



Hollow Nights

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Category: Erotic, Romance, Adult, Dark

Description: Have you ever wondered about the monster under your bed?

LIBRA

Sleep is a curse that refuses to release me from its tight grasp. Every night, I am held hostage by sleep paralysis, unable to escape the demon that haunts my dreams. I thought it was just a figment of my imagination, a shadowy figure under my bed. But as I confront it, I realize it is much more than that. It's real—he is real.

AXELLE

Trapped in a never-ending cycle, I am bound by chains to an endless stream of human souls. Each one a mere pawn in my eternal game of torment until their time runs out, and I am shackled to the next. But she was different. For years, I have been fixated on her, deriving twisted entertainment from her mundane existence, until one night, my dark desires took over and I crossed a line. Now, she is about to discover who, or rather what, I really am.

Hollow Nights is a dark novella. Please check all triggers prior to reading.

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Prologue

The Monster Under Her Bed

Her pained stare meant nothing to me as I lurked closer, staring into those dark and dangerous eyes of hers. It frustrated me how entrancing they were. She was frozen, unable to move or speak while under my spell, just a helpless little human for me to prey upon.

Perfect.

A low rumble vibrated from deep within my chest as I loomed over her, knees on either side of her body, squeezing her tight while I pressed my hand against her voluptuous chest. I knew the pressure made it hard for her to breathe, but this human—my human—was stronger than those before her. She could handle it. She endured my nightly torments, continuing with her life as though nothing I did the night before phased her—but I knew the truth. She was petrified, hoping that one day, I'd leave her alone or disappear. I threw my head back, releasing a gurgling laugh as my long tongue slithered from my outstretched mouth and snaked toward her.

Never.

Her irises moved slowly, meeting my gaze, locking tight as I gripped her neck and moved closer to her face. “You may not hear me, but know this. You’re mine, Libra, until the day you die. I am your demon, the monster under your bed, and you are my fleshbag to toy with as much as I possibly can.” I ran my tongue along her cheek, tasting a faint hint of sweat as she simply remained still, unable to move

and unaware of my actions. “I’m going to devour every ounce of your fear.” My tongue moved towards her, dipping into her hot mouth ever so lightly. She released the softest gasp, straining beneath my growing weight.

My hand tightened around her soft neck, a little too eager at the feel of her body against mine mixed with the horror she was experiencing as it dripped from her soul. I wanted it all to myself. That’s right; feel that fear as it seeps into your bones. Give it to me?—

An abrupt rustling just outside her bedroom window interrupted me. My head snapped to the side, noticing a dark shadow moving behind the glass. “Now what?” I grumbled, reluctantly recoiling my tongue as I lightened my hold and released her. I climbed from the bed and quietly approached the window. My human’s body relaxed in my absence as she drifted back to sleep, her eyes shutting as I peeked through the glass, noticing something—or someone—who wasn’t there before.

My body melted through the structure of her wall, stepping through it and out onto the ground beneath her window and into the cold night. Crouched, peeking through the glass at my human, was a man. He was flustered, wearing a hoodie and sweatpants, obviously peeping on her while she slept. His hand was in his pants, his arm vigorously moving back and forth, jacking off to the sight of her sleeping in her thin nightdress.

“Look at you,” he panted, “sitting there perfectly still for me.” He grunted and groaned, increasing his speed. “Always so sweet, so nice.”

I raised an eyebrow and crossed my arms, both amused and annoyed by this overly excited man creeping on my fleshbag. I won’t deny that Libra was an attractive woman; her curves and features were seductively alluring, always turning heads—but this was a first for me. Neither Libra, nor any of my previous humans, had something like this happen. So of course, I was a bit intrigued, probably more so than I

should've been.

I watched the man as he huffed and watched her sleep, somehow struggling to let go. I almost felt bad for the guy, so I decided to lend a helping hand. I stalked closer, overshadowing the measly man as I wrapped my arms around his frame, my weightless presence covering his body like a jacket, giving him an extra surge of energy as I held him close against me.

“That’s right,” I whispered into his ear, pushing my tongue inside it lightly. “Picture those large tits of hers bouncing as you fuck her, all the naughty little sounds she’d make. Think of how she’d taste on your tongue.” I leaned into his body, now partially excited myself. I began to slide my hands down to his as I continued to whisper in his ear, aroused by it all. “Imagine just how that tight cunt of hers would feel sliding up and down your—” I stopped, peeking into his pants as I felt his dick in my palm. Despite being hard and dripping across my fingers, it was small and pathetic, causing me to rupture in laughter. “Your dick isn’t good enough for her.” I removed my hands, gripping his thighs as I pushed my slightly hardened self against him. “But I’ll let you pretend it’s not that small.” I slapped his ass as he shivered at my words, and I licked the bitter precum from my sharp fingers.

Humans couldn’t see or hear me, not even Libra, but they could feel me. They could sense my words and my feelings as it gave them shivers and chills. It was a game I enjoyed most of the time, taunting and teasing them as much as I could. I may be chained to Libra specifically, but there wasn’t a rule against fucking with the others. And this one in particular seemed rather entertaining at the moment.

I stepped back from the man as I adjusted myself, watching and listening to his not-so-private moment. It was risky, masturbating outside her house and so near everyone else, but it was thrilling to see the hold her body had on him. I could understand; it was intoxicating. His breathing increased as he fought back his desire. It annoyed me how easily it seemed he was about to finish. It was too quick.

Now where's the fun in that?

I leaned against the window, crossing my arms, the tip of my tail brushing my hair aside as I continued to watch him closely. His face was red and sweaty, twitching as he tried so hard to edge himself. If this man couldn't even keep it together at the simple sight of her in her tempting thin nightdress, just imagine how easily he would come if she really offered herself to him. Pathetic.

The man slapped his free hand against the window, leaning further into it, fogging it with his hot breath, rubbing himself almost raw as he cried out, ejaculating all over the inside of his sweatpants. I could smell the fresh cum as it spewed from his dick and dripped down his leg, the thick, salty aroma of it hanging in the night air. I sighed, bored with him. At least now, he would leave, and I could return to my human.

"Next time," the man panted, twitching as he milked the last few drops. "I'm going to come on that perfect chest of yours. I can't stay away from you, Libra."

What the fuck? How the hell does he know her name?

"You're perfect...and I want you...need you. One day, you will be mine."

His desperate words ignited an absolute burst of rage inside as I shot from the wall. I stopped less than an inch from his ear as I hissed a pitch-black warning. "You had your fun boy, but if you touch her, I will kill you. She is my human, and I don't like to fucking share," I snarled.

The man shivered, a sudden wave of fear washing over him as he quickly adjusted that scrawny, little limp dick of his and scuttled away. I knew he didn't hear my words, but he sure as fuck felt them, and I meant every damn word.

I turned, stepping through the wall and back into Libra's room, fuming. She was sleeping, undisturbed by the pervert outside her window. I crouched, eyeing her closely as my tail brushed her long, dark hair aside.

"Don't worry about that degenerate. If he returns, I'll take care of him. Only I get to toy with you." I couldn't help but smile. My grin curled up to my ears as I eyed her body closely before I lowered myself and crawled under her bed. "Enjoy it while you can, Libra. Tomorrow is a new day, and I fully intend on haunting your dreams."

Chapter 1

Libra

"Excuse me!" The sound of fingers snapping jolted my fading consciousness. My burning eyes shot open as I stared back at an elderly woman across from me, impatiently waiting for me to hand her the receipt for her purchase.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Here!" I handed her the thin white paper, offering a forced smile.

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“Kids these days,” she groaned, snatching the receipt as she shook her head and quickly exited the small shop with a jingle.

“Have a nice day! Ugh.” I lowered my arms over the checkout counter, resting my head atop them as I exhaled, frustrated with myself. I felt beyond exhausted, depleted of any energy or drive to do anything. All I wanted to do was curl up and sleep, but every time I closed my eyes, all I could see were those burning orange irises staring back at me. Every time I experienced an episode, I would wake to a large, shadowy figure looming over me, crushing me in my bed. It had no shape or face, just those burning fucking orange eyes attached to something dark. Something evil. They frightened me, haunting me almost every night for as long as I could remember. They didn’t used to be this bad, but as I got older, things only seemed to get worse, and nomatter what I tried, nothing helped me sleep through it. It was hopeless.

The sound of the bell above the door jingled.

“Another rough night?” The voice startled me as I lifted my head slightly, peeking up at the man. It was Duke. He was one of the few frequent shoppers we had here at the Haunted Apothecary. He happened to stumble in one day looking for a bathroom and ended up browsing the shelves, obviously clueless as to what anything was. It was adorable, watching him wander around, dumbfounded and pretending to care. He was a dorky-looking, blond-haired jock, someone you’d never find in a store like this talking to someone like me. I was the complete opposite of him, covered in tattoos and piercings, living a completely different life. And yet, he still found his way into the store multiple times a week. Curious.

“How’s it going, Duke? Browsing again today?” I sat up, feeling the hairs on my

neck rise. I tried to ignore that sensation, making casual conversation, wondering what he would end up buying today.

“Yeah, well, you know. I’m just seeing what calls to me.” He began to pace around the store, his hands in the pockets of his faded jeans, the old wooden floors creaking as he softly eyed the shelves, his sight bouncing back to me as he did so. I knew he was nervous about something, but I wasn’t sure what.

Duke stopped at a tall shelf, pointing to something at the very top. “What about that?” he asked.

I ducked around the counter and reached his side, seeing what he was pointing to. “The orange-colored ones?” He nodded. “Ah, well, those are Carnelian.”

“And what would those be good for?”

“Well,” I inhaled softly. It was obvious he had no idea what any of the crystals or stones represented or were used for, but who was I to say anything? Money was money. “Carnelian?—”

I reached high, standing on the tiptoes of my platform boots, extending my arm out to the closest thing I could: a Carnelian sphere with banding. I could feel his eyes on me as I stretched further, the hem of my mini skirt rising. It felt as though something had tugged it as I grasped the sphere and quickly returned to my feet. I held the sphere up, showing Duke as I explained a little about it.

“Carnelian is great for building confidence, courage, passion, and power within yourself. Definitely helps with taking those large leaps in life.” I slowly rotated the sphere, admiring the banding. “See that?” I pointed, tapping the hard surface with my long nail. “That banding there? It’s good luck.” I smiled, adoring the fiery color of the stone. It has always been one of my personal favorites.

Duke carefully took the sphere from my hand, looking closely at it. “So, if I wanted to, say, ask someone out, would it help?” His blue eyes met mine.

“Oh, yeah. And it’s great for sexuality,” I winked. His cheeks instantly flushed as he gripped the sphere tight. “Want me to ring you up?” He nodded silently, swallowing hard. “You know the drill. This way.” I stepped back behind the counter as Duke followed. I rang his purchase up, and as he was paying, something yanked my hair.

“What the fuck?” I cried out, turning around to see no one there.

That was strange. I looked around the shelves and empty shop. It was only Duke and me. Sterling, my co-worker, was in the back, handling inventory, nowhere to be seen.

“Um, everything okay?”

I turned back to Duke, handing him his receipt. “Yeah, I just—” I felt a soft breeze against my partially exposed back. It sent a wave of chills along my skin. “Just another day at work.” I offered a fake smile, wrapping the sphere as I bagged it and tucked a small stand inside the brown paper bag. “Enjoy!”

“Thanks, Libra.” He grinned, taking his purchase. “I hope this helps,” he chuckled.

“Oh, I’m sure it will. If not, you just come back here and let me know. I’ll hook you up with something else.” He nodded, slowly backing away towards the door, goofy as ever. I waved goodbye.

“See you tonight,” he whispered under his breath as he rushed out the door. My hand stopped as my brows furrowed.

Tonight?The small display stand of mood rings on the counter fell over the edge. I gasped, jumping as the little bands rolled around on the floor.Great. I bent down,

annoyed as I began picking them up one by one. My hand accidentally knocked one of the rings under the counter.

“Fuck,” I groaned. I pressed my cheek against the wood floor, searching for it. As I spotted the silver ring, I noticed a dark shadow just behind it on the other side of the counter where I was standing before. My eyes widened. I knew there was no one else in here. I quickly shot to my feet, searching for the shadow but seeing nothing there, only the same shelves and inventory as before. I carefully rubbed my eyes, glancing a second time to find it exactly as it was before. I must be seeing things. “I need to get some fucking sleep.”

“And what’re you doing down there on your knees?” Sterling made a face as he stepped into the shop from the back room, pressing his lips together.

I couldn't help but scoff at his playful question. “Just cleaning up,” I groaned.

“Mhm. Was that Duke I just heard?”

“Yup. Came, picked something out, and left. Same as always.” I grabbed another ring.

“I’m telling you, girl, that jock has a thing for you. There is no other reason for a man like him to be coming into a store like this. Think about it: what in the world wouldheneed with crystals?” He placed his hands on his hips.

I turned to look at him over my shoulder. Sterling was dressed in the most colorful leather outfit, complete with matching boots. His buzzed silver hair was painted in a layer of matching glitter, his elaborate makeup on point, as always. He was stunning, prettier than any woman I’d ever seen. He had style and knew how to use his words, the little viper. Since I started working here, he had become my best friend.

“Duke is just a lonely guy looking for a little bit of comfort and some attention. That’s all.” I slapped a handful of rings onto the counter.

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“Well, if that man wants some attention, he can start coming in during my shifts and talking to me. I’ll show that pretty boy all the attention he wants.” Sterling looked at me, noticing my fatigue. “Still struggling to sleep?” I groaned, nodding. “Girl, you need to get yourself one of those nightmare stones—or pop some magic little sleeping pills.”

“I don’t want to use pills,” I groaned.

“Well, I don’t want to look at that zombie-ass face of yours every day. You’re doing it to yourself. Take some pills and ride that wave into some deep sleep. Trust me, you’ll thank me later. Now, I’m off, so I’ll catch you later.” He waved, leaving for the day.

As I finished finding the last of the mood rings, I glanced up at the clock, watching as the small hand ticked again and again. Only a few more hours. God, I hope I can get some sleep tonight.

The Monster Under Her Bed

Libra tossed and turned for hours, struggling to fall asleep before finally drifting off peacefully. She listened to that friend of hers and took some sleeping pills, their effects in full swing. I knew she needed rest and dreaded my reappearance, but the urge to torment her was too strong. My poor fleshbag, stuck in an endless cycle of exhaustion and nightmares. It almost made me feel bad for torturing her—almost. But I had to. If terrorizing her wasn’t my sole reason for existing, I wouldn’t bother with such a task as haunting human dreams, but this was my purpose. I tried to be humane enough to at least allow her a little bit of sleep before becoming the sleep demon she

feared so much. But the drive to terrorize the human was too much. I needed to feed off the fear—her fear.

Time to play, Libra. Now, let's see how strong those pills really are.

I climbed over the foot of her bed, carefully positioning myself, preparing to wake her, when a moving shadow caught my attention as it quickly bolted past the window. I stopped, glaring as I stared, waiting, my claws digging into the bed. Something rustled outside her home, just like the night before. The interruption pissed me off. I was hungry and annoyed, waiting all day for this moment.

“That perverted fucker must've come back,” I growled. My eyes fell back to Libra as she continued to sleep peacefully. My body stiffened as I waited, thinking over what to do next. I could simply crawl back under the bed and wait, leaving fate to run its course while this creep jacks off outside the window to my human, feeding once he leaves, but I really didn't like the way this guy looked at her. Something about him felt—off. Another sound outside her window was all it took to make my choice.

“I'll handle this,” I groaned, looking at Libra as she slept, the moonlight peeking through her window and illuminating her tan, tattooed skin. I retreated from her bed and rushed to the wall, stepping through the window. “Goddamn humans,” I grumbled, looking out into the night, but there was no one there—no sign of the man. I stepped fully outside, the studded collar around my neck chaining me to her tugging lightly as I moved further away from her body. My claws grasped the long metal leash, yanking it loose with an attitude.

Fucking chains. I know my place. I don't need a reminder! A soft squeak made me whip my head around as I noticed the front door cracked lightly. That's not normal. I slithered closer, leaning down as I examined the lock, realizing someone had picked it. My nostrils flared as I inhaled, catching a lingering whiff of the man's scent hanging in the air. That fucking pervert. Standing, I reached my claws out and slowly

pushed the door open, peeking into the darkness. I half expected to see him standing there, but I was wrong. Where are you? I stepped further inside, quietly closing the door behind me as my eyes searched the darkness while listening for any sign of the intruder. Everything seemed oddly normal, not a single item out of place. It was eerie. Something felt off.

My chain wriggled, yanking the collar around my neck. It was alerting me, telling me something was happening to my fleshbag in the other room. Shit.

I bolted back to Libra's room, halting in the doorway. The same pervert from the night before was in her room, except this time, he was straddling her sleeping body, his little dick in his sweaty palm as he violently began to jack off above her face. I wasn't sure if I was impressed or insulted—either way, it was a bold move, something I never expected this guy to pull.

I was surprisingly upset, having to force myself to calm down. Remember the rules. Know your place. As much as I didn't like him or the idea of him getting off to my fleshbag, he wasn't doing her any real harm.

I stepped into the room, leaning against the wall as I impatiently waited for him to finish, examining my black-dipped claws. "Fucking humans." My tail swayed behind me as I watched. I had all the time in the world, but waiting even a few measly minutes felt like an eternity. I huffed at my own thoughts, hungry and annoyed.

The man shifted, and my eyes instantly fixated on him as he leaned closer to Libra. He used his free hand to pull her nightdress down, exposing her pierced breasts. My dick flexed at the sight.

"Calm down," I groaned to myself again.

He began to grope her, moaning as he played with her pretty nipples, his body jolting

with each aggressive flick. I didn't like sharing my human with others, an odd effect of the many years I'd spent chained to Libra's soul. But I was just her demon, the monster under bed who came out to terrorize her at night, nothing more. I had no place to interfere with what happened in her life. None of us did. Yes, I could get away with small things: knocking things around, yanking her hair, breathing down her neck, giving her a chill, but that was it. There were rules for my kind, each with its own reasoning and consequences behind it. So if this fucker wanted to break in and fondle my fleshbag for a good old time, fine.

I glared at the man as he quickened his speed, grunting and huffing like an animal. "Enjoy it while you can. That's all you—" I stopped, watching as he grabbed her face, forcing her mouth open. Something snapped inside me. "Oh no, you fucking don't."

My body lunged from the wall, aiming for him, my brain flooded with rage. I climbed on the bed and wrapped my longchain around his neck, pulling it from behind. He dropped her face, clawing at his throat, choking as I constricted the chains, pulling so tight, his eyes bulged, nearly rolling back. I watched as he suddenly came all over Libra's chest and blanket, his dick pulsating, squirting all over the place. All reasoning left my existence as I leaned in, my claws digging into his skull, disgusted and fuming with anger and hunger.

"No one forces my fleshbag," I hissed into his ear. His fearful eyes slowly moved to me, widening as he noticed me. "That's right," I grinned, "you can see me now. You want to know why?" I leaned in closer, my long tongue tasting his flesh. "That's because you're about to die." He tried to scream, but my chains prevented even a whisper from his gaping mouth. "Shhh." I forcefully twisted his face towards Libra. "We wouldn't want to wake her now, would we?"

A tear fell down his cheek as he desperately tried to escape me. My tail curled around his baby dick, the hardness falling almost limp. "Aw, don't tell me you're all

finished?” I moved, my tail stroking his small dick, squeezing tighter with each motion. “Don’t you want to go again? Don’t you want to cover her body in your sticky, bitter cum? Isn’t that why you broke in?” He gasped for air, unable to answer as my smile faded. “You really thought you could just slither your way in here,” my tail constricted harder, “and force my human to let you do whatever you wanted to her? Not on my watch.”

I grunted, ripping the small penis clean from his body. His warm blood spewed across her, exciting me as it mixed with the smell of his cum and fear. He jolted, his mouth wide as he tried to cry, horrified as my tail played with his dick, waving it around, watching as it flopped back and forth, blood dripping down onto the floor. “You wanted to put this little thing in her pretty little mouth,” I chuckled, exposing all my sharp teeth, “but you know, I think it would look better in yours.” Without hesitation, my tail shoved his bloody dick into his mouth, forcing it deep down his throat.

My chains fell as the man gripped his throat, choking, gagging on his own dick. He fell back onto the floor, blood from his crotch soaking his body and the floor around him. He wriggled around like a fish out of water, his eyes glued to me, his nails clawing at the fleshy penis in his mouth. He tried to remove it, but I’d shoved it so far down his throat, it was only a matter of time before it killed him. I watched him with delight as I crawled to the edge of the bed, laying on my stomach across Libra’s body, kicking my legs as I played with my chain in amusement.

“How’s it taste?” I raised a brow, unphased by how his face was changing colors. “I don’t mind the taste of dick myself, but you have to admit, yours lacks some flavor.” The smell of his blood filled the room, enticing my growing appetite. I closed my eyes, inhaling deeply. “Oh, you smell absolutely scrumptious, human. I don’t know if it’s your fear, your blood, or both, but you are making my mouth salivate!”

My eyes bolted back to him as I grinned, a shadow casting over my face. He stopped moving, grasping onto the last few lingering seconds of his life. I crawled towards

him on all fours, my mouth open as my tongue hung free. “You tried to hurt my fleshbag,” I growled, a feral darkness falling over me as I towered over him. “A fatal mistake.” My claws dug into his limbs, pinning him to the floor as he groaned, too weak to fight back. “No one touches her, human. No one! She’s mine to haunt.” I widened my mouth, saliva dripping from my teeth. “I’m going to eat your flesh and consume your fear, your soul. It’s mine to devour.”

Within the blink of an eye, my teeth sank into his skull, wrapping around his face as I bit down, tasting his fear. It was mixed with his blood, the flavor absolutely divine. My tongue slithered along his skin as I tore it from his bones, wasting no time eating all of him. It didn’t take me long to consume his entire body, leaving nothing behind but his blood staining the floor and the smell of his cum lingering faintly in the room. I ran my tongue along the stain, licking as much of him as I could, tasting just how scared he was. I cleaned his blood from my claws as I sat on the floor, leaning against her bed, when something under her nightstand caught my attention. The orange color stood out next to the dark color of the blood-stained floor. My tail reached out, grabbing the object as I observed it closely.

“Well, I guess she was wrong.” I tucked the sphere under Libra’s bed as I stood, fully satisfied. “That crystal didn’t bring him any luck after all.” I looked at her, sleeping undisturbed. I guess it was a good thing she drugged herself after all. Her bedding was stained with the man’s blood, cum drenching the blanket across her body. Her breasts remained exposed, her nipple piercings glistening in the moonlight. I had to control myself from touching her, filled with an odd urge. As I stared at her, the fog of my actions began to clear.

“Fuck.” I realized what I had just done, my own fear creeping in at the rule I had just broken. Slight panic ensued as I gripped the foot of her bed, my claws digging into the wood, ruining the surface.

I broke a rule—a pretty big one. Now, everything is going to change. She’s going to

see me for who I really am—what I really am.

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Libra moaned, turning in her sleep as I ducked under the bed.

Fuck.

Chapter 2

Libra

The smell of something heavy and metallic filled my nostrils as I peeled my eyes open, the bright sunlight burning my irises. The effects of the sleeping pills lingered as I tried to keep my eyes open, the room blurred and fuzzy. I groaned, tossing my blankets aside as I sat up and stretched. My skin felt sticky and tight, my chest catching a sudden breeze. I struggled to keep my eyes open, wobbling to the bathroom as I rubbed my eyes and flicked the light on. As I moved, I noticed something sticky around my cheeks.

What the hell—I peered into my bathroom mirror, seeing dark red spots and blotches around my face and neck. I instantly fully awakened, realizing my breasts were exposed, covered in what looked like blood and... I leaned down and sniffed my nightgown.

“What the fuck?” I whispered loudly. As I looked at my nightgown, I realized there were more dark blotches all over my skin. I frantically fumbled with my gown, examining my body closely in the mirror as the sound of my rapid breathing filled my ears. I panicked, turning my head and glaring back in the direction of my bedroom.

That smell...Was that blood?I moved cautiously, panting as I stepped down the hall,

silently grabbing a knife from the kitchen. I wasn't sure what good it would do me, but I felt better having it. I swallowed hard, moving towards the bedroom, my heart racing with every step as my breathing grew louder. The metallic, tangy scent thickened as I approached the doorway and covered my mouth in horror. My bedroom looked like a murder scene. The bed, the wall, and the floor were all covered in blood, and it wasn't mine.

I began to hyperventilate, confused and frightened by what I was staring at. "What the hell happened?" I whispered, my voice quivering as I slowly stepped further into the room, my toes touching what appeared to be a giant, bloody puddle soaked into the floor just next to my bed. I bent down, kneeling, and slowly reached my hand out. My fingers trembled as they touched the dark stain, the liquid sticky and cold. I raised my fingertips to my face, staring at the deep red liquid as it covered my skin.

"Oh my—" A soft hiss stopped me.

The animal-like sound had come from under my bed. Both curious and afraid, I tried to see what it was, slowly leaning further down as my long hair fell into the puddle of blood. I peeked under the bed, anxious as to what I might find. There, staring back at me, was a set of eyes, the same orange eyes that had haunted me my whole life—only this time, they weren't just staring back from a black shadow. No, this time, they were a part of something. Something...evil.

I screamed, falling back into the sticky puddle as the thing followed me, chasing after me on all fours. I tried to crawl backward, slipping on the old blood, my back slamming into the wall as I stared at it, frightened like never before.

The thing stood, towering over me as it approached, coming closer and closer on two feet. I tried to grasp what I saw, closing my eyes, thinking this was all just a fucking nightmare, one I desperately needed to wake up from.

“I-it’s not real,” I sobbed, forcing my eyes to stay shut as a hot breath caressed my face. “Just a nightmare,” I cried, waiting for it to attack. “It’s not real!”

Something sharp grasped my chin, forcing my face towards it. My eyes shot open, staring back into those damn glowing orange irises that always terrorized me. They burned deep into my soul—the eyes of a monster.

“Try to keep that pretty mouth of yours quiet,” the monster snarled, the masculine voice low and almost threatening.

I inhaled to scream a second time, only to have what appeared to be the tip of his long, dark tail muffling me. It was pointed and shaped like a spade, the leathery skin rubbing along my tongue as I tried to spit it out, both shocked and revolted. My hands pulled at what was his large claw clasped around my face, but it was no use. He was too strong, pushing the tip further down my throat.

“Oh,” he moaned as his smile curled, the corner slits of his mouth reaching almost his ear. “Keep wiggling your tongue like that, and we’re really going to have a problem.” A tear rolled down my eye and onto his gray-scale flesh, his pitch-black dipped claws wiping it away. “Oh, calm down, Libra.” My eyes widened at the sound of my name. “I’m not going to hurt you.”

How did he know my name? Who was he—no, what was he?

“Listen,” he growled, “I know you’re scared. I can sense it...taste it.” His long, black tongue slithered from his mouth and licked my cheek as I tried to wriggle free, listening to the satisfaction he got from tasting my tears. “Mmm. Delicious.” I tried to bite the tip of his tail. “Oh, careful, Libra. Some of us like being bitten.” He leaned his head back, laughing, exposing numerous, sharp yellow teeth. “Look,” his thumb ran along my chin, lightly scraping me, “I won’t hurt you...if you promise not to scream or run.” He lightly shook his head, his alabaster white hair shaking around

what looked to be two black horns peeking from his skull. His claw shook my face. “Think you can behave?” he asked aggressively, his hot breath hitting my face. I shuddered, realizing I didn’t have a choice. I’d have to make him believe me, and the second I could, I was going to run.

I nodded my head, the back of it rubbing against the wall. “Good,” he purred, removing his tail from my mouth, saliva dripping from it as cold air rushed my lungs. I coughed and wheezed, grabbing my throat as he released my face, allowing me to fall slightly forward. “Now?—”

Before he could speak, I rolled to my hands and bolted, grabbing my knife as I dashed from the room. I could hear him roaring and growling in anger, the vicious sounds piercing my ears as I headed to the front door. My fingers slipped on the metal knob, blood coating them as I tried to unlock it. “Fucking open!” I screamed, as if that would help. But it was no use. The door was locked, and no matter how much I tried to pry it open, it wouldn’t budge. “Fuck!” I grabbed my head, panicking.

The back door.

Just as the thought entered my mind, I turned to find the monster standing directly behind me. He was like a giant, fuming as his eyes bore into me, his mouth open as his tongue waved around. He hissed, lunging towards me with his claws. I swung my arm, my knife cutting across his exposed chest as he howled and stumbled back. A black liquid began to seep from the wound, distracting him as I ran by.

“Libra, stop!” he bellowed, chasing me. “You can’t outrun me!”

I bolted across the house and made it to the back door. The glass door slid as I tried to unlatch the screen lock, it too wouldn’t budge. “God fucking damnit! Just open!” I pierced the thin metal screen, using my knife to cut a hole just large enough for me to fit through, the sharp edges cutting my skin as I frantically tried to wiggle through.

The back door led into a wooded backyard, unfenced. I could escape that way.

“Libra!” the monster hissed from behind me. I fell to the ground, skinning my knee as I looked up at him, standing behind the cut screen. “Stop running from me!” My brows furrowed as I rose to my feet and ran towards the woods, desperate to escape.

I sprinted, focused on the path ahead as my heartbeat pounded in my ears. Over the deep rhythmic sound, I could hear his growls in the distance, driving me to move faster. Branches scratched my body as my feet ached from the rough, cold ground. It was almost freezing outside, the trees painted in warm tones of fall, Halloween was just around the corner.

“Just keep going,” I whispered to myself, my body aching from pushing it too hard. “Just keep—” My foot tripped over something, my body falling face first into a pile of dead autumn leaves, losing my knife. Everything hurt, the cold nipping at my skin. I rolled, groaning when the monster suddenly appeared and pinned me to the ground. I screamed, feeling him push against me.

“I told you,” he gritted his sharp teeth, “not to run!”

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“Get off me!” I tried to push back, but he only shoved me harder against the cold ground.

“Haven’t you figured it out yet? I can’t leave you!” I stopped resisting, completely taken aback by his words. His demeanor lightened with his hold on me as his tail lifted a long chain attached to a studded collar around his neck. “I am your monster, and you are my fleshbag.”

My monster? His fleshbag? What the fuck did any of that even mean? What was happening?

He pulled the chain, my eyes following the link to find it somehow melting inside me, almost invisibly linked to my heart. “No matter what, I am chained to you, to your soul. You can try to outrun me, Libra,” he leaned close, widening his mouth, allowing his tongue to dance along the side of my face as I groaned, “But you can’t hide.” Nothing he said made any sense.

“P-please,” I strained. “Just let me go.”

“Go? Go where?” he cackled, his laughter distorted. “You think you can just run away and get help? What’re you going to tell them? No one would believe you.” He leaned close and whispered in my ear, “Because you’re the only one who can see me.”

What?

“You can run, tell your friends—the police—but no matter what, you’re the only

human soul who can see what I am. To the rest, I'm but a shadow that bolts across the room, a flicker in their eye or the wind that whispers in their ears. I am nothing to them."

"Why can I see you?" I asked, feeling less afraid and more...curious.

"I already told you," he snapped back. "I am your monster. Your sleep demon. Always have been and always will be, until the day you die."

Sleep demon?

"Wait—" I stuttered. "You mean all this time, all those years of torment, facing endless nightmares and evil shadows—that was you?"

He shrugged, smirking with pride. "Guilty."

The very thought that this monster was real and the one responsible for my shitty sleep all these years enraged me. I no longer felt scared for my life, but instead, an overpowering urge to beat the shit out of him. Monster or demon, I didn't care; I wanted to hurt him for what he'd done to me.

"Get the fuck off me!" I yelled, using all my strength to try and kick him off. "You fucking?—"

"Feisty," he purred, slamming my arms harder into the ground. "I'll make a deal with you." I stopped, huffing as I tried to calm my angry heart, sore and tired. "You stop running, stop fighting, and return home with me. Then, once you've calmed down, I'll explain everything."

Really? This monster wanted to make a fucking deal with me? I stared back at him, breathing heavily as I studied his monstrous face.

“Do we have a deal?” The spade of his tail jabbed the underside of my chin as he impatiently waited for my reply.

I didn’t trust him, and I sure as hell didn’t feel safe with him, but I wanted to know more, to know why he’d been haunting me for so long. Why me? And why could I suddenly see him if he’d been here my whole life? But mostly, I wanted to know whose fucking blood was all over me and my room.

My jaw tightened. “Fine.”

“Alright then.” He lifted a brow, slowly easing off me and standing. I remained on the ground, nervous to move. He offered a hand to me, his claws frightening and sharp. I looked at it, hesitating. “We don’t have all day, Libra,” he groaned. I swallowed, sliding my hand in his palm. He yanked me from the ground in a single swoop, grasping it tight. “I’ll tell you what you want to know, but first,” he eyed my body, “you should probably get cleaned up and dressed. Hard to focus when you look like that.” He winked.

The monster under my bed was real. He was here, and he was...hitting on me?

The warm water of my bath washed over my naked body, rinsing the blood that was soaked into my skin. I scrubbed my body raw, trying to clean away every little reminder of what had happened the night before, the bath now a murky brown.

According to the monster, a man had broken in and attempted to assault me. He spared no details in describing the sick events, how he brutally murdered the man and ate him. Knowing he ate someone freaked me out, but the thought of a stranger being in my home, straddling me in my bed, jacking off to my exposed, unconscious body... That made me shudder. All of it made me sick. And to think, if that monster didn’t stop it, what else might have happened...but shit, he didn’t have to kill him. Could I really believe him when he said he wouldn’t hurt me? He claimed he protected me,

but how did I know he wouldn't do just the same to me?

The shower curtain above the tub pulled back as his tail poked through, offering me my towel. I gasped at the sight of it, still uneasy over him being here—real. In my bathroom.

“Oh, calm down,” he groaned from the other side, his tail shaking. “It’s just a towel.” I pulled the plug to drain the bath, carefully taking the towel as his tail retreated.

“And you’re not looking?” I asked, wrapping the towel around myself, careful to keep everything covered.

“Not looking,” he groaned.

I yanked the shower curtain back, stepping onto the tile floor and towards the bathroom sink. My hand wiped the foggy mirror to see his unnatural smile reflected at me. He was leaning against the wall next to the bathtub, watching me. I could feel his gaze running along my curves, as if somehow seeing what was under the towel.

“If you’ve always been here, does that mean?—”

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“Are you wanting to know if I’ve seen you naked?” he asked, his brow raising as he grinned, the edges of his mouth curling higher as I paused. I nodded my head, already sensing the answer. He pushed from the wall and rotated me to face him as he towered over me. His eyes fell from mine to my body as I clutched the towel tightly. “Let’s just say you have nothing to be ashamed of.” His eyes rose back to mine. “And I say this confidently, having seen my fair share of naked women.” I gasped, jolting away from him.

“You have no right?—”

“I have every right. As my fleshbag, I can?—”

“Stop calling me that.” I stomped my foot, my breasts bouncing.

“Calling you what?” His eyes peeled from my breasts to my face, his claw scraping my jawline. “My fleshbag?”

I swallowed, standing my ground. “Yes. I don’t like it. It makes me sound...”

“Like a pound of flesh?” he asked, chuckling as he crossed his arms. “But you are, technically. All you humans are. You’re just fleshy bags of bones wandering around until disease or bad luck takes you out. That is, if your own stupid choices don’t do it first. Besides, what else would I call you?”

“My name, which you obviously know.” I glared at him. “Come to think of it, what’s your name?” I jabbed my pointer finger in his direction as he just stood there, watching me. “You seem to know everything about me, but I know nothing about

you. Give me your name, monster.”

“Oh? Demanding, are we?” He grinned as I remained firm, glaring and waiting. “Fine. My name is Axelle,” he bowed sarcastically, “and I am a monster. More specifically, I am a demon. A sleep demon.” He booped my nose with the tip of his tail. “Yoursleep demon.”

A sleep demon. Did that mean there were others just like him? Other sleep demons? If sleep demons were real, were there other kinds of demons and monsters?

“I can see the wheels turning in that pretty skull of yours. Why not just ask me the curious questions you have buzzing about in your brain?” I bit my lower lip, tempted. “Well, go on, I won’t bite—hard,” he purred softly.

“I guess I’m just trying to wrap my head around all of this. You say you’re my demon as in specifically for me, chained to my soul.” I looked down and noticed the long chain that hung from his neck and linked to me. “But how is this even possible? Why me?”

Axelle sighed. “Sleep demons are chained, literally, to the soul of their fleshba—human. We live off their fear, consuming it, feeding the toxic addiction we all have. Some of us,” he scratched his head, “are a bit more adventurous than the others.”

“Adventurous? What the fuck does that even mean?” I asked.

“Well, Libra, it means I likescaring you.” He stepped closer, using his tail to push me towards him. “Your fear is one of the most tasteful ones I’ve had in a long while. So, I have spent years pushing you further and further, almost daily, to taste it.”

“M-my fear?” I didn’t fight back, only listened.

“Mhm. You see, every human’s fear is different. Just like your scent, your blood, your cum?—”

“Oh, please, don’t.” I held my hand up to stop him. His tongue extended from his mouth and ran along my palm. I whipped it away and held it to my chest, disgusted.

“I’m not sure what it is about you, but your taste, your smell...” He inhaled deeply. “It’s all so intoxicating. Most humans have such boring lives, easily scared to the point of giving up, but not you, Libra. No, you’re different.” His voice altered as it deepened. “You are drawn to the shadows, welcoming it. You embrace it, thrive in it. You say you fear nightmares, but you dance in them, secretly enjoying the darkness.”

“I—I?—”

“As your sleep demon, I can see your soul, Libra. And I know for a fact it’s pitch-black, just like mine.” He was making me uncomfortable, uneasy.

“Go away!” I yelled, trying to lean away from him.

“Why? Don’t like hearing the truth?” He hissed. “Face it, Libra. You’re chained to me the same as I am to you. And now that I killed that pervert to protect you, you can’t escape me. There is no going away!” He yanked the chain, pulling the collar around his neck as he growled. “The best thing you can do is accept your fate and learn to live with it, just like me.”

“But why? I didn’t do anything! You broke whatever fucking rule. You should suffer, not me!” I tried to leave, but he forced me to stay put, clawing my shoulders.

“This is my punishment!” He shook my body. “The only reason you can even see me now is because I broke that fucking rule! So stop acting like you’re the only one suffering. We’re stuck in this torment together. I’m not going anywhere, so get used

to it.”

Great, he breaks a demon rule, and I have to fucking deal with the consequences. How lucky for me.

Axelle eased up, releasing me as he stepped back, clawing at his face. He seemed miserable, enough so that I almost felt bad for him. My eyes became a bit too curious, grazing along his features. He was extremely built, his torso almost human-like and covered in tattoos. He wore a leather, studded jacket, and everything was pierced, including his unnaturally long tongue, though nothing about him seemed natural. He was menacing, yet...kind of attractive.

Axelle’s eyes met mine, smiling as I noticed I was staring for too long. I glanced away, blushing. “What happened to your chest?” I pointed, trying to avert my eyes. Axelle glanced down, the wound I sliced across his chest now gone. “I cut you, with my knife. But it’s gone.”

He laughed dramatically. “I’m a demon, Libra. You can’t actually hurt or kill me, at least not with a fucking kitchen knife. My demon blood heals me.”

I tried to process what he was saying. “Your blood? How?”

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“You know, for a human, you’re pretty accepting about this whole demon thing.” I waited for an answer, unamused. “Call it a fun little perk. A cosmic joke. I can feel pain but never really die. You could cut my head off and I’d still live. That’s how powerful my blood is.”

“Could it heal anyone? Even humans?” I genuinely wondered.

“Aren’t you just a curious cat?” He leaned down, examining me closely. “Yes, I suppose it can.” His eyes fell to my skin, examining the many cuts and forming bruises from him chasing me earlier. “Would you like me to use it to heal you, Libra?”

I scoffed. “You didn’t exactly give a confident response.” Axelle’s smile dropped as he released a low snarl.

“Why don’t you drop to your knees and let me show you just how confident I am?” His voice was deep and threatening yet tempting. An odd mix.

“What?”

“You heard me. If you want me to heal your wounds,” he pressed his forehead against mine, “kneel.” My eyes burrowed into him as my body trembled, slowly dropping to one knee, then the other. “Good.” He leaned back, removing his jacket. His body was surprisingly alluring, covered in large black tattoos and piercings. It was menacing yet attractive, taking me back.

Axelle wasted no time as he raised his arm above my head and placed a single claw

from the opposite hand against his skin. “Now, open wide.” Without a second thought, I did as I was told, my mind in a weird haze as he pushed the claw deep into his forearm, thick, black blood running from his body onto me.

I gasped, the hot liquid startling me as it dripped down my face, running down my forehead and cheeks and into my mouth, pooling. I coughed, choking on the bitter taste, trying to remain still. Every ounce of my body wanted to resist his blood, but that curious part of me took control as I remained on my spread knees, taking it.

Axelle removed his claw and pulled his arm back as the deep wound began to instantly heal. He walked towards me, my head barely reaching his waist as his hand grabbed my chin, tipping it up to look at him. I tried to hold his blood in my mouth, unsure of what to do, the bitter taste causing my stomach to churn.

“Swallow.”

He wanted me to drink his blood?

His hand squeezed my jaw harder. “Swallow every last drop of me,” he snarled. My body tried to resist, but I did as I was told, swallowing the hot liquid. It burned, the thick blood running down my esophagus. I coughed, spitting up small, black clots as my stomach twisted and turned.

“W-what did you do?” I gagged, turning to the sink, almost sick as I tried to rinse my mouth and clean my face.

“Calm down. It won’t kill you.” He put his leather jacket back on. “You’ll just feel a littleoff, but as you can see,” he pointed to me, “it’s working.”

I glanced down at my body, the cuts and bruises gone, as if never existing. I examined myself closer, checking everywhere as I realized he was right; his blood

had healed me.

“Got to say, I really enjoyed the sight of you on your knees, your mouth wide open, just waiting for me to fill it,” he teased. “What other little games do you think we could play or keep ourselves busy with?” I rolled my eyes, annoyed.

“Look,” I tried to clear my throat, turning to face him, “if I’m going to be stuck with you, the least you could do is leave me alone and clean that fucking mess you made. My room looks like a horror movie.”

He huffed. “Fine. I’ll clean the walls and floors, but I’m not leaving you alone, and I’m sure as hell not doing your damn laundry.”

I grabbed a handful of his chain, yanking it as his head followed and I glared back up at him. “Want to bet?”

He grinned, way too amused by my temper. “Whatever you say, fleshbag.”

Chapter 3

Libra

“Can you please just stop touching everything!” I quickly caught the jewelry display, placing it back on the shelf as I untangled the pendant necklaces. “You act like you’ve never seen any of this before.” I groaned, trying to keep an eye on Axelle as he moved to another shelf.

“I guess I never really cared before.” He tapped the side of a quartz sphere. “But now,” he turned to face me, “knowing you can see me makes everything that much more exciting.” He flicked the sphere from the shelf, grinning as he watched me lunge to catch it. I bent down, grasping it just in time, exhaling with relief.

“Motherfucke—” Axelle whipped my ass with his tail, the pain shocking me as I shot up and turned around, my cheeks burning. “What the hell do you think you’re doing?” He beamed with pride, retrieving a crystal generator from the nearby shelf.

“Couldn’t help myself. You should really be more careful bending over in those little skirts of yours. Can’t tell you how many times I’ve tugged them to avert prying eyes. Don’t get me wrong, I really enjoy the show, not to mention the easy access?—”

The tug I felt the other day... That was him?

“Well, now look at what we have here!” Axelle pushed his hand towards the back of the shelf, retrieving a giant crystal penis. “Now that’s almost impressive.” He beamed, tossing the large crystal back and forth between his hands like a weightless toy.

“Axelle, stop!” I jumped towards him as his tail picked the crystal up, raising it high. I tried to jump and grab it, but I was too short, even in my platform boots. “Sterling will be here any minute, and the last thing I need is having to deal with you!”

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“You keep bouncing like that, and we’re going to have a problem,” he teased, eyeing my chest as he licked his lips. I stopped, placing my hands on my hips, groaning as I stretched to reach the carving. He raised his tail higher, amused. “Now tell me, what do humans need with such extravagant crystal cocks?”

“Well,” I huffed, “if you must know, they can be used for channeling Divine Masculine energies—” I jumped again, trying to snatch the crystal from his grasp but missing.

“Masculine energy? From a crystal dick? Well,” he leaned down, hissing his tongue at me, “I have a dick larger than this carving that can give you all the masculine energy you need. Just say the word, Libra, and I’ll show you just how divine a demon can really be.”

I crossed my arms, my cheeks burning at the startling offer. “Killing a human is against your demon rules, but you can sleep with one?”

He shrugged. “Some rules are worth breaking.”

“Pass. Now, give it back.” I held my hand out, pissed and annoyed. I was exhausted from dealing with his mess back home, listening to him go on and on about how he fucked up by breaking that stupid rule and regretted it. A sweet thing to hear as the human he protected. He wouldn’t shut up, talking and teasing me about everything, not to mention his constant sexual advances and teases. I’d spent the last few hours wrangling him around the shop like a bull in a china store, trying to keep shit together and not look like a psycho to the customers. It was all exhausting—he was exhausting.

I could tell he sensed my frustration, his smile dropping as he carelessly plopped the carving in my palm with a heavy sigh. “Fine, but you don’t think any of this stuff really works, do you?” He waved around at the store. “I mean, you think a crystal or oil can really ward off evil spirits and manifest greatness? I’m still here, so it’s obviously not working for you.”

“Sometimes, it’s more about easing your mind?—”

“Speaking of mind, if you change yours about my earlier offer,” he winked, “I’m always here.”

“Like that’ll ever fucking happen,” I growled, placing the carving back on the shelf, tucking it safely towards the back. Axelle may not believe in the things around us, but if something like him existed, then how could all this not be real? As for his offer, well, who would actually want to fuck a demon?

“Seriously?” I snapped, sitting up in my bed. Axelle was underneath it, making the most frustratingly annoying sounds, refusing to let me sleep. I leaned over the side of the bed to see him poking his head out. “What the hell are you even doing?” I demanded.

“Well, since you won’t play with me and I can’t frighten you like I normally do, I have to keep myself entertained somehow.” He grinned, his tail wagging next to him.

“And how are you planning to do that?” I tilted my head, annoyed and tired.

“Not sure it’s any of your business, but I’ve summoned myself a playful shadow person. Even us monsters have needs, Libra.”

“Needs?” My face dropped as I realized what he meant. “Are you about to have sex under my bed? With a shadow person-thing?”

He rolled his orange glowing eyes. “Don’t judge me. And again, not sure it’s any of your business, but yes. Now?—”

“Not under my bed. Take your shit somewhere else. I need to sleep!” I was fed up with Axelle, with his games and taunts. I wanted to go back to the way things were, where I didn’t see him or know of his existence. I thought my sleep paralysis was torture? I was wrong. This was. “Now, Axelle!”

“Sorry. This home may be your domain, but under your bed,” he leaned up, “is mine.” The tip of his pierced tongue tickled my nose. “Get ready, ‘cause things are about to go bump in the night.” I rolled my eyes.

“Really, of all the places you can do your shit, you have to pick under the bed?”

“All monsters have their preferences, Libra. Some prefer the closets, others the shadows under the stairs, a basement or attic, et cetera. I like it best here, under your bed. Besides, now that you can see me, you can hear me too.” He raised a brow, crawling from under the bed, slowly inching towards me as I tried to roll away. “Why don’t you just try to relax? You could even use that pretty pink vibrator of yours to help and pretend you’re the one causing me to make all the noises you’re about to hear.” My cheeks burned.

Axelle pushed me onto my back, his tail opening the drawer of my nightstand as it retrieved my vibrator. At the thought of him knowing about my toy—knowing exactly where it was and how it looked—I realized he must’ve watched me over the years, pleasuring myself. A sick thought.

“That’s right, I’ve seen it all.” He dropped the toy on my stomach. “Now, be a good little fleshbag and give yourself a nice little release to help you sleep.” His tail softly began to run up my leg, gently gliding along my skin. My body tingled, reacting unexpectedly to his touch. I tried to fight it, pretending I didn’t feel how I felt as he

watched me closely. “You always were strong willed.” Axelle leaned in, his breath hitting my face as I tried to control my breathing, my body suddenly aching and throbbing. “I can smell that wetness growing between your legs.” The spade of his tail scraped across my inner thigh. “If I can’t frighten you in your sleep, then I’m going to tease you relentlessly. I won’t force you, Libra, but one day soon, you’ll be begging me to fuck you. And when that day comes,” his tail slapped my aching pussy as I gasped, my body jolting in response as he smiled, “I’ll fuck you until your little human body breaks. And then, I’ll fuck you some more. You’re mine, fleshbag.” He gripped my chin, forcing my mouth open as his tongue reached inside and pushed down into my throat. “Never forget that.”

I had to snap myself back from whatever lust-filled haze he had over me. He was a demon. I shook my head, biting down on his tongue. Axelle groaned, smiling harder at the pain as I felt my teeth pierce his wet flesh. Bitter, black blood filled my mouth as I began to gag.

“Oh, you little temptress,” he vibrated, reeling his tongue back. “Always such a tease.” He gripped my neck, pulling my body towards him. “As much as I want to sit here and teach you a fucking lesson about how rude it is to tease a demon, I have plans.” He dropped me on the bed, crawling backwards to the edge. “Try not to come too hard thinking of me.” He winked. In the blink of an eye, Axelle disappeared back under my bed.

I sat up, wiping his blood from my mouth, spitting it out onto the freshly bleached floor. My eyes landed on my pink vibrator in my lap, and I froze as I stared at it. Part of me wanted to relax—to get off—but I couldn’t, especially with Axelle fucking some shadow-thing under my bed.

Groaning, I placed the vibrator on my nightstand and rolled over, throwing a pillow over my head, trying to drown out the noises beneath me. I could feel things bumping around, distorted hisses and moans, and Axelle’s purr. It went on for what felt like

hours. No matter how hard I tried to silence it, I couldn't.

Fucking asshole, fucking torturing me still. I tried to force myself to sleep, but my body was awake, buzzing to be touched. It was agony. I just needed to quiet my mind and get some sleep.

Chapter 4

Libra

I woke up early, before the sun had even fully risen. My body was wide awake and buzzing, electrified and aching. I didn't know if it was the way Axelle had touched me, the things he said, hearing him, or just my body freaking out...but I was horny. Undeniably, uncontrollably horny. And all I wanted to do was get off and move on with my day. Sadly, with having a monster lurking around every corner, masturbating in private wasn't exactly something I could easily do.

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I turned my head, staring at my pink toy as I listened. I didn't hear Axelle, didn't see him anywhere. Could he be asleep? I glanced around before pulling my covers back.

"Someone's up early."

His voice startled me as I gasped. Axelle was peeking over the foot of my bed, his tail wagging behind him, those burning orange eyes staring at me.

"Thought you'd be passed out still. I could hear you tossing and turning all night, Libra." He crawled into the bed, sprawling across the foot of it as he propped his head up on his arm and crossed his legs. "Got some big plans today?" His unnaturally long smile annoyed me.

"As a matter of fact, I do." I stood. "I have a date tonight and need to get ready." Axelle followed me as I stepped towards the bedroom doorway, turning to stop him. "You may have shadowed me every second of every day before, but now that I can see you, I have rules."

"More rules?" He cocked his head and crossed his arms, groaning.

"Yes, more rules. My rules. If I'm going to be stuck with you, then I'm putting some boundaries in place. Number one: No following me into the bathroom and peeking while I bathe. Number two: I know you've done it, but no more watching me change?—"

"Ugh, you're really taking all the fun out of?—"

“Number three,” I cut him off. “No interfering with my life in any way unless it’s absolutely necessary. Got it?” Axelle made a face. “I said, got it?”

He rolled his eyes. “Fine. I’ll tot try and follow your stupid fucking rules, but no promises.”

“Seriously? You can’t follow three simple rules?”

“Simple? There’s nothing simple about them. What am I supposed to do if I can’t fuck with you?” He was actually serious.

“I don’t know, find a new hobby? But right now, I’m going to go take a nice, long bath, and I’m going to enjoy myself and get ready for my date tonight, okay? So just stay here.”

“Oh?” He raised a brow. “Going to enjoy yourself now, are you?” Axelle leaned in, running his claw along the underside of my chin. “Aren’t you forgetting your little toy?”

“Knock it off!” I slapped his hand away. “I’m going to take a bath! And s-stop doing that!”

“Doing what?” he asked, examining his claws.

“Stop trying to seduce me o-o-r whatever it is you’re doing!”

“Can’t help it. Us sleep demons are overly sexual monsters. We’re addicted to sex almost as much as we are fear. Oh, but mix the two, and it’s a fucking trip.” He eyed me. “A nasty part of being chained to humans is that we can be a bit, well, territorial.”

“Oh no, I am not your fucking territory. I don’t belong to anyone.”

“Oh, but you are.” He roughly yanked the chain that bound us. “You’re mine, fleshbag. It’s only a matter of time before you accept it. Fucking is just an added bonus.” My cheeks burned as I tried to calm down at the rush I felt. Axelle flashed his sharp teeth before releasing his chain and lying across my bed. “Take your bath, human. I’ll wait here like a good little monster.” I swallowed, frustrated by everything, and stomped to the bathroom.

I locked the door, as if that would do anything, and exhaled hard. My body was throbbing, pulsating with an unbearable need to unleash itself. I needed to hurry if I wanted any privacy, before Axelle realized what I was planning to do.

Quickly, I turned the water on in the tub, the hot steam filling the room as I quietly searched my cabinets for my second vibrator. I hadn’t used it in so long, I couldn’t remember exactly where I left it.

“Shit,” I whispered. I couldn’t find it and had no idea where else it could be. I was so sexually frustrated, I decided to just handle this myself.

I wasted no time undressing and lowering myself into the partially filled tub. The water was hot, causing my nipples to harden against their piercings, adding a nice little sensation to my growing mood. I pulled the shower curtain back and settled deeper into the water, excited to finally be alone.

My fingers slowly trailed down my sternum and past my midriff, reaching my clit. I began to carefully massage it, adding just the right amount of pressure, quickly building my anticipation as I increased the speed and released a soft gasp. My touch was welcoming, but not nearly as enjoyable as my vibrator.

Just focus on what feels good.

I continued, pushing a finger inside myself as I started to rub my G-spot. The nerves throughout my body tingled and tightened, agreeing with what I was doing. Seconds turned to minutes, the tub now nearly full as I struggled to climax. I felt as though my body was wound up and ready to release, but for some reason, it just couldn't.

What is wrong with me? Groaning, I removed my fingers and turned the water off. I sat in the hot bath, seething with such sexual frustration. I wanted to just bust into my room, grab my vibrator, and go to town...but with Axelle lurking about, it wasn't possible. Stupid fucking demon. I had to listen to him have the most unnatural sounding, vigorous...animalistic...My blood pressure began to rise as my thoughts wandered. I began thinking about his body, how chiseled and attractive it surprisingly was. The way his tail felt gliding smoothly across my skin, in my mouth...

My fingers slowly ran along my body, across my skin and nipples as I felt myself drift off into dangerous, lustful thoughts. Maybe fucking a demon wasn't such a bad idea. The looming tension within me grew, my clitoris swelling, begging to be touched. I began to massage it again, desperately trying to reach my peak, but I just couldn't.

"Fuck," I exhaled, slapping the water.

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What is wrong with me? I began to drain the tub, standing as the water gushed down my body. Without looking, I stepped around the shower curtain and nearly ran into him.

“Everything alright?” Axelle asked, grinning.

I quickly pulled the shower curtain over myself, trying to hide my body, even though we both knew he’d already seen it. “What the fuck are you doing in here? I just told you to stay out of the bathroom when I ba?—”

“When you bathe, yes. But let’s be honest—you weren’t bathing just now, were you, Libra?” I opened my mouth to speak. “Uh-uh. I think you forget,” he stepped towards me, “I can smell that sexual tension and frustration between your legs the same way I can taste your fear.” His tail delicately brushed the damp hair from my face, my body nearly shivering at his touch. “Would you like a helping hand?”

“Excuse me?” I pulled back from him. “I don’t need or want anything from you.”

“Are you sure about that? Because what I smell says otherwise.” He inhaled deeply as I squeezed my legs together, fighting back my urges. “Oh, Libra. You’re so close to the edge, aren’t you? Come on, let me help you.”

“You’re seriously asking to have sex with me?” I snorted at the thought, though deep down, I wasn’t totally against it. I just wanted to come. I was aching, the pain almost excruciating. But the idea of his demon dick touching me was, well, frightening.

Axelle yanked the shower curtain from the hooks, ripping it from my body as I

jumped, my body wet and fully exposed. I tried to cover myself, but it was no use. A low rumble vibrated from his chest as he looked me up and down.

“I—I?—”

“Don’t worry,” he whispered, taking my hand and guiding me to the bathroom sink. He wiped the foggy mirror as I stared back at our reflections. “It’s just sex, and I promise, I won’t hurt you. Not unless you ask me to.” His body pushed against my back, shoving me roughly into the counter as his claws scraped up my thighs and along my lower abdomen. His tail brushed my hair aside as his mouth hovered over my exposed neck. “Let me take care of you, Libra. Let me help you over that edge as you fall into the abyss.” I nearly melted at his words.

Axelle widened his mouth, his tongue slithering up my neck to my ear as I gasped, excited by the feel of it. His claws dug into my thighs, pulling my legs further apart. “I can tell you’re close, so I’m not wasting any time.” He pulled back, forcing my face forward as the spade of his tail suddenly entered me. I cried out at the pressure as he moved it back and forth, fucking me with it. My hands gripped the side of the counter, my face sliding against the wet mirror as I remained partially bent over. My tits bounced and swayed, one of his hands tugging at my piercings, playing with my nipples, while the other gripped my ass hard.

All the pressure and built-up anticipation bubbled to the surface, engulfing my body in fiery desire. I was both scared and devouring what he was doing to me, liking the way it made me feel. He increased the pressure of his tail, thrusting deeper and harder, grunting as he did so. The sounds he made, the way he felt—it was almost too much.

“Oh yes, I can smell your orgasm building... It’s dripping all over my tail. Give it to me, Libra.” The pain and pressure continued to build, my core tightening as I gasped and moaned, trying to control it. “Don’t you dare try to keep it from me,” he growled.

“That’s mine.” His hand moved as he aggressively inserted a claw into my ass, fingering me. I cried out, slightly pulsating around his tail. “That’s right. Give it to me.” His tongue ran up my spine, sending chills along my skin. It was too much. I couldn’t wait any longer.

I nearly screamed, moving fast against him, pulling at my orgasm, coming hard. My body spasmed, clutching his tail and claw as I soaked him completely. My heart raced, aching from the intense wave of euphoria. My orgasm lingered for a moment, my body drowning in it as I tried to control my breathing. I could feel myself just gushing all over him. Axelle slowed his pace, eventually pulling his tail from inside me along with his claw, allowing me to catch my breath as I gripped the counter and stared back at him through the mirror. He was grinning, watching me as he raised the spade to his mouth and began to suck on it, savoring it.

“I thought your fear was tasty,” he licked his lips, wrapping his tail around my waist as he pulled me roughly against his body, “but your pleasure is just as exquisite.” His claws gripped my breasts as he pushed his hardened cock against my ass, rubbing it against me. I was still so sensitive, his touch pulling at my hovering orgasm. I almost didn’t want him to stop.

“Imagine how much better I could make you feel if you’d let me.” He made snarling noises, like an animal begging and whimpering. “I helped you; now, it’s time you helped me.” His hand moved towards my vagina, rubbing my clit delicately with his claw. I inhaled sharply as he continued, allowing him to milk another orgasm from me. It happened so quickly—almost too quickly. My body pushed back into his as I moaned, leaning into his touch as he moved perfectly alongside me, touching every part of me just right. My throat burned, dried out from the hot, damp air and screaming moans. I knew I was done as I slowly relaxed, fully satisfied despite Axelle’s growing erection nestled against me.

“I’m sorry,” I breathed, “but I think you’ll just have to summon yourself another

shadow-person to help you.” I pushed away from him as he stared at me, impressed and annoyed. I grabbed a towel, grinning as I wrapped it around my body and began to leave, opening the bathroom door.

“Libra,” he whimpered. I turned to look at him, rubbing the giant bulge beneath his tight leather pants. He was desperately aroused and in pain.

Good.Suffer.

“Not my problem, Axelle. I’ve got a date tonight, so stay out of my room while I get ready like a good little monster, okay?” I bit my lower lip, feeling a bit sinister as he growled. “And feel free to clean up any mess you make in there.” I closed the bathroom door, pleased with myself.

As much as I hated to admit it, Axelle wasn’t wrong. He did make me feel good, but more importantly, I felt so much more relaxed.

Axelle

Libra was visibly anxious, twisting the napkin in her lap as she eyed the silverware on the table. She was meeting some random guy her co-worker, Sterling, had set her up with at a fancy establishment. I didn’t particularly like the idea of any of this, but it was her date, and as she said in her stupid fucking rules...I couldn’t fuck with her life anymore. I groaned, crossing my arms as I stood next to her.

“Can you just go somewhere else, please?” she whispered harshly, trying not to draw attention to herself. I smirked.

“What’s wrong, fleshbag?” I gripped the back of her chair, leaning in close. “Are you nervous your date won’t show? Or are you still thinking about how well I fucked you over the bathroom counter with my tail?”

I could see her skin prickling, reminiscing how I made her come twice. I had to admit, even though she left me aching, I really enjoyed myself. Hearing the sounds she made, feeling her sweet little pussy contract around my tail—it was even better than jacking off while I listened and watched her play with her little pink toy. Fuck, just thinking about it all excited me, my nerves shooting with a craving to fuck her again, even if she did leave me whimpering like a fool. I was addicted to her fear already, but now, I was addicted to her.

My eyes lingered over her, admiring the outfit she chose. She was wearing a knee-length, black cocktail dress with sheer, off-the-shoulder sleeves that ruffled around her wrists. The velvet material of her dress hugged her curves perfectly, highlighting all her tattoos and those perfect tits of hers. Her hair was even styled with a black velvet ribbon, adding a touch of false innocence to her demeanor. None of it was her usual choice of style, but it still looked ravishing on her, right down to those platform shoes.

So tasty.

“Please, Axelle,” she whispered over her shoulder. “Just... go.” Libra tried to wave me away, her tone more serious this time.

“Fine,” I hissed, stepping away and sitting at the empty table next to her. I toyed with the fancy dishes and silverware, bored. Part of me was regretting killing that pervert, wishing to go back to the way things were and move unseen. At least then, I could mess with Libra and entertain myself. Instead, I fucked up, and now, I’m stuck like a child sitting away from the rest of the group. At least I could touch her now; that was a huge bonus.

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“Libra?” I tensed, hearing her name drip from another man’s mouth.

“Yes? Oh, Barret? Hi!” I barely turned my head, glaring as a ginger-haired man with a small beard, dressed like a lumberjack, hugged her tight, his hands moving along her ass. Something about him felt off, and I didn’t just mean the way he looked. I didn’t like her being near him. Libra’s eyes met mine, shooting me a warning as I scowled, forcing my eyes away while still listening like the well behaved monster she wanted me to be.

“Wow, you’re even prettier than Sterling mentioned.” I scoffed at his words.

“Oh, stop.” Libra laughed sweetly, seemingly enjoying the man’s compliment. “So, I’m sorry, but how do you know Sterling again? You just don’t, well, you don’t look like most of the guys in his circle. ”

“Oh, well,” the man wheezed a laugh, nervous, “I actually worked for Sterling a while back. I did some contract work down at that crystal shop, fixed some shelves and busted pipes. Come to think of it, I’d almost forgotten all about him until we ran into each other last week at the store. I was surprised he remembered me.”

“Oh yeah, Sterling is really good with names and faces. He remembers everything,” Libra giggled.

“It seems so. But yeah, we got to talking, and he was heading to a party and asked if I wanted to go. I turned him down ‘cause, as embarrassing as it sounds, I was planning on going home and sulking over my breakup. Sterling and I chatted for a bit, and then I guess he had this idea to set us up. I have to admit, I was hesitant, but now,” he

paused, “I have to say, I’m excited. You seem pretty cool, Libra.” I made a gagging sound as Libra shot me a fast glare over her bare shoulder.

The two humans continued to chat, awkwardly trying to find a casual groove in their conversation, their date bleeding late into the night. I had tuned them out, my focus solely on my claws as I played with the long chain that connected me to Libra, tracing the metal links with the tip of my claw. I was bored, and the idea of being bored annoyed the shit out of me. Libra didn’t want me messing with her life, fine, but who was she to stop me from fucking with another?

My eyes carefully searched the many faces of the restaurant, landing on a young waiter nearby. He was smiling, completely full of life, unaware of what I was about to do to him.

I slithered from the chair and shadowed the young man. Libra’s eyes followed me as her smile faded. She tried to pretend she didn’t see me, but I knew she was watching.

Good. Keep those eyes on me, fleshbag.

My tail tugged the tied strings of the waiter’s apron, causing it to fall. He fumbled for a moment, catching it as he apologized to a nearby woman for bumping into her.

“Excuse me for a moment.” That ginger, Barret, left the table as Libra tried to snap my attention to her.

“Axelle!” she whispered loudly, snapping her fingers. An older couple walked by as she forced a quick smile, pretending not to be yelling at an invisible demon toying with the waiter. I blatantly ignored her, pleased with her frustration and attention while knocking the pen from the waiter's hand as he tried to take a nearby table’s order. “Axelle!” she called me again, this time hiding behind the drink menu. I rolled my eyes and stalked to her side as he left the room.

“You rang?”

“What the hell are you doing?” Her eyes frantically bolted around the room, hoping no one could hear her. “Leave that poor man alone!”

“Oh no. You said I had to leave you alone. And I am. He’s not off limits... They all are in limits, including that lumberjack you’re dining with.” My eyes rose, watching the male waiter as he re-entered the room carrying a tray of glasses.

“Look, you’re my monster, right? Then listen to me and leave him alone!” My tail wagged at her words.

“Or what?” I raised a brow, personally enjoying this new, threatening side of her. “You going to punish me, Libra? Show me just how bad of a monster I’ve been?”

“Knock it off!” She dropped her menu as Barret approached the table, smiling like a smug and arrogant asshole.

“I’m waiting,” I poked the glass of water on the table, slowly moving it toward Barret as he sat down. Libra watched, pretending not to notice. The man was too busy resuming whatever benign conversation they were having, unaware of what was happening. “Or what, Libra?” She dropped her mouth open to speak, unable to form words. I sighed. “Too bad.” My claw flicked the glass into the man’s lap as he reacted. Libra gasped, offering to help as I bolted to the same waiter from before.

“Sorry, fleshbag. I may be chained to you, but you don’t own me.” Libra’s eyes met mine as she watched me stab the man’s heart with my claw, twisting them deep into his skin. He clutched his chest as I released him, dropping the tray of glasses, falling over as his body began to convulse. All eyes in the restaurant turned to him, a few people rushing to his aid, including Barret.

“Someone call an ambulance!” The commotion drew everyone’s attention away as they desperately tried to help the poor man.

I dallied to Barret’s now-empty chair, propping my feet up on the table as Libra glared at me, mortified. “What did you do to him?” she demanded, tears swelling in her eyes.

“Nothing that can’t be undone.” I stabbed a piece of bread with my claw, raising it to my widened mouth. “Humans. He’ll reach the hospital and the doctors will save him.” I ate the whole slice in one bite, licking my claw clean. “I already broke the rules and killed one human for you, Libra. I won’t be making that mistake twice. But us sleep demons are easily bored. We need to be busy, or else we—” I waved my hand in the direction of the fallen man as the sound of sirens played in the distance.

“You play with people’s lives as if they were pieces in a game. That’s sick, Axelle.” Libra shot from her chair, throwing her napkin on the table as she grabbed her things. I quickly bolted to her side, hissing into her ear as she tried to ignore me, heading for the exit.

“Sick?” I threw my head back as I laughed. “I’m a fucking sleep demon!” Libra shoved through the growing crowd and out the front doors of the restaurant. “Toying with lives is my sole purpose! You are my sole purpose?—

“I didn’t ask for this!” she screamed, nearby humans glancing at her like she was crazy as she wiped her eyes. “Please, it’s just,” she covered her face with her hands, “just find someone else to haunt.”

“I already told you, there is no one else!” I groaned, annoyed with how upset she’d gotten over nothing. “I don’t understand why you’re getting so worked up over a fucking waiter?—”

“You really don’t get it? Axelle, murder is wrong!” She growled the statement through grit teeth.

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“Technically, I didn’t kill him.”

“But you did kill that man who broke into my house! God, you can’t just go around killing people.” She stomped her foot. “You need?—”

“No.” I gripped her neck with my tail, silencing her as I spoke. “You need to listen to me. As shocking as it may seem to you, I’ve only ever killed one human in all my existence. One. And it was to protect you. So maybe you should shut your mouth and be just a little more grateful I risked so much to protect you. Open your eyes, Libra. Yes, I killed someone, but it was for you. And ever since, I’ve been trying to behave like you asked, but excuse me for struggling to break centuries’ worth of habits within a handful of days!” Her eyes stared at me in horror. I didn’t mean to frighten her, but I needed her to listen, to know that, despite her feelings and my actions, I really was trying.

I slowly unwrapped my tail from her neck as she stared at me, gasping for air.

“Libra!” Her eyes moved to Barret as he rushed to her.

Fucking great.

“Hey! You left so suddenly.” He looked at her closer. “Are you okay?”

“I’m fine,” she lied, clearing her throat. “Just choked on some gum, but it’s fine. I’m fine.” The ambulance whipped into the parking lot as paramedics rushed inside the building.

“Well, what do you say we get out of here? I could walk you home?” Barret asked, offering his arm. Libra hesitated before smiling and accepting.

I remained still, my head lowering as they walked past. I stood there, in that same spot, for a few minutes before sluggishly following behind.

Way to fucking go, Axelle. You probably just ruined any kind of coexistence with her. Barret and Libra turned a corner, escaping from view as I reluctantly followed like a broken animal. I pushed her too far, crossed too many boundaries, and now, she probably hated me.

The two humans were walking in the direction of her home, taking the long scenic route. I knew what her plan was, as she had done the same thing with the last person she dated. And now, I get to fucking watch and hear her mess around with this prick. Serves you right, Axelle.

The two approached Libra’s door, awkwardly trying to say goodbye as I watched from across the street. I guess this is my life now, watching from a distance. Barret leaned in, giving Libra a kiss. She tried to pull back, probably nervous, but he kept going, kissing her harder. The collar around my neck yanked as the chains tugged at it, telling me something was wrong. I stepped forward, trying to see what was happening, when Libra broke free of the man and slapped him. Hell fucking no. I rushed across the street, my eyes locked onto her as the two began to argue. I could smell her fear in the air, and I growled as I neared her.

“That doesn’t give you a right to be so pushy! What the hell is?—”

“Look, I’m sorry. I thought this is what you wanted!” His face was beaming red as I rushed behind him, towering over his human frame.

Libra’s eyes moved to me, her fear slowly fading away at the sight. “You need to

leave, Barret.”

“Oh, come on. It was an honest mistake.”

“Now!” she snapped, her voice filled with an aggressive temper. The man groaned, lingering a moment before stomping off down the street. Once he was out of sight, Libra exhaled, falling back against her front door. Her eyes rose to me as I waited to see what she needed.

“Are you?—”

“Don’t.” She shook her head, unlocking the door as she stepped inside, leaving it open for me. I gave her some distance before I followed her and shut it, locking it tight. I could tell she wasn’t alright, that she needed something, but I wasn’t sure what.

“Axelle?” My head lifted at the sound of my name as my chain gently yanked me. My feet quietly carried me down the hall to her bedroom door. She was sitting on the edge of her bed, her shoes kicked off, and at her feet, my chain in her hand. “Can you stay in here tonight? Above the bed?” My brows furrowed at the odd request. “I know things aren’t how either of us want, but,” she pulled the chain as it dragged me a little closer, “I don’t want to be alone, not after everything that’s happened.”

That’s what it was. Libra wasn’t scared—she was lonely. And traumatized.

I stepped closer, lifting her head up to me. “If that’s what you want.” She nodded, the corner of her mouth curling up ever so lightly. “Would you like me to help you undress?”

“Axelle...” She rolled her eyes.

“I’m just asking.” I smiled, that little spark back in her irises. “Look, I promise I’ll behave.” I released her face and ran my claws along my chest. “Cross my heart.”

“Do you even have one?” She laughed, turning around, lifting her hair and pointing to the long black zipper of her dress.

I gently clasped it with my claws, taking my time as I unzipped her dress. “I do, and it’s as black as my soul.” She snapped around quickly, her face studying mine closely.

“You think you’re this terrifying monster, Axelle,” she stepped closer, “but you’re not. You’re a big old softie.” She poked my heart with her finger. “And I don’t think your heart is black. Dark gray, maybe, but not black.” Libra smiled, walking to her closet as she changed inside it, away from my view.

“That’s where you’re wrong, human. If I didn’t have these chains—those rules—I would gladly terrorize every human soul on this Earth, devouring their fear until there was nothing left.”

Libra stepped out of the closet, her hair cascading down her back over a large, baggy t-shirt. “Whatever you say, demon.” She crawled into her bed and scooted to one side, patting the other. I couldn’t help but smile, removing my jacket before taking my place in the bed, sitting up next to her. She turned the light off and curled up under the blankets. We sat there, listening to the wind blow outside for a few minutes.

“Axelle,” she whispered.

“Yes?”

“Can you hold me?” The question sounded like it shocked her as much as it did me.

My voice escaped me. No human had ever laid with me before, and I wasn’t really sure what to do. “If you want,” was all I could manage.

Libra silently inched closer, laying her head on my chest. I carefully wrapped my arm around her body, her leg draping over mine as she scooted closer. My body instinctively reacted, excited at how close she was. Fuck, not now.

“Oh,” she froze, feeling it too. “I’m sorry?—”

“Don’t be. If anything, you should take it as a compliment.”

Libra giggled softly, leaning closer. “Never thought I’d be cuddling with the monster under my bed, the same one who used to haunt me almost every night.”

“And fucked you with his tail.” She smacked my chest as I ruptured into a low laugh. “You realize me scaring you is nothing personal, right? I didn’t do all those things to hurt you... I mean, you’re stronger than the others. You always have been. But I never meant to hurt you. I just?—”

“It’s okay,” she whispered, her arm reaching across as she hugged me. “See? Told you. A gray heart.” My mouth curled to my ears, my claws playing with her black

hair as I listened to her breathing. She was drifting off to a peaceful sleep. Ironically, the one thing that had prevented her from such sleep all these years, was now the one thing that gave her the peace to sleep.

“Dark gray.”

Chapter 5

Libra

I had to force myself to wake up, breaking from one of the most peaceful nights of sleep I'd had in years. A hazy dream hung over me, gripping tight as I struggled to fully gain consciousness. I didn't want it to end, the sensation of being rested and peaceful.

A warm hand stroked my face, comforting me. It felt so good. I leaned into it, wrapping my body around the rest of it, feeling it embrace me. The hand moved to my waist as I melted into its arm, begging for more of its touch.

“Libra,” a man whispered my name through my ears, the hand slowly pulling away.

“No,” I whispered back, my eyes still closed as I sleepily grabbed it back. “Don't stop.”

The man moved, turning me away from him as he kissed my neck, pushing what felt like his hardened self against me. I liked the way he felt, his hand squeezing my breasts over the oversized t-shirt. My hand reached back, grabbing what felt like pants as my fingers curled around the belt loop and pulled him closer. He groaned, squeezing me harder, as if fighting himself.

“Libra—”

Something wrapped around my bare thigh, throwing me off as the man continued to kiss my neck, harder and faster. I forced my eyes open, sleep fully leaving me as I looked under the covers to see a tail. Axelle's tail. Gasping, I whipped back to see him smiling.

"Axelle, what the f?—"

"Shhh." He covered my mouth. "Let me take care of you, fleshbag."

Before I could make a sound, he crawled over me, positioning his waist between my legs. His tail raised my shirt, exposing my breasts, his eyes locked onto mine as his tongue extended from his mouth and glided across my nipple.

My hands pulled him from my mouth. "What're you doing," I breathed, my body enjoying his touch a little too much.

"You didn't expect me to just let you grind all over me, making those tempting noises, and not expect something to happen, did you?" His tongue played with my piercings, tugging them softly. I gasped, my hands gripping the sheets as he did so.

"I—I didn't know I was doing it."

"Oh, your body did." His tongue reeled back into his mouth as he crawled back, guiding my underwear from my legs. "It's telling me just how bad it wants to be fucked, to feel nothing but the agonizing pleasure I'm about to give it." He unzipped his pants, pulling his dick out. My eyes widened at the sight of it, the girth and length both scaring me yet making my mouth water. Not only was it large, but the tip was pierced, as well as the underside of his shaft, all of it covered in tattoos. It was an absolute beast. "I'm going to give your body exactly what it wants, fleshbag." My eyes shot to his as he inched closer, rubbing the pierced tip against my opening, my wetness clinging to him as I swelled, secretly wanting more.

“Axelle,” I gasped, my fists grappling with the sheets as my body instinctively twisted and ground against him. “We shouldn’t?—”

His tail played with my breasts, wrapping tightly around them as it squeezed and tugged, the spade slapping my nipples. He moaned, rubbing faster against me as his claws pierced my skin, causing my thigh to bleed.

“It’s just sex,” he breathed, rubbing my clit with his claw. “Divine fucking sex.” He leaned close, slowly pushing himself inside my wet, aching pussy as I cried out at the pain and pressure. I could feel my vagina nearly tearing at his size as he kept pushing, forcing himself deeper. We both moaned, staring at one another, lost in the moment. “That’s right, Libra,” he whimpered, slowly pulling back, the piercing on his shaft adding to the unbearable sensation as he thrust again, with more vigor. “Take my demon dick like a good little fleshbag.” He began to move faster, my wet excitement lubricating him to move a little easier. “Don’t worry.” His torso leaned back as he yanked my body closer, releasing my breasts and placing my legs over his shoulders. “I’m going to try to fuck you as gently as I can. Wouldn’t want to ruin our chances of doing this again, now, would we?” He slammed his dick into me, my body hitting his as I cried out.

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My legs squeezed, my back arching as my breathing hitched from the immense impact. If what I felt was Axelle being soft, I was almost scared to know how rough he could really be. My pussy throbbed, moving with him as I struggled to focus on not coming so soon.

“Oh, you selfish human,” he growled, clawing my lower back with another aggressive thrust. “Don’t you dare try to keep that orgasm from me. I can smell it building,” his tail slapped my ass, causing me to whine, “boiling beneath the surface. You think you can hold onto it, but I’m going to break that resistance.”

Axelle pulled his dripping dick from my body, lowering my legs as I breathed heavily, lost in the moment. His arms wrapped around my waist, pulling me into his lap as he held me over him, my arms grabbing his neck for support. The pierced tip of his penis flexed against my wet, swelling pussy. I couldn’t help but moan, the soft pressure massaging me perfectly. He slowly pushed back inside me with just the tip.

“Go on.” He dug his claws into my back as I arched, slowly sliding down. “That’s right. Wrap your pretty little human pussy down my dick and ride it.” I could feel his eyes burning against my body as I lowered myself, the piercing rubbing against me as I slid all the way down his shaft. “Yes,” he moaned, clawing me harder, pulling me closer. My nipples begged to be played with, my body wanting to feel him touching me everywhere he could. I gripped his collar, leaning my breasts into his face as his tail lifted my shirt. He opened his large mouth, saliva dripping down my chest as he began to lick and suck, his tongue playing with my piercings.

“Don’t stop,” I whispered, slowly bouncing up and down his monstrous cock. His body moved with mine, doing everything just right as I fucked him, moving faster

and faster, ignoring the pain as I fed into it.

I kept going, my moans filling the room alongside his, low snarls and growls vibrating from his chest, nearly pushing me over. My whole body tightened, my fingers tugging at his studded collar as I aggressively bounced against him.

“You’re almost there,” he breathed against my chest, licking my sternum. “Just ride my dick until that orgasm of yours is soaking this bed and your pussy is screaming in pain.”

“Fuck—” I cried out, arching my back fully as the pressure between my legs broke through. My vagina squeezed and pulsed, contracting around him as I continued to move, grinding myself against him, coaxing the overwhelming wave of ecstasy. My heart nearly gave out, banging against my chest as my throat burned, choking on the morning air.

“My turn,” Axelle growled.

Before I could even begin to calm from my orgasm, Axelle pushed my torso back, leaving my legs tucked around him, my body at an angle. He grabbed my hips and ruthlessly began fucking me, my climax seeping all around him as his tongue unfurled and started rubbing my clit, tasting me as I continued to come, unable to scream as I tried to control my rapid breathing.

“I’m going to fill your fleshy body with my cum,” he grunted, becoming more aggressive, “and I’m not going to stop until it’s pouring out of your aching pussy.” The spade of his tail ran along my torso, playing with my breasts before entering my mouth. I wasn’t exactly sure what to do, but I let my instincts take over, running my tongue along the leathery skin of it, sucking it as if it was any other part of him. “Oh fuck,” he moaned, pressing his mouth together, fighting his orgasm. I pushed against him, my body screaming in pleasure as he licked my clit raw. The pain only pulled a

second orgasm from me, this one making me come even harder than before as it overcame me. I nearly cried at the overwhelming sensation as he pushed his tail further. I nearly gagged on it. "Take it," he moaned, pounding into me. "Take it!"

A low rumble began to brew in his chest as I moaned around his tail. I grabbed it with one hand, pulling it as I moved my body closer, sliding against him, soaking him completely. "Fuck, oh, fuck!" Axelle roared, slamming into my body as he came hard. I could feel his dick flexing, my vagina constricting as his cum filled me, seeping down my ass. He didn't stop, thrusting into me a second and third time, emptying all of him into my sore body.

I was almost relieved as he slowed his tongue and pace, removing his tail, nearly stopping. His eyes remained locked with mine as I breathed heavily and uncontrollably, sweatsoaking my skin from how rough and vigorous we'd been. He remained inside me, his cum glistening in the peeking sunlight from the window.

"Just think," he smiled, also breathing heavily, "that was me taking it easy on you." Axelle slowly peeled away, his large cock dropping from my body as I gasped, feeling a sudden, immense amount of pain. His tongue slowly glided along my vagina, licking our mixed cum from my body. "Fuck, you taste amazing. I could do this again, right now, Libra."

"What?" I wheezed, knowing there was no way in hell my body could handle that.

"Calm down." He slapped my tit with his tail. "I won't push you. I know you humans need more time to recover. But I got to say," he crawled over me, his dick rubbing against my torso as his face hovered over mine, "next time, I won't be so nice. God, Libra, the way your tight little pussy felt wrapped around me. How you moaned and cried as I made you come." His chest rumbled like an animal as his claw flicked my nipple. I couldn't help but gasp at it as he smiled. "Instead of spending nights terrorizing you, I'm going to spend every night I can fucking you."

“Axelle,” I swallowed. “This can’t happen again. We can’t do this again.” He lifted a brow, tilting his head.

“And why is that?” He looked as though what I was saying was a joke, but I meant it. We couldn’t have sex again; my body barely could handle him this time. There was no way I could survive another round of him. He was a monster, a demon, and I was a human. There needed to be a line, and this had to be it.

“I’m serious.” I slapped his hand from my breast. He watched me closely, my breathing calming as I stared back at him. “I’m making it a rule.” Axelle groaned.

“Another fucking rule,” he hissed. “Whatever you say, Libra. But my offer stands. Next time you feel horny and want something to fuck, I’m here. Always here.” Axelle climbed from the bed, adjusting himself as he slithered under my bed. “You might want to clean yourself up, Libra. I can smell my cum all over you.” I sat there, laying in my bed, realizing what I had just fucking done.

What the hell is wrong with you? I asked myself. You just had sex with a demon. A fucking demon. My thoughts wandered for a second as my muscles screamed in agony.

But Axelle was right... Having sex with him—with a demon—was absolutely fucking divine. Divine, but wrong. So wrong.

Axelle

Ever since we had sex, Libra had been distant, pretending I didn’t make her feel the way I did. It was intriguing, watching my fleshbag try to go about her human life as if she hadn’t been fucked by a demon. But she had, and I know it left a mark on her soul. The only reason she wanted to forget our little sin was because, deep down, she knew she secretly wanted more. I didn’t care how long it took; I was going to tease

and taunt her until one day, her feeble human body broke beneath that horny temper of hers and begged me to fuck her again. Libra wasn't the only one who wanted more—I did too. I needed it, needed her.

“So...” Sterling leaned over the store counter across from Libra as he smiled. “Don't forget, I'm the angel and you're the devil.”

A fitting statement. I slithered closer, pressing against Libra's body as she tried to ignore me.

“Yes,” she groaned, stepping forward from me. “I know. God, you really are set on this, aren't you?”

“Have you seen my wings?” Sterling placed his hands on his hips. He really was an attractive man. If I wasn't so addicted to Libra, I wouldn't mind a day to mess around with him. “Stunn-ing.” He looked at the clock above the store door. “Oh shit. I got to go. Hey, how did things go with Barret the other night?” Libra tensed at the sound of that fucker's name. I moved closer, placing a hand on her shoulder as she eased.

“I don't think it's going to work out with us,” she grimaced.

“Really?” Sterling seemed taken aback. “Well, girl, you need to find yourself someone, or your woman bits are going to shrivel up and turn to dust.”

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“I don’t think it works that way,” she laughed. “But, if you must know, I’m doing just fine.”

Sterling eyed her closely. “Oh, someone is keeping a secret. Look, I have to go, but first, you need to tell me what you’re hiding.”

“I’m not hiding anything—” Her voice hitched as I pushed against her, forcing her body against the counter.

“Mhm.” Sterling made a face.

My tail climbed up her leg and under her mini skirt, traveling beneath her tempting, lacy underwear. I warned her about the easy access. She tried to pretend nothing was happening, but I knew she was excited. I could feel it as the spade of my tail rubbed her pussy, wetting my touch.

“See,” Sterling cocked his head, “come to think of it, you’ve been acting differently recently.”

“No I haven’t,” Libra breathed as I began to massage her clit, rubbing the length of my tail along her opening down to her ass. “I—I—” She was fighting her body, trying to push her legs together, as if that was going to stop me, but she had nowhere to go.

I leaned down and whispered into her ear. “Careful. We don’t want your friend to hear you come now, do we?”

“You okay,” Sterling asked. “Your cheeks are turning bright red.” He made a face,

weary of how she was acting.

“Fine,” she forced out, squeezing the counter tight, her knuckles nearly turning white as my tail gently pushed inside her. “You should go; I don’t want you to be late.”

Sterling hesitated, eyeing her closely. My tail moved from her dripping pussy, rubbing against her ass before pushing inside it. “Okay, well, if you need anything?—”

“I’m fine!”

“Damn, okay. Calm down. I’m going.” He waved goodbye, strutting from the store like a queen, quickly walking from view.

“Axelle!” Libra clutched the counter, screaming over her shoulder at me. My tail moved back to her clit, teasing her lightly.

“Remember, you’re the one who said we couldn’t do this again.”

“S-stop,” she stuttered, her orgasm quickly building.

“As you wish,” I growled and slapped her clit as she jolted. My tail moved from under her clothes and away from her body as I stepped around the counter, facing her. “But the next time I see you bending over in one of those fucking miniskirts, I’m going to drive my dick so far up that tight little cunt of yours, you’re going to taste it in your mouth. Sterling was right—you are a little devil.” I slithered my tongue at her.

Libra’s eyes widened. She was soaked in a horny layer of lust, probably aching from the heaviness of it. Good. It was time she suffered the same way she left me. Fucking tease.

Libra

It was almost time to close the shop for the night, and I dreaded it. Going home meant I would be alone with Axelle, much like I had been for most of the day. He kept teasing me, playing with my body, even with customers and Sterling around. The fucking asshole. Yeah, it felt good—so good—but we couldn't repeat what happened, no matter how bad I wanted it...

The bell above the shop door jingled.

"Sorry, but we're—" I turned to see Barret locking the front door of the shop. My smile instantly faded away. "Barret," I quivered as he stood there, eyeing me. "W-what're you doing here?"

"Please don't freak out, Libra. I just wanted to talk to you." Barret slowly started walking towards me as I stood in front of the counter, an open box of crushed herbs in my hand. My eyes searched the empty store, looking for Axelle, but I didn't see him.

Where are you? I could feel my fear growing as Barret got closer. Axelle had disappeared at some point in the day, giving me space like I asked, but now, I regretted it.

"You need to leave," I whispered.

"Just listen, okay?" He stopped right in front of me. "I just wanted to apologize for the other night."

"Okay, then apologize and get out." Barret's face tightened.

"Why do you have to be like that? I'm just trying to say I'm sorry. I'm not here to

hurt you or?—”

“Then why lock the door, Barret? Hmm?” I was becoming mad, my heart racing as he glared at me.

“‘Cause I knew you’d get like this.”

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“Like what?” I snapped.

“All defensive! You're acting like a real bitch, you know? I know I fucked up, and I came here to apologize and make things right. But you know, you led me on that night.”

“What?”

“Yeah, with your tight, seductive little dress, letting me walk you home. You were sending me all these signals.” My back hit the counter as Barret stood inches from me. “If every guy who tries to get close to you, following your little cues, only gets rejected, then it's no wonder you're still single. But, I'm willing to give it another try.”

“Get out!” I bite the air between us.

“You're seriously going to turn me down?” He scoffed at me. “Is there another guy?” I made a face, looking around the shop for Axelle. “Wait, is he here?” Barret's demeanor shifted as something dark fell over his face. “You're not playing games with me now, are you, Libra?”

“No.”

Barret grabbed my shoulders, squeezing me hard. “Then who is he? Who's this other guy you want to ditch me for, huh? Are you fucking him? Is that what it is?” He shook me violently, slamming my back into the edge of the counter as I dropped the box of herbs.

“Let go of me!”

“Oh no, not yet.” Barret slapped me across the face. “Doesn’t feel good, does it?” He grabbed my chin, forcing me to look at him. I could feel my eyes tearing up as he glared at me. “What, are you going to cry now? Cry like a sad, helpless, little girl?”

“Fuck you.” Barret slapped me again, harder this time.

“You might want to watch your mouth.” A familiar hiss began to grow as I looked up to see Axelle standing behind him. I couldn’t help but smile, seeing the rage on his monstrous face.

“Are you smiling? You think this is funny?” Barret scoffed again. “You’re all alone here, Libra. Alone and defenseless. I wouldn’t be smiling if I were you.”

“That’s where you’re wrong, Barret.” I laughed. “I’m not alone.”

Axelle wrapped his chain around Barret’s neck, snarling as he tugged tight, forcing him to step away from me. The man gasped, his eyes wide as he watched me, unsure as to what was even happening, his hands clawing at his neck as he fell to his knees.

“W-what—” he choked, gasping for air.

“No one touches my human,” Axelle warned, pulling the chain tighter as Barret’s face began to change colors. “No one!”

I glanced around, noticing a decent-sized brass goddess statue on the counter. I grabbed it without thinking, holding it as I turned to face the man. Axelle watched me closely, making all sorts of animalistic sounds as I glared at Barret.

“I won’t waste my time explaining it, but just know you will never lay a hand on me

again. Ever. Because if you do,” I leaned down, “he’ll kill you.”

“W-who?”

My eyes raised to Axelle, smiling as he watched me. “Someone you should hope never to see. But,” I rose back up, playing with the statue in my hand, “I don’t want him to break any more rules for me. So I’m going to let you live.”

“Libra,” Axelle growled, grabbing the chain.

“It’s fine,” I said to him. “I think Barret’s learned his lesson.”

“Go to h-ell, you b-bitch,” the man groaned.

I sighed as I stared at him, something snapping inside as I swung the statue, slamming it fiercely against his skull. Axelle’s chains fell as the man’s body hit the floor with a loud thud, his head bleeding profusely.

“Libra,” Axelle called. I leaned down, stomping my boot into the man’s head, enraged by everything I had been through. I lifted the platform shoe as I slammed it down again, listening to Barret’s bones crunch beneath my foot. His blood splattered around me, spraying my face as I continued, screaming as I stomped harder and harder until I was exhausted, still sore from the other night.

I yanked my leg back, Barret’s blood soaking my boot as I panted.

“Well, I have to say, I am feeling great!” I grinned, looking at Axelle. He was staring at me with an expression I couldn’t translate. “What?”

“Libra, you have no idea how fucking hot that was to watch. God, I am so fucking turned on right now.”

“Axelle,” I groaned with an exhale. Honestly, I was feeling a bit buzzed myself.

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“I know.” He smiled, crouching to look at Barret’s body. “As much as I’d love to throw you down against this corpse and drive my dick into your pussy,” he ran a claw through the blood as I tried to calm my growing excitement, “we have bigger things to think about.” As I slowly began to calm down, the realization of what I’d done began to set in.

“Oh, fuck.” I fell to the floor, landing on my ass and rubbing my forehead. “I just killed someone.”

“You did.”

“No, like, I just killed someone. Here, in the store!” My eyes widened with panic. “What the fuck am I going to do? Sterling can’t find this.”

“Nothing.” I looked at him as he wagged his tail.

“What do you mean, nothing? Axelle, I can’t just leave him here!”

“Who said you had to leave him?” Axelle laughed.

“I’m being serious!”

“So am I. Libra, tell me, how did I dispose of the man’s body in your bedroom?” I stopped, trying to remember what he told me he did.

Oh my God.

“You’re not going to?—”

“You might want to look away.” Axelle’s mouth widened, pulling open more than I’d ever seen, preparing to take a bite out of Barret, looking more like a monster than ever before.

I quickly turned away, listening as he began to consume Barret. I could hear his sharp teeth crunching into his bones, sucking his fluids as he ate him. I tried to cover my ears and block it out, but he was enjoying himself so much, I lowered my hands and turned to look.

I sat there, watching as Axelle crunched down on Barret’s shoulder, biting straight through the bone with his enormously sharp teeth. He had a crazed look in his eyes, focused only on devouring the corpse, ripping the man’s flesh from his bones. My heart began to race, watching him behave in such a way. My curiosity and excitement shocked me. It wasn’t long before Axelle noticed, snapping his head in my direction. His chest and chin were covered in blood, his tongue licking the pound of flesh in his claws as he stared at me with his demon eyes.

“Libra.” Axelle swallowed the handful, crawling to me. He placed his hands around my face, Barret’s blood smothering my skin as he got on his knees. Surprisingly, the smell of it, feeling Axelle’s hands on me, all excited me. “Libra,” he purred. “You know I can smell that.” I opened my mouth to speak, but I was unable to form words. Still, I knew exactly what I wanted to do.

I moved his claws from my face, leaning down on all fours, my hand moving to his leather pants, his eyes heavy on me.

“What are you doing?” He hissed as my fingers unbuttoned his pants and reached in to take his large dick in my hand. He moaned loudly, his dick flexing as I carefully rubbed him, trying not to catch his piercings.

“I want to thank you for saving me again,” I whispered. Axelle made a noise, enjoying the way I was stroking him.

“You better not start something you can’t finish.” I smiled, pulling him free. I ran my fingers through Barret’s blood, covering his hardened dick, lubricating it as I lowered my face, my eyes on him as I widened my mouth as much as I possibly could, licking the piercing on the tip of him, tasting Barret’s blood.

“Fuck,” Axelle groaned, watching me, leaning closer. I braced myself, allowing him to slowly enter my mouth as I salivated. The corners of my lips stretched, pulling as he struggled to fit, his shaft piercing scraping along my tongue, pressing into the back of my throat. I tried not to gag between how deep he was pushing and the blood, barely able to move my tongue around him.

I grabbed his base, able to both slide up and down his dick while rubbing part of him with my hand, moaning as my mouth covered him. He flexed inside me, hitting the top of my mouth as his excitement dripped down the back of my throat. I bobbed up and down, my tongue playing with his piercings, feeling the veins along his shaft as I did.

“I’m going to fuck your brains out, fleshbag,” he moaned, losing all control, gripping my head as he began to slowly thrust, fucking my mouth. I sucked his shaft, my fingers playing with his balls as his tail looped around my body and began to rub me through my lingerie, my pussy quickly soaking through the thin, lacy material.

Axelle grabbed another handful of Barret’s flesh, eating it as he continued to fuck my face, rubbing me raw. I could feel him flexing in my mouth, dripping more down my throat as his speed and grunting increased.

“You better swallow my cum just like you did my blood,” he groaned, whimpering as his eyes lightly rolled back, “and don’t you dare waste a single drop.” He rammed

himself hard into the back of my throat, coming as he howled, his hot, salty excitement squirting into my mouth, quickly filling it, pushing the spade of his tail into me as he came.

I tried to swallow as much as I could, the amount of him nearly choking me as the hot cum flowed down my throat. His dick pulsed, shooting more into my mouth as I tried to ingest it all, beads of it rolling from the corners of my overly-expanded mouth. He slowed his pace, moaning as his head dropped back, sliding back gently along the top of my mouth, letting me lick the blood and cum from his shaft, sucking him clean. He jolted, whining as he slowly climbed down from the high.

“God, I don’t know which I like fucking more.” He slowly pulled his dick from my mouth as I gasped, a mixture of saliva, blood, and cum stringing from his penis back to me. My jaw ached, the edges of my mouth stinging from being stretched so wide as I stared up at him, flicking the tip of his head one last time.

“Too bad you can’t fuck them both at the same time.” I smiled.

Axelle gripped my throat, pulling me towards his face. “You want to bet?”

Chapter 6

Libra

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Sterling and I had been working together all day, the shop buzzing with a constant rotation of customers. With Halloween quickly approaching, we always saw a ton of new people wandering in and out of the shop, prepping for the holiday or grabbing some souvenirs before their trip ended. I was toward the back of the shop, reorganizing the shelves, when Sterling approached me.

“Have you seen any of the clear quartz penis carvings?”

I blinked, processing his question for a moment. “No? I know we have an amethyst one up front, though.” I could hear Axelle snickering behind me.

“No,” Sterling sighed, “this lady wants a clear quartz one specifically.”

“Oh?” I raised a brow. “Picky on the penises now, are we?”

“Apparently.” Sterling and I tried not to laugh. “Hey, why don’t you go check in the back? I’ll see if I can sell her on the amethyst while you do.”

“Sure.” I smiled at him, walking past as I went into the back room of the shop.

The Haunted Apothecary’s storage room was a basic broom closet, with a second door that led down into a large basement. It was filled with huge storage shelves, all covered in boxes of crystals, statues, and other inventory. The basement was dark, barely lit and eerie. Even with Axelle shadowing me, I didn’t want to be down here for long.

I started searching the towering shelves, peeking in boxes for any sign of the clear

quartz carvings. Axelle touched nearly everything he stepped past, making me nervous.

“Can you stop touching things, please?” I sighed.

“What’s wrong with you?”

“Nothing. I just want to find the damn box of cocks and get out of here. This basement gives me the chills.” Axelle slithered to my side, eyeing me as I searched deeper into the basement.

“You know, some sleep demons like rooms like this. Never really was my style.”

“And why is that?” I asked, scanning the boxes at eye level.

“I prefer being close to my human.” I stopped, looking up at him as he smiled.

“Have you fucked all your humans?” I asked, weirdly jealous. His smile grew.

“You’re the first.” His eyes bolted to the side as his tail pointed to a box on the bottom shelf. “Are those what you’re looking for?” I turned, seeing a half-open box of clear quartz crystal cocks.

“Of course you’d find them,” I sassed, bending down to grab it. As my hands reached out for the box, Axelle gripped my thighs, pressing himself against me.

“What are you?—”

“I warned you not to bend over in your little skirts,” he growled, refusing to let go. His tail moved past my face, grabbing a single crystal carving. “I wonder how good it must feel to have one of these shoved inside you.”

“You wouldn’t,” I dared him as he pulled my lingerie down.

“Oh, wouldn’t I? Let’s see if a crystal dick can make you feel as divine as mine.”

Without any teasing or lubrication, he pushed the crystal penis inside me, the cold stone shocking me as my body shivered. He carefully pushed it deeper, pressing the base against himself as he began to thrust back and forth slowly, gripping my hips with his free hand. The carving was surprisingly proactive, my excitement building as I tried to grab the edge of the shelf for stability. His speed and pressure increased, my clit swelling as I moaned faintly.

“Oh, you like me fucking you with this crystal, do you?” He slammed the object roughly, grunting as he did. “Time to compare.”

Axelle took his time, pulling the carving from me, replacing it with his dick. He pushed himself against my body, teasing me with just the tip before aggressively shoving all of him in at once. I screamed out, his tail instantly filling my mouth as he tried to silence me.

“Can’t have any unwanted visitors coming down here, seeing you like this, can we?” His tail muffled my moans while he fucked me from behind, my hands shaking the shelf as he did so. “Why don’t we make this a little more exciting?”

More exciting? I was already struggling not to come. What would?—

Axelle gently spread my backside, stretching his long tongue down into my ass, wriggling as he continued to fuck me, three different parts of him now inside me, doing as he pleased.

“Take all of me,” he snarled, uncontrollably fucking me in every way. “You’re mine, Libra!”

My eyes watered, my body wound so tight, I might burst at the overwhelming pleasure I was experiencing. It was all too much. My moans were growing in volume as he moved the spade along my tongue, tasting me from behind while shoving himself deep into me. I couldn't hold back, my breathing rapid.

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No, I whimpered to myself. Not yet, not yet!

“Yes,” he inhaled deeply, the smell of my oncoming orgasm fueling him. “Yes, come on my divine dick. I want to feel your pussy squeeze it as you scream.”

I did exactly as he asked, my body unleashing as I came all over him, nearly squirting down his dick. My body quivered and shook, contracting around his shaft and tongue as my teeth bit down against the spade of his tail, muffling my tear-filled cry. I could feel his tail vibrating as he dug his claws into my backside and rammed me into the shelf, nearly knocking a few boxes over as he came alongside me.

“You take me so well.” His tongue left my ass, licking a bead of our excitement as it rolled down my skin. His bitter blood seeped into my mouth, my legs wobbling as he continued to pump his essence into me, more of it dripping down my legs.

My body relaxed as he reluctantly pulled out, my teeth releasing his tail as he stepped back, breathing heavily. I remained still, bent over, my body shaking as I tried to catch my breath.

“Libra?” I heard Sterling’s voice call me as I quickly tried to stand up, sore and disheveled. “You down here?”

“Y-yes!” I tried to sound normal, Axelle nestling his face into my hair as he smelled me. “I found the box. I’ll bring it right up!”

“No need. The woman decided she didn’t want a penis after all. Why don’t you help me organize the tarot decks?”

“Okay. I’ll be right there!”

Axelle’s heavy breathing in my ear was doing nothing to help calm me. He gripped my body close to his, a primal look on his face as he refused to let me go.

“I need to go,” I whispered, feeling a new energy between us. “Axelle,” I pleaded, his claws holding me tight. His orange eyes glowed even brighter down here in the dark basement, sending a slight shiver down my spine. He was looking at me in a whole new way, a way that made me feel a little uneasy.

“Why did you kill Barret?” His question was completely unexpected.

“I—I don’t know?”

“Yes, you do.” What was going on with him? He sounded serious for once.

“I guess, deep down, aside from the adrenaline rush of it all, I didn’t want you to break another rule.” His eyes studied me.

“Do you regret it?”

“No,” I answered a little quicker than I wanted to, but I meant it. I didn’t regret killing Barret, especially if it helped Axelle. He ran a hand along my cheek, tucking my hair behind my ear as his normal demeanor reappeared.

“Don’t forget this.” He smiled, dropping the crystal penis in my hand. “You know, for that divine masculine energy in your life.” I scrunched my face.

“Keep it up, and I’m going to give you some of this divine masculine energy,” I teased, waving it in his face.

“I’d happily take that energy up my ass if you’re the one giving it.” He slapped my backside. I eyed the carving as I grinned.

I just might do that.

Chapter 7

Libra

Lightening cracked just outside, the sky flashing to life for a brief moment before returning to darkness. The storm outside was raging, causing the power to flicker as the rain pounded against the windows. I was a bit uneasy, silently hoping the power stayed on.

“Easy.” His hands gently held my arms. “It’s just rain.” Axelle stood behind me as I stared out my bedroom window into the angry storm.

“It is, but...” My voice trailed off.

It wasn’t the storm that startled me, but the darkness hanging over us, waiting for the power to go out and consume everything around it. It was an interesting fear I had developed over the years, ironically rooting from one particular thing.

“What is it?” he asked, another boom shaking the home as the lights flickered again. I clung to Axelle, staring up at the lights as they stopped surging.

“I-I don’t like the dark,” I admitted, embarrassed by the statement as I said it aloud. He looked at me, his eyes glowing in the shadows of the night as the storm rumbled outside.

“I-I didn’t know that,” he whispered, sounding surprised.

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“A little ironic.” I forced a laugh. “It all started when...”

“When what?”

“Well,” I sighed, “when you started haunting me.” His face dropped as he stared at me. “It’s okay. Everyone has fears.”

“But you didn’t have this fear until me,” he said coldly. Lightning struck, and the instant it filled my ears, the power burst, leaving the room in absolute darkness. I tried to breathe, knowing I was safe, but years' worth of trauma instantly bubbled back to the surface. “Hey, it’s okay.” Axelle tried to calm me, but seeing his eyes glowing in the night and nothing else triggered me.

I screamed, falling backward as he stood there. My heart began to panic as I tried to cover my ears and drown out the storm, forcing my eyes shut. Breathe. Just breathe. It’s okay. You’re okay.

“Libra.” I could feel him next to me, trying to get me to open my eyes, but I couldn’t.

All I could think about or focus on were those countless nights of his shadowy self tormenting me in my sleep. The painful, terrorizing memories flooded my mind as I tried to silence them. It’s okay. I barely opened my eyes to see his, glaring back at me, inches from my face.

“No!” I screamed, pulling back as I closed my eyes again, shutting Axelle and the rest of the world out. “I’m sorry,” I cried, “but I can’t. It’s too dark.”

Within a few minutes, the smell of something burning filled my nostrils as I peeked my eyes open to see Axelle holding a lit match, his body soaking in its orange color. He was lighting one of the candles on my nightstand.

“I thought this might help,” he said, extending the box of matches in my direction. “I’m so sorry, Libra. I didn’t realize?—”

“It’s okay,” I cut him off, wiping my face and reaching for the box. My hand missed, knocking the matches all over the floor. “Fuck, I’m sorry.”

“They’re just matches, Libra.” He smiled, helping me pick them up.

I leaned over, grabbing as many as I could and peeking under the bed. I reached my hand around, feeling in the shadows, when I felt something else. My fingertips touched the smooth, cold surface as I pulled it out into the candlelight. The color in my face drained as I stared at the deep orange sphere.

“Axelle,” I whispered as he froze, staring at my hand. “What the fuck is this?” My eyes shot to him. “Why is Duke’s sphere here, under my bed?”

“Libra—”

“Did you kill Duke?” I demanded, shaking the crystal in his direction. “Answer me!”

“Look, he wasn’t the nice guy you thought he was! He was always looking at you like you were some prize, undressing you with his eyes at the store. Fuck, he was stalking you, Libra! When I caught him jacking off outside your window, I thought?—”

“What?” He stopped. “Duke was outside my window? Jacking off?” My face hardened as I put the pieces together. “Are you telling me Duke was the man who

broke in?" He hissed, his face hardening. "Was Duke the man who tried to assault me?" I yelled.

"Yes."

"And you killed him? Ate him, right here on my floor?" I pointed to the very spot his blood had been.

"Yes," Axelle growled. "But I did it to protect you."

"Protect me? Axelle, you knew he was stalking me and let me just go about my day. You let him sit outside my window and fantasize about me! What is wrong with you?"

"What was I supposed to do, Libra? I'm a monster, your monster! No one can see me or hear me. I can't interfere with humans without?—"

"Without breaking your precious demon rules!" I yelled, throwing the sphere into the wall as it cracked, splitting nearly in half. "I'm so sick of hearing about these rules! What, are you going to burn in hell if you show yourself? You're a demon, Axelle. What punishment could there possibly be for something like you?"

Thunder rolled outside as he stared at me, the candlelight flickering in the darkness.

"Something like me?" He lowered his head, scoffing. "You know, the only reason I risked being seen and breaking that fucking rule was to protect you. Because I didn't want to watch some pervert force you while you slept, unable to fight back or do anything while I just let him have his way. God forbid I fucking care about you!" He stomped his foot, shaking the room. "I've spent every second of your life chained to you. I know everything there is to know about you, Libra. So yes, I've grown a little attached, but if this is what I get for trying to protect you, then maybe I should've just

let him hurt you. Maybe then, you wouldn't have to deal with me."

His words hurt, cutting deep as I sat there, feeling every one of them as they pierced me. I was overwhelmed, emotional, and triggered. I didn't want to see him anymore, I didn't want to hear his excuses or anything else. I just wanted him gone.

"You need to go."

"It's not that simple, Libra."

"Go away, Axelle!"

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“I just can’t fucking leave! If I do, I’m?—”

“Breaking another rule?” I scoffed, furious at yet another one of his excuses. “I don’t care.”

“No, I’m not leaving. If I go, I leave you completely open for another sleep demon to claim what’s mine. I’m not doing it, Libra. I won’t.”

“I’m not yours, Axelle. Now, get out!” I screamed, throwing the handful of matches at him. “I hate you.” Axelle’s body went rigid as he stood there.

“You don’t mean that,” he snarled.

“Yes, I do.” I nodded, tears rolling down my cheeks. “All you’ve done is hurt me and use me to fulfill your sexual addiction. I want you to leave! I don’t care if another demon claims me. I’m not yours to keep!”

“Libra, if I leave, I’m not coming back.”

I stared at him, my face burning with emotions as I slowly stood. His hands were balled into fists at his sides as he waited for my reply.

“Good.” Axelle’s jaw tightened as he growled at my choice.

“Fine.” He turned, digging his claw against the closed bedroom door, carving an unknown symbol into it. It began to glow as he gripped the handle, opening the door to a different room. He stopped, speaking over his shoulder, refusing to look at me.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered. “I didn’t mean to hurt you, Libra.” I inhaled, trying to remain strong, my feelings and emotions prickling beneath the surface.

“Go to hell,” I wheezed. He turned back away from me.

“As you wish.”

Axelle stepped through the doorway, closing it behind him, the symbol fading back to nothing more than a carving in the door. I fell to my knees, bawling into my hands as I broke. I knew he’d killed for me, but to kill someone I knew, someone who was pretending to be a good person but really was wanting to hurt me... It was too much. And to hear him say how he regretted saving me? It hurt my heart. I didn't hate him—I hated myself.

I wiped my face, realizing what I’d just done.No, Axelle!I ran to the door opening it to find my empty hallway. I closed it, tracing the carved symbol with my fingers.Please, open. I twisted the knob, greeted by my hallway once again.No, no!I slammed the door shut, repeating the action again and again, each time using more force as I cried out, regretting what I had done.

“Axelle!” I sobbed, slamming my fists into the door. “I’m sorry.” I slid down to the floor. “I’m so sorry. Please, come back.”

I grabbed my face, furious with myself as I began to cry into the door.You idiot!I angrily hit the wood with my fist.Why would you say that? Now he’s gone!I continued to cry, hitting the door over and over, furious with myself for letting my emotions take control. My head began to spin, the room falling into an abyss of darkness as I slowly cried myself into a dreamless sleep.

Chapter 8

Libra

My feet dragged as I stepped around the store, holding a lit lantern, checking inventory. Numerous lit candles lined the store, keeping it comfortably warm despite the wet, cold weather outside. The storm from the night before was intense, leaving half the town without power. The sky, despite being the middle of the day, was dark and cloudy, matching my gloomy mood.

“You look like shit,” Sterling snipped as I raised the lantern to see his face. Even with no power, he was all dolled up. Sterling crossed his arms as the candlelight flickered across his face, the glitter around his eyes sparkling. “I thought you were getting better sleep? What happened? Your sleep paralysis get worse?”

“The opposite,” I snapped, adjusting some of the displays on the shelf. “Now, all I want to do is sleep. To forget,” I whispered the last statement to myself.

“Look, I don’t know what secret little thing you have going on that’s making you look like this,” he motioned his hand in a circle, pointing to my face, “but I need you to get your shit together. We have that Halloween party in a few days, and I need a devil to complete our costume. So,” he took the lantern from my hand, “take your moody ass home and get some sleep.”

“Sterling—”

“No. You’re obviously going through something, and I need you to figure it out. So go home, Libra. The power’s out; no one’s coming in today. I got this. Go.” I looked at him, silently grateful he was letting me leave.

“Thanks,” I sniffled, gathering my things. “I’ll see you at the party, okay?”

“Oh, you better. I didn’t spend all that time making my costume to be a sexy angel

without a sexy demon.”

Chapter 9

Axelle

“Do you not have anything stronger?” I slammed the shot glass down onto the bar, groaning. “I mean, fuck, what is this weak shit?” My claw flicked the glass as it fell behind the bar and shattered.

“Not for you.” The monster behind the bar leaned across it, grinning at me with her sharp teeth, her long tongue slithering from her mouth. “What’s wrong, Axelle? Lose another fleshbag?” She crossed her arms, her split red and black hair dipping onto the bar, her large tits nearly bursting from her tiny leather outfit, if you could even call it that. Her glowing eyes stared at me, waiting as she made a cat-like purr.

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“The opposite.” I scratched the bar with my claw. “She sent me away.”

“Sent you away?” she hissed, rising as her own chain hit the top of the bar, linked to the shiny silver collar around her neck. “Oh, Axelle, did you kill for your human? You know what happens to us sleep demons when we break the rules.”

“I know,” I growled, shooting her a look. “But Amity, he was going to hurt her?—”

“So? They’re humans. We’re not meant to interfere for a reason. The rules exist for a reason.” She tapped her violet, tattooed claw against the bar. “Let me guess: you care for your fleshbag.”

“It’s kind of hard not to when you spend every second of their lives with them,” I snapped. “You’ve been a sleep demon as long as I have. Are you really going to sit there and act like you’ve never grown attached to any of your humans?”

“Oh yes, you become fond of them. I mean, they’re fun to play with, our little fleshy toys to taunt and terrorize. It’s a shame we can’t touch them, though,” she purred. “Let me guess: you fucked yours!”

“Amity,” I growled.

“Oh, Axelle, you naughty little monster.” She pressed her tits harder against the bar, leaning over as her tongue ran along my face. “Was she tasty? Did you break her?” My tail pushed her tongue away. “Too bad you abandoned her. We could’ve had fun, the three of us.”

“I didn’t abandon her, Amity! And you’re not one to speak. I know you’ve broken the same rule yourself. With your most recent fleshbag—what is her name again?” Amity’s tail shot to my face, nearly piercing the underside of my chin.

“You don’t get to speak about her,” she snarled, gripping the bar so tight, her claws dug into the wood. “I made a mistake, Axelle. I broke the rules, also saving my fleshbag, but things went too far.” I hissed her a warning as she opened her mouth and growled back. “You better watch yourself.” She dropped her tail from my chin, crossing her arms. “If you’ve killed for your fleshbag, it’s only a matter of time before you start to care about more than just keeping her safe. Soon, if you don’t watch yourself, you’ll start to fall in love. And trust me,” she lowered her eyes, playing with her chain, “it never ends well. Demons and humans can’t coexist; that’s why there are rules.” She looked back at me, her eyes filled with pain. “If you truly care for your fleshbag, you’ll let her go. She sent you away, so let another step in and take your place. Let her forget you.”

“Is that what you did?” I asked, pointing to her chain.

“No.” Her hand gripped the chain tight. “My fleshbag and I continued, thinking we could make things work. But then, she grew old, never taking another human home to her bed. She lived a long, healthy, lonely life because of me. Yes, we had each other, but she will die, and I will keep living, until the end of time.” She cleared her throat.

“If your human is really hanging on to her last few minutes, why don’t you take my place?” I grabbed her claw. “Please, Amity. If what you say is true and she doesn’t want me, take my place. Become Libra’s monster and take care of her. I don’t trust the other sleep demons; you know how they are. If you go back to her, I know she’ll be safe. And if I can’t be the one to protect...” I stopped, catching myself as my throat began to burn with an unfamiliar emotion.

“You really do care for her, don’t you?” I nodded.

“I’m fucked, aren’t I?”

She gently brushed my cheek with her claw. “Yes, you are. I’m sorry Axelle, but I can’t leave my human. The only reason her soul is safely still attached to mine is because she’s on death’s door. And when that time comes, I plan to be there when she takes her last breath, to be the last thing she sees. I may be her monster, but she is mine as well. Until the end.”

“I know,” I sighed. “She killed for me,” I stated, scratching the wooden surface of the demon bar.

“What?” Amity’s eyes lit up with surprise. “Your human?” I nodded.

“She said she didn’t want me to break another rule. To suffer.”

Amity scoffed. “Humans killing humans for demons. What a turn of events. She must really like having you around—or the way you fuck her,” she teased.

“It’s not just about the sex—which is phenomenal, by the way. Sleep demons may be addicted to fear, but fuck, dude...the sex.”

“Really, Axelle?” She raised a brow, rolling her eyes. “Look, if you really care for your human, why are you sitting around here, sulking in the demon world, leaving her open for any of us to step in and claim her? The longer you let her sleep, the stronger the call to her becomes. You know this.”

“She sent me away, Amity. Libra doesn’t want me—” The chain attached to my collar began to wiggle and pull.

“It looks like your fleshbag feels differently. Her soul is calling you.” The chain pulled tight, tighter than ever before. I wanted to run back to her, to be her demon

again, but was Amity right?

“What if she tries to send me away again?” I asked, my chest filled with an aching pain. “What if she finds a human one day and lives a full life? Am I just supposed to accept that and sit there, shadowing her until she dies?”

“Pray she finds someone else with a sleep demon.”

“I’m serious, Amity.”

“You keep her safe, Axelle, no matter the direction of her life. And maybe some nights, you go back to old habits and give her a good fright.” She winked. “But you’re chained to her, Axelle. Her soul chose you when it was created. So don’t abandon her, even if she told you to go away. She needs you. Stick with her until the end, like a true sleep demon.”

Chapter 10

Libra

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The rain tapped gently against the windows, creating a peaceful, natural lullaby, soothing me as I sank further into the warm water of the tub. Candles burned all around the bathroom, their candlelight soaking the thick steam in the air as the room fell into an orange, cloudy haze. I was tired, drained from crying and sulking over Axelle's disappearance. He left me. Hereallyleft. My hand scooped the bubbles from the bath water, blowing them into the air as I sniffed, alone and depressed.

I closed my eyes, letting the warm water and bubbling suds soak into my skin as I began to drift to sleep. Ever since Axelle left, I couldn't rest or sleep in my bed, not without him there. It felt wrong. And all I wanted to do was sleep...

Sometime later...

My dreamless sleep had been interrupted as I suddenly found myself staring at the air above the tub. I tried to move, to turn my head or move my eyes, but I couldn't. My body was paralyzed, an all too familiar sensation.

Axelle?

A dark, towering shadow stepped into view, its eyes glowing as the candles in the bathroom began to dull, their light slowly fading. As I stared helplessly at those eyes, I realized they weren't his. This was not my monster.

No, not again.

My heart raced as the shadow inched closer, my chest feeling as though something was sitting on it, preventing me from breathing properly. I wanted to scream, to run

away, but I couldn't. The monster made a menacing noise, shaking my soul as fear consumed me. If this wasn't Axelle, would this new monster hurt me?

My eyes began to water as the shadowy frame began to solidify, the monster's face and features revealing themselves to me. He looked somewhat like Axelle, only this sleep demon was larger, his horns long and twisted, branching from his dark head of hair, his skin pale orange, covered in tattoos like Axelle's. He opened his mouth, two long, snaking tongues coiling from it as he spoke through black, sharp teeth.

"I can sense your fear, human. I can taste it in the air." The words vibrated from him, his long black claws gripping the edge of the tub as he leaned down. "Oh, how intriguing. You can see me, can't you?" I tried to scream, but nothing came out, his hand pushing against my chest as the air escaped my lungs. "Your last demon must've broken a rule," he tsked. "And now, they've left you all alone, ripe for the picking." His double tongue ran along the side of my face. "I must say, I didn't expect to find a seeing fleshbag like you. But think of how fun our nights will be."

The monster's claw raised the chain attached to the thick, belt-like collar around his neck, the end unattached to anything. One of his tongues dipped into the bath water, picking what looked like Axelle's chain up, the metal loop fading into my chest. He yanked it, the end tugging at my heart as I felt the pain.

"I'm going to rip your soul free from the demon who abandoned you." He tugged again, grunting. "I will claim you as my own." The chain remained intact, hurting as he tried to pull it free. "Stop resisting," he snarled. "I will claim you, and you will become my fleshbag until the day you die."

A familiar hiss filled the room as the monster stopped, slowly turning his head. A shadow appeared, bearing a set of glowing orange eyes—eyes I recognized immediately.

Axelle. His body formed as he stepped closer, his mouth wide and snarling at the new monster.

“Step away from her,” he warned. The orange monster lunged back, roaring in laughter as he stood.

“You left her free for the claiming. I’m only following the rules,” he wagged his tail, “unlike you. Tell me, what kind of a demon kills for his human then abandons it?”

“Step away from my fleshbag.” Axelle’s voice was distorted, deep, vibrating the bathroom.

“Or what?” The monster tugged the chain around my heart once more. “You can’t kill me, demon. If you do, you know what will happen.” He grinned, purring as he raised his own chain and turned to face me. “Say goodbye to you?—”

Axelle wrapped his chain around the monster’s thick neck, choking him as the two fell back into the bathroom sink, knocking the remaining candles down. The room fell into darkness as the storm outside grew. I remained frozen, unable to move, listening to the demons as they fought.

Axelle, I cried to myself, listening to the growls and bangs of items clattering to the floor. Lightning flashed, its bright light illuminating the small room as I saw Axelle clawing into the monster’s bare back, his mouth wide, black blood dripping from his teeth. I could hear the two roaring and growling as the darkness returned. An unfamiliar howl pierced my eardrums, something hitting the side of the tub, knocking my body under the water. My eyes stung from the soapy bubbles, lightning revealing the two monsters above me, grappling with their chains. It was terrifying to watch, my lungs screaming as I tried to breathe. Water quickly filled my lungs, my body frozen and unable to do anything but sit there and drown.

I had almost given up when a set of orange eyes peeked over at me in the darkness. My heart ached as my chain was tugged, pulling my body from under the water.

As my mouth broke through the surface, my body suddenly tensed, able to move. I gasped, coughing and gagging on the water, desperately trying to breathe as I clung to the side of the tub. Something wiggled beneath my chest. My hand grabbed the chain, feeling the links as I tried to see who it was attached to.

I pulled the chain lightly, feeling something heavy following as it stepped towards me, the sound of its heavy breathing making my nerves scream in terror. Who is it? I pulled the chain. Who is my demon now? Another flash revealed the monster before me as I gasped. I could hear the sound of a match striking as a small, fiery glow appeared in front of his face.

“Axelle,” I exhaled, relieved he was okay and still mine.

He lit a few of the remaining candles on the bathroom counter, lifting the darkness as I looked to see the other sleep demon’s body on the floor. It was covered in black blood, his flesh clawed and torn, as if Axelle had shredded his entire body. His eyes remained open, staring back at me, their glow faint and fading.

“Is—is he...dead?” I asked, gripping the side of the tub.

Axelle, covered in black blood himself, positioned himself over the demon’s body, digging his claws into its head. He grunted, pulling and twisting the skull until it ripped from the monster’s thick neck. He held the head up by one of its twisted black horns, the monster’s faint glowing eyes dying out until only the blackness remained.

“He is now.” He tossed the head across the room as it rolled, hitting the bathroom door. He raised his head, rushing to me as his claws lifted my face. “Are you alright?” He lifted my head, moving it around as he examined me closely.

“I’m fine,” I wheezed. “Axelle,” I choked on his name. “I’m sorry, I didn’t—” His tail covered my mouth, pressing against my lips as he shook his head lightly, his white hair rustling across his forehead.

“I told you before, no one touches my fleshbag.” He growled the statement, causing my body to react in an unexpected way. He leaned down, tugging the chain from my chest, pulling me closer to him. “Not any of your measly humans.” His tail dragged the demon’s body to the side of the tub as its blood mixed with the water, blackening it. “And sure as fuck not any other demons. You’re mine, Libra. The only one who gets to touch you.” He removed his jacket and pants, tossing them aside, his chest smeared in demon blood and his dick hard as he stepped into the tub with me. Axelle grabbed my neck, squeezing it tight as I gasped, our bodies facing one another, stained by the tainted water. “Is me.” His tongue branched from his mouth, licking up my stomach to my chest. I shivered at the feel of it, my fear morphing into hunger.

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“I’ve accepted my fate. Now, you better get real comfortable with seeing me, because,” he pressed his mouth against mine, his tongue wriggling down my throat as he kissed me hard, his teeth scraping my skin, “I’m not fucking going anywhere, temptress. And neither are you.”

Axelle released my neck, wrapping his chain around my wrists, pulling them together and rotating my body away from him. He yanked the chain, twisting it around the faucet as I tried to move, unable to do so. The chains squeezed my wrists tight, giving me little freedom to move while I sat there, on my knees, with Axelle behind me. His tail relit the candles around the tub, his hands gripping my neck from behind as he leaned my head back and poured the melted wax down the front of my chest, down my breasts. The wax was hot, lightly burning my skin as it quickly hardened and dripped into the black water.

My arms tugged the chains, my back arching at the pleasing pain as my body leaned further into his. His dick rubbed along my slit, his tip piercing hitting my clit just right, feeding my growing arousal. His tail dropped the candle, slapping the flame out as he grabbed my night dress and ripped a long strip of the hem.

“I’m going to show you just how good the darkness can really be.” He removed his hands from my neck, tying the dark material around my eyes, blindfolding me. “And I’m going to replace your fear of the shadows with something much more agreeable.”

My breathing increased at the instant absence of light. My fear trickled in, tainting my arousal. Axelle inhaled, lifting my head back. “There’s no reason to be afraid, fleshbag. I’m here.” He squeezed my mouth open as something hot began to drip down my face into it. My tongue tasted the bitter, thick liquid, instantly recognizing

the blood, but it wasn't his.

"What—" I coughed on it. "What is this?" Axelle continued pouring the liquid down my face, smearing it along my body, feeling my breasts as it covered me.

"Why let his body go to waste? Let's enjoy him, together."

Axelle was covering me in his blood... No. He was covering me in the dead demon's blood. So much blood.

"Don't worry. It won't hurt you." The liquid stopped pouring over me, his hands gripping my breasts as he lightly dug his claws into my skin, squeezing them tightly. "Just swallow it. Let it sink into your stomach as you consume the essence of the demon. Remember when you ingested my blood? How later that night, you couldn't sleep because you were so horny?" He lightly pushed the tip of himself inside my body, and I gasped, tugging the chains as I arched into him. "Yes, well, a fun little side effect of demon blood is that it increases your sexual desire, and I just gave you far more than you took that night. So get ready, fleshbag. You're about to become a monster yourself, and I intend to tame you. No, I'm going to break you," he hissed, shoving himself deep inside me, his claws moving along my body.

His tail reached around to my opening, rubbing my center as his hands clawed my skin, dragging up my stomach sharply, pulling me closer to him as he fucked me from behind with no restraint. I could feel my body buzzing with a euphoric intensity unlike ever before.

I could feel the demon blood bubbling in my stomach, seeping into my own blood, burning through my veins, making my mouth salivate with hunger and desire as he leaned me further down at an angle, pulling my backside towards him as he rammed harder into my aching pussy. His hand twisted in my hair, pulling my head back as I moaned loudly, struggling to hold onto my elation.

“You better give it to me,” Axelle rumbled, increasing his speed. “I can smell that orgasm, you greedy little fleshbag. Give me what’s mine.”

“Make me,” I teased, smiling as I breathed the words.

“Oh?” He slammed into me, hard, slowly pulling back before repeating the motion. “Are you taunting me, Libra? Maybe I should ease up a bit, let you wither in your arousal.” He pulled back, leaving only the tip as he gently teased me. “I could do this all night, dragging your orgasm out, edging you slowly as your nerves feel every single bit of what I do to you. I have all the time in the world.” He licked up my spine, circling my opening with his cock before pushing himself inside, purposely taking his time.

“You make me come, and I’ll show you just how much of a monster I can really be,” I moaned alongside him. “Come on, Axelle. Fuck me like the demon you really are.” His dick flexed inside me. “That’s right. Make me come, demon.”

“You really shouldn’t tease me, Libra,” Axelle purred, snatching my neck as he slammed into me, fucking me with no restraint. He moved faster, harder, stronger than ever before, unleashing a whole new side of him as he drew my orgasm out, causing me to scream as I came, throbbing around his still-hard cock. He continued, refusing to let us stop as he made such animal-like noises, driving himself into me, feeding that hunger between my legs.

“Oh fuck,” I cried out, my body flexing around him, soaking him as I struggled to breathe. “Axelle.” I fought against the chain, unable to touch him. “Don’t stop,” I whispered. “Don’t stop.”

“Oh, I’m not going to stop until you beg me to,” he breathed into my ear, his tail rubbing faster against my clit. “Not until you scream in agony from how hard I’m fucking you.” I felt his teeth bite into the skin around my neck, clamping down hard

as I bounced in his lap, ignited by his action. “That’s right,” he hissed against my flesh. “You ride my dick until those weak, human legs of yours give out.” His hand grabbed my throat, pulling my head back as my tongue hung low and he spit what tasted like my blood into my mouth. His tail slapped my clit, and I jolted at the impact, a second orgasm quickly building thanks to the demon’s blood.

Water splashed all around us, splattering onto the bathroom floor as I started to come a second time, the storm drowning out my screams. He howled, coming at the sound of me, driving himself aggressively deep, the warmth of his cum soaking the inside of my body. Time felt as though it had slowed, the two of us reaching a high as we moved together, our orgasms and moans mixing, creating a sensational, euphoric moment. I didn't want it to end. I wanted to live here, in this moment, forever.

Just me and my monster.

Chapter 11

Axelle

The sky outside had begun to brighten as the sun peeked through the heavy rainstorm still brewing over the town, alerting us to the start of a new day. I had spent hours fucking Libra in the tub, against the bathroom sink, and even next to the dead demon rotting on her bathroom floor. Despite being human, thanks to her continued ingestion of the demon blood, her body was recovering at a remarkable speed, the aphrodisiac allowing us to spend the night together in every way possible. And what a fucking tasty night it had been.

Libra laid against my chest, our bodies submerged in fresh bath water, taking our time cleaning ourselves, enjoying each other’s touch. The candles had survived the night, barely hanging on, keeping us in a dull warm light. It was perfect. Well, almost.

“What do we do about him?” Libra pointed to the decapitated demon slung over the side of the tub, nearly drained of all his blood. “You’re not going to eat him, are you?” She lifted her head to look at me.

“No, I may like the taste of human flesh, but I don’t eat other demons. Even I have to draw a line in my wicked ways, andthat is it.” She played with the soapy bubbles around us as my tail poked at them, popping them gently.

“So, what do we do?” I sighed, lifting her away from me as I stood, stepping from the tub and out onto the wet, stained bathroom floor. I offered my hand to her, helping her stand, her legs shaking from all we had done. I couldn’t help but smirk, proud of how well I had fucked her.

“I know someone who can handle it for us.”

“Another demon?” she asked as I handed her a towel.

“A friend.”

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I bent down, dipping my claw in the demon's blood, stepping to the closed bathroom door and dragging the tip along the hard wooden surface. As I removed my claw, the symbol there glowed orange, black smoke seeping from under the door.

"Axelle." Libra grabbed my arm as she watched with wide eyes, a thin layer of fear falling from her body. I inhaled it, enjoying the smell a little too much.

Three hard knocks hit the door as I snapped my focus back to it. The door knob slowly turned as Amity stepped into the bathroom, grinning.

"Hello, Axelle," she purred, her glowing eyes immediately bolting to Libra, then to the headless body on the floor. She inhaled deeply, licking her lips with her long tongue as her tail wagged. "Well, someone's been a busy monster. The room is bursting with sex and death. Such a deadly combination." Her eyes fell back to Libra, obviously enjoying the sight of her. "So you're the naughty little fleshbag I've heard so much about." Amity stepped closer, bending down to examine Libra closely, her tits nearly falling from the thin, black leather straps that held them. I growled a warning, wrapping my arm around Libra's stomach.

"Oh, calm down, big boy. I'm not going to hurt the human—not unless she wants me to." Amity flashed a sinister smile as her tail grabbed a hand towel from the counter, dropping it against my chest. "Show some respect; not all of us want to see that beast between your legs." I placed the hand towel over my dick, growling. "You really got lucky with this one, didn't you, Axelle?" Her tail stroked Libra's cheek as it turned bright red.

I wasn't sure if it was the lingering effects of the demon blood or seeing Amity, but I

could sense a little excitement growing between my human's legs. Interesting.

"Well," Amity straightened her back, crossing her arms, "I'm assuming you summoned me to take care of that." She pointed to the body. I nodded. "Shame; I was half hoping to walk into some bloody orgy. Oh well, maybe another time." I carefully moved Libra aside as Amity grabbed one of the demon's arms, dragging it toward the door.

"Let me help you," I dropped the little towel and grabbed the other arm, the two of us pulling the demon to the bathroom door.

"You know, you can't summon me every time you make a mess or have a problem," Amity groaned, dropping the body in the doorway. "One of these days, I'm going to call on you to fix my shit. If you're even still alive after this."

"What does she mean by that?" Libra asked. Fuck, I was hoping she didn't hear that.

Amity shot me a look, cocking her head as she turned to face Libra. "He didn't tell you." She rubbed her temple. "Damn it, Axelle."

"We don't know if it's really even true," I snapped. "No one else has ever done this before?—"

"Yeah, 'cause it's a big fucking rule!"

"Rule? Axelle," Libra gripped her towel, stepping towards us, "did you break another rule when you killed him?" I sighed, lowering my head. "Why?" she demanded.

"Libra, he was about to claim you." Amity shook her head as I shot her a look and snarled. She threw her hands up, grabbing the dead man's arm, dragging it further through the doorway. "I couldn't let that happen. Plus, you were literally drowning."

“Axelle,” she said my name with a softness. “What’s the punishment for this?” She motioned to the body as Amity kicked it. “For killing another demon?”

“Death.”

“Dammit it!” I snarled, hissing at Amity. “We don’t know that!”

“Yes, we do! Every demon does. By killing another monster, you forfeit your own. Unless?—”

“No,” I cut her off. She sighed, looking around the bathroom.

“Where’s his head?” I pointed to the corner of the room as she stuck her claws into the demon’s eye sockets and mouth, picking it up like a bowling ball.

“Unless what?” Libra asked.

Amity froze, her eyes shooting to me as I glared at her, silently begging her not to answer the question. She shook her head.

“You need to tell her?—”

“No,” I growled, threatening her. Amity hissed back at me, revealing her sharp teeth.

“Amity,” Libra spoke her name, breaking the tension. “Tell me.” The female demon looked at me then darted her eyes to Libra. “Unless what?”

“It’s said that the only way to save a demon’s life once they’ve killed another,” she shot me a dirty look, “is by asking their human to make the ultimate sacrifice.” Libra’s heart visibly sank at the words. “But the only way such a thing would ever happen is if a monster killed a human for theirs then killed another demon as it tried

to claim the same human. So, you two,” she pointed back to me, “are in a very unique position. I don’t know of any other sleep demons who have been here before, but unless you make the ultimate sacrifice to save him, Axelle will die.”

“When?” It made me sick to hear the pain in her voice.

“Twenty-four hours after the murder. So, by the looks of it,” she picked up the body, draping it over her shoulder, standing in the bathroom doorway, “you have until tonight, the end of Halloween.”

Amity stood there in the doorway, looking between the two of us.

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“I’m sorry, Axelle. But trust me, Libra should know the truth. I wish you the best, friend.” She turned, her tail closing the door behind her as it shut, the symbol fading back to black. I inhaled deeply, turning, waiting for Libra to say something, anything.

“The ultimate sacrifice,” she whispered, her eyes fixated on the dirty bathroom floor.

“Libra.” I rushed to her, holding her close. “I’m so sorr?—”

“Another rule, Axelle. You broke another fucking rule and didn’t even tell me!” She slammed her fists into my chest, rightfully upset with me. “You and your stupid fucking demon rules!”

“I’m sorry!” My arms tightened around her body, pulling her closer as I apologized over and over again. “I’ll figure this out, somehow. I promise.”

“How?” She shoved away from me, nearly slipping on the demon blood as my tail grabbed her arm. “How can you fix this? You’re going to die, Axelle. Tonight.”

Listening to the pain and terror in her words shattered me as I fell to my knees, gripping her waist. “Libra,” I whined. “I promise, I will figure something out. Anything.”

“No.” She wiped her face.

“No?”

“I will. Amity said your human needed to make the ultimate sacrifice? Well, I’ll do

it.” I stood, grabbing her face.

“No, I won’t let you.” Her eyes met mine.

“I’m sorry, Axelle, but I’m not going to let you die. So either you let me do this, or I go with you.” My chest rumbled at her threat, rage falling from my soul as she smirked at me. “That’s right.” She gripped my chain, pulling it towards her as my face nearly slammed into hers. “I’m going to make that sacrifice, whether you like it or not. I might be your human, but you’re my demon, Axelle. Mine. And I don’t plan on giving you up anytime soon.”

Hearing her claim me was invigorating, shooting fire through my veins as my entire body tingled and twitched with the buzz. The corners of my mouth curled as I stared into her dark soul—a soul just like mine.

“What’re you going to do?” She smiled, pressing her finger to my mouth.

“Leave that to me. Now,” her fingers twisted around the chain as she turned, walking to the edge of the tub and leaning against it, “since you decided to break another rule, I guess I’ll have to punish you myself.” Libra dropped the towel from her body, spreading her legs as she yanked the chain. “Crawl to me, demon. Show me just how naughty you’ve been.”

Chapter 12

Libra

After a few more hours of punishing Axelle for breaking another demon rule, the effects of demon blood had finally worn off, my body started to feel sore and tired. Reluctantly, I had to stop and focus on the dilemma ahead. As Axelle’s human, I needed to make the ultimate sacrifice to save him, and I had an idea of just how to do

such a thing, even if it made me sick.

“There you are!” Sterling greeted me at the front door of the party, dressed in the most seductive angel costume. He twirled, showing off the beautiful wings he made.

“You look glorious, Sterling!” I screamed over the loud music and voices.

“Who said angels can’t rock leather?” He winked, raising a red solo cup to his mouth. “Mmm, and look at you, you sexy little devil!” He grabbed my hand, twirling me around as I showed off the tight, vermillion latex bodysuit and fishnets, complete with matching pumps and devil horns. I even added a little collar to my neck, a nod to Axelle. “Well, come in. It’s Halloween! Find a cup, fill it, and dance your ass off, bitch!”

Axelle stuck close, hovering behind me as we stepped into the crowded house, smoke clouding the air as lights flashed and humans in all sorts of sexy costumes partied like it was their last night on earth.

Ironically, I laughed to myself.

I grabbed a cup, drinking the nasty, cheap beer and swaying to the music. Axelle watched me, enjoying the sight of my body moving, my breasts barely contained in the latex. I pointed to him and motioned for him to join, grinning.

“Are you sure?” he asked, hesitating.

“Half these people are high, the other, drunk.” I gripped his leather jacket, pulling him against me. “No one knows what’s real and what’s not. So relax and be with me. This may be our last night together.” He gently stroked my cheek as I closed my eyes and leaned into it.

“What about your sacrifice?” I pressed my mouth to his, wrapping my arms around his neck, moving against him as I rocked to the throbbing beat of the music.

“I’ve got everything under control,” I whispered. “Just be with me.” My fingers moved his arms, wrapping them around my body as I turned, rubbing my backside against him, grinding against the bulge growing under his pants.

Axelle and I lost ourselves in the music, dancing together, fully entranced by its spell, melting into one another. It was sensational, being with him in public, not worrying about who saw us—saw me. We just blended as one, and I wanted to savor it while I still could.

My mouth broke from him for air, grabbing his hand and leading him from the dancing crowd. I dragged him to a dark corner where it wasn’t too loud.

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“Can you help me with something?” He narrowed his eyes, nodding. “I need you to seal the doors and windows.” I motioned in the air. “All of them.”

“Why?”

“I have to make the ultimate sacrifice, right?” He nodded, still confused by what I meant. “Well, the only person here I care about, other than you, is Sterling.”

“Libra—”

“No.” I stopped him. “All I need from you, my demon, is to seal this house shut so when I burn it down, everyone inside, every human, dies. So that Sterling dies.”

“Are you sure?” he asked, gripping my face. “Is this really what you want to do? Kill your best friend? Murder him and countless others just to save me?”

A tear fell from my eye and onto his claw.

“Yes. I’d do anything for you, Axelle.” He kissed me with fiery passion, forcing himself to break from my lips.

“Show me every window—every door. I need to seal them individually. Then, you can burn it all down.”

Axelle

Libra had grabbed my hand, dragging me all over the house and through the thick

crowd of masked and costumed humans. They were all so unaware, too drunk or high, too lost in their own minds to realize what was about to happen to them. One by one, I sealed the doors and windows, leaving only the back door left to seal. I couldn't believe she was doing this for me. She was sacrificing her best friend, not even sure if the ritual would work, willing to lose him and risk it all for me. She was unlike any other fleshbag I had ever had, and I damn sure wasn't going to fuck this up and lose her now. Even if in the end the sacrifice didn't work, I knew it wasn't for nothing. It was all for her.

"Libra!" Sterling appeared by the back door as she gasped, shocked to see him inside.

That's odd.

"What're you doing? Are you leaving?" He gave her a look, noticing the face she made. "Is everything okay?" Libra grabbed the drink from his hand, shoving him outside through the open back door. "What the hell?" She slammed the door shut in his face, locking it as he tried to get back in. "Libra, let me in!"

"What the hell are you doing?" I yelled as she tried to hold the door shut, keeping him out.

"Libra, open this door right now. Libra!" Sterling yelled.

I grabbed her arm, turning her to face me as I slammed her into the door, startling Sterling as he backed away. My tail wrapped around her throat, anger enraging me.

"Why did you do that?" I demanded. "If you lock him out, you can't make your sacrifice! These humans—they mean nothing to you!" She didn't fight me, only lifted my claw, touching it to the door as it sealed, leaving her inside with everyone else.

"I know." My tail released her as I stepped back, realizing what she was doing.

“No,” I breathed. “Libra, you can’t.”

“It’s the only way, Axelle. What better sacrifice is there than to kill yourself?”

“I won’t let you do this. I won’t let you fucking do this, Libra!”

She ignored me, gathering bottles of alcohol, filling her arms with them, pouring the liquid around the door. I followed her, trying to get her to stop, but she refused, randomly spilling and pouring the flammable liquid all over the house.

“Fuck, Libra! You can’t do this!”

She stopped at the basement door, opening it as she made a puddle of alcohol, pouring a trail down the stairs and into a large circle with herself in the middle. I rushed to her, ripping the bottle from her hand, tossing it against the wall as it shattered. I grabbed her face, forcefully making her look at me.

“Libra!”

She smiled, touching my face sweetly. “It’s okay, Axelle.” Her eyes began to water, burning with tears as she smiled. “I’ve made my choice.”

“Libra,” I choked. “Even if you do this and it works, I’ll be alone. My life will be chained to a new soul, haunting them. You’ll be gone.”

“I know, but at least you get to live.”

“What about you? I want you to live.” I grabbed her body close, inhaling her scent. “I need you to live. Please,” I begged. “I’ll do anything. Anything, Libra. Just don’t do this.”

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She pulled something from her latex costume, striking it as she looked at me, grinning, tossing the lit match onto the circle she poured. It shot to life, flames instantly igniting as they circled us. The fire ran up the stairs and out the basement door, almost instantly engulfing it as screams erupted through the music upstairs.

“Be with me. One last time.” She kissed me, moaning faintly into my mouth.

“Libra,” I breathed into her.

“Axelle.”

Chapter 13

Libra

“Well, I must say, I did not see this coming.” Amity stepped through the fire that circled us, crossing her arms as she looked at Axelle and me. “A human sacrificing themselves for a demon. What a thing to witness. And that?” She pointed to the ceiling, inhaling as the sound of screams and fear filled the house above. “What a tasty little treat.”

“We don’t have much time, Amity,” Axelle groaned, removing his jacket. “So either get over here and join us, or fuck off.”

“Oh, I’ll happily join. It’s been a while since I fucked a human.” She slid her arms through the small leather straps of her outfit, revealing her large tits.

I wasn't sure if it was the adrenaline rush of the fire, sacrificing myself, or having sex with two demons—but I felt fully alive, more than ever before. Axelle had helped me undress, sitting me in the middle of the circle as he and Amity joined. He watched as she crawled to me, climbing my body and running her tongue across my skin, purring as she did. My body trembled at her soft touch, a hunger taking over as I kissed her, feeling her body as she pressed into mine. Axelle growled as he watched, stroking himself.

“Let me warm her up for you, Axelle,” Amity teased, pushing me onto my back as her tongue flicked my nipples, her fingers trailing down my sternum to my center, gently massaging me. I moaned, enjoying how soft and delicate she was, knowing exactly what to do. My back arched, rubbing my center against her hand as she slipped a claw inside me, slowly moving back and forth before pushing it deep. Her mouth moved back to mine, kissing me, her tongue twisting with mine while her free hand guided my hand to her breasts. “Don't be scared. Just follow your instincts.”

My hand squeezed her body, unsure of what she liked, questioning myself. As she pushed a second claw inside me, I gasped, gripping her backside with my other hand, pulling her close.

“There you go,” she whispered into me with a smile. My fingers moved, feeling her nipples, tugging them lightly as she gasped.

Something took over me as I grabbed her body, rotating, slamming her against the ground. I straddled her, leaning down, kissing her. My fingers moved down to her pussy, rubbing it softly, letting my desire control me. I moved the leather outfit aside, looking at her perfect purple pussy. She was wet, excited, ready for me, welcoming my touch. My fingers wasted no time, entering her as she groaned, moving with me. I kissed her neck, running my tongue down her body, worshiping her breasts, fingering her in a way I could tell she enjoyed.

Fire cracked loudly, roaring all around us as I locked eyes with Axelle, watching him devour the sight of me. I nodded to him as he crawled to us, kissing Amity while I watched. His tail joined my fingers, pushing inside her wet body as we moved together, listening to her moans.

Amity's tail rose, slapping my vagina, circling it as it slowly pushed inside me, moving in perfect unison with my fingers. The three of us moaned together, enjoying every second of the sinful moment, refusing to let the burning house ruin our fleeting time together. Axelle released Amity's mouth, widening his jaw as he bit her breast, making her bleed. She cried out, smiling, her wetness growing around me.

Axelle's tail wrapped around my hand, removing my fingers from her, her tail doing the same as he moved from Amity to me. Together, they took turns kissing me until I was facing Amity, all of us on our knees.

Amity ran her claw along her arm, making herself bleed as she held it high above my head. I opened my mouth, drinking it without hesitation as the tip of Axelle's dick pushed inside my ass. I gasped, inhaling the thick, black liquid.

"Such a good little fleshbag," Amity purred, pushing her tail into my pussy. "Now, this is your sacrifice, so let us focus on you."

They both started fucking me, Axelle's claws moving along my body, grabbing my breasts as he grunted, holding nothing back. Amity kissed me, wrapping her arms around Axelle's, feeling my body as I moved with theirs. Axelle's tail wrapped around us as it fucked Amity, the three of us soaked in absolute desire.

Amity released my mouth, allowing me to breathe, my body nearly exploding as she kissed Axelle, biting him, filling her mouth with his blood. His tongue wrapped around my neck, pulling my head back as she spit his blood into my mouth.

“Swallow. Drink our essence and embrace these last few seconds of your life.”

I did as she told me, swallowing the blood, the two of them increasing their speed. She smiled, listening as I came, soaking the spade of her tail, squeezing it tight as I moaned and cried out. Axelle pushed harder into me, snarling.

“No matter what,” he thrust deeper as I continued to come, leaning into their bodies, “you’re mine, Libra. You hear me?”

The ceiling above us began to crack and crumble, pieces of it falling as the fire around us grew, my body soaked in an unbearable sweat.

“Mine!”

Another piece above fell, the world going black and silent.

Epilogue

Amity

I adjusted the straps of my outfit, brushing the ash from my skin as Axelle, now dressed, stood in the rubble, his eyes glued to a small pile at his feet. Libra had made her sacrifice, burning the entire house down and killing everyone inside, including herself. She chose to do such a thing for her monster—for Axelle. The ultimate sacrifice.

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I watched him, searching the smokey remains of the basement, desperately trying to find her body, to find what remained of his fleshbag.

“Axelle,” I whispered as he clawed through the pile. “Even if it worked?—”

“It should have worked!” he hissed, tossing charred pieces of wood aside, digging deeper. “It had to.” It hurt my heart to see him so frantic and desperate.

He must really love her. The pain he was feeling was all too familiar, reminding me of my own human.

“Axelle—”

We both froze, watching as a hand poked through the debris, reaching out. It wasn’t just any hand, it was a human hand. Libra’s hand.

Axelle jumped, scrambling as he began to dig, slowly revealing Libra’s body, naked and unharmed. She coughed, struggling to breathe, soot and ash covering her tattooed skin.

“Axelle?” He helped her up, cradling her body in his arms, stroking her hair.

“I’m here, Libra. I’m here.”

I nearly cried watching them embrace. It warmed my heart to see things work out in the end, the sun peeking through the rubble, showing that Libra had done it. She made the ultimate sacrifice and saved her monster.

“But how?” she asked softly. Axelle stood, cradling her close as he looked over at me.

“Demon blood. Amity and I figured it wouldn’t hurt to try, giving you a little from us each. Call it a loophole. You died, but we brought you back.” She smiled, hugging his neck as he nestled his face into her hair.

“Never leave me again, okay? You’re mine, fleshbag.”

My chain yanked, catching me off guard as I stared down at it. It was time. I looked up at Axelle as he nodded, offering me a smile.

“Take care of her. And when the time comes for you, I’m here.”

I grabbed my chain, following it through the wall as I stepped into her hospital room. The machines beeped as she breathed low, struggling, barely holding on. I rushed to her bedside, raising her fragile hand in my claws, kneeling at her side.

“Hey there, fleshbag,” I whispered playfully, watching as she opened her eyes.

“Amity,” she smiled, barely able to say my name. “You came.” I nodded, tears falling down my face as I kissed her hand.

“I told you I would.” I patted her hand, watching as her life slowly began to fade away.