



Damned Collections, Vol. One (The Reckless Damned)

Author: Lark Taylor

Category: Fantasy

Description: Are you ready for more from the Reckless Damned demons?

Published together for the first time, this collection of short stories follows the adventures of Cal, Harlow, Mori, Dagon, and their mates. From steamy scenes to murderous confrontations, theres something here for everyone.

This volume includes:

After the Battle (Cal and Oscar)

After the Battle (Harlow and Bailey)

After the Battle (Mori and River)

Sunday Murder Club pt 1 (Harlow)

Sunday Murder Club pt 2 (Cal)

Sunday Murder Club pt 3 (Mori)

Sunday Murder Club pt 4 (Dagon)

Oscars Christmas Surprise

Luckys Birthday Present

Adventures withHarlow and Bailey

Adventures withMori and River

Adventures withthe Triad

Total Pages (Source): 12

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 27, 2025, 3:45 pm

Chapter 1

After the Battle – Cal and Oscar

OSCAR

The trembling started as we flew over Bristol.

“Not long, sweetheart,” Cal murmured in my ear, his wings beating fast.

“I’m okay,” I said shakily. But I wasn’t. How could I be? I might’ve held it together while it was happening, but now I was in the safety of Cal’s arms again, it was all coming flooding back.

Bailey’s body on the floor.

The sharp pain as my neck was snapped.

Waking up in Hell.

Seeing Joe stroll back into my life, that hateful smirk in place.

None of that compared to knowing what Cal had been going through. I’d been taken from him again. The things he must’ve felt through the bond...

It had been bad enough feeling them myself, but if it had been the other way around? If I’d known Cal was experiencing his worst nightmare and I was powerless to stop

it?

I wouldn't have coped. It would've destroyed me.

Not my Cal though. He'd been strong. For me. For us. Just as he always was.

"Want to talk about it?"

I shuddered. "Not really, but it's not like I can tell my therapist. 'Hey, Liz, bit of a development. Cal's dad, who happens to be the literal devil, came to earth and killed me. Then when I reincarnated, I was confronted with my asshole ex. Who I then murdered. Where would you like to start?'"

I shook my head. "She'd have me committed before I could tell the whole story."

"Possibly. But I'd break you out in no time."

A laugh huffed out of me. "I'm sure you would. Still, it's probably better to tell you."

It took me several minutes to get through the whole story. To his credit, Cal didn't interrupt once. Not even when I told him how I'd killed Joe with Bailey's dagger.

But I needed reassurance. "It didn't count though, right? Like, he was already dead."

"He was," Cal murmured, brushing a kiss over my forehead. "You didn't kill him, but even if you had, that would've been okay."

"Maybe..."

Something niggled in my chest, making Cal nip at my nose. "Tell me."

That was the problem with a mating bond. You couldn't hide anything.

"It's just...it felt so good to hurt him. To see the life leave his eyes. Does that make me a bad person?"

"No, sweetheart. It makes you human." Cal tightened his arms around me. "Joe's soul is pure evil. He hurt you. It's normal for you to want to do the same to him. In a way, you were taking back a little more of the power he stole from you."

The niggling sensation faded away entirely. "You're right. He really can't hurt me anymore."

"He can't. And he's earned himself a whole new collection of tortures."

"Haven't you already exhausted all your ideas?"

Cal chuckled. "There's no limit to my revenge, sweetheart. Not where you're concerned. I could issue a new torture every day, and still have enough for a thousand years."

I smiled as I burrowed my face against my neck. "That shouldn't turn me on as much as it does."

"Well, maybe you should finish your story. My brothers might not mind flying with an erection, but it's not my cup of tea."

I told him about Bailey's dad, and Grant, the man who'd been stalking Lucky. I didn't stop talking as I described the deal we'd struck with the demons to escort us safely out of Hell.

Cal bristled beneath me as his anger pulsed across the bond. "Sorry. I'm just mad you

were put in that position. The only demon I want you making deals with is me”

I kissed his cheek. Then his lips. “It’s okay. I’m amazed you’re holding it together this well.”

He gave me a tight smile. “I worked a lot of it out of my system on the battlefield.”

Yes, I’d seen the state of his clothing. There wasn’t a spot not drenched with blood. Judging by his hands, he’d given up his weapons at some point.

My gaze caught on my two best friends. They were flying alongside us, but at a distance. Thanks to their wingspans, the demons had to spread out a bit. Plus, after what we’d just been through, I thought we all needed a bit of extra space. “Something tells me Harlow didn’t work all of his emotions out.”

Cal’s jaw was tight. “No. I don’t think he did.”

I rubbed Cal’s chest soothingly. “Bailey will get his head straight again.”

“Hmm. With his words or his arse?”

I slapped his shoulder. “Don’t say things like that. I can’t be picturing the two of them... doing it. ”

Cal huffed a laugh. “Given how often they’ve walked in on us, I’m sure they know way more about our love life than they’d like to.”

“It’s all your fault,” I muttered as Cal began to descend. “Walking around looking like you do.”

“I thought you liked the way I look?”

I sighed in exasperation. “I do. That’s the problem. You go around looking like that and I can’t help it. I just have to have you.”

Cal purred in my ear, “Anytime, sweetheart. You just say the word.”

I pinched his side in annoyance. “See? Literally proving my point. I have no self-control when it comes to you, and you can’t say no to me. Hence why people keep catching us fucking.”

Mori and River peeled off in one direction, Harlow and Bailey in another. Aside from a brief wave, we didn’t say any goodbyes. We’d see them all in a few hours.

Once we’d had a chance to rest.

To reconnect.

It wasn’t until we landed in front of the bookshop that I remembered what had happened before we were dragged into Hell.

“Oh no,” I whispered, tears welling in my eyes. “The shop.”

The windows were smashed in, black stains obscuring the walls and the sign.

I started to shake again as the fragile binding holding me together began to fray.

Cal wrapped his arms around me from behind, refusing to let me break. “It’s okay, sweetheart. Most of the damage is to the kitchen and the front of the shop. The flames went out as soon as the demons left. Here, let me show you.”

I was numb as Cal led me into the shop. The smell of smoke was heavy in the air. Whatever stock hadn’t been burned would likely need to be replaced due to smoke

damage. My eyes fell on the LGBTQIA+ romance display, the centrepiece of the section. I'd spent hours working on it, swapping out the books for new releases. There'd been several signed copies from my favourite authors there.

Now it was little more than a pile of ash and a few loose pages.

"It's going to need so much work." My voice cracked on the final word. "Oh god, Cal."

"I know, sweetheart." He tucked me against his chest. "I know this seems like a lot right now, but it's nothing time and money can't fix. Fortunately, we aren't short of either of those."

"I guess you're right." I sniffed, wiping away a stray tear on Cal's chest. "Where will we stay though?"

"Well, turns out Bailey's house is still on the market. I spoke to Low earlier and he suggested we stay there."

"You don't think Bailey will mind?"

"It's either that or we stay at Harlow's," Cal pointed out. "Unless we really want to become uncomfortably acquainted with each other's bedroom habits, I don't think Bailey will have any issues."

Cal was right; I couldn't see Bailey minding at all. I'd actually lived with him for a few months back before I met Cal, and he'd been most put out when I'd finally got my own place.

Cal and I were quiet while we packed a small overnight bag each. We weren't taking much, figuring we could come back in the daylight to properly assess the damage.

In no time at all, I was sat in Bailey's living room, the US version of The Office playing on the TV. Aside from a slight musty smell, you wouldn't know anyone hadn't lived here in a few months. Not only was his internet still connected, but pretty much all of his furniture was here. Harlow had claimed none of it fit his aesthetic. Seeing as most of it was from our uni days, he had a point. Besides, Bailey didn't care about things like that. He wasn't bothered what sofa he sat on or bed he slept in.

So long as it was Harlow he was next to, he just didn't care.

The doorbell rang, Cal answering it and quietly speaking to whoever was there. He returned with several bags.

"What's all that?"

He dropped a kiss on my head as he passed. "Just some supplies. Ordered some bits from Tesco through Uber Eats."

I nodded mutely, letting Cal carry on pottering around. The anxiety that had been pumping through my veins all night was quiet now, but it had left behind a familiar exhaustion. One that had me wanting to bury myself under many blankets and hide from everyone except Cal.

"Right, up you get, sweetheart."

I let him tug me to my feet, my brain noisy as he led me up the stairs. We stepped into the bathroom, and I halted in surprise. "What's all this?"

Candles covered every surface, flickering soothingly. Steam rose from the full bath, and I could tell from the smell that Cal had picked up the bath salts I preferred. By the side of the bath was a low table with several items on it.

There was a lump in my throat as I stepped closer to take them in. A glass of white wine alongside a share bag of Maltesers. An iPad quietly playing my favourite episode of The Office (“Dwight Christmas”). And finally, there was a book. A tattered copy of Clueless by Willow Thomas that I’d lent to Harlow several months before.

“Found the book in the bedside table and recognised it as one of your favourites.”

“Yes.” I touched the cover lightly. “Harlow swore up and down he’d given it back to me.”

“Well, lucky he didn’t. Now you can read it while you relax.”

I whirled around to face him. “You didn’t need to do all of this for me.”

He kissed me gently. “I know. But I wanted to.”

I leaned into his embrace, resting my head against his chest. He’d had a quick shower already, washing away the horrors of the day. “Everyone else probably didn’t make it through the front door before they started fucking.”

“We aren’t everyone else,” Cal said gently, resting his chin on my head as he stroked my back soothingly. “You’ve been through a lot today, and my first priority is making sure you’re okay. All of you—that includes mentally.”

“And I will be, because I have you.”

I pulled his lips down to meet mine, the taste of him as familiar as my own name.

When we eventually broke apart, I smirked up at him. “But when I’m relaxed, you’re gonna make me forget my own name?”

“Sweetheart, I’m going to make you see stars.”

* * *

I bathed until the water was tepid, my skin wrinkled from how long I’d been in there.

With Lexi and Ryder to keep me company, along with the cast of The Office , I was now fully relaxed. Everything I’d been through that day was still there, but Cal had pushed it all into the background.

That was what Cal did for me. He didn’t remove my nightmares, but he made them bearable. He shoved them into the shadows where they belonged, never letting them close enough to make me truly suffer.

I found him reclined on the bed in the guest bedroom. He was completely naked, his long limbs sprawled over the white bedding. One of his arms was behind his head, the other holding his Kindle as his eyes danced over whatever was on the screen, the lamps on the bedside table casting shadows over his face. To others, he might have looked like the terrifying demon people believed him to be.

But to me, he just looked like home.

He looked up as I entered, smiling softly at me over the top of his Kindle.

Draping my towel over the back of a chair, I joined him on the bed, curling into his side. “What are you reading?”

Cal cleared his throat, closing the Kindle cover and putting it on the bedside table. “A Jesse H Reign one.”

He wasn’t meeting my gaze. “Which one?”

Cal winced. “One of her new ones...”

Yep. He was definitely hedging. Seeing as he couldn't lie to me, Cal liked to find more creative ways to avoid telling me stuff. “ The Step Bro Situation ? Or Triple Trouble ?”

Cal sighed heavily. “Actually, it's The Daddy Arrangement .”

My eyebrows met my hairline. I knew for a fact that wasn't out for another couple of weeks. Not only had I preordered it, but I'd blocked out the evening on my calendar to read it on release day. “And how exactly have you got an early copy?”

“I might have... joinedherarcteam. ”

“Cal.” I shoved him in the shoulder. “I thought we'd agreed not to join any more teams because it wasn't fair on the other one!”

“In my defence, I didn't think you'd find out.”

I straddled his waist, wiggling my arse on his cock teasingly. “When does that approach ever go well for you?”

“Never,” he admitted. “How about I make it up to you?”

I continued to gyrate my hips, brushing over him again and again. “What did you have in mind?”

Cal smirked, then his big hands were cupping my bare arse and hauling me forwards. I didn't even squeak in surprise. We'd been together long enough for me to know that Cal would manhandle me into place.

It was something we both loved.

He dragged me up his body until my cock was almost brushing his lips. With him propped up on several pillows, his mouth was at the perfect height for what I knew he had planned.

“Grab the headboard, sweetheart. And no coming.”

I let out a small whine as I did as he asked. “That doesn’t seem fair.”

Cal’s tongue darted over the sensitive head of my cock. “Do I ever leave you wanting?”

“No,” I hissed as his fingers brushed along my crease. “Get some lube. I want you to finger me open while you suck me off.”

Cal’s eyes sparkled as he reached for the lube beside us. “I do love it when you get bossy.”

Before long, my cock was in Cal’s throat, his fingers deep in my arse. My moans were filling the room as I fucked into Cal’s mouth. Every time I tried to hold back, his hand pushed me forwards.

My knuckles were white where I was holding on so tightly to the headboard. “Cal, oh fuck. Please, baby.”

Cal hummed around my shaft. His fingers crooked, rubbing over my spongy gland.

He was right, I did see stars.

“Stop,” I barked. “Cal, I’m gonna come.”

He pulled off instantly, slowly easing his fingers out of me. “How do you want me?”

“On top,” I whispered, wriggling off him. “I need you, Cal.”

He knew what I meant. I didn’t need to explain. Even without the bond letting him feel my lingering anxiety and stress, Cal understood what I needed.

And right now, I needed him surrounding me. Encompassing me. Blocking out all reminders of anything except him. Us.

With one swift movement, I was on my back. He covered my body with his and lowered his mouth to mine. Every movement hammered home that I belonged to him. Every dominating sweep of his tongue. Every nip of my lips. Every growl that crept up from his chest.

My fingers were scratching along his back as I let him take over. His hard cock was pressed against my thigh, mine trapped against his abdomen. The pressure wasn’t enough. This wasn’t enough.

I needed Cal to own me.

Tearing my mouth away from his, I stared deep into his eyes. His demon, quiet since we’d returned from Hell, was flickering there. It was like he too wanted to possess me. To reassure himself that I was safe. That we’d escaped.

“I need you in me,” I gasped, clutching the back of Cal’s neck. “Now. Please .”

Cal dropped one more kiss on my lips before moving away. “I’ve got you, sweetheart.”

Within moments, I felt the large head of him pressing against my entrance. I bore

down, a low moan escaping me as he slowly filled me.

“Fuck, Cal,” I whimpered when he was fully seated. Tears filled my eyes unexpectedly. “I can’t believe we almost lost this.”

“We’ll never lose this,” Cal vowed as he eased out, only to slam back in. His dark eyes held mine the entire time. “I’ll never let you be taken from me, Oscar. Never .”

Our lips met in a kiss as we lost ourselves to each other. My arms and legs were wrapped around my mate, clinging to him desperately.

Love and lust pinged along the bond, taking me higher as Cal’s hips slammed into me. While this moment was tender, the way he was fucking me was anything but. Owning me, just the way I needed him to.

His wings ripped from his back, blocking out everything else in the room. Nothing else existed except Cal.

“Cal...” My voice was a needy whine.

He pressed his abdomen tighter to my cock, giving me the pressure I needed to send me over the edge. “Come for me, sweetheart.”

I did just that, my hands brushing over his wings as I did so. Cal thrust once more before I felt the warmth of his release.

We didn’t move as we came down from the high. Cal’s wings disappeared after a few minutes, his body pressed close to mine as we exchanged lazy kisses.

I broke away, staring into his warm amber eyes. “Never let me go.”

He kissed my forehead. “Never, sweetheart. You’re mine. For the rest of eternity.”

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 27, 2025, 3:45 pm

Chapter 2

After the Battle – Harlow and Bailey

BAILEY

Low didn't say a word as he flew us out of Hell.

Not. A. Single. Word.

Through the bond, I could feel how close he was to breaking. The fight had allowed him an outlet for his feelings. A distraction from what was at risk.

But now that was gone, he had nothing.

Well, that wasn't true. He had me back in his arms. I was safe. We were together.

Low was a demon though. And that demon was still screaming for vengeance.

I wasn't silent. I stroked the space between his wings as we soared through the air, whispering the same six words over and over again.

I'm here. I'm safe. We're okay.

Little by little, I felt Low come back to me through the bond. Juddering bursts of relief flooded through, along with an intense need to reconnect.

To possess.

To own.

I shivered in his arms, my cock already thickening between us. Yes. I was ready for that too. It might sound daft, but I needed Harlow to remind me that this was real. That, despite everything we'd just been through in Hell, we were safe.

Low touched down gently in his garden, letting me slip from his arms as his wings vanished. Within a heartbeat, he was climbing me like a tree, his legs wrapping around my middle. "Bailey...fuck."

"I know, Low," I said, carrying him towards the house. "I know."

I carried him straight into his oversized bathroom. Placing him on the counter, I stepped away to flick on the shower and grab us some towels.

I turned back to find Harlow in front of me, tears streaking his face. "Don't leave me."

"I'm not going anywhere," I reassured him, pulling him tight to me. "I promise, Low."

"You can't promise that," he sobbed against my chest. "Look what happened today. I wasn't there, and you were killed again."

"Hey," I said firmly, catching his chin. This was such an odd switch in our usual roles, but I understood where this was coming from. Watching me die had cut a deep wound in Harlow. It might've healed over, but today had ripped the stitching free. "None of this is your fault, Low."

“I should’ve protected you.”

“And you did,” I reminded him quietly, wiping the tears from his cheeks. “Or was that some other crazed psychopath ruthlessly killing demons?”

He smirked, a little bit of the Low I knew and loved peeking through. “How’d you know that? You were in Hell.”

I rolled my eyes, my hands exploring his taut arse. Fuck, how did I get so lucky? “You think I don’t know what the bond feels like when you’re being murder?”

“True,” Harlow hummed as his tears stopped. “I may have unleashed a little bit of fury.”

I raised an eyebrow.

“Okay, a lot,” he huffed. “Can you blame me?”

“No. To be honest, I was surprised when I came out and there was anyone left standing.”

“See,” he murmured, reaching up to dust a kiss over my lips. “I restrained myself.”

The small taste of him wasn’t enough. I rushed to catch his mouth again. I was needy. Desperate. As much as today had broken Low, it had broken me too. I’d been so fucking scared in Hell, especially when Joe walked in. I knew better than anyone how hard Oscar would find that.

It had worked out okay...but that hadn’t been guaranteed.

What was even harder was knowing what Harlow was going through. I'd been ripped from him—again. Dragged into the one place he couldn't stand. He'd had to face his father, the being he hated most, just to get me back. Worse, he had to fight for him.

I hated that Low had been put through all of that.

Whether it was the bond or my kiss, something alerted Low to my desperation. He took control of the kiss, confident and dominating.

I whimpered as his hand went to my throat and squeezed.

“Is this what you want?” he cooed, backing me up against the wall. “Need me to help you turn your brain off?”

“Please,” I rasped. “Make me stop thinking.”

Harlow grinned. He backed off a step and his eyes dropped to my shirt. His grin faded along with all the colour in his face. “Whose blood is that?”

I glanced down in confusion. My once white shirt was now covered in splatters of red. With everything else going on, I hadn't noticed it. “Umm...not really sure. Could be Joe's or my dad's.”

“Your dad's? Your dad was in Hell?”

I reached for him desperately. “Can we talk about this later? Please, Low. I need you. I need this.”

Harlow's face hardened. He moved fast, ripping my shirt off me with his bare hands. My trousers and underwear followed suit, leaving me naked before him.

“We’re burning those,” Low said, his eyes glowing as he fought to contain his demon. “As soon as we’re done.”

“Okay.” I didn’t want any reminders of today either.

I stepped under the shower as Low stripped, letting the steaming water wash over me. I stared at the floor, watching the greyish water swirl down the drain as the shower cleansed me of the layer of grime Hell had left on me.

Low stepped into the shower, letting the secondary head do the same to him.

Yes, he had installed another shower head after I moved in. Really, I’d been surprised he hadn’t had two already.

Once we were both clean, he switched the water off. His eyes were flashing as he threw a towel at me. “Bedroom. Now.”

The bond was humming with tension as we both hurriedly dried off. I let my towel fall to the floor, waiting obediently for Harlow to take control.

He didn’t make me wait long. Chucking his towel on top of mine, he advanced. Grabbing my throat, he used it to steer me to the bed.

My cock was leaking as my back met the cool cotton, Harlow straddling me. His hands started to move. Tweaking my nipples. Raking his nails along my abs. Toying with my foreskin. I groaned, my mind already growing quieter under Harlow’s attention.

“You were very foolish today,” Harlow commented, his hands smoothing back up my chest. “Very foolish.”

“What?” I gasped, too lost in how Harlow was making me feel to understand.
“When?”

His hand slipped around my throat. “When you made that deal with a demon. Haven’t you all learned by now that no good comes from making deals with us?”

I covered his hand with my own, giving him a soft smile. “Dunno. I’ve made a pretty good one with you.”

He glared at me warningly. “Now is not the time to remind me about that, Bailey.”

“Sorry,” I murmured, but I couldn’t quite keep the smile from my face. “But really, what else would you have had us do?”

Harlow sighed, dropping forwards until his forehead rested on mine. “I know you did the right thing, and it worked. But fuck, Bailey. It could’ve gone so wrong.”

“But it didn’t. It worked perfectly.”

Harlow growled before nipping at my lip. “Fine. But no more deals with other demons in future.”

I grinned at him. “But deals with you are okay, yes?”

“Yes. Because you’re mine, Bailey. You belong to me.”

I couldn’t help it—his words, the possessive ownership had my eyes rolling back in my head. “Christ, Low.”

“Is that what you need, Bailey?” Harlow murmured, sliding down my body. “You need me to remind you who you belong to?”

“Yes,” I gasped as his hot breath hit my cock. “Own me, Low.”

He looked up from between my legs with flames flickering in his eyes. “Trust me, Bailey. By the time I’m done with you, you won’t be able to think about anything but me.”

That sounded perfect to me. Not that I could tell him that. I lost all ability to speak as Low shoved my thighs back roughly. I moved to grab them, holding them up to allow him access.

Once upon a time, being like this in front of someone like Low would’ve made me supremely uncomfortable. But not now. Not only did Low worship my body like it was own personal temple, but the bond hummed with his lust.

His tongue flicked over my hole, forcing a high-pitched whine out of me. He did it again, and again. It wasn’t long before I was a panting, sweaty, noisy mess.

Low didn’t stop or pull back. No, he took each of my moans like a personal challenge, his tongue working faster as he devoured me.

Fuck, I was digging my fingers into my thighs so hard they’d probably be bruised tomorrow. That was if Low’s fancy healing powers didn’t kick in. I kind of hoped they didn’t. I wanted to look down and be reminded of this moment.

My hole was soft now, but Low showed no signs of slowing. He added a finger, then two, working me open.

“Please,” I begged him. “Please fuck me.”

He raised his head and winked at me. “Don’t worry, I won’t keep you waiting.”

He slid off the bed, grabbing a couple of things from the bedside table drawer. There was mischief in his eyes as he clambered back on the bed. “Well...I won’t keep you waiting too long.”

I whined as he slipped a cock ring around the base of my shaft. “Really?”

He cooed as he gave my aching erection a stroke. “Can’t have you shooting before it’s time, my love. There’s a lot I want to do to you.”

I closed my eyes, tipping my head back on the pillow with a groan. Something cold touched my hole, making my head fly back up. “What’s that?”

“This?” Harlow raised his brows innocently. Well, I imagined he thought it looked innocent.

But there was no mistaking Harlow for anything other than a sinful demon right now.

“This is just a bit of fun,” he said. There was more of a pushing sensation, then I felt the familiar shape of my prostate massager.

I writhed on the bed with a whine. “Low!”

He chuckled, clearly enjoying himself. “This okay?”

“Yes,” I panted. “Fuck yes.”

“Good.” He rose up on his knees, remote in hand. “Remember your safe word?”

“DC,” I muttered. Yes, as in the studio. What can I say? I’m a Marvel fan through and through.

“Remember to use it if it gets too much.” His lips twisted up in a cheeky smile. That was all the warning I got before my limbs were pulled in different directions of their own accord.

I cursed under my breath, my cock leaking even more as Low used his powers to restrain my wrists and ankles. I was spread out for him, totally at his mercy.

Fuck, how I loved it.

Harlow smirked as he pressed a button on the remote. The toy began buzzing inside me, hitting my prostate head-on.

“Fuuck.” My head fell back on the pillow again.

“Look at you stretched out for me,” he murmured, fingers trailing up and down my thighs. “Such a pretty feast. I don’t even know where to start.”

He mouthed at my balls, his tongue darting out to lick along the side of my shaft. That, coupled with the toy, made me fucking grateful for the cock ring.

After tormenting me for a few more minutes, Harlow decided to move on.

“Hmm, I wonder how long I can play with your nipples before you start begging.”

He lowered his lips to one while he flicked the other with his fingers.

“Please, Low,” I moaned.

He lifted his head, his grin wide. “Five seconds? Really?”

I was about to glare at him, but I knew how to work Low now. Instead, I pouted.

“Please, baby? I wanna feel you inside me.”

This was fun, and normally, I’d be game to let Low edge me for hours.

But not tonight. Tonight I needed him to own me.

Harlow’s eyes glowed as he felt my need pulse through the bond. “Want me to let you go?”

I knew he meant the invisible bonds holding me spread open. I shook my head rapidly. “No. I want you to control me. Use me.”

Harlow’s powers pushed my feet backwards, my knees rising and leaving me exposed for him. I wriggled as he removed the massager, my body protesting the loss, but I bit my lip, knowing it was about to get so much better.

Harlow didn’t speak as he pressed the head of his cock against my hole. The muscle relented easily, my body making way for him as it had hundreds of times before.

“Yes,” I moaned, writhing against the bonds holding me. “Please. Please, Low.”

He hovered over me, eyeing me hungrily. “How I love it when you beg.”

Then he slid his hips back before slamming them home once more.

Harlow fucked me deep and hard, reminding me who I belonged to with every punishing thrust. His mouth descended on mine, catching my moans with his tongue. My cock was bouncing against his abs, the friction dragging me closer to the edge. With the ring in place though, there was no way I was getting there.

Not until Low decided to let me.

And wasn't that hot as fuck.

Harlow's gaze met mine, and the mood shifted instantly. We slowed from fast and frenzied to loving and gentle.

"Arms," I murmured.

The bonds holding my wrists captive vanished instantly. We talked about me using a safe word, but in reality, we didn't really need it. Not with the mating bond.

That wasn't enough for Low though. He liked to make sure he was always looking after me.

Like he was capable of anything else.

He fell on top of me, my arms wrapping around him as he continued slowly grinding away inside me. "I love you, Low."

"Love you more." His eyes were covered in a fine sheen. "Fuck, Bailey. Please don't do that to me again."

I held him tighter. "Never. I'm safe. You've got me. I'm here."

He kissed me, his tongue sweeping over mine. My hips bucked up to meet his increasing thrusts.

With his weight on mine, my cock was finally getting the relief I craved. I was caught in a cycle of pleasure, unable to think of anything other than Harlow and the way he was making me feel.

He was driving into me now, my hole stretched around his cock. Our moans were

reverberating around the bedroom as sweat poured from our bodies.

“Low, I’m so close.”

“Me too,” he panted. He rose onto his knees, scrambling to remove the cock ring. He threw it aside and replaced it with his hand. “Come for me, Bailey.”

His shaft slid over my prostate once more, and it was all over for me. My back arched as I came, my eyes closing as the intensity of it rolled through me.

“Fuck,” Low moaned as he thrust forwards once more. I felt him spill inside me.

Pulling out, he collapsed on my chest. No doubt he’d regret that when my cum started to dry between us, but right now, I didn’t think either of us cared.

For the first time since Low had flown away from me to save Dagon, my mind was finally quiet.

Low’s cheek was resting against my chest, the bond humming with love. “I’m going to keep you safe, Bailey.”

I kissed his head. “I know, Low. But even when you can’t, I know you’ll find your way to me.”

He lifted his head, the promise fierce in his eyes. “Always. I will always come for you.”

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 27, 2025, 3:45 pm

Chapter 3

After the Battle - Mori and River

RIVER

“Well, that’s not how I saw today ending,” Mori mused as he unlocked our front door.

“You mean you didn’t wake up today thinking we’d end up in Hell participating in an epic battle? Come on, Mori, you’ve got to be more prepared for these things.”

“Brat,” Mori said, nipping the tender skin between my neck and shoulder. “Don’t pretend you’re okay. I know you’re not.”

Stupid fucking mating bond. “I’m...fine.”

Mori grunted. “Mm-hmm.”

I rolled my eyes at him. “Come on, lumbersnack. Let’s get into the shower. I feel like I’ve got the blood of a hundred demons covering me.”

“Probably because you have.”

I glared over my shoulder at him as we went up the stairs. “About that—do you really have to use a scythe during battle? It gets blood literally everywhere.”

My big demon pouted. “But it’s so fun.”

That was true. Even with everything else going on, Mori had enjoyed himself during the battle. He spent so much time keeping everything bottled up that it was good for him to let loose once in a while.

And a battle with some of Hell’s most dangerous denizens? That was definitely a place for him to do that.

I stripped off and turned on the shower. I was distantly aware of Mori getting us towels, but I was too keyed up to wait. Ducking my head under the water, I breathed a sigh of relief as the first layer of the day’s horrors was cleansed from my skin.

To be honest, I would usually have enjoyed the chance to unleash myself too. But it had been hard to get into the right headspace given what had happened leading up to the battle. Not only had all the mates except me been killed and taken to Hell, but my twin had gone down defending them.

Yes, he’d been okay in the end, but I still couldn’t shake the lingering sickness that dogged me. I’d come close to losing him before; I hadn’t expected to have to go through it again quite so soon.

Then there was the complication of whatever curse had been on the sword he’d been stabbed with. Toby had pulled me aside at the portal to assure me that neither he nor Blaise was in any danger. Given his knowledge of both curses and health far surpassed my own, I trusted that they’d both be okay.

Mori joined me under the spray. I leaned back into him, letting his solid frame ground me.

My ever-stoic mate was quiet as he washed me. Mori had never been one for much

conversation. Some people believed that was because he didn't feel a lot, or didn't have many opinions. Even before we'd had the luxury of the bond sharing all our feelings, I'd known that wasn't true. Mori felt more deeply than most people were able to. He carried his emotions deep, not wanting to burden anyone else with them.

I loved that I could help him carry that burden now. He wasn't alone anymore.

And he never would be again.

"You scared me tonight," he rumbled finally, pressing a kiss between my shoulder blades. "I forgot about the ghastrs. I never would've let you come with me if I'd remembered."

I scoffed, turning to face him. "Like that would've stopped me. I've told you before—if you're fighting, I'm fighting. Besides, we both know I'm more than capable of handling myself."

Mori huffed, leaning against my forehead. "Still hate that you were that close to them."

"Well now they won't be a problem again," I said. No, after closing all the gaps in the portals, no more ghastrs could be created. "Now we can just focus on each other."

Even as I said it, the image of Blaise skewered to the wall flitted through my mind. I winced, shoving it away. Blaise was fine. I'd seen him with Toby after the battle. The two of them had managed to keep the single portal clear, dispatching countless demons while the rest of us battled downstairs.

The bond I shared with my twin wasn't like the one I shared with Mori. I couldn't feel his emotions, just whether he was in danger or not.

Right now, all was calm with him. Still, I worried. Was he with Toby? What was going on with them anyway?

“Hey.” Mori tugged on my hair gently, pulling me back to the present. “You okay?”

I took a shaky breath, starting to nod before realising lying was pointless. “No, not really. I know Blaise is fine, but...”

“I get it. It’s hard to see someone you love hurt.”

Another image. Another sword through the chest of someone I loved.

This time, it was Mori.

“Shh.” Mori gathered me against his chest. There was a weird keening noise in the air. Huh. It was coming from me. “It’s okay, Riv. I’ve got you. I’m here.”

“Get me out of my head,” I begged him. “I fucking hate feeling like this. Make me feel grounded. Please.”

Mori smiled down at me sweetly. “I’ve got you, brat.”

* * *

“When I asked you to get me out of my head, this wasn’t really what I had in mind.”

Mori snickered somewhere to my left. Thanks to the blindfold over my eyes, I was relying on sound to tell me where he was. For such a big bloke, he was light on his feet. The sneaky fucker was tiptoeing around me, keeping me guessing.

“Is it working?”

“Hmm, let me think,” I said sarcastically, the words turning into a whine as the vibrating prostate massager kicked up another notch. “Fuck, Mori.”

“Sounds like it’s working to me.”

After our shower, Mori had wasted no time in getting out the ropes. If I’d been human, I absolutely would’ve thrown my back out with the speed at which I’d jumped onto the bed.

I’d even been keen on the blindfold. Something about having my senses restricted really did help me get out of my head.

What I hadn’t been expecting was for Mori to break out our extensive collection of toys too. It was all Harlow’s fault. He’d shown me a new website he’d found. Apparently toys were a big part of his and Bailey’s sex life. That was information I could’ve lived without, but it hadn’t stopped me bookmarking the website. Later that night I’d placed an order so large it had come in three different boxes.

Thank fuck we didn’t need to worry about things like credit card bills. That would’ve been fun to try and explain to Mori.

Not that he would’ve complained. Not with the amount of orgasms he’d gotten out of my little shopping spree.

Mori had gone for variety tonight. Along with the prostate massager filling my arse, I was also sporting a cock ring and nipple clamps. If that weren’t enough, Mori was running different objects all over my body. So far we’d had a feather, a roller covered in squared-off spikes, and an ice cube.

Needless to say, I was definitely out of my head.

“Colour?”

I smirked at how gruff my mate’s voice was. I wasn’t the only one being edged right now. “You fucking know I’m green.”

Mori’s lips ghosted over mine. “Brat.”

“You love it.”

He did. Just as much as I loved winding him up. I might’ve been giving him a hard time, but we both knew how much I was enjoying this. There was something about surrendering total control to him that quieted my mind like nothing else.

The bastard ice cube was back again. I shivered as he ran it down the side of my aching cock. Just when I couldn’t stand it any longer, the cold was taken away, to be replaced by the heat of his mouth.

“Fuck, Mori!” My arms and legs tugged uselessly against the ropes as I tried to thrust into his mouth. “More. Please.”

But no. My mate pulled off with a chuckle, leaving me panting and whining.

The massager in my arse suddenly started vibrating in a different pattern. My head fell back as waves of pleasure crashed through me.

It was too much. It was not enough.

Nothing else existed except for my mate and what he was doing to my body.

“That’s it, Riv.” His deep voice washed over me. “No thinking. Just feel .”

Mori tugged on the chain between the nipple clamps and I swore I blacked out for a second.

When I came around, I felt like I was floating. I knew I hadn't come, but that wasn't what Mori was trying to do. Not yet, anyway.

"Thank you," I murmured, the welcome foggiess filling my head. It wasn't quite subspace, but it was close enough for me. "Love you, Mori."

His lips touched my forehead. My cheeks. My lips. "Love you more, Riv."

He touched the edges of the blindfold. "Off?"

"Yes, and the ropes off my ankles. But not my wrists."

I blinked against the light as Mori did as I asked. My gorgeous mate had pulled his hair back in a bun, no doubt so it didn't get in his way as he worked me over. Fuck. I couldn't wait to get my hands in it. Later though.

First, I wanted him to fuck me like this. Tied up and unable to move.

Well, technically I could get out of the ropes if I wanted to. But it wasn't about whether I could or not, it was the trust I was showing by giving up my control to Mori.

Ropes didn't always feature in our sex life, and when they did, Mori was the one tied up more often than I was. But tonight, I needed it. The ropes were another way for Mori to remind me that he cared. That he would fulfil me however I needed him to. That I could surrender control and he'd keep me safe.

Just as I would for him.

When my ankles were free, Mori slid between my knees. His own cock looked as hard and angry as my own. I bit my lip, already imagining how well it was going to fill me up.

He turned off the massager, sliding it slowly out and putting it on the side. “Ready?”

I answered him by lifting my hips. “Like, thirty minutes ago. Get inside me Mori.”

He gave me that little half smile I loved so much before pushing deep inside. Like always, he hadn’t bothered with much lube. We’d been together long enough to know what we liked, and what I liked was to feel the burn. I wanted Mori to fuck me so hard that I’d still feel it the next day. Given we were both supes, that was hard to achieve. My healing tended to kick in faster than I liked.

That didn’t stop us trying though.

Using the massager first had prepped me more than we usually bothered with. To make up for that, Mori didn’t give me any time to adjust to his size. He immediately set a punishing pace, fucking me hard into the mattress.

“Yes, yes, yes !” I was pulling on the ropes. I didn’t know whether I was trying to get out of them or using them to just hold the fuck on. “That’s it. Harder, Mori. Harder.”

Mori grunted, his big hands lifting my arse off the mattress so he could get even deeper.

I lost track of how long he pounded me in that position. There was a lot to be said for your mate being a super strong supe with amazing stamina.

When my orgasm stopped knocking on the door and started trying to kick it down instead, I knew it was time. “Ropes.”

Mori knew instantly what I needed. Lowering me to the bed, he worked quickly on the knots holding my wrists in place.

Shoving myself up, I scrambled into Mori's lap. He caught me with a grunt, his lips fixing on mine as he slid his cock back deep inside me.

"Come with me," I said breathlessly, yanking his hair from its bun and winding it around my hands. "I need you to come with me."

Mori grunted in agreement, a small furrow of concentration between his brows as he fucked up into me in deep, steady strokes.

My cock was caught between our bodies. My orgasm was right there. All I had to do was let go.

But I waited for Mori. Waited for that final punch of his hips, the one that seemed to hit me deeper than any other.

When it happened, he caught my mouth with a fierce growl. I let myself go as he filled me, hot white jets covering both our chests.

We didn't stop kissing as we came down. As our desire cooled, so did the ferocity with which we attacked each other. Our kisses became sweet—the kind you gave your partner when you knew you had plenty of time for deeper ones.

Time was something we had lots of, but not something that was guaranteed. Today had proved that. It had been a painful reminder of just how fragile our existence was.

At least we'd never be parted. Mori and I would be together, no matter what.

And I couldn't have been fucking happier about that.

I pulled back from his kiss, leaning my forehead against his and just breathing him in.
“Love you, lumbersnack.”

His smile was as warm as his love thrumming through the bond. “Love you too, brat.”

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 27, 2025, 3:45 pm

Chapter 4

Lucky's Birthday Present

LUCKY

It was my birthday, and once again, my mates had gone all out.

Not with a party this time...at least, not the kind of party you invited others to.

No. This was solely for us.

My heart was pounding in my chest, mimicking the rhythm of my boots on the ground. I crashed through the trees, leaping over logs and sliding down slopes.

“ Three minutes, little one. That's all you get. ”

Three minutes was nothing when your mates had supernatural speed, hyped-up senses, and the ability to fly.

Oh, and a mating bond that would lead them right to you.

But this wasn't about reality. This was about them making a fantasy come to life.

An offhand comment by Dimitri had planted a seed that had blossomed into something I desperately craved. It'd taken a while for me to feel comfortable enough to describe the full extent of what I wanted them to do. I'd worried they might judge

me, or even worse, think there was something fundamentally wrong with me.

They hadn't judged me.

Nor had they thought there was anything wrong with me.

Instead, they'd exchanged a wicked smirk before taking it in turns to fuck me until I was screaming. The whole time, Dimitri whispered dirty suggestions about just what they were going to do to me when they turned my fantasy into reality.

It was the hardest I'd ever come in my life.

Safe to say, my mates were fully on board with the idea.

Not wanting anyone else to stumble across our fantasy and get the wrong idea, Dagon had suggested doing it out by the lake. It was perfect. Not only was this our special place, but the terrain lent itself perfectly to my darkest fantasy—basically being chased through the night before being pinned down and forced to take their cocks while I begged for them to stop.

Not that I actually wanted them to stop. That was a big part of it.

This element was the one we'd discussed the most. Both of them had insisted I have a safe word (coconuts—a reference to a hilarious story I'd recently heard about Dagon's brothers in Mexico), and had been very firm that I use it if I needed to.

Really, we didn't need a safe word, not with the bond. They'd be able to feel everything I did, and I had no doubt that they'd be monitoring it very closely.

But it made them feel better, which in turn made me feel more comfortable about the whole thing. They were doing all they could to give me something I'd been wishing

for for a while now. I couldn't thank them enough for that.

Every sound in the forest was amplified as I continued racing through the night. Twigs and branches snapped under my feet. Mud splashed as I hit a boggy area. Wind howled through the trees, shaking the leaves high above.

The lack of any animal sounds was noticeable. They were all hiding, sensing the far more dangerous predators in their midst.

Predators who were hunting me .

My cock was aching in my trousers, the plug Dagon had carefully worked into me earlier jostling over my prostate with every step. The pseudo fear added to my arousal. I wanted them to catch me, but I also wanted to hold on to this feeling just a little bit longer.

My watch vibrated on my wrist, alerting me that my time was up.

Right on cue, a shadowed figure swooped over the canopy above.

Dagon.

Which, according to the plan we'd meticulously gone over together, meant Dimitri was on foot.

I didn't know everything. That would remove the element of surprise, a crucial part of making this work. However, it was another stipulation from my mates. They wanted me to feel hunted, but not endangered. Afraid, but not terrified.

My heart was pounding as I forced myself to go faster. I was crashing through the undergrowth now, more focused on putting distance between us than being quiet. The

moonlight continued dipping in and out as Dagon lazily circled me from overhead. From my right, I heard a low chuckle.

“Little one? Come out, come out, wherever you are...”

Veering left, I jumped over a fallen tree, running again the second my feet hit the ground.

I didn't make it much further before I glimpsed a shadowy form racing through the trees alongside me. Dimitri's dark hair made him look more like the demon he'd become.

The adrenaline in me spiked as he drew closer, but not the fear.

No, because even deep in fantasy, I knew neither of my mates would actually hurt me.

Anticipation zipped through the bond, a heady rush that had my steps slowing. Glancing around, I realised I couldn't see Dimitri. A quick glance up showed Dagon was no longer above me either.

I could have tugged on the bond and found out where they were, but that'd spoil everything.

“Hello?” The tremble in my voice wasn't faked, the adrenaline dialling everything up to eleven. “Who's out there?”

A deep chuckle sounded from a few feet in front of me. Dagon.

“Didn't anyone tell you you shouldn't play in the woods after dark?”

“Please, don’t hurt me!” I scrambled backwards, only to crash straight into Dimitri.

“We won’t hurt you, little one,” he crooned, his hand going to my throat. “Not if you do exactly what we say.”

Dagon stepped closer, squeezing his erection through his trousers.

Ha. Did they honestly think I’d give up that easily?

I threw my elbow back into Dimitri’s gut as hard as I could. It didn’t hurt him, but the surprise had him loosening his grip enough for me to wriggle free. I shot off again, avoiding Dagon’s half-hearted attempt to grab me and heading into the darkness again.

Fuck. This is so much fun.

Don’t get me wrong, our sex life was hardly boring. We’d barely scratched the surface of all the fun things we could do together. But this...this was something else entirely.

Despite my enjoyment, I couldn’t ignore the fact that exhaustion was starting to tug at me. I needed to get my arse to Bailey’s gym if we were going to do this again. It was all very well being immortal, but that didn’t make me able to magically sprint for great lengths of time.

Let’s be real though, without Dagon and Dimitri’s strength running through me, I would’ve collapsed about three minutes in.

Two shadows appeared in my peripheral vision, undoubtedly feeling that I was starting to flag and moving us on to the next stage.

Excellent.

Dagon reached me first, his big arm wrapping around my waist and pinning my back to his chest. “Now, that wasn’t very nice, was it?”

Dimitri smirked as he appeared before me. “No, it really wasn’t. And to think, we were going to take it easy on you.”

“Please,” I begged, shoving against Dagon’s iron grip. “Please don’t do this.”

A shadow passed over Dimitri’s face as I felt his uncertainty through the bond.

I stopped wriggling. “We have a safe word, remember?”

Dimitri’s expression transformed, a sneer replacing the concern. “You’re going to need more than a safe word by the time we’re through with you.”

Relieved he was getting with the programme, I resumed my struggling. “Please, don’t do this! I haven’t been with anyone before.”

Dagon chuckled harshly in my ear, nipping at my neck. “You hear that, Dima? Our boy here is untouched.”

“Now we can’t have that.” Dimitri tutted. “A perfect specimen like you? You were built to take dick. An hour with us and we’ll turn you into a begging cockslut. You won’t be able to sleep without dreaming of us fucking you. You’re going to have such withdrawal symptoms I bet you’ll be at some glory hole by the weekend, on your knees, just begging for anyone to give you a cock to suck.”

Glory hole? Yep, adding that to the sexual fantasy list.

“That’s a pretty perfect picture,” Dagon drawled before spinning me in his arms. “In fact, let’s see how you look on your knees right now.”

I barely had time to squeak before he was shoving me to the floor. Not hard, just with enough force to have my cock weeping.

“No,” I pleaded, my hands wrapping around his thighs. “Please, don’t make me.”

Probably would’ve been more convincing if I’d been pushing him away rather than pulling him closer, but I could work on that for next time.

Dimitri’s hand went into my hair, pulling my head back. “Now, be a good boy, and open those pretty lips for us.”

Dagon had his cock out, roughly stroking it as he stared down at me under hooded lids. My mouth fell open, seemingly of my own accord. I went to suck like I usually would, but he pulled back. “No, no. That’s not what we want. Tonight you’re just a fuck toy. You’re going to stay still and let us use you. Got it?”

Oh my fuck. Can I die from being too turned on? Is that a thing?

All I could do was whimper. That was good enough for Dagon, who shoved the head of his cock past my lips.

“Tap his thigh if it’s too much,” Dimitri whispered in my ear.

It wouldn’t be too much. If anything, it probably wouldn’t be rough enough. Even with them doing this, I knew they still worried about hurting me.

I stayed as still as possible, letting Dagon use my throat. As I’d expected, he was rough, but didn’t even approach my limit. I closed my eyes, revelling in the feel of

him just taking me. The choking sounds coming out of me were obscene. Lust was flying along the bond, all of us getting off on the scene. My erection was practically screaming at me now, tenting my joggers.

“Such a pretty boy,” Dimitri cooed, his hand still in my hair. “Look at him swallowing your cock, Dagon. Aren’t we lucky to have found such a precious creature out tonight?”

“So lucky, ” Dagon grunted before coming down my throat. “And something tells me we’re going to get lucky more than once.”

I rolled my eyes internally at the puns on my name. The two of them found it hilarious to work as many into daily conversations as they could.

Dagon withdrew and I blinked up at him rapidly. “There, you got off. Now let me go.”

“Aw.” Dagon lifted my chin. Behind me, I could hear Dimitri’s zipper being lowered. “We’ve barely begun, darling. It’d hardly be fair for me to get off and Dimitri not. After all, we both hunted you down tonight. Now it’s time to claim what’s ours.”

I bit back a moan, his choice of words hitting all my buttons. My joggers were pulled down and I belatedly remembered my role. “Wait, no! You can’t touch me there!”

“Can’t I?” Dimitri drawled, carefully removing the plug. We’d agreed beforehand to not mention it, lest we disrupt the scene. “I don’t think you’re in a position to negotiate, little one.”

His piercing brushing against the rim of my hole was the only warning I got before Dimitri surged forwards. A startled cry fell from my lips as he filled me.

“Dimitri’s right,” Dagon said, stroking his cock back to full hardness. “You’re in no position to beg. We’re going to take it in turns to use both your holes until we can’t go anymore, and there’s nothing you can do about that.”

“Tap,” Dimitri whispered in my ear again as he thrust deeply inside me. “Because you’re not going to be able to use your pretty mouth for a while.”

He was right. I had just enough time to drag in a lungful of air before Dagon was shoving himself between my lips again.

We stayed like that for a while. Dimitri and I on our knees, him fucking me while Dagon filled my throat.

Fuck. I loved it when they took me from both ends. I felt so full of them. Like I began and ended with them.

Tears were streaming down my face as Dagon went to town. Dimitri wasn’t taking it easy either, pounding into me relentlessly.

One of Dimitri’s hands wrapped around my neck. “Fuck, Dagon. I can feel you in his throat.”

Dagon growled, the sound feral. “Tell me how tight he is.”

“He’s strangling my cock.” Dimitri moaned, fucking up into me and nailing my prostate head-on. “He’s so tight. We’re definitely the first ones to stretch him open. Fuuuck.”

Well, technically he wasn’t wrong about that.

I snaked my hand down, aiming to give myself some relief, but Dimitri caught my

wrist before I could touch myself. “Tut tut, little one. You won’t be coming until we’re completely spent. And only if you’re a good boy.”

My cock throbbed at his words. This was exactly what I’d asked for. Exactly what I wanted.

To be used, over and over again, and denied relief.

Until the end, that was. If no one sucked me off after all this then we would be having words .

Dimitri came inside me with a sultry groan, Dagon following seconds later. Both of them pulled out, leaving me feeling empty. Literally a second later though, a hand was pushing on my back, shoving until my chest was against the floor. When my face touched it though, it wasn’t met by twigs or mud, but Dagon’s jacket.

Crafty fucker had managed to chuck it down there without me noticing.

“Head down, ass up,” Dagon said crudely, “I believe that’s the saying.”

He pushed into my hole, making my eyes roll back. It had taken me a while to get used to the fact that a refractory period just wasn’t something that applied to the two of them. With nothing in my mouth, I was free to make as much noise as I wanted. Apparently though, it wasn’t loud enough for Dimitri.

“Scream for us, little one,” he crooned, brushing my hair out of my eyes as he crouched beside me. “Scream as loud as you can. It won’t do you any good. No one’s out here to hear you. No one’s coming to save you.”

I did as he said, my orgasm rushing from me, cum splattering my abs as I rode the waves.

Dagon swore, letting go of his own orgasm with a groan. “Didn’t we tell you not to come?”

“Couldn’t help it,” I said, letting my character slip for a second. “It’s your fault, both of you. You shouldn’t be so damn good at this.”

Dagon eased out slowly, Dimitri replacing him almost instantly. “In that case, it’s only fair that we both get at least one more go at this perfect hole.”

Dimitri fucked me like that, my face pressed against the ground. By the time he was done, my cock was fully erect and raring to go again.

This time, Dagon rolled me onto my back, the jacket once again protecting my skin. Then he proceeded to fuck me while Dimitri pinned me to the ground, laughing when I struggled against his hold.

“You can’t escape us,” Dimitri murmured as Dagon continued fucking me like his life depended on it. “We’ll always find you, little one. We’ll always hunt you down.”

Even though his words were part of the scene, meant to invoke fear, they did the opposite. I wouldn’t ever escape them, and if I tried, they would hunt me down.

Because they loved me. Because we couldn’t exist without one another.

Fuck. I loved them so much.

Their love for me echoed back through the bond as they read my feelings. It sent Dagon over the edge with one final punishing thrust.

He collapsed on my chest, kissing every bit of skin he could reach. “Love you.”

I pulled Dimitri's face down at the same time as I lifted Dagon's up. What followed was one of the filthiest three-way kisses we'd ever shared, full of longing and lust, but most of all, love.

"That was everything," I breathed as we finally broke apart. "Thank you."

"Thank you, little one." Dimitri chuckled, stroking my hair. "Believe me, this was no hardship."

"Personally, I'm down to do this every morning," Dagon said cheekily, planting a kiss on my stomach. "It could replace our usual cardio."

I groaned. "Nope. Fun as this was, I'm not doing it every day. Fuck that much running."

"We've got lots of other ideas," Dimitri said, nuzzling my cheek.

I grinned at them both. "Me too. But right now, I believe I'm owed a blow job."

Dagon lifted off me, frowning down at my weeping cock. "Oh balls, sorry. I thought you came when I did."

"No," I laughed. "Your orgasm was just so intense it felt like all three of us came."

Dagon puffed his chest out. "What can I say? It was good."

"It was better than good," I murmured, each of my hands touching one of my mates. "It was everything I hoped for and more."

"Good," Dimitri said, shuffling until he was alongside Dagon. "Now, why don't we both suck you off and then carry you home to the cabin for hot chocolate?"

He didn't give me a chance to answer before both his and Dagon's mouths were descending on my cock. They looked obscene as they mouthed around my shaft, their tongues working together to tease every drop of pleasure out of me.

It took a shockingly short amount of time before I was coming again, white rolling over my vision as it hit.

Fuck. I really did have the best mates.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 27, 2025, 3:45 pm

Chapter 5

Oscar's Christmas Surprise

CAL

The scent of cinnamon and hot chocolate greeted me as I opened the door to the flat. Just as it always did, the knot in my chest loosened knowing Oscar was nearby.

I found him in the living room, adding yet more baubles to the tree. Every year, I suggested getting another tree just to spread them out a bit, but that idea never went down well. Oscar liked to have all his special decorations in one place.

Problem was, he found new special decorations each festive season.

Not that I minded. I'd just buy a bigger tree next year if necessary. Anything to make him happy.

I leaned against the doorframe, watching the lights on the tree sparkle against his wedding band as he stretched up to put the final ornament on. Although we'd celebrated several Christmases as mates, this was our first as a married couple. I hadn't thought I'd like saying it as much as I did.

My husband.

Our wedding day had been perfect—not that I'd expected anything else with Oscar and Harlow in charge of the planning—but seeing Oscar's joy as he walked down the

aisle on his sister's arm? That was better than I'd ever imagined. This beautiful, kind, selfless man had chosen me.

I was the luckiest fucker on any plane.

Finally satisfied with the placement of the final bauble, Oscar stepped back to survey his work. Unable to wait any longer, I cleared my throat.

"Hey, hun," he said vaguely, not turning. "Sorry, I know you're there, I just wanna make sure it looks perfect."

I bit the inside of my cheek to hold in my laughter. Something told me he was going to regret his dawdling when he finally spotted what I'd done.

It was a fantasy I'd teased out of him recently. It had taken a lot of persuasion on my part to make it happen, along with a promise of dry cleaning, but it had finally all come together.

Fortunately, I was the most patient of all my siblings. Not that that was saying a lot. Demons weren't known for restraint at the best of times.

When Oscar finally turned, the tinsel he was holding hit the floor. "Fuck."

"Is this what you had in mind, sweetheart?" I braced my hands against the top of the doorjamb, revelling in how Oscar's hungry gaze gobbled up my naked torso.

He tried to speak, but his voice came out as a squeak. I smirked as his cheeks flamed. Fuck, I loved that even after all these years together, I still had the power to render him speechless.

"Is that...is that Leo's uniform?"

I tilted my head back so he could see the heat in my eyes under the helmet. “Yup. As you can see, I decided against wearing anything under the jacket.”

Oscar’s eyes were glued to my abs. “Definitely the right choice.”

“How d’you see this playing out?”

“Depends,” he murmured, drawing closer. “How long do you have this for?”

“Couple of days.” I smirked. “Plenty of time for multiple fantasies.”

“Awesome,” he breathed, smoothing his hands up my bare chest and sliding them under the shoulders of the jacket. “To start with, I want you to throw me over your shoulder and carry me to the bedroom.”

“Mm-hmm.” I released the doorframe to run my hands down his arms. “What else?”

“I want you to rip my clothes off, like you’ve saved me and you’re so desperate for me that you can’t wait any longer.”

“That’s easy.” My fingers paused. “Hang on, this jumper is your favourite.”

“I don’t care,” he breathed. “Buy me a new one.”

“I’ll buy you ten.”

He leaned up to kiss me. “I want you to stay dressed, except the helmet. It’s hot, but I want to be able to see you.”

“Good because it’s kind of clunky.”

Oscar laughed. “That’s because it’s supposed to be practical, not sexy.”

Grinning back at him, I pulled it off and placed it carefully on the side table. It was new. I’d lost count of how many Oscar and I had broken now. They’d yet to invent a table solid enough to withstand us fucking on it.

“What else?” I muttered huskily, pulling him close and lowering my mouth to his. “What do you want, sweetheart?”

“I want you to spread me out on the bed and rim me,” he whispered against my lips. “I want to look down and see you between my thighs, worshipping me.”

Fuck. I loved that Oscar was confident and comfortable enough to tell me what he wanted. “I always worship you.”

“That’s true,” he said sweetly, “but now you’re a hot fireman who’s worshipping me.”

I chuckled, anticipation rising in the bond between us. It twined around the lust that had slammed in the second Oscar had spotted my getup.

Below it all, as always, was love—the never wavering current that linked us.

“Then when I can’t take it anymore,” he continued, his hands now pushing under the trousers to palm my arse, “I want you to pull me to the end of the bed and fuck me. Wearing all of this.”

“Great,” I said. “I’ve just got one detail to add.”

Easing out of his hold, I gestured for him to go back over to the tree. “Don’t panic—nothing will be damaged and you won’t get hurt.”

Amusement danced on Oscar's face as he tilted his head at me. "What are you planning, Cal?"

"Just adding some realism." I smirked. "Don't forget to play the damsel."

Backing out of the room, I waited until I heard Oscar move to where I'd indicated. Letting my power out, I cast smokeless and heatless flames into the room. It was little more than an elaborate light show.

Despite my reassurances, Oscar let out a squawk, his alarm echoing along the bond.

Not wanting him to worry, I burst into the room instantly. "Fire service! Call out!"

Maybe I'd also asked Leo for some pointers when I'd borrowed his uniform.

"Here," Oscar called back. He was pressed back against a wall, his eyes wide. "Help! Please save me! Oh, the flames!"

I had to fight to stop myself grinning at his dramatics. Even when faced with the literal fires of Hell, he hadn't reacted this much.

"I've got you," I shouted back, letting the flames dance higher, proving Oscar wasn't the only theatrical one in our relationship. "Just hold on."

When I was close enough, I bent and hauled Oscar over my shoulder in a fireman's carry.

"My hero," he cooed, his hands exploring my rear in a way that would definitely not be appropriate in real life. "You saved me."

"All part of the job," I said, pulling my power back and letting the flames die away.

“However can I repay you?” He squeezed my cheeks for emphasis.

Carrying him into the bedroom, I dropped him on the bed and towered over him. “I think you know exactly how to repay me, sweetheart.”

Oscar fluttered his eyelashes coyly. “Take whatever you need, sir. I’m all yours.”

With a growl, my hands went to the neckline of his jumper and tugged hard. “Do you go around offering your body to anyone who saves you?”

Oscar shuddered as the cool air hit his chest. “No. Just you. Only ever you.”

The bond swelled with love. To Oscar, I was the one who’d saved him. Little did he know, he’d saved me too.

His trousers and underwear were ripped off in the same fashion, the scraps tossed aside.

“Good,” I growled. “Now spread your legs for me and show me just how grateful you are.”

He did as I asked, whimpering when I hauled his legs up over my shoulders. With the jacket on, I imagined the sensation of his bare skin against the coarse material was adding another layer to the fantasy.

“Eyes on me,” I ordered before leaning forwards and licking a stripe up his cock. “This is you thanking me, remember? I’m going to take exactly what I want from you, and you’re not going to look away the whole time.”

Oscar’s dick twitched as he stared down at me through glassy eyes. “Okay.”

Spreading his cheeks with my hands, I wasted no time diving in. Oscar groaned as my tongue circled his hole, his hips bucking as I pushed it past that first ring of muscle.

“Cal,” he whined. “Oh fuck. This is so fucking hot.”

I grunted, not wanting to stop what I was doing. Pushing his thighs higher, I fucked my tongue deeper into him, loving the little whimpers and moans it drew from him.

The light stubble covering my face rubbed against the inside of Oscar’s cheeks. After he’d confessed that he loved feeling the burn it caused, I purposefully tried not to shave if I thought rimming was on the agenda.

Which it usually was. No matter how many times I did this to him, it was never enough.

His hole was loose and wet by the time his begging started. “Please, oh please, fuck me. I need it. Need you in me.”

Wiping my face on the duvet, I shoved the uniform trousers down to my ankles. Oscar might have wanted me to keep them higher, but I didn’t want to risk getting anything unsavoury on them. Leo might not be able to best me in a fight, but Ferry could. Once that was done, I reached under the bed for the lube we kept there. Oscar loved being taken on the edge of the bed, so having a bottle there was just convenient.

“I’ve got you, sweetheart,” I reassured him, slathering up my cock and fingers. “Thirty seconds.”

“No,” he whined. “Now.”

I chuckled, pushing two digits inside of him. No amount of rimming was enough to

replace actual prep, regardless of how Oscar might feel right now. He'd thank me later when he was still able to walk. Even with my healing abilities, a degree of care was still necessary.

Oscar moaned as I crooked my fingers and tapped his prostate. His legs were trembling on my shoulders now, hands pulling at the bedsheets.

When he was easily taking three fingers, I carefully removed them and hauled him down the bed another few inches. His legs slipped from my shoulders, instead going around my waist. "Ready for me, sweetheart?"

"Yes," he moaned, his hips rocking. "Hurry, please."

Lining myself up, I sank deep slowly. Putting my hands under his rear, I lifted Oscar's lower half off the bed.

"This what you need?" I drawled, pulling my hips back before tunnelling forwards again. "Is this how you're going to repay me for saving you?"

"Yes," Oscar gasped, his eyes rolling back in his head. "More. Please."

Never one to leave him wanting, I surged forwards. Using my hold on his hips, I pulled him back and forth in time with my thrusts.

Once upon a time, I couldn't imagine settling down with one person. I thought I'd get bored. That the sex would get old. Being with Oscar had shown me how ridiculous that notion was. The feeling of pushing inside him never got old. His hole wrapped around my cock like a glove, squeezing me insanely tight.

And that was nothing compared to his reactions. His moans were the most beautiful I'd ever heard, the flush on his cheeks perfection brought to life, the sheen on his skin

begging for me to drink him down and never stop.

Through the bond, I felt him approaching the edge. I'd taken him close with the rimming, and now he was about to fall.

Lifting his hips higher, I pounded against his prostate. "You gonna come for me, sweetheart?"

His answer was a long keening sound, like he'd lost the ability to speak.

A satisfied grin spread across my face. Fuck, I loved that I did this to him. Even after all these years, he enjoyed this just as much as I did.

The bond gave me a split-second warning, and then Oscar was coming with a cry. White liquid hit my abs, his hole constricting around my cock.

It was too much. I couldn't last.

Slamming myself as deep as I could, I let go. My cock pulsed as I filled him, the orgasm seeming to last forever.

"Fuck," Oscar wheezed when I finally started to soften. "Sod buying me a new jumper, I think you need to buy a fireman's uniform of your own."

I grinned down at my husband. "Anything for you, sweetheart."

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 27, 2025, 3:45 pm

Chapter 6

Sunday Murder Club – Episode One

HARLOW

My gaze swept over the assembled demons, vampires, mages, and wolf shifter. “Right, now we’re all here, we can get started with our inaugural meeting of the Sunday Murder Club.”

Cal sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. “Do we really need an official name?”

“Yes.” I nodded determinedly. “It’s more official with a name.”

“Is this something we want to be official?” Dagon asked, exchanging a significant look with Dimitri. “When our mates find out about this, we’ll be in the shit as it is. Having it sound more ‘official’ will just be throwing fuel on the fire.”

I sighed. Honestly, a bunch of supes shouldn’t be so shit scared of their human mates, but who were we kidding? We were whipped and we knew it. Hence why we even needed this club in the first place. All of us had someone we wanted punished for hurting our mates in the past. The idea was that we would nominate them, and then one of the others would carry out the punishment on our behalf.

Simple.

“Speak for yourselves.” Mori smirked, throwing an arm over River’s shoulders. “I

don't need to hide any of this from my mate."

"Because your mate is just as psychotic and bloodthirsty as you," I pointed out.

River shrugged. "Some people have gotta die and that's the end of it."

A round of murmurs broke out around the table. All of my brothers were there, along with Dimitri, River, Ferry, Toby, Blaise, Danny, and Sebastian. We were in a room in the back of Mori's club, and our mates thought we were having a supe bonding session.

Which, in a way, was true.

"We aren't hiding anything," I said carefully. "We're simply spending time together by taking part in activities our mates might not understand."

Ferry's lips twitched. "Like murdering people."

"Not just murder. For example, I made a deal with Bailey that I wouldn't allow any physical harm to come to his ex." Although I strongly believed that deals made during sex shouldn't be upheld, but that wasn't how our powers worked. "Doesn't mean I can't arrange for him to suffer in other ways."

"Gotta love a loophole," Dagon said, fistbumping his previously angelic mate.

"Exactly." I clapped my hands together, happy they were seeing things from my point of view. "Sometimes justice needs to be served, and we are the ones to do it."

At the end of the day, our mates believed us to be good and worthy men. For the most part, this was true.

But we were also demons. Well, half of us were. River, Blaise, Toby, Sebastian, and Danny just held the same beliefs we did.

That bad people deserved to be punished.

“If Oscar asks me outright what we’re doing, I can’t lie to him,” Cal reminded us. Like me, he also had a deal with his mate.

“I’m not asking you to. I’m not asking any of you to lie to them. Hell, you can go home tonight and tell them exactly what was discussed.” I tapped my fingers on the table. “I personally don’t like the idea of hiding this from Bailey. If he asks me what we’re up to, I’ll be honest, but I’m not going to volunteer the information until then.”

Everyone murmured in agreement. Our mates came above everything and everyone else. The point of this group was so we could dole out justice on behalf of our mates...without being the actual ones to do it. My thinking was that if we intervened for each other, maybe there was a chance our mates would be a little bit more forgiving.

“I’ve got a candidate.” Sebastian threw a folder on the table, speaking for the first time. “Kevin Hale, ex-manager of the rock band Caffeine Daydreams.”

“Hang on.” Dimitri sat forwards with a frown. “How come you get to go first?”

Sebastian smirked at him and tapped the folder. “Because I came prepared. Inside here is everything you all need to know about Kevin. His crimes. His current location. His fears. Do any of you have that for your candidates?”

I rolled my eyes as the others glared at Sebastian. “Okay, message received. We’ll all do our homework next time. So who’s Kevin and what do you have in mind for him?”

Sebastian gave us the CliffsNotes version of why Kevin deserved to die. His research was thorough—even if he weren't guilty of stealing huge amounts of money for a number of years, his homophobic and manipulative behaviour justified our attention.

“Why him?” I asked curiously. “I’m not saying no, I’m more than happy for him to be on the list. I’m just wondering...why. You don’t strike me as someone who cares about some rock band getting fucked over.”

“Usually I’m not.” Sebastian sniffed. “But they’re Matty’s favourite band. And when I helped the drummer out recently he was...kind to Matty.”

That made more sense. None of us were rational when it came to our mates, but Sebastian took it to whole new levels of delulu.

“Kevin definitely deserves to die,” River added. “I’m friends with Jack, who’s engaged to the drummer, Arlo. From what I gather, the two of them would’ve sorted their shit out much sooner if it weren’t for Kevin and his interference.”

“And Ollie and Luca,” Danny added, scratching at his stubble. We all swivelled to stare at him, confused as to why he was just casually name-dropping the most famous rock star in the world. “What? Ollie works with Riley. Riley gossips.”

We all chuckled, knowing that to be true. Mind you, none of us had a leg to stand on there, not considering the amount of shit we chatted on a daily basis.

I tapped the table to bring everyone to order. “Okay, so Kevin dies. Any requests as to who takes it on?”

Sebastian smirked at me. “You.”

“Excellent choice.” I beamed at him. “You know, I’m starting to like you.”

Sebastian's lip curled, but I could've sworn there was a hint of amusement behind it. "Please stop."

"We can't all request Harlow," Dagon said. "I know he's the most creative, but the rest of us want some fun too."

"Don't worry," I sang, grabbing the folder. "There are plenty of bad guys for us to kill. You guys can fight it out for the next one."

* * *

Breaking into the prison that housed Kevin was disappointingly easy. Being incarcerated for fraud had landed him in a category C prison, meaning Kevin got to enjoy free education classes and extra recreational time.

See? This was why our brand of justice was required. Kevin had ruined, or attempted to ruin, multiple lives. Yet was he being made to suffer? He was not. Sure, his freedom had been curtailed, but not enough.

To be honest, him being alive was too much leniency, hence my presence.

Kevin's cell was empty when I arrived. I made myself at home on his bed, using the time to sharpen my daggers. I'd asked Sebastian if I could borrow Bessie, but he'd refused. Stubborn git. You'd think he'd be more generous considering this was 'his' murder, but apparently not.

The man who entered the cell had the aura of a powerful man who'd gone to seed. His jowls hung loosely from his jaw, massive bags under his eyes.

"My my, prison really doesn't suit you, Kevin."

His eyes bulged. “Who the fuck are you?”

I wriggled on his bed, whacking one of the pillows. “Honestly, this bed is so lumpy I’m considering letting you off. Sleeping on this must be torture.”

“Letting me off? Off of what?”

“Oh, how impolite of me.” I scrambled to my feet, giving a low bow. “Harlow, son of Lucifer, at your service. I’m here today to carry out your death sentence. Any questions before we get started?”

“Wha—” The gormless expression on his face was priceless. I contemplated getting my phone out and taking a photo.

“Yes, I should probably tell you why,” I said, even though he hadn’t managed to form a complete sentence. “You’re being sentenced to death for defrauding the band Caffeine Daydreams, blackmail, manipulation, coercion, interference, and lying. Basically, you’ve been a very naughty boy, and now it’s time to pay the price.”

He blinked slowly. “A...very naughty boy?”

“That’s right. You’re not the messiah, you’re a very naughty boy.” He continued staring at me. I sighed. Cal would’ve understood the joke. “As such, you get the honour of being killed by the most terrifying son of Lucifer. Aren’t you lucky?”

Finally, Kevin’s brain seemed to catch up. “You? Terrifying? Do me a favour. Fucking Casper is scarier than you.”

Okay, so it had caught up, but not to the right place. That was fine—he’d be singing a different tune in a few minutes.

Assuming I didn't remove his tongue first. Really, it was down to his next choice of words. "Haven't you heard the saying, appearances can be deceiving?"

His bulbous eyes swept over me witheringly. I wasn't sure what he was more offended by, my perfectly manicured nails or my crop top. "What's a homo like you gonna do to me? And how the fuck did you get in here in the first place?"

"A homo like me? And there I was, thinking you enjoyed your tongue being in your mouth." I flipped my dagger in the air, relishing how his skin blanched. "Now, let's get started."

* * *

It was late when I got home. Kevin had managed to get a few more jabs in before I relieved him of his ability to speak, meaning I'd decided to give him the full treatment.

"Finally. I was starting to wonder if I needed to call the cavalry. Dinner's been ready for like, an hour. Thankfully it's salad but..." Bailey's voice trailed off as I rounded the corner. His eyes narrowed, suspicion zipping along the bond. "Do I want to know what you've been up to?"

"How do you know I've been up to anything?" I said innocently, winding my arms around my mate's neck.

If I'd thought he'd be distracted by my cute behaviour, I was wrong.

"Well, you're not wearing any make-up, your hair is wet, and this isn't the outfit you left home in."

Balls. Trust fate to give me a mate as astute as Bailey. My time with Kevin had

required me to stop off at Mori's to shower and change. Greeting the love of my life while covered in gore wouldn't go down well; something I knew from experience. "Maybe I got caught in a rainstorm."

Bailey chuckled, kissing the side of my head. "Maybe I'd believe that if it wasn't sunny outside...or if I hadn't felt the bond humming with excitement all afternoon. You only ever feel like that if we're having sex or you're torturing someone. Seeing as I was here alone, I'm going to guess it was the latter."

I pouted. "I have fun doing other things."

Bailey's lips twitched. "Oh, so you weren't torturing someone?"

"Well..."

Bailey chuckled. "It's a good thing you're so cute. I trust he deserved it."

"He did. Called me a homo. I mean, I was planning on killing him regardless, but that really sealed the deal."

Bailey's eyes darkened, his fingers tightening on my waist. "I hope you made the fucker suffer."

"You know I did. He even said I wasn't scary."

Bailey smiled as he kissed me. "Bet he wasn't saying that by the end."

"Nope." I'd keep the fact that he couldn't say anything by then to myself. Bailey didn't like the finer details of my adventures. "Idiot."

"Indeed." He squeezed me tighter. "Now, how about you take me upstairs and show

me how scary you can be.”

“I’m not scary with you.”

He grinned, walking backwards and tugging me along with him. “I dunno. You get pretty intense when you’re railing me and those big wings come out.”

I backed him up against the wall, boxing him in with my arms. “You like my wings.”

“I do...especially as I only see them when you lose control.”

I licked up the side of his neck, drawing a groan from him. “Is that what you want, baby? Want to see me lose control?”

“Fuck yes, Low.” He bit his lip, his lids dropping low over his eyes. “I want you to use my body to drive yourself crazy. Until you can’t think straight. Until there’s no control left for you to hold on to.”

I stepped back, heat licking at my wrists. Gravel filled the one word I managed to eke out. “Upstairs.”

Bailey smirked before walking backwards, unbuttoning his shirt as he went. He didn’t look away from me the entire way to the bedroom, casually stripping off his clothing as he went. Honestly, if I weren’t so horny, I would’ve been impressed with the surety of his steps. He didn’t knock into any furniture or anything, just confidently strolled backwards, with me trotting along after him like a dog called to heel.

I was pretty sure I was drooling as I took in every delicious inch of my mate. Under my adoration, Bailey’s self-confidence had bloomed. He no longer tried to hide or minimise his body, instead proudly owning it.

“What do you want first?” Bailey asked, slowly stroking his cock. “Want me on my knees?”

“No,” I said, dropping to the floor before him. “I want to be on mine.”

Batting his hand away, I licked a broad stripe along the underside of his dick. It bucked, leaking precum that I lapped up with a groan. Already the bond between us was throbbing with lust. It only climbed further as I took Bailey down to the root.

“Fuck, Low!” he groaned, his hands fisting in my hair. “That’s so good, baby.”

I sucked hard, making sure to look up at him from under my lashes. My mate was staring down at me intently, his full lips parted. Fuck, how did I get so lucky?

Reaching behind him, I slid a finger between his cheeks. The hard nodule had me pulling off him in surprise. “You’re prepped and plugged?”

Bailey blushed furiously but didn’t look away. “Well, you always get... excited after a day of torturing, so I wanted to be ready to take full advantage of it.”

Be still my beating heart. “You really are perfect. You know that, right?”

He grinned down at me adoringly. “I think you’ll find you’re the perfect one, Low.”

I resumed blowing him, working him over until his release hung on a knife’s edge. Then, just as he was about to fall, I pulled off.

“No fair,” Bailey grumbled, but we both knew he didn’t mind. He’d be mad if he came before I got inside him.

“On the bed,” I said, getting to my knees. “Spread your legs for me, baby. Let me see

what you've got ready for me while I strip."

Bailey gave a lust-filled groan before collapsing back onto the bed. With his feet flat on the mattress, he opened his legs wide. Nestled between his cheeks was the plug I'd felt earlier. "Beautiful. Every inch of you is utterly beautiful."

"Stop flattering me and get inside me," Bailey said. "It's been torture waiting for you to get back, knowing what mood you'd be in."

"I'm genuinely delighted that you consider this torture." With me in his life, Bailey would never know true torture, and I couldn't be more grateful for that.

Now as naked as Bailey, I knelt between his spread legs. I grabbed the end of the plug, easing it in and out of him a few times.

"More," Bailey panted, writhing on the bed. "Give me your cock, Low."

"I've got you," I murmured. Chucking the plug to one side, I grabbed the lube from the bedside table and dribbled it over my cock. After adding a little more to Bailey, I lined myself up. "You ready for me?"

Bailey gave an impatient huff. "Low, if you don't hurry up, I'm going to pin you to the bed and ride you instead."

Tempting as that was, I had other plans. Pushing forwards slowly, I sank into the warmth of my mate.

Both Bailey and I groaned as I bottomed out. I swear, we must've done this thousands of times by this point, but every time felt as brilliant as the first.

"I love you, Low," he said, cupping my face. "So fucking much."

“I love you too,” I murmured before capturing his lips with mine.

I fucked him slowly for a while, too lost in drugging kisses to want to finish this quickly. But it wasn't long before need started to pull at us both. Bailey's nails started to scrabble at my back. My hips began to move faster.

The bed was shaking from the pounding I was giving him. It was his fault—he felt too fucking good. I tried to hold back but my body wasn't having any of it.

Fortunately, neither was Bailey's.

“Yes, yes, yes, ” he panted, his pupils blown. “Please, Low. Make me come.”

“Soon, baby,” I promised, slamming my hips forwards again. “You can hold on. Just a few more minutes.”

“I can't,” Bailey whined, flushed from his chest all the way to his ears. “Feels too good, Low.”

We were both dancing along the precipice now, but I refused to let either of us fall yet. Bailey had asked for one thing, and one thing only.

For me to use his body until I lost control.

So that's what I did.

Instead of fighting with my demon, I let him rise to the surface. Let him power my thrusts until Bailey was a wailing mess beneath me. Let him manhandle Bailey so that my cock was brushing over his prostate repeatedly.

I wasn't sure who was being louder now, me or Bailey. One thing was for

certain—my control had been lost.

My wings tore from my back, spreading wide. Just the sight of them was enough that Bailey's release took him. His hole clamped down on my cock as his pleasure roared along the bond. I fucked into him twice more before holding deep, my cum flooding into my mate.

It was a long time before either of us caught our breath enough to speak. When we did, it was Bailey who spoke first.

“Gotta say, I don't know what you're doing at this Sunday Club of yours, but I'm a big fan.”

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 27, 2025, 3:45 pm

Chapter 7

Sunday Murder Club – Episode Two

CAL

I was trying to focus on the conversation around me, but my mind wasn't cooperating. No, it was still back at the bookshop...the stockroom, to be specific. The place where an hour ago, I was on my knees for Oscar.

Satan, my sweetheart was beautiful when he came.

My phone buzzed in my pocket.

Text, Oscar: you have to stop thinking about it

I smirked as I tapped out my reply.

Text, Cal: Why, sweetheart? Don't you like being reminded of how you held on to my hair as you fucked into my throat?

Text, Oscar: not when I'm trying to cook dinner with Bailey and Lucky

Text, Oscar: do you know how awkward it is popping a boner around your friends?

Text Cal: feel sorry for me, I'm fighting to not get one in front of my brothers

One of said brothers chose that moment to speak up. “What are you smirking at?”

I sent Oscar a promise to behave before answering Dagon. “Just chatting with Oscar.”

“Lucky was so excited for dinner,” Dagon said with the same dopey smile he wore whenever he thought of his human mate. “He and Oscar have been researching traditional Korean recipes.”

I nodded. “Yeah, Oscar’s ordered a tonne of new recipe books for the shop as a result.”

“Hope he brings some food home for us,” Dimitri added with a sigh. “Otherwise it’ll be pizza and beers.”

Dagon glanced at his mate. “You say that like pizza and beer is a bad thing.”

“It is with how often we have it.”

Dagon opened his mouth, but before they could descend into a bickering match, Harlow entered. “Hello, my fellow fire-breathing bitch queens!”

The room fell silent. Along with my brothers, we were also joined by River, Blaise, Toby, Danny, and Sebastian.

A small frisson of excitement went through the room as Harlow sat at the head of the table and clasped his hands together. We might enjoy living a human life ninety-nine per cent of the time, but there was only so much we could deny our natures.

The Sunday Murder Club was our way of expressing it. We could use our skills to exact justice without causing any drama.

“At our last meeting, Sebastian put a candidate forward,” Harlow said in a pompous voice. “Thanks to the evidence provided, we decided he was a worthy candidate for our attention.”

“Why is he speaking like a judge?” Mori asked me from the corner of his mouth.

“Fuck knows,” I whispered back. “Just let him get on with it. It’s easier that way.”

Harlow gave us both a deadly glare. “You know I can hear you.”

Unlike most supes, I wasn’t cowed by Harlow. Not because I was underestimating him—I wasn’t, I knew better than most just how unhinged he could be—at the end of the day though, Harlow was my little brother. There wasn’t anything that could make me scared of him.

Besides, he’d never hurt me. Not seriously, anyway. It would upset Oscar, which would upset Bailey.

And there was nothing Harlow feared more than an upset Bailey.

I raised a brow at my sibling. “And I was telling him to let you get on with it...so get on with it.”

Harlow’s lips twisted in a snarl, but before he could make a mistake that’d end in bloodshed and two very pissed off mates, Toby rapped on the table. “Stop. Let’s take that energy and focus it on a more...deserving subject.”

“I don’t know,” Danny drawled, his feet up on the table, “I quite like the idea of seeing Cal and Harlow going at it. We could place bets.”

Dimitri hummed, looking us both over thoughtfully. “I’ll back Cal.”

That started off a round of bidding. The end result was two in my favour, and all the rest in Harlow's. The only other person who'd voted for me was Mori, and I thought that was out of brotherly solidarity as opposed to anything else.

Charming, the lot of them.

"Okay, well I don't think we need to see this actually go down," I said, pinching the bridge of my nose. "As much as I do enjoy the opportunity to put Harlow in his place, Toby's right. That's not why we're here tonight."

"I agree." Everyone's heads swivelled to look at Harlow in shock. He sniffed. "What? I don't always need to prove I can best everyone."

We continued staring at him, not a single one of us believing him.

"Fine," Harlow huffed eventually, pulling a piece of paper from his back pocket and smacking it on the table. "I want to move on because not only am I putting forward the target, but Cal's the one I want to do it."

"Me?" Wow, whoever this was, they must've pissed Harlow off. "I mean, I'm happy to, but you know I can't do it without making them suffer. It won't be a clean kill."

Harlow's expression turned sinister. "Oh, it won't be a kill at all. That's why I've chosen you."

My confusion was mirrored around the table, but it was Dagon who asked the obvious question. "You know this is the Sunday Murder Club...right?"

Harlow waved dismissively. "Please. Are you telling me we can't deliver justice without fully murdering them?"

I exchanged a look with Mori. “Well, yes. But isn’t the whole point that we remove them from this world so they can’t hurt anyone else? Then they live out eternity being tortured by other demons. Why wouldn’t you want that?”

“I do.” Harlow slumped down in his seat. “Believe me, if that option was on the table, I’d take it.”

Realisation dawned on Blaise’s face. “This is someone who’s hurt Bailey.”

We all stiffened. It was all well and good murdering a guy who’d defrauded a band, but someone who’d hurt a member of our family?

That made it personal.

“Yup,” Harlow said glumly. “And because of that stupid fucking deal, I can’t physically allow harm to come to him.”

“Who is it?” Dagon asked curiously.

“His ex,” Harlow said. My eyes narrowed. I’d heard enough from Oscar to form my own opinion on the twat long ago. If anyone deserved to suffer, it was Matt Wilkins. “He’s the reason Bailey thinks less of himself. Even with me telling him he’s perfect all the time, he still has his bad days. Days when he worries about how he looks or asking for what he wants. And it’s all because of that cunt.”

A tense silence followed Harlow’s words, and I knew it was because we’d all visualised what we’d do if we got our hands on Matt.

Blaise was the one who broke it. “Fuck. Are you sure we can’t kill him? Like, if you don’t tell us to, we can bump him off, right?”

All the demons around the table shook their heads, but it was Harlow who answered. “Sadly, our deals are watertight. It’s not worth the risk.” Blaise was now practically vibrating in his seat, and Harlow patted his hand. “It’s okay though, if I could send someone to murder him, I would’ve chosen you. I could trust you to make him truly suffer.”

Blaise settled. I suppressed a smile. His friendship with Bailey—and, by extension, Harlow—wasn’t something any of us had seen coming. Considering the mayhem he’d caused once upon a time, it was a miracle Harlow could stand to be in the same room as him at all. But they’d worked through it, and the friendship that had emerged was a thing of beauty.

Still, it was ironic that Bailey’s fiercest protector (aside from his mate) was the supe who’d once been the cause of his death.

When you lived as long as we did, you knew that life often worked in unexpected and unpredictable ways. You just learned to roll with it.

“So what do you want me to do?” I raised a brow at Harlow. “Compel him into seeing his worst nightmares? Empty his bank accounts? Get him fired? Just say the word and it’s done.”

Harlow smiled triumphantly, pulling another piece of paper from his pocket. “Don’t worry, I have a list.”

* * *

Harlow’s list was extensive. A little under a week later, I’d decided it wasn’t extensive enough. Not for this cunt.

Matt had moved to Portsmouth, a city only thirty minutes away from Southampton. A

move for him was something I was adding to the list. I didn't want him in the same country as Bailey and Oscar, let alone on the same coast.

No, once I was done with him, he'd be fucking off to a remote part of Siberia to live out the rest of his days alone in the middle of nowhere. And there was one thing I knew for certain—the sweet man who seemed to have fallen into Matt's trap wouldn't be going with him.

I watched Matt and his new partner for an entire day. I watched through their kitchen window as the giant teddy bear of a man made breakfast. For all the shit he'd given Bailey, Matt clearly had a type. I narrowed my eyes as I monitored exactly how he interacted with his new partner.

The answer was: not well.

The man made Matt a full fry-up before timidly sitting down with a bowl of granola and yoghurt. He only took four mouthfuls before Matt spoke up. "Fucking hell, Chester, slow down. You're not an animal at the zoo. It's no wonder you're the size you are with the way you eat."

Chester flushed from ear to ear, putting his spoon down beside his bowl. He was twice the size of Matt, but his posture made it seem like he was trying to make himself as small as possible.

Fuck, this was so much worse than what Matt had done to Bailey. I'd seen that look on Chester's face before, but not with Bailey.

With Oscar.

Chester didn't eat another bite, just sat with his head bowed while Matt guzzled down his greasy food. Once he was finished, Chester grabbed his plate before rushing to

clean up after them both. The speed at which he moved suggested this was another thing he'd been critiqued about in the past.

The whole time, Matt sat sipping his coffee and reading a newspaper. Not only did he not offer to help, the fucker actually criticised the way his partner loaded the dishwasher.

That made me pull my phone out to text Harlow.

TM, Cal: Sure I can't kill him?

TM, Harlow: No. Doesn't mean you can't ruin his life though.

I pocketed my phone with a growl.

It only got worse from there. Being a Saturday, the two were spending the day together. I got to witness the depths Matt had sunk to firsthand. He berated his partner over just about everything. The speed he walked at was too slow. He spent too long looking at the art in the windows of a gallery. He'd chosen the wrong shirt.

It went on and on and on. The worst part was how Chester reacted. He never said anything other than an apology, his shoulders drawing in as the day went on.

This was a man who'd been beaten down over time. Who, like my Oscar, had been made to suffer. Who had put up with this for so long that he didn't know any different.

I was watching them through a restaurant window, Matt shoving down a burger while Chester sadly pushed lettuce leaves around his plate, when my phone rang.

The rage filling me cooled a little at the sight of my mate's name on the display. "Hi,

sweetheart.”

“What’s wrong?” Oscar didn’t bother with a greeting. “Why are you sad and angry?”

I sighed. Ninety-nine per cent of the time, I loved that we could feel each other’s emotions through the bond. Right now though, I wished Oscar wasn’t experiencing this. “I’m doing a favour for Harlow, and...the person he’s asked me to deal with, I think he’s abusing his partner.”

Oscar was quiet for a long time. I tracked him closely through the bond. His fury. Fear. Sadness.

But most of all, he felt sympathy. Oscar had walked in this man’s shoes. He knew that life.

He knew how hard it was to escape.

“Can you help them?” Oscar whispered eventually, a tremor in his voice. “I know you’ll deal with their cunt of a partner, but can you find some way to make the other person’s life better?”

“Yes,” I promised him. Oscar was right, he didn’t need to worry about me dealing with Matt, especially not after what I’d seen today. The only reason the fucker was still going to be breathing was because of the deal Harlow had made with Bailey. “That’s why I haven’t acted yet. I’m trying to figure out what he might need to start afresh.”

“Money,” Oscar said bluntly. “Financial control is one of the key ways an abuser entraps their victim. Deposit a large sum of money in his account and compel him into thinking it’s an inheritance.”

“That’s a great idea, sweetheart.” I closed my eyes. “I’m sorry you’re having to hear this. If I had my way, I’d wrap you in Bubble Wrap and never let any of this stuff touch you.”

“I know.” There was a touch of humour in Oscar’s voice now. “But, as established, I’d be very bored if you did that.”

“I doubt it, given we own a bookshop.”

“True.” Oscar’s voice sobered again. “I wouldn’t want you to protect me from this though, Cal. If I can help just one other person escape what I went through, I’ll sleep better at night.”

“Well you can sleep well tonight, because I’m about to find out every one of Chester’s dreams and make them all come true.”

“Chester? That’s a nice name.”

I eyed the man through the window. A woman at the next table was rocking a screaming baby. Matt was glaring at them, rolling his eyes and generally making his displeasure known. Ironical that he was angry at a baby who didn’t know how to behave, yet his own behaviour was far worse.

Chester though, he picked up his napkin. When Matt’s eyes were on his plate, he subtly started playing peek-a-boo with the baby.

Within seconds, the baby was giggling. Chester’s lips curled in response, making him seem years younger.

But when Matt caught him, all of that disappeared in an instant.

“Cal? Are you still there?”

“Yes, sweetheart. Sorry. Chester is a nice name, and I think it suits the man well indeed. He just needs to be free to find his happiness.”

Oscar hummed. “Go make it happen, baby. Then come home so I can reward you for being so caring.”

“I don’t need rewarding for this, Oscar. I wouldn’t ever ignore someone being treated this way.”

“And that’s why you’re getting a reward,” he said softly. “Because you’re the best man I know. Chester might not be able to thank you for what you’re going to do, but I can.”

* * *

It had been a long time since I’d lurked in the men’s toilets, waiting for a stranger to join me.

I could’ve sat down at the table with him and Matt and talked to him there. I was more than capable of compelling Matt into forgetting everything we discussed, but that felt wrong. I didn’t want to compel Chester into opening up in front of his abuser, even if it’d be forgotten.

As I strolled past him in the restaurant, I did compel Chester to need the toilet in two minutes. Two minutes later on the dot, the door to the toilets opened and he strolled in.

He glanced up at me and then quickly away, pulling his shoulders in just like he did with Matt. It made my chest ache. The bloke was massive—if I weren’t a supe, I

definitely would've put money on him besting me in a fight.

But it was painfully obvious that Chester was a lover, not a fighter. He was a gentle giant, one who enjoyed caring for others and making them happy.

Not wanting him to feel uncomfortable, I stepped forwards, compulsion weaving through my voice. "Hello, I'm Cal. You don't actually need the toilet, but I wanted to speak to you privately."

"Okay," Chester said slowly. "Why do you want to talk to me?"

"You don't need to be afraid of me," I said, hating how his hands were trembling. "I'm here to help you."

His eyes darted from side to side. "I don't need help. Everything's fine. It's fine!"

I sighed. "You see, I'd believe that if my husband hadn't once been in your place. He told everyone around him that he was fine, even if that couldn't have been further from the truth."

Chester turned his head to the side, but not fast enough to hide the silver lining his eyes. "No offence, but you're a total stranger. I don't know what you're talking about."

"That's fine. You don't need to listen to me." I let my power free, knowing it was needed. I couldn't expect Chester to trust me with his hopes and dreams. I suspected that, after Matt, it would be a very long time before he could trust anyone else. That, if he ever surrendered his heart again, it'd take that person a lot of work to win it over. "You just need to tell me what would make you happy. If Matt wasn't in your life, if money was no object, what would you be doing?"

“I’d become a florist,” he said immediately, his eyes clouded. “I’ve always dreamed of owning my own shop. In Scotland, maybe. It’s where my parents were from. I’ve wanted to go back to Inverness for years now, but Matt hates leaving the South.”

Matt wasn’t going to be a consideration for Chester going forwards. “Great, that sounds like a fantastic dream. What do you do now?”

“I work in a call centre. I hate it. Matt insisted I stay there though, as it’s a steady income.”

What a fucking dick. From the Louboutins Matt was wearing and the Porsche he drove, he wasn’t hurting for money. Why did he need Chester to supplement his income?

“Do you want to stay with Matt? Deep down, if you had a clear exit route with a guarantee that he could never contact you again, would you take it?”

The bonus of compulsion is that you can’t lie, so when Chester gave a desperate “Yes ” I knew I could trust it.

“Do you have any friends or family here? Anyone you’ll miss if you leave them behind?”

Chester shook his head, widening the crack in my heart. “No. I was living in Yorkshire when I met Matt online. He convinced me to move down to Portsmouth to be with him, then he didn’t want me making friends because it’d take away my time from him”

Of course he hadn’t—isolating your victim was textbook abusive behaviour. “So there’s no ties here for you, aside from your job?”

Another shake of the head.

“What kind of house do you dream about living in?”

“One on the waterfront, where I can see it from my bedroom window.”

That seemed easy enough. I made a mental list in my mind to take action as soon as I was done with Matt. I'd need the help of several others, namely Harlow and Sebastian, but I was going to make it happen.

“Okay, Chester, here's what's going to happen. You never met me in these toilets. Instead, you received a phone call from a solicitor telling you that you had a great-great-uncle named Cal who was very wealthy. He's passed away and you're his sole living heir. Along with a large sum of money which will be deposited in your account this evening, he's also left you a house and an empty shop in Inverness. You won't question the veracity of this or the speed at which you receive the money and property deeds.”

My power wound through him, writing these truths into his brain.

“You're going to go back to Matt's house and pack everything you want to take with you, it doesn't matter if you purchased it or Matt did. A moving lorry will be with you in the morning, and they'll help you finish packing and load everything. From there, you'll take Matt's car and drive to Inverness. You're excited to start your new life without him.”

I didn't need to ask Chester if he agreed or understood, the compulsion would make that happen.

And I didn't feel a shred of doubt over using it in this way.

There was one more thing lingering in my mind, one thing I wasn't sure of. Pulling my phone from my pocket, I called Oscar.

He answered immediately. "Hey, baby. All sorted?"

"Almost." I eyed Chester, who was staring listlessly at the wall behind me, waiting for me to compel him to set my plan into action. "I'm sorry to ask you this, but you're the only one who can help."

"Ask me," Oscar said quickly. "If it'll help someone else in need then I'm happy to answer whatever questions you have."

"If you could forget your life with Joe, if I could wipe all memories of him from your mind, would you want me to?"

The line was silent for a long time. I didn't rush him, feeling everything he was working through in the bond. "No, I don't think I'd want that. As awful as that part of my life was, it still made me who I am today. It led me to you. Also, if you make Chester forget, there's a chance he'll find himself in this situation again."

"There's a chance that'll happen anyway," I said gently. I'd seen this pattern repeat itself over and over again with other people. Humans who stayed in this horrific cycle because it was how they believed love was shown. Because it was familiar. Because they thought it was better than nothing. "We can't stop that from happening."

"That's true, but if he doesn't remember at all, there's a higher risk he won't see the signs if it happens again."

We talked quietly for a few more minutes before hanging up. As much as Oscar had wanted to help, this had opened up old wounds for him.

I needed to get this done so I could go and close them again. To hold him and remind him he was free. That he had me.

That I'd always keep him safe.

With Oscar's words ringing in my ears, I gave Chester my final instructions. "You dumped Matt after the phone call, knowing you'd never be happy if you stayed with him. You're going to move to Scotland and he will never contact you again."

With those words, I patted Chester on the shoulder. "Good luck, my friend. I'll be watching over you from afar."

Leaving him in the toilets, I strode back out into the restaurant. Matt was tapping his foot impatiently, a thunderous expression on his face. Clearly he wasn't someone who liked to be left waiting.

Fortunately for him, neither was I.

His eyes flickered over me in confusion as I approached. I didn't give him the chance to speak, my compulsion rolling out as my demon gladly rose to the surface. "Hello, Matt. Let's go somewhere quiet for a little talk."

* * *

Flying back to Oscar, I put my Bluetooth on and rang Harlow. "It's done."

His voice was uncharacteristically cold. "I need all the details."

I broke it down for him as I shot through the skies. "His relationship has been ended. He's moving to a remote location in Siberia where he won't rent anything bigger than a one bed place. Every time he looks at a burger, he'll feel sick but won't know why."

That one had come to me while I'd watched him eat at the restaurant. "Every pair of shoes he buys will be a size too small, and he won't be able to get an erection unless he's preparing something involving a raw chilli."

Harlow cackled. "Wait, so he'll either have to jerk off having handled raw chillies, or not have an orgasm?"

"Yep. And while that'll hurt, it won't cause physical harm, so we're in the clear on that."

"Diabolical, I love it. Go on."

I outlined various other inconveniences I'd come up with, from never sleeping for longer than three hours at a time to always feeling afraid, but never knowing why.

Harlow was right—I didn't need to physically hurt someone to make them suffer. "Once we're done speaking I'm going to call Sebastian and have him drain his accounts. He'll leave enough for Matt to relocate, but he can kiss his designer lifestyle goodbye."

"Good. Are we donating it to the usual charities?"

"No, I have other plans."

Speaking fast, I outlined everything I'd learned that day.

Harlow's response was predictable—very loud and full of curses. "That motherfucking cunt. Oh, he's not going to suffer enough. That poor man. Hang on. I need Bailey."

There was the sound of a door banging, followed by Harlow's hurried footsteps. With

my supe hearing, I had no trouble hearing Bailey in the background.

“Low? What’s wrong?”

“Need you to hold me,” Harlow said. There was a muffled rustling sound, like he’d climbed onto his mate’s lap. “I love you. I’m so happy you’re safe and here with me.”

“Me too, Low.”

I cleared my throat loudly as sloppy kissing noises filled the air. I didn’t begrudge Harlow getting comfort from his mate, but if they forgot I was on the line and started fucking then blood would be spilled. “Harlow?”

“Fuck. Sorry, Cal. Okay, so tell me more about this man. What can we do to help?”

“I’ve taken care of most of it.” I filled him in on the conversation I’d shared with him. “But can you take money from my offshore account and send it to Sebastian? We also need to find Chester a house on the waterfront. Somewhere where you can see the water from the main bedroom window. Oh, and a shopfront in a prominent area. One where a cooler can be installed, or whatever it is florists use.”

“He’s a florist?”

“He wants to be.”

Harlow hummed approvingly. “Great. We’ll make it happen. Leave it with me.”

“Movers too. You know what? I’ll text you a list.”

“Whatever he needs, he’ll get it,” Harlow said simply. “I’m sending him money from my account though, not yours.”

I rolled my eyes but knew better than to argue. “Thanks, Low.”

“No, thank you. I know it can’t have been easy seeing someone going through that.”

My throat thickened as I flew faster. “No, it wasn’t.”

“Well, we can make sure Chester has the best life possible. I’m just sorry we didn’t go after Matt earlier.”

Bailey chimed up. “Hang on, Matt? As in, my ex, Matt?”

“Umm.” I could almost feel Harlow wincing through the phone. “Okay, Cal, I’ve got to go.”

He hung up before I could speak. I chuckled, trying to imagine how he was going to talk himself out of this one. To be fair, it wouldn’t take much. Once Bailey knew how Matt was behaving with his new partner, he’d be fine with it.

He might even let me kill him.

Keeping my fingers crossed for that, I landed on the roof of the home I shared with Oscar. The shop had closed hours ago, but often that was where I’d find my husband. He was never happier than when surrounded by books.

Tonight, I didn’t bother checking there, going straight to our bedroom. Sure enough, Oscar was in bed, surrounded by every pillow we owned and under his weighted blanket.

“Hey, sweetheart.” I crossed the room to him, cupping his face in my hands. “How are you doing?”

“Okay.” He looked up at me, then cringed a little. “Well, sort of okay. It’s brought up some stuff, which I guess is to be expected.”

I slid onto the bed beside him. Even after years of therapy, Oscar’s anxiety had never fully left him. What had changed was his attitude towards it. He now accepted that he’d have some days that were more difficult than others.

And on those days, he knew I’d be at his side.

Touching the fluffy purple cover of his weighted blanket, I raised a brow. “Me or the blanket?”

He rolled his eyes, shoving it to the floor. “You, obviously. It’s always you.”

That might be the case, but I’d always check first. I never wanted Oscar to feel like he didn’t have a choice, especially when his anxiety was high.

He lay flat on his back and I covered him with my body. Letting my weight sink into him, I felt Oscar’s anxiety start to dim.

“Oh, that’s better. You know, you could get a second job as a weighted blanket.”

“Only for you though.” I kissed his ear. “Talking or no?”

Over the years, we’d found ways to manage Oscar’s anxiety. He often needed different things depending on what had triggered him. I had a whole toolkit of coping mechanisms in my arsenal now, but I always let Oscar guide me in what he wanted. That was another bonus of the bond—if Oscar wasn’t capable of talking, I could rely on that to help lead me.

“No,” he said softly, stroking his hands through my hair. “Just hold me.”

I did just that, silently cradling him until his pulse settled. Until his anxiety dissipated. Until I felt nothing in the bond except his love for me.

“I’m glad you saved that man today.”

I kissed his neck. “Me too.”

“And I’m glad you saved me.”

I kissed his lips now, lingering on his sweetness for a few heartbeats. “I didn’t save you. We saved each other. And now we can be sickeningly, blissfully happy for the rest of eternity.”

Oscar grinned up at me. “I can’t wait.”

* * *

Ready to see Chester get his HEA?

Preorder Finlay here .

Page 8

Source Creation Date: July 27, 2025, 3:45 pm

Chapter 8

Sunday Murder Club – Episode Three

MORI

Tonight was the third meeting of our Sunday Murder Club.

Like the first two, it was being held at my club. Well, our club now, I guessed. Pretty much everyone was here already, but my eldest brother was yet to arrive.

I grinned over at my mate, who was in deep conversation with his twin. I hadn't told River that I'd put The Closet in both our names yet. To be honest, I was wondering how long it would take him to find out.

Given how nosy he could be, I was amazed it hadn't happened already. Not that I was expecting him to be surprised or anything. Our lives and mortality were already intertwined—it made sense to do the same with our mortal assets too.

Conversation was flowing around me while we waited for Cal to arrive, but I was content to sit in silence. It was my preferred state of being.

Which was good, given River could talk for both of us.

I stroked my thumb over my lip as I stared at my mate. Fuck, how I loved to watch him, especially when he was talking. It was as though he was lit from the inside out, his whole body becoming animated as the conversation carried him away.

It reminded me of other times he became animated. Like when he was riding my fingers. My face. My cock.

River's words faded out mid-sentence as he likely felt the directions of my thoughts through the bond. His gaze snapped to me, the predator that lay beneath his sunny exterior showing in his eyes. "Whatcha thinkin' about there, lumbersnack?"

I sat back in my seat and winked at him. "Wouldn't you like to know?"

River's eyes darkened. "I really think I do."

His desire twined with mine in the bond, everyone else in the room fading away. Maybe River and I should pay a visit to the storage closet. Cal was late already, and I was certain we'd have time for at least a blow job.

Before I could come up with an excuse to drag River away and do just that, Harlow smacked his hand on the table. "Ew. Whatever the two of you are thinking right now, please stop. It's not hot when one of the horny pair is related to me."

"It's not hot either way," Sebastian muttered, twirling his dagger between his fingers. "We need a rule about the behaviour of mates during these meetings."

"Don't be sour just because yours isn't here," Toby drawled, sliding an arm over Blaise's shoulders. "The rest of us shouldn't have to miss out just because this is a supes-only meeting."

Dagon chose that moment to pipe up. "Dimitri and I manage to behave."

We all snorted, but it was Dimitri who called bullshit. "No we fucking don't. We get each other just as wound up sometimes, knowing it's driving Lucky crazy at home."

“That’s true.” Dagon sighed happily before kissing Dimitri’s cheek. “He’s feisty when he’s horny. And nothing makes Lucky hornier than when he can feel us together through the bond.”

That had me wincing along with Harlow, Sebastian, Blaise, and Ferry. Yeah. Perhaps we did need some rules, or even just some solid boundaries. I might’ve started this little detour, but now I was mightily regretting it.

Thankfully, I felt Cal cross my wards a second before he appeared in the doorway.

I glanced over at him as he entered and my stomach flipped. There was an expression on his face that I’d once known so well. One I hadn’t seen on him in a long time.

That wasn’t Cal stalking towards us.

It was the Butcher of the Ninth Circle.

Silence fell across the room, tensions rising as everyone read Cal’s expression. The one that suggested someone was about to die.

Painfully.

He didn’t take a seat as he drew close. Didn’t speak. Didn’t so much as look at us. Just threw a handful of pictures onto the table. They slid across the surface, one coming to a stop directly before me.

It was a headshot of a young girl. Fifteen or sixteen, if I had to guess. The harsh, bright light it had been taken under highlighted the dark blue bruise around her eye. The swelling around the bridge of her nose. The weeping wound on her lower lip.

The injuries were bad enough, but it was the look in her eyes that had my heart

breaking.

There was no life there, just a weary exhaustion. An understanding that was beyond her years.

This was a young person who had no hope.

I glanced around the various photos the others were studying. It was the same person in all of them.

And in all of them, she had similar injuries.

The difference was her age...and the expression on her face. In Harlow's she was about ten. Tears were streaked down her face, eyes swollen not just from injury, but from crying.

Cal signalled for us to pass them back. We did so silently, all of us too horrified to speak. We were supes—most of us demons—but this was a child. A child who'd suffered.

That touched us all.

Cal lined up the photos in age order. My eyes swept over them, heart sinking as my suspicions were confirmed.

In each photo, a little more of the girl's soul slipped away. The hope that she might be saved faded.

Until there was nothing left.

“Who is this?” Fire licked around my hands as I asked the question. I wasn't the only

one close to losing control, either. Flames wreathed both Dagon and Harlow, while Sebastian had gone deathly still.

“Maisie North,” Cal said. They were the first words he’d spoken since stepping inside the club. “She’s a student in Oscar’s tutor group. Often skips school for weeks at a time. When she returns, Oscar says it’s like a little more of her soul has been stripped away.”

We all looked at the pictures in unison. At the clear progression of futility.

“He’s been getting more and more concerned about her,” Cal said, his voice deathly soft. “So I offered to look into her, see if I could dig up anything that might show what’s going on.”

Harlow pointed at the photos. “This is what you’ve found?”

“Yes,” Cal said curtly. “In the bottom drawer of her stepfather’s desk. Seems he likes to collect...trophies.”

There was a heavy silence as we all took that information in.

“Why haven’t you killed him?” I asked bluntly. “Why bring it to us?”

“I promised Oscar I wouldn’t act rashly,” he said simply. “But just look at her face. There’s no way we can leave Maisie in that house with him for a second longer.”

“He needs to die,” Ferry said darkly. A rumble of agreement went around the table.

“I’ll do it,” I said abruptly. I didn’t know what it was, but something about this girl’s suffering spoke to me. Probably because of the types of sinners who’d been on my roster in Hell.

Gaslighters. Abusers. Rapists.

Torturing them had been my speciality. I'd never felt a shred of guilt over doing so.

I wouldn't this time, either.

"I'll go too," River rasped. I looked up and found his gaze on me. "Together. We'll make him pay."

I pushed gratitude towards my mate through the bond. While I'd volunteered for this, and would likely enjoy it, no doubt it'd stir up some unresolved bullshit for me. Memories from the centuries in Hell that I'd tried so hard to bury.

With River there though, they wouldn't drag me under. He'd keep me afloat.

Just as he always did.

Cal inclined his head in thanks. "You're exactly who I had in mind. I appreciate it."

"Any specific requests?" I asked, my fingers touching the edge of one of the pictures. Fucker deserved to pay in whichever ways Cal determined for what he'd done.

Cal straightened his jacket, flames dancing in his eyes. "No powers. Make him feel every one of your hits."

Just like Maisie did.

My mate stood, and a slow sinister smile spread across his face. "Oh, we can do that."

* * *

An hour later, River and I had Maisie's stepfather tied up in an abandoned warehouse by the docks.

"I'm just saying, these are sturdier than the ones we use at the moment." River hefted a coil of rope in his hands. He spoke in a normal tone, despite the screaming man in the chair. That was the benefit of being supes—our hearing was superior.

And as a demon, I was used to the screams of deserving humans. I used to hate it, but knowing exactly what David Jenkins did to his stepdaughter? Turned out I quite liked it. Music to the ears, as one might say.

"Please," he screamed again. "I ain't done nuffin wrong! Please let me go!"

"Maybe we should upgrade ours," River continued as though David hadn't spoken. "Think of all the fun we could have if they didn't burn so quickly."

Cal had not only given us the cunt's address, but a few supplies too. Including the rope River was currently salivating over.

"Ours are fine," I said, pulling back my fist and letting another hit fly into David's face. It was tricky finding the balance between making my punches as painful as possible, and not knocking the fucker out, but I was managing it so far. Probably helped that I'd compelled him to not lose consciousness. I knew Cal had said no powers, but I was certain he'd approve of this. "They're designed for sex, Riv."

"They're designed for human sex," River corrected me, dropping it to the floor. "Maybe chains are the way to go."

David groaned, snot and blood mingling on his face. "Why are you doing this to me? I didn't do nuffin wrong!"

River pulled back his lips in a snarl. “Neither did Maisie, you little fucker.”

The hit he delivered to David had his head snapping backwards. I’d wager that my mate hadn’t just broken his nose, but his cheekbone too.

I grabbed his hair and used it to haul him back upright.

“What’s that little skank got to do with this?” David wheezed, spitting a tooth out. Then another. “I didn’t do whatever she said.”

River studied him thoughtfully. “Cal didn’t say anything about his tongue, right?”

“Nope.” I let my demon shine in the smile I delivered to David. “And I for one am done with hearing his bullshit.”

“Excellent.” River pulled a wicked dagger from the sheath on the back of his trousers. “Would you like the honour, lumbersnack?”

The front of David’s trousers darkened as his fear overtook him.

Good.

I wanted him to suffer.

“You do it, brat,” I said, kissing River’s temple. “Make it hurt.”

* * *

By the time we finally sent David on his way to his eternal unrest, the sun was peeking over the horizon.

“Come on.” I kicked the pile of ashes that was once David. “There’s something else we need to do.”

River eyed me curiously, but didn’t say anything.

We popped home first, needing to wash the blood off. Maisie had been traumatised enough; the last thing I wanted to do was add more to her plate.

River didn’t ask where we were going, but he knew. We both wanted Maisie to know David was in a place where he could never reach her again. Better than that, she’d gained at least two supes who’d be watching over her from afar.

Likely more, given how everyone else had reacted. I wouldn’t be surprised if Harlow was looking into ways to make her life better financially. Knowing Sebastian, he’d probably just wire her a shit-tonne of money.

The vampire could pretend to be an asshole as much as he wanted, but Matty had changed him. As had becoming a parent.

He wouldn’t let a child suffer. With her stepfather out of the picture, it was likely money was the next thing she’d need. Enough to escape this life if she wanted to. To achieve whatever dreams she had.

Assuming David hadn’t destroyed them all.

Thanks to my tracking skills, it was easy to locate Maisie at a bus stop near her house. She was sat with her head ducked down, long hair covering her face.

Was that because she was shy, or because she was hiding injuries?

The one consolation I had was that she couldn’t be too badly hurt, or she wouldn’t be

going to school. But as we drew nearer, she fidgeted right as the wind picked up, clearly revealing the yellow skin around her eye.

Fury rolled through the bond as River clocked exactly what I had. “Fucker didn’t suffer enough.”

“Don’t worry,” I said darkly. “I’ll pay a visit downstairs and make sure he’s given the special treatment.”

I stepped back as we reached the bus stop, letting River take the lead. He was better with people than I was.

“Hi,” River said softly. He made sure to give her some space. “Are you Maisie?”

She shrank back in her seat. “No.”

Smart girl. I’d hope she wouldn’t give her name up to two strange men. Not wanting to scare her, I let loose a wave of compulsion. It wouldn’t do much, just keep her calm and believing what we said was true.

“My name’s River.” He dropped to his haunches so she was above him. “And that big ol’ lug over there is Mori.”

Her green eyes darted in my direction and I smiled kindly.

“What do you want?”

“Just to tell you that you don’t need to worry about David anymore,” River said. Maisie sucked in a breath, but didn’t panic thanks to the compulsion. “We know what he did to you, Maisie. We’re so fucking sorry that you had to go through what you did. But he won’t ever be able to hurt you again.”

She studied River before turning her keen eyes to me. “Did you make him pay?”

Her voice was quiet, lilting. But strong. So fucking strong. I wasn’t sure what Cal would have to say about me sharing this, but I didn’t care. This was what Maisie needed to hear. “We did. We made him suffer.”

“Good.” She exhaled, her hands shaking in her lap. “I’m glad.”

“Maisie, are you safe at home now?” River asked. “Are you cared for? Loved?”

She was quiet for a long moment. “I’m safe, or I will be now. And I’m cared for. Mum tries her best.”

Heartbreak went through the bond. I rubbed my chest as my own ache developed.

“Loved?” River repeated tentatively.

Maisie looked down at her hands. “Love is too much to hope for for a girl like me. I’m grateful to be safe now. That’s enough.”

River’s mouth set in a grim line. No, it wasn’t enough. Not for either of us, and definitely not for Maisie.

To be this jaded at her age...it shone a light on how much she’d suffered. The cruelties of the world that had been dropped at her feet.

“You’ll find it one day,” River promised her before looking back over his shoulder at me. “I didn’t think I’d find it, but I did. And the wait was well worth it.”

From the tight smile Maisie gave him, I knew she didn’t believe him.

I hoped that whatever person chose her, they'd prove her wrong. That they'd show her the happiness she truly deserved.

"Mori and I will watch over you from afar," River promised. "If you're ever in trouble or need anything, I want you to find a club on Belmont Road called The Closet. Tell the bouncer on the door you're there to see River. Can you remember that?"

She bobbed her head, her eyes slightly glassy. I realised River had compelled her too, writing this information into her subconscious.

"Take care, Maisie," River said, getting to his feet and stepping back. "And don't forget—anything you need, come find us."

I took his hand in mine and smiled at Maisie once more. She was watching me carefully, her head cocked to the side. "Wait."

I paused. "Yes?"

She got to her feet, approaching me carefully. "You seem really familiar. Have we met before?"

River shot me a questioning look and I shrugged. "Nope, can't say we have. I do know your tutor though, Mr. Price."

"Maybe that's it." She retreated to her seat. "Thank you. For taking care of David."

"You're welcome," I said softly. "Look after yourself, Maisie."

River's thumb stroked over the back of my hand as we began the walk home. I'd told her to look after herself, but we were going to too.

Killing David hadn't given us the satisfaction we'd craved, but perhaps caring for Maisie from afar would.

Chapter 9

Sunday Murder Club – Episode Four

DAGON

For the first time since its inception, we were all on time to our meeting of the Sunday Murder Club.

And for the first time, no one had any names to put forward.

Maybe it was because we'd moved our meeting to a Monday. Valentine's Day had fallen on a Saturday this year, so we'd all agreed to swap days. That was both the bonus and pitfall of us all being mated now, holidays we once hadn't given a fuck about were now high on our priority lists.

"There must be someone." I tugged at my hair in exasperation. "People piss us off on a daily basis."

"Not enough for us to justify killing them," Cal drawled.

Dimitri snorted. "I can tell you haven't been on public transport recently. I could suggest a few from there."

My head swivelled towards my mate. "Um, when exactly have you been on public transport?"

He shrugged. “Last week. Lucky wanted to get the bus home because it was raining.”

“A bus?” Sebastian literally shivered in horror. “Absolutely not. Matty used to get those and I wouldn’t dream of letting him on one now.”

“They have buses in Hell for a reason,” Ferry reminded us. Not that we needed it, but I supposed River and Blaise might not know. Mages couldn’t go into Hell without forfeiting their immortality. “Just going round and round to torture people.”

Dimitri, as always, was unbothered. “Lucky didn’t want to get wet.”

I understood not saying no to our human mate. If anything, I was likely to cave faster than Dimitri. But this just didn’t make sense. “We own three cars between us.”

“I flew there.” Dimitri stroked my thigh. “Are you just jealous because you missed out on the lady who coughed all over us? Or perhaps you’re sad about the karaoke performance the drunk dude at the back put on?”

I grunted. “Don’t be ridiculous. I’m just saying, I can’t believe you willingly went on a bus.”

Dimitri fixed me with a knowing look. “Like you wouldn’t have agreed?”

“I would’ve called a taxi.”

By now, the rest of the table had fallen into quiet conversation, leaving us to our bickering. They knew there was little point in trying to intervene. There was only one person who could get us to see sense when we were in this mood.

On the same wavelength, Dimitri pulled out his phone and hit the video call button. Lucky’s face appeared within two rings. He was sat at his desk, right where we’d left

him. He had a massive essay due tomorrow and had wanted to give it one last read through.

“Are you two arguing again?” he said without preamble.

“No,” Dima and I said in unison.

“Really.” Lucky didn’t bother to hide his smirk. “You remember we’re bonded, right? I can literally feel the mild irritation mixed with sexual frustration.”

Dimitri’s hand slid higher on my thigh. “We can increase the latter if that’ll help.”

Just then, Harlow’s head appeared over my shoulder in the frame. “Um, new rule, remember? No being horny fuckers in front of your brothers. It’s weird.”

Lucky’s face flushed on the screen, making both Dimitri and me turn to glare at Harlow. “How about you fuck off?”

Harlow shot his middle finger up at me, but retreated back to his seat. Within seconds, he was drawn into a heated debate with Blaise about which Gallagher brother most deserved a punch.

“What are you arguing about?” Lucky asked.

Dimitri snorted. “Lucky, just do me a favour. Ask Dagon to get a bus with you.”

Lucky’s brow crinkled. “Okaaay. Dagon, will you get a bus with me?”

“No, thank you,” I said quickly. “We can take a taxi.”

“Not like that,” Dagon scowled. “Like you asked me last week. When it was raining.”

“Oh.” Understanding dawned in Lucky’s eyes, quickly morphing to amusement. He blinked a couple of times before making them all big and round. “Dagon? Can we get the bus home please? It’s right there and my trainers are soaked.”

This wasn’t even real, and I could already feel myself giving in. I had to try though, I wasn’t letting Dima win this easily. “A taxi would be warmer, darling. I can have one here in a few minutes.”

“But the bus is right there.” Lucky pouted, his eyes growing even rounder. “Please, Dagon? It’d make me happy.”

Fuck. I didn’t even need to say it—they both knew I’d lost. I let Dima crow for a second before grumpily admitting defeat. “Fine. I would’ve got on the fucking bus too. You happy now?”

“Yep,” Dimitri chirped, blowing a kiss at the screen. “Thank you, little one. I’ll blow you when I get home.”

A collective groan went around the table. I ignored it. All of them would say something similar to their mates. And let’s not forget how many times I’d walked in on some of them having sex.

Eye bleach was a must with this group.

A pulse of unease and anger went through the bond, making both Dimitri and me sit up straight. Lucky hadn’t responded to what Dimitri had said, glaring at something above his phone.

“Lucky?” Dimitri asked urgently. “What’s wrong?”

“Have you seen this?” He flipped the camera on his phone to reveal the TV screen.

That must've been what had caught his attention. Brian Jeffries, former prime minister, was on the steps of the High Court. His beefy cheeks were ruddy with joy, his fists pumping in the air.

"Oh don't tell me the fucker was cleared," I said in dismay. Several heads swivelled in our direction, River and Mori leaning in so they could see the screen. "They weren't even supposed to reach a verdict for another couple of days."

"Absolute pisstake," Harlow seethed. "How the fuck could they have found him innocent with all the evidence against him?"

The case against Jeffries had been at the top of our news cycle for months now. The former leader of the Tory Party had seemed shady at the best of times. During his premiership, he'd gutted social care and the NHS. Benefits had been slashed to the core, leaving record numbers visiting food banks. Evictions had doubled, and the general cost of living shot through the roof.

He'd been popular among one class though—the wealthy. Under his care, they'd got richer while everyone else got poorer.

So yeah, the bloke was a cunt of the first order. However, it was only when he was ousted from leadership that the true details of his evil came to life. The multi-billion-pound contracts he'd sold to his friends for peanuts. The public funds that had been used to build him both a second and a third home in the countryside.

Worst of all though, was the accusation that he'd been funnelling money into an offshore account in his wife's name. His defence was that he employed her.

Pretty cushty job if that was the case, given his wife was rarely glimpsed outside of a salon, spa, or yacht. We were all in the wrong industries if that was the case.

Jefferies had become the face of corruption in the UK. The public had been rightly baying for blood, for the courts to fulfil their purpose and convict the wrongdoer.

Instead, the fucker had been allowed to escape without so much as a slap on the wrist.

Too bad for him that the humans weren't the only ones who'd been following this. We generally avoided getting involved in affairs such as this, knowing their punishment would follow post death, but Lucky had been raised in the system. A system that now lay in tatters, simply to line the pockets of fat cats. His former care home was now abandoned, the kids scattered to fuck only knew where.

My mates and I had taken a focused interest in this case. A very focused interest.

“Well, gentlemen.” Ferry folded his hands on the table. “Looks like we have our candidate. Who'd like the honours?”

Dimitri and I didn't so much as exchange a look before we simultaneously raised our hands.

Lucky flicked the camera so it was facing him again. His sunny face was grim. “Make the fucker pay.”

* * *

We didn't even need to use Mori's tracking skills or Sebastian's hacking skills to hunt Jefferies down. His celebratory party was splashed across social media and every news outlet.

That's right. The fucker was celebrating getting off on a technicality. Knowing him, it was highly likely he'd greased the wheels in his favour. I made a mental note to have Sebastian do a deep dive into the judge who'd presided over the case.

Normally I didn't give a shit about politicians. They were all corrupt. If we took it upon ourselves to clean up the trash, we'd never do anything else. Or have anyone running the country.

But this guy...He'd hurt our mate and so many others as a result of his policies. The courts had failed to deliver justice.

Dima and I would not.

The party was being held in the Members Dining Room in the House of Commons, of all places. The irony hadn't escaped us. What better place to celebrate defrauding society than in the heart of the government itself?

Fuckers. Each and every one of them.

Dimitri and I stood at the edge of the dining room, surveying the scene. Hidden behind a compulsion net, we were able to observe at our leisure.

Brian Jefferies was sat at the top table, his already red cheeks further stained by the vast amounts of wine he'd consumed. He was talking far too loudly, those on either side him hanging on his every word, like he was everything they looked up to and adored.

Would they have done so if the court case had had a different outcome? I'd hope not.

Something told me it wouldn't have mattered. That they still would've championed him, even as he sat behind bars.

I memorised each of their faces. Sebastian could do a deep dive into them too. Murdering people was the least creative way to ruin someone's life. We were doing this to Brian Jefferies to send a message.

The others would learn a harder lesson.

“You ready to do this?” Dimitri said next to me. “I can’t watch this fucker for another second.”

I grunted in agreement.

We shoved off the wall and headed for the door at the side of the room. A wisp of compulsion had Brian pushing back his chair to follow us.

“Excuse me,” he slurred to his guests. “Need to use the conveniences.”

I didn’t need to see Dima’s face to know he’d rolled his eyes along with me. Fucking rich pricks.

It was ironic really, given I could single-handedly buy every person sitting in that room. Difference between me and them was that they’d been born with a stick up their arse.

Meanwhile, I’d been born to shove one up there, and I don’t mean sexually. A literal red-hot poker. While they screamed and begged for mercy.

It was a shame we wouldn’t be doing that for dear old Brian. Not to worry though, someone downstairs would undoubtedly take great delight in doing just that once we’d sent him their way.

It had been a good hundred years since I’d been inside these walls, but thankfully the layout hadn’t changed much. You had to admire how the Brits clung to their history and traditions, even if some of them were long due to change. Such as this practice of letting corrupt wankers walk free. Then again, that was more of a ‘human race’ issue than a British one.

I led Dimitri up a set of stairs, Brian following us like a mute puppet. I had to open two doors, but finally I found the room I'd been searching for. "Perfect."

Dimitri strolled to the curtains covering the opposite end of the room. As he poked his head out, sounds from the dinner below filtered through. "Yep, this is the balcony. It'll work perfectly."

Brian stood in the middle of the room, unseeing and completely silent, just as I'd compelled him to be.

I stood before him, lifting the compulsion enough that he was aware, but ensuring he couldn't speak. It wasn't that we were worried about being disturbed—we'd used a net.

No. It was that I couldn't stomach another fucking word out of this cunt's mouth.

He blinked in confusion, looking around the room before narrowing his eyes at me. He opened his mouth to speak, but no sound came out. I smirked as he tried again and again, fury turning his complexion a mottled purple.

"Frustrating when your voice is taken from you," I said in mock sympathy as Dima appeared at my side. "How do you think it feels for all those people you've stifled? The ones who can't afford to pay rent? Those who have to rely on food banks to avoid starvation? The kids in care homes who've had the only stability they've ever known suddenly ripped away from them?"

Brian stepped back, obviously planning on leaving. Dima gave a low chuckle, his own power wrapping around mine. "Oh, there's no point trying to run, Jefferies."

He huffed, mildly put out. It didn't surprise me that he wasn't frightened yet. Men like him rarely found themselves in situations they couldn't bullshit or buy their way

out of.

He'd learn soon enough. Then he'd feel fear.

Dimitri pulled a length of rope out from where his whip usually lived. "I hope you enjoyed your supper, Brian. It was your last."

"And unlike our heavenly mother's son," I said, leaning forwards to whisper, "there won't be any coming back from the dead for you."

* * *

We were faster taking care of Jefferies than I would've liked, but we were on a deadline.

In the room below us, the toasts were happening. There'd been some anxious buzzing about where Jefferies had disappeared to, but a wave of compulsion had had them carrying on as normal.

Not for much longer though.

"Ready?" I asked Dimitri, hands on the curtains.

He nodded, hefting the rope a little higher. "Yep. Let's get this over with so we can get home to Lucky."

I tried to channel Harlow as I threw open the curtains and beamed at the crowd below. "Esteemed members of the Commons and friends, thank you for joining us for tonight's spectacular finale."

A hundred faces turned to look at me en masse. The only compulsion I used was to

ensure their phones didn't appear. Sebastian was taking care of the CCTV feeds, and had warned me not to let any other errant footage slip out. He tried to poke me with his dagger too, but Dimitri had intervened.

“Tonight you're here to celebrate a miscarriage of justice in the form of one Brian Jefferies. While you wine and dine on the finest food and champagne, millions are going to bed with empty stomachs. Children are bedding down in shelters for the night, while their parents are left to seek out empty doorways.”

A few in the crowd shifted uncomfortably, but most of them just looked mildly irritated.

“The media has presented this as justice prevailing.” I let my demon come to the surface, my wings sliding through the panels in my shirt. I didn't usually bother with altered clothing, but it was better for the dramatic effect I was going for. “But we all know that to be a lie.”

Whispers broke out in the room as the audience wondered what kind of show this was.

They were about to find out.

“Behold what happens when justice fails.” I flung out my arm to the side, spotting Dimitri rolling his eyes in my peripheral vision. See, this was why I had to do this part. He took himself far too seriously for this.

I nodded at the captive audience and Dimitri sighed. Hauling the rope in, he hefted Jefferies's body into the air...

...and straight over the balcony.

Gasps and screams filled the room as they took in the bloated corpse of the man they were here to celebrate. His lifeless form swayed on the end of the rope.

Dimitri and I watched the terror unfold in silence. When it reached a fever pitch, I let free another wave of compulsion.

Everyone fell silent, turning to face me like puppets. Just as they had been for the dead man now hanging above them.

“This is the fate that awaits you,” I said darkly. “Maybe not in this life, but certainly in the next. If you do not change your ways, you will find yourselves in the hands of someone just like me for the rest of eternity. Rest assured, what’s happened to Brian Jefferies here is a small mercy compared to what he’s now facing in Hell.”

Dimitri pulled the rope, lifting Brian’s body a little higher. “You will remember none of what’s happened here, but you will remember this feeling of fear you have now. Every time you go to break the law, cause or turn a blind eye to corruption, or do something not for the good of the nation, you will remember how you feel now.”

With his final ominous words, Dimitri swung Jefferies effortlessly back over the balustrade and dropped him unceremoniously on the floor. When I closed the curtains, our compulsion lifted, and the chatter continued as though nothing had happened.

Well, not nothing. There was a note of anxiety in the air now. People were voicing uncertainties about the future rather than applauding the corruption they’d got away with in the past.

Good.

Dimitri set about staging the scene so it appeared as though Brian Jefferies had

choked to death. It wouldn't be a hard sell given his level of inebriation when he'd left the dining room. The compulsion we'd left on his body would seal the deal though.

"Come on," Dima said when he was done, brushing a kiss against my temple. "Let's go home and tell Lucky it's done."

A slow smirk worked over my face, making Dima frown at me curiously. "What?"

"I'm just thinking...he's going to be really grateful."

Now Dimitri was smirking too. "Lucky us."

Chapter 10

Adventures with...Harlow and Bailey

BAILEY

We'd needed this getaway for months. Years, if I were being honest. The only time Harlow and I really stepped away from the gym was when the supe community demanded it. Tagging along on death defying adventures wasn't exactly my idea of a relaxing break.

Don't get me wrong, Harlow wasn't the issue. It was me. Fitness on Fire was my baby, and up until recently, the thought of leaving it unnecessarily was too much to handle.

Now though, things were different. Ferry had come on full-time, working whenever Leo was at the fire station. Riley was looking after our accounts and finances. Even the management side was covered, thanks to our new hire. Bear was a human who knew nothing about our world, but thankfully, he knew everything when it came to managing a gym. The giant of a man lived up to his name, but he had a gentle soul. Cash, the owner of the new kink club The Window, had sent his CV our way. His recommendation had been enough to give Bear the job on the spot.

Low was dying to ask Bear what kink had him going to Cash's club several times a week. I'd had to literally put my hand over his mouth on more than one occasion before sternly reminding him that there were several HR laws that prohibited that kind of question.

Secretly, I suspected it had to be something caring. He didn't strike me as a sadist or a masochist, and he wasn't submissive; that I was sure of. Some kind of Dom for sure. A Daddy maybe?

Whatever he was into wasn't our business. In the few short months he'd been with us, Bear had proven to be worth his weight in gold. Enough that I felt confident leaving the gym while Harlow and I got some much-needed alone time.

Well, for the most part.

"Nope," Harlow chirped, taking my phone out of my hands and stowing it in the pocket of his door. "Everything's fine, baby. You don't need to keep checking."

I settled down in my seat, grumbling a little under my breath. Not too loudly though. Low and I both knew how much I secretly loved it when he took care of me. "What if there's an emergency?"

"Then they'll handle it." My mate's cherry red lips twisted in a smirk as he pulled into the car park. "Ferry will be there all weekend. If he could survive Hell for four thousand years while separated from his mate, I'm sure he can deal with any emergencies that arise. And that's before we even take Bear into consideration. I think he could give you a run for your money when it comes to caring about that place."

That was true. I was being silly really, but Fitness on Fire was my dream. I didn't want anything to go wrong.

"We've left it before," Harlow reminded me as we got out of the car. "Nothing bad happened then."

"We had to leave it." Stupid supe bollocks. "This is different."

“No, we have to leave it this time too,” Harlow said firmly, lifting his massive suitcase out of the boot. I bit back a smile. It was a good thing he had super strength given the case was almost as big as him. We were only away for two nights, but I knew better than to question it. “It’s very important.”

I lifted my much smaller bag out and slung it over my shoulder. “Oh yeah? Why’s that then?”

“Because—” Harlow pressed himself against me, my leg automatically slipping between his thighs. “—I want to show you somewhere special to me.”

I narrowed my eyes. “Why does that sound dirty?”

Mischief flashed in Harlow’s eyes. “Probably because you know me so well.”

“True. Even without the bond, I’d be able to tell you’re thinking something wicked.”

The lust in the bond was generally always there. It didn’t take much more than one of us thinking of the other to set it off. Throughout the drive though, it had been steadily rising on Harlow’s end, letting me know he was up to something.

“Baby, I’m always thinking about wicked things where you’re concerned.” He rocked against my leg, his hard cock pressing into my thigh. I groaned, leaning down to catch his mouth in a fiery kiss.

Even after all this time, the passion between us hadn’t dwindled. Kissing Harlow was just as potent as it had been the first time.

Unlike then though, I knew this wasn’t the last time. That we had all of forever stretched out before us.

“Come on,” he growled, pulling away from me and rearranging himself in his trousers. “Let’s go before I fuck you in this car park.”

I groaned, pressing a hand against my own erection. “Compulsion nets exist for a reason.”

The mischief was back in Harlow’s eyes as he grabbed my hand. “They do, but trust me, you’re going to like the surprise I’ve got in mind.”

* * *

“This is your surprise?”

I was staring up at the grand entrance to the Roman Baths, wondering if Harlow had lost his mind. The fancy spa hotel we’d just checked in to, that I expected.

This, on the other hand...

Harlow chuckled, tugging me towards the entrance to the museum. “Trust me, you’re going to love this.”

I grunted but let him tow me through the queue. “Taking a tour around the Roman Baths is definitely more of an Oscar activity. Are you sure this isn’t something you should do with him instead?”

Harlow’s heated look back over his shoulder was accompanied by a pulse of lust in the bond. “No, baby. What I’ve got in mind definitely isn’t appropriate to do with Oscar. Pretty sure you’d have an issue with it. And Cal? Let’s just say he’d send me to Hell in a way that’d have me never returning.”

I chuckled. “Okay, I’ll bite. I’m intrigued.”

Harlow showed his phone to the attendant, chattering away as he always did. I swore Harlow had never met a soul he couldn't make fall in love with him instantly.

Well, I guess that wasn't technically true. I ran for a little while.

But Harlow caught me, and he wasn't letting me go now.

Which was good, because I wasn't letting him go either. I still had to pinch myself on a daily basis to remind myself that this was real. That this charming, enigmatic, sweet, and funny man was mine.

Mine.

Once he finally finished with the attendant, thanking her for her restaurant recommendation, he marched with purpose towards an arch. He bypassed the short queue, making my brow furrow. He might not have been truly British, but even he knew skipping past wasn't good queue etiquette. "Low? Where are we going?"

"That's the wait for the audio guides," he said, slipping his hand into mine and squeezing. "We don't need one of those."

"We don't?"

"Nope." Harlow wagged his manicured brows at me. "Not when you can hear all the history firsthand from someone who was there."

I snorted. "Should've guessed that was the case."

"A place known for public nudity and occasional debauchery? Yeah, Bailey, you really should have. This was one of my favourite places."

We walked out into the top level, overlooking the green water below. Harlow's lips thinned slightly. "It didn't used to be green."

It hit me then, how old Harlow was. I mean, I'd always known, but he could remember what this place had been like in its heyday. It wasn't history for him, but nostalgia. "I'm guessing there used to be a roof?"

Harlow nodded. "Not everything survives, I suppose."

Melancholy trickled from him, making me wrap my arm around his shoulders and tug him into my side. "You do, though."

He grinned up at me brightly. "That's true. No one's been able to take me down yet."

I scowled at that. "Yet?"

Harlow rolled his eyes. "Don't you worry about that, Bailey. I'm not going anywhere. Neither of us are. Anyway, come on. There's a statue around the corner that Mori accidentally knocked the nose off. Let's go see what historical bullshit they've found to explain that away."

The next hour passed with Harlow slowly leading me through the ruins of the Baths, painting pictures of what it had looked like far vividly than any audio guide could have.

"This was not the gymnasium," he announced loudly, not caring about the strange looks we were getting. "It was another massage room. Honestly, do these archaeologists not know anything?"

I shot apologetic looks at the people we passed, fighting back a grin. Fuck, how I loved him.

He'd paused in the doorway to a small room. Like in other areas, there were images projected on the wall, meant to give you an idea of what types of activities had occurred.

"This is more like it." Harlow nodded approvingly. "There were definitely a lot of naked men here."

I laughed. "Hence why you spent so much time here."

He leaned back into me. "Well I had to do something, given you very rudely made me wait several millennia."

"My apologies." I nipped at his ear, drawing a shiver from him. "Now I'm the only naked man you'll be looking at."

"Well, sort of." Harlow gestured at the very poor acting still playing out over the walls. "But trust me, you're far more attractive than any of these blokes. Even if you weren't my fated mate, I would've chosen you over them. Hands down."

The Bailey of a few years ago would've argued back. He would've insisted Harlow was wrong or downplayed the compliment. It had been a long time since that version of me had existed, and it was all thanks to the man in my arms. My demon mate. "Thank you, Low. I would've chosen you too."

"Obviously." He went up on tiptoes to brush a kiss over my jaw. "I'm fabulous. Everyone chooses me."

That was true. I'd let go of my jealousy where Harlow was concerned around the same time I got over my insecurities. Harlow was a beautiful butterfly, people flocking to him wherever we went. But I was the one he came home to. The only one he was interested in touching. The only one who'd ever have his heart.

Knowing that made it easy to let everything go.

With all of the people milling around, I was curious as to what Harlow had in mind. Given we'd had sex in mid-air multiple times, I knew anything could happen. Maybe Harlow was imagining some role-play. Perhaps he wanted me to dress up as a soldier and...

A wicked smirk tipped his lips as he twisted in my arms. "Whatcha thinking about there, Bailey?"

I pulled him tighter back into me, letting him feel the predicament my imagination had got me into. "Just wondering what you're planning for us. And how much longer you're going to make me wait."

Harlow groaned, his slim fingers sneaking behind him to squeeze me through my jeans. A whimper slipped free as I pushed harder into his grip.

"I'm afraid you're going to have to wait," he whispered, caressing me firmly before letting go. "Too many people around at the moment."

I nudged him deeper into the room. "Again, isn't that what compulsion nets are for?"

Harlow turned in my arms, looping his wrists around my neck and kissing me soundly. Once he was done, I could taste his familiar cherry gloss on my own lips. It was as familiar as Harlow himself. It had completely ruined Bakewell tarts for me. It was a bit awkward having to explain why you'd got a hard-on while eating a pudding.

"True, but I have another location in mind. It's more in the open." He kissed me once more before nudging his way out of my embrace. "You're going to want it to be empty for what I'm planning, trust me. Don't worry, it closes soon. I'll cover us in a net after that, and then we can play."

“Fine.” I sighed loudly. “Let’s hope my cock doesn’t fall off through disuse before then.”

Harlow’s cackle rang off the walls. “And people think I’m the dramatic one.”

* * *

‘S oon’ turned out to be another two hours. They passed fast though. Harlow could breathe life into the duller of places. With him as my guide, I felt like I was walking through the third century AD, witnessing life as it actually occurred.

Eventually though, we were the last two there. Harlow cast a compulsion net, hiding us from all cameras and security guards.

Then he led me back to the room that held the remains of the ancient temple to Minerva.

“Why this place?” I asked curiously. It was cool, but not what I’d pictured when Harlow had suggested getting up to...mischief. “I thought you’d go for one of the saunas or something.”

“Nah.” Harlow laughed, leading me along the metal gangway. “I’ve got a very particular place in mind.”

He stopped in front of a large piece of rectangular stone. On every side of it were beautiful carvings. “The sacrificial altar?”

“Yep,” Harlow said, easily hopping over the fence and holding out a hand to me. “Come on.”

I let him help me over, trusting him to catch me if I fell. Once I was over, I eyed the

altar warily. “Doesn’t this feel a bit...blasphemous?”

Harlow’s laugh echoed off the walls again. I scowled at him as he continued laughing, even as his mascara started to streak.

“Baby,” he wheezed, wiping away the stray make-up, “I hate to remind you, but you’re mated to a son of Lucifer. Literal Satan. It doesn’t get more blasphemous than that.”

I crossed my arms over my chest. “I know, but this feels different.”

“Does it help to know Minerva isn’t real?” There’s no mocking in his tone as he gently cups my face. “None of the gods the Romans or Greeks worshipped are. Some of them were inspired by real supes though.”

Oh god. “Real supes...meaning you?”

Harlow grinned, jumping up on the ledge of the altar and swinging his legs. “Maybe. Wanna guess?”

I run through my very dusty recollection of mythology in my mind. “Dionysus? No. Hermes?”

“Close.” Harlow chuckled. “Prometheus was based on me. Allegedly.”

“And he was the god of...?”

“Why, mischief, of course.” Harlow’s grin spread wide. “A trickster believed to have gifted fire to humankind.”

I stepped between his legs, smiling up at him as he wound them around my back.

“Yep. That sounds like you.”

“Dagon is to blame for Dionysus,” he said. “He once had an argument with Dimitri, got wasted on Adamanthea, and then caused quite the stir in Thebes.”

I laughed loudly. “Fuck, I can’t wait to tell Lucky this. Wait, wasn’t Prometheus the one who was chained to a rock and had his liver eaten by an eagle?”

“Yeah, I couldn’t come up with anything more inventive at the time.”

I booped his nose with mine. “Sounds pretty inventive to me.”

“That’s because you don’t have torture listed on your CV. Anyway, there is a story as to why I want to fuck you here.”

Just the word ‘fuck’ has my dick harder than the rock my mate is talking about. “Tell me.”

“Millenia ago, I used to watch the humans worship Minerva here,” he said, his eyes misting, like he’s back in that place long ago. “As with all temples like this, they sacrificed animals to a god that didn’t exist. I used to watch, and it made me so angry. It was so stupid. When I realised this altar still existed, I figured maybe defiling it with you might make me feel better.”

I had to bite the inside of my cheek to contain my laughter. “Low, you literally ate an entire chicken last night at Nando’s.”

“That’s not the point.” He sniffed delicately and I had to suppress a laugh. “That chicken didn’t die needlessly. It died to feed me.”

“A being who doesn’t technically need food to survive.”

“I need some .” Harlow pouts at me. “Anyway, are you spoiling my argument? Do you not want me to rail you on this altar to prove some ridiculous point from aeons ago?”

“Oh, I definitely want that.” I dragged my nose along his neck, stopping to nip at his ear. “Baby, you don’t need to explain why you want to fuck me somewhere. I don’t know if you realise this, but I’m as whipped for you as you are for me.”

Flames danced in Harlow’s eyes as he nudged me backwards and dropped down between us. “Then get your arse up on that altar and lie back.”

Grateful that I’d gone for joggers over jeans, I shimmied them to the floor before doing as Harlow asked. It felt a bit weird doing so in such a public space, but we were the only ones here.

And it certainly wasn’t the first time we’d fucked somewhere we shouldn’t. Wouldn’t be the last, either.

“Wait,” Harlow said suddenly, pulling off the backpack he’d insisted on bringing with him. I’d questioned it because it didn’t match his outfit. Not something I cared about, but I knew Harlow did. “Here.”

From the backpack, he produced a fluffy, padded blanket. How he’d fit it in there was a mystery to me, but it provided a soft covering on the stone. “I didn’t want you to get cold or uncomfortable.”

Even after all this time, his thoughtfulness still took me off guard. “Thank you, Low.”

He kissed me hungrily before stepping back and undoing his trousers. “Up you get, baby.”

The blanket was as soft as I'd suspected. If it weren't for the ancient artefacts surrounding us, I might've believed we were back in our bed at home.

"Fuck, Bailey," Harlow hissed as he positioned my feet wider, leaving me splayed open for him. "I'll never get tired of this sight." From between my thighs, he shot me a wicked smirk. "Hold on tight, baby."

My fingers found the edge of the altar as Harlow's tongue found my hole. He licked me teasingly, like we had all the time in the world. Not like we were fooling around inside an ancient site.

Well, as Harlow kept pointing out, it wasn't ancient to him. It was a place he'd once been familiar with.

I shivered as he sucked, his tongue slowly working me open. "Fuck, Low. That feels so good."

His answering groan had me writhing, my fingers scrabbling against the stone. I couldn't help it. I never could with Harlow. He made me lose all control of myself. Made me forget my own damn name.

Low growled and lifted his arm, bracing it over my lower stomach. Pinning me in place. At his mercy.

Then, there was nothing I could do except feel. Except beg.

"Low."

"Please."

"More."

“Low.”

“ Low. ”

He lifted his face at that final plea, his pupils so big they obliterated the gold. “You need me, baby?”

“Please,” I half sobbed. Sweat had my shirt clinging to my chest, all my limbs shaking, and he hadn’t even got inside me yet. “Fuck me. Now.”

He stood up, wiping his hand over the back of his mouth. He didn’t take his eyes off me as he lubed up his fingers and cock. Not as he gently stretched me some more, pushing more lube into me as he did so.

No, Harlow kept his gaze on me the whole time. The man he loved. The man he’d taken as his mate. That was me. Me. Sometimes I still couldn’t believe it.

“I’m ready,” I panted, my hands under my thighs as I held myself open for him.

Harlow straightened, glancing down and then back at me. Then, he started laughing.

Letting go of my legs, I propped myself up on my elbows to glare at him. “Something funny, Low?”

He gestured at his cock and then at me. It took me a second to see the issue, and then I was laughing too. Harlow was too short to fuck me while I was up on the altar. “And people think the height difference is cute.”

“Meh, it’s easily solved.” Harlow chuckled. His familiar black wings appeared over his shoulders, sliding through the panels he had built into all his shirts. Unlike his brothers, Harlow didn’t like to constantly ruin his wardrobe. His wings moved

slightly, raising him a foot off the floor and letting him hover in the air. With strong hands, he lifted my legs and put them over his shoulders. “There. Now I’m the right height.”

I whimpered, reaching down to stroke my aching cock. “You just had to bring out the wings.”

Low smirked down at me as he lined himself up. “Well, it certainly comes in handy at times like this.”

“Just don’t set the place on fire this time,” I said, groaning as the head of his cock pushed past my rim. “Stuff in here isn’t as easy to replace as curtains.”

“I can control fire, remember?”

His cock brushed against my prostate and I gasped, my back arching. “Still had to buy new curtains.”

Harlow’s wings held him over me as he sank fully to the hilt, stealing my ability to speak. Fortunately, Harlow didn’t require any conversation as he slowly started to fuck me. His mouth was busy on my skin. Nipping at my jaw. Licking long stripes up my throat. Sucking along my collarbone.

He didn’t stop fucking me, proving what I already knew about his ability to multitask. At this point, Harlow could play my body like an instrument, hitting all the right notes to have me gasping and moaning. A symphony of sound that I didn’t bother trying to hold back anymore.

Why would I, when I knew how much Harlow enjoyed it?

His joy at bringing me pleasure was intertwined with lust in the bond. But those

weren't the predominant emotions he was feeling right now.

That was love. It always was.

His teeth latched on to my nipple and tugged. Suddenly I couldn't hold on to the stone any longer. My hands buried themselves in Low's hair, holding tight as he sucked at the sensitive skin.

"Fuck, Low. Yes. More. Take me harder."

He growled but didn't remove his mouth as he did as I asked. His power lifted me slightly, cushioning me as he unleashed himself.

Pleasure was ripping through me as he hit my prostate again and again, first my own, then Harlow's. It was a constant echo chamber that I should have been used to by now, but I wasn't. How could I be? I had a permanent front-row seat to how Harlow was feeling. The ecstasy he felt while inside me. The wonder as he tasted me.

The endless want for me.

He finally dragged his mouth from my nipple. His lips were swollen from the attention he'd been lavishing on me, and the sight of his eyes had my orgasm rushing through me. The love in them. The need. The fierce joy.

I was his everything, just as he was mine.

With that thought, I came, my hole clamping tight around Harlow's cock. He followed me a second later, his shout echoing off the ancient ruins.

He slipped out of me and I felt his release dripping from my hole. Oh dear. From the feel of it, the blanket had moved. If that fell on the stone, we'd have some cleaning to

do. The discovery of new DNA on an ancient ruin might cause some confusion.

Especially if that DNA revealed itself to not be human.

Harlow's wings vanished as he collapsed on me, and I opened my arms to catch him. We both took a second to catch our breath. Even Harlow needed a moment after that.

"Well," I said eventually, dropping a kiss on his head. "That certainly lived up to what you promised."

"Good." He propped his chin on my chest and smiled at me mischievously. "I'm glad, because I have a list of ancient monuments and artefacts for us to defile."

I cuddled him closer. "I can't fucking wait."

Page 11

Source Creation Date: July 27, 2025, 3:45 pm

Chapter 11

Adventures with...Mori and River

MORI

Tonight was our seventh anniversary.

Seven years since that evening on the beach when I'd made River my mate. When I'd stopped fighting the inevitable. When I'd allowed myself to be happy.

And fuck, did River make me happy.

"Are you going to tell me where we're going?" River asked, snuggling into my side. "Like, any clues at all?"

"Nope," I said with a smile. I did that a lot these days. Smiled.

River still gave me shit for being grumpy, but the truth was, it happened a lot less with him in my life. That's not to say I was never grumpy, especially when River played the brat.

Something he did all too well.

"Spoilsport." He sighed dramatically. "It better end with an orgasm, lumbersnack, or you're going to have a very unhappy camper on your hands."

I snorted. “We went camping once, remember? Happy was the last thing you were.”

“Because you tried to make me sleep outside,” River protested. “You wouldn’t even let me sleep in your car.”

“Not sure I would even now, to be honest.”

I hiss as he tickles my side. Little git.

“Well, I was happy when you let me into the tent,” River said dreamily, leaning his head against my shoulder. “I remember you grinding against me before you were even awake. See? Your cock knew we were mates before you did.”

“Because you were glamourised,” I reminded him with a chuckle. “And going back to what you said before this devolves into an argument, tonight will definitely end in an orgasm. More than one, if you behave.”

River’s face lit up. “I can behave. I can be the best behaved person to ever behave.” I raised a brow, because we both knew that was bullshit. River deflated almost immediately, shooting me a sheepish grin. “Fine, I’ll try and behave. But you love my bratting. Don’t try and deny it.”

“No denials here.” He was right. I fucking loved it.

Just as much as I loved him.

We turned a corner and a distinctive building appeared. Beside me, River sucked in a breath. “Wait, are we going to The Window?”

“Yep.” The kink club had opened a while ago. The owner, a jaguar shifter called Cash, had gifted us lifetime memberships upon it opening. Thanks to an insanely

busy period at The Closet, we hadn't had a chance to make use of them.

Tonight, that was going to change.

River paused and grabbed my face in both his hands. He placed a smacking kiss on my lips, his grin stretching wide as he pulled back. "Fuck, you really are the best. I'm so lucky to have you."

I looped an arm around his waist, hauling him against me with a growl. "I'm the lucky one."

I kissed him, more thoroughly than the brief offering he'd given me. I plundered his mouth, taking exactly what I wanted, until I could feel his hard cock pressing against my thigh. River moaned as I slid my leg between his, giving him more friction to push against.

"Enough," River said breathlessly as he broke the kiss. "We're in public."

I palmed his arse. "And I seem to remember you enjoy fucking in public. That's kind of the whole point of tonight."

I waited for the penny to drop. It took mere seconds. River's eyes widened before heat took over. "Have you arranged a scene for us, lumbersnack?"

I grunted in affirmation. "Happy about that?"

"Fuck yes," he hissed. He pulled away abruptly, stalking off towards the old church before glancing over his shoulder. "Hurry up! You don't get to tempt me with public scenes and then make me wait."

I bit back my laughter, following my mate with a shake of my head.

Seven years, and he still kept me on my toes.

* * *

River

I officially had the best mate ever.

This wasn't news. Mori had proven that he was meant to be mine every single day. We challenged each other. Made one another laugh.

We were happy.

And, after this date he'd planned for us, I suspected we'd be fucking ecstatic.

The ropes were a mainstay in our bedroom. We'd expanded our kinky collection over the years, even going so far as to put a spanking bench in the basement. Not that Mori spanked me on it. No, he liked to tie me to it and edge me for hours. Sometimes he'd fuck me, right up until he felt my orgasm start to rise, only to pull out. My poor, empty hole would be left gaping, twitching, gripping nothing but empty air.

He'd leave me like that for a while before repeating the process. Again. And again. And again. Until I was nothing more than a weeping, inarticulate mess.

There was no getting away from it—our sex life was wonderful. Epic. Transcendent.

But there was nothing we got off on more than public sex.

With compulsion nets, we were never caught. No one could see or hear us.

There was a deeply buried part of me that wished they could. An exhibitionist that

wanted to come out and play. To know others were watching Mori fuck me. Hearing the moans he drew out of me. That they could watch him touch me, but never be able to do it themselves.

Fuck. It got me so hot.

It was something Mori and I had discussed often, but without a safe venue to do so, it wasn't a fantasy we'd believed would come true any time soon.

And then The Window had opened.

Honestly, I should've guessed sooner that this was what he had planned. Tonight was our first night off in months. I'd figured we'd get dinner, maybe go for a drive down to the beach where we'd become mates. You know, romantic shit.

This was so much fucking better.

Two bouncers were on the door. Like Mori had at The Closet, Cash had opted for supes over humans, which made sense. If your job was to evict troublesome patrons, a great number of them being supes, you needed someone who could match their strength and powers.

The jaguar shifter checked our IDs while the vampire beside him cross referenced our names with the membership list. Once they were satisfied, we were welcomed inside.

I let out a low whistle as we stepped into the vast space that held the bar. "How do you think God feels about one of her churches being turned into a BDSM club?"

"Not sure she cares," Mori grunted, putting his arm around my shoulders tightly and glaring at a handsome vampire who was eyeing me up from across the room. "They can look, but they can't touch."

“Relax, lumbersnack.” I patted his chest. “I’m all yours. Everyone in here can tell we’re bonded without you needing to piss all over me.”

His grip relaxed slightly, but he didn’t remove his arm. I didn’t care. I loved these possessive little demonstrations he liked to throw my way occasionally. Intentionally making him jealous was still a frequent part of our foreplay routine. The sex that followed was always out of this world.

Toxic? Perhaps. But with the bond between us, we knew neither of us were ever upset about it. Mori loved reminding me who I belonged to.

And I loved being reminded.

Tonight wasn’t about that though. No, we had something far more exciting to look forward to.

Cash, the owner of the club, spotted us from the bar and waved us over. We weaved through the crowd, both of us grinning at the giant jaguar shifter. He was as tall and wide as Mori, his long, dark hair wild and down to his shoulders. His keen eyes didn’t miss anything.

Of all the supes in here, silently mixing in with the oblivious humans, Cash stood out the most. There was a stillness in him that was rare to witness outside of nature. He was every inch a predator.

But underneath that predator was a caring man. Cash was a Dom. Not in the way Mori was—tying me up inside the bedroom and taking control. More like Toby, my twin’s mate. It was a full-time role for him.

Like several other supes who had a hand in running the club, he’d become a good friend.

“Glad ye could come, finally,” he said as we drew near.

“Thank you for accommodating our request,” Mori said, reaching out to shake Cash’s hand. “It means a lot to us.”

Cash waved him off. “No problem. It’s literally what we do. Do ye want a drink first, or head straight to your scene?”

“Scene,” I said immediately. “Please.”

Cash chuckled. “You’ve got a live wire there, Mori.”

“Don’t I know it,” he said, kissing my temple. “And what my brat wants, he gets.”

A new voice piped up. “I think you’ll find the position of brat has been filled, thank you very much.”

I detached myself from Mori to pull Alexis into a hug. Out of all the new residents of The Window, he was the one I’d grown closest to. Probably thanks to the shit we liked to put our bed partners through. “No one can take your title, don’t you worry about that.”

The twink vampire was dressed in just a pair of skin-tight hotpants. His long hair was in a bun, and he had glitter dusted over his cheekbones. “Good. It’s a title I’m very proud of.”

“And he wonders why he can’t get a Daddy,” Cash said to Mori in a faux whisper.

Alexis sniffed and raised his chin. “Why settle when I have all eternity to find the right man?”

Honestly, you couldn't argue with that logic.

Cash apparently agreed, instead asking Alexis to show us to our room. We bade the shifter farewell, promising to be in again soon. Then we were back amongst the crowd, heading towards a door in the corner.

We passed a stage where a human was spanking a demon. Not just any human, I realised, but Bear. He worked at Bailey's gym and therefore fell under our protection.

Not that he needed it right now, given the cries he was deftly drawing out of the demon.

Bear didn't know about the supe world as far as I was aware. Given he both worked and socialised in places filled with them though, I couldn't help but wonder how long that would last.

Mori noticed my attention lingering on the stage and smirked. "We can do that another time if you like."

I shivered and dragged my gaze away. "That's not why I was looking, but fuck yes. I'm down."

Mori glanced back and I saw recognition dawn. "Oh, it's Bear. We probably shouldn't say hi."

"No." I chuckled as we neared the door Alexis had disappeared through. "I definitely don't think he wants to be interrupted right now."

We followed Alexis down a corridor that had pairs of doors all along it. He opened one and led us into a room with a comfortable looking bed, lube, and a massive mirror on the wall.

I thought about who could be on the other side of the mirror and my cock stirred. Fuck. People were going to watch us fuck.

I couldn't wait.

"This—" Alexis tapped a switch on the wall. "—turns the glass transparent. It's completely up to you. There are members in there watching. The humans have been compelled, so anything supernatural that they see will be accepted then forgotten. For some people using this room, just knowing they're out there is enough. Others they want to see their reactions."

I bit my lip to hold back my grin. Oh, I already knew exactly which one we'd be doing.

Alexis asked us if we had any questions before telling us to enjoy our scene with a wink.

I snorted at that. Any sex with Mori was enjoyable. This, though?

It was going to go miles beyond enjoyment.

As soon as Alexis left the room, Mori strode over to the switch. Fingers hovering inches away, he raised a brow at me. "Yes?"

I rolled my eyes, kicking off my shoes. "Obviously."

Mori's eyes narrowed as my hands went to the button on my jeans. "What are you doing, brat? That job's mine."

A shiver went down my spine. "Then flick the switch so you can come over here and get on with it."

He did and the mirror cleared instantly. On a platform in the room beside ours were three humans and a demon. I did a double take as I recognised the latter. Adam was a regular at The Closet and possibly the most demonic demon I'd come across.

Which said a lot, given the ones I spent most of my time with were the sons of Lucifer.

Mori wrapped his arms around me from behind, unbuttoning my shirt slowly, putting on a show for our audience. His lips brushed my ear and he murmured quietly, "Are you okay with Adam being there? They always ask a supe to sit in just in case of any issues. But if you're not comfortable, I can ask for someone we don't know."

"Nah." I winked at Adam, who gave me a lazy salute in return. "Let him see how a real demon fucks."

From the middle finger he sent my way, there were microphones in here. That knowledge sent another frisson of excitement through me. "Hurry up and get me naked, lumbersnack."

He pinched my nipple, drawing a hiss from me. "Patience, brat."

Ha. Seven years together and he still hadn't learned that that wasn't a word in my vocabulary. "Or you'll what?"

A band of fire appeared around my throat, not burning me, just gently squeezing. "Or I'll be forced to punish you before we get started."

Adam smirked at that. One of the humans was already jacking off, his hungry eyes devouring my now naked chest. I hoped he had good staying power, because there was no way either of us was going to make this fast.

Mori slowly stripped me, his big hands tugging and teasing at every sensitive spot. After seven years, he knew them all. His mouth caressed and sucked at the back of my neck. My ears. My shoulders. Whatever he could reach. Normally I'd want his eyes on me, but tonight I had the eyes of others. Their desire, their wanton lust had me flying higher than ever before.

When I was naked, Mori reached around to tug on my balls. I hissed, precum shooting from my cock. "Want to show them one of your special skills?"

I smiled coyly over my shoulder. "Which in particular did you have in mind?"

Mori didn't answer with his words. He lifted me off the floor and dropped me on the bed. It was soft, the linens clearly fresh.

Best of all, it was high. The perfect height for me to drape my head off.

And for Mori to fuck my throat.

He unbuckled his belt, his fierce gaze fixed on me. "On your back, brat. Hands in the air."

I sprang to obey him. He might call me a brat, but I was too amped up to actually do any bratting tonight. I wanted to obey. I wanted Mori to own me and wreck me. To show our audience that while they could look all they wanted, they could never touch me.

That was a privilege reserved for my mate alone.

He fastened his belt tightly around my wrists, knowing my pain threshold could take it. He let go and hauled me into position, moving me like I was nothing more than a rag doll. A toy for him to use and play with.

I fucking loved it.

When he was done, my head was hanging off the edge of the bed along with my arms. My bound hands hung in mid-air, swaying slightly.

I was completely helpless. Well, not completely. I knew that if Mori felt the tiniest hesitation in the bond, he'd stop immediately.

My mate would never hurt me. My happiness and safety came above all else. It was how I was able to fully relax with him, in a way I hadn't been able to with anyone before.

Mori was my mate. The other half of my soul

"Open up, Riv." His voice was like gravel as he tapped on my chin. I obliged, stretching my mouth wide to accommodate him. I darted a glance at the glass to see all of the humans touching themselves. Adam, however, was just watching us intently, elbows on his knees, chin resting on his fists.

Mori freed his cock from his jeans and my mouth started to water. Fuck, I couldn't wait to get that inside me. Any part of me, to be honest.

"Hold your breath, brat." That was all the warning he gave me before plunging right down my throat. My eyes streamed, my legs flexing automatically as I fought past my gag reflex.

It only took a second. It was barely there as it was. Deep throating Mori was still one of my favourite activities.

"Fuck, Riv," Mori groaned. He put his hands on either side of my shoulders, bracing his weight there. "Ready for more?"

I gargled a noise that was meant to be an affirmative. Bit difficult to be articulate given my mouth was otherwise engaged, but fortunately, Mori understood. Using the bed as leverage, he pistoned his hips forwards and back, fucking my throat. He was relentless, only pausing every minute or so so I could breathe.

As for me? I was a wreck, just as I'd hoped. Saliva and tears mixed on my face, creating an unholy mess. My arms swung uselessly as Mori used my body. The best thing was knowing people were watching us though. That they were getting off on what we were doing.

Mori gave a low groan and the bond thrummed. He was getting close. Fuck, I was torn between loving having my wrists bound and wanting to touch him.

My own cock was needy and aching. I wasn't worried. Mori never left me unsatisfied.

"Riv," he panted, "hang on."

He withdrew and I scowled up at him. "Why'd you stop?"

The rasp in my voice had someone groaning behind the glass. I glanced over to see that one of the humans had come already, the others not far behind.

Adam still hadn't touched himself.

"Be patient." Mori scolded me, flicking my chin. "I'm just readjusting so I can do this."

He moved me back slightly so I was still hanging off the bed, but only just, then he crowded in close. Before I could ask what he was up to, his shaft filled my mouth once more, stealing my ability to speak.

Seconds later, my question was answered as Mori leaned forwards and swallowed my needy cock whole.

I moaned loudly around Mori, my hips instantly thrusting upwards as I sought more. More touch. More heat. More friction. To his credit, Mori didn't gag once. He just sucked me off like a machine, exactly the way he knew I liked it.

Lust was building rapidly in the bond now, tugging us both towards the inevitable end. I wasn't sure which of us was driving it either, we were just along for the ride.

Mori fell first, the familiar taste of him filling my mouth as I swallowed rapidly. I followed him almost instantly, thrusting up once more as my vision whitened out.

My mate planted a kiss on the crown of my softening dick before carefully extracting himself from my mouth. Using the belt, he lifted me easily until I was sat on the bed.

"Thanks," I said as he held a bottle of water to my mouth for me to drink.

"Want to carry on?" he asked quietly. Too quietly for the microphones to detect. "Or do you want to stop? I don't mind."

I winked at him. "I'm not calling time if you aren't, old man."

His grin turned into something predatory. "Oh, you're asking for it now, brat."

That's how I found myself on my knees, tied to the end of the bed using Mori's belt and screaming as he fucked me relentlessly from behind. He'd rimmed me first, making sure to position me so our audience could see exactly what caused each and every one of my moans.

And, when I was ready for him, he'd entered me as swiftly as he had my mouth.

Thankfully, I was well used to taking him now. His girth was a familiar friend, one that drove me fucking insane as he hammered against my prostate.

Two of the humans had come now, but all three were still captivated by the performance we were putting on. Adam's cock had finally appeared too, his hand idly stroking it as my cries got louder and louder.

"Look at them all, Riv," Mori panted in my ear, lifting my chin to turn my face towards the window. "All of them are watching me fucking own you. Do you like that? Do you like having their eyes on you?"

"Yes," I whimpered. Fuck, I wasn't going to last. From what I felt in the bond, neither was Mori. "So fucking hot."

"Then come, Riv," he grunted, slamming home. "Come for me, baby."

My release hit me like a train, my throat constricting as I cried out. Cum sprayed over my stomach. My thighs. My chest.

Then Mori was coming too. His fingers dug into my hips so hard that I was glad I was immortal.

Our panting breaths filled the air. Mori collapsed on my back, pressing a kiss to my sweat-slicked skin. "Happy anniversary, Riv."

My lips curled up in a grin. "Happy anniversary, lumbersnack."

Chapter 12

Adventures with...the Triad

DAGON

Ever since discovering that Lucky had never had a proper birthday celebration, Dima and I had gone out of our way to make the day special for him.

I'd thought we'd hit the peak last year with our primal night. We'd enjoyed stalking Lucky through the woods almost as much as he'd enjoyed being caught. So much so, in fact, that we'd repeated it three times since.

Today though, I thought we'd topped it.

"I can't believe you brought me to Italy," Lucky said as our taxi raced through the streets. And I do mean raced. Even with Lucky being as immortal as us, both Dimitri and I had cast compulsion nets over him. Italian drivers could give Lucky a run for his money. I loved our mate, but there was no denying he was a liability behind the wheel. "We're really here. How long for?"

"For two whole weeks," Dimitri said, brushing a kiss against his temple. "A week here in Sorrento, three nights in Rome, three in Venice, then one in Pisa."

Lucky's eyes went wide. "Stop. Are we going to Herculaneum?"

"And Pompeii," I said, grinning at the sheer delight emanating from Lucky's end of

the bond. “We wouldn’t come all this way and not take you there.”

Lucky sighed, taking one of our hands in each of his. “You truly are the best. Thank you.”

“You don’t need to thank us.” I squeezed his hand lightly while exchanging a grin with Dimitri over Lucky’s head. It had almost killed us keeping this secret from him, but it was so worth it.

“Although, Dagon and I have been to all of these places before,” Dimitri said. “Not in a while, to be fair.”

I snorted. “‘A while.’ Try a few centuries.”

Dima shrugged. “Meh. It’s mainly ruins. How much could have changed since then?”

I gestured at the metropolis whizzing past outside the windows. “About as much as the rest of the modern world.”

“Plus, the ruins probably weren’t ruins when you were last here,” Lucky added. “I imagine they were actual buildings.”

“Oi.” I tickled his ribs. “What are you trying to say?”

“That you two are old as hell,” Lucky said before pursing his lips while thinking. “Scratch that, you’re not quite as old as Hell. Close though.”

“He’s not wrong.” Laughter filled Dimitri’s voice. I couldn’t stop the adoring smile that spread across my face at the sound. He laughed so often these days, yet, every time, it lit me from within as though it were the first time I was hearing it. “Especially Rome. I haven’t been there since before World War Two. Have you?”

“You know I haven’t.”

Given I’d spent almost the entire twentieth century trapped in Hell, there were lots of places I hadn’t seen.

I’d spoken the words casually, not even thinking them through, but guilt and shame echoed through the bond, making me curse under my breath. “Dima, I didn’t mean it like that.”

“I know.” He tried to smile, but it was more of a grimace. “I’m fine.”

“Don’t lie.” Lucky grabbed our mate’s chin, pulling him down to kiss him gently. “We communicate, remember? Dagon didn’t mean to upset you, and while I understand your guilt, it’s misplaced. Now, let’s focus on all the gelato shops you’re going to take me to. There are gelato shops, right?”

Just like that, the sting was gone.

I reached over Lucky’s shoulders to clasp the back of Dimitri’s neck. He leaned back into my touch while listing the many gelato shops near our hotel.

This was why we’d not worked for centuries. It hadn’t been because we were broken, or because we weren’t destined for one another. It was just that part of us had been missing. Without Lucky, we couldn’t function. He didn’t just give us himself to love, but each other too.

Many worshipped God. Some chose Lucifer. Others opted for nothing at all.

Dima and me? We worshipped at the feet of our human mate, who’d given us more happiness than we’d ever thought possible.

* * *

Dimitri

O ur first few days in Sorrento passed in a blissful haze.

We'd spent lazy hours wandering the streets of the old town, sampling limoncello from the various sellers. Lucky's face pinched with every shot he tried, but he always insisted on trying the next place, just in case he liked it better.

He did not.

We lazed by the pool, basking in the summer heat. Swam in the crystal blue waters of the Mediterranean. Ate in family run tavernas. Walked for miles, exploring the beautiful landscape.

Lucky had wanted to take the bus tour up the Amalfi Coast, but after the white-knuckled taxi ride, neither Dagon nor myself had been willing to get into another vehicle unless absolutely necessary. Instead, we flew the route, taking it in turns to carry Lucky. Turned out this was a much better idea all round. We were able to see the panoramic vistas from a whole new perspective, and whenever Lucky saw something that caught his eye, we descended to explore.

The biggest bonus though, was that there was no chance of Lucky being sent plummeting to the waters below. Lucky had argued that the buses would've been fine, pointing out how many of them made the Amalfi drive on a daily basis. We'd taken one look at them careening around the hairpin bends, a cliff on one side and ocean on the other, and put our feet down. Yes, Lucky would survive if the worst did happen, but the trauma he'd be subjected to?

Nope. We weren't doing that.

Today and tomorrow, we were hitting the spots at the top of Lucky's list—Pompeii and Herculaneum. Most tourists could do both in a day, but we knew that wouldn't be

long enough to satisfy Lucky. We hadn't made plans for our final day here either, just in case there was something he wanted to come back to.

We didn't bother with the audio tour or a guide as we strolled into Pompeii. There was little they'd be able to tell us that Lucky didn't already know.

And if there were things he didn't know, or that historians and archaeologists had got wrong, that was where we came in. We'd visited this area many times before it was destroyed. It had been a meeting point for us. Somewhere we could escape together, blending into the human crowds and hiding from our responsibilities for a little while.

I'd been topside the day Vesuvius had erupted. I'd been over a hundred miles away, but I'd felt the subtle vibration under my feet. My supe ears had picked up the explosion.

In a world before bombs and technology, I'd known there was only one event that could cause that kind of reaction.

I took to the skies in a heartbeat, turning towards Pompeii. I didn't hesitate, despite knowing we weren't supposed to involve ourselves in human catastrophes such as this one.

How could I not? It had represented such happiness for Dagon and I. The people there had been kind and welcoming.

It didn't take me long to get there, but when I landed it was already too late. The pyroclastic flows were wiping out everything in their path. Ash covered everything, making it hard for even my eyes to make anything out.

The deathly silence told me everything I needed to know. There wasn't anyone here to save. I just had to pray that some had escaped before the flow had started. There would've been pumice rain first, so hopefully some had understood the warning signs

and fled.

Many wouldn't have though.

Soft footsteps landed beside me, a familiar wing brushing against my own. "No. Satan, why?"

"Satan is not to blame for this," I said darkly. I did not say anything more. To do so would be treason, but I knew both Dagon and I were thinking it.

There was someone who could intercede on behalf of humans, but she did not. Not in situations like this. Free will was always the reason given.

As though these souls had chosen to be in the path of a volcano as it erupted.

"The House of Trittolemo." Lucky's excited voice pulled me out of the past. "Look at the height of those pillars. Can you believe this survived?"

A memory of the ash-induced darkness flashed through my mind. "No, little one, I can't."

Lucky's arm came around my waist as he read my feelings through the bond. "Is this too hard? We can leave if you like."

"No, it's fine." I reached out a hand to Dagon, drawing him to me. "If anything, it's nice to be here with you both knowing we're complete now. That we don't have to hide."

Dagon kissed my cheek, then Lucky's. "No hiding for any of us, ever again."

* * *

Lucky

The past two weeks had flown by. I would have thought I'd feel sad about it, but strangely, I didn't. How could I when I knew we had hundreds, if not thousands, of years ahead of us?

As a human, it had been one of the hardest things for me to wrap my head around. The odds of me reaching old age had seemed minuscule when I'd been on the run from Grant. Now they were minuscule for a different reason. I'd reach that age, but my body wouldn't. I had countless years ahead of me. Time to travel back here as often as I liked.

With my mates. The two beings who made living all this time worth it.

The final stop on our Italian tour was in Pisa. We'd eaten lunch in the historic Borgo Stretto before exploring Piazza dei Cavalieri and the Duomo di Pisa. I'd cast a careful eye over both my mates as we'd stepped inside the famous cathedral. They'd both assured me they'd be safe, but I couldn't help but check in case they did burst into flames. They were demons, after all. You couldn't blame me for being paranoid.

Our day had finished up at the leaning tower. After taking cheesy touristy pictures of us holding up the tower with Dagon and batting my eyelashes at Dimitri until he joined us, I'd had a flash of inspiration.

Hours later, we were back in our hotel room, about to turn my inspiration into reality.

"I mean, I'm down for this," Dagon said, already squeezing lube onto his palm, "but I can't see how it's different from anything we've done before."

I reclined against the pillows, ignoring my aching cock as I ogled my two naked mates. "It's different because we're in Italy."

Dimitri snagged my ankle, making me squeak as he hauled me down the bed. “So it’s not an Eiffel Tower, but the Leaning Tower of Pisa?”

“Exactly.” I grinned up at my dark-haired mate. “I knew you’d get it.”

He chuckled, shaking his head. “Sorry, little one, but I’m with Dagon. It’s not any different.”

I sighed dramatically and rolled onto my front. I spread my knees apart a little. “Fine. If Dagon doesn’t want to make out with you while he fucks me, that’s okay. I don’t have to suck you off at the same time either.”

The heat in the room increased as I casually lifted my hand to my rear, stroking along the crease. “I’m perfectly happy getting off on my own if you want to get hung up on semantics. You two can sit over there and watch.”

I went to slide my fingers deeper, but as expected, a large hand encircled my wrist before I could.

“We didn’t say that, little one.”

I let Dimitri flip me over. Flames flickered in his eyes as he joined me on the bed. I twisted to see Dagon doing the same on the other side. Unlike Dima, he wore a slight smirk.

“Well played, darling,” he murmured in my ear as Dimitri kissed his way down my chest.

I grinned at him. “I may have learned a trick or two about how to get my own way.”

Dimitri snorted from his position by my belly button. “A trick or two he says.”

My clever comeback died on my lips as Dimitri's tongue suddenly swiped up the length of my shaft. "Fuck yes, Dima."

Both my men were talented with their mouths, but I couldn't deny that Dimitri's piercings gave him an edge. He knew how to use them, too. The way the ball on his tongue running along my taint made me shiver. How the ring in his lip pressed against the divot at the head of my cock made me moan.

While he sucked me into his mouth, slick fingers brushed over my hole. I gave a small yelp that quickly turned into a groan as Dimitri started to work me open.

I'd really hit the jackpot with these two. There'd been a time when I'd hated being a virgin, but now I was so glad I'd waited.

Dagon and Dimitri made every encounter special.

While Dimitri set about driving me crazy with his mouth and fingers, Dagon decided to do the same on the upper half of my body. He kissed me deeply, swallowing the moans Dimitri was dragging from me before making his way along my jaw. Down my neck. Across my collarbones.

By the time he laved his tongue over one of my nipples, I was about ready to combust. Really, I had no idea why people shit on poly relationships. If anyone ever made a comment about it in real life, I usually told them about the love we shared. About how our hearts were too big for just one person to fill them. But maybe I should start telling them about this instead. That having two hot-as-sin men worshipping my body was literally the best thing ever.

Fuckers didn't know what they were missing.

Lust echoed between all of us as I rode Dimitri's fingers. I glanced down to see Dagon's hand in Dimitri's hair, and the sight had my orgasm close. Too close.

“Stop!”

My mates pulled off instantly. I didn't need to explain that they hadn't done anything wrong. The bond told them everything they needed to know. Along with years of us being together now.

Giving me the break I needed, Dagon practically tackled Dimitri. They fell onto the bed next to me. An onlooker might have mistaken their movements for wrestling, but I knew better. This was how they were with each other when I wasn't in between them. Grappling. Hard. Dominating. Their mouths and bodies clashed with a combination of desire and frustration that made me fucking ache to watch.

In a good way. My men loved each other as fervently as they loved me, and that was hot as fuck.

Dimitri bit down on Dagon's shoulder. “You going to let me fuck you too, baby?”

“If you behave,” Dagon said.

Dimitri shot me a wink. “I always behave, don't I, little one?”

I rolled my eyes, knowing better than to get involved in that one. Instead, I twisted until I was on my hands and knees. “Why don't you both come over here and show me how you like to misbehave?”

Dagon let go of Dima with a predatory growl, but before he could go anywhere, Dima grabbed his throat. “Don't you dare fucking come, Dagon.”

My blue-haired mate smirked down at Dimitri. “Same goes.”

He released Dagon, who immediately came up behind me. Despite knowing Dimitri had prepped me, he still added some extra lube and checked I was stretched enough.

He always took care of me. They both did.

Dimitri came around my front and cupped my face. His hands were far more gentle than they had been with Dagon. “You though, little one, I want to see you come.”

He pressed his thumb against my lips and I sucked briefly while blinking up at him. “More than once?”

Heat flared in Dima’s eyes. “Does the idea of watching me fuck Dagon turn you on?”

“You know it does.”

There was a dirty chuckle from behind me. “Everything we do turns Lucky on.”

I didn’t even argue. We all knew he was right. Let’s just say it was a good thing there were two of them to satisfy my insatiable appetite.

Two supes with very short refractory periods. Yep. I truly was living the dream.

The blunt head of Dagon’s cock brushed my hole and I moaned. The sound was quickly cut off by Dimitri sliding his dick into my open mouth.

A band of power wrapped around my chest, helping bear my weight. I didn’t know who it was from, nor did I care. Not when Dagon was slowly sinking deeper into me, or when Dimitri’s hands were tangling in my hair, angling my head so I could take him further into my throat.

“Fuck, darling,” Dagon moaned. “So tight. Always so fucking tight.”

Dimitri grunted in agreement. “Perfect in every way.”

I basked in their praise, letting the sensations wash over me. Full on both ends was

exactly how I liked to be during sex. I wanted them using me, owning me, taking control so all I had to do was feel.

Above me, the sound of their kissing had my cock jumping. Fuck. I whimpered around Dimitri's cock. There was little finesse to the blow job I was giving him. I was too distracted by his scent. The flavour of him. The piercings sliding over my tongue.

Oh, and the demon slamming into my arse. That didn't help my concentration either.

Dima didn't seem to mind though. His hand smoothed over my hair, neck, and face, all while he kissed Dagon.

I might have been sandwiched between them, but we were all in this moment together. Just as we always wanted to be.

All too soon, I felt my orgasm bearing down on me. Neither of them had touched my cock, but that didn't matter. Dagon's shaft dragging over my prostate coupled with their fevered breaths would be enough to get me there.

I didn't fight it. I was too excited for what was going to come next. Watching them together was one of my favourite pastimes. How Dimitri would grip Dagon's hips so hard his skin would bruise briefly before his powers erased it. The snarl Dagon would give as he rode Dima's cock. The biting passion that contrasted so sweetly with the tender way they treated me.

I came with the image of that in my mind. Dagon's hips stuttered as I tightened around him, and Dima let out a low oath. They didn't lose control though, fighting back their orgasms even as mine screamed through the bond.

Only the band of power around my chest stopped me collapsing into the mess I'd made as first Dimitri, then Dagon gently pulled out of me.

A cool flannel wiped over my face as a second did the same over my stomach. Dimitri kissed my swollen lips, tenderness mixed with desire in his eyes. “Okay, little one?”

I nodded, too dazed to speak. He chuckled, used to this post orgasm haze I experienced every now and then. He lifted me effortlessly from the bed, saying a few words over my shoulder to Dagon. I was too blissed out to pay attention, but when he lowered me back down, I realised he must’ve been telling him how to arrange the pillows. I was now reclining against a small tower of them—the theme of the evening—and the wet spot on the bed had been covered with a towel.

Dagon smiled as he held a bottle of water in my direction. “Okay, Lucky?”

I nodded, gulping half the bottle down before pausing. “Perfect. Or I will be when the next part of the entertainment commences.”

Dagon gave a mock bow before waggling his brows at Dimitri. “Well, we can’t leave him waiting.”

Dimitri’s eyes swept over the taut lines of Dagon’s torso before coming to rest on his hard cock. “Get on your knees, Dagon.”

Dagon winked at me before sauntering around to the end of the bed. He crawled up until he was leaning on his forearms between my knees. “What do you want, Lucky? My mouth? Or would you rather shoot all over my face while Dima fucks me?”

“The second,” I rasped, my deflated dick giving a valiant twitch. It wouldn’t be long before I was ready to go again. “I wanna watch.”

Dimitri put his hand on Dagon’s back, forcing him lower. “We best give you a show then, huh?”

He disappeared from sight as he dropped to his knees. From how Dagon immediately started to babble, I knew Dimitri was again putting those mouth piercings to good use.

I lounged against the pillows, completely entranced by the pleasure on Dagon's face. His eyes were closed, his full lips parted as he panted and moaned. The beautiful flush on his cheekbones continued down his neck. His hands were gripping the sheets, the cotton dangerously close to tearing.

I smirked, already envisioning the bill. It was a good thing we had near unlimited funds given how many times we'd accidentally broken things in hotel rooms.

"Fuck, I need to be inside you," Dimitri said, wiping the back of his hand over his mouth as he stood. "You ready, baby?"

"Yes." Dagon lifted his head, flames dancing in his eyes as they landed on me. "Fuck me, Dima."

"No setting the sheets on fire," I whispered, trying to contain my laugh. "They'll make us evacuate again."

"Again" because that had happened in a hotel in Toronto. Needless to say, it'd put a damper on the funtivities.

Dagon's laugh was cut off as Dimitri pushed inside of him. "Fuck."

Dimitri drew back slightly. "You like that, baby?"

"Yes." Dagon lifted his chin and winked at me. "Harder though."

Dimitri snarled. His next thrust had Dagon moving further up the bed. Now Dagon was the one snarling, pushing back on Dimitri for all his worth.

Fuck. I was rock hard now, my hand flying over my cock. This right here was better than any porn. It was the two males I loved more than anything in this world making each other feel good. I didn't feel excluded. No, I was part of them always, even if I wasn't in the room. Besides, they knew how much I liked to watch.

And to be watched.

That was what they were doing now. Dimitri might've been fucking Dagon, but his eyes were fixed on the hand between my legs, as were Dagon's. They got off on this as much as I did.

"Come for us, little one," Dimitri grunted, fucking Dagon relentlessly. His hand was under Dagon now, jacking him with hard, punishing strokes. "All over his face."

"Do it," Dagon encouraged, lifting his head. His lips parted in anticipation. "Let me taste you, darling."

I came with a cry, my hips fucking into my hand as spurt after spurt of cum covered Dagon's beautiful face. His tongue darted out to catch some.

My orgasm hadn't finished before Dagon's hit through the bond, followed almost instantly by Dimitri's. The three of us were lost in a seemingly endless wave of pleasure as our releases echoed through the bond.

Dimitri's big arm hauled Dagon upright, his back to his chest. He leaned in to lick my release off our mate's face. "Delicious."

I collapsed back against the pillows, my eyelids already heavy. All the walking, food, and sex had finally taken its toll. "You've broken me."

Gentle hands nudged me until I was fully flat, a cool sheet covering my overheated body. "Sleep now, darling."