lucky bastard.

Eugene leaned forward on the stool, resting his elbows on the counter as he watched her. “Good,” he rasped out. “Now, I want you to play with your clit,” he deadpanned. “Can you do that for us, Love?” He added.

I held back an excited smile, eager to suffer through this. If there was ever a test for self-control, this was it. I was a sick fuck—*proudly*. Watching her being corrupted was easily my biggest turn-on. She was small and innocent; I loved knowing how dirty she really was. I'd wanted to watch her play with herself since she asked us what that *tingle* was between her legs.

She took a second before she nodded. My hungry eyes watched her fingers move to her clit, just above her perfect little pussy. She cautiously touched herself, her index and middle finger gently rubbing circles on her clit.

“Look how shy she’s being, pretending she didn’t tease us all day,” Felix said through the mind-link.

I smirked, agreeing with him. If she wanted to act like a slut, that was how she was going to be treated. “Don’t be shy, Princess. Get your fingers wet.” I encouraged.

Her bottom lip was pulled between her teeth as she moved her fingers lower. She gently stroked the entrance of her pussy, soaking her fingers within seconds. “Now what?” She whispered, her voice dripping with anticipation and lust.

Tilting my head to the side, I watched her, knowing exactly what she was doing. The little minx was getting off on our direction and attention. We knew that she wanted us in control; she didn’t want to make decisions for herself when it came to sex. Her mind was always racing, organizing, planning, and correcting. Her submission was her release, and our dominance was ours. She couldn’t have been more perfect for us.

Felix leaned forward, obviously itching to touch her. Hunger danced in his eyes as he watched her. “Finger your pussy, Baby, just like Daddy does it.”

My gaze lingered on Elora’s dainty little fingers before I looked down at my hands. Was she going to feel anything? We were all massive men; our fingers and dicks were much larger than most. She’d been spoiled and was probably accustomed to something bigger than her dainty fingers.

Fuck, she had my size kink acting up. She was just so elfin and defenseless.

My dick twitched as she slid a digit into her pussy, hesitantly fucking herself with it. Her gaze shifted between us, a gentle moan escaping her pouty lips. *That’s my good girl...*

“Add another finger, Doll,” Quin rasped out.

Curious to see if they were struggling as much as I was, I peeked at my clan mates.

Dane was leaning against the counter with his arms crossed, a satisfied smirk on his mouth. Eugene and Quin were in a trance, leaning forward, taking her in like a drug. Felix looked irked, probably irritated that he wasn't the one doing the touching. He'd never been patient, and he was never told no. Lucifer had a dark look in his eyes, hooded by his eyebrows, as he stared at her face. Duke—bless his sweet soul—was blushing. His lips were parted, watching her with a hidden hunger.

When I looked back, Elora's middle and ring finger were buried deep inside her pussy, gently rocking in and out. Her hand, thighs, and the counter glistened with her cum.

“Do you like playing with yourself, Love?” Eugene asked.

“Uh-huh,” she moaned.

Fuck, she was so sexy. How much longer were we going to watch for? I knew this was my idea, but I was dying to fuck her. It'd been days since I'd touched her. I discreetly palmed my dick through my pants, watching her pussy.

“Curl your fingers, Baby,” Duke whispered.

Her thigh twitched, and her face twisted in pleasure. Her wrist moved quickly as she found a rhythm that she liked. Her head fell back, looking sexy as ever as she eyed us all. Such a dirty girl, turned on by our attention.

“*Can we fuck her now?*” Quin asked through the mind-link.

“*Wait until she cums. Let Theo go first before he busts his pants over there,*” Eugene joked.

The joke was on him; I was fucking her first, whether they liked it or not. I didn't know how I was the only one touching my dick right now. They must have more self-control than me—or they were too proud to admit they were struggling. “*Appreciate it,*” I shot back.

“That’s right, Baby,” Felix cooed. “You look so pretty riding your fingers,” he encouraged.

Elora looked up at him with watery eyes, her hips softly grinding against her hand. She moaned, giving him a pleading look. “Daddy,” her voice came out as a breathless beg.

Any second now...

“I know, Baby,” Felix agreed with false sympathy. “You want something bigger in your little pussy? Is that what you want?” He teased.

She nodded.

I smirked, discreetly undoing my belt without her noticing.

“If you want us to fuck you, you have to make yourself cum. Can you do that for me, Baby? Can you make yourself cum for Daddy?”

The pink blush that stained her cheeks got darker as she softly nodded. Moving her fingers faster, she started to squirm in the mouth-watering way she did before she cums.

Her stomach muscles clenched, and her chest moved up and down as she lost herself in the pleasure. Her eyebrows knitted together, and her eyes closed. A long breathy moan escaped her lips as she came, her thighs gently squeezing around her hand.

That’s my queue!

I dropped my pants just below my ass, pulling my dick out for her. I moved quickly towards her, eager to take her by surprise.

Choosing not to give her any time to recover after her orgasm, I swiftly spread her thighs, pushing my dick into her.

My Princesses’ eyes opened wide, her mouth dropping open as she gasped, staring up at me. “Theo,” she whispered, surprise clear in her tone.

I grinned down at her as I thrust into her hot pussy. She was delectably tight, and her walls were squeezing around me.

What? Did she expect me not to pounce? “Princess,” I mocked in the same tone, gently teasing her.

She had a thing for degradation, and I was more than happy to feed her little ego.

Grabbing her hips, I pulled her to the counter’s edge, making it easier to wreck her perfect little pussy. My thrusts were hard and steady, making her eyes roll back.

I groaned in satisfaction, watching her gorgeous face turn into a tear-stained, drool-covered mess. Just how I liked her.

“I don’t think she needs that dress anymore,” Dane rasped out.

Happily ripping the clothing off her, I obliged. She made a noise, but she knew we’d buy her anything she wanted, including that same dress in every color.

My eyes immediately fell to her absolutely perfect boobs. “Fuck,” I moaned, knowing I wouldn’t last much longer with her looking sexy as hell. I loved her boobs; they were my Achilles heel.

She wrapped her hands around the back of my neck, pulling me closer to her. She crashed her lips into mine, and I eagerly devoured her lips. I stuck my tongue into her hot mouth, playing with hers.

We were moaning into each other’s mouths, our bodies greedily using each other’s to get off.

“*Get her off the counter,*” Duke said through the mind-link.

I quickly glanced over my shoulder at him, curious as to why he would request that. *Fuck him, he can stare at my white ass.*

Seeing the lube in his hand and his belt undone, I obliged quickly. I placed my hands on her thighs and picked her petite body up, holding her in my arms. I turned, giving Duke access to her ass as I continued pounding into her.

Of course, Elora was totally unaware of Duke approaching her from behind. Fuck, she got so dumb when she was horny.

Duke gave her bare shoulder a gentle kiss, making her flinch. She turned and looked at him, then at the lube in his hand. I mean, I *did* tell her he would fuck her ass when she was getting punished...

“Are you okay with this, Baby?” He asked.

She nodded. “Uh-huh,” she looked back at me.

“Her exact thoughts were, ‘Use me like a teeter-totter.’ Just thought I’d share,” Lucifer said, and I almost laughed. She thinks that, yet all she said was ‘uh-huh.’

Keeping a firm grip on her thighs, I tried not to hurt her as I continued thrusting. She was so easily breakable, which was a turn-on and a fear of mine. One wrong move, and she could break a bone. Then again, the fact that she was fragile made me insanely protective of her. She fucked with my mind so much just by existing.

Duke finally finished lubing up and started to push into her ass. His hands were on her hips, pulling her back gently.

I felt her body shift as she tried to help, but this only worked at a certain angle. “Let us do the work, Princess,” I ordered.

She relaxed, and soon enough, Duke was buried inside her, too.

Elora was a moaning mess, her pussy pulsing around my dick. “You feel so good, Baby,” Duke murmured into her ear. He reached his hand up and cupped her boob, gently palming it.

Tired of this painful edging I’d been doing to myself, I sped up my pace. “O—oh sh—” Elora reached her hand back and tangled it in Duke’s hair.

My eyes locked on her puffy lips, watching in a trance as she pulled them between her teeth to stop the curse that wanted to slip out. She had the most perfect lips, so pink, soft, and absolutely delicious to lick.

Her moans got louder and less shy as her torso muscles clenched, her orgasm a few thrusts away. “That’s my good

girl, Princess. You look so fucking gorgeous when you cum,” I encouraged, eager to get her to her climax.

Duke and I synched our thrusts, pushing her over the edge. She squirmed in our arms, and her pussy clenched around my dick as she came. Her cum spilled out onto my dick as I plunged into her for the last time, spilling my load deep into her little pussy.

I moaned, my head falling back as I watched her.

Footsteps by the front door had me pushing my eyebrows together, but I quickly got rid of the stupid look, not wanting Elora to think it was something she did.

Why the fuck did this always happen? Did I have to start leaving a note on the outside of our front door? ‘Intense kinky sex currently being had. Fuck off.’ *I should.*

I placed a small kiss against her lips. “I love you, Princess,” I said as I pulled out of her.

Quin stepped in, quick to replace me.

I backed away, pulling my pants up.

“I don’t care who that is; tell them they must leave now. I don’t want anyone hearing her,” Dane said, pissed off.

“I’ve got it,” I responded before sneaking out of the kitchen. Elora’s moans were basically out of her control at this point. Now that Quin was fucking her, too, I was sure she’d fall into subspace within minutes.

Opening the front door, I had an annoyed glare ready for whoever was on the other side. “This better be good,” I stepped out of the house, closing the door behind me. It didn’t help to drown out her moans, though.

Sebastian, Ramsey, and Clarence were all smirking at me. “You see, I thought hearing her and Felix *last night* was kinky. Now this...” Ramsey smirked at me.

I wasn’t off the hook for practically handing Elora’s video to Clarence. Rightfully, I died eight times last night and got the shit kicked out of me. I should have been more careful, but I wasn’t thinking. I also hated that Sebastian, Ramsey, and

Clarence saw that video of her riding Dane in the car. I gave him a pointed look. “What do you want?”

Clarence sighed. “We hate to interrupt, but you mentioned Zion and Gavin acting strange—”

“Oh my God, out with it,” I nodded, moving my hands to get him to talk faster. They already had a visual; I didn’t need them to hear her sexy little moans, too.

“Gavin left,” Sebastian deadpanned.

Bewildered, I crossed my arms over my chest. He left the gathering... knowing he was at the top of our shitlist already? That motherfucker must be stupid. I relaxed my shoulders, not caring so much about them hearing what was going on in the kitchen now. As long as Elora never found out—which she wouldn’t. She’d never show her face around them again. I was extremely lucky that she was oblivious last night. I would *never* share a dirty picture or video of her unless it was one of my clan mates. Clarence had no right to scroll or share it with Sebastian and Ramsey. Still, I accepted the blame.

“What do you mean he *left*?” I asked.

“It was weird, man. He said something along the lines of: ‘The plans are in motion.’ Then he gave Zion a creepy ass look and booked it,” Ramsey explained.

What fucking plans? Gavin and Zion were both in one of our sights all day. We’d been watching them closely, just in case they were the ones working with rogues to ‘overthrow’ us. They were cowards, they were all talk, and they couldn’t do anything themselves. “Did he say anything else?” I asked.

Ramsey shook his head. “No. It was hard to understand him, you know, with no tongue,” he gave me an amused look, and I smirked. “We thought it was sketchy as hell, so we tried to chase him down to bring him back to you. But after a few miles, he got away,” he looked apologetic.

I slowly nodded. “Thank you,” I said. They didn’t have to go out of their way to investigate this or tell us what happened. Although they were our oldest friends, they were still loyal to us as followers. “Let’s hope for his sake he shows up

tomorrow. He's going to lose much more than a tongue next time I see him," I planned. I think it was time for him to die. I hadn't gotten to show my talents in years, and I'd like to take him to the basement and tear him apart.

"Something isn't right, man—" Clarence started.

The last thing I needed was for anyone to freak out over one pathetic missing vampire. "What's he gonna do if he's miles away? I'll question Zion tomorrow. As for now, let's not escalate things if there's no need," I decided. I'd handle it. Even if I had to track Gavin down myself, I would.

Ramsey nodded, agreeing with me. "Yeah, I think they're full of shit. They're just trying to rattle your clan."

Exactly. Even if they were planning something stupid, they weren't intelligent enough to get away with it. All of us were on high alert with Elora, too. Nothing was getting past us.

I sent them each an appreciative look. "Thank you for coming to us. But seriously, Dane or Duke will kill you if you don't leave," I chuckled. They were more protective over Elora and definitely wouldn't be happy about *anyone* hearing her. They weren't last night, and they gave Felix hell this morning.

Sebastian chuckled. "I'm guessing we aren't allowed to mention this either?" He questioned. Last night during Felix and Elora's midnight shenanigans, Eugene warned all the guys that if they ever mentioned that they heard anything or saw that video of Elora, he'd dismember them.

She was incredibly shy, and if anyone but Felix, Eugene, Duke, Dane, Quin, Lucifer, or myself teased her, she'd probably melt into the floor and die on the spot. We loved her too much to let her suffer through that kind of embarrassment.

"Definitely not," I agreed with a shake of my head. I heard her scream, followed by a very sexy whimper. I looked at my friends, and they slowly nodded, giving me an impressed look. "I know," I agreed. "Way too hot for her own good—"

"What the fuck are you doing?" Dane was next to me out of nowhere. He grabbed my arm, snapping the bone.

I pressed my lips together, looking down at my fucked up arm. I deserved that. I really couldn't help myself sometimes. She was hot, and she sounded sexy as hell. Why shouldn't I brag? "Ouch," I gave Dane a look. I guess I should've been thankful it wasn't my neck.

"Leave," Dane gave them a dark look, pointing down the driveway.

Sebastian's eyes flashed a quick look of fear before they ran down the driveway. "Have fun!" Ramsey called behind him before they were out of sight.

Dane glared at me. "You had one job! Not only did you let them hear her for way too long, you had the balls to brag!" He smacked me upside the head.

I deserved that, too. I put my hands up in Surrender. "What did you expect? I'm Theo. Come out here and do it yourself next time," I shot back.

"I was busy," he shook his head as we walked back inside.

We walked into the kitchen, and I widened my eyes. Damn, it looked like I missed the show. Eugene was pulling out of Elora as we walked in. She was lying on her back on the counter, her chest heaving as she tried to catch her breath, her thighs covered in cum and shaking. All my clan mates had their pants loosely hanging off their hips as if they lazily pulled them up.

I was going to fucking kill Gavin for this. It was his fault that I missed the action!

Whatever, I'd just take her upstairs for a bath and get her all warm and cozy before we eat dinner and she goes to sleep. I moved to pick her up, but Dane beat me to it. He gave me a shit-eating grin as he scooped her up. "Ah ah ah, *you* clean the counters," he gave me a look before he carried her away.

Oof, that was cold. I guess I deserved that, too.

Duke smacked my head, just like Dane did earlier. "Dipshit."

Eugene and Quin gave me the same slap, mumbling something rude as they walked past me.

I pressed my lips together, looking at Felix and Lucifer. “Want to slap me too?” I offered. “I’m kind of starting to like it,” I winked, hoping to discourage any further head trauma. I was, unfortunately, the youngest out of my clan mates. I was still old as dust, but I was the newest model out of the seven of us. Meaning they were a *tad bit* stronger than I was—not that I’d ever admit it to them. Each of their slaps would have knocked my head clean off my shoulders if I were a human. In short—my head fucking hurt.

Lucifer smirked, grabbed a cloth, and began to clean the mess off the counters. “No. I would have invited them in to watch,” he mumbled.

Well fuck. I chuckled. “And they have the audacity to bitch at me for saying she sounds hot?” I scoffed.

Felix chuckled. “I don’t know why they’re so mad. I would have said the same thing as you, Theo,” he agreed.

I helped Lucifer clean, the conversation with our friends weighing on my mind. “Where would Gaven go?” I asked. Everyone he knew was *here* for the gathering.

Felix sighed. “I had my eye on him and Zion all day; there were no glances, no conversation, nothing that would hint that they’re planning anything. I think he’s bluffing,” he said.

“And on the off chance that he’s not?” I asked.

Felix locked eyes with me. “You said it yourself. What could he do if he *left*? Zion will be questioned tomorrow, and if there’s any sign that there’s any truth to this, we’ll track Gavin down and end their little alliance before it escalates,” he explained.

Cut



Elora

Lucifer was with me in the kitchen, watching me eat breakfast as he ate candy. I wore a flattering pink skirt and a white crop top. The house was already filled with clans, but they were all in the ballroom, occupied by my guys.

“Guess what?” I asked.

He looked at me expectantly.

“I’m going to make you all bracelets,” I announced excitedly. I had a little kit that I’d had under my bed for years. It had tons of little beads and trinkets to make keychains or bracelets. Truthfully, we needed something to do today other than have sex. After last night, I was a bit sore. I definitely needed a day to recuperate.

Lucifer seemed bored at the idea. “Bracelets?” He repeated dully.

“Uh-huh. You’ll wear it, right?” I gave him a pointed look.

“What’s it for?” He sounded skeptical, like wearing a bracelet would risk sacrificing his dark aesthetic.

I walked over and sat on his lap, wrapping my arms around his neck. “So people know that you’re mine when you wear it. Girls really like to talk to you guys,” I pouted. I was tired of girls making googly eyes at what was mine.

He smirked, grabbing my face with one of his giant hands, smooshing my lips together. “I like you when you’re jealous,” he rasped out, placing a soft, passionate kiss against my lips.

My eyes fluttered shut, and my panties were instantly wet. His tongue licked my bottom lip before pulling it between his teeth. I gasped at the bite, and he took the opportunity to stick his tongue in my mouth.

Fighting the urge to moan, I squeezed my thighs together. Okay, *maybe* we could have a *little* sexy time today, but we were still making bracelets!

The heavy kitchen door opened with a thud making me jump away from Lucifer. I pulled away from his devilish lips. In full panic mode, I grabbed his hand and started counting his fingers. “Two, three, four, five,” I blushed. *I think I played that off nicely.*

Glancing behind us at Clarence, I saw him walking towards the fridge, shooting me a knowing look. “Smooth,” he gave me a thumbs up.

Embarrassed, I averted my eyes quickly, looking at Lucifer. His calculating eyes were digging into my skin. “Just making sure they’re all there?” He teased.

“Yup...” Why was I like this? So what if we were making out? Why should I care if anyone saw? That was much better than phony finger counting. *Dumb Elora, do better!*

Clarence cleared his throat, eyeing Lucifer, “Gavin didn’t show,” he informed.

Good riddance. That guy and his friend, Zion, were class-A creeps. They just gave off a bad vibe; I couldn’t explain it.

Lucifer nodded. “Theo will find him,” he assured.

I cocked an eyebrow. “Why would Theo need to find him?” Today was the last day of their gathering; one missing vampire wouldn’t hurt anything. The further away his grubby little hands were, the better.

The realization of how many people were in here touching our stuff dawned on me. Oh goodness, it was going to take days and lots of bleach to get rid of their germs. Yesterday I saw one of them touch the sliding glass door with his bare hand! Didn’t he know that would leave a *smudge*? It didn’t matter how long they’d been alive; men didn’t know manners. Well... every man besides my guys—I was incredibly biased.

Lucifer sat me down and stood up. “Because I said so,” he responded bluntly.

My dirty *rotten* mind liked the tone of authority in his voice. I bit back a grin as I eyed him. *Okay Daddy...*

Man, he really shouldn't have made out with me like that. I was easily turned on, and *he knew it*. He devil.

Lucifer shot me a warning look quickly, and I looked away. Whoops?

Clarence ran his hand through his hair. "I still don't understand why he'd leave so suddenly. It's not like he knows anyone else; we're all here."

Lucifer looked bored as he shrugged.

"I think you're brushing this off too easily," Clarence mumbled as he left the kitchen.

Lucifer rolled his eyes. "Always so dramatic," he sighed.

I giggled, remembering his rant about how much he hated being around the clans because it was too much 'official clan talk.' He really wanted nothing to do with it. "You're not worried?" I asked.

He shook his head. "I have no reason to be. Gavin doesn't have the capability to do anything."

I couldn't argue with that. Although, I wasn't exactly sure what he was referring to. Quin explained to me a long time ago that they were all pretty much invincible. No one would go against them because they were too strong. As long as they weren't worried, neither was I. I trusted them entirely.

"Good morning, Love." Eugene walked into the kitchen. He wrapped his arms around my waist, pulling my back into his torso. "You look stunning, as usual," he kissed the top of my head.

I smiled at his charm. "Will you ever stop flirting with—"

"No," he interrupted, making me laugh. Good, I loved it. He never failed to dazzle me with his gentlemanly romantics.

He pulled away from me, sitting on a stool and pulling me between his legs. "I heard you mention bracelets?" He looked intrigued.

“Uh-huh,” I nodded. “So that people know you’re mine,” I squeezed his hands in mine for emphasis.

“Would you like something from us? I’m getting tired of little boys throwing themselves at your feet,” he smirked.

“You’d make me a bracelet too?” I beamed up at him. I would love that! Anything they gave me was special, but it would be really cool if we all had matching love bracelets.

He breathed, pulling his bottom lip between his teeth for a moment. “How would you feel about something more permanent?” He ran his thumb over my left hand. “Something better than bracelets?” He looked between my eyes. I’d only seen Eugene look nervous a handful of times, but this was one of them.

Oh goodness. Was he suggesting...

I cringed. “Eugene, I don’t know. No offense, but I don’t think I’d ever agree to that,” I tried to let him down easily.

He blinked slowly, his eyes widening with shock, as he turned to Lucifer and gave him a look. Lucifer also looked confused and *very* offended. “Elora, you better start thinking in full sentences,” he warned.

My shoulders lifted in a shrug. “I’m sorry, I just don’t want a tattoo. It’s not my thing,” I defended. Eugene said permanent, which led me to believe he wanted me to get their names tattooed on me or something. No way. I loved them, but *no*.

Lucifer turned around quickly, running his hand through his hair. Eugene visibly relaxed, his shoulders gently slouching. He let out a small relieved laugh. “I didn’t mean a tattoo, Love—you know what, never mind,” he winked. “It’ll be a surprise,” he grinned.

Huh? Were *they* getting tattoos? I was so lost. This gathering must really be exhausting him because I had no idea what he was rambling about. I nervously chuckled. “Yeah... maybe you should just hang out with us today,” I suggested, rubbing my hand up and down his arm. Poor Eugene.

His gaze landed on my hand. He pressed his lips together. “You know I would if I could. But not everyone can slack off like Lucifer,” he smirked at Lucifer.

Lucifer’s mouth turned up into a smug grin. “Jealous?”

Eugene turned to me, eyeing me up and down with a hungry look that made me blush. “Insanely.” He stood up with a sigh. “I like blue and green,” he suddenly announced.

I pushed my eyebrows together in concern. Okay...? Uh oh, he was losing it. I gave him a sheepish smile. “And I like pink and cream,” I slowly nodded, trying to be empathetic.

He chuckled. “For my bracelet, Elora,” he gave me a pointed look.

“Oh, right,” I let out a huff of air. Thank goodness, I was getting worried about him for a second. I crossed my arms across my tummy. “You know, you can’t blame me for thinking you lost your marbles for a second. You’re rambling about who knows what. Not to mention you’re thousands of years old; you’re probably due for a mental breakdown,” I said quickly.

Eugene and Lucifer gave each other another look before they laughed.

Maybe I was the slow one today? I felt like things were just flying over my head left and right.



“Come on, it’s fun!” I nudged Lucifer again. I’d finished three bracelets, and he was still working on one. He wasn’t into this at all, and it was kind of funny. I told him he could make me one, so he worked on mine.

We were in my room, on my bed. Beads and plastic strings were all around us. I may have made a slight mess, but that was okay. I got to reorganize it once we were done. Everyone

knew the best part of making a mess was cleaning up afterward.

He gave me a sharp look. “I don’t need a bracelet for everyone to know you’re mine,” he deadpanned.

I set my bracelet on the bed and climbed into his lap, straddling his waist. “So you’re not making me a bracelet?” I deadpanned.

He slowly looked down at my thighs, his big hands running up and down them. He shook his head, no. “Do you trust me?” He asked.

With my life. I nodded in response.

A satisfied yet dark shadow fell over his eyes. He flipped us over, hovering over me. He kissed my lips quickly before he moved to my cheek, chin, neck, the valley between my breasts, and my belly, where my top rode up until his lips were on my thighs. My body was burning, the anticipation making me squirm.

He lifted my skirt, leaving my thighs bare and my pink underwear covering me. His rough lips left wet trails as he kissed and licked my inner thigh.

Soft moans escaped my lips as I watched him, propping myself up on my elbows. “Daddy,” I whimpered as he licked my clit through my underwear.

I barely noticed him reach into his pocket, where he grabbed a small pocket knife.

He slightly pulled away from me, leaving my body aching for more. I watched him carefully—skeptically. He didn’t break eye contact with me as he pressed a button on the tool, and a sharp knife sprung out; the blade was only as big as my finger.

I tensed. “What are you doing?”

He somehow managed to look genuinely happy without breaking a smile. His eyes were gleaming with pleasure. “I told you, I don’t need a bracelet to let the world know you’re mine,” he started. He got an evil, delicious look in his eyes as

he licked my thigh again. “My initial carved into your thigh will be perfectly clear.”

My lips parted, and a slight wave of fear shot through me. My body had surprised me a lot in the past few months. I’d been turned on by things that I shouldn’t have been. But *this*, this one, was probably the one I was most ashamed of. He threatened to cut me while looking happy about it... and I wanted him to.

“I—it won’t hurt too badly, will it?” I asked.

He grinned, placing the flat end of the blade against my thigh. The metal was cold against my skin, making my back arch. “It depends on how badly I want to hurt you, Kitten,” he rasped.

He turned the knife, the blade against my skin, but he didn’t press hard enough to puncture the skin. If Duke knew we were doing this, he’d be so angry, despite me being okay with it. “Don’t tell Duke,” I whispered.

He smirked at me before he shifted his hand, his eyes now focused on the blade against my skin. The tip of the knife gently pierced my thigh, and adrenaline flooded through me. It hurt, but something about it felt like ecstasy, and I found myself letting out a small moan.

My eyes were glued to him as he cut a thin, shallow line in my skin. He hummed in satisfaction as he cut another line, making an *L* in my skin. Lucifer looked at it for a few seconds, fascination obvious in his gaze.

It was small, no bigger than the pad of my thumb, and could be mistaken for a scratch at a 90° angle if someone didn’t know. But we’d always know, and I loved that.

A gentle stream of blood trickled out of the cut, and Lucifer moaned.

His eyes shifted to me as he licked the blood. He wrapped his lips around my mark and sucked. I moaned, feeling overwhelmed by all the new sensations.

After a few minutes of enjoying himself and sucking the small amount of blood from the shallow cut, he pulled away.

He pushed his eyebrows together, suddenly sitting up and looking at me. His confused expression was foreign to me.

His change of behavior threw me for a loop. “What?” I asked.

He narrowed his eyes at me. “I can’t hear your thoughts or the mind-link,” he answered, but his voice sounded far off like he was speaking to himself.

I raised my eyebrows, not understanding. “Are you okay? I can text Dane,” I fixed my skirt, sitting beside him. Had this happened to him before? He didn’t seem *alarmed*, just confused.

His eyes roamed my face, blinking slowly. His body jolted backward as if he was about to fall back but caught himself.

Something was very wrong... Lucifer never acted like this. I stood up, grabbing his face. “Lucifer?” I questioned. “Tell me what’s going on, you’re freaking me out,” I said, my heart hammering.

A sudden look of realization flashed across his face. He stood up quickly but stumbled backward and fell on my bed. “Elo-get-” he looked panicked but couldn’t get the words out.

My heart dropped. What was wrong with him? My eyes welled with tears, panic taking over me. “It’ll be okay; I’m going to go get Dane,” I rushed out. He couldn’t move his body, he couldn’t speak, and he couldn’t even access his gift or their mind-link.

Giving him a quick once over, I made sure there were no wounds on him. I didn’t understand; this shouldn’t have been possible. Nothing happened! He was next to me the entire time; no one was remotely close to us.

Rushing to open my door, I didn’t care if I was breaking his rule. He needed help, and I didn’t care what stupid vampires I’d have to stumble over to get to one of my guys.

I gasped in relief, seeing a friendly face a few feet outside my door. “Anton, please come help,” I started, my voice shaking as I spoke.

He slowly looked up at me, then behind me into my room. “What happened?” He asked gently.

Leaving Lucifer alone was a bad idea. I could trust Anton to watch him while I got help. The last thing I wanted to do was yell. Lucifer was prideful, and I knew he wouldn’t want the clans to see him in his vulnerable condition.

I led Anton into my room. “I don’t know, he just collapsed—please just stay here and make sure no one hurts him,” I instructed, my mind racing with the worst possible scenarios.

Anton stood over my bed, looking down at Lucifer. He cocked an eyebrow. “He can’t move or speak?” He questioned; his voice was too calm for my liking.

Stopping in my tracks, my gaze locked on Anton as he stared at Lucifer. I didn’t mention that he couldn’t speak...

My blood ran cold as I recalled a conversation I should have paid more attention to. There was nothing that could hurt a vampire except an herb. An herb that went extinct hundreds of years ago. Shortly after drinking *my* blood, this happened to Lucifer.

Anton wasn’t being bashful and shy yesterday like I thought he was. He was nervous.

The raspberry he made me had that herb in it. He must have known Lucifer would drink from me. Why else would he be outside my door?

Jason wasn’t growling at Duke. He was trying to protect me from Anton, who was standing behind him. He must have somehow known Anton was a threat to me.

Lucifer wasn’t the one in danger. I was. It was a trap.

Anton slowly turned, his eyes meeting my teary ones with confidence. “I did say my gift is *almost* useless,” he said quietly, confirming my worst nightmare.

A scream for help was on the tip of my tongue as I opened my mouth. He reached me quickly, covering my mouth and nose with his big hand. I thrashed, trying to make any noise at all so someone would hear and help us.

Tears were streaming down my face as I cried. My body shook in his disgusting arms, fighting to break away.

Lucifer's eyes held emotions of guilt and regret as he laid there and watched. This wasn't his fault...

My struggle was futile; before I knew it, I was no longer in my room.

For Her



Dane

“Only in emergencies are you permitted to contact us. Your clan leaders know the protocols if you’re under attack...”

I tuned Quin out as he spoke, his voice becoming an echo in my mind. These gatherings were always redundant once Felix got through with telling the clans of any updates. I was bored, my clan mates were bored, and the clans were bored. I almost wanted to let them go early, seeing as Quin gave the same exact speech every gathering. I could recite it from memory, and I was sure everyone else could, too.

Yelling snapped me out of my relaxed state quickly. Quin stopped speaking, and we observed as Zion shouted at a confused new vampire.

“What the fuck is your problem?!” Zion stood up, four large gashes on his forearm. His blood slowly trickled down his arm, his flesh quickly healing.

Narrowing my eyes at the young vampire, I was amused at the look of terror on his face as he shrunk in his seat. Of course, all the other vampires were quick to speak, and the room was suddenly filled with voices.

“What’s the issue?” Quin snapped, clearly unamused and irritated at the loud interruptions.

Zion gestured to the man. “He attacked me,” he accused, clearly pissed off.

While sitting down? I sighed. It was a scratch. If I had to sit next to Zion for the past three days, I’d do much more than that. Good for the kid.

The young vampire widened his eyes, looking up at us like we were going to punish him. “I–I don’t know what you’re talking about? I didn’t touch you–”

“What are you playing at? Everyone can see what you did.” Zion shoved his bloodied arm into his face for emphasis

“That’s enough!” Quin shouted. “Sit down, Zion. We’ve heard enough from you,” he ordered.

Zion spent a few seconds looking around the room like he was waiting for someone to say something. I narrowed my eyes at him, catching a slight smirk he flashed before he sat down.

“*Is there any update on Gavin?*” I asked. The two of them causing back-to-back scenes couldn’t be a coincidence. Gavin leaving had the clans on edge; now, his right-hand man made more commotion?

Theo and I made eye contact. “*Nothing yet,*” he answered.

Quin slowly started speaking again after he ensured Zion was done with his fit.

My gaze fell on the young vampire again. If he attacked Zion, where was the blood on his hands? I sat up straighter, looking closer at the two. Catching a glimpse of blood under Zion’s fingernails, I tensed. Why would he do that to himself...

To cause a scene.

A distraction.

Elora was safe with Lucifer, making my loud thoughts ease some. However, I couldn’t hear her breathing or her heartbeat.

“*Lucifer, are you in the red room?*” I questioned, just to be sure. I was sure that was where they were, but confirmation would bring me peace of mind.

...

Quin stopped talking, turning to look at us. The same confused expression on his face. Lucifer didn’t answer.

“Nobody leaves this room,” Felix ordered, his expression a concerned glare. He ran out of the room, and I was quick to follow. Duke, Quin, and Eugene came with us upstairs, leaving Theo in charge of the clans.

We sped through floors, checking every room in record time. Worry filled my chest as I heard Felix ask the one question I dreaded. “Where’s Elora?”

Following his voice, I found myself in Elora’s room.

On her bed, looking weak and half dead was one of the strongest men I’d ever known and my dearest friend. His eyes were the only part of him that moved.

“Lucifer,” I quickly went to his side, my eyes roaming his face. I’d seen this before—the stillness, his body tense and cramping. “He’s poisoned,” I quickly diagnosed.

Duke and Eugene were long gone. They raced out to find her the second they found out Elora wasn’t in the house.

“I’m freaking out down here. What the fuck is going on?” Theo stressed through the mind-link.

Quin picked up Lucifer’s pocket knife, his eyes fixated on the blood on the blade. Elora’s blood. Instead of lashing out like I expected him to, he gave Felix and me a worried look. “Lucifer must have drank from her. Silphium isn’t a threat to humans; it must have been in her system,” he thought.

“Silphium went extinct thousands of years ago. How would someone have injected her?” Felix responded quickly, heading to the window.

They were both right. The only thing that could have immobilized Lucifer like this was that herb. I’d been racking my mind over why Jason growled at Duke. The scene hadn’t left my mind since it happened, but now I understood. Anton was standing behind Duke. Anton was the only person alive that could have grown Silphium. I clenched my jaw, feeling betrayed. “She wasn’t injected; she ate it right in front of us,” I confirmed.

Both their faces dropped, probably feeling the same betrayal as I was. He’d fooled every single one of us. Anton fucking poisoned our girl, and we thought it was cute.

Felix seethed, turning to Quin. “Let’s go; he’s only ahead of us by a few seconds,” he ordered. Quin was gone, and Felix gave me a look of concern.

“I’ll catch up,” I nodded, not wanting to waste another second. Time was of the essence, and each second she wasn’t with us, was an eternity of dread.

Felix gave Lucifer a quick once over before he left.

I pushed my eyebrows together in concern, picking up Lucifer. “I’ve got you, buddy,” I assured. Seeing him like this broke my heart because there was no way to stop his excruciating pain. I could only hope he didn’t drink too much, or he’d be this way for hours.

Running to the red room, I quickly laid him on the bed. “You’ll be safe here,” I comforted. It would be too easy if someone wanted to kill him right now. We were fortunate that Anton was stupid enough to leave him alive.

He stared at me, then looked at the door, gesturing for me to leave. “We’ll find her,” I promised before running out of the room, being sure to lock him inside.

Knowing Theo was probably confused and deeply concerned, I stopped in the ballroom.

“What the fuck?” Theo asked quickly, standing on the edge of the stage, anxiety clear on his face. “Tell me you know where she is.”

“Dimitri, you’re in charge,” I gave our friend a pointed look. I could trust him to look after the clans while we hunted Anton and Elora down. We needed Theo. This wasn’t something that could be taken lightly, and every asset we had, we needed. “Ramsey, Clarence, Sebastian, if anyone tries to leave this room, kill them,” I ordered my mind on overdrive. My eyes landed on Zion, his smug grin making my blood boil. He thought he got away with this? “Theo, take the trash out,” I spat.

I didn’t waste any time getting out of the manor. Hearing Zions scream was a melodic symphony to my ears.

My body felt numb, the seriousness of the situation crashing onto my chest like a boulder. I ran as fast as my legs would carry me. I hoped to all the Gods that she was okay; I didn’t know what I’d do if she wasn’t.

I followed her scent for miles, eventually catching up with Felix, and Theo caught up with me. Quin, Eugene, and Duke were ahead of us.

“It’s rogues,” Eugene deadpanned through the mind-link.

The backs of Duke, Eugene, and Quin came into sight, and I slowed, sliding to a stop on the forest brush once I was next to them.

My gaze immediately landed on Elora, and fury raged through me. Tears were streaming down her face as a man—a rouge—pressed her back to his front. His hand was tangled in her hair, pulling it painfully, immobilizing her. A sharp knife was held against her throat.

The rogue was shirtless, in ripped jeans. His hair was long, brown, and in a thousand knots. He’d clearly spent most of his time in his other form.

The white skirt she wore was dirty, and her knees were scraped like she’d been thrown to the ground. She stared at us, her expression terrified. Her breathing was rapid, and her body was shaking horribly.

“Elora, you’ll be okay, Baby. I promise,” Duke said, his voice filled with worry.

The man holding her tightened his grip on her hair, making her whimper. “Stay back, or I’ll kill her,” he warned.

Anton and Gavin were at his side, surrounded by other rogues in their wolf forms. Probably three hundred of them were waiting for their leader, the man holding Elora, to give orders.

This was where Gavin went. He, Zion, and Anton were the ones collaborating with the rogues.

“What do you want?” Felix’s voice boomed as he stared the rogue down. We couldn’t get to her, not with that knife so firmly pressed against her throat. If she wasn’t so easily broken, prying her from his hold would have been effortless. The blade was already digging into her neck, and I was surprised she wasn’t bleeding already.

He slowly looked between the six of us, a demented look of success on his face. "I want you to feel the pain that we have. You've slaughtered my brothers for thousands of years and have never known loss. That ends today," he threatened.

He wasn't bargaining, nor was he asking for anything. "*We need to get her away from him,*" I stressed. His only goal was to kill her in front of us.

"*We can't get close enough. The second we make a move, he'll cut her throat,*" Theo responded.

"*He knows we'll kill him the second we can. Bargain with him,*" Eugene thought.

Felix put his hands up in surrender. "I understand," he said calmly. "Perhaps we can come to an agreement," he started.

"There's nothing you leeches could offer me that would bring more satisfaction than this," he looked down at Elora, his lip turning up into a snarl.

"Duke..." she cried out, flinching away from him.

"Quiet!" The beast yelled at her, making her cry harder. I was going to slaughter him.

Felix looked around the area, probably making a note of the rogues slowly surrounding us. He gestured to Gavin and Anton. "What's in it for them?" He asked. They were just as much vampires as the rest of us; the rogues should have hated them the same.

The rogue glanced at the two. "We promised them safety once we overthrow you," he explained. "We needed a way to get to you... or to *her*, I should say."

Cowards.

Felix took a hesitant step forward, quickly stopping as the rogue pressed the knife far enough into her skin to draw blood. "You know that if you kill her, none of you live," Felix explained slowly. "You have seen what we can do; you said it yourself," Felix reasoned. "Kill her, and you and all your little friends die. *Or* let her go, and I'll let you live," he bargained.

“And let you get away with the murder you’ve committed?” The man scoffed. “Assuming you’re telling the truth, you walk away happy!” He yelled. He was feral in anger, his mind clouded with revenge.

“I’ll give you my crown.” Felix offered, and we all gave him a look of surprise. “If you let her live, you’ll never hear from my clan or me ever again,” he tried.

“*Felix...*” Quin exclaimed.

“*I can’t lose her, no matter what it costs us.*”

The rogue looked down at Elora again as if contemplating the offer. He slowly looked up at all of us, a dark look behind his eyes. “You’re lying. You’d come after us eventually. You *can’t* lose, you don’t think I know that? Even if you mean it now, you’ll come after us in the future,” he responded.

No, we were killing him the second he loosened his grip on Elora.

Felix turned, looking back at us. A look of sadness crossed his features, making me knot my eyebrows together. The look was replaced with a hard, sincere one as he looked at the rogue again.

“Spare her life; let her leave with Duke, who doesn’t want the crown and will *never* come after you. If you let the two of them go, you can kill the rest of us—”

“Felix—” Elora gasped but quickly stopped talking as the rogue pulled her closer to him.

If Elora got to live, I’d let them kill me without a second thought. Her life was mine, and I couldn’t live without her. Years ago, when Elora was young, we’d all agreed that if anything were to happen, Elora would go with Duke. He’d always keep her safe—that was what he’d always done. I’d forgotten about that conversation until now.

The rogues didn’t know that Lucifer was still alive, either. Not only would she leave with Duke, but she’d also have Lucifer watching over her.

I didn't have to look at my friends to know they all agreed. If they loved her as much as I did, and they did, they'd rather have her live too.

The rogue's face relaxed as he stared at each of us, as realization dawned on him. It looked like Felix found something he wanted after all.

"Please," Duke's voice was soft as he pleaded. He reached his arm out towards Elora. "If you give her to me now, we'll leave," he assured.

Theo gave her a small smile, silently telling her everything would be okay. She sniffled, trying to push the beast's hand away from her throat. "You don't have to do this," she pleaded, with sadness in her voice.

My jaw flexed as I gritted my teeth in anger. She wasn't pleading for her life anymore; she was begging for ours. The sun was setting, making her beautiful face glow in the golden sunlight. She'd be okay. She'd have Duke and Lucifer to look after her. She'd live a long and happy life, and that was all I'd ever wanted for her.

The rogue blinked at Felix. "You all really do love her, don't you?" He asked. "You're willing to die... for her," he said slowly.

"A million times over," Quin answered.

He looked at all of us again before his gaze landed on Duke. "You can have her," he whispered.

It happened so fast that I barely saw it.

The rogue pushed Elora roughly into Duke's arms, and he caught her stumbling body. I stared at her, hoping and praying that my eyes were playing tricks on me. When I smelt the blood, I knew.

She slowly lifted her head, and I saw the deep gash in her neck. Her crimson blood spilled out of her neck, staining her skin and shirt.

I couldn't move. The rogue actually did it.

Elora slowly looked down, seeing her own blood. She probably didn't feel it initially, with adrenaline overpowering her senses. She slowly reached her hand up and touched the blood. She stared at it for a second before looking up at Duke. "I don't want this on me," she said softly.

Duke shook his head in denial, looking down at the gash on her neck. "No... no, no, please no," he mumbled to himself. He fell to his knees with her in his arms.

"Now you'll understand what it's like to lose everything," the rogue announced.

Felix shook in a fury I'd never witnessed before. His eyes turned bright red in anger as he shot daggers at the beast. Felix ran at him in a rage, tearing his head off easily.

Screaming, and hell broke loose all around us. Rogues ran at us; Eugene, Quin, and Theo were tearing them apart, vengeance on their minds.

"Dimitri!" Quin shouted at the top of his lungs.

I was still unable to move. My eyes stayed locked on the growing pool of blood around my world's body. Was this a dream? She couldn't be dying, not like this. We would have never let this happen; this couldn't be real.

"Dane!" Duke screamed at me, snapping me out of my thoughts. Tears ran down his face as he cradled her body in his arms. "Help her," he pleaded.

My hands were shaking as I kneeled next to her. The cut was deep, and she was losing too much blood. Her eyes were slowly shutting, fading fast.

Swallowing the lump in my throat, I recalled everything I knew about human anatomy. "Put pressure on her neck," I instructed. Duke quickly covered her neck with his hands, soaking them in her blood.

I couldn't save her. I was a doctor, I knew I couldn't. She'd already lost too much blood. Not even stitches could heal that big of a wound. Even if I ran, she'd be dead by the time I could get her to the hospital.

“Elora, look at me,” my voice trembled as I looked down at the love of my life. “Baby,” I said louder, and her beautiful blue eyes met mine. “You’re going to be okay,” I lied.

She opened her mouth to talk but coughed and choked on blood. “L–Lucifer?” She questioned.

I tried my best to give her a small smile. “He’s perfectly fine,” I assured her.

She looked relieved, her eyes starting to close again. I grabbed her hand. “I love you, Elora. We love you *so much*.”

Her heart slowed, and I started doing chest compressions. The only thing this would do was keep her heart beating; I knew that. I couldn’t let her go.

Duke looked between Elora and me. “Baby?” He looked between her eyes. “Elora,” he said again but got no response from her. “Please, please don’t go. I need you. Don’t leave me,” he pleaded, his body trembling as he sobbed.

I kept doing the compressions, in denial myself. Around us, a war had started. More rogues appeared, and the clans joined in on the fight. Blood was spilled all over the forest floor, but I only cared about hers.

Quin fell onto his knees by her head, looking down at her in horror. “Can you save her?” He asked me.

I could only glance at him before looking back down. I was trying.

He glared down at her. “Goddamnit, Dane! Why are you acting like she’s dying? You can save her, can’t you?” He screamed at me.

My eyebrows knitted together, watching her head fall limply to the side. Her eyes softly open, void of all life.

Take me instead. Anything but this. Anyone but her.

Duke grabbed her face. “Baby.” He paused for a few seconds before he looked at me. “Her heart isn’t beating,” he cried.

Her heart hadn't been beating for a few minutes... And yet here I was, pushing on her chest, hoping for a miracle.

Theo ran over to us. He stood at her feet, looking down at her. He covered his mouth with a fist as he stared at her. "She's not—she can't be." He shook his head quickly, "She'll be okay, won't she?" He asked, an innocent gleam of hope in his eyes.

Eugene threw himself over my shoulders, pulling me away from her. I panicked, pushing him away. If I stopped, she'd die. Eugene grabbed my shoulders and pulled me again. "Dane..." he said slowly.

Tears poured out of my eyes as I looked down at her lifeless body. "She's not dead!" I told him. She couldn't be. "She isn't dead," I repeated to myself in a whisper.

Eugene squeezed my shoulders. "She's been dead for five minutes. You have to stop," his voice cracked, and I could tell how hard he was trying to keep himself together.

The world moved in slow motion around us. Felix had tears on his face as he slaughtered rogues. He was long gone, deep in an endless fit of rage. Even with a dozen rogues around him, he tore through them like a knife to paper.

Theo was standing over Gavin's body, his head detached from his shoulders, held together by his spine and a few pieces of skin.

The clans weren't doing good. Rogues outnumbered us thirty to one. They'd been planning this, growing their numbers for years.

I heard a twig snap and looked over at Lucifer. His eyes had deep dark circles around them as he stared at Elora. He slowly looked ahead onto the mess of vampires and rogues. "Anton!" He called, his voice gruff as he yelled.

My eyes followed Lucifer as he stalked up to Anton, fury in his bright red eyes.

Anton backed away from him. "I—I had to. They promised me safety. Please—"

Lucifer grabbed him by the throat, slamming him against a large tree. “That was a nice trick you pulled,” he complimented darkly. “My turn.”

Lucifer suddenly slammed his fist into Anton’s chest, squeezing his heart. “Let me into your mind, Anton,” he whispered.

Anton was screaming in agony. “Just kill me!” he begged. Anton had survived all these years by laying low and being a coward. Now that he had made a move, it backfired on him. He couldn’t even own up to his choices.

Lucifer chuckled humorlessly. “Kill you? And give you the easy way out?” He narrowed his eyes at him. “Your fate will be worse than death; I’ll make sure of that,” he promised.

Anton suddenly stopped struggling, a void look on his face as he stared at Lucifer.

Lucifer pulled his hand out of Anton’s chest. “Good,” Lucifer nodded. He stepped forward, glaring at Anton. “As your punishment, you’ll spend an eternity pinned to this tree. I want to remember that *you* are responsible for the death of an innocent human,” he said, his voice low and dripping with venom.

Lucifer took a step back, and I watched as tree roots started growing from the ground. Anton couldn’t move, trapped by Lucifer’s mind control. The roots pierced Anton’s legs and arms, restraining him. His blood stained the bark as he screamed in agony.

Lucifer smirked, watching. More roots appeared, snaking up Anton’s legs and plunging themselves into Anton’s eyes, nose, ears, and mouth. The urge to look away from the gruesome scene was strong, but I wanted to watch him suffer.

Lucifer made Anton use his own gift against himself, pinning his body against a tree, roots mutilating his body. Blind, mute, and unable to escape the cruel punishment, he slowly became part of the tree, doomed to live forever in Lucifer’s cage.

Turning away, I looked down at Elora. This couldn't be it. Her life had barely started. She didn't deserve this. She was supposed to live a long, happy life, having everything she wanted and more.

We never found a way to extend her life. It'd never been done; we'd looked in every possible place. Females could not be vampires. Human blood and our blood were completely different. It was a disease we carried, forever healing and keeping us alive.

Our blood. A slight feeling of hope washed over me as an idea came to mind.

Duke had his forehead pressed against hers, sobbing, cradling her body. "Duke, back away," I instructed.

He glared up at me. "No."

I sat up straighter. "Back off. I have an idea," I ordered.

He narrowed his eyes at me. "She's *dead*, Dane. We can't save her; she's already gone."

"She's not getting any more alive, is she?" I deadpanned, the words burning as they left my lips. "I have to try," I finished.

He gently put her shoulders down, moving away from her as he stared at me. "What are you doing?" He asked.

"I'm going to try to infect her," I admitted. "If I empty her human blood and replace it with ours, there's a chance it could heal her wound enough for me to bring her back," I thought, my mind finally starting to work again. "Theo, run to the house and grab the box under my bathroom sink." It had the medical tools I needed to do the transfer.

"How are you going to drain her blood?" He asked.

I glanced at Quin. "She still has poison in her blood," I started.

Quin pushed his eyebrows together, looking down at her. "You want me to drink her blood? She's dead, that's horrible," he shook his head.

Now he suddenly stopped craving her blood? I sent him a cold glare. “It’s the fastest way to get her blood out of her body. The faster we can replace it, the higher our chance of this actually working,” I rushed out.

Quin stared down at her, clenching his jaw as he held back tears. “Are you sure this will work?”

“Not even a little bit. I’m sure it won’t, but I’ll never forgive myself if I don’t try.”

Quin gave me an apprehensive glance before nodding. “I’m sorry,” he whispered to her before he grabbed her wrist and started drinking.

Surveying the area, I tried to spot Felix in the mess of people. His blood was the strongest of us all; it needed to be his.

Our clans were losing horribly. The rogues had a strong upper hand. With my clan distracted by Elora, they were at a disadvantage.

Hearing the sound of running coming fast, I turned to the north. I tensed, seeing a new wave of werewolves, at least two dozen of them. They stopped at the forest’s edge, observing the vampires and rogues fight.

This could very well be the end of vampires. We were distracted and outnumbered.

A tan wolf, one that I recognized as Alpha Jason, stepped through the trees. He was much bigger than the others and was clearly the pack’s leader.

His eyes fell on Elora’s dead body, and his ears lowered, a painful whine in his chest. For a second, he had somewhat human characteristics, and I could tell he looked sad.

He looked on either side of him at his pack before he growled. I tensed as he and the other wolves with him ran straight into the fight. My lips parted in shock as they started attacking the rogues, helping us.

I let out a breath, spotting Felix running this way. “I heard your plan,” he said, kneeling next to her body. He ran his

thumb along her cheek. “Use my blood,” he offered.

“Good idea...” I mumbled.

Theo ran back, dropping the box next to me. Quin pulled away from her wrist, clutching his stomach in pain. The Silphium side effects were already taking over. I grabbed his hand. “Thank you,” I said genuinely, knowing the massive amount of pain he would be in for the next few hours.

I stuck the needle into her arm, finding a collapsed vein. Please work...

With the other end, I started to draw blood from Felix, setting it up to flow directly into her body.

We all sat quietly, watching her. This wouldn't work... she was a human, and his blood wouldn't survive in her body. I was insane and in denial; she was dead, and I was playing Frankenstein.

Lucifer stood over us, looking down at her.

“Can you hear anything? Anything at all?” Duke asked him.

Lucifer shook his head slowly, guilt and sadness in his eyes.

This wasn't working...

Elora

I felt strange...

A few years ago, I had headaches frequently. I wouldn't accept that they were caused by stress, so I begged Dane to take me to the doctor—just in case I was detrimentally ill, of course.

The doctor put me in an MRI machine and injected me with contrast for more accurate results.

All I remember was being unable to move, how hot my body felt, and how loud it was.

I didn't know how, but I was certain I was in an MRI machine. My body felt like it was burning. No matter how much I tried to move, I simply couldn't. There was a strange, loud white noise all around me.

Although I hadn't the slightest idea of how I'd gotten here, I was never opposed to a reassuring medical visit. Unlike many, I actually liked going in for medical visits. I loved being told there was nothing wrong with me; the assurance eased my mind—at least for a few months until I inevitably got another strange symptom.

Regardless, I'd lay here until the MRI was complete. I was worried as to why I was being tested, though. Had I fallen and gotten a head injury? Did I get a brain bleed from that injury? Was I dying?

No... I wasn't dying. I could practically hear Quin's voice in my mind assuring me that I was fine. We'd had the same conversations a million times. I knew there was a minimal chance that a simple symptom would lead to death, but my brain seemed to fast-track to the worst-case scenario.

I was fine.

The doctor would probably give me a popsicle or a juice box when the MRI finished... I was looking forward to that.

The Beginning



Duke

*I*t'd been an hour since Dane replaced her blood with Felix's. She was still cold and lifeless.

Her warmth, her love, her life, everything that made this body, *Elora*, was gone. I didn't want to admit it at first, I still didn't. But she was gone. I didn't know what to do. For the first time in my life, I was lost.

How could I live without seeing her smile? How was I supposed to go on without hearing her adorable giggle? I would never hear her voice again or touch her warm skin. I couldn't live without her.

I would not live without her.

I cared for my friends too much to ask any of them to kill me. They'd try to talk me out of it. I'd never been more sure about anything; I couldn't be here without her.

More tears fell down my face and onto her arm as I stared at her. We'd all lost hope by now; it'd been too long. The chances of the blood transfusion working were slim, if any. None of us could make the call, though.

Her death was sudden and painful; she didn't even have time to say anything but Lucifer's name. Even on her deathbed, she only cared about the people she loved.

Her ability to care for people was always a trait that I admired about her. She loved so deeply—she once told me her 'love language' was *all of them*. *Elora* cared about others in a way that I would never understand. She was the sweetest soul I'd ever met. Even when someone wronged her, she never had a bad thing to say about them. She was *my* baby... and now she was gone.

"Duke," Eugene touched my hand that cradled her head. Her upper body was in my lap; her blood stained my skin and

hands red.

Looking up at Eugene, I saw fresh tears on his cheeks. His eyes held a dullness that I'd never seen before and never wanted to see again. In our thousands of years, none of us had known true sadness until now.

He gently pulled my hand away from her. "It's time to let go," he whispered.

The IV was still in her arm. I followed the tube up to Felix. He looked pale, and his face was completely void. No sadness, no emotion at all as he looked at her.

It could still work.

My arm wrapped back around her ribs, pulling her closer to me. "It'll work. She just needs a few more minutes." I quickly nodded, trying to convince myself. She'd wake up any minute now, and Dane would rush her to the hospital. He'd fix and bring her back home like nothing had ever happened.

A few minutes passed by as we waited in silence. It quieted as the clans and Jason's pack worked together to kill the rogues. I didn't bother to look up, but I knew the clans were a few yards away, watching the tragedy. Jason and his pack left after the last rogue was slaughtered.

Dane removed the IV from hers and Felix's arms. I pushed my eyebrows together, confused by his actions. What was he doing?

He looked up, making eye contact with each of us. "I'm sorry, I can't save her," he admitted, his voice cracking with emotion.

Quin let out an annoyed breath, finally regaining his strength from the paralysis the poison in her blood put him in. "Bullshit, she's not dead," he denied. He started using his hands to push the blood off her chest. "Get this shit off her, she doesn't like blood. And get her off the ground, she can't be in the dirt—"

"Quin, please stop," Theo's lip wobbled. He quickly covered his eyes with his hands, his shoulders shaking as he finally lost it.

“He’s right; we should take her home,” Eugene said, glancing over his shoulder at the clans.

“Dane, her neck,” Felix blurted suddenly.

My gaze fell to the deep gash in her neck, the same one I’d been staring at for the past hour and a half. My eyes widened in hope, watching the corners of the wound slowly start to close, mending itself. “Dane?!” I questioned.

He said the blood would get her heart beating long enough so he could stitch her up. What was this? She was healing, like we did when we got injured, only much slower.

“I—I don’t know...” Dane breathed, leaning over her and touching her face. “Elora?” He said hopefully.

Please...

“I still can’t hear anything,” Lucifer whispered, dropping to his knees by her head.

“Her neck is healing itself,” Eugene mumbled. “Felix, your blood is working—”

“We don’t know that. Her body could heal, but she might not wake up, don’t get your hopes up,” Dane said quickly.

His blood could be forcing her body to mend itself, but there was no guarantee that it would bring her back to us. My hopes were already up. If we had any chance of getting her back, this was it. If this didn’t work—there was no second option.

Theo was sat by her legs, his knees to his chest and his chin resting on them. He watched her with wide eyes, tears still streaming down his face.

“I knew you weren’t dead,” Quin said as he stared down at her, “I knew she wasn’t dead.”

Come on, Baby. Wake up. Blue eyes or red eyes, I don’t care, just open them.

Her neck fully healed, not even leaving a scar. It looked perfectly normal like nothing had ever happened. I picked up her hand, studying her palm. The scar from when she’d cut her

hand on the knife was also gone. Felix's blood was healing her.

Her veins showed through her skin, contrasting blue against her pale undertones. I could see Felix's blood moving through her body, different areas of her face and arms showing more or fewer veins every few minutes.

"Elora?" Eugene called.

"Still nothing," Lucifer reported.

It was quiet enough to hear a pin drop as we waited for something to happen. Minutes passed by before I heard it. The sound I had grown to love, and from this day on, would always be my favorite sound.

A single beat of her heart. It was weak and quiet but filled my whole body with warmth and joy.

Theo shot up quickly, standing over us all. "Yes!" He shouted, his laughter mixed with tears. He ran his hands through his hair, relief washing over him.

Then her heart beat again.

Dane and I made eye contact, and I couldn't help but smile. She was going to be okay...

"I-it worked?" Felix scoffed in disbelief, placing his hand over his mouth. It was the first time I'd heard the king stutter.

"Hell yeah it did!" Theo yelled again, too excited for his own good.

"I don't know what *it* is yet. I could have just Frankensteined her," Dane shrugged, still studying her closely.

Elora opened her eyes, sucking in a huge breath. Her eyes had small blue veins around them, and her irises shined a beautiful silver. Not red or her baby blue eyes. Silver.

Relief and pure joy took over my every emotion as I immediately pulled her into my chest, hugging her tightly. "Elora, I'm so sorry, Baby," I cried tears of happiness into her shoulder. I'd never let anyone hurt her again.

She took shaky breaths, her arms tightly wrapping around my neck. “I told them you’d come,” she whispered.

“We’ll always come for you,” Quin said softly, pulling her away from me and into his arms.

Theo snorted a laugh and shot him a glare. Not the time...

Elora pulled away from Quin, looking down at herself. She widened her eyes and cringed in disgust. “Ick. Ick ick ick—”

“I know, Baby,” Felix dismissed, pulling her into his lap, and kissed her lips. “You scared the hell out of me,” he said between kisses.

She pushed her eyebrows together. “Why?” She asked. “Who’s blood is this?” She cringed again, remembering the blood on her chest.

I pushed my eyebrows together in thought. I’d never died before—not permanently. Maybe she didn’t remember dying? If she didn’t, I was beyond relieved. Her death was gruesome and painful... her lack of remembering saved me from having to compel her to forget. Nothing could have stopped me from erasing that memory from her mind—I wished I could forget it myself.

“Do we tell her?” Eugene asked through the mind-link.

Elora gave him a sharp look. “Tell me what?” She asked, shocking us all.

How did she hear that? It wasn’t possible for her to be in our mind-link; only vampires in the same clan could access it.

Elora’s gaze landed on Lucifer, and she practically jumped into his arms. “Are you okay? I’m so sorry, I shouldn’t have—”

“Let me back into your mind, Baby,” he stopped her, caressing her face.

She knitted her eyebrows. “How come you got kicked out? What happened?” She looked around at everyone again. “Who’s blood is this?” She repeated.

“When you died, I lost access to your mind,” Lucifer started. “Allow me back in. Your mind is... much nicer than

mine,” he whispered.

Elora seemed confused, but she smiled at him, and I could tell from the relaxed look he gave her that she'd allowed him back in. “I couldn't have died, though. I must have just passed out?”

“Elora, you've been dead for an hour and a half.” Dane deadpanned.

She pushed her eyebrows together, looking around at the clans and dead rogues surrounding the area. “No...? I was hugging Duke, then...” she blinked. “Then...”

Dane grabbed her hand. “Come here, let me look at you,” he pulled her close to him, looking at her silver eyes. “Do you feel any different?” He asked.

She shrugged. “I'm confused. Did I really die?” She asked.

He nodded. “I didn't think I'd be able to save you,” he admitted.

“How did you?” She asked.

“He replaced your blood with mine,” Felix answered.

She instantly started itching her arm. “That sounds really unsanitary.”

A chuckle rumbled through my chest, and my clan mates were quick to join. That was my Elora.

Elora was silent for several minutes as the rest of my clan hugged her, with looks of relief on all their faces.

She pulled away from Theo and looked down at herself again. “Oh my God, I actually died...” she realized, her heart beginning to pound. “What the fuck!” She yelled, her eyes starting to glow brighter.

“You better get your girl,” Ramsey chuckled nervously.

“Baby—” I started.

Her eyes landed on Gavin's body, and she started stomping over to it, a rage like I'd never seen before in her eyes. “You!

You little... ugh! What is wrong with you? You can't just ambush someone like that!" She ranted.

"Should we stop her from yelling at a corpse?" Eugene asked in a hushed voice.

"No... this is probably better than therapy. She did just die after all," Theo shrugged, watching her with his arms crossed.

Still, I didn't like her being so upset. I knew there wasn't anything I could do to help her; she just needed to *feel*. If yelling at Gavin's dead body helped, so be it.

"How are you going to be so ugly *and* mean?! Pick one!" She pointed a finger down at him. "Oh, I wish you were alive so I could yell at you!" She kicked him.

As her foot made contact with his body, a flash of silver ran through his body. Her eyes were insanely bright, almost white, which scared me a bit.

Gavin groaned in pain. I blinked once, very slowly. I'd been on this planet for longer than I cared to admit. My ears and eyes had never failed me... but I had to reassess what I thought I saw and heard. His body shifted as he started to stand. *That... wasn't possible. He was dead, wasn't he?*

Elora quickly rushed to stand by Quin. "I didn't actually mean it..." she mumbled, clinging to his arm. Her eyes slowly started getting back to the silver color.

Every single one of us in the area stared at Gavin, wondering how it was possible that he was alive.

"Nope, because I already killed this motherfucker." Theo pressed his lips together in denial and shook his head.

"What's going on?" Gavin spun around quickly, looking at everyone.

"And I ripped out his tongue..." Theo shook his head harder. "Nope, I don't like it. His head grew back!"

Felix turned to Elora. "Baby, come here."

She slowly walked over to him, like she thought she was in trouble. She definitely wasn't, but she just resurrected a

vampire by accident.

Felix pointed to Gavin. “Do you realize what you just did?” He asked in disbelief.

She looked at Gavin. “Are you sure he was like dead dead, or just vampire dead?” She looked up at him.

“He was in hell, Princess,” Theo answered.

Felix grabbed her shoulders. “Elora... you have a gift,” he smiled at her. “You healed and brought him back from the dead.”

She raised her eyebrows in shock. “I didn’t mean to, I promise,” she defended. “I wouldn’t have saved him. I wish he was still dead,” she assured. As the words left her lips, that same silver light traveled from her body to the ground where she stood, straight to Gavin. The light traveled into his body, and he dropped dead.

Holy shit.

The clans all stepped back from her, mumbling their words of shock.

Elora gasped, looking back up at Felix.

Theo nervously chuckled. “That’s terrifying. Have I mentioned that I love you? Please don’t accidentally kill me,” he joked.

“Lucifer, your gift sucks compared to this. She can kill people and bring them back at will,” Eugene teased through the mind-link.

Elora looked at Eugene, and I remembered she now had access to our mind-link. That was going to take some getting used to. I didn’t mind, though; I liked it.

Lucifer smirked proudly at Elora. *“Way cooler than mine.”*

“Princess.” A vampire walked up to Elora with his head down. “My friend was killed by one of the rogues,” he started. “I’d like my clan mates back if you can.” He pleaded.

I finally looked around at the piles of dead bodies. Our clans had taken tremendous losses today. *“Baby, if you’re not*

comfortable doing this, you don't have to," I communicated through the mind-link. The power was new to her. She was dead ten minutes ago; she probably wanted to go home and shower.

"I can try," she said nervously, twiddling her hands together.

The vampire led her and Felix to a dead body. She crouched down next to it, biting her lip. I leaned forward, watching her closely. She gently touched the vampire's hand, and her eyes shone bright again. The silver light traveled from her hand to his, and he opened his eyes.

The clans all cheered for her, grateful for her gift and the lives she would save. They all started bringing over their dead clan mates, and she happily brought each of them back to life.

Felix couldn't have been more right. She was the light we needed in every possible way.

Elora wasn't going anywhere, and with her new gift, no one would ever dare try to hurt her again. She had the respect of our clans, and they'd support her endlessly. This was the beginning of our reign with Elora as our Queen. The beginning of our forever together.

Happily Ever After



One month later

Elora

“*H*ear me out,” Theo started, following me down the hall to my room. “You could go to this high school thing with kids you don’t even like *or*,” he grabbed my hand, spinning me around to face him. He pulled his t-shirt off in record time, revealing his drool-worthy abs. “You could stay home, and we could get freaky,” he wiggled his eyebrows.

Giggling at his attempts to convince me not to go, I rolled my eyes. He’d been trying for ten minutes, and I had to admit, this was his most tempting offer thus far.

Wrapping my arms around his body, I peered up at him. “Theo, I’ve been planning this dance for months, and it’s finally happening. What if something goes wrong? I can’t trust anyone else to know what to do. Plus, I was nominated for homecoming queen. I have to go,” I explained before breaking away from him and walking to my room to change.

He groaned behind me. “Nothing will go wrong because *you’re* the one who planned it!” He chuckled. “You do realize that you’re a *real* princess, right? Not a pretend high school queen,” he called.

Sending him a look over my shoulder, I laughed. “You remind me every day.” Well, he reminded *everyone* daily, not just me.

Standing in my shower, I started to get ready for the dance. This was the last high school event I’d be attending. Thanks to my magnificent mind, I was graduating early and wouldn’t be going to prom. That was perfectly okay with me, though. It just meant I could start college sooner and work towards my goal of becoming an anesthesiologist.

Quin and Theo thought I was insane when I told them I wanted to continue school, even if I didn't end up actually working as an anesthesiologist. They didn't understand that just because I was living forever didn't mean I still didn't have goals I wanted to complete in a timely manner.

After I died and Dane brought me back, they were all confused about what I had become. At first, I was too. Since then, Dane had been doing blood tests almost daily, seeing how my blood cells compared to human and vampire blood. He was trying to understand what happened that night, seeing as it had never been done before.

I wasn't a vampire but was made immortal with Felix's royal blood. Dane said I would never age, and when I was hurt, I healed like they did, only much slower. I was not strong or fast, I didn't have super hearing or smell, and thank the heavens, I didn't crave blood. I slept, ate, and breathed just like I always had. I could even pop my joints. Unfortunately, I still got my period every month; I likely always would because I stopped aging at nineteen.

By far, the best thing about my immortality was that I was automatically joined to their mind-link they'd always had. I'd never liked that they were able to talk to each other, and I wouldn't know what they were saying. Now, I was an official member of their clan.

I did wish Theo would stop calling it the *kink-link*, though.

Another massive upside was that I had the ability to bring people back from the dead, heal them, and take their lives if I needed to. Obviously, I didn't want to hurt anyone. Still, if I was ever in a situation where I needed saving, I could save myself. Dane had me practice on a beetle one day because although I'd be bringing it back to life, I couldn't bring myself to hurt a bunny.

We couldn't confirm it, and Dane disagreed with me, but I think I got the gifts of death and resurrection because I died myself and was brought back to life. It made the most sense and was ironic in a way. Who knew why I got the gift? I was just glad I got to brag to Quin about it. He was definitely

jealous that I could take out an entire field of people in the blink of an eye if I wanted to.

A few days ago, Dane was acting strange, like he felt guilty about something. When I approached him about his abnormal behavior, I got a response I'd never expected.

Dane sat across from me at the dining room table. I was doing schoolwork, and he was typing on his laptop. For the past few days, he'd been oddly quiet. I kept catching him looking at me, then quickly looking away like he was now over his laptop screen.

I'd been waiting for him to snap out of his funk, thinking maybe he wasn't entirely over what had happened yet. All my guys needed extra loving after I died; they weren't themselves for weeks after that day. Of course, I understood and assured them that I was perfectly fine. They got extremely clingy, which I obviously loved.

If I were in their positions and had to watch any of them die in my arms, I would have acted the same way. That day was traumatic, and I didn't blame them for worrying about me.

But that wasn't how Dane was behaving, and I didn't like him acting this way.

Deciding to finally approach him, I pushed my homework aside and walked over to him. He noticed my destination and moved his chair back so I could sit on his lap.

My legs were on either side of his thighs, and my arms wrapped around the back of his neck. I tilted my head to the side in inquiry. "What's wrong?" I prompted.

Dane looked taken aback as if he thought I hadn't noticed his change in behavior. "Nothings wrong," he denied. I knew he wasn't being honest, but I kept staring at him instead of pushing, knowing he'd give in. Dane wasn't a liar and knew he couldn't keep a secret, especially from me. I might have had oblivious tendencies, but I noticed the small things.

He breathed, and his hands massaged the small of my back. "I got curious and did something without asking you first," he admitted.

Not understanding, I knitted my brows in question. Nothing had changed in my life or theirs since I came back to life. What could he have possibly done that I wouldn't have noticed already? "What do you mean?" I asked.

Dane's eyes wandered my face a few times as he tried to find the words to say. "You know how I've been running your blood tests in the labs at work," he began.

I nodded.

"Two days ago, I passed by a machine, and without even thinking to ask you—or if you even wanted to know—I ran your blood through a DNA test," he confessed. "Elora, I'm sorry I didn't ask and waited to tell you. I really don't know what came over me when I did it, but that's not an excuse. I understand if you're angry with me," he apologized.

I... didn't know how to feel about that. I looked into Dane's eyes, finding nothing but guilt and sincerity. He didn't need to feel bad about this; everyone got curious. The identity of my parents had never mattered to me. It still didn't. I'd never questioned my childhood; I was just glad to be here with my guys, no matter how I may have gotten here.

Sending him a smile, I hoped to reassure him. "Dane, I'm not mad at you." His shoulders relaxed. "I do wish you would have asked before making a decision like that. I also don't like that you thought you had to keep this from me," I gave him a pointed look, gently scolding him.

He ran his hands up the back of my shirt and rubbed my bare back comfortingly. "I know, Angel. I was worried about how you'd react," he claimed.

Fidgeting with my hands, I let my mind wander. "Well... did you figure out who my parents are?" I asked lightheartedly, my own curiosity showing.

He nodded.

"Do I want to know?" I questioned. If they were terrible people, I'd rather not know about them. Ignorance is bliss.

He tilted his head to the side, giving me a gentle smile. "Your mother's name is Elenor. She got pregnant at fourteen.

She was kicked out after her parents found out about the pregnancy and was living in shelters. I'm assuming she couldn't afford or support a child at the time. There was no DNA match for your father," he answered.

Fourteen? She must have been so scared and alone. It made me sad for her, and I understood why she left me now. I bet she thought one of the shelters would have taken me in, and I would be placed in foster care, where a capable family would raise me properly.

"How is she now?" I asked, hoping her life got better, just like mine did.

"She owns a small floral arrangement business in Maryland with her wife. Happy and healthy," he assured, clearly prepared for any questions I might think of.

That brought a smile to my face. I was happy for Elenor. Good, she deserved a happy ending after her unfortunate childhood. I hoped she knew I was okay; I'd hate for her to feel guilty all these years later.

An idea took over my thoughts as I peered at Dane. "Do you have her address?"

He nodded. "I can arrange a meeting if that's what you want." I loved that he was so supportive, but I didn't think that would be productive for Elenor or myself. We were both content and happy in the lives we'd created for ourselves.

"That's not what I want," I assured with a shake of my head. I placed a small kiss against his round lips, and he smiled into it. I hopped off him. "I want to write her a letter, though, letting her know that everything turned out okay. If I were her, abandoning a four-year-old would weigh heavy on the heart, you know?" I explained.

Dane smiled. "I think that's a great idea, Angel. I'll send you her address."

That night, I sat at my desk for an hour, trying to find the words to express my thoughts. It wasn't an easy task because I knew this letter would shock her. After fifteen years, I doubted

she would expect to hear anything about me ever again, nonetheless receiving a letter from me.

As soon as I started writing, the pen moved naturally across the paper. I somehow knew exactly what I wanted her to know.

Eleanor,

I hope this letter finds you well. I know reading this might be strange for you, but I want to thank you. If it weren't for you, I wouldn't have the amazing life that I do. I want you to know that I'm happy, healthy, and very much so loved. I've never thought ill of you or resented you in any way.

I know that you were very young and you needed help. I know the decision you made was difficult, but I think it was incredibly brave. From the bottom of my heart, thank you for doing what was best for both of us.

Thanks for the good looks,

Elena Carmine

Holding the paper in my hands, I read it repeatedly, wanting to be sure I got my point across. I was careful not to add too much emotion because, at the end of the day, I didn't have or want a connection with her. This was strictly to bring her peace of mind if she had any regrets or guilt. I wanted it to be lighthearted yet sincere.

Feeling someone's eyes on me, I turned to see Felix in my doorway, leaning against the frame. His arms were crossed across his broad chest, a small smile on his lips.

"Why are you lingering? Come here," I giggled.

He uncrossed his arms and slowly walked over to me. "I know this is important to you. I didn't want to disturb you, Baby," he explained. He ran his hand through my hair, gesturing to the letter in my hands. "May I?" He asked cautiously, as if telling me I wouldn't hurt his feelings if I told him no.

I nodded, handing him the paper. I needed someone to proofread it anyway.

His eyes moved across the page, reading each word as if to memorize the contents of it. Their minds worked differently than human minds; they could process information quickly. I knew he only needed a few seconds for his eyes to read the short letter.

He placed the paper back on my desk with care. "What do you think?" I asked, uncertainty evident in my tone.

There was a pause as he ran his hand through my hair again. The action was much softer than Felix usually was with me. "I think it's perfect," he whispered. His eyes held a tenderness that I didn't get to see often. "I wish I could see the world through your eyes like Lucifer gets to. You somehow find the good in the worst of situations. Your ability to forgive those who are undeserving is admirable, Baby. When she reads that, I'm sure she'll find comfort in it."

Trying not to get emotional at his compliment, I smiled through the happy tears. I leaned my head on his big hand, gazing up at him lovingly. "I love you."

He grinned down at me. "I love you more." He gestured to the door. "Eugene wants to go out for ice cream. We can drop it off at the post office on the way?"

That sounded wonderful. I stuffed the letter into the already made-out envelope and sealed it. Grabbing his hand, I followed him out of my bedroom.

It was a good day, and I was very grateful that Dane decided to do the DNA test. Although it was never something I wanted to be answered, I found comfort in knowing where I came from and why my mother left me. It was closure; now, I'd never be curious or ask questions.

"Have you decided on a dress yet, Love?" Eugene asked, stepping into my bathroom.

"I have a few that I like but haven't decided," I responded. I had so many pretty dresses that I didn't get to wear often; it was difficult to choose.

"Would you like me to choose for you?" He peeked his head into the shower, grinning down at me. His eyes flashed bright red as he slowly looked my body over.

Heaven help me. Stay strong, Elora. Don't fall for their seductions, or you'll never get to the dance. I thought to myself.

I turned the shower off, grabbed a towel quickly, and gave him a scolding look. "You can try," I smiled sweetly at him. Chances were, whatever he picked, I'd change my mind ten times before deciding on a dress.

Eugene pulled my damp body against his. "Theo couldn't convince you to stay?" He kissed me behind my ear. I shivered, relaxing into him as he trailed his tongue down my neck.

Gently shaking my head, I pulled away from him with every last ounce of willpower I had left. "No, and neither can you," I pointed a finger at him. "Go pick me out a dress," I grinned, not falling for his evil schemes.

Eugene put his hand over his heart, playing offended. "I'd never," he smirked.

“Go, Eugene,” I said firmly, but my smile gave me away.

He chuckled as he walked into my closet. I fixed my hair and put on light makeup, not wanting to look powdery under the multicolored lights at the dance.

Eugene walked around the corner with two dresses in his hand. “I like these three,” he grinned at me.

He held a white bodycon dress with long sleeves and a green silk one. “You’re only holding two dresses,” I observed.

“The third option is you stay home with us, completely naked.”

“I’ll take the white one,” I giggled, grabbing the dress and walking past him.

He groaned. “I spent ten minutes thinking of that line—”

“I’ve spent four months planning this dance.”

He pushed his lips together before his face relaxed into a soft smile. He grabbed my face, pulling me close to him. “And I’m sure it’ll be as beautiful as you are, my Love,” he gently kissed me.



“You look absolutely stunning, Baby,” Duke complimented, grabbing my hand as I reached the bottom of the steps.

“It’s kinda short...” Theo mumbled, his eyes locked on my ass.

“It’s the same length as most other skirts and dresses I wear?” I questioned.

“Yeah, short,” Dane chuckled.

Quin gave me a devilish grin before he reached down and gripped the backs of my thighs. “Mmm, I like it,” he bent down and kissed me.

Theo rolled his eyes. “Yeah, it’s hot, but those shit-ass boys are going to look—”

“Let them look,” Felix said as he walked out of his office with Lucifer behind him. “Because at the end of the night, she’ll be ours to play with,” he smirked at me. “Isn’t that right, Baby?” He cocked an eyebrow at me.

“Uh-huh,” I mumbled as a blush dusted my cheeks.

Dane grabbed my hand, pulling me towards the door. “Ready to go, Angel?”

I nodded, walking out with him.

“Make good decisions, Kitten,” Lucifer muttered softly after us.

That was a warning if I’d ever heard one.



Loud music and dazzling pink lights danced across the high school gym. It was better than I imagined, and I was so proud of myself for putting this event together.

The dance was really fun—thanks to me. Of course, I loved every song that played. Whenever one that Quin picked played, I caught myself missing him and my guys more than I usually did.

Although this was fun, and I was having a good time, dances like these weren’t my scene. Gross, sweaty, and germ-covered teenagers jumping around and acting crazy made me anxious. There was someone bumping into me every few seconds, which was why I decided to rest at the back of the gym for a breather.

The principal stood on the stage with two crowns in hand. “It’s time to announce the prom queen and king!” He grinned.

The crowd cheered, and a few of my peers gave me excited looks. I’d never been competitive, but I was up against

Willow. To say that I wanted to *crush her like a bug* was an understatement.

The principal held a piece of paper, dramatically reading the contents. “Your homecoming king is... Daniel!” He revealed, and everyone cheered.

Not wanting to seem rude, I politely clapped.

“And your homecoming queen is...” I looked up at the man wide-eyed, hoping he’d say my name. “Willow!”

Oh.

The room was quiet except for a few claps. A few students gave me a confused look, and I bit my lip.

You know what? She should have her moment. Things like this meant a lot to narcissistic people; if she won, I had no reason to be bitter. I smiled, clapping for Willow as she stood beside Daniel onstage with her fake crown. A fake-ass crown for a fake-ass queen.

The students followed my lead and clapped for the homecoming royalty. I hope they married each other; I really did.

Willow started giving a speech about how humbling it was to be elected queen and a bunch of other phony crap.

A large presence behind me appeared, sending shivers down my spine. Even Lucifer, who was always lingering in my mind, seemed tense. The tiny piece of him I could feel got more intense as he got on alert.

“Who’s dick did she have to suck to win this time?”

All my worries faded away, and Lucifer shrunk back. I smiled hugely, turning around to look up at Jason, clad in jeans and a button-up. He looked more rugged than he used to, but it suited him. “Jason!” I wrapped my arms around his middle, genuinely relieved to see him. “I thought I’d never see you again.” I pulled away and looked up at him. “How have you been? Last time I saw you, you had a tail!” I giggled.

He chuckled. “Hey, the tail is a total babe magnet,” he defended.

I cocked an eyebrow. “Oh definitely. Nothing attracts women more than peeing on them to mark your territory,” I joked.

Loud music started playing again, and I walked with Jason out into the hall. “What are you doing here? Aren’t you busy with all your werewolf stuff?”

He gave me a pointed look. “Last time I saw you, you were dead, Smalls. I didn’t know you were alive until a week ago, so I had to come see you myself.”

He saw me? I pushed my eyebrows together. “You were there?” I asked.

He nodded. “We got wind of rogues heading to Washington, and I had a hunch they’d come for your *seven vampire boyfriends*,” he grinned down at me. “Handcuffs in the shower—”

I flicked his arm and averted my eyes. “Are you ever going to let me live that down?”

“Never.” He tilted his head. “Anyways, I had a feeling something bad would happen, so I went against everyone’s judgment and took a few of my pack mates down. And that’s when I saw you,” he looked into my eyes.

“I’m sorry you had to see that. I know it wasn’t a pretty sight,” I blushed. Jeez, dying was embarrassing.

He narrowed his eyes at me. “What happened? How are you alive? What’s with your eyes? Come on, Smalls, spill the tea,” he urged.

After I laughed at his interrogation, I explained everything to him. He listened like a little kid being told a story, getting excited when I told him about my gifts. I hadn’t thought about it much, but I was fortunate to have a friend like Jason. He was just always *there* without a second thought. He would live as long as I was, so he was quite literally my best friend for life.

He kept checking the time, and I knew he had ‘alpha’ things to do. I touched his arm. “Come visit me, okay?” I smiled at him.

“I’m actually meeting with Felix next week,” He informed with a smug grin.

I widened my eyes in surprise. “Um, why?” I asked. I blinked, “Wait—you planned a meeting with Felix? I didn’t even know you were civil with them. Isn’t there the whole vampires and werewolves being natural enemies thing?” I rambled.

Well, I hoped it was going to be a civil meeting. My guys would wreck him in any fight, and I didn’t want that to happen.

He chuckled. “Well, let’s just say a certain King and a certain Alpha are joining forces to eradicate rogues after a certain human girl was killed,” he gave me a pointed look.

My lips parted in shock. “Really?” I wondered. “Wow, all I had to do was die, and the rivalry between vampires and werewolves ends?” I joked.

“You should have died a long time ago,” he laughed. He ran his hand through his hair, “Hey, Smalls?”

“Yes, Tails?”

His eyes swelled with emotion for a moment before he grinned at me. “Thanks for not dying,” he said softly.

My heart warmed, and I grabbed his hand. “Drive me home?” I asked. The dance was a success, but now I was exhausted.

He nodded his head once before leading me out to his jeep. I got in and buckled up. “I don’t understand something,” I started, and he glanced at me as he drove. “If all the other werewolves advised you not to come help, why did you?”

At that point, he was still a brand new alpha proving himself to his new followers. Why would he risk their trust by coming to help the royal vampire clan?

Jason tensed, his eyes wandering the road. “When I first shifted, everything in me told me you weren’t safe. I knew the vampire standing behind you had bad intentions,” he explained. There was a thick pause, and I caught him glancing

at me. “Elora, you were there for me when I didn’t have anyone else. You’re my best friend, and I’ll *always* come to save your clueless ass—”

“Hey!” I laughed. “I’m not clueless.”

“Are you kidding me? There’s not a single thought in that airhead of yours,” he jabbed, and we both laughed.

I had my moments; I’d give him that. “Listen, you have a tail and probably fleas, so I don’t want to hear it,” I held a hand up to him for emphasis.

“How old are your *seven* boyfriends again?”

“They’re not my boyfriends, they’re my soul mates,” I corrected. He made that sound so bad.

He wiggled his fingers. “Ooo,” he snickered.

“They are! Some Greek vampire who can see people’s auras told us,” I explained.

Jason slowly turned to me, pushing his eyebrows together. “And you’re giving me shit for having a tail? Do you hear what you just said?”

He had a point... With a shrug, I stuck my tongue out at him, giving him an amused smirk before we both broke out in laughter. My life was so strange, but I wouldn’t change a thing.

We pulled up to my house in no time. Jason parked in the driveway, and his gaze immediately shifted toward the manor. His eyes looked sad for a split second, like he heard or saw something I didn’t. I was about to ask when he turned to me with a small smile. “See you around, Smalls.”

“You will. And next time I see you, I’ll have a big chew toy so we can play fetch.” I giggled.

He rolled his eyes. “Will the werewolf jokes ever end?”

Stepping out of his jeep, I smugly shook my head. “Maybe in a few hundred years when I run out,” I winked. This was going to be too much fun!

He briefly looked down at the passenger seat before smiling back at me. "I look forward to it."

Obnoxiously waving bye to him, I stepped into the house. "I'm home!" I called, knowing that they had already heard me.

After getting no response, I wandered the first floor. The kitchen, living room, and dining room were empty. "Where is everyone?" I asked, hoping someone would respond. I knew they were home. "Hello?" I called.

"In the ballroom, Baby," Felix answered through the mind-link.

I scrunched my eyebrows, wondering what they were doing in there. We hadn't used that room since the gathering.

My feet started walking on their own accord, my nerves flaring up for some reason. I had a suspicion they were up to something. The fact that Lucifer was so quiet in my mind was strange and didn't help my speculation.

What were they up to...

Pushing the heavy door open, my heart immediately warmed at the sight of all my guys dressed extra handsomely.

Felix and Duke were wearing suits, ironed and fitted to perfection. Eugene wore black slacks and a gray turtleneck with the sleeves rolled up to his elbows. Quin wore dark jeans and a black button-up with the first few buttons undone, revealing his muscular chest. Lucifer wore an all-black fitted suit; even the shirt underneath was black. Dane's suit was blue, with a pink handkerchief in the pocket. Theo was in jeans, a white button-up with the front completely open, displaying his toned torso.

They stood in a line in the middle of the room, about a foot away from one another. I smiled nervously. "What's going on?" I giggled as I started walking to them.

Eugene extended his hand to me, and I grabbed it, looking up at him with wide, confused eyes. "Do you remember when I asked if you wanted something more permanent than a bracelet, Love?" He questioned with a smile.

Slowly nodding, I glanced at the green and blue bracelet tied around his wrist. I looked down the line at the rest of my guys, all looking at me with adoration. I narrowed my eyes at the little black boxes in each of their hands. My eyes rounded as they darted to Eugene's free hand that held the same black box.

My eyes welled with tears as realization dawned on me. *They were proposing...* Marriage wasn't something I'd ever given much thought to. I just assumed we'd always be together regardless of rings or fancy paperwork. But they wanted to *marry me?*

Eugene grabbed my face, placing a gentle kiss against my lips before he sunk down on one knee. "What do you say, Love? Let's make it official," he grinned, opening the box. A beautiful pink sapphire ring with a thin silver band sparkled back at me.

Dane knelt next to him and opened his box. The stone was yellow, catching every light in the room. Within the diamond, there were several prisms that I instantly fell in love with. "I've lived thousands of lives, but the only one that was ever worth living is the one with you in it, Elora. Let's have our own happily ever after."

Quin placed his hand on the back of my thigh, kneeling before me. "Let's break the stigma of a wife in the kitchen cooking, shall we? I'd look good in an apron that says 'husband,' don't you think, Doll?" He grinned. I giggled, but the tears wouldn't stop cascading down my cheeks. His ring was beautiful; small light blue sapphires decorated the band, with a Princess cut diamond as the center.

"Elora," Duke said behind me, and I turned to see him on his knee. "Baby, all I've ever wanted was for you to be happy. Finding you all those years ago wasn't a coincidence; it was fate." He opened the box, revealing a dainty gold band with small leaves surrounding a white diamond. "Do me the honor of marrying me, and I promise you a forever of happiness."

Lucifer stepped forward, gently wiping my tears away with his thumb. "You already know how I feel," he whispered,

lowering himself onto his knee. He opened his box, revealing a ruby-red ring with black stones surrounding it.

My shoulders were grabbed, and I was spun around to Theo, who had a massive grin. “I’d like to submit my resume for the position of husband number one,” he said, making me giggle. “I’ll always make you laugh, give you at least an orgasm a day—”

“Theo,” I laughed, shaking my head at him.

He grinned mischievously, kneeling down and opening his box. I widened my eyes at the *massive* diamond ring that was bigger than the pad of my finger. Of course, he bought me the most extravagant ring he could find—it was very on-brand for him, and I loved it. “So when it’s your day of the week to wear my ring, you’ll see how big it is and remember who has the biggest dick,” he said, somehow making the sentence sound wholesome.

All my other guys collectively sighed, sending him a stern look. Oh, I loved him to bits.

“Baby,” Felix started. He was already kneeling when I turned to him, holding a shiny emerald diamond with small vines as the band. “I’m so proud of the woman you’ve become. You’re the love of my life and the only person I want ruling at my side. You *love* so deeply and fiercely that I fear I’ll never be able to match your intensity. If you’d allow me, it would be my greatest life adventure to be your husband,” he kissed my hand. “Be my queen?”

My lip wobbled as I looked between them, kneeling before me. They had my entire heart, and giving them my hand in marriage was the easiest decision I ever made. My heart swelled with a tremendous amount of adoration for each of them. A forever with the men I loved didn’t sound too shabby.

“Obviously, yes!” I laughed, and happy tears poured out of my eyes as they wrapped me in their arms. *Like I’d ever say no...*

I loved that I had seven rings, too, one for each day of the week. Whoever thought of that—obviously Quin—deserved

kudos. My outfits would always have a matching ring!

“Oh! I get to plan and organize a whole wedding!” I beamed, my mind dreaming of extravagant floral arrangements, tables and chairs, hundreds of vampires to fill them, my dress, their suits, the most delicious three-tier cake anyone had ever seen, and most excitingly, my guys at the altar.

After several minutes of them smothering me in hugs and kisses, I raised my eyebrows in question. “Wait, don’t I have to get you rings?” I thought.

Duke smiled. “That’s traditional. You have a lot of time to decide, Baby. I’m sure you’re already planning.”

I nodded excitedly. “Okay, good! I didn’t know if there was a time limit with this sort of thing,” I thought aloud. I knew little about weddings, but I was ready to learn!

“Don’t overthink about it, you could pick a rubber band, and I’d love it,” he winked.

Theo smirked at Lucifer. “And you really only have to pick out six rings because Lucifer already has a ring.”

Confused, I looked at Lucifer, who seemed to be trying not to smile. He had rings that he wore casually, but the sighs everyone let out as Theo spoke hinted at something else.

As realization dawned on me, I covered my mouth with my hands so a giggle wouldn’t escape. I loved Lucifer’s *ring*, especially how it felt when I was the one wearing it.

Lucifer’s gaze shifted to me quickly, a dark look in his eyes. “*Easy, Kitten,*” he warned.

Eugene grabbed my hand. “Come, let’s celebrate, my love,” he smiled charmingly down at me as he led me further into the center of the ballroom.

“Huh?” I questioned.

He swung me around, pulling me flush against his body so we were facing each other. “You’re dressed for a night of dancing... dance with me,” he murmured.

A slight blush crept onto my skin, staining my cheeks pink. The ceiling lights turned off, and the room was dimly lit by dozens of candles I was too distracted to notice before. Gentle harp music started playing through the speakers.

The rest of my guys watched in adoration as Eugene expertly swung and swayed me around the room. In his earlier years, when there were actual balls, he must have been the star of the night. He had always been the most romantic out of all my guys. I wasn't surprised this was how he chose to celebrate our engagement.

There was no better way to end my night than this. Everything was utterly perfect.

Power

Five years later

Elora

“*W*hy can’t I go?” I asked Felix, following him around his room as he packed enough clothes for a two-day trip.

He was traveling to Idaho for the weekend to help Jason with an unfortunate rogue situation. Over the past few years, they’d only had to step in a handful of times. With Jason and his packs helping, they made quick work of things.

“It’s dangerous, Baby,” he narrowed his eyes at me, getting annoyed at my persistence.

“I’m fully capable of looking after myself,” I assured. My abilities had only gotten stronger, not that I ever needed to use them. “Please? I just want to see what it’s like when you go on missions,” I explained. I bit my lip in thought. “I could help, you know,” I added.

Why would they fight when I could wipe out a pack of rogues in the blink of an eye? I didn’t *want* to hurt anyone—let alone kill them. But these rogues were terrible news; they tore through towns and killed innocent people.

Our wedding was five years away. During the next gathering, I’d officially be the queen of vampires. I think it was about time I contributed to their world’s main issue—rouges.

My last sentence made Felix still and whirl around to look down at me. “I don’t want you anywhere near rogues. End of discussion,” he declared in a dark tone.

Yeah, no.

Slightly angry at him for underestimating me, I felt my features twist into a scowl. “No, it’s not,” I shot back in a

similar tone.

He raised his eyebrows, not looking as intimidated as I hoped he would. Instead of looking taken aback by my tone, he seemed amused.

The smug reaction only made my frustration grow. “I want to help. I’m more efficient and stronger than anyone else that will be there.”

“Stronger?” He taunted.

I narrowed my eyes at him, annoyed at myself for using the wrong term. “I’m more *powerful* than anyone else,” I corrected. I smirked, tilting my chin up higher, looking dead into his eyes as I added, “Even *you*.”

Finally, I got the reaction I wanted. His amused expression was replaced with a challenging one. “Think so?” He stepped closer to me, his large body looming over mine.

My confidence wavered momentarily, and I felt small under his intensity. That moment was short as I remembered my goal. “I know so.”

Gently placing his hand on my cheek, he stroked it with his thumb. “Awe, Baby, do you actually think that?” He cocked an eyebrow at me. “You can kill more people faster than I can, yes. But if you think even for a *second* that you stand a chance in an *actual* battle setting, you’re wrong.”

“And why is that?” I pushed a huff of air escaping my lungs as my frustration grew.

“Your senses are weak, you’re slow, oblivious, and crumble under pressure,” he said matter-of-factly. “I love you, Baby, but I won’t be able to keep an eye on you if I allow you to come. Knowing you, you’d see a bird and follow it into the woods where a rogue could ambush you when I’m not watching.” He kissed the top of my head and pulled away from me.

Keeping my mouth shut, I glared at his back. I wasn’t *that* clueless about where I’d put myself in life-threatening danger. I thought hard about his example and got an idea. “That’s the difference between everyone else and me. You need to make

physical contact and beat people to death, kind of like *Neanderthals*,” I insulted with a smile. “Whereas I can end someone’s life from a mile away,” I shot back. His back muscles tensed at my tone, and I began to feel a familiar anger flow through me. “Especially those who will underestimate and *turn their back* to me.”

Felix paused, his big body halting any movements. He shifted his head to the side before slowly turning to me. “Is that a threat, Elora?” He asked darkly. He stepped towards me; all his attention was on my eyes. “I don’t care how bright your eyes glow; you don’t scare me,” he grinned.

My eyes must’ve been shining bright silver. They did that when I felt upset or had too much emotion. My silver eyes were similar to their red ones. Whenever we felt something deeply or got emotional, our eyes shined brighter; theirs bright red and mine silver.

“It’s not a threat, just reminding you who actually has the real power,” I crossed my arms over my chest.

He chuckled. “What are you going to do? Kill me for five seconds, then bring me back. Stand down and lose the attitude before I remind you who’s in charge,” he warned.

“Just as long as you know that I can,” I pushed, wanting to make it clear that I was capable of more than he was. To add insult to injury, I topped my snark off with a shrug.

He took a breath as he narrowed his eyes at me in doubt. “You won’t. You’re not brave enough to—”

Anger and power surged through me as the words left his lips. A blinding flash of light traveled from my feet, through the floor, and into his body. As soon as the light touched his chest, he fell to the ground.

My heart dropped, and my eyes widened in shock. “Oh shit, what did I do...” I mumbled. I didn’t mean to kill him; I really didn’t. He kept undermining my abilities, and I got angry.

He was going to be furious at me when I brought him back... I wasn’t too worried about him actually being dead; I

knew I'd bring him back. I just had to figure out how to get out of the punishment I was bound to get for this.

This had only happened once before, and it was Eugene that I killed. He woke me up as I was having a nightmare, and in my sleepy fear, I accidentally killed him.

Quin ran into Felix's room, immediately looking down at Felix's body, then giving me a stern look. "Elora," he scolded. "Bring him back," he ordered.

"It was an accident!" I defended myself. "He's going to be so mad at me, Quin... what did I do?" I stressed.

"Accident or not, you have to get yourself under control, Doll. You can't just kill anyone that makes you angry," he scolded.

"Felix started it; he was being mean!"

Quin cocked an eyebrow. "He was trying to do what's best for you. None of us want you to go. Bring him back, now," he ordered, leaving no room in his tone for argument.

"Tell me she didn't take out Felix," Theo entered the room, falling into a fit of laughter as his eyes landed on Felix. "No fucking way," he nudged Felix's dead body with his shoe. "Princess, you fucked up," he said, grabbing a Sharpie marker from his back pocket.

I tensed, knowing my punishment would be much worse if I let Theo draw profane things on Felix while he was unconscious. "Theo," I warned.

He put the Sharpie back and sent me a charming smile. "You look so beautiful today; please don't kill me," he wrapped his arms around my shoulders, standing behind me.

My gift freaked Theo out the most. He was terrified of me accidentally killing him. *After this, I would be too.*

Hearing commotion, the rest of my guys entered the room. *Uh oh.*

Eugene chuckled, lifting Felix's hand and dropping it. His heavy arm was limp and thudded onto the ground. "How does

it feel? Not so funny when it happens to you, huh?” He smirked down at Felix.

Lucifer sent me a stern glance, making me avert my eyes. This was so bad.

“Again?” Dane started. “We need to work on this, Angel. You can’t keep having your emotions control you.” Dane had been able to calm me down several times, preventing things like this from happening. I’d had a few close calls with Theo and Felix in the past, as they got on my nerves more than the rest of my guys.

I understood this was really bad and killing people by accident was unacceptable, but sometimes I couldn’t help it. “I know.” My shoulders slumped, realizing that Felix was right. I needed to be able to control myself before I decided to step in and help with rogue situations.

Duke stood at the door, his eyes firmly on me. “The longer you wait, the worse it’ll be. Bring him back, Baby,” he instructed.

“Let me think!” I held my hand up, looking down at Felix’s body. How could I get out of this? If I hadn’t been so cocky earlier, I could have had a chance at getting out of here unscathed. But no, I had to open my mouth and challenge him.

“I won’t ask again,” Quin narrowed his eyes at me, his jaw flexing in an intimidating way.

I shrunk in Theo’s arms. Every second that ticked by was another second I was responsible for killing Felix.

“Three... Two...” Lucifer started the rapid and short countdown. Knowing I was already in severe trouble, I didn’t want him to get to one.

At my hesitation, Quin narrowed his eyes. “*Now*, Elora,” he demanded, reaching to touch my arm.

Just as Quin’s rough hand touched my arm, Lucifer husked out the word ‘one.’

Overwhelmed, panicking, and rushed, I felt another wave of energy flow through me. My hands shook at my sides as

Lucifer and Quin fell to the floor.

My heart pounded, knowing that this might actually be the end of me. This situation would have been bad if it was any three of my other guys, but I had to go and kill the three sadists.

I accidentally killed Felix, Quin, and Lucifer.

Theo let go of my shoulders, looking down at the three bodies with his mouth agape. “Princess...” he breathed out in shock.

Duke, Eugene, and Dane were also staring at the three of them with the same expression. I was fucked, and everyone knew it.

“I panicked,” I whispered, a pitiful explanation.

Dane made an unsure sound from the back of his throat. “Elora, this is unacceptable,” he said softly, trying not to hurt my feelings despite my horrible mistake.

Looking between Felix, Lucifer, and Quin, I nervously chewed my lip. “I know.” I was completely out of control.

Duke blinked at me, his gentle expression bringing the smallest amount of ease. “We’ll work on it, okay?” He gave me a comforting nod. I think he knew now was not the time for scolding; I was already getting punished. It was inevitable.

I was only able to nod as images of past punishments entered my mind

Eugene let out a humorless huff of a laugh. “Quin looked at the clock before he came up here, Love,” he informed. “He’s going to know how long you wait before you bring them back,” he warned.

My body tensed. Killing all three of them was bad enough as it was. Waiting several minutes to return them while I panicked was even worse. They were going to be *livid*.

Power surged through me again as another bright light traveled from my body to each of theirs. Their chests glowed briefly before they shifted their bodies, my gift bringing them back to life.

Nervously fidgeting with my fingers, I watched them sit up. For a moment, their handsome faces twisted into disoriented expressions. Felix glanced around the room, making eye contact with everyone before his gaze landed on me.

His eyes changed from dark to bright red as his body shifted to stand. Confirming my thoughts, his expression was upset and *eager*. I was in big trouble, and there was no denying it now.

Going against my panic, guilt, and nervousness, I did something that even I was shocked by. *I giggled*. My hand was quick to cover my mouth as I *ran*. Bolting past Duke out the door, I sprinted as fast as possible, not wanting to face Felix's wrath.

I had no idea what sick humor came over me. When I saw his face, I realized I was entirely right. I told him I was more powerful than him and accidentally proved it... three times.

There was also the absolute acceptance in me of what was to come. Whenever I'd been punished in the past, I tried to delay it or get myself out of it. Not this time, though. In my defense, it was kind of funny, in a way, how deeply in trouble I was. I guess I thought it was funny because it couldn't get much worse.

Unfortunately, I didn't get far, halting as Quin came out of nowhere, stopping before me. My eyes rounded, turning to go to my room, but Lucifer was to my left. As a last-ditch effort, I turned again, locking eyes with Felix.

The three of them had me cornered in the hall. "Where do you think you're going, Baby?" Felix smirked, but there was little to no humor in his tone.

There was no escaping, but it might be fun to try and sweet-talk them. After all, how much worse would slight teasing make the punishment? I folded my hands behind my back and tried not to look nervous. "Oh, exercise is really good for you. I was just going to go on a run," I grinned.

Felix approached me, and I didn't dare move. My heart was hammering in my chest as he stalked toward me. "You want to

exercise?” He repeated. “After we’re finished with you, you’ll have all your exercise done for a month,” his voice was low and promising.

I widened my eyes. *Oh shit...*

Before I could interject, I was thrown over his shoulder. He walked fast, knowing our exact destination. Lucifer and Quin followed behind us, their eyes locked on me as tents grew in their pants.

Eyeing the large bulges, I began to think that a punishment might not be so bad after all. Arousal flooded through me, betraying the part of me that was incredibly nervous about the punishment.

Felix’s hand was on my thigh, slowly sliding up closer to my pussy. The skirt and thin thong I wore gave him easy access. I opened my mouth to talk them out of punishing me again, but I didn’t get the chance.

Instead, a moan came out as Felix plunged a finger inside me. Quin smirked, watching my dazed expression as Felix fingered me. His finger was soaked in seconds, and my cum was spread around my pussy from the roughness and speed he moved his wrist at.

The button-up he wore was bunched in my fists. I whimpered, trying to keep that smugness I had a few seconds ago. I immediately gave into his touch as my body relaxed, only focusing on the way his finger curled inside me.

I’d been punished a few times; punishment was always more intense than our regular—still intense, sex. The beginning was always excellent, full of pleasure and orgasms. Then it quickly turned into overstimulation, sending me deep into subspace, and I always experienced sub drop. I did my best to prepare myself for the sub drop, but it was easier said than done. Now that I was almost done with medical school, I understood why it happened. I just wish I was able to control it.

They’d never been bothered by my behavior after an intense scene; if anything, they got annoyed that I apologized

so much. They never admitted it, but I think they liked having to take care of me. I loved it because I loved the attention. Although sometimes it took me a few hours to break out of subspace, I loved aftercare.

Duke had never been involved in any punishment since the very first one. He stayed away during punishments but always came to cuddle me when we were done. One day that would probably change, but for now, neither of us could handle that. We learned quickly that *during* a punishment, everything was fine, but *afterward*, emotions crashed, and everything became too much to handle.

At first, I thought it was because I was subconsciously more attached to him. It made sense because I was more attached to him during my childhood. After giving it more thought, I realized why the two of us couldn't handle punishment while I could with my other guys.

In the simplest terms, we loved each other differently. I didn't love Duke the same way I loved the others. Just like I didn't love Eugene the same way that I loved Theo. I loved them all endlessly and equally, just *differently*.

It was beautiful to love seven completely different men and have them love me in return. It was the most natural thing in the world to me, effortless and all-consuming.

They each gave me everything I could have ever wanted and more, but they had different ways of showing their love. Eugene was romantic, Theo made me laugh, Duke was caring, Quin was understanding, Dane was gentle and helpful, Felix was passionate, and Lucifer loved through his actions rather than words.

We passed by Duke, Eugene, Theo, and Dane. They had amused grins plastered on their lips, watching me squirm in Felix's arms. My courage was gone, replaced with an intense need to let them fuck me raw.

"Careful what you wish for," Lucifer threatened. His eyes were bright red, *angry*, and hungry. Angry *at* me and hungry *for* me; a deadly combination. This was the first time I'd done something this bad, and they wouldn't go easy on me.

We turned the corner to enter Lucifer's room, and my heart skipped a beat, the seriousness of what they were about to do to me settling in. As my final last-ditch effort to save myself, I locked eyes with Duke. "D—" Before I could call out his name, he was already shaking his head at me.

He didn't move from where he stood outside Lucifer's door. Crossed arms matched his look of *satisfaction* as he watched me get finger fucked while Felix carried me to my doom.

Obviously, he knew that I was going to ask him to save me, and he happily denied me with one simple shake of his head. "You deserve what you're about to get, Baby," he rasped with a chill in his voice.

The authority in his tone made my head perk up in shock. My mouth fell open in disbelief that he was so willing to let them punish me. He usually saved me—without me having to ask! He usually grabbed me, sat me on his lap, and wrapped his arms around me protectively when Quin threatened to punish me.

Slightly offended that he was happy about this, I narrowed my eyes at the vampire. I stuck my tongue out at him, not in the pointed, childish way. Oh no, what I did was much more deadly. I opened my mouth, sticking my tongue out in the way that I had hundreds of times when he spilled his cum down my throat. An invitation, if you will.

Duke pushed his head back, his eyebrows dropping lower, taken back at my response. Theo and Eugene shared a look of shock at my boldness. Theo looked at the expression on Duke's face before he turned to me with a smug grin.

Their reactions gave me back the sliver of confidence that was being slowly fucked out of me by Felix's finger. I smirked. "Look at you, acting tough," I giggled. "Mad?" I asked, grinning like crazy. "Do something about it," I challenged.

Duke's fist clenched, his jaw flexed before we turned a corner, and he was out of sight. I was being carried down the creepy hallway of death into the Butcher Shop.

Felix added two more fingers without warning, and I screamed out. My pussy clenched around his big fingers as pleasure filled my lower torso. “Do you understand why you’re being punished?” Felix asked lowly.

“I knocked you on your asses—” I gasped, sucking in a long breath of air as he twisted the three fingers inside me as he moved them. I instantly regretted my sass, hearing the door to the Butcher Shop close behind us.

Felix pulled his fingers out of me, yanking me back over his shoulder and tossing me onto the bed with black silk sheets. I quickly sat up, propping myself up with my arms behind my back as I watched the three swarm around the bed.

I shrank as they took their positions. Felix was on the left side of the bed, Lucifer on the right, and Quin was standing at the foot of the bed. My gaze shifted between their vacant expressions, waiting for one of them to pounce at me.

They just stood there, watching me, as if they were waiting for something. I was way too nervous to say anything, knowing I’d dug myself a massive hole already.

Quin tilted his head to the side. “Why so quiet, Doll? What happened to all that shit you were talking a moment ago?” He challenged.

Crimson stained my cheeks, and my heart pounded against my ribs, wishing I could take back the snarky comments. It was fun at the time, but now as three intimidating bodies loomed over my small one, I definitely didn’t think it was funny anymore.

Quin leaned down until his face was dangerously close to mine. My breath hitched as I felt his cool breath against my lips. “If one more bratty sentence leaves these lips,” he firmly grabbed my cheeks, smooshing my lips together. “We’ll take turns fucking your little throat so raw that you won’t be able to speak for a week.” He kept his grip on my face, showing the promise in his threat. “Understand?”

My head moved up and down, nodding as best as I could with his hand like steel against me. My chest rose and fell

rapidly as I breathed, my cleavage catching his attention as it spilled out the top of my shirt.

Quin released my cheeks, his hands moving lower where they gripped the top of my shirt and ripped it and my bra down the middle. I whimpered at the force of the action, shrinking back as he tore the fabric off of me.

Cold air bit my hot skin, making my nipples stand at attention and goosebumps scatter across my body.

Quin smirked, watching my body react to the sudden coldness. His hand was surprisingly gentle as it cupped my breast, softly caressing the swell of it. I flinched back when his finger and thumb pinched my sensitive nipple. "Cold or hot?" He asked.

Not understanding his question and unable to think with this hand on my breast, I chose the more appealing of the two options. "Cold." Lucifer liked to drip hot wax on me, which felt good, but the less they did to me, the better off I was.

Felix seemed eager in an evil way as he walked out of sight to a part of the room with a mini fridge and a few snacks. It was also where Lucifer kept wax, a few of his ropes, and miscellaneous things they hadn't shown or used on me.

Quin gave my breast a rough smack, sending a high-pitched slapping sound across the quiet room. He stepped back, making room for me to stand at the foot of the bed in front of him. "Take your skirt and panties off," he ordered.

I didn't waste any time arguing with him. Standing beside him, his large frame dwarfed mine as I nervously fumbled over my feet while pulling my skirt and underwear down my legs. Once I was fully undressed and pink with embarrassment, I looked back up at him, ready for my next orders.

His red eyes all over my skin made me shiver, but I refrained from covering myself; that never ended well. "Good girl," he cooed, running his fingers through my loose hair, being unusually tame for the predicament I was in.

A noise behind me captured my attention, and I turned to see Lucifer with a long black rope in his hands. He tied it around the top of the bed frame into a fancy knot. *Oh goodness...*

A sharp yank on my hair made me look back up at Quin. His jaw was clenched as he tangled his hand in my hair. “Eyes on me.” My hair was knotted in his fist as he pulled me closer to him.

Blinking up at his handsome (yet scary) face, I nodded in compliance.

He let go of my hair before his hands traveled down my torso, dipping between my thighs. His fingertips barely brushed against my clit, and I stumbled a step closer to him, craving more.

He chuckled. “Do you think you deserve to be touched, Doll?”

No, not at all.

I gently shook my head. “No... but that’s never stopped you before,” I said quietly, not wanting my honesty to be mistaken for sass.

Quin cocked an eyebrow down at me, dipping his hand lower and running his finger along my slit. I was dripping down my thighs for them, eager and ready to be filled. Gathering the slickness onto his fingers, he lifted them to my mouth. “Open,” he rasped.

My lips parted, and he stuck his middle and index fingers into my mouth. My lips wrapped around his fingers, and I sucked my juices off them, not looking away from him as I did.

His lip twitched up in approval. “You’re such a dirty little girl.” He shoved his fingers further into my mouth, following my tongue until his fingers touched the back of my throat. He smirked as he pushed down on the very back of my tongue, and I fought the urge to gag. My mouth filled with saliva as he pumped his two fingers in and out of my mouth.

My hands twitched at my sides, wanting to reach out and touch him. My pussy was dripping wet—literally running down my bare legs. His fingers pumping into my mouth mimicked a dick, and I wanted the real thing.

He hummed in delight as my eyes filled with tears.

Felix stepped into sight from around the corner, carrying a champagne bucket. He looked me up and down, his eyes roaming my body as he chuckled humorlessly. “Already crying, Baby?” He teased. “We haven’t even started yet, and you’re already drooling and soaking for us—how cute.”

Quin pulled his fingers out of my mouth, and I caught my breath. Felix set the bucket with the unknown contents on the table beside the bed. Lucifer finished making what was undoubtedly my death trap and stood in front of me with the other two.

Lucifer was still glaring at me as he started undoing the black belt that kept his jeans up. “Bend over the bed and spread your fucking legs,” he ordered, venom laced in each word.

Lucifer had always been in control of everything and everyone around him. His gift protected him that way. Even with those who hadn’t allowed him into their mind, he could always anticipate their next move. He must’ve been upset that he couldn’t take control of my mind to stop me before I knocked him out.

Not wanting to further upset him or my other two guys, I turned around, keeping my legs straight as I pressed my cheek onto the cool silk. No matter how many hundreds of times they’d seen *every* naked part of me, I still got shy.

My heart pounded in my chest as I stood bent over the bed, giving them a perfect view of my ass and pussy. A loud slap made me flinch, and I recognized the sound of Lucifer’s belt. I widened my eyes, remembering the one other time he slapped me with that same leather belt. My ass was sore for a whole week, even with my ability to heal.

The urge to beg for forgiveness started forming in my mind. I could picture myself on my knees in front of them. I would plead innocence because, at the end of the day, it *was* an accident.

All thoughts of pleading were swiftly erased from my thoughts as Lucifer hit my ass with the belt. “Don’t try it,” he warned in an icy tone, hearing my plans to beg for forgiveness.

My fists wrapped themselves around the bedsheets as I winced. My lips pressed tightly together, stopping any whimpers or moans from escaping. I didn’t want to give them the satisfaction.

Stupid hot evil dreamy scary he devils.

Lucifer chuckled; there was genuine amusement in the deep sound. In *any* other circumstance, I would leap with joy from hearing a rare laugh from him. “You know you’re playing my favorite game, Kitten,” he declared.

Out of all his *games*, forcing a moan out of me when I tried to keep quiet was always one of his favorites. Still, I kept my lips sealed as he struck me with the belt again. The stinging pain rippled through my body, slowly turning to pleasure.

A large cold hand soothed the burning red skin on my ass as he gently stroked it. “Does it hurt?” Quin asked with a mischievous hint in his voice.

Looking over my shoulder at him, I gave him the best doe eyes I could muster. “Uh-huh. I’m really sorry—ouch!” I shrieked as he slapped my sore ass, shaking his head at me.

“You’re sorry?” He repeated. “What are you sorry for, Doll?” He asked while crouching next to me.

My eyes roamed his face, wondering what angle he was playing. I’d take whatever chance I could to make this easier on myself. “Killing you... and everything after that.”

Quin smirked, glancing behind me at the other two. “Awe, she’s sorry,” he taunted.

“You can say you’re sorry all you want,” Felix dismissed. “You’re going to show us just how sorry you are with that hot

little body,” he rasped. I tensed, feeling his hand snake around my throat as he pulled me back to my feet. My back was pressed against his front, his hand around my neck, tilting my head back to look up at his stern face.

Tilting his head down at me, he innocently lifted his brows. “What’s your word?”

“Vanilla.” The word rolled off my tongue easily.

Without warning, he shoved me forward, and my body crashed onto the bed. I didn’t get a chance to collect myself before Lucifer captured my wrists, tangling them in rope.

Lucifer moved faster than my eyes could fathom, tying my wrists together and pulling another end of the rope that was connected to the top of the bed frame over our heads.

As Lucifer worked to put me in a compromising position, I watched Quin and Felix as they started undressing. My mouth watered at the sight of the veins on their dicks.

Yummy.

Lucifer wrapped the soft rope around my breasts, thighs, and torso. We were both on our knees as he worked to tie me up, and I happily let him do whatever he wanted. After a few minutes, his hands stopped moving, and he grinned at me, admiring his intricate work.

My arms were tied up high above my head, restrained so I couldn’t move them. My thighs were spread wide open, with rope tied around each of them. My calves were tucked under my thighs, and Lucifer tied them to my thighs. The rope was wrapped around my breasts, squeezing and restraining them.

Quin’s eyes roamed around the labyrinth of knots that entangled me. He looked at the few strings of rope that were wrapped around the top of the bed and tied to my body. Slowly, a mischievous realization dawned on him. “You’ve outdone yourself this time, Lucifer,” he complimented.

Felix smirked, the same satisfaction in his features. My eyes fell on his dick as he walked over to the side of the bed. It stood stiff and proud against his torso. For a split second, I

forgot that I was being punished. The three of them fucking me thoughtless was starting to sound like a reward.

He stood beside the bed, looking up and down the ropes and my body. “You look so pretty, Baby,” he husked.

The gentleness in his tone made me relax, but I was well aware that they were being *suspiciously nice*. I’d played this game with them before and knew this was the calm before the storm. Their kindness was a massive warning, and they’d never been *this* nice before they punished me. I narrowed my eyes at him, catching onto his plans. “Uh-huh.” Stay strong, Elora.

With a knowing grin, he reached out and pinched my nipple. I tried to flinch away from the harsh touch, but with ropes tied to the top of the bed to support me, I didn’t get far.

I gasped at the sensation. My nipples were extra sensitive due to the lack of circulation. Lucifer grabbed my other breast, massaging it as he ran his thumb over my nipple. It was almost torture as they toyed with me while I squirmed.

Quin climbed onto the bed, kneeling in front of me; his large frame was nearly double the width of mine. He held his hand out to Lucifer but didn’t look away from me. “Let’s test your creation, shall we?”

Lucifer handed him two ropes, and I felt my body shift. Cautiously watching Lucifer, my nerves grew. “Test it?” I questioned. It clearly worked—I was suspended, completely at their will, and no part of my body had turned purple and fallen off.

Lucifer slapped my breast, and I whimpered. My arousal ran down my thighs as I grew more impatient for them to touch me.

Quin’s’ biceps flexed as he pulled the ropes, and my body lifted higher into the air. You’d think I weighed nothing with the ease he moved with—but it was just his vampire strength.

Lucifer smirked. “You’re going to be our little fuck puppet,” he whispered.

They didn't give me enough time to process what that meant before they all started moving at once. Quin laid on the bed under me, and Felix disappeared behind me. Quin used the rope to puppeteer my body, forcing me lower until the tip of his dick was against my pussy.

I shivered as he loosened his grip on the rope, slowly lowering me down and burying himself inside me. My eyes rounded as he pulled and released the rope a few times, making me bounce on his dick. "O-oh!" I cried out in pleasure.

Quin smirked. "Ah, ah, ah, you're being punished, Doll. I don't want to hear a single moan from you. For the next few hours, you're our fuckdoll, only here for us to use you. Understand?"

With a nod, I pressed my lips together. So *this* was the punishment. They got to fuck my brains out and use me to their heart's desire. I was a selfish person, but his words sent another wave of arousal onto his dick. I loved the thought of them using me to get off.

Something cold and slick touched my ass. It was lube, and I prepared myself for the rough fucking my ass was about to take. Felix had never been gentle; none of the men in this room were.

Quin began using my body to fuck himself again. I pressed my lips together, trying not to moan. Instead of feeling Felix's dick against my ass, something *freezing* cold pressed against me, making me flinch and gasp.

Lucifer smirked, and I saw Felix hand him a long ice cube that was rounded on each end. My jaw practically unhinged as Felix pushed the freezing ice into my ass. My back straightened in surprise as I whimpered. Lucifer tilted his head to the side, watching me as he pressed his ice to the sensitive skin on my neck.

I moaned, my mind in scrambles at the different sensations. Quin was fucking into me roughly—which was enough to make me a mess by itself. Lucifer traced the melting ice slowly from my neck, across my chest, to my breasts, where he slowly

circled it, closing in on my nipple. Felix pumped the ice into my ass, making freezing water drip down my thighs and adding pressure to Quin's thrusts.

Lucifer finally pressed the ice against my nipple, making me cry out in torment and pleasure. "Awe, look how easily her dumb little Kitten brain shatters," he taunted.

Felix chuckled as he placed his dick against my ass, slowly pushing himself into me. I thought he was done with the ice torture, but I was very wrong. He added the ice again, pushing it into me with each of his own thrusts.

"Daddy," I begged.

Felix and Quin began thrusting in unison, making my eyes roll back in ecstasy. Quin was still in control of the rope and my body, using me as he promised.

Felix balled his hand into my hair, gathering it in a ponytail. "Let Daddy have his fun, Baby," he dismissed. His lips attacked my neck, kissing, biting, and sucking on the cold spot that Lucifer teased with the ice.

Lucifer trailed the ice down my torso, slowly approaching the area I hoped he'd forgotten about. I was panting, fighting an orgasm that they were literally forcing out of me. My thighs tensed when he reached his destination, pressing the ice against my pussy, and swirling the ice around my clit.

All three of them moved in sync as if they had pre-arranged plans. Quin handled the up-and-down movement, fucking me onto them at an impossible speed, while Felix grabbed my hips and moved me in a back-and-forth motion. Lucifer put more pressure on my clit, pushing me over the edge. I came in a matter of seconds, moans escaping my lips.

I watched Lucifer as he lifted the ice to his mouth and bit the end off of it. Ice that thick would have hurt a regular person, maybe even broken a few teeth, but he was perfectly fine—obviously.

Felix pulled his lips away from my neck, which I was sure he'd marked with love bites. A low moan rumbled from his chest. "You feel so good, Baby," he rasped. They didn't slow

down to let me recover. I could tell my eyes were shining bright silver again—not because I was going to kill anyone, but because of the pleasure.

Lucifer grabbed my face and turned me to him, instantly plunging his freezing cold tongue into my mouth. I moaned into his mouth, feeling the ice inside his mouth as our tongues danced together in a desperate kiss. He bit my lip, drawing a drop of blood that he quickly licked away before it healed.

He broke away, holding the ice between his lips as he sucked on my nipple. A new set of pleading moans spilled from my mouth, filling the room. Keeping quiet was impossible, and I was glad it wasn't being regulated by any of them.

Quin moaned. "Are you close again, Doll? I can feel you clenching around me," he smirked.

"Yes!" I almost screamed. My thighs shook, and I wished I could close them for a second.

Lucifer shook his head. "You're not even close to done, Kitten," he informed. He pulled away from me, and I watched in a trance as he lifted his shirt over his head, then removed his pants. His dick sprung up and slapped him in the stomach. My mouth started watering, knowing there was only one other available hole for him to fill.

Shaking his head at me, he chuckled. "Don't worry your pretty little head about which of your holes I'm going to use." His hand touched my thigh, undoing one of the ropes that restrained it.

Wondering what he was doing, I narrowed my eyes at him. Quin and Felix slowed their movements, watching him as well. Lucifer gave my inner thigh a quick slap before he straightened my leg, placing it over his shoulder where he stood beside me. My leg was stretched to the maximum. I was lucky they'd bent me in crazy positions before, or I wouldn't be flexible enough for... what was this?

Quin seemed surprised for a split second before he looked up at me. "If Duke ever—"

“He won’t,” Lucifer cut him off but kept staring at me. “Because that door is closed, and no one in this room will tell him,” he gave me a look that I couldn’t read.

“What?” I blinked a few times, trying to get out of the haze quickly clouding my ability to think.

Lucifer wore a mischievous gleam as he spoke. “There are a few things that Duke requested that we never do to you,” he said casually. “This is number one on that list,” he said as he grabbed his dick.

I didn’t move as he stepped closer, standing just at the edge of the bed. He placed his dick at my entrance, right next to Quin.

For the first time since losing my virginity, I was genuinely nervous and unsure of what they wanted to do to me. There was no way... it wouldn’t fit, it would hurt, and Duke didn’t want me doing it. I couldn’t lie to him. “I... I don’t know about this,” I hesitated.

Lucifer’s eyes locked with mine. “*I do. I know that, just like everything else, you’ll end up liking it. Duke doesn’t make the rules for your body, does he?*” He asked in my mind.

No... but I still cared about what he thought. I adored that Duke was protective over me in a way that the rest weren’t. He still tried to preserve my innocence and was always gentle with me. But he wasn’t here, and Lucifer promised he wouldn’t know. I’d try anything (within reason) once. “Don’t tell Duke,” I whispered, nodding at him to continue.

Lucifer held my thigh while he slowly pushed his dick into me. I winced, squeezing the ropes by my hands. I felt stretched entirely and full with all three of them inside me. My pussy was aching yet soaking and throbbing with a greedy desire.

Felix kissed the back of my neck. “Relax, Baby. The worst is over,” he comforted. “Look down. Look how pretty you look with us inside you,” he ordered.

Tears rolled down my cheeks as I looked down. I widened my eyes, seeing the three of them buried inside me. *That’s gonna hurt in the morning...*

Felix started moving again, fucking my ass hard, deep, and slow. I moaned, looking down at Quin, silently telling him I wanted him to move too. I'd never been able to cum from anal alone.

Quin waited a few more seconds before he began thrusting upwards, forgetting about the rope, probably not wanting to hurt me now that Lucifer had joined. The tenderness from being stretched was still new, and I winced. I was able to heal very quickly, but it would probably hurt for a few more minutes.

I'd always liked the combination of pleasure and pain; it heightened everything. I loved when the painful sting, burn, or cold turned into intense pleasure.

Lucifer began moving, pushing into me as Quin pulled out, making their slow thrusts feel much faster. Quin held the side of my face. "Are you okay, Doll?" He asked.

"I'm okay."

He looked relieved as his hand moved to my neck. "Wrong answer," he warned before he squeezed the sides of my throat.

Deep, uncontrollable moans left my lips in a whisper, and my head fell back as they fucked into me. Quin's hand was tight on my throat, and I felt my head start to turn pink. My body felt like it was floating—completely happy and smothered in pleasure. I loved this, but I could feel them holding back—not that they were being gentle by any means. I knew they could be rougher, but they probably thought I would tap out. "Harder," I instructed, unsure if I was talking about their thrusts or Quin's' choking.

There was a lull in their movements; the only one who I could see was Lucifer. His expression became challenging, and before I knew it, I was screaming.

I regretted my words instantly. The three grabbed me, Felix with his hand tangled in my hair, Quin squeezing my neck, and Lucifer pinched my nipple. Their thrusts were almost painfully hard and fast.

Tears were streaming down my face as tiny black dots started to take over my vision. Before I passed out, Quin loosened his grip, and I blinked myself further into consciousness. “Poor Baby, trying so hard to stay awake,” he teased.

“She knocked us out; I think it’s only fair we show her how it feels,” Felix added from behind me, pulling my hair harder.

Quin squeezed my throat again. “How long were we out, Doll?” He asked while smirking at me.

I widened my eyes, knowing I should have brought them back the second I accidentally killed them. Not *minutes* after. “I—I don’t know,” I lied.

Lucifer suddenly slammed into me ruthlessly, knowing that I lied. “Three!” I cried out. “Three minutes,” I panted, and Lucifer went back to his previous pace.

Quin squeezed harder. “Look at the clock,” he ordered.

Glancing over at the clock on one of the nightstands, it read 6:32pm. I moaned, feeling myself start to slip away, ecstasy taking over my senses. The only thing I could feel was pleasure and their hands on my skin.

“There she goes; slow down,” I faintly heard Lucifer say as I went limp in their arms.

...

I heard myself whimpering, and an overwhelming feeling of exhaustion washed over me as I came back. My pussy was throbbing, and I was going to cum any second. Blinking my eyes open, I looked at Lucifer, who smirked at me. “In a few seconds, we’re going to put you down, and you’re going to open your mouth, understand?”

The clock just changed from 6:34 pm to 6:35pm. Three minutes. I felt groggy as I nodded, reaching my sore arms back to touch Felix’s hair. Wait—my arms. I looked down, realizing that I was untied. No more ropes secured me.

Quin held my body up while he lifted his hips to my pussy. Lucifer was pounding into me from the side, and Felix was

fucking my ass so ruthlessly that it was starting to feel sore. My pussy clenched tightly around them as I moaned. "I'm gonna cum," I warned.

Lucifer moaned. "That's my good girl. Cum for us, Kitten," he encouraged.

A powerful orgasm rippled through me, and I felt myself squeeze each of their dicks as their thrusts got jerky. I watched Quin with a lustful gaze. He looked incredibly sexy under me. His abs and chest flexed as he thrust into me, his bottom lip between his teeth, moans, and grunts rumbling through his chest. I could have cum again just from looking at him.

"Get ready, Baby," Felix said.

"Ready for what?" I panted out.

Suddenly, I was lifted by Lucifer, and all of them slid out of me at the same time. I gasped at the emptiness, missing them inside me. There was relief as the stretching feeling quickly went away. He placed me on the floor, on my knees. "Open your mouth, Kitten," he reminded.

Oh, right. I opened my mouth for them as they stood around me. I watched in a lustful trance as they jerked themselves off before Quin and Lucifer spilled their cum down my throat. Felix came on my breasts, leaving me covered in sweat, my cum, and his. I looked up at each of them, entranced by their moans and handsome expressions.

A drop of cum ran down my chin, and I looked at them as I caught it with my thumb and sucked it clean.

Felix smiled, grabbing my hands and helping me stand up. "Do you need a break?" He asked.

A what.

"We're not done?" I deadpanned.

A smug expression accompanied the smile he wore. "You're still standing, aren't you?"

My mouth dropped open in shock. It'd been half an hour, I just had three dicks in me at once, I was exhausted, and a

sticky mess. “Barely! And I’m gross,” I looked down at myself.

Quin eyed me. “They won’t care,” he shrugged.

They?

Lucifer grabbed me by my waist and laid me at the end of the bed. “I don’t think she needs a break,” he decided. I squirmed as he cuffed my wrists to a steel metal bar that he hooked to each side of the bed. He did the same to my legs but chained them higher, so I was hanging off the edge of the bed with my legs spread in a V position.

I widened my eyes. “Wait—I already got punished—”

Quin smirked. “BabyDoll, you killed us. I love you, but I’ll be damned if you leave this room being able to walk, stand, or even limp,” he warned.

Felix came around the corner with a terrifying-looking machine I’d never seen before. It was huge and had some kind of wheel, with a steel rod and a... penis... on the end. “What’s that?” I squeaked out.

Felix chuckled. “Quin told you, you’re going to be our fucktoy tonight, Baby. What kind of punishment would it be if we give you a break between us using you?” He said as if it was obvious.

I tried to close my legs or move my body at all, but the steel rods Lucifer used to chain me to the bed didn’t budge.

Lucifer came back with sweatpants on and a cloth. He gently wiped my chest, removing any stickiness before throwing it in the garbage. “You didn’t think we’d let you off that easily, did you?” He said lowly.

Easily?! What about that was easy? I must have really pissed them off...

I whimpered as Felix placed the plastic penis (which was much smaller than all my guys) against my entrance. He held a small remote and smirked at me. “It’s going to be a long night for you, Baby,” he pressed a button, and the machine pushed into me, and it didn’t stop. It just kept going at the same pace.

The three started walking out of the room, leaving me alone with the plastic penis torture machine.

“Felix! Lucifer! Quin!” I shouted after them, but they just chuckled as they left, leaving the door slightly ajar. “You can’t do—” I gasped as the machine suddenly beeped and went faster.

My pussy was already sensitive from earlier. This fake penis had nothing on my guys, but I couldn’t move. I had no choice other than to lay here and take it. This was them challenging me. I knew they expected me to use my safeword, but I could do this all night. I already did the hard part. I wouldn’t give in that easily. My stubbornness was being tested, and I was determined to win.



“Please!” I screamed again after I came for the fifth time. It’d been over an hour of the steady thrusts from the machine. My thighs were covered in my cum, and my legs shook. This was pure torture—I didn’t know how much more I could take.

“Please, what, Love?” Eugene’s soft voice was music to my ears.

I turned my head, seeing him leaning against the door. “Eugene,” I sighed in relief. “Get this thing away from me,” I begged.

He kicked off the door and started walking towards me. “Okay,” he agreed easily. He grabbed the machine and pulled it back, clicking an off switch. “Better?” He grinned.

My pussy had a break for the first time in what felt like forever. “Eugene, I love you,” I panted out.

He chuckled. “I’m not in here to save you, Love,” he warned as he began undoing his pants. “I wasn’t planning on participating in their sick games, but you sounded so sexy up here moaning and crying,” he groaned.

He grabbed his dick, watching me with glowing red eyes, and I bit my bottom lip. Even after all this, I still wanted him. My pussy was sore, and every muscle in my body ached, but I couldn't resist any of my guys when they were all so stupidly sexy. *Sheesh, I'm a slut.* Well, I was *their* slut, so it was okay.

His dark eyebrows fell, shadowing his eyes. A smirk played on his lips as he slowly approached. "So you *haven't* had enough," he observed.

With my lip between my teeth, I slowly shook my head no. "I don't think I ever will," I promised. Truthfully, if sex wasn't so mentally and physically draining, we'd probably never stop. They didn't need breaks or get exhausted like I did, so it was good that I was mostly human, or we'd never get anything done.

Cold fingers touched my ankle before trailing down my leg. The lustful expression he held was enough to make my clit throb with need. Goosebumps covered the delicate skin of my inner thigh as his rough fingers ran over it. Deep red eyes locked with mine as he ran his finger dipped down to my already-soaked entrance. I squirmed against the restraints as he pushed his finger into me. "Tell me what you want," he ordered hushedly.

The steady motion of his finger pushing into me was taunting, and I craved more. My gaze fell to his veiny dick, standing proud against his torso. *Yummy.* My lashes fluttered as I shifted my gaze back to him. "I want you to fuck me until it hurts... then keep going."

Eugene moved fast—faster than any human could, as he buried himself into me with no warning. His finger was still inside me, now accompanied by his dick.

A low intoxicated moan echoed off the walls as my eyes rolled back. His thrusts were impossibly fast, pounding a spot inside me that seemed to have a direct connection to my brain—or lack of a brain.

He chuckled. "Everyones listening to you moan like a slut. Why don't you give them a show, Love?" He teased with an upward curl of his finger. "Every time I curl my finger, I want

you to tell them how much you love being fucked like a slut,” he instructed.

I blushed but didn't have time to fully let the embarrassment sink in before he curled his finger again. A pathetic whimper left my lips, my orgasm already surfacing. “I love being used like a slut,” I moaned out.

An evil grin spread across his lips. “Louder, Love.”

Clenching around him, my body practically begged him to let me cum. The plastic dick was *nothing* compared to the passion and utter force of Eugene. Although I came with the machine, each time I came, I felt deprived of an intense earth-shattering orgasm that only my guys could give me. Some would say I'd been spoiled—but I deserved nothing less than mind-numbing, earth-crumbling sex (so says Theo).

Even as sore as I was, I would choose to be fucked rough and hard rather than impaled repetitively by a piece of plastic.

His abs flexed with each thrust into me, and I moaned. “You look so yummy,” I thought aloud. My voice came out in a drunk-sounding moan.

He licked his lips. “Yeah?” He moaned, his eyebrows starting to furrow in pleasure.

“Uh-huh—” He curled his finger. “Y—yes! Fuck, you feel so good!” I called out, forgetting what I was supposed to say.

“I can feel you holding it in for me, Love,” he hummed in approval. Slowing his thrusts, he leaned over me. His lips crashed onto mine, sending the tingles I loved, making my entire body shiver. He licked my bottom lip, and I opened my mouth for him. Instead of tongue fucking my mouth, he pulled back, looking at my parted lips. “You're still being punished,” he reminded lowly, his thrusts getting harder. He used his free hand and grabbed my cheeks, smooshing my lips together. “This hot little mouth doesn't deserve kisses, does it?” He asked with false sympathy.

Craving his lips on mine again, a pitiful whine escaped. They knew my soft spots so well, and kissing was a big one. One time Theo and I were making out because I was on my

period. After half an hour of his tongue in my mouth and gentle grinding, I came. How easily it happened was embarrassing, but Theo was obnoxiously proud of himself. To this day, he bragged about it.

Tears pricked my eyes as I watched Eugene's lips. "Please?" I begged as he fucked me.

His thumb swiped across my cheek, collecting tears that escaped. He stuck his thumb in my mouth, making me lick the tears off. "No," he denied with a smirk. "You said I'm yummy?" He repeated.

"Uh-huh," I moaned my answer, unable to hold my orgasm back for much longer. "I can't hold it," I warned.

He pulled his finger out of me abruptly, and with both his hands, he untied my wrists. With newfound freedom, I immediately wrapped my arms around his neck and pulled him closer.

"As a reward for being so good for me, I'll give your little slutty mouth what it wants," he assured while his thumb ran over my lips. "As a punishment, you don't get to swallow until I say so," he added with a smirk. "Now cum for me," he ordered.

I screamed out as he began thrusting inhumanly fast again, hitting a spot with each thrust that prolonged my orgasm.

His movements began to get sloppy as he approached his own release. Reaching back, he united my ankles in one swift motion. My legs shook as they fell to the bed. Eugene lifted his body so he wasn't bent over me anymore. "Sit up and open your mouth," he ordered with a strained voice.

Propping myself up with my arms, I watched in a dreamy haze as he pulled out of me. He grabbed me by the back of my head and shoved his dick into my mouth. "Finish me off," he instructed.

Unable to look away from his hooded eyes and messy locks of blonde hair, I swirled my tongue around the hot tip of his dick while jerking him off with two hands. My pussy did most of the work earlier, so he came within seconds. I kept my

mouth closed around him as he filled my mouth with his cum. It was *a lot*, and I wanted nothing more than to swallow it.

With a low groan, he popped his tip out of my mouth. “Let me see,” he tilted my head up higher by my chin. He looked down at me with intrigue as I opened my mouth, using the back of my tongue to keep it from sliding down my throat. Eugene looked pleased with me, which was confusing for my foggy mind, so I just focused on the fact that, for some reason, he was happy with me. That made my heart swell.

He collected a drop of cum that escaped the corner of my mouth and rubbed it on my lips, coating them and making a mess on my mouth and chin. “You’re such a pretty mess,” he rasped.

Still looking up at him, I raised my eyebrows, not knowing what to do. None of them had ever asked me *not to swallow* before—it was usually the exact opposite, actually.

He smirked at my confusion before grabbing his dick and holding it a few inches away from my face while touching my lips with the other. “Play with it,” he murmured. “I want you to spit it out onto my dick, then lick it back up,” he challenged.

Strawberry red tinted my entire body at the new request. Just when I thought they’d shown and done everything they could to me, they whipped out two new things in one evening.

Doing as he instructed, I held his dick in my hands and spat his cum back onto him. He watched me with an evil grin, running his hands through my hair. I did just what he said—I played with it. Using his cum as lube, I jerked and sucked his dick. It was incredibly messy, but my pussy needed the break. My jaw could get sore, and getting my hands and mouth a little sticky was a fair price to pay for a break.

Eugene moaned, pulling my head away from him. “Don’t get greedy,” he scolded. “Clean up your mess,” he said gently.

Taking him into my mouth one last time, I sucked off any cum that I could and finally swallowed it.

“Good girl,” he cooed, kissing my forehead.

Slumping down, I relaxed and caught my breath while he put his underwear back on. My pussy was definitely sore now, and my legs were sore from being tied up for so long.

Eugene looked smug as he started towards me again. “Unfortunately, Love, you’re not off the hook—”

Filled with shock and creeping up on exhaustion, my eyes must have been as large as saucers as I stared at him. “But—”

He shrugged, placing his hand on the evil machine again. “No breaks.”

“She won’t be needing that.” I turned towards the door where Dane was leaning against the frame. An electrolyte drink and crackers were in his hands, making me realize how thirsty I was. His sweatpants were hung low on his hips, and he was shirtless. I didn’t know how long he’d been watching, but the condensation from the water bottle was dripping down his fingertips—so it’d been a while since he’d taken it out of the fridge.

Eugene smirked down at me. “*Really*, no breaks,” he repeated before exiting the room.

Dane waited until Eugene was gone before he stepped in and closed the door behind him—strangely making me nervous. Dane was easygoing, even during punishments. None of the punishments had been this intense, but he *closed* the door. He never closed the door.

“Are you mad at me?” I asked quickly, a slight panic settling in.

He shook his head. “No, I’m not mad. If anything, I’m impressed you were able to take down Felix as easily as you did. I expected some reservations, seeing as his blood got you the gift in the first place,” he smiled.

My shoulders relaxed, and the panic faded away. “I really didn’t mean to,” I blinked up at him as he sat next to me. He twisted the water bottle cap, opening it before handing it to me.

“How long did you think it took Lucifer to control his gift? Or anyone else, for that matter?” He tried to explain.

“It’s been five years—”

“You’ve only been alive for 24 years, Angel. We’ve been around for hundreds of thousands of years,” he reasoned. “Drink,” he ordered.

The berry-flavored water was incredibly refreshing; I finished half of it in seconds. When he put it like that, it did make me feel better, but that still wasn’t an excuse. “It shouldn’t have happened in the first place,” I continued.

“No, it shouldn’t have,” he agreed, wrapping his arm around my naked shoulders. “We’ll make more time to work on it, okay?” He decided.

I nodded. I leaned my head into his side, feeling exhausted. I looked up at him dreamily, loving the small amount of scruff that had grown on his face. He was usually clean-shaven, so seeing him with some facial hair was strange.

His eyes met mine, and he cocked an eyebrow at my lovestruck expression. “You know I’m not in here to bring you snacks, right Angel?”

Shockingly, I *did* know that. I wasn’t off the hook by any means. I was sure that Theo wouldn’t be far behind after Dane was done with me. *Then* I’d be done and probably too far in subspace to think about this the way I could now. As of right now, I was definitely hazy, and my legs were starting to shake, but if all I had left was Dane, my softie, and Theo, who’d go easy on me if I asked him to, I think their plan to break me would fail. I had enough steam in me for the last two rounds.

“You are the snack,” I giggled, sending a flirty smirk.

His face twisted in confusion, but he smiled anyway. “Is that some new slang people are using or just something Theo taught you?”

He wrapped his arm around my waist and pulled my body, lifting me into his lap. I was entirely bare for him; my pussy leaked onto his gray sweatpants, leaving a dark spot where I sat. I placed my arms behind his head and gave him a sweet smile. “Either way, you’re a yummy snack,” I giggled.

Dane tilted his head. “Are you trying to soften me up?” He asked.

“Uh-huh, is it working?” I shrugged innocently.

His grip on my hips tightened, and he jerked me forward, rubbing my pussy against the bulge in his pants. “Does that feel soft to you?” He questioned darkly.

My skin heated, raising the temperature between us, and I shook my head. “No...” My heart started racing at his cold tone. My attitude quickly changed from teasing to cautious.

Casting his gaze downward, he looked between us, where the only thing separating us was his sweatpants. “Are you waiting for instructions, Angel?” He asked. He smacked my ass, making me wince. “Take it out and ride me,” he demanded, his voice deeper than usual.

I froze for a moment, shocked at his nonchalant orders. There was no point in hesitation, so I put my weight on my knees, lifting myself up off of him. My thighs trembled slightly as I pulled his sweatpants down to his knees. I pulled my bottom lip between my teeth, looking between his eyes and dick.

Dane grabbed the outside of my thighs, slowly lowering me onto him. I reached between us, lifting his dick, about to align it with my entrance.

I knew all my guys better than I knew myself. They’d all fuck either of my holes happily, but I’d be lying if I said I didn’t notice they all had preferences. Theo, Duke, Felix, and Lucifer preferred my pussy, while the others liked my ass.

Hoping to earn myself some *good girl points*, I asked: “Which hole?” In a sultry voice.

A mischievous smirk fell on his lovely round lips as he squeezed my thighs. “Hmm,” his chest rumbled in delight as he thought. His hand replaced mine as he helped me put it in. Much to my surprise, he chose my pussy. “As much as I adore your ass, my little nympho, I can’t resist your desperate, soaking cunt,” he admitted before he pulled me down into him.

A long moan left my lips as he filled me, satisfying that greedy little monster between my legs. Dane kept his eyes on me as he laid down on his back. His abs were beautifully displayed, practically glowing in the red light of the room.

Leaning forward, I placed my hands on his chest and began bouncing. My ass was clapping against his groin; that, and our moans, tainted the walls of the Butcher Shop.

Dane's big hands held my ass, enjoying the jiggle of it as I rode him. "You look so gorgeous on top of me," he said in awe. His eyes were glued to my breasts, entranced by their movement.

I shifted my weight, leaning back, placing my hands on his knees. I pushed myself forward, then back again, grinding his dick into me. My pussy was on full display, giving him a direct view of him going in and out of me. "And how do I look like this?" I asked innocently, basking in all the attention.

In response, his head fell back, and a deep, almost growling moan bestowed my ears. He stayed like that for a few seconds before he looked back up at me, a challenge in his eyes. "Like my personal fucking slut," he pushed down on my lower stomach, and I threw my head back in pleasure. "You love having your pussy filled, don't you?" He moaned.

Feeling myself clench around him, I cried out. "Yes!" I whimpered, grinding faster. "Don't stop, Daddy," I begged, loving the pressure of his hand pushing down on me.

Dane smirked at my slip-up but didn't comment on it. I'd called them all Daddy at least once, it just happened sometimes, and I couldn't help it. For the most part, they hadn't seemed to care—although I still only intentionally use *Daddy* for Felix and Lucifer. Theo thought it was more funny than anything and wouldn't stop bragging to everyone that I slipped up when he was eating me out. He was very proud to be in the *Daddy Squad*, as he called it. Eugene and Quin barely acknowledged it; they just started fucking me harder; I guess the word encouraged them. And Duke... well, he'd never admit it, but I think he liked being called Daddy. It had only happened twice, but both times he came within seconds.

Dane held his hand out to me. “Put your hand under mine,” He instructed. I let him take my hand, and he held it against my lower torso. He pushed down again, and I could feel the imprint of his dick inside me. “You feel that?” He asked. “Can you feel how deep you’re taking me?” He continued, now meeting my grinds with his own thrusts.

A strange sensation started to build in me, and I cried out in pleasure. He felt amazing in me, but this felt *different*, and I couldn’t place it. I knew I would cum soon, but it felt like... like... I widened my eyes. “Dane, I’m—I think I’m going to pee—stop,” I warned, a fierce blush staining my entire body red. Embarrassment filled my whole being, and I felt like crying because of it. I never had to stop to pee in the middle of sex before. The urge to pee came out of nowhere, and the more he thrust, the more it grew.

Lucifer’s presence was heavy in my mind; for some reason, he was paying close attention to my thoughts, more than usual.

Dane looked surprised but not disgusted or upset like I expected him to. “Does it feel good?” He asked as he continued thrusting.

I bit my lip, now focusing on making that feeling go away. I think I’d die—for real this time—if I accidentally peed during sex. “Yeah but—”

Dane smirked. “It’s not pee, Angel. You’re going to squirt; it’s just a different kind of orgasm,” he explained through moans.

It was impossible to try and understand his words. I was too focused on the fact that I was about to pee and cum simultaneously and trying to find a way to live with myself. I stopped grinding, but Dane used his free hand to pull me forward and back while pushing down on me still.

He had a strange look of determination in his eyes. “Be my good girl and cum with me, okay?” He whimpered, grinding me down on him faster.

“Dane...” I tried to warn. What if he was wrong? I think I would know if I could orgasm a different way after all these

years.

“Three...” he began counting down for us. I was biting my lip so hard I thought it would draw blood. It felt amazing, but I’d never been so nervous to cum before. “Two,” he continued. The ball that sat low in my stomach erupted, and I screamed. “One!” He slammed me down on him one last time, whimpering as he came inside me.

It was the most intense orgasm I’d ever had. It made my entire body shake, and for a second, my mind went so fuzzy I thought I blacked out for a moment. My orgasm put me in such a pleasure haze that I didn’t have time to be embarrassed about the clear liquid squirting out of my pussy. It shot out about three inches onto Dane’s torso, where he watched with fascination.

I fell back, resting against his legs, panting for air after my orgasm finished. I closed my eyes, feeling exhaustion set in again.

Dane sat up; his body was between my legs as he caressed my face. “I didn’t know you could squirt,” he said casually.

“Oh goodness, tell me I didn’t pee on you.” I covered my face with my hands.

He chuckled. “No, you didn’t pee on me. It’s cum, Angel,” he explained. He grabbed my wrists and uncovered my face. He leaned down and kissed my nose. “It’s incredibly hot, don’t be embarrassed,” he comforted.

A bashful smile played on my lips as I closed my eyes again. My heart was hammering in my chest from the strenuous workout I’d been doing tonight. My entire body had a pulse, my legs felt numb, and my pussy was sore.

Dane and I laid there for a few minutes, and I basked in the silence, giving my hazy mind time to recuperate. He was drawing patterns on my hip, tickling me.

Of course, I was still being punished, so my break was short-lived. He lifted me, pulling himself out of me. I whimpered at the emptiness, feeling his cum leak out of me onto my thighs. “Have you had enough yet?” He asked gently.

My eyes groggily opened, remembering I only had Theo left. “I can’t let them win,” I whispered, remembering the smug expressions on Lucifer, Felix, and Quin’s faces.

Dane chuckled before he dropped me into the bed, where my limbs went limp immediately. “*This* is what you call winning? I hate to break it to you, Angel, but you lost the second you took Felix down,” he assured.

I rolled my eyes. He didn’t understand. Their only goal was to break me. I lasted this long; why would I give in now when I was so close?

Dane shrugged. “Suit yourself,” he grinned as he grabbed my ankle. I shrieked as he jerked me down to the bottom of the bed and flipped me onto my stomach. “If you’re so determined to be a brat, let us see how long you last before your knees give out,” he challenged.

He pulled me back so I was on my hands and knees. He tied my arms together, then tied them to a steel rod, making it impossible for me to turn around and see what he was doing. He moved quickly, placing that horrible spreader bar on my ankles and chaining the bar to the posts on the bed. “Dane,” I whined, feeling betrayed that he was putting me in such a compromising position. My legs were already shaking, and now with the added weight of my body, I felt much less confident.

He gave my ass a harsh smack. “Quiet.”

There was movement behind me before I felt a familiar plastic torture device push into me. “No! That’s not fair!” I tried to look over my shoulder but couldn’t.

He let out a small chuckle before the machine beeped and began pushing into me steadily. “Oh–fuck,” I mumbled, bunching the sheets in my fists. I was way too sensitive for this.

He stood next to the bed where I could see him. Unfortunately, he put his sweatpants back on, but there was still a sheer glisten of my cum on his torso. He seemed all too

happy with himself as he watched me. “I tried to give you an easy out,” he shrugged.

He devil. With shaky knees and a quickly failing spirit, I held up a very mean finger to him. “Fuck you.” My voice was supposed to sound threatening, but instead, my head dropped between my forearms, and I moaned.

The machine beeped again, and it went faster. “No!” I cried out.

I felt Dane close to my skin and shivered. His minty breath was hot against the back of my neck. “You just did,” he reminded smugly. I widened my eyes in pain and pleasure as he sunk his teeth into my neck. I cried out as I came instantly; the machine pushing into me drew out my orgasm.

He licked my neck as he pulled away. “Enjoy,” he said in a warning tone as he walked out the door, leaving it cracked open so they could hear me.

Staring down at my hands, I fought back moans. My hands shook, making me realize how easy it was for them to truly play me like a puppet. Clenching my jaw, I grabbed the sheets, making my hands stop shaking. Felix underestimated me, and the rest of them pressured me too much. Of course, I made a mistake... or three. I wasn't proud of what I did, but maybe there was a part of them that needed a lesson—that I wasn't useless and had abilities to do things they couldn't. After all, “Is this because I—I'm more powerful than you!?” I called, hoping to get on their nerves and pretend the machine wasn't affecting me. “Because that's what it seems like!” I jabbed.

A few moments passed while I waited for one of them to barge in, but all I got was another beep and a speed increase. “Ah!” I cried as my upper body fell lower, back arching as I took some weight off my knees.



Another hour—a long, dreadful, painful, leg-shaking, mind-numbing hour passed. My eyes struggled to stay open, and my blinks were incredibly slow. I'd given up on calling them to help me. I was sure my screams for help only encouraged them. My safe word was on the tip of my tongue, but I held onto the last sliver of determination.

At some point, I laid my chest flat on the bed, taking as much weight off my legs as possible. However, it only heightened the sensation of the machine *digging* into me. My insides were a mess, scrambled, and sore.

A large hand massaged my ass, and my eyes shot open, a combination of relief and nerves taking over. It felt like months had passed since I saw any of my guys, and I was really starting to hate the machine. I may have been a greedy slut, but I didn't like being fucked by an inanimate object. There was no emotion, and I hated it.

I was still unable to look behind me, but I didn't need to. "Theo," I moaned, too exhausted to say anything else.

He continued palming my ass cheek, and I could imagine his playful smile. "Yeah?" He sang, teasing me with his casual tone.

"I'm tired," I mumbled.

His jeans unzipped, and I tensed. "Just lay there like my pretty little Princess, and I'll do the rest," he instructed darkly.

I whimpered when he pressed against my ass while the machine still pushed into my pussy. "Not both..." I whined, my fierceness long gone.

We both let out a long moan as he entered me. "You don't want both your holes filled?" He repeated in a gentle tone. He pushed into me slowly, and my eyes rolled back as I gripped the sheets again. "Tell me you don't love this, and I'll stop," he promised, slowly thrusting into me.

"I..." I tried to think, but I could only focus on how good everything felt. I loved the feeling of him inside me—it made the plastic machine better. He'd only been inside me for a matter of seconds, and I already felt a knot growing in my

belly. After having so many orgasms, they all started to blend together. Being sensitive and overstimulated didn't help.

Holding my lower back, he rocked me into him and the machine. "Use your words, Princess," he teased. He slammed into me suddenly. "Tell me you want me to stop," he coaxed again, his voice a low grumble.

Biting my lip, I tried to muffle my moans. His dick and the machine moved in unison. The pressure of him rubbing against the plastic dick was enough to push me to the edge. "Theo," I moaned, unable to think or say anything else.

He hummed in delight. "I know, Princess. Does that feel good?" He asked gently, keeping his steady pace but pushing into me deeper. "You've been so good for us tonight, showing us how sorry you are," he praised.

"Uh-huh." I was on cloud nine. My body felt like I was floating, and my mind was a foggy, dick-drunk mess. The soreness became pleasure, a reminder of everything they'd done to me tonight.

The machine beeped a few times, and to my relief, it slowed down. It slowed down to match his hard, deep, slow, cervix-crushing strokes. I could tell how much my ass and girly parts would hurt tomorrow, but for now, it was a reminder of each of them inside me.

My skin was ignited with lust fire, hot, sweaty, and desperate. I couldn't control the whimpers and mindless mumbling that left my lips.

Theo moaned, both of us enjoying his thrusts' slow, teasing pace. "Am I hurting you, Princess?" He asked in a gentle faux tone.

My soreness was immense, but pain was the last thing on my mind—what was left of it. Every second that passed, I felt myself slipping away more. "Yes, don't stop," I begged.

"I'm so close, Princess," he whimpered, slapping my ass. "You're going to milk every last drop from me, aren't you?" He coaxed.

I hummed a dreamy response. “Please,” I whined. The thought of him cumming inside me made my mouth fill with saliva.

My ass cheek burned at his touch, red and bruised from Lucifer’s belt. His pace didn’t get any faster, but his thrusts got more jerky as he used my ass to get himself off. “Fuck, Princess,” he cursed through his teeth before I felt his hot, sticky, yummy cum fill my ass.

I came with him. Too exhausted to scream, I only whimpered, my thighs finally giving out.

Theo was quick to unchain my legs and pull the machine out of me before I managed to hurt myself on it. I couldn’t stop shaking, even as he laid me flat on my front. My arms and legs were free—nothing touched or fucked me for the first time in hours. Yet, I couldn’t stop moaning; the phantom feeling of their hands on me, of their dicks using me, felt real.

“You’re okay, Princess, come here,” Theo comforted as he sat me up, holding another bottle of electrolyte water.

My hand was too shaky to hold it without spilling it, and my arm muscles probably weren’t strong enough to hold it after being tied up all day. Luckily, I didn’t have to ask him to help me. He held it to my lips, and I took small sips, my eyes wandering around the room.

It took me longer than I should have to notice him standing in the doorway. I must have looked at him five or six times before realizing he was *there*.

I pulled my lips away from the water bottle while staring at him. He usually came to get me *after* punishments, but that wasn’t what this was. While still gentle, his body language oozed a rare dominance; he wasn’t here to save me. He was in here for the same reason my other guys had been.

The sweetness of the word *vanilla* lingered on my tongue just at the sight of him.

He didn’t look the slightest bit upset with me, but that could be a charade. At any second, he could snap and go off like a grenade.

The only thing that kept me from saying my word was that after all these years, Duke came into the Butcher Shop during a punishment. His being here right now meant he wanted to *try* this again. He hadn't left the doorway because he was waiting for me to tell him I was also willing to try. Like a vampire out of those movies Quin hated so much... Duke had to be invited in.

Something moved against my hand, and I looked down, realizing how tightly I held Theo's hand. I didn't know what to do. Let Duke in, and we either both break down, or we could both be fine, and this could open a door so he could be involved in future punishments. Or, end things now, save both of us from that horrible drop, but risk closing that door again when he was ready to open it.

"There's always next time. You're already dropping, Kitten. Now might not be the best time to open that door," Lucifer said to me, using my own terms so my clouded mind could understand.

Then, I noticed the tension in the entire house as everyone waited for me to say something. Even Theo was solemn as he looked down at me, squeezing my hand like he always did when I got anxious.

Peering up at Duke through my eyelashes again, I made my decision. I gave him a soft nod, inviting him in.

The worst thing that could happen is we realize what we already knew; punishments didn't work for us. The best thing that could come from this is we manage to get through this without crumbling, and he wouldn't have to be left out of punishments moving forward.

Theo took that as his queue and planted a tender kiss on my forehead before he left the room. I didn't miss the skeptical look he shot Duke before exiting.

Duke closed the door behind him before he turned to look at me. I watched him closely as he began undoing the buttons of his shirt. "If you're too tired or sore, we don't have to do this, Baby," he comforted gently.

“I’m okay,” I assured. It was only half of a lie. “Why now?” I whispered.

He draped his shirt over the edge of the bed, standing in front of me in dark jeans. He ran his hand through my hair as I bent my neck to look up at him. I fought the urge to sleep as he played with my hair. “You’re the one who told me to *do something about it*, remember?” He recalled my earlier, much braver invitation that I had forgotten about until now.

I blushed, but I doubted it showed on my already red skin. “Oh,” I bit my lip, regretting how I had acted earlier. “What are you—what are you planning on doing with me?” I questioned, letting my curiosity get the best of me.

He smiled, somehow managing to intimidate and calm me simultaneously. He moved his hand from my hair to my mouth, tracing his thumb across my bottom lip. “Stick your tongue out at me again, just like you did earlier,” he ordered but kept his voice gentle.

My eyes fell on the movement in front of my face. I was eye level with his crotch, and my foggy mind finally caught up to what he had planned as he undid his pants.

My mouth watered at the sight of him, long, thick, and veiny. It sprung to life, slapping him in the stomach, making me wonder what he’d been thinking about all these hours I’d been up here. The thought of him turned on and fidgeting while listening to me sent a wave of arousal straight to my pussy.

As he requested, I slacked my jaw, sticking my tongue out for him. Looking up at him dreamily through my lashes, I waited impatiently for him to use my throat.

Holding the base of his dick, he gently slapped his tip on my tongue. “You look too eager,” he teased. I fought a moan as he rubbed the tip against my wet tongue, making drool drip down his dick. “Do you want my cock *that* badly, Baby?” He hummed as he pushed himself further into my mouth. “Relax your throat for me.”

He pushed himself all the way down my throat until my nose was pressed against his torso. He moaned, tangling his hand in my hair. “That’s my good girl, so fucking good for me, aren’t you?” He breathed out, sounding genuinely mesmerized.

With a mouth full of dick, I struggled to respond. He smirked at my pathetic attempt at an agreement. He pulled out of my throat, leaving a string of saliva from my mouth to his dick. I caught my breath, licking my lips.

“You’re so dirty, Baby,” he husked. “Covered in cum already and still drooling for more. What do you have to say for yourself?” He scolded but clearly loved my greediness.

I blinked up at him, hunger in my eyes as my pussy throbbed for him. Each heartbeat between my legs stung, and I knew I should give myself a break. Unfortunately, my girly parts took complete control of my brain, and all shy or rational thoughts went out the window.

I wrapped one hand around his dick. “More,” I answered, taking him into my mouth again. My other hand went between my legs, playing with my clit, desperate for *more*.

Bobbing my head up and down on him, I moaned at the salty taste of his precum. His dick hit the back of my throat, and I swallowed, making my throat squeeze around him, something I knew drove him crazy.

He pushed my head further down his shaft, thrusting into my throat a few times. “So naughty,” he husked.

After almost a minute of his dick blocking my airway, he pulled away, and I sucked in a long breath of air, my face red from the lack of oxygen, but I didn’t care. My clit was throbbing against my fingertips as I rubbed myself. My hand was too shaky, and I was failing, only managing to edge myself.

The awestruck expression on his handsome face only encouraged me as I laid back on the bed, spreading my legs for him. “My pussy is getting jealous of my throat,” I hinted. My fingers were still toying with my clit, giving him a show. He

froze, his eyes glowing bright red as he watched me. “Fuck me,” I begged, my voice coming out in a desperate whine.

Duke pounced at me, grabbing my wrists and pinning them above my head. His dick slid into me with no help from our hands, like it belonged there. He showed no mercy as he pounded into me. His groin smacked against my thighs as he rearranged my guts—for the final time tonight.

“Your pussy is so hot around me; I can feel how swollen and sore you’ll be in the morning,” he said. Despite his words, he fucked me harder, making me scream. “You’ve been used and abused today, huh, Baby?” He asked with false sympathy.

My back arched off the bed as he held both my hands in one hand, reaching between us with the other, where he pressed the pad of his thumb against my swollen clit. I squirmed under him. “N—not there.”

He hummed. “Awe, Baby, I have to touch you there to make you feel better,” he dismissed, circling his thumb around my clit while viciously pounding into me.

To keep myself quiet, I bit his shoulder. My vision went black for a second before it returned, and I felt my eyes roll back. The short break I got between Theo and Duke wore off, and my body shook uncontrollably again.

Lucifer’s conciseness was heavy in my mind again as he observed from afar.

Duke’s thrusts slowed as he looked down at me in concern. “Elora, are you okay, Baby?” He asked.

I nodded. “Uh-huh,” I fought to keep my eyes open. “I’m gonna cum,” I warned, although, at this point, sex, in general, felt like one long never ending orgasm.

He eyed me momentarily as if making sure what I said was true. He nodded before fucking into me harshly again. “Me too; wait a few more seconds for me, Baby. I know you can be a good girl and hold it for me,” he praised.

Squeezing my eyes shut, I tried to fight the orgasm. A long string of moans escaped when I felt him twitch inside me. Black spots filled my vision as I came, wetness pooling

between our bodies; I couldn't tell if it was his or mine—or both.

My heart was racing, my pussy was sore and throbbing, and every muscle in my body gave out as I slumped into the bed. I just felt so tired. Black spots filled my vision again, and I was unable to open my eyes.

...

“*Vanilla*,” I heard Lucifer say through the kink-link on my behalf.

...

When I opened my eyes, my vision was pulsing and blurry. Every few seconds, I fell asleep again, and I couldn't stay awake long enough to make sense of anything.

I could only see bits and pieces. Duke was pulling up his pants, and the rest of my guys were either already in or walking into the room. Someone—Quin picked me up and was saying *something* to me in a gentle tone.

...

I moaned, feeling warmth all over my body, and my ass ached as I sat in a bathtub. “Quin?” I questioned, feeling his body behind me. I couldn't remember how I got here...

“Shh, you're done now, Doll.” He kissed my neck. “You did so good for us. You lasted *much* longer than we expected you to,” he admitted.

I won.

“I love you all,” I murmured. I'd be surprised if he understood what I said.

Black spots began taking over again as exhaustion came back in full force.

“Elora,” Quin whispered. His quiet voice and the running faucet would make it hard for the others to hear him. “I remember what it's like to dream now. I dreamt of you.”

Strawberry Rum



Five Years Later

Elora

I paced the living room, checking off everything that was ready for the wedding tomorrow. “Flowers, dress, food, tables, chairs, drinks, rings, gift table, photographer—did I say food?”

“Elora,” Eugene grabbed my shoulders, giving me a comforting smile. “You’ve gone through your list at least twenty times. Everything is ready. All we have to do is get married tomorrow. *Exhale*, okay?” He chuckled.

My shoulders relaxed. Ten years went by too fast. It was hard to believe that so much time had passed since they proposed. All of my time had gone into planning this massive wedding and school. I graduated with my doctorate a few months ago. I’d never heard Dane cheer louder than he did when they called my name and handed me my diploma. It was one of the best, most rewarding moments of my life.

Dane got me a fantastic job, basically being his personal anesthesiologist. I only worked when he did, which was only for special cases where no other surgeons could perform surgery on a kid. It was the best job in the world; after I put the patient under, I spent the entire surgery admiring him while he worked his magic. I loved seeing him work, maybe a little too much... The hospital has seen some stuff.

When I wasn’t drowning in homework or studying, I was planning. The bridal party had all eight of us plus our six hundred guests. Of course, I wouldn’t accept anything short of absolute perfection. So, I made sure everything for tomorrow would be *perfect*.

The only thing that I didn’t plan was the floral arrangements. Felix made a trip to Maryland, where he placed a massive order at a small floral shop. The order was

significant enough to put the owner and her wife into retirement...

Felix claims that his heartwarming kindness wasn't my wedding present, but I couldn't think of anything else they could've possibly got me that would make me as happy as I was when he told me that.

I took a breath and nodded. "Okay," I relaxed.

"The clans will be arriving soon, Love." He held my face between his hands. "Stop worrying about the wedding, or I'll have Duke compel you] "Okay!" I giggled before standing on my toes and kissing him, pushing the intrusive thoughts out of my mind... for now.

"Knock knock!" I smiled at his booming voice. "Man of honor is here," Jason called as he walked in the front door.

It'd been a few months since I last saw him. He went with me to pick out my wedding dress. Obviously, Lucifer stayed out of my mind for that. He didn't complain about my safety because Jason was there with me. No one would dare try to attack an insane bride-to-be with necromancer powers while the most feared alpha in the United States was with her.

Jason had changed a lot. His days were filled with fighting, delegating, and being the alpha of several large packs. It made him harder, less silly like he used to be. He was also growing like a weed, standing almost as tall as Felix was. Nevertheless, he was still my best friend, and I might have been the last person in the world that knew him before the world took its toll on his once-sweet self.

Excitement filled me as I ran to him and wrapped my arms around his torso. "Hi! I'm getting married tomorrow!" I beamed up at him in excitement.

"Hi, Smalls." He chuckled.

I let go of him and looked at the bag he held. "There better be a suit in there," I lectured.

He rolled his eyes, passing me as he walked further into the house. "Of course I brought a suit. You texted me a million times to remind me," he dismissed.

He nodded at my guys. “Felix,” he greeted.

“Jason,” Felix responded, equally as dull.

Ugh, men.

“The party has arrived!”

“Fashionably early!”

It’d been ten years since I last saw them, but it felt like yesterday. Sebastian and Ramsey walked through the front door, followed by Clarence and Dimitri. All of their hands were full, carrying bags of liquor bottles.

I widened my eyes, covering my mouth as I giggled.

My guys smiled and greeted our friends, giving them half-hugs and making jokes about the copious amount of alcohol.

Dimitri approached me with a massive smile. “Ah, our prinkípissa, you look as beautiful as ever,” he kissed each of my cheeks quickly.

“Hi, Dimitri,” I giggled at his formalness and hugged him. “How have you been?” I asked, genuinely curious.

He smirked. “Lovely. I’ve been looking forward to the royal wedding for many years now; I’m overjoyed to be here,” he confessed. His accent was thick as he grabbed my hand, holding it between his hands. “I’m excited to have you officially be a part of our culture—”

“Dimitri, you’re smothering the poor girl,” Seb pushed him away and placed a massive bottle of strawberry-flavored rum in my hand. “Drink up, kid,” He smirked, ruffling my hair.

Blushing, I pressed my lips together, giving my guys a ‘help me’ look. “I’m getting married tomorrow,” I reminded in a dull tone. I pointed to my guys, who were opening their bottles already. “And so are they,” I added.

Ramsey tossed a bottle at Jason, who caught it effortlessly. A mischievous gleam sparked in his eyes before he grinned at me. “Exactly the reason we brought drinks,” he dismissed. “It’s a celebration, my dear. I’ll show you how we used to do things in the 1920s,” he smirked.

Felix stood beside me, sending me a small smile and wrapping his heavy arm over my shoulders. “You can tell them to fuck off, Baby,” he joked. “You’re stuck with them tonight, so you might as well get used to it,” he informed.

“I’m stuck with them?” I cocked a questioning eyebrow at him, “What does that mean?”

Felix gave Duke a pointed look, as did all my other guys. “Go ahead, Duke. It’s *your* request.”

Duke didn’t seem bothered by their scrutiny as he flashed his charming smile at me. “It’s traditional for the bride and groom...s to be apart the night before the wedding,” He explained.

Unable to tell if he was serious or not, I placed a sarcastic hand on my hip. How was I supposed to sleep without one of them cuddling me? Not to mention the amount of vampires that will be in our house again. I’d earned their respect, but that didn’t mean everyone adored me. They would; eventually, I was working on it. *What’s not to adore?*

Clarence gave Duke a teasing smirk and slapped his back. “No premarital sex either, right Duke?”

Oh, end me now. I averted my eyes as their deep chuckles filled the room. Yeah, that ship sailed many years ago.

Theo looked at his watch before he grinned. “No sex twenty-four hours before the wedding must count for something,” he joked.

“Theo!” I scolded his bluntness.

Quin looked at his own watch before he mumbled. “The ceremony starts at two, and it’s about five, so we’ll have made it 22 hours,” he corrected.

“Quin!” I scolded. Why was he calling me out like that? I was stressed, so about an hour ago... there was some *stress relief*.

Theo looked perplexed as our friends laughed. “Where the hell was I?” He questioned, pointing to Dane in acquisition, assuming he was the culprit who snuck off with me.

Dane raised his hands in surrender. “I was setting up tables, same as you. Felix?” He asked.

“Wasn’t me.”

“Me neither,” Eugene added.

Duke rolled his eyes, shooting each of us looks that could kill. “Who ruined the twenty-four-hour rule?” He asked.

Lucifer came down the stairs, clad in sweatpants and a dark hoodie—as usual. “I didn’t know that you were serious,” he admitted lowly, taking a bottle from Seb.

Jason held his hand out for my bottle. “Need help opening that?” He offered a smug grin, enjoying my embarrassment.

If they were going to continue this conversation or tease me more—which I was sure they were—I would need something to take the edge off. “Yup,” I handed him the bottle.

He cracked it open and handed it back to me. “Cheers,” he chuckled while raising his bottle.

Dimitri raised his bottle. “To the bachelorette party, which is much more fun than the bachelors,” he smirked at my guys.

I playfully rolled my eyes as they chuckled before everyone took the equivalent of a shot from their bottles. Grimacing, I got the alcohol shivers as I swallowed. Everyone else seemed unbothered by the foul taste, but they’d been drinking for like *a million* years.

“My God, we really are her bachelorettes,” Ramsey realized, taking another drink. “And here I thought you asked us to watch over her for the night because of your *term*,” he joked.

All I really needed for a bachelorette party was Jason. We had enough fun with just the two of us, but I wouldn’t complain; the more, the merrier. Despite what they said, nothing too crazy would happen tonight.

“So, we get downstairs, you get upstairs?” Dane suggested.

“Are we really avoiding each other until the wedding?” I questioned, giving Duke a pointed look. I loved his old-

fashioned manners most of the time, but this was kind of annoying. They should know by now that I had a tendency to get myself in trouble when they told me *not* to do something. It was like dangling a crêpe with extra cream in my face and telling me not to eat it... A girls gotta eat, and making that *food* forbidden just made it sexy.

In *general*, I listened, and was good. Sometimes, though, the devil on my shoulder won. I loved teasing them, and they just presented me with the perfect opportunity—*come on!*

Duke nodded. “Yes.”

“I wouldn’t say *avoiding*, Love,” Eugene started. “Like Ramsey said, think of it as your bachelorette party and our bachelor party. You, Jason, Seb, Ramsey, and Dimitri will be upstairs, and we’ll be down here with the rest of the clans.”

Clarence pushed his head back as if he was insulted. “Why do I get the lame ass bachelor’s party—no offense,” he held his hands up. “I’d much rather be at the fun party with Seb and Ramsey,” he explained, giving the two an eager smile. Something told me that Seb and Ramsey were up to no good.

Dane gave him a sharp look. “Because you can’t mind your own business,” he said.

Clarence looked confused for a split second before bursting out into laughter. “Was that ten years ago?!” He looked at Seb and Ramsey. “Wait—they saw the same thing as I did?” He defended.

I was completely lost. Jason and I shared a look of confusion but didn’t question their bazaar conversation.

“Only because you showed them,” Duke scolded. He glanced at me before giving Clarence a sharp look. “You’ll be downstairs with us. End of discussion,” he decided.

Clarence shrugged in acceptance. “That’s fair.” He mischievously looked around at all my guys before he winked at me. “You look as beautiful as ever,” he raised his glass.

“RIP,” Theo muttered before chasing Clarence out the front door. All I heard was Clarence laughing in amusement before they were both gone in the blink of an eye.

“Why are we friends with him again?” Quin questioned.

Felix shrugged, and everyone laughed again.

I am so lost.

Shortly after Theo and Clarence ran off, the clans started to show up. They poured through the door like a tsunami, each bowing to Felix as they passed. The ones permitted to speak to me congratulated me warmly before going further into the castle.

Duke took me from Felix, grabbed my hand, and kissed it. “Ready?” He asked while gesturing to the stairs. He seemed uncomfortable with all these vampires around me, which I understood.

The last time there was a gathering, I died. It made a lot of sense for them to be nervous and have strong vampires, and Jason guard me for the night.

Sending him a comforting look, I nodded. My guys stood around me—except for Theo, who was probably beating Clarence to a pulp, but that was none of my business.

I gave them each pointed looks but too sweet a smile. “I swear if any of you show up drunk or late tomorrow, I’ll lose it,” I said through my teeth as I smiled. That was literally the only thing that could go wrong at this point. I knew they would never do that, just in case they needed a not-so-friendly reminder. I *wanted* them to have fun tonight, but not at the expense of my absolutely perfectly planned wedding.

Surprisingly, Felix looked slightly intimidated by my threat—as he should have been, I was completely serious. I felt oddly flattered that the only time I’d ever seen the vampire king look so wary was because of little old Bridezilla me.

Quin kissed me, his lips soft and sweet, like a promise. “Have some faith, Doll.”

Eugene kissed me next. “Have fun, and the same goes for you. I don’t want you stumbling down the aisle,” he teased.

“Me?” I giggled.

“*You.*” They all said in unison. Truth be told, I hadn’t drunk since senior skip day. Until recently, the smell of alcohol made me gag. That night definitely scarred me for many years—a decade, to be exact.

Felix kissed me, giving my ass a slight slap. “Behave,” he warned.

“I’ll see you tomorrow, Angel,” Dane flirted before kissing me.

Lucifer looked down at me. “I’m *going to leave your mind for the night so you can talk about wedding gifts and your dress,*” he spoke into my thoughts. “Stay away from cupcakes,” he added aloud, making me giggle. He leaned down, hiding our faces in his hoodie as he kissed me.

“You’ll find Theo, right?” I asked while turning to Duke, slightly worried he might get lost and miss the wedding.

“Yes, don’t worry about anything, Baby. Do me a favor?” He gave me a pointed look, and I nodded.

Lowering his voice, he moved me away from the crowd. “Later tonight, remember my *terms*. We haven’t been excellent about following premarital rules, and I just want this one thing to be done right,” he smiled.

“You think that I’m going to call one of you?” I clarified with a chuckle. “I *can* last one night without cuddles,” I assured.

A playful look grew on his lips as he gently shook his head. “I wasn’t talking about cuddles, Baby.”

“Oh,” I raised my eyebrows. “I can last a night without *that*, too,” I blushed, looking away.

“He’s *trying to tell you that you’re a horny drunk,*” Quin said through the kink-link.

My mouth fell open, not remembering that from the last time I was drunk. “I am not!” I defended, pushing past Duke, wanting to leave this conversation.

Catching my hand in his, he spun me back around, pulling me into his chest. He smirked down at me. “Don’t worry; I’ve

already told Dimitri and Jason that they also have to stop you from being a bad influence on us,” he winked before he kissed me.

I giggled into the kiss. *Jeez, you’d think I’m some sex crazed—*

“*You are,*” Lucifer interrupted before I felt his presence in my mind leave, giving me the privacy to think about the wedding for the rest of the night.

Duke let me go, and I started walking with Jason, following Ramsey, Seb, and Dimitri up the stairs. Jason nudged me. “Who knew you’d need cockblock bodyguards,” he teased, trying to hold back laughs.

“I don’t. They’re over-exaggerating,” I defended with a defensive roll of my eyes.

We began walking up the stairs, bottles of alcohol in our hands, ready to celebrate.

“Elora!” I flinched as Theo’s voice boomed through the house. Turning, I saw him standing by the front door, tapping his foot at me. He snapped his fingers and pointed to the floor in front of him. “Get your ass down here,” he scolded.

Leave it to Theo to make everyone stare. I bit back a smile as I walked down to him. “Yes?” I teased, knowing full well what he wanted.

He grinned, pulling me to him by my hips. “This may very well be the last time I get to call you princess, Princess,” he tilted his head.

“You can call me whatever you want,” I assured. Princess was just a nickname. I didn’t expect him to call me queen from tomorrow on. Princess was cuter anyway.

Moving closer to my lips, he gave me a devilish smirk. “Oh really? *Whatever* I want?” He repeated. He placed his lips against mine, pathetically giving me butterflies from the dirty tone of his voice.

“Alright, that’s it, we’re cockblocking,” Seb grabbed my shoulder and pulled me away from Theo.

Theo groaned, and I giggled. I waved at him and my other guys as my men-ettes went upstairs. “I love you!”



“Take a fucking shot!” Jason pointed at me, calling me out.

Everyone gasped, and I blushed. They were shocked at their newfound image and information about me. We were in the upstairs kitchen, something that was *never* used. I was lying on top of the counter, the room spinning around me. The cold granite felt amazing on my heated skin from the rum.

The others were sprawled out, much drunker than I was. They’d finished three bottles between the four of them. Their metabolism worked faster than mine, so they were able to drink and barely feel a thing.

We started the night off talking about my wedding dress, which I blabbered on for about an hour. It was custom-made by some famous designer, one of a kind, and cost more than I’d admit. Then I started to feel tipsy, and music played, so I made them have a dance party with me.

That led them to decide that I needed to ‘catch up’ because I was still decently sober. So, we were playing an incredibly unfair game where they assumed something about my guys or me, and if they guessed correctly, I had to take a shot. If they assumed incorrectly, they had to take a shot. They named it ‘the bride and groom game,’ but I knew they were just being snoopy.

“Are you ever going to let me live that down?” I groaned, taking another shot of the yummy rum. I loved strawberries—still.

Jason shook his head. “Never.”

Sebastian was lying on the floor. “How does Jason know about handcuffs?” He widened his eyes. “Spill,” he demanded, looking ready for a story.

Dimitri guessed that I'd been handcuffed before... Cheap shot if you ask me.

Jason sat up. "Alright, so this was years ago when I was still human. It was my first time here, and I had to pee. I go into little Miss Innocent's bathroom—"

I covered my face with my hands. "Please stop."

"A pair of handcuffs and a vibrator were on the shower ledge," he finished, too smug with himself.

Ramsey smirked at me. "Ooo, she's blushing—"

"Ask a different question," I rushed out.

Dimitri pressed his lips together in thought. "Theo likes to be on the bottom, doesn't he?"

I couldn't help but laugh. *None* of my guys preferred being on the bottom. *Maybe* Dane was a power bottom, but I was *never* the one in control. I didn't want to be. "Drink!" I said through a laugh.

They were playing loud music for their party downstairs, and we also had our own music playing up here. None of the nosy vampires downstairs could hear us up here, which I appreciated. I was honestly having a lot of fun—although I chose not to answer many of their questions, which was an answer in itself. My guys and I liked our privacy; no one needed to know our business.

"Damn," Dimitri chuckled.

Seb clapped his hands once. "I've got one," he announced proudly. "Quin's cooking isn't that good, and you just pretend to like it so you won't hurt his feelings—"

"Drink," I smiled. "He's actually an excellent cook, and I love his food," I clarified. My stomach growled at the thought of food, and I realized how late it was.

Sliding off the counter, I fixed my dress quickly so my ass wouldn't show. I started opening cupboards, but they were obviously all empty. "Dang."

"Are you hungry?" Ramsey asked.

I grabbed my bottle and took a shot.

Everyone busted out into laughter. “That wasn’t part of the game, Smalls,” Jason shook his head.

I giggled. “Oh, I think I’m drunk,” I voiced my excuse for my ditzy moment. They happen more often than I’d like, even if I wasn’t drunk. “Can one of you go downstairs and get cookies or something?” I gave them all a sweet smile.

Cookies sounded delicious! Speaking of snacks... I couldn’t help but wonder what my guys were doing. I hoped they were having as much fun as I was. I contemplated whether I should say anything through the kink-link. Technically, if they just heard my voice, that didn’t count as being *together* the night before the wedding, right?

“*I miss you,*” I said, deciding it wouldn’t hurt.

“Don’t *tempt them, Elora. I know what you’re doing,*” Duke responded immediately like he had his response planned out.

I bit back a smile. *Too easy.*

“Hey!” Sebastian pointed a finger at me. “Cockblock—no mind-linking,” he delegated.

“I wasn’t doing anything—”

“Bullshit, you dirty little liar. I saw that face,” he shot back.

A smirk crept onto my lips, betraying my defense. “Yeah, you’re right,” I giggled, not sober enough to argue my innocence.

Jason chuckled, beginning to stand. “You said you wanted cookies?” He asked.

“Uh-huh, and strawberries,” I added as he left to get us snacks.

“I’m surprised you still like strawberries after what happened,” Ramsey said.

I shrugged. “I love strawberries too much to hold a grudge. Antons dead anyway, so—”

Sebastian laughed. “No, he isn’t—”

“Seb,” Dimitri gave him a sharp look.

Confusion washed over me, and I furrowed my brows. Lucifer killed him—at least, that was what he told me. “What do you mean?” I stared at him.

Seb cringed at himself. “Shit, forgot about that,” he glanced at Dimitri and Ramsey, who were shaking their heads at him. “Well, he’s definitely not *alive* exactly,” he began his explanation. “Lucifer took over his mind that day and made Anton impale himself with tree roots.”

“Oh, ew!” I exclaimed.

Ramsey smiled. “It was so sick.”

“Anton is still alive; he just can’t move, see, hear, or drink blood. He’s been a vampire long enough to stay alive for hundreds of years without blood,” Seb continued. “Lucifer can make Anton use his powers from anywhere with mind control, giving Lucifer full access to Anton’s gift. He’s more of a puppet at this point—”

“Alright, that’s enough. The fact of the matter is, he’s basically dead, and Lucifer absorbed a useful gift,” Dimitri summarized.

I didn’t know that. Why hadn’t Lucifer ever shown me that he could manipulate plants? He knew how much I liked it. Now that I thought about it, our garden had been shockingly lively for the past ten years.

It was possible that Lucifer didn’t want me to think less of him for keeping Anton in such a horrible condition. Luckily for him, I thought it was a suitable punishment, and the soon-to-be queen in me realized the asset of Anton’s gift. It would be a waste to throw away.

Jason returned to the room with a bowl of strawberries and a box of cookies. “It’s a madhouse down there,” he chuckled. He set the snacks down on the counter.

With a smile, I hopped onto the counter again. “Thank you!” I drunkenly gushed, plopping one of the strawberries

into my mouth.

I closed my eyes as I chewed. Pure bliss.

Dimitri grabbed a cookie. “I haven’t had human food in many years,” he said before taking a bite.

“I have human food every day,” I informed.

Jason shook his head as he laughed at me. “You’re hammered, Smalls.”

He’s just jealous because he eats dog food. Snickering at my inner thoughts, I pointed down to the floor, where my guys were somewhere downstairs. “No. *They’re* the hammers. *I’m* the nail,” I explained, unable to cover up my laugh. Ugh, I missed them.

“Kaló parádeiso, aftó to korítsi treláthike. To agapó!” Dimitri laughed.

Sebastian’s mouth fell open as he looked at Ramsey. “Should we cut her off?” He chuckled nervously.

A song started playing on our stereo that I recognized. I gasped, loving the loud bass and catchy beat. “Turn it up!” I giggled, standing up on the counter.

“Ay!” Ramsey cheered, raising his bottle and nodding his head along with the beat as he turned it up.

The stereo blasted the song so loud that the bass rattled my ribs. I danced my heart out, taking a shot every few minutes as we had another dance party. I spun and twirled my hips with my hands in the air.

We were all laughing at each other’s horrible dancing and poking fun.

Dancing Queen started playing, and we collectively gasped, sharing excited looks.

Dimitri stood by the light switch, flicking it on and off quickly, making strobe lights as we danced. Jason, Seb, and Ramsey fed my ego, serenading me as they danced around the counter.

Endless fits of drunken laughter left me as I basked in the pre-wedding excitement. The whole night felt like a fever dream, and I couldn't have asked for better men-etts.

The concept of time left me, and the next thing I knew, I was over Jason's shoulder, giggling. "Party pooper," I scolded.

He chuckled. "You've gotta get married tomorrow, and you'll kill me if you wake up with a hangover," he defended.

I shrugged; yeah, I guess he had a point. "You're such a good friend, Jason. I love you," I gushed.

"I love you too..."

Ramsey and Seb, who were walking behind Jason and me, gave each other a quick look before they laughed.

"You are the vampire queen, young and sweet, only..." I paused my singing, trying to remember how old I was. "Nineteen!" I giggled. *I'm young forever!*

Jason chuckled, setting me down in front of my door. "Go to bed, Smalls," he insisted.

Sloppily raising my hand to my forehead, I saluted him. "Aye, Aye, alpha doggie boy!"

He rolled his eyes, but I saw his smirk before he turned around and sat on the floor outside my door.

Ramsey crossed his arms over his chest. "We'll be right outside all night, so don't even try to call one of them, Elora," he warned.

"Boo!" I dramatically gave him a thumbs down. "You're boring," I teased.

They all laughed before Ramsey pointed into my bedroom. "Goodnight," he deadpanned.

That's what he thinks. It was crêpe time.

"Goodnight!" I half-heartedly waved over my shoulder.

Immediately after closing my door, I started my master plan. Duke was right. I was a *very* horny drunk. Cockblockers outside my door or not—I was getting fucked.

I plopped down on my bed with an ‘oof.’ I bit my lip, wondering which of my guys would break first if I used the kink-link. Lucifer, Felix, and Theo never told me no. However, Eugene and Quin also broke easily if I tried really hard. Dane and Duke were immediate nos–dreamy rule followers.

Another idea came to mind as I remembered that Duke would stop any of them if I begged through the kink-link. So, going with the safest option, I pulled out my phone. I looked at each of my guys’ names in my text list, trying to decide which of them wouldn’t turn me down, wouldn’t tell the others, and could sneak away easily.

Clicking on Theo’s name, I grinned. I sent him one word, knowing my message would get through easily enough.

Theo.

Placing my phone on my chest, I waited patiently. I hoped he would check his phone in the midst of their party. I was the only one in the house besides Jason who needed to sleep, so they would be going at it all night.

My phone buzzed after a few minutes, and I read his reply.

Window.

My lips tightened, stopping my victorious giggle. I slid my underwear off under my dress, so he would have easy access. The cockblockers wouldn’t think anything of the noise; they probably assumed I was getting undressed for bed.

I searched for a heartbeat audio on my phone, so the cockblockers outside wouldn’t realize I wasn’t in my room. I put it on a low volume, placing it on my bed. Over the loud music downstairs, they might not even realize I was gone anyway.

Tiptoeing over to my already open window, I peered down. Theo was smirking up at me, standing at the bottom. He held his finger to his lips, gesturing for me to keep quiet. Tilting his head, he held his arms out, signaling me to jump down.

There wasn’t any doubt in my mind that he’d catch me as I jumped over the edge of the window.

As expected, he caught me effortlessly and immediately ran into the woods with me in his arms. He ran for half a minute, far enough away that none of the vampires in our house would hear us.

He set me down on my feet. I stumbled from the whiplash and rum flowing through my system. "Did they see you?" I asked.

"Lucifer saw me walk away, but I doubt he questioned it," he assured.

"Good," I rushed out. I grabbed the back of his neck, pulling his face down to mine.

He moaned into my mouth, pushing me against a tree. The moon and stars were the only light sources in the dark woods. I could taste the mango-flavored alcohol he drank as he stuck his tongue in my mouth.

Our kiss was drunk, sloppy, and incredibly desperate. My pussy was throbbing greedily, needing him inside me.

He grabbed the back of my knee, wrapping my leg around his waist. "Fuck," he cursed. His lips trailed across my cheek as he moved from my lips to my neck.

Reaching down, I grabbed his rock-hard dick through his jeans. "You've got a big problem down there," I said through moans. "You should do something about that," I flirted in a sultry voice. My pussy was dripping as I palmed him, impatiently waiting for him to fuck me.

He moved back up to my lips, talking in between desperate kisses. "I'm not the only one with a problem, Princess." He pushed my skirt up and touched me. He pulled away from my lips, giving me a dark look as he realized I went commando for him. "You're so fucking hot," he moaned.

He grabbed my shoulders, quickly turning me around. "Hold onto the tree," he demanded, pushing my upper body down, giving him full access to my ass and pussy.

Holding my hands out in front of me, I used the tree to keep me stable as he undid his pants. Not even seconds later,

he pushed into me. I cried out in relief and pleasure. “Fuck... yes,” I moaned.

He held my hips, roughly fucking into me with no remorse, giving us both what we craved. I didn't know if it was the alcohol, nerves from the wedding, or the naughtiness of us sneaking out, but he felt *amazing*.

“I told you.” My eyes shot open, hearing Lucifer's low, calm tone. “She's with Theo; nothing to worry about,” he finished casually.

A gasp left my lips, seeing Lucifer smirking at me with Sebastian, Ramsey, and Clarence beside him. All of their bright red eyes were on us. On me.

My skin heated in a blush so fierce my body temperature must have risen four degrees. “Theo,” I tried to sound as humiliated as I was, but with him pushing into me at the same time, it came out as a moan. I didn't want him to stop; I *needed* this more than I needed air. But they were *watching*.

Sebastian chuckled. “You really thought we wouldn't notice you were gone?” He taunted. “Are you really *this* desperate?” He continued.

“Lucifer!” I gave him a pointed look. Why weren't Lucifer and Theo making them leave? He literally *spoke* to me while my cervix was being crushed. They weren't able to see anything but the side of my ass, thanks to the dress, but Theo was hitting all the right spots inside of me.

Lucifer smirked, his arms crossed over his broad chest. “You're the one who wanted to sneak off and act like a slut, Kitten. Now, for wasting their time, you're going to give our friends here a good show.”

Before I could make any objections, Theo pushed deeper into me, and I cried out in pleasure. “Doesn't she look so pretty, boys?” He mused.

To my surprise, my pussy clenched around him. My heart was hammering, and adrenaline pumping through my blood made their eyes on me turn into pleasure. I was humiliated—embarrassed that they were seeing me in such a vulnerable

position. I loved it. All those years ago, Lucifer's threat to fuck me in front of everyone finally came to fruition. I secretly liked the idea back then, but now, I loved it. I'd never admit it, though.

Clarence sat down on a large boulder. "Very pretty," he agreed in a teasing tone. He made eye contact with me and winked. "She can be much louder than that, can't she, Theo?" He encouraged.

Dropping my head, I attempted to hide my face with my hair as Theo forced more moans out of me.

"Awe, look, she's embarrassed," Ramsey teased.

They all chuckled. The deep, degrading laughs were music to my ears, and I whimpered.

Theo grabbed my hair and pulled, lifting my head and forcing me to look at them. "I think you owe them an apology for sneaking off," he said. "Tell them how sorry you are for being such a dirty slut," he moaned into my ear.

"Oh, I'd love an apology," Sebastian sang, amusement in his tone.

Lucifer's eyes were bright red, shining out from the darkness of his hair and hoodie that shadowed his face. I looked down, noticing the massive tent in his pants. I wasn't the only one who was enjoying myself. I loved watching him watch me; it gave me a confidence boost.

I peeked at the other three men, more amusement in their eyes than desire, but it was there nonetheless. "I-I'm sorry," I moaned.

Clarence held his hand to his ear. "What was that? I didn't quite hear you," he taunted.

"Don't get all shy now, Baby," Lucifer said with false sympathy. "You can use your words like a big girl."

Theo fucked me faster, making my head spin. No matter how embarrassingly pathetic I sounded in front of them, I couldn't stop moaning. "I'm sorry for being a d-Theo! Dirty slut-fuck!" I cursed, feeling close to cumming.

“Awe, we forgive you, sweetheart,” Ramsey looked between the other two, sharing a mischievous glance. “We know you just wanted your little cunt to be used,” he added in a false tone.

“Look at how much she loves this,” Seb joined in. “You’re dripping down your thighs, Honey. I thought you were supposed to be embarrassed?”

Lucifer clicked his tongue. “Tsk, Tsk, Tsk. You know better than to make a mess in front of guests,” he scolded.” A sinister smirk curled up on his lips. “Clean yourself up,” he ordered.

If it was possible, my blush deepened. I was too consumed by pleasure to hesitate. I shyly reached one of my hands between my legs. I caught a few drops of my cum that ran down my thighs. I looked straight at Lucifer as I brought my hand to my lips and sucked the cum off my fingers.

Theo’s dick twitched inside me as he moaned. He’d always liked it when I tasted myself. “You’re such a good girl, Princess,” he praised.

Clarence chuckled. “Who knew you were such a dirty nymphette,” he teased.

“Awe, she’s taking it so well, too, aren’t you?” Ramsey chimed in.

Seb eyed me before smirking. “I just love the way her little ass bounces. So cute.”

I tried to look away again, but Theo still had a firm grip on my hair.

Lucifer knitted his eyebrows at me. “Where are your manners, Kitten? Thank them.” He continued to play devil’s advocate.

I whimpered, feeling Theo twitch inside me again as he fought to hold back his orgasm. “Thank y–you!”

“Awe, look, guys, the little slut is about to cum,” Clarence chuckled.

“It’s okay, Sweetheart, let it go,” Ramsey added with faux sympathy.

“Here cums the bride,” Seb smirked.

I cried out in ecstasy, and my legs trembled as I came. My eyes stayed locked on Lucifer as I shook in Theo’s arms. He smirked at me, looking strangely proud.

“Fuck!” Theo cursed as he came deep inside me, jerking his hips a few times as he finished.

Theo and I panted for a few seconds before he turned his body, blocking me from their view. “Are you okay, Princess?” He asked.

“Very tired,” I answered.

“I guess this means it’s time for you to wipe out memories now, huh?” Clarence chuckled.

“What, you think I’d let you remember that?” Lucifer said like it was obvious.

“I’m just lucky I got to see it *once*, even if I won’t remember,” Ramsey whistled.

“Lucifer, Theo,” Sev started. “You’re very lucky men. I’m jealous,” he joked—I thought it was a joke.

“Alright, wipe our minds now. I’m tired of having you in my head,” Clarence requested.

Relief filled me. It was a rush and exciting having them watch, but I was glad Lucifer had the plan to wipe this from their memory. I didn’t know how I’d ever be able to look at them, knowing what they saw and commented.

Peeking around Theo, I watched their faces go blank for a second as Lucifer stared at them. Then they ran off, back to the castle. Just like that, they’d forgotten everything they’d seen tonight.

I’d never considered that Lucifer could control every aspect of a person’s mind. Duke could compel people more efficiently than any other vampire could. Still, there were restrictions to vampires that were old enough. Lucifer can scrub someone’s mind from the inside out.

I bit my lip, looking between my two guys. “This is one of those ‘don’t tell Duke’ moments, right?” I asked.

Theo chuckled, kissing my forehead. “I think he would combust into a million tiny pieces,” he joked.

Lucifer nodded. “You should go to sleep, Kitten. We’ve got a big day ahead of us tomorrow,” he smiled.

If I didn’t know any better, I would think he was excited about the wedding. I knew he was thrilled to marry me, but I was under the impression that he hated any sort of event where he had to be around people.

Theo picked me up and began running back to our house. I fought sleep as he ran, the cool wind soothing my skin. Theo helped me shower and tucked me in before he jumped back out my window.

The second I closed my eyes, I began dreaming of ivory garden roses, lace sleeves, a four-tier cake, and my seven men standing under the altar.

Royal Wedding



Elora

I thought I was prepared for the wedding. In most ways, I was. Everything and everyone was exactly where they needed to be. All our hard work, planning, and impatient waiting had come down to this moment.

Standing here, wearing my beautiful dress, my hair was done up in several different braids that connected to make one glamorous one, gloss on my lips, and my skin perfectly tanned... I was nervous.

Since the day they proposed, I'd been nothing but eager and excited to walk down that aisle and commit myself to them forever. I'd been dreaming of today for what felt like forever. I was *ready*—more than ready; I was *ecstatic* to marry them. But I couldn't shake these pre-wedding jitters. Dane warned me about feeling this way before the wedding, but I brushed it off.

For the hundredth time, I did a quick spin in front of the mirror, ensuring I looked perfect. My dress was ivory, with a sweetheart neckline. The lace sleeves hung off my shoulders and had delicate leaves and floral patterns stitched into them. The dress puffed out at my waist, showcasing my slim figure. It had many layers of fabric, with the same lace detail and stitching as my sleeves. The dress added an elegance to me that I wasn't used to. There was a hit of sparkle to the lace that the sunlight caught when I moved, a special request by me. I truly felt like royalty. I felt beautiful in this dress.

Soft piano music played in the yard, where everyone waited for me to make my grand entrance. Hopefully, my grooms and our guests couldn't hear my racing heart over the melodies.

"Smalls," Jason gently knocked on my door. "It's about that time."

I closed my eyes for a few seconds, letting the nerves sink in. All I had to do was walk down that aisle... I smiled, picturing my guys waiting for me right now. I opened my eyes. "I'm ready," I responded.

He slowly opened the door, and the first thing I noticed was the impressive suit he had on. It wasn't his typical style at all, and I was glad he dressed up for the occasion—I had some doubts. "You look great!" I gushed. "I wouldn't even know you chase your own tail—"

"You look beautiful, Elora." His voice was unusually calm and sincere, making me blush. He was frozen with his hand still on the doorknob as he stared at me in awe.

Wow, he must really like my dress. I did a twirl. "I know!" I giggled. "See the sparkles? I had them added," I explained. The dress had some alterations and additions from the last time he saw me in it.

He chuckled, shaking his head. "Are you ready, Smalls? You've got a whole kingdom of people waiting for you," he joked.

The kingdom could wait; my seven guys were the only ones I cared about. I nodded. "You'll catch me if I trip, right? This dress has *so* many tripping hazards," I widened my eyes.

He held his arm out for me to take. "You won't trip; I've got you," he promised.

Holding onto his arm, he led me out of my room. Our house was empty. Everyone was in the yard waiting for the ceremony to start.

My dress pooled at my feet and trailed behind me as we walked. Jason stopped and looked down at me once we got to the back door. "Look," he nodded out the window.

Following his gaze, I looked outside. Endless rows of vampires were standing in rows on each side of the aisle. They were all dressed in suits, some from a different era.

They were sitting on long wooden benches with bouquets at the end. Several large willow trees towered over the entire area; their long vines and vibrant green leaves dangled over

our guests. Twine and silk decor twisted together in an intricate design between the rows.

My grooms stood under the altar, made of the highest quality ivory and soft pink garden roses and eucalyptus greens. Each of them wore the same suit, black on black from head to toe.

I didn't notice Jason opening the door; all I knew was I was walking down the aisle. My destination; our forever.

I couldn't stop smiling when they saw me. The rest of the world around us disappeared. All the decorations, the flowers, and our guests; gone. None of those things mattered. What mattered was them, my whole world.

Theo put his fist over his mouth, covering his excited grin. That didn't stop his joyous laughter as he looked up at the sky as if thanking someone in the heavens.

Eugene straightened, composing himself as his eyes welled with tears that he wouldn't let fall. *Awe, Eugene... as he should.*

Lucifer stood with his hands folded behind him, with a rare, full smile that made dimples on his cheeks.

Quin and Dane gave each other a nudge, making me giggle. Quin eyed my dress, looking impressed by the fine details. Dane licked his lips quickly before smiling, adoration written all over his expression.

Felix looked proud. There was no other way to describe the handsome smile he wore. His arms were folded in front of him, looking perfectly content as he watched me.

Duke... my sweet Duke was wiping a single tear off his cheek. It was a happy tear, of course. It seemed as if his whole life had let up to *this* moment, and he was just as ready as I was.

The long walk down the aisle seemed like the shortest walk of my life. I barely even realized I was moving until Jason stopped next to them. He smiled, giving my hand a small squeeze before grabbing my bouquet and moving to the far left of the altar.

Felix was quick to take my hand, placing a tender kiss against it. I stood on the left side of the altar, looking at all my handsome men. They were standing in a curved line on the right side of the altar. I gave them a cheesy smile, showing my excitement.

“You look stunning, Baby,” Felix said in a hushed tone.

Gently moving my torso, I made my dress sway, catching the sunlight in the sparkles.

Dimitri stood behind the altar as our officiant. He looked between my guys and me with an eager smile. “Please have a seat,” he prompted the clans. “We are gathered here today to celebrate one of life’s greatest moments and to cherish the words which shall unite humans and vampires in the marriage of our royal clan. Join me in celebrating the unity of King Felix Knight, Duke DuCarmont, Eugene Kleinschmidt, Lucifer Livingstone, Dane Arwien, Theodore Blume, Quin Doricott, and Elora Carmine.”

Theo stepped forward a bit. “*With...* Elora Carmine,” he corrected with a smile. “*We* are marrying *her*, not *each other*.” He glanced at the crowd, who chuckled with him. “Just clarifying,” he joked.

I giggled. “Theo,” I scolded with a shake of my head. Obviously, everyone knew that.

He held his hands up in surrender and stepped back before clearing his throat. “Dimitri, carry on,” he nodded.

Dimitri smiled before looking at the book in his hands again. “Marriage is the promise between people who love each other, and who trust in that love, who honor each other as individuals, and to choose to spend the rest of their lives together,” he continued.

I fought the urge to tell him to skip to the good part. Patience had never been my strong suit, especially when there was kissing involved.

“The ceremony will not create a relationship that does not already exist between them. It is a symbol of how far you have come in these past few years. It is a symbol of the promises

you will make to each other to continue growing stronger as individuals and partners. No matter what challenges you face, you now face them together, and no matter how much you succeed, you now succeed together. The love between you joins you now as one... or eight?" He chuckled at the last part.

"Felix said it best 10 years ago in his speech. The welcoming of Elora into our culture will only bring light. Just as she is an amazing friend, she will make us proud as an amazing Queen," Dimitri gave me a heartwarming smile with tears in his eyes.

"Thank you," I mouthed, appreciative of his supportive, welcoming speech.

He looked into the crowd. "If there are any objections to this marriage, speak now or forever hold your peace." He paid particular attention to the area behind me, but after no one objected, he chuckled. "Good, I was hoping everyone valued their life," he joked.

I loved that he was making jokes here and there but kept the ceremony professional overall. This wasn't a typical wedding. Eight people didn't typically get married, especially when it was a royal wedding.

Dimitri smiled at my guys. "Do you, Eugene, take Elora as your lawfully wedded wife?"

"I do."

"And do you, Elora, take Eugene as your lawf—you know what, this may take some time to get through," he held his hands up and looked back at my guys. "Eugene, Duke, Quin, Theodore, Dane, Lucifer, and Felix. Do you take Elora as your lawfully wedded wife and Queen?"

They all smirked.

"We do," they said in unison, making me giggle.

"Hell yeah," Theo nodded.

Dimitri smiled down at me. "And do you, Elora, take Eugene, Duke, Quin, Theodore, Dane, Lucifer, and Felix as your lawfully wedded husbands?"

“Uh-huh, I do,” I smiled, lightly bouncing on my feet, knowing his following line.

Dimitri closed his book. “With all the power vested in me, I now pronounce you husbands and wife. Elora, you are now Queen of vampires,” he said proudly.

“You may kiss the bride.”

I practically jumped into Felix’s arms, with him being closest to me. He caught me and kissed me tenderly like we were in his office chair again, and it was our first kiss. “I love you, Baby,” he confessed.

Lucifer was quick to pull me away from him. He held my face in his big hands, leaned down, and pressed his lips to mine. I basked in the cheering around us and the upbeat music that began playing. He pulled away and licked his lips, filling my tummy with butterflies.

“C’mere, Love,” Eugene held my hand, spinning me around before stopping me with a toe-curling kiss. “There has never been a more beautiful Queen or bride,” he complimented.

My waist was grabbed, and I was pulled flush against Quin’s chest. “You’ve never looked as happy as you do right now, Doll,” he held the back of my head as he kissed me. His tongue gently licked my bottom lip and I giggled, breaking away from him before we got carried away in front of all these people.

“Angel,” Dane started, and I turned to him. He placed his hand under my chin, lifting my head as he kissed me. “I adore you,” he said before kissing me again.

After a few seconds, I pulled away and smiled at Duke. His eyes were glossed and filled with raw emotion. “I’ve waited a hundred lifetimes for this moment with you. I love you, Elora. I was put here, on this earth, to love you,” he whispered.

I wrapped my arms around his neck and smashed my lips to his. His arms went around my waist as he lifted me, making my legs dangle. He put me down, gesturing to Theo.

Being passed around was something I could get used to.

The boyish smile on Theo's lips made me giggle. He laughed before he grabbed my waist and dipped me down. "I have the *hottest* wife," he smirked before he plunged his tongue into my mouth in a jokingly passionate kiss.

Giddy butterflies filled my tummy as I laughed against his lips. When he broke away, I noticed his fist in the air, like he was cheering while kissing me.

Turning to the massive crowd of vampires, I felt pride as they cheered and clapped for us as the reception began.



Eugene spun me around the dance floor as our night came to an end. Most of the Clans had left by this point, of course, after congratulating us and leaving their gifts. Many of them had a long trip home, wherever that may be. Our reception lasted nine hours, and I was partied out.

The day had gone perfectly, just like I planned it to. Our cake was beyond delicious, as was the fancy food that Dane insisted we have for the wedding. The day went by faster than I expected, and it honestly felt like a blur. All I remembered was the number of times that I laughed and how happy my husbands made me.

Jason approached Eugene and me as the song ended. He cocked an eyebrow at me, and we both laughed as I hugged him. "You're leaving, aren't you?"

"Duty calls," he joked. "Congratulations, Smalls. You'll make a great Queen... a *ditzy* Queen, but great nonetheless," he jabbed.

"Don't you have butts to sniff?" I shot back.

Jason pulled away and nodded. "I do, actually," he smirked.

"You're gross."

"You know it." He waved behind his back as he walked away. "Later, Smalls!"

“Bye! Thanks for being my man of honor!” I giggled.

Quin wrapped his arms around my shoulder. “Are you ready for your wedding gift, Doll?” He smirked down at me.

My other guys surrounded me with eager smiles on their faces.

I raised my eyebrows, not knowing that they had got me something. Technically, everything I had or wanted was already a gift from them. My life itself was a gift from them.

“Yes! But you get your gift from me first,” I gushed. I’d been planning their gift for almost two years now, and I knew they’d love it because I did.

Felix looked perplexed, almost guilty. “You got us a gift?”

“Uh-huh, come look!” I kept my grip on Quin’s hand as I led them inside.

Dane grabbed my other hand. “You didn’t have to get us anything, Angel—”

“It’s *your* money,” I giggled. “Hush, you’ll love it,” I dismissed.

I led them through the long halls of the castle until we got to our living room. I had their gift delivered to Jason’s house, and he kept it in his car until they were all outside for the wedding. He must have set it up sometime during the reception, just like I asked him to.

Hanging above our fireplace was a massive one-of-a-kind painting of all of us. I stood back as they all gawked at the masterpiece. I folded my hands in front of me and swayed, loving their shocked expressions. They used to have these in all wealthy households, at least according to movies and books I’d read. I hoped this would remind them more of their past, but now with me included in it.

After many moments of them staring at it, probably seeing the tiny brush strokes that my eyes couldn’t, I decided to break the silence. “I told you we needed more pictures of us,” I explained.

“It’s perfect, Baby,” Felix breathed out, still entranced by the art.

“Damn... I’m a good-looking dude,” Theo joked, kissing my cheek.

“I think your gift may have ours beat, Doll,” Quin smiled.

“I don’t stand in corners that often, do I?” Lucifer asked, tilting his head at it.

“You’re a professional lurker,” I teased. In the painting, I had him standing in the background, leaning handsomely in a corner, like he would in real life. He wasn’t the kind of person who wanted to be seen, so I added that aspect of his personality into the painting. He was still very much so visible and just as prominent as the rest of us, just darker.

Duke grinned. “It’s just what this room needed.” He turned and held my face in his hand. “I think we should get a new one every... hundred years or so?” He suggested.

“We’re going to have so many paintings,” I joked. Forever contained *a lot* of hundreds of years.

“That’s the plan,” he agreed.

“Your turn, Love.” Eugene smiled, and they all got eager again.

“Okay!” Surprises were always my favorite. I was practically bouncing on my heels with excitement.

“Close your eyes,” Quin ordered.

“Oh... this is gonna be good,” I gushed.

Closing my eyes, I felt Eugene and Dane take my hands and lead me through the castle halls again. I didn’t know where we were going, and the suspense was killing me.

We stopped walking, and I smiled. “Can I open my eyes now?” I questioned, letting my impatience show.

“A few more seconds, Princess,” Theo chuckled.

I groaned sarcastically, hearing them rush around at vampire speed. I turned my head a few times, trying to figure

out which room we were in. The pitch black behind my eyelids got lighter like they turned a light on in a dark room.

“Open your eyes, Baby,” Felix kissed my ear.

Immediate confusion hit me as I opened my eyes. Our library...? My eyes shot around the room, not noticing a single difference. There were no boxes with a bow, no new decor, nothing. Just our massive library with our hundreds of thousands of books.

I tried not to look disappointed or confused as I looked at them. “The library... I *do* love this room,” I smiled.

“You love the concept of this room,” Quin corrected. He had a massive smile as he crossed his arms over his chest. “You hate this room more than any room in the house, Doll. Remind me why?” He hinted.

Even thinking about it made my brain feel like it was on fire. It made my skin crawl. I sighed. “The books are all out of order, there’s absolutely no organization whatsoever, and it’s impossible to sort through them all to fix it,” I said in a duh tone. I’d thought about this for years.

Dane tilted his head to the side. “It took us ten years.”

Slowly but surely, I understood. “Wha—” I widened my eyes, placing my hands over my mouth. Realization dawned upon me, and goosebumps covered my entire body. “You... you organized the books?” I looked between them all in awe.

Eugene pressed his lips together to stop his smile. “Every last one is in alphabetical order,” he assured.

I couldn’t believe it... they spent ten years organizing... for me. I knew that none of them cared about the order of the books in here or organization in the slightest. They truly did it just for me. I had no idea that anything in this room had even changed.

Still unable to process the change, I walked over to a random shelf I could reach and pulled out a book. It started with a C. The following few books also began with a C, and the subsequent ones started with D, then E, F, G, and so on. I

spent ten minutes looking through different shelves, only to confirm they were all perfectly organized.

My eyes welled with tears as a weight somehow lifted off my shoulders. I'd never been more comfortable in our library than I was now.

"We didn't know what to get the girl who has everything," Dane explained gently.

"If you hate it, it was Quin's idea," Theo rushed out.

My eyes rounded as I stared at him in bewilderment. "Hate it?" My voice cracked. "I love it."

Theo grinned. "In that case, it was my idea," he joked.

Quin's smile reached his eyes. "It was a joint effort," he winked at me.

I knew that it was Quin's idea. The rest of them wouldn't have thought to do this. They didn't understand my OCPD as well as he always had. It didn't matter who had the idea; they all spent *years* of their busy time doing this.

A lump rested in my throat as I spoke. "When did you have the time to do this?" I asked, pressing my hands against my chest, feeling overwhelmed. I'd never noticed them sneak away or spend any suspicious amount of time in here.

Lucifer smirked. "You sleep a lot."

With tears in my eyes, I wore my brightest smile of the day, which was saying a lot. "This is... the best gift I could have ever gotten," my voice cracked as I tried to keep it together. "I can't believe you did this for me. Thank you," I whispered.

Dane wrapped his arms around me in a tight embrace. "We'd do anything for you, Elora." He kissed my forehead. "No amount of time or effort will ever matter," he promised.

Eugene joined, wrapping his arm around my waist, and kissed my hair. "There's nothing we wouldn't do to make you happy, Love."

"No lengths we wouldn't go to to protect you," Quin added.

“There’s nothing I wouldn’t do to hear your cute little laugh,” Theo beamed. “Even if the world looks at me like an obnoxious fool. I’ll be *your* jester for the rest of our lives.”

“You’ll never be alone... even if it is the *devil* in your head,” Lucifer smirked.

“You are *our* Queen,” Felix continued.

“My life,” Duke finished.

My eyes were overflowing with happy tears at their affections. Their love for me was endless, and they never let me forget it. I looked between all of them, my heart swelling with gratitude and love. I was the luckiest girl in the entire world to have them as my husbands. I couldn’t imagine having to exist without them.

“I love you.” I beheld each of them, knowing that no one had ever meant those three words more than I did.

About The Author

When Beanie Harper isn't writing about fantasy and steamy men, she can likely be found at a gem show, working her 6-3 job, wandering the gloomy woods of the Pacific Northwest, eating sushi, or curled up with her husband and pets, watching the same show for the 100th time.

She found her love of writing and storytelling through the many books she's read. Her motto when it comes to writing is: Write for yourself, and the right audience will find you. With those words in mind, she took a leap into the unknown and wrote a novel under her pen-name. *Elora* is her first published work, and she hopes to have the privilege to continue writing for years to come.

You can connect with Beanie on Instagram, where her other social media sites are linked. [@beanieharper](#)

Beanie: "What do I put on my about the author page?"

Beanie's Husband (AKA: "The Inspiration"): "Hi, I'm Beanie Harper. There's two things I love in this world: rock hard cocks and minerals. I've put my blood and sweat into this book for your personal enjoyment. Sit back, relax, and prepare to have soggy fingers."