



My Daddy is a Demon (Demons for Hire)

Author: *Rebel Raven*

Category: Fantasy

Description: Undercover demons walk among us, hiding their true nature until duty or destiny calls. Whether summoned by Satan himself or drawn to their fated mates, these supernatural heartthrobs—from professors to bounty hunters—emerge at loves perfect moment.

Welcome to Bite Clubs Demons for Hire, where hell meets romance!

Total Pages (Source): 10

Page 1

Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 5:16 am

Valen

Residing in the depths of Hades is a fate I owe only to myself. Choices made a lifetime ago brought me here. Being feared and revered came with a price tag. It was not too high a price to pay, I had thought, to bask in power no other man strived for. I was different from others I deemed weak and worthless. Never considered myself a mere mortal. I was too strong, clever, and knowledgeable to be one of them.

During my time in power, I was loved by women, feared by men, and respected by everyone else. I had no equals before I was brought down to Hades by the King of Darkness himself. It was a privilege after my untimely death to sit beside his throne as he metered out the undead who took a knee before him.

Once let myself drown in the darkness, in depravity, in the desires of the shadows I was changed forever. Welcomed the gruesome changes to my human form. I am still adored by womenfolk and feared by men. They often speak of my striking appearance, with crimson eyes that pierce through the darkness and horns that curve ominously like a crown of shadows, my towering figure commanding attention wherever I set foot.

Hades has given me a place to embrace the darkness that was always there inside of me. Tales of this darkness have traveled far beyond these infernal depths. As a demon, I act as a gatekeeper, ensuring souls that enter Hades remain here.

In the hierarchy of Hades, my position holds significant influence. I oversee who comes and goes, whether through the veils we can shift through at will, or directly from earth above. It is not just these skills that I am known for—it is my mischievous

ways that seem foreign in an underworld of despair.

Besides the role as a gatekeeper, I am considered somewhat of a trickster. Whether here in Hades or during my visits to other realms, I often play tricks or taunt those who consider me an ally. It is done without malice, if that is possible for a demon. It was always what enemies hate most about me.

Truly, I take joy in the work I do as a demon.

“Still dancing between the veil, Valen?” Mayhem wonders aloud, deep, damaged voice rumbling.

“Same as you, friend. I hear you found a woman up top. Is she worth it? Worth what you will have to sacrifice?”

Mayhem stands tall, his being changing. I know his answer before he speaks. “Oh, yes. Cari is worth being any creature she needs me to be. Turns out she loves me for the creature I am, scars, sins and all.”

Chuckling, I hide how his words stun me. Not because I do not believe in mates. I never believed the souls damned to Hades would ever find our mates. We were doomed to roam the world, the thousands of worlds we walk between, all alone. Him finding his mate seems to be a miracle or at least magic at work.

Bothered by the mention of mates, I bid him adieu and go back to what he found me doing. I spend most of my time slipping between the voids between worlds. I play tricks or tease the inhabitants of whatever world I come to. It fills my dark heart with the little joy I allow myself.

“They never see me coming,” I mutter as I step through a veil.

There is a familiar whooshing, twisting, churning sensation as I cross through the veil. Cool air touches my hot skin, as a strange scent floods my lungs. It is sweet but smoky. I frown as I step out of darkness, into bright, warm sunlight.

Trees dim the reach of the bright sun hanging overhead, telling me where I am. Earth. Somewhere northern, where it is cooler than Hades. Still warm with the sun burning in the skies overhead, puffs of clouds dotting the azure expanse.

“That’s disappointing. It rains up here often, I would prefer that,” I mumble as I kick at a boulder, sending it flying across the meadow I step into.

Small creatures and a delicious looking gazelle startle as the boulder crashes down in the dirt. I chuckle, kicking another one, sending it soaring into the mountainside, where it creates a crater before thudding to the earth below. More little animals scatter, their sounds amplified to my superior hearing.

That is how I hear it. Mortals do not hear or smell or sense things the way a demon does. Everything is heightened, the good and the bad. Pleasure feels very, very good, and pain is so intense it would kill their kind several times over.

“No! Stop it!” a heavenly voice cries out, making the dead heart inside my cavernous chest thump. What is that?

Tilting my head back, I listen. Focus . I hear a heartbeat, rapid, startled. Soft, low, panting breaths. Soft ones. Feminine. Smelling that smoky scent still, a new sensation washes over me. I fear some soft, defenseless creature is in danger. It is panic I feel. I rush through the thick, twisted undergrowth, tail swinging behind me, crashing into trees and shrubbery as I go.

It must be the sound of my thundering footsteps or the crash of my tail that startles them now. Because I come to a clearing where I find just what I feared. A little, soft,

needy creature, staring up in abject horror. Above her stands a man, his trousers hanging off his fleshy backside, fire burning at their feet, trailing from a brush fire further up the mountainside.

“I am in a mood to maim a man today,” I mutter, voice booming in the clearing. “Let it be you if you touch her.”

They both turn to look my way. I wait for fear or disgust to fill their faces. It is something I am used to from humans. I was once a human myself, but I still do not understand this. I glance past the man, dismissing him entirely, focusing on the woman. Everything else fades away as it all becomes her .

Crimson hair flows down her shoulders in waves that frame a beautiful face. Fair skin, spotted with little freckles across the nose and pink cheeks, glows in the sunshine. There is fear in her bright green eyes, eyes the color of the brightest emeralds, and rage blurs my vision as my gaze swings back to the man.

Without a word, I wave a hand at him, thrusting him aside. He slides across the dirt with a sickening thud. My tail slams against the ground beside him when he starts to move. Gazing back at her again, I look for wounds or damage done by him. I roar when I see her top is torn, likely by his hands, exposing her breast.

“I will end you. You dare put your hands on her? Scare her? Make her fear what you could do to her?”

“No, no, no, I was just...we were joking . Kidding around. I was not going to hurt her.”

“Liar!” she shouts, her voice trembling. “He lies? You were not joking with him, sweet bird?”

“No! He set fire to my land. To run me out. I—I tried to stop him. He s-said he would...”

Going to her, I draw her close, expecting her to fight me. I tower over her, my tail still thrashes the earth, and my horns are aflame with rage, so it would make sense. Yet, she does not. In fact, to my complete shock, she presses even closer.

The foreign feeling from earlier returns, only stronger. I grab her with an arm around her waist, drawing her closer. Protecting her against him, against the rest of the world. This tiny creature beams up at me with a smile that enchants me.

It is...the world, the universe, it is slowing down. Stopping entirely as I stare back at her. Those bright eyes shimmer, as if she senses it as well. How could she? What is this feeling? Between my legs, my cocks twitch for the first time in a century. Inside my chest, my dead heart twists, aching from lack of use.

Her mouth moves, saying something. My name ? Did I speak it? Her voice is music, magic, calling my name a second time. How does she know who I am? Why is she not afraid of what I am? Once I think this, I know.

“Mate? You’re...I have a... it’s you. You’re my mate ?”

Gazing up at me, she just smiles. There is no hesitation, no question in her beautiful face. Most importantly, I sense no fear from her. Her little hand reaches up, fingertips brushing over one of my horns. I moan as the sensation shoots right to my cocks. It's her moan that sounds next. I please her?

“Yes,” she whispers, eyes wide, holding my black gaze. “You do, Valen. I know you. I am safe with you.”

“Nothing is safe with me,” I counter her, even as lower my head to nuzzle my nose

against hers, completely transfixed.

“I am. You saved me.”

Her words remind me of the filth lying on the ground. I turn back to him, tucking her behind me. My tail wraps around her protectively and I almost chuckle when she gives a little surprised sound. Or is it another moan? I am baffled.

Glaring down at the man on the ground, I watch him fuss with his manhood, tucking it back in his pants. He was going to hurt her. Take her in ways she did not want. He would have taken what is mine to take. Mine to savor. To cherish. I thought I knew rage, darkness, hate—until this moment, I had no idea.

“You touched her. You were going to...you were going to ruin her. I would have killed you for the fun of it. For thinking you can touch her, I will kill you slowly, mortal. I will make it as ugly as your dark soul is. Send you to Hades where you will be taken the same way you thought you could take her.”

The smoke grows thick, and I think maybe I have taken us all to Hades in my rage. In my wrath to hurt a lesser creature who thought he had a right to what is mine to have. I am about to tear into this man when I realize I have other worries.

“Mate! What....no! You will be harmed!” I shout as I see my tiny mate rushing toward the fire licking up the mountainside.

Rushing after her, I pick her up, shifting her around to my backside almost as if she were a small toy I were affixing to my back. Without hesitation, she clings to me, as if we’ve done this before. Perhaps we have another life together. Whipping my tail forward, it crashes down on the trail of fire, dashing it.

With another swipe of my tail, the rest of the blaze is almost totally out. Turning

back, I stare down the hill at the man I left lying in the dirt. He is gone, but I have his scent. I will find him again. He will pay for what he did here today, for what he tried to do. That man will know pain beyond a mortal's grasp.

"Valen," that sweet voice calls, her soft body pressed against my back. "How have you found me when I needed you most?"

I am about to answer when her little hands circle my horns again. Might as well be stroking my hard cocks. I moan as pleasure I have never known rockets through me. There on the mountainside, I go down on my knees. Where I will stay for this sweet creature for the rest of eternity if she demands it.

"I was restless. I thought I wanted to find someone to trick. Someone to make me laugh. Yet I wound up here where you needed me. It must be fate, little bird."

"Why do you call me that?"

"Because my heart that has been dead for all of my life began to soar once I saw you. How do you know my name, little bird? Will you tell me yours?"

"You spoke it to me, Valen. I heard it. My name is Iris."

"Iris," I breath the name as I bring her astride me. "My little bird. You're my mate. You understand that? You're mine now. To care for. To pleasure. To protect. I will be what you need most. Tell me, little bird, what do you need most?"

"I need...I need you , I think. Whatever you can be to me. I am not safe here. Not safe in town. No one wants me or loves me. I was abandoned as a baby so...I have no one."

"Wrong. You have me. I will be your lover, your best friend, your protector, your

daddy. I will be everything my sweet little bird.”

Something flares in her pretty eyes as they gaze up at me. My words play back in my head. I smirk as I reach out to trace my taloned fingers down her slender throat, lower, over the swell of her bared breast. Her breath quickens as her eyes darken. Dragging my touch lower, I pluck her stiff nipple, my reward her soft moan of pleasure.

“Ah, yes, that is what you need, don’t you? You softened for me, grew wet between your legs, your breasts heavier with need of my mouth. You need a daddy, don’t you little bird? To protect you. To please you because a daddy knows what his little girl needs most.”

Iris cries out as my talons rip at her top, baring her flesh to me. Nodding her head, she arches to my touch as I bow my head. I suckle at her breast, licking, biting, flicking my forked tongue at the budded nipple. I imagine it dripping mothers' milk as she carries my seed in her belly. My cocks grow harder between my legs at the very thought.

“Valen, how am I...am I your mate?”

“Because you were created for me to find. To take. To have. I will be your daddy, little girl. Fill your pure pussy with my cocks, give you my child, please you in ways no mortal ever could. You’re mine. Do you know what that means, sweet Iris?”

Pushing up, her thick thighs falling wide on my lap, her tits rubbing against my mouth as I cater to each, she nods. Between us, my cocks rub against her sex, barely covered by the tattered skirts of her dress, burned by the fire that cretin started. I ignore my rage to focus on the pleasure humming inside me. Pleasure I would've never known without finding her.

“Yes. I want...I want someone to want me. To take care of me. I’ve been alone so long, Valen. No one has ever...I never had a mama or a daddy. I want...would you really be my daddy? Would you make me feel good and let me be your little girl?”

Heat hotter than that in Hades simmers in my veins. My sweet little Iris is pure, but her words, her desires, are not. Iris wants me in a way no mortal ever has. Even as I am now, my horns, my forked tongue, my scaled skin, and the sweeping tale. Still, she wants me.

“Oh, yes, little bird. I will be your daddy.”

Page 2

Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 5:16 am

Iris

Life was never kind to me despite my always being kind to it. I took being tossed aside as a baby in stride. I accepted my position at Maxine Gratto's boarding house as her servant, tending to her every whim. I sometimes got fed for it, sometimes I even got a night of freedom from her calling me horrible names or accusing me of being a witch.

Still, I stayed kind. I was there when she was dying, still taking her abuse, still accepting I did not matter to her or to anyone in town. I grieved her death for weeks, even though she was never kind to me. Even though life had never been gentle for a moment. Until I found her cottage and the land it sat on had become mine.

It was the first good thing to happen to me. I never considered the tiny cottage home. Mostly because she never let me sleep inside unless it was snowing or raining. The barn loft was good enough, she said. To be fair, it was good enough for me. I could see all of Moon Haven, the shore at the edge of town, sprawling mountainsides, and the twinkling lights below.

“It is my home now. All I have left,” I whisper as I dust the mantle where her ashes sit in a small porcelain box I created just for her. The top is glazed with her name in my sloping hand, and inside are crystals to ensure she reaches heaven with peace and happiness.

Magic is a dirty word in this household. Well, Maxine said it was. If she were to be believed, I was born of magic. Dark magic from a minx of a witch and the loins of a lion shifter. It was one of the many hateful things she hurled at me. I wished I were

made of magic—whether from a witch and a lion or not.

“There is nothing about me that is magical,” I whisper sadly as I dust off the porcelain once more.

Once I say the words, however, there is a spark in the dim light of the late afternoon. It is almost as if static charges ignite from my fingertips. Frowning, I wiggle my fingers in the air, hoping to see it again. Nothing happens of course. Until it does happen again.

Except my senses tell me this is no magic at all.

Smoke fills my lungs, sudden, thick, smelling of earth and cinder. I gasp as glittering sparks of fire flutter in the air. Rushing to the window, I cough as a haze floods the room. Fire? Outside, I see swirling gray clouds of smoke curling towards the cottage.

Rushing towards the door, I throw it open as a choked sound bursts from me. No . Not the one thing I have. Gaze flying towards a trail of fire snaking down the front gardens towards the meadow beyond, rage burns inside of me hotter than any brush fire.

“You bastard!” I shout, forgetting safety or sanity as I spot him.

Loren Stark, a distant relative of Maxine’s. He lost his mind once he realized this had all been left to me. Claims it should have been kept in their screwed-up family. Not to be willed to some orphan he accused of using magic on her.

“Told you to get gone, girl,” he hollers through the thick fog.

“I am not going anywhere! This is my home! You can’t have it!”

Dark shadows move through the fog before he is there, grabbing me in a painful grip. Slamming me against a tree, he laughs darkly as I cry out in shock. Fear hits me at last. Not from the fire burning around us. From the lust, the dirty, disgusting fire in his eyes.

“I can have you if I want you ,” he grunts, his knee sliding between mine, shoving them open. No. Not, this, I won’t allow it.

Just as I think it, the fire shimmers behind him. No, it is not fire. It is the very air all around us. It shudders, blinking brighter, then darker, as a huge, dark figure comes out of nowhere. Beneath us, the earth trembles as the darkness moves forward. What is it?

As if whatever it is hears my question, the air clears. The earth goes still. My heart stutters to a stop. I blink up at the darkness, seeing it is not all dark. It is not shapeless. It is... a man ? A huge, broad, towering man with...horns? With a thumping, thrashing tail.

Whatever it is, man or otherwise, it takes up all the space. Quiets all the sound. Calms all the fear, all the panic I was just choking on. I smile. I start to move towards the dark figure, before I am shoved back by rough, filthy hands. Just as I feel the bruising of my flesh beneath the unwelcome touch, it is gone.

Do not fear, bird. I am here. Valen is here for you .

“I am in a mood to maim a man today.” A deep, raw, melodic voice booms. My smile widens as I gaze up at the creature. Valen . He is here. For me? “Let it be you if you touch her.”

Oh, yes. He is here for me. I try to twist from Loren’s hands, but they’re gone. No, he is gone, sailing across the clearing, far from me. I start to go to this dark creature,

drawn to his bright, red eyes, entranced by his thumping tail that curls behind me, protecting me. I am not afraid. I am not sure if I will ever know fear again as I move to him, so certain he is my savior, something sent here to find me.

They talk, their words muddled, as if they're miles away. Yet he is right here, so close. I shout some words too, even as I continue to move towards him. Valen. That is his name, I am certain. I whisper it. I call it out. I am in a daze, so drawn to him, I cannot stop the pull that has wound its way about me. I do not want to stop it.

“Valen. Valen, please,” my words tremble, breath panting.

It is then he turns towards me. He is so beautiful . No one else would say that I am sure. I do not know how I am sure, but I am. To me, he is...he is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. Not of this earth, yet, I have no doubt he is the other half of me. It does not make sense because I've never had anything of my own. Nothing that belonged to me. Nothing I could call mine. But he is. Valen is.

As if I am sensing it too, he comes to me. His arm winds about my waist to draw me close. It is not close enough. I vibrate against him. I can't hear anything, feel anything, smell anything else but him. I press even closer, gazing up at him in awe. I am where I belong for the very first time in my life. What does it mean? Who is it to me?

“Mate,” his deep voice rumbles, his red eyes glowing own at me. He growls. His arm tightens on me. “You're...I have a... it's you. You're my mate ?” He grunts, his big, hard body rubbing against me, as if seeking something, searching for something I want to find too.

“Yes,” I whisper, moan, agree. His eyes go black as they hold mine and I can breathe right for the first time. What is happening to me? Why am I...at peace? At home. “You do, Valen. I know you. I am safe with you.”

Between my thighs throbs as something rigid, thick, heavy rubs against me. I whimper and move, wanting more of it. I twist my hips as everything else in the world fades. What is this magic? Yes! It is magic. He is a creature of magic, and he has come to save me.

“Nothing is safe with me.”

Valen argues as if he can fight this, but I sense he knows he cannot. His head lowers, his nose nuzzling mine. Goddess, he smells good. Unlike anything I have ever known before. I press even closer, nuzzling him back, so enchanted, so under his spell, I can't breathe.

“I am. You saved me.”

Valen emits a little groan before he sweeps me up against his huge, shuddering frame. I reach up with seeking hands, finding the horns atop his head. I touch them brazenly. He rewards me with a sound that makes my sex pulse between my legs again. He likes it. Likes my touch, welcomes it even. I stroke the horns again and between us, I feel him thicken, harden, pressing against my pussy.

“Valen,” I whimper, shuddering against him before glittering flecks of fire catch my gaze. Oh! My land!

Turning, I gasp as I see the thick, gray smoke engulfing it all. I will lose everything. I rush towards it, intending to stop the damage that bastard started. Before I take two steps, I am airborne. He is there, my dark savior, lifting me atop his back. I hold him tight, laughing with joy as he rushes to the fire faster than I can blink, his tail thumping at the ground, putting it out with ease.

Falling to the ground with a thud that makes me laugh again, he draws me round, settling me astride him. I cannot stop touching him. Tracing the thick, dark skin of his

body, the scars that form a pattern I trace with my fingers. I want to trace it with my tongue. I whimper when I feel him again between my legs. What has he done to me? I am so twisted up, so...turned on

“Valen. How have you found me when I needed you most?”

I touch his horns again and I feel him changing. He is...he is turned on too? We're the same, he and I. I don't know how, but I believe we're of the same kind of magic. They were right about me. All those whispers about me being from another world. Another realm. This monster, this creature, he is...he is my mate, and I am his. Valen is magic and so am I, that is all that I know for sure.

“I was restless,” he answers, talking in a language I think must be just for us. He says other words about tricking others, but I hear just his most important ones. “It must be fate, little bird.”

Yes, his words ring true. All this time, all this loneliness, it was for a reason. For a purpose. I was not left here to be alone. I was left here to be found by him. Most of my life I feared I would always be on my own, never wanted, never loved, never feeling I belonged.

Now, here under the darkening skies, I know I do belong.

I belong to him. I belong to Valen.

We're talking, but there is no sound. No words anyone else could hear. It is our own language. We speak without need for words. Filthy words about need, about desire, about how soft and wet I am for him, fill my head, my heart, my very soul. I whimper and nod as suddenly his tongue is on my flesh, lashing at my nipple. Oh, yes. Oh, yes, I want that. I want...I want to be mated.

This is how he will save me. He will fill the emptiness inside of me. It burns now, hotter than the fires he just put out for me. He brought another fire to life inside of me. I need . I want . I crave . Him, him, I want him. To be his mate, to be taken, to be his...his little bird, his little mate, his little everything.

“Valen, how am I...am I your mate?”

“Because you were created for me to find. To take. To have. I will be your daddy , little girl,” he rasps, his voice booming now, in that language meant just for me. “Fill your pure pussy with my cocks, give you my child, please you in ways no mortal ever could,” his words continue, echoing in the warm air, but I am lost.

Rubbing against him, I play with his horns again, feeling those hard, thick cocks he spoke of between my thighs. I want them inside of me. Tearing me apart, putting me back together again. I whimper, telling him this without the words we do not need. I arch against his tongue as it licks between my tits, igniting flickers of pleasure unlike anything I have ever felt before.

“Yes. I want...I want someone to want me . To take care of me. I’ve been alone so long, Valen. No one has ever...I never had a mama or a daddy. I want...would you really be my daddy? Would you make me feel good and let me be your little girl?”

Valen lets out a roar before I am on my back on the earth, his huge frame looming over me. My dress is torn from my body. The grass is soft and cool against my fevered skin. I reach for him, as if we’ve been lovers for a lifetime. As if we know each other inside and out before he has ever even been inside of me.

“Oh yes, I will be your daddy, little girl. Let me look at my good little girl, Iris. Open for daddy,” he growls before suddenly he is gone, my thighs shoved wide, pushed up, my sex bared to him.

“Oh! Yes!” I scream as his hot, thick, forked tongue suddenly licks my wet folds open, slithering, sucking, savoring me. “Please, please...Valen...I am yours. Please, don’t stop. Take me, daddy!”

Valen proves under a bright red moon that he is my mate, and I am his and that together we’re magic.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 5:16 am

Valen

Overhead a red moon hangs in the black skies. A blood moon. One that decides fates, weaves magic, that binds lives together. Here in a clearing, with the most beautiful creature I've ever laid eyes on, my entire world comes to life beneath that red glow.

"Take me, daddy, please," Iris whimpers in a throaty, needy, little girl voice that has my cocks weeping.

"Yes, little girl," I promise, licking at her thighs, savoring her cum as she shakes beneath my eager mouth as I eat her. "Daddy will take you. I will fill your virgin cunt with my cocks. You will take all of daddy like the greedy little thing you were born to be," I hum as I suck at her swollen clit, my tail snaking up to wrap around her throat.

Iris moans, thrashing against the earth, her hands stroking my horns, gripping as I feast on her cunt. I've never savored a human before. I've teased them, tasted them, even eaten their flesh. Not this way. I shove my long, greedy tongue inside of her, my teeth biting at her clit as it throbs. My hands grip her thighs, lifting her to my mouth as I drink at her sweet, soaked pussy greedily.

As I suck down her cum, I am shaking with my own need. I've never felt anything even close to this. I need to mate her. To fill her and breed her. I need her round with my spawn. Shouting my name as I ride her to Hades and back. My teeth will mark her delicate flesh while I shove my cock inside her pussy, filling her ass at the same time.

My little mate will take all of me as she was created to.

“Daddy,” she shouts as I bite down on the swollen bud of her pleasure, my tongue still pumping inside of her. “Please, please, I need more. I can take more, I can. I promise, I can take you.”

Smiling against her soft, sweet flesh, I nod. I am huge compared to a mortal, but she will take me just fine. Because she was made for me. I believe that. Iris is not just a mortal; I taste it as I eat her. There is magic to her. That is what called me to this place. To her when she needed me the most. I waited an entire millennium for her, but I would wait a hundred more for this bliss.

Pulling back from my new favorite treat, my tongue licking one last long, greedy lick, I smirk down at her. Fuck, she is a beautiful creature. Her skin glows in the moonlight. Her tits are soft, round, softly bouncing as she pants beneath me. Flushed from her pleasure, she reaches for me, whimpering my name, begging me.

“Such a beautiful little girl, Iris. My mate. You need me, yes?”

“Yes, yes, I do, daddy,” she mewls, reaching a hand between us to touch me. I roar as one little hand wraps around each of my thick, jutting cocks. My, she is a greedy little girl.

“Yes, you do, sweet little bird. Daddy is going to fill you full. You will take all of me. Feel how big and thick my cocks grow for you, mate? They need to fill you. Once I get them inside you, they won’t come out until I’ve bred you. Do you understand?”

“No. No...I do want it. I want you inside me. I don’t understand. Why me? What have I done to deserve you?”

Ah, fuck, I would kill for this creature, would set this entire world on fire for her.

“You exist, Iris. That is enough. I am going to fill your perfect little pussy and that

little ass too. You need to take all of me,” I tell her, pinning her down, lining myself up. There is no fear in her eyes, not an ounce of hesitation. “Once my cocks fill you, mate, they will knot. I will fuck you for hours. My cum will fill you while my cocks stay buried deep, so I can breed you. You will give me babies, Iris.”

Before I even push inside of her, she starts to come for me. Her entire body shudders with it, hands reaching for me, clawing at me. I push first inside her tight cunt, gritting sharp as its wetness welcomes me. I watch in fascination as she stretches to fit me, moaning as I push deeper, deeper, pleasure pounding between us as we become one.

“Ahh, yes, that’s it, my little girl. My mate. Take daddy’s big cock. That’s a good girl, let me get it deep. I need to breed you with my spawn, Iris. That’s so good, bird. Fuck,” I roar as she pulls me even deeper, her body bowing to mine, her eyes staring back at me.

“Daddy,” she whimpers as I bottom out in her wet heat.

“Good girl, good little bird,” I pant, stunned she can fit me so good, that she didn’t cry out or beg me to stop. No one else could ever take me this way. My cock swells inside of her, already starting to knot, to twist so I cannot pull out of her all the way. “Now my other cock will fill you. They both need inside you, little girl. Tell daddy you can take it all. Tell me to fuck your good girl ass.”

“Daddy, please,” she wails, body lifting, seeking, my other cock.

My tail wraps around her throat tighter as her ass rubs against the swollen crown of my second cock. I grip her hips, stilling her so I do not hurt her as I slowly push into her ass. Blinding pleasure takes over as she lets out her own roar of ecstasy and I can’t stop myself. I slam home, the swollen cock inside her cunt starting to come.

“Fuck, that’s so good , little girl,” I hiss, my tongue licking at her tits, down to her pussy again greedily. My talons sink into the earth as I pin her soft body beneath me, pushing as deep as she can take me. I start to move, thrusting, pushing, pulling, rocking her on my cocks as desperate need builds inside of us.

Iris whimpers a humming, melodic sound as the world shifts beneath us. Her soft, supple body curves to fit me as she pants words it takes me a moment to understand. My language . We have been speaking it since the moment I stepped out of the void. I never gave her my name, yet she heard it because she was hearing a language meant just for us.

Something washes over me as I pin her down, bodies entangled as tightly, as indelible as our souls. Iris truly is my mate. I never believed I would find one, I even mocked Mayhem for thinking he had found his mate. Yet here she is, created for me, set here for me to find when she needed me most. This sweet, pure, fragile little creature is my other half, the light to the dark of my black soul.

“Mine,” I hiss as I begin to pound into her body, taking her hard because she can take it. “You belong to me, little girl. Daddy’s little piece of magic. Take me, mate,” I roar as my cock starts to jerk inside of her, spilling my seed, breeding her. “Take my cum. Give daddy your pretty soul while he claims your sweet body.”

Grunts, the crude smack of skin on skin, her whimpers, my hissing tongue licking at her damp skin, the sounds of our lust fill the meadow. I come inside of her, jerking pump after pump of my cum as my other cock still rocks inside her ass. It has knotted too, so I won’t be able to pull out of her for quite some time—not that I want to.

Shifting our bodies, I move to lie beneath her, bringing her astride me again. My sweet little mate snuggles close, letting me rock up into her as I still come. She purrs and hums little words no one else would understand. Words for just the two of us. I cradle her close, my teeth coming out as I tilt her head to accept my bite.

“Hold on, little bird. Daddy needs to hurt you. Need my mark on your body, Iris.”

Sinking my teeth into her neck, I am stunned at how she takes it. Moaning as she thrashes, she comes again. It seals our fates. I ris is mine . Mine forever, for the rest of time. Beyond death. Beyond Hades. Her magic tangles with mine as I suckle at her, letting my demon venom mingle with her sweet, sugary essence. Tasting her as I come again as she floods my mouth, I am hit with the truth I knew the moment I laid eyes on her.

Iris is magic. Not born of this earth. No mortal could be my mate.

“Daddy! Yes! Why does it feel.... oh, it feels so good, daddy!”

Sucking harder, I can’t argue. We’re being bound together as my venom floods her body and her blood floods mine. I’m filling her with my seed as I still pump inside of her. We’re tangled in a way nothing, and no one can ever undo. I never thought this could be mine, that my darkness, my tricks, the pain I’ve caused, would allow such a gift.

Still here she is, giving herself to me welcoming how I mark her soul as mine. Mine is marked as hers just the same. Her hands claw at my chest, fire tearing at my flesh. It is her way of marking me. Her hands tear at my ruined skin, grayed and scarred, leaving raised, torn wounds that brand me down to what little is left of my damaged soul.

“Yes, yes, it’s so good ,” I husk as she collapses against me, our mating wringing us out. It’s unlike anything I have ever known before. More pleasure, more pain, as our souls twine together as one, deeper than flesh, deeper than my knotted cocks inside of her.

It is then I realize her magic is powerful. Not like any I’ve known before. It heals her

faster than my venom could. I watch my marks on her skin go pink, then white. Her mouth works at my skin, healing my wounds as well. I will find out what kind of magic this is later. Now I just want to live in it, feel her skin pressed to mine, smell her hair, taste her lips. Inside her, I grow hard again, needing to take her all over again, as if I didn't just spend half the afternoon claiming her.

I am besotted with this magical creature.

Later, she stirs, sitting up astride me. Questions darken her light eyes as they gaze down at me. We do not need words to speak, we've learned this quickly. Yet, I sense she wants me to hear her questions. Sitting up too, I draw her closer, nuzzling her the way I did the first moment I felt her presence earlier.

"Valen," she hums my name as if it is music. "What does it mean? For us to be mated? This bite," she beams in a smile that makes my worthless heart thud. "It means.... I have you? It means you're mine?"

"Yes, little bird. It means wherever you might be in this world, I will find you. Simply speak my name, as you did the moment we met. Before I ever gave it, you knew. Because you understood before I did, little bird. My sweet, magical mate saw what I was."

Iris beams down at me, nodding. "My daddy," she hums.

"Yes, mate. Your daddy. Your mate. Everything," I husk as a softness I have never known before burns inside me.

Cradling her face, my talons form a gentle man's touch, her eyes flaring with heat. I lower my head, pressing a soft, promising kiss to her pink lips. Iris sighs, snuggling closer, cradling me with her limbs, holding me. I am more whole in this moment than I've ever been. I can taste her, feel her, smell her, until she is gone.

“ No! ” I roar as heat engulfs me, the sticky, dark heat of Hades.

There is no meadow. No dark skies with a blood moon or press of her soft body. The sweet fresh perfume of her skin is gone. I smell brimstone, blood, and the stench of broasted bodies.

“There is my trickster. It must be a joke, yes, a grand laugh. Tell me...what mortal pussy is sweet enough to shame yourself, your brethren, or me , your king?”

My answer drips with vitriol. “Do not dare.” I bow to no man o r monster now—I bow to my mate alone.

“Because this pussy, it will be mine next, trickster.”

His words seal his fate as finding my mate sealed mine.

He has left me no choice—I must vanquish this demon. I will not let another creature touch my little girl—even the devil himself.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 5:16 am

Iris

I let myself get lost within the magic in my mind. In a fit of desperation and desolation, I was led astray by the smoke of the fire burning my land. I stumbled through the haze engulfing the meadow, dreaming of a savior. Creating a monster of a man who could love me, need me, ravish me in ways I had never dared let myself dream.

Waking up alone in the meadow told me the truth. It would always be just dreams. I would never be wanted or loved. Not by a man or by a dark taloned beast with two hungry cocks and a slithering forked tongue that created tidal waves of pleasure I could drown in.

“There is no magic, no monster of a man claiming to be your mate. This is it, Iris. This is all your life will be,” I remind myself.

With half of the meadow scorched, I was reminded that fire was not something I dreamt up. Unfortunately, it was a real attack by Loren Stark, meant to drive me off this land or out of Moon Haven. I might be a lot of things, too kind, too patient, too forgiving. One thing I am not thanks to a life of struggle is weak.

This land is all I have so I will not be driven from it.

Pulling on a tattered dress from the closet, I wince as the rough linen rubs against my skin. I am sensitive all over. Between my legs aches. I reach down, letting out a gasp to find how wet and swollen I am. I whimper as my fingers slide over my folds towards my clit.

Closing my eyes, I touch myself for just a moment. It is forbidden, dark magic I was taught, to make yourself come. To give yourself that sort of pleasure is a sin. Yet, I want to rid myself of this ache that has burned inside of me since I awoke out on the dirt beneath a blazing sun.

All night I had filthy dreams. It makes sense my body is in need, thirsty for the pleasure I was seeking in the fog I was lost in. I dreamt of a big, massive beast who pinned me down and rutted me for hours. His filthy forked tongue made me come before he filled me full, his teeth sinking into my skin to claim me as his mate.

“Nothing but dreams, stupid girl,” I whisper as I finish dressing, shamed by the slickness between my thighs, by the dreams still dancing in my head.

Outside in the cool air the whole world seems different. Louder, brighter, somehow bigger. Going to the garden, I set to work on the one thing I find true joy in. I love getting my hands dirty, tilling, pulling at weeds, and adding a soil mixture of my own creation. This has always been my peace, how I center myself with the earth.

Passing my hand over the strawberries, I smile as the plant seems to come to life beneath my touch. Sitting there in the cool sunshine, I could almost believe I am growing them with my touch, with the wicked magic they all say I have inside of me. How would this magic be a bad thing? Could growing a harvest or healing wounds be bad?

“Your magic could never be bad, little bird,” a deep, raw voice sounds inside of my head. “You’re a magical creature the world does not deserve. Good for me the world does not get to have you. I do.”

Dropping the soil in my hand, I turn, hoping to find him there. The big, dark, beautiful creature from my dreams. There is no one there of course. I am dreaming again. Creating magic in my mind. Tears blur my vision. I am so tired of being alone.

Of feeling as if I belong nowhere, with no one.

“ You belong with me. Daddy’s little girl. ”

“Stop it! Whoever is in my head...” I trail off as something hot floods my being.

Taking a shaking breath, I move from the garden, to lie on the cool grass. Closing my eyes, I ground myself, my fingers sinking into the dirt, breath coming fast. Focusing, I shove aside the fog, the fear, the facade of right versus righteous. Letting out a gasp, I shudder as I see him. Just as I thought I did last night, just as I remember him.

Valen. Sharp, coiling horns frame his beautiful face with his red eyes. His skin is dark, gray, battered, but it too is a beautiful sight. My hands itch to touch him once again. To feel that skin against mine, his big body pinning mine down, his tail wrapping around my throat. Oh, his tail, yes! His forked tongue lashing at my skin, savoring me.

“Valen...is it real? Am I not alone anymore?”

“ Oh, yes, little girl. Very real. Daddy will be back. Someone thought they could tear me from you. They were wrong. ”

Memories of last night filter through my mind, snapshots of him coming to me. Pleasure makes my body start to shake. His hands on me, his tongue on my skin, in my mouth, between my thighs. His...oh, his thick, swollen cocks filling me. I took them both, begging for more.

“Valen. I need you, you said...I could call your name if I needed you. I do.... daddy , I need you. I ache. I thought it was a dream.”

“ It was a dream, sweet bird. A dream this demon does not deserve. Yet you exist.

You want me. You need me. Do you need daddy inside of you now, little girl ?”

Moaning, I nod. I remember he does not need me to speak. I tug my dress, pulling it up, up, the breeze cool on my feverish flesh. Earlier I touched myself before I stopped. I won’t now. I need to feel what I felt with my demon. To know the burning pleasure of his touch, his filthy whispered words, his claiming my body brought me.

“Yes, yes, please. You swore to me,” I cry out as my fingers rub at my bare pussy, sticky, swollen beneath my touch.

Something shimmers in the air. It vibrates the very earth I am spread out on. It is him. I moan as my touch speeds up, my thighs spreading for him. His is there, his huge, wide body fitting between my thighs. Pushing them back, bending me, his tongue lashes at my fingers, sliding inside of me.

“That’s a good girl. Called for Daddy, so here I am. I made a vow to you, bird. My needy little mate. Call for me, I will come. Oh, how sweet you taste. Nothing could keep me from this, from you, from how we need one another. Not even the King of Hades.”

Grasping his horns as he eats me, I nod. I am not sure what he means yet I know it to be true. Nothing can keep us apart. We’re magic. All those stories, those harsh words all my life were true. I am magic. My demon daddy is magic. We’re destined for one another.

“Daddy, please,” I whimper, stroking his horns as he sucks at my sex greedily. “I need it. I need you to remind me...oh, yes!”

His teeth sink into my thigh, piercing the flesh. He spoke of our mating, of the venom he floods my veins with. Now it courses through me once more. This must be how it feels to be drunk. To be high on a substance you grow addicted to.

I am addicted to my daddy mating me.

Beside me the earth trembles. I realize it is his tail thumping down on the warm grass as he sucks at my flesh. His venom is sweet and hot in my veins, pushing me towards a climax of such blinding pleasure, I am almost afraid of it. Clutching tightly to his horns, I hold him still, rubbing myself against his tongue that continues to lick my skin. Valen chuckles because he knows what I want.

“Greedy little girl. Daddy will give you what you need,” he hums against my thigh before another bite sends me over the edge.

“Oh! Don’t stop, daddy, don’t...I’m...yes, yes, I’m coming! I am going to come apart before you can get inside me. I want you inside me. Don’t you want to breed me, daddy? Don’t you want me to give you babies? Magic babies because we’re magic, yes, daddy?”

The pleasure-pain at my thigh vanishes. I whimper. Except he is there, looming over me, a twisted smile at his handsome face. Nodding, he grips the front of my dress with his talons, tearing it from me. I am not shy as he bares me to his hungry gaze. No, I preen for him. I love the way his eyes, black now with lust, eat me up.

“Yes, sweet girl, we’re magic, the two of us. Never believed I could find something so sweet . Something so damned perfect. I was miserable because I could never find you in a thousand other souls. Your magic is something never seen before. Special. Pure, yet so,” his voice vibrates as he lines up between my thighs, my seeking hands finding both of his cocks. “So damned filthy . For my soul. For me. Look how badly you want your monster inside of you. Fucking you raw, breeding you , owning you. Do it, little girl. Come sit on your throne, bird.”

Valen is huge yet he lets me take control, pushing him down on the grass beneath the setting sun. I climb atop him, hands holding his horns as his tail winds about my

waist. I am fascinated with his manhood. They're thick and long, bigger than I ever dreamt I could fit inside me. Stroking them, I see how they grow bigger, the rippled black flesh spiking with little rods of pleasure.

"Daddy," I hum in a slutty little voice, finding that girl, that needy slut, just for him. "I took you so good before. I was such a good girl for you. No one else has ever been inside me. Yet, you fit these big, hard cocks inside my little body. I was made for you, to please you, to be your slut. Is that what I was always going to be?"

"Oh yes, you're my little slut, bird. But you've got it wrong. I was created for you , Iris. Come sit on daddy's cocks and take all the cum you want from me, for it is yours and yours alone. It was me always meant to be. Always meant to be your daddy. I was just waiting for you to be created for me. Oh, that's a good girl, just like that, show me how you stuff those cocks inside you, little girl."

Valen hisses out the sexiest sound as I feed first his thick, wide curved cock inside my dripping cunt. I rub it against my clit, both of us humming in pleasure. Reaching behind me, I find his other shaft, holding it gently, stroking it as I start to ride him. Pressing it against my ass, I push it past the tight ring, crying out as I am full again.

"That's daddy's girl. Yes, you do take me so good. Make yourself come on my cocks, little girl. Please yourself the way you deserve. The way you craved for so long before I found you. You won't ever be alone now, Iris. I swear to you. He thinks he can take me from you, thinks he can have you. No one can. No one else can ever fucking have what is mine. All fucking mine!"

Taking control now, he sits up, his mouth closing around my nipple. I love the rough drag of his tongue over the budded flesh. His tail is tight on my waist as he pounds up into me. I claw at his shoulders, letting him fuck me, letting him take, letting him have what he needs, whatever he wants. Cradling his face in my hands, I tilt his head back, catching his gaze.

“No one else will ever have me. I would die first. I thought I dreamt you, daddy. Now I know...oh, oh, yes, yes, yes,” I pant as he bites at my nipple, flooding my body with his venom again. “Oh, daddy, yes! No one else will ever have my body or my soul.”

“I would kill you before I let someone take you from me. You have my spawn in your belly. My mark on your flesh, on your soul...on your pretty little heart. No one can have you. Just me.”

“Just you, daddy,” I pant against his mouth as he fills me over and over.

I watch in fascination as his eyes go silver as he fucks me softer, slower, savoring each stroke. My hand still cradles his face. Just as it did the night we met, there is a spark at my fingertips. I gasp as I watch his skin shimmer beneath my touch. Healing. Going from rough, ruined, to soft wherever my fingertips touch him.

“Valen...baby,” I whisper, dropping down close to trace my fingers over a wound I notice is fresh. “It..it...do you feel that?”

“Feel you teasing daddy with that tight cunt? Yes, little girl, now fuck those cocks or I’m going to punish you for teasing daddy.”

“Oh, daddy,” I cry out as his talons dig into me tauntingly.

Valen still just as quickly as he made the dirty demand. His silver eyes search mine before they blink back to red. Touching the dark, almost purple blood at his brow, I let out a hiss of anger. He has been hurt. How did I not notice? Could I be so greedy to be bred, to be used by his cocks, that I ignored someone wounded my mate?

“Iris. Do not even think it,” he growls, hands gripping me tight.

Tracing a few other wounds, I let out my own animalistic sound. My pussy flutters up

his cock as I rock back on the other filling my ass. He is mine . I fooled myself it was just a dream because I could not bear the thought of truly finding a mate. Yet we're here—we've found our soulmates, our other halves, broken, battered parts of our incomplete souls.

“Who hurt my mate? Who thinks they can have me? I will kill them. Hurt them as they have hurt you,” I hiss even as I start to rock again, chasing a churning coiling lust inside of me. Have to mark him, stamp a clear, glowing sign that no one else will have him, or ever hurt him again—without having to answer to me.

“Oh fuck,” Valen roars, as I rut wildly, moaning his name as I take, as I tear open gates to some new part of me, a place I had no idea was locked away. “That’s it, that’s daddy’s good girl. Show me. Show me the magic, Iris. Never hold back from me, mate.”

“Valen! Its...it’s so nice...feels so good. I want to let it touch me,” I cry out, rocking faster, clawing at his chest as I grow wild. “I am on fire. Doesn’t burn....it.... oh, baby, it glows! Golden, hot...oh, daddy!”

Coming hard as I slam down once more, thighs trembling as I soak us both, my cum hot, thick, creamy between us. Valen roars, claws piercing my skin as I choke his cocks, drawing everything from him. Not just rope after rope of cum, but the darkness of his soul, the pain of a past he runs from, sorrow for all hurt he caused.

“Take it, mate. From everywhere. From everyone. Take your magic. Let me see it. Show off for daddy.”

“Valen...daddy, I can heal what has hurt you. Will you let me?”

“Iris...if there is a soul that could heal this demon it is yours.”

Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 5:16 am

Valen

Lying beneath bright skies with a sweet breeze blowing, holding the sweetest, softest creature I have ever known, I taste what happiness must be. It was never something I ever thought I would touch. I was a miserable human before my death which is how I wound up down below. I was suited for Hades, the king of hell said.

Hades was where I believed I belonged. Until stepping through voids between words, beyond the veil demons use to hide behind. I was a miserable man who never knew love or peace. It was a foreign concept—yet I knew how to laugh, how to taunt, how to use others for what I wanted, to fulfill my needs.

“I would give you anything, little bird,” I whisper as I comb through her hair, her body rising and falling with each breath I take. “I would be anything for you, Iris. You might be the most powerful creature I have ever come across.”

Iris beams from my praise, sitting up to gaze down at me. It is nightfall with a copper moon hanging overhead. Her skin shimmers in the dim glow, her beautiful tits, wide hips, all of her brightening as I make those vows. Sliding my hands up her thighs, I press a hand over her stomach gently.

Beneath my palm, our child grows. I sense him. He will be powerful too, thanks to his mother. Because she is unlike any other source of magic I’ve ever seen. Born of a witch she said. With a shifter father. That alone would be a powerful combination. There is more there, beneath her surface. Generations of lovers crossing lines to create a magic of divination, evocation, summoning, even elevation or healing abilities.

Even now, her fingers trace over battle scars from a war I long ago fought. Her touch does not erase the scars entirely. Yet, they soften, even the memory of how I earned them fading. It is a powerful, intoxicating sensation to let someone take control of you body and soul this way. In a way far beyond us being lovers or forever mates.

“You have, Valen,” she hums as she falls forward with a beaming smile. “Love after a lifetime of loneliness. Pleasure I had no clue I could crave, yet alone savor. Is it true? Am I.... will we have a child soon, daddy?”

Smirking up at her, I nod. Because again, we do not need to speak words to share things. “In just a few months, we will have our first together, little bird. Our magic means our little ones will be here sooner than most mortal births. We might be able to have another soon after, for our child to never know loneliness.”

Iris’ beaming smile widens. It was all she ever wanted. Someone to love, who loved her. Someone to care for, to tend to, to give to. I am blessed to be that for her. To create a clan together with her. I will get the gift of watching her become her true self, a mother, a wife, a healer, a force to be reckoned with.

“I want lots of babies, Valen. We can create our clan, show them how to love, how to grow the world around us, and how to come back from the darkest of places,” Iris’ voice drops as she cradles my face in gentle hands. Lowering her head, she brushes her mouth over mine. Over my brow, my temple, the base of my curled horns. Each press of her lips fixes a part of me. Restores a little of something I have lost.

“You said before I saved you. Wrong, little bird. You saved me. Called to me before I knew I had to heed your calls. I was a monster. Yet you loved me the moment you saw me, horns, scars, wicked tail, wrecked soul and all. There was no hesitance, no fear, no recoil. Iris, you looked at me and...you saw me, you loved me, you claimed me.”

Lowering her head, she walks her fingertips up to trace my horns, sparking magic from her fingertips. Pleasure burns inside of me. Her mouth brushes against mine, her tongue coming out to taste me. I need her. I need her to exist, to go on. I might not deserve to have this beautiful turn of events—I know I do not—yet I will not give it up.

“He will not take me. Not you either, daddy,” she hums against my mouth, hand moving to cover where my half-dead heart lays. “I am not letting go what I have just found. You belong to me. My savior. My mate. My big daddy,” she moans the last words, rubbing her soft body against mine as her strokes on my horns taunt my cocks.

“I worship you now, Iris. Nothing else, no one else, not Hades or even...him,” I gasp the last word because we’re not alone. He is here.

“I’ve come for the pussy that has tried to steal you from me, Valen,” His voice booms, sending a twist of rage twirling inside of me.

Pushing up, I tuck my mate behind me as protective wave washes over me. I will not let him near her. Won’t let him touch her. Behind me, Iris goes tense as if the same thoughts run through her mind. I smile. Because He has come without understanding I am the least of his worries now

Iris has all the power here—not two diminutive demons.

“Alas, we must disappoint you, Bael,” I taunt with a chuckle.

“Why would I be disappointed,” he responds as he leers at her bare body, his black eyes glowing with lust. “From all I see, there is much to savor of your little pet. Before I feast on her soul I will feed off of her pussy. I will even let you witness all I plan to do to her.”

Acting fast, I position myself between Iris and the looming threat of Bael. Lowering to a crouch, I wait a heartbeat before I launch forward. My fist slams into his head, rocking it back. His knee connects with my jaw, stunning me. Circling slightly, I never give him enough chance to advance towards my mate.

“This will be fun. It has been a lifetime since you grew so bold, Valen of Valencia. Always such fun, we have together.”

Growling at Bael, I shove him with a push of dark energy that sends him sprawling back. Swinging my tail round to wrap around his throat, I lift him back up, his long, spindly legs dangling. He gasps but his fanged teeth flash as he smiles down at me. Grunting as his own dark energies start to pull me apart without him having to lift a finger, I let him drop to the ground, sputtering.

Bounding towards him again, I flick my wrist, calling my talons back out. Have to put them away whenever I am cuddling with my mate. With a quick wave of my hand, I slice his throat, down his sternum, all the way to his gut. It will wound him, sure, but he will be able to stop the worst of it before it tears him apart the way I want.

Searing pain screams in my head as his own talons tear into my skull. I cry out, but I do not go down. It will hurt, but it will heal. Hell, it might heal faster now that I’ve had Iris’ touch. Those wounds from my last run in with Bael, before she called me to her earlier, are gone.

“Hmm, I smell her sweet on you, big guy. I am hurt. Thought you saved that cock just for me. Never were a loyal lover, were you?”

“Lover implies feelings, Bael. Never had a single feeling for you.”

“Ouch. Wound me with actions, trickster, not words.”

My tail goes for his throat again, the flared end becoming a sharp barb. It pierces his skin, but he twists away fast, tearing free of me. I grunt as he whips his own tail out, swiping fast to send me on my ass. I grunt as he leaps on top of me, talons digging into my shoulders, my hips, pinning me down as they sink into my flesh.

Bael chuckles again, snapping his head back to leer at my mate. Something breaks loose inside of me. Whatever gate that kept me from becoming total darkness swings shut. I have done dirty deeds most of my life. I have hurt a thousand souls. I've ended lives as I laughed. What I have never done is show any sort of refrain.

For Iris, for a woman who has changed me overnight, I will do whatever it takes to love her. Even if it means being soft. Showing mercy to those who have been merciless. I do not know how to win without treachery or tricks, yet I am certain I will be the winner.

"You do like watching still, don't you, friend? Will it be as hot as that time you watched me mount that poor pastor? Remember how he cried? Might be better than the time we shared that little fae. Those tricks of yours sure made her laugh, yeah? Well, before we took our turns with her, of course," he taunts, bringing pain back to some of the places Iris has been able to erase it.

"One time, I killed a bird," a new voice hums above our hisses and hums through the air if lyrics over a melody. "It was not a mistake. I meant to do it. Because I was curious. How does it feel to be cold, to be bad, to be indifferent. I did not care for it. Still, it came to me with ease. I could not know it was magic that made it that way."

There she is, standing over us, scraps of her dress covering her sexier spots. I tell myself to praise her for later her modesty with what is mine. Twisting her beautiful mouth is a smile unlike any I've seen on those perfect lips before. I smile too. Even as pain flares hot inside of me, my wounds bleeding all over the earth, I am healing for her.

I am healing because of her.

Grinning up at Bael as he frowns at her words, I laugh. I do love to laugh. It is the way she looks now, wild, free, uncaged by her connection to me, mine to hers. There is no fear in her beautiful face. No hesitation as she stares down a demon who has never seen her magic. Never been witness to the beauty that is my sweet little bird.

“What...how can...what are you?”

“Oh, you poor thing. You have no idea, do you? Bael, honey, I am the end of you.”

Page 6

Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 5:16 am

Iris

For all my years being afraid, uncertain, I never had a thing to truly fear or be unsure of. I was kind to those kind to me, even to those unkind. I was patient with those who would judge my being poor or being an orphan with no clue of her ancestry. I gave until I had nothing left. But the truth is, I always had more, I always will, and I have nothing to be unsure about.

No more fear will tie me down—not in this life or the next.

“What... are you ?” Bael’s voice trembles as he gapes at me.

Watching him slip out of nothingness to intrude on Valen and I was triggering. For so long I just wanted someone to want me. To love me. Protect me. The humans who found me a lifetime ago refused to give me any of that. But a demon walked out of Hades ready to give me that and more.

“...Bael, honey, I am the end of you.”

My words do not tremble. I am not touched by fear or hesitance. I march towards the demon, his dark black skin streaked with blood. My mate has hurt him, yes. Yet, the king of hell, one of the several that Valen explained exists in all the levels of Hades, he was just toying with my mate. Playing games the way Valen always did before.

Now it is my turn to play their little game.

“Nothing so pretty could harm me, little girl,” he spits.

Dropping Valen at last, he stands, towering over me. I do not cower or even consider bending before him. Kneeling to a king of darkness is not happening today on my land, with my lover, my mate at my side. Instead, I will show him he has made his worst mistake.

“Yet my beautiful Valen has hurt you, yes? Not just those wounds on your body...I mean the ones on your poor, pathetic heart. He has chosen me. Not just as his mate, which is unbreakable, yes? Valen chose to be at my side, here on my plane, instead of being in Hades with you. You thought you meant something to him. Poor thing.”

Twisting my fingers, I conjure a ball of flame, of flickering blue energy buzzing inside of it. I’ve just begun to play with these powers. Powers I had no idea I had, despite always feeling them flow beneath the surface. I made things happen. Helped things grow. Could hear what others thought of me without them saying a word.

My garden grows not just because of a special mix of soils and minerals. It is because I will it. I nurture it, protect it, command it with my gentle touches, my patient attention. It is the way I will love Valen. The way I will begin to love myself. Our children. It is how I will learn all these magical parts of me I am just meeting.

“Once I am done with you, pretty girl, he will no longer choose you. Not that he will survive what I plan to do to you.”

“You have it wrong again, little fella. Coming here now, attacking him showed your hand. Exposed a weakness. I have frightened you.”

Behind him, Valen gets to his feet, smirking at me. Pride glows inside of me. Well, it glows just about everywhere because I can see how it shimmers in the air. I have never known pride from another, love the way he has shown it, protection, none of the things we all crave. Yet here I stand proud, protected, and most definitely loved.

For a moment, the rest of the world fades away. It is just us, sharing a moment, speaking again without need for words. I smile back, nodding my head. Telling him that yes, we've got this. We've got this weak monster in front of us, but also this. This life, we've got it.

"Nothing frightens me," Bael speaks, spitting blood out with a sneer. "He and I play this way all the time. He is a trickster. Do you think you were the first?"

"Oh, I was. I am the first. Because I am nothing close to the others before me. That is what has you scared. Why you pulled him back, from my arms, to try to stop what you saw us building. It cannot be stopped, Bael. We cannot be stopped. Not in this life or the next, not now that we have found one another."

Bael circles me, sizing me up as he listens to me. I have lived all those years with such uncertainty. It was a sickness. A cold I could not shake, an ache I could not soothe. I never knew I did not need anyone to love me. To protect me. Or to want me.

Because I can love me. I can protect myself. I can want the world for myself.

It does not mean I do not need Valen. Because I do. I want him. He is mine, my mate, my partner, the other half of me. As I am the same for him. This demon, this powerful entity who rules his level of hell however he sees fit, he thinks he can change that. Thinks he can tear us apart, hurt us with each other. As I said, he has it wrong.

With a sigh, I toss the ball of flames at him. I conjure another, letting it build as the other burns through his skin. It will heal, as most the damage I do to him will. But ball after ball of fire, each hotter, each heavier with magic, will beat him down enough to do worse.

It will take special magic to end a demon.

“Earlier I said we would have a good time together,” Bael hisses with a smirk. “You said I was wrong but...here we are, having fun.”

Catching the next ball I throw at him, he turns it back on me, the flames flickering red, lava hot, full of hate, rage. I do not dodge it in time, so it burns through my arm as it hits me. I let out a shout of pain before I curse myself. I am new at this, this being my first fight with a demon, but I have to do better if I want to survive it.

I’ve had just a few hours between lovemaking with Valen to toy with my powers. To test out what I can and cannot do. This magic has layers to peel back, to peek behind. Magic from witches and shifters. From conjurers and seers. I plan to have a damn good time doing that, sifting through the layers of this newfound magic.

First, I must end this thing with Bael. Need him gone so I can start a life with my demon. With my sweet daddy. I want him along with anyone like him who might ever try to darken our doorstep to know they ought to reconsider. I never want us to have to fight again, but if we do, I want those who would come looking for a fight to be ready.

Once this is all over, I will train this newfound power. To perfect all of the abilities inside me. I want to be prepared to fight if another fight comes for us. Which is a definite possibility due to who and what Valen has crossed paths with. Not to mention those who come for me once word spreads that I am a very unique individual.

“It is fun,” I agree, tossing two more orbs at him, almost effortlessly. Each time I create something or trust in myself, this power inside of me grows stronger. I become more confident. Surer that this is who I was always meant to be. “Good thing I am having a good time. Because once the fun is over for me...it is over for you as well, demon.”

Four hits crash into him, one, two, three-four, in fast succession He stumbles back against the mountainside, wounded. Coming back, he gives a wave of his hand. I go airborne, hurtling back as his dark power does its best to tear me apart. It hurts. It is a pain unlike any I have ever known, down to my marrow, even deeper, to my very soul.

It is nothing in comparison to the pain of loss, loneliness I've known for so long. No one embraced me. No one encouraged this magic or my wonder about it. Not before Valen came to my calls of need, my fear, my desire to be saved, to matter. He was my savior.

Now it is my turn to save us both.

“Don't hold back, little one. I want the best of you. Before I destroy you, I want your lover to see how good it could have been. I will take you from him, skull fuck you to death while he watches. Then I will fuck him until he remembers he does not get to have a mate. Not while I still want him. Neither of you will ever escape me.”

Laughing at how he reeks of desperation, I focus on Valen to draw me back to earth. Still reeling from the tearing, twisting pain of his power trying to tear me apart, I sputter out a cough. Blood freckles my hand. Seeing it enrages me. I glance towards Valen, seeing his wounds bleeding as well. This sends me over the edge.

Everything becomes red. The earth, the skies overhead, even the tufts of soft clouds. I rush towards the smirking demon who thinks he can take what is mine. Take what I have just found. I will not allow it. I will not give up my first taste of happiness. First taste of being whole.

“He does have a mate. I am his mate. Our bond had been made, we've sealed it as tight as any bond could be. I am with child,” I call it out with pride, watching Bael's face twist in rage. “His child. He will have spawn, know love, know happiness,

despite all the darkness of his past. Darkness you fed off of. We will always have one another while you have nothing. No one. Just the torture you wish to inflict on us.”

Fear weighs him down. I can taste it. Smell it. Not just that I could hurt him. He is a demon so what more damage could I do to his ruined body? It is not his body he fears being hurt. His soul is ruined, yet it yearns for one thing. It yearns for what he had with his second in command, his best friend, and his sometimes lover, Valen.

“You cannot have him,” Bael hisses, lashing at me with his tail

“Yes, I will have him. I have claimed him. He belongs to me, Bael, not to you. He has never belonged to you—always to me. He is mine and I am his. Nothing will change it.”

Once the words fill the space between us, he roars in pain. Not just from the balls of energy, of fire, hitting him over and over. But from the truth of what I declare. He cannot tear us apart. Even if he killed us both we would find one another again. Nothing can end us.

“No. No! Valen is mine. My toy, my gift, my little trickster.”

“Yes, he was yours to toy with long enough. Now he is mine. To treasure. Go back to Hades empty handed. You sense I am holding back,” I taunt with a smile before I sneer, shooting powerful shards of white light, piercing his flesh with the sharp barbs.

Bael goes down before I stop. I hesitate, waiting for him to give up. To call it off. Go back to Hades without the prize he came for. Suddenly the world melts around us, being overtaken by their world. He has taken us to Hades, hoping a trip to hell will ensure his win.

Once again, the king of hell has it wrong—I will win wherever we fight—because

nothing, not even a demon, will ever tear us apart.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 5:16 am

Valen

Being home has been a foreign concept for most of my life. It has been my miserable life seem even longer. Once I was brought to Hades, I assumed it was the closest to home I would ever find. Pain is all over the place. Regret. Guilt. It colors the air and clings to you no matter how deep your sins. I cannot shake it off, even when I go on my escapades between the voids, looking to laugh again, to remind myself I was a human once who must have had some feelings.

I was wrong. I had never felt anything before my time in Hades. Nothing real at least. Just rage. Jealousy. Confusion. has been a long life, given the decades spent in Hades. It was the first place all my rage, all the jealousy, my confusion, made any sort of sense. Here I could put it to use, I could aim it at someone else, hurt them with it.

Here I am again, the closest to home I ever felt before. Now it seems so unfamiliar to me. I was up top just two days. I've been down here for centuries. My time up top with Iris was enough to change everything. It was enough to change me. Cries of pain, of despair, the heat of the brimstone, the stench of death, they cling to me in a way I am afraid I might never rid myself of—and I can't taint her with it.

“Let her go,” Bael's snarl fills my head, echoing over the cacophony of Hades.

Bringing us here, dragging my mate down here, it is diabolical. Bael wants to use who I was, who I became down here, to will her not to want me. To showcase what a monster I am. What a monster I was. I could never repent enough for all I have done. Could never restore the damage I have caused. What I can do is stop being a tool for pain.

I am no longer under his spell—I am under hers and hers alone.

“Never. I will never let her go. Nothing you could do to me will change. We both know she is too powerful for you to do anything to her.”

Turning to face him as Hades falls around us like dark rainfall, I smirk. He thought he had to even the playing ground. Up on her land, her realm, her home, he was no match for her. That sweet little creature with her beautiful body bare, her soft eyes blazing, she tore him to pieces before putting him back together again—just so she could do it again.

I was a trickster, but never did I witness such a trick.

Bael never saw her coming. Too focused on me, on his power struggle, his obsession with me, to notice her entering the fight. I was battered and broken. My mate was there to take on a fight with a foe stronger than any she might ever face again. Just as the way she gave herself to me, without hesitation, without fear, she faced him down as if he were no better than that mortal who set fire to her land.

“This might be true,” Bael agrees with his own smirk. “Could she stand watching me use you for the next hundred years? Fucking your mouth while you cried out for her to stop me. Whipping you with my tail until you come because you love being hurt. Will she love watching? Will it make her pussy wet for you? Or might it make that sweet cunt drip for me ?”

“You cannot have her,” I roar, shooting to my feet. I am chained to the crumbling dirt beneath us, with magic I have no power to break down here. We’re tucked away in his corner of Hades—where his power reigns supreme. No one can best him here, least of all me, someone who catered to him, who was his slave, his toy to play with.

“I said I will have her, and I will . I must know what that pussy tastes like. How it fits

all four of our cocks. We can make her take both of us, can't we, lover? Doesn't matter if she survives it, long as we get to fuck her together. Ah, there she is, on time like a good girl."

Snapping my head back, I see the shimmer of her coming through the void. It was as fast as a snap of his fingers for us. For her, for an entity so unlike those we bring down here to toy with, to torture, to taunt for the rest of their lives, it took a moment longer.

"Were we not having enough fun, honey?" Iris calls out as she advances on him. I laugh. I am aching, afraid of what he might do to her, how he might ruin how she sees me, yet I can still laugh.

Iris pauses beside me, shooting him a scathing look. Again, I laugh, the sound maniacal as she kneels close, cradling my head in gentle hands. This is home. This woman, this magical monster of mine is what home is. Here in Hades or up top on her land, she is home. Lowering her head, she nuzzles my nose the way we do.

"We will be home soon, mate," she hums, confidence shining in her beautiful eyes. "I will take care of this, daddy."

"It ought to be me taking care of us, little girl."

"Do you doubt I can handle him, Valen?"

Smiling wider as I gaze up at her lovingly, I shake my head. "Oh, sweet bird, I have no doubt. My mate is a force of magic, nature, of gods and demons. There is nothing, no one that you cannot handle."

Beaming down at me, my beautiful mate nods. A confirmation. That she is about to handle this with ease. Laughing again, I nod back because I know she will. I meant

what I said...there is nothing she cannot handle. Not even the king of hell.

We will be home soon as she said. Up on her land, in that little cottage of hers, where we can make love for days if we want. We can cuddle the way she loves to. I will get to feel our child growing inside of her before I breed her again. And again. And again, if she lets me.

“I am bored of the two of you. I have what I wanted back where it belongs,” Bael sneers at me before dismissing me to focus on Iris. “I will be with you in a moment, lover. After I maim your other lover,” he teases, chuckling before it becomes a gasp of pain.

Now I am the one laughing. Iris hits him with blast of energy that engulfs him. Black smoke, blue flames, and ripples of electric energies pin him to his spot. Iris circles him slowly, a look of fascination on her beautiful face. Witnessing her finding her magic, figure out how to use all this power at her fingertips has been its own form of magic.

There is a light to her, shining bright as she advances on Bael. He was wrong to bring her here. To try to even the battleground by showing where he would keep me, torment and torture me, and where he once had me for himself. It just adds fuel to her rage, colors her attacks with a vast mixture of all that power inside of her.

“I believe taking what is not yours is a sign of weakness. Valen was never yours before. He won’t ever be yours, honey,” Iris declares.

Bael crashes to the ground as she lets go of her hold on him. Towering over his crumpled frame, she regards him as he taunts her. “Has your mate told you about all the others? Before you. How often we shared them? Oh, men too. Anything he could stick his dick in.”

“He does have magnificent dicks. I rather no one else had him before. I accept that no one else ever will have him. Just me. He is just mine now. Is that what kills you—his magnificent dicks don’t even stir for you now. They come to life for me, to fill me, to breed me, to own me. They belong to me now, he belongs to me now, demon.”

Bael cries out as she stops playing nice. Iris bears down on him, twisting his body with a wiggle of her fingers. He roars as she shreds him inside out. We both laugh as pain puts him on his ass, his wrecked carcass shuddering beneath her power.

I twist at the chains holding me back. Preventing me from going to her. Not that she needs someone to save her. It was what she saw the day we met. That I had saved her. I told her how wrong she was. What do I know about saving anything? It was her then, calling out to me, and her now vanquishing a demon while I watch, doing the saving.

“I love you, sweet little bird. I love you as much as my wrecked, black, heart could love someone. I cannot wait to live life with you.”

Iris turns back to watch me for a moment. Her gaze tracks the chains holding me down. They vanish from my wrists, clanging to the ground beneath me. Coming to me, she dips her head, her nose nuzzling mine as her hands tease my horns.

“I love you too, daddy. Love you more than I knew I could. Love saved me, you saved me demon. Saved me from emptiness, from loneliness. I love you. No one can ever tear us apart. Not even that monster,” she hums, brushing her mouth over mine as she jerks her head behind her at the pathetic creature writhing in pain.

Once again, she shifts her focus back to Bael. Not a moment too soon. Our profession of love seems to have given him a dose of energy. Stumbling back to his feet, he launches an assault that should decimate any foe.

Only, Iris is not another demon or a mere witch, not just a shifter or a mystic, she is all of it, all of the magic we've ever come across lives inside of her. I stand back to watch the show as she reacts. I am eager to witness her pull back the curtain on all the magic her lineage has filled her with.

“Both of you will be my new toys. You will never leave Hades. Not to play tricks for a laugh. Not to tend to your precious garden, Never again will you have each other. You will watch me take my fill of both of you. This love of yours will destroy you both, as it often does.”

“Wrong yet again. We will be going home soon. Once I get my fill of you , little toy,” Iris taunts him, making me laugh again. My mate is a trickster too, it would seem.

Going up against Bael has been something of a test for her. To try out these newfound powers. There was no need to hold back or be careful as they battled. No call for caution. He is a demon who came to hurt her, to hurt me, to tear us apart—she will not hold back now.

Dodging an attack he hurtles her way, she lets out another laugh. Iris does a quick spin, as if dancing, before she sends her own attack. Oh yes, she is a trickster. Having a grand time while she decimates a demon hell bent on taking away what is hers.

“We've been having such fun,” Iris sings as she continues to twist and twirl, even as she sends balls of energy, of fire, and barbs of energy at Bael. “I am afraid our fun is over. I want to go home with my mate now.”

Sending a barrage burst of attacks at him, she laughs once more. Bael crumples on the ground as she stands over him. Waving her hands almost tentatively, wondering what she can do next, she makes a fist. Bale cries out in agony as she contorts his battered body without even touching him. Waiting in pain, he claws at the rocky soil beneath him, begging her to stop.

“I will stop soon. Once you understand that he is not yours. I would never be yours. He is my mate, and I am his. No one will tear us apart. I will kill any creature who tries to.”

“Yes, yes, I understand! Please....” Bael begs as he writhes in pain.

Hearing him beg, a demon who spent a Millenia making others hurt, is remarkable. Iris lets up for just a moment before she presses on again, his shouts of pain echoing along with all the others. Again, she relents, backing up as he sputters on the floor.

“Come for us again, I will not stop. I will go until there is nothing left of what little is left of you now, Bael.”

Turning to me, she holds her hand out. Beaming at her, I take it, drawing her close to my chest. I cradle her gently, tilting her head back. Jade eyes full of fire, of confidence, of purpose, shine up at me.

“I love you little bird. Let’s go home now,” I hum against her lips.

“Let’s go home, daddy.”

Page 8

Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 5:16 am

Iris

Finding your power, your purpose is life altering. World changing. Wondering your entire life who you should be, who you can be, leaves room for all kinds of things. Boring, basic things. Magical, otherworldly things. When the truth comes out, that you can be both, it does take some getting used to.

Pushing the bacon around in the pan, I flip a pancake with my other hand. My fingertips spark and I laugh. I am making breakfast for my mate, the hot daddy demon in my bed, and my magic won't stop sparking. It's been this way for days, not that I mind at all.

Facing Bael woke up parts of me I had never dared face before. With the gardens, with the crystals, even with how I spoke to the earth and the skies whenever I wanted a good harvest for Maxine's produce, I touched on the magic I felt inside me. I never let myself believe it could be real or powerful.

Turns out I am powerful enough to face down a demon.

"There she is," Valen's voice hums from behind me before his tail snakes around my waist. "My sweet little girl up at dawn to be one with nature, yes? Before you go to your garden, how about you come be one with daddy, yeah?"

His tongue licks down my neck, sending sparks of pleasure to my center. Laughing, I nod as I fall back against his firm body. I breathe in his scent, feel the warmth of him, and I am at peace. I never thought I would have this. Have someone who cared for me, who would stay with me, but here we are.

“I do want to go be one with the earth. It can wait until I let my mate get his fill of me,” I tease as his talon tears at the straps of my top, exposing my breast as the cotton falls away.

“We have a problem then, little girl,” Valen teases as he tears at the other strap, sending the dress falling to the floor. “Because I will never have my fill of you, mate.”

Valen’s talons go away, his hands gentle on my body as they slide down to my belly. He hums as his hands cradle me there, where a small bump has begun to grow. He did tell me our pregnancies will be faster, different, but it’s been just a few weeks since we were first together. Valen said we will be able to feel our little monster soon.

“I look forward to trying to satiate you, daddy,” I tease.

Valen turns me, lifting me to set me on the counter beside the stove. Turning off the bacon and grabbing a piece, he smirks up at me. I smile as he chews at the bacon, letting out a little groan of pleasure. He loves food, it turns out. Bacon and pancakes, hamburgers and hand cut fries, anything I cook he loves. Just last night he had his first candy, some red vines, and insists we stock up as soon as possible.

We’ve been on our own version of a honeymoon since the battle with Bael. We came home, just as I promised we would, and made love for days. We’ve played in the garden where he praised me for the bountiful growth, confirming it is part of my magic. At nightfall, we would go to the lake to swim beneath the moon, savoring each other.

Having him here at the cottage has made it a home. Lying in bed with him, though he barely fits, being held all night and feeling safe because he won’t ever leave me has changed my life. I was alone for so long. Even before Maxine died, I had no one to talk to, no one to laugh with, and certainly no one who loved me.

“I love you,” I whisper the words I will never tire of giving him.

Valen sobers, his eyes glowing red. “I love you too, Iris. It was such a foreign thing to me for so long. Loving someone more than yourself? I did not believe it was a real thing. I consider those who loved weak. I was wrong. Someone who loves someone else this way, who would gladly sacrifice themselves for that person, that is a strong person. Watching you with Bael, it became obvious what loved looks like. You had no idea about your magic before we met, no chance to perfect it. Yet you never hesitated once. You love me enough that you were going up against a literal monster, to protect me.”

“I would have gladly given my life for yours. It meant so little to me before,” I admit, recalling that emptiness, the ache of loneliness. I am so full now. His attention, his constant affection, this magic inside of me that I still want to learn more about, it has given me purpose.

“Now it means everything. My life does not matter. Not now that you’re with child. That little monster is the priority now. I never thought...I was glad my bloodline ended with me. Until I found you. I might never repent enough for my many sins, but you, and our child, that is a good start, I think.”

Smiling, I draw him closer, brushing my mouth over his. Valen hums as I kiss him slowly, letting our tongues tangle. His kiss tastes sweet, smoky bacon, and the spiciness that is just him. His hands smooth down my back, then hook under my thighs. His tongue flicks at my lips as he pulls back, lifting me against him off the counter.

“Come, little girl. Daddy needs some quality time with his favorite toy,” he teases as he carries me with ease to the front room.

Sun shines in on the rug by the fireplace, painting the room in amber light. Valen

goes down on his knee, setting me down gently. Before he can mount me and take what he wants, I stop him. I want him to get what he wants, of course, I just want to get something too.

“Daddy,” I tease as I sit up on my knees, still dwarfed by his huge frame. “I made breakfast. I didn’t eat a bite...can you feed me?”

Valen hesitates for a moment as my words seem to confuse him. His eyes flare gold once he understands. Growling, he stands to his full height, putting his cocks right where I want them. Reaching out, I circle the bottom one, the curvier of the two, spiked with soft barbs that feel so good inside me. My other hand works the top one, thicker, bigger, the one he gives his side with, the crown swollen and dripping.

“Oh, yes, daddy will feed his little girl. Open that slutty little mouth, you’re going to swallow daddy’s big cock down that good girl throat,” he hisses, hands fisting my hair, yanking my head back.

Whimpering, I open my mouth for him. Without hesitation, he pushes past my lips, both of us moaning in pleasure as I choke on him. He pulses in my mouth as I suck hard, my hands working his other cock, so it’s not left out.

“Such a good little girl,” he hums, rocking his hips. “So fucking pretty being daddy’s little toy. You love swallowing his big cocks. Open up, take the other one, don’t leave him out.”

“Yes, daddy. Yes, I love being your good girl,” I whimper.

Valen roars, pulling back as he yanks my head down. The other cock pushes inside my mouth. It tastes sweet, sweeter than his bacon flavored lips. Sucking hard, I let him pump into my mouth over and over. Pulling out again, he shoves his other shaft in my mouth, then back again, using my mouth for his pleasure.

It might be me on my knees for him, him taking pleasure from me however he chooses, but I have the power. I might be playing little girl for him now, and will often when we play this way, but I am not weaker than him or less than. We're equal in this.

"I love you, Iris. My sweet little bird. Love you so fucking much. That's it, that's a good girl. Just like that, little girl, suck daddy so good."

Moaning as my own pleasure starts to soak my thighs, I do as I am told. I suck harder, taking him deeper, I stroke whichever cock is not in my mouth. I choke on him, I take him so deep, but I never stop. Not until I make him come. Not until I am sticky with his seed.

"Look at your mark," he whispers, his fingers tracing the scar at my throat. "Look how it glows whenever you're being my good little girl. Fuck, I love that you're bound to me. That I am bound to you. I will love you for eternity, sweet bird. To the end of this life and beyond."

Whimpering, I nod. We're not mortal so a normal life is not for us. Which means through this strange life of ours, we will get to love each other longer, deeper, in more ways than any mortal could. It is why I had to be alone for so long. No man or woman on this earth would have been a match for me or what is inside of me.

"Can I mark you with magic again?"

"You can mark me a hundred times if you want, love. I will wear your brand with pride. Having the love of something so fucking magical, so goddamn powerful, is a true honor."

Before I can say anything to that, he pulls out of my mouth. Lifting me, he turns me, so I am on all fours. Knelt behind me, he grips my hips in rough hands. I cry out

when he spans me, something we just started playing with. It sends a shockwave of pleasure to my pussy. I ask for more, telling him to punish me for being so greedy for his cocks, for being such a needy little slut.

“That’s how I want you, little girl,” he grunts as he spans me again, again. “Needy for daddy’s cocks. Come back here, fill those holes with my cocks. Take me everywhere you want me.”

On my knees, I push back, glancing back over my shoulder to watch. Slowly, he fills my pussy with his barbed cock, and I cry out as an orgasm bears down on me the moment he bottoms out. His bigger, thicker cock pushes into my ass, stretching me, making it hurt until he rocks slightly, drawing pleasure out of me.

“Daddy, daddy, fuck me. Fuck your little girl. I need to come, daddy, it aches. Make me come. Please, daddy,” I cry out, my voice needy, raw. I am always hungry for him, always chasing the pleasure that I went so long without.

“That’s it, good girl. You take my cocks so good,” he hisses, pumping his hips, fucking me faster, harder. “You were created just for me, Iris. To by my sweet little girl. I will love you forever.”

“Yes, yes, I love you daddy. I love you, daddy!”

Together we come, shuddering, shouting, our souls tangling tighter together each time. Valen is knotted inside of me, so he cannot pull out. Not that I want him to. I love these moments where we’re floating in a place of pleasure. Valen cradles me to him as we curl up on the rug, his mouth pressing kisses all over my skin.

“I want that damn bacon,” he hums, his hips rocking once to tease me. “Guess it will have to wait.”

“I mean...you could take me with, daddy,” I offer with a laugh.

Valen sits up to glance down at me. I smile as he grins huge, nodding his head. Wrapping his tail around my waist, he lifts me against his body, his cocks still buried deep inside of me. I whimper when he starts to grow hard. It will have to wait. My monster wants his bacon, and I want my monster to be fed.

Wouldn't be daddy's little girl if I didn't take care of him would I?

Page 9

Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 5:16 am

Valen

Sin is something I know plenty about. I spent a lifetime sinning. Taking what I wanted, hurting who got in the way, stepping on necks without remorse. I wound up in Hades because I earned a lifetime down there. I earned all the pain, all the sorrow I have known all this time. I do not deserve to find my mate in a beautiful creature, but I have. I am a demon, so deserving or not, I am taking what is mine.

It is a beautiful day out when I decide my mate needs more from me. For weeks, she has been growing with our child, her soft bell rounding with our little monster as we call him. Her due date will be very soon. It is hard to tell with her not being quite human and me being a demon, but I expect by the end of the month our little one will be here.

Before we bring our son home, I want her to become my wife. We're mated in a way that cannot be undone, yes. We've branded each other with our marks, mine on her throat, hers on my shoulder. They will be seen by anyone who looks at us, even if they don't understand what the marks mean.

My little bird deserves the world—so I plan to give it to her.

“Will this be our life now? Me out here making a fool of myself, while you watch me do it?”

Laughing as she twirls to face me, hands on hips, acting affronted that I have watched her practice magic for hours, I nod. “Oh yes, this will be our life. We will have little monsters here to watch you too, do not forget. We can make friends with the other

shifters in town or maybe that little minx Mayhem has mated. Do you want friends, bird?”

Crossing the meadow towards me, she seems to think about this. My poor little girl has been alone for so long. That human who left this cottage and the land for her was a monster to her. Were she still alive, I would take great pleasure in ending her life just for my little bird to bear witness. But my little girl is sweet, so despite all that has been done to her, I doubt she would even allow it.

“Maybe we could find friends someday? Others like us who...who understand what we are. Who we would not have to hide from.”

“There are plenty of us out there. Mayhem is a fellow demon. Moon Haven is full of magical creatures. Has something to do with the ley lines here. There’s a warlock in town who knows all about it. Gareth, I believe. We had a run in once before, but I left him unscathed. He would be able to help us find friends.”

Iris giggles as she falls to the ground beside me, letting me cradle her close. I nuzzle my nose against hers, breathing in her sweet, clean scent. Her sigh makes my cocks pulse. I love every single sound she makes. Even the erratic ones she makes while she is working magic.

Tipping her head back, I brush my lips over hers. Kissing her is a magic of its own. I could do it for hours. We have done it for hours. Her soft little body fits to mine, her hands going to my horns, her tongue tangling greedily with mine. Being wanted the way she wants me, being able to pleasure her while she calls my name, is the most intoxicating thing I’ve ever experienced.

“Iris, little bird,” I whisper, tugging her chin so her gaze finds mine. “We do need some friends. I believe at least two will be needed.”

“We need two friends for...what?” Iris beams up at me and my dead heart thuds in my chest.

“Because we need to get married. I want to tie you to me in all the ways I can. With our mating bond, with our babies, and by the laws of this world, by becoming your husband. I do not have a last name, but I figure where I come from will work. I want you to be my wife.”

“Get married? Does it matter after we...I mean, yes, if you want to ask me to be your wife, the answer is yes. I love you. I love you so much and I can’t believe I get to have you. I don’t have to be alone. I will be your wife or your little girl, whatever you want, daddy.”

“I want it all, Iris. I want to put a ring on your finger,” I hold my hand up, thinking for a moment before a perfect ring materializes. I hold it out to her as she giggles again, letting me slide it on. “Have my babies. My name if you will take it. My mark on your body,” as I tick these things off, I shift us so she is beneath me, peeling off her dress.

With Iris lying bare beneath me, besides my ring on her left hand, she is the most beautiful creature I have ever seen. And she is mine. For the rest of our lives, and beyond. We will be together throughout her lifetime and well past it. We truly get to have forever together.

I am about to mount her, to bury my cocks deep so they can knot inside of her, as if I could breed her again, when she says something. I stop, pulling back to give myself a moment to gain control. I lose it the moment I kiss her, or she touches me, or even looks at me. I said I would never get my fill of her, and I meant it.

“Say that again, little girl?”

“Can we do it today, daddy? Get married. If we need just two others, you can call your friend, the demon Mayhem. He has a mate. That is two. We would just need a preacher. I am sure....”

“We cannot be wed by a preacher; we do not follow their beliefs. It would not count. It has to count. We could call another witch. A witch can host any denomination, it will count. Do we know.... oh, yes, Gareth. I can summon him.”

“So yes, we can do it now? Today?”

Pulling back again, I frown down at her, confused. “Iris, do you not want what other mortals want? They have flowers, they dress up, they have little monsters who throw things at them. I have heard of cake. I very much want cake.”

Beneath me, she laughs, drawing me closer. I am rewarded with a sweet kiss before she teases me. “We can have cake, Valen. I will make it myself while you get the others here. Lots of frosting for that sweet tooth of yours. I do not need flowers or dresses. I just want to be your wife. Valen...baby, can we get married today?”

“Yes, Iris. Yes, my sweet bird, we can get married today. Go bake me a cake, I will be back at sundown with all that we need.”

That is how I wind up wandering through Moon Haven, gathering all the things I promised her. I find Mayhem with his mate, so we have witnesses. Her sister is married to Gareth, the warlock, so we have someone to officiate. I get the paperwork done at the courthouse with a little tricking on my part.

By the time the sun begins to set in the skies, we’ve got all we need to become husband and wife. We’re bound beyond a piece of paper, beyond speaking some words to one another. Still, I swore I would give this woman everything, so it will begin here by tying us together by the law of her land.

Back at the meadow, I am stunned with what I find. Mayhem brings his mate Cari, his nymph mate. Gareth is there too, waiting. Beneath an arch made of limbs and the flowers she grows in her garden, he waits. I go to stand where I am meant to, waving a hand to tame some of my monster features. I even conjure up a suit to wear.

“Looking weird as hell in clothes, Valen,” Mayhem teases.

“Can’t show off my goods. Those belong to the missus. Speaking of goods, putting yours to good use. Heard you’ve got another baby coming soon. Keeping your mate pregnant, as I hope to keep mine.”

“Oh, yes. My mate is beautiful pregnant.”

Just as I am about to debate whose mate is more beautiful while pregnant, I see her. I was stunned by her beauty the first day she called me to her. I found her scared, yet strong, standing her ground. Beautiful in her bravery. Now she beams, pregnant with my son, on her way to becoming my wife.

Iris does not dress up or do fancy looks. Being with the earth, getting dirty in her garden, that is where she prefers to be. I counted five dresses in her closet, nothing one would think of wearing to a wedding. I would marry her naked or covered in dirt if it meant she will be mine forever. My little girl is not naked nor covered in dirt.

Wearing a satin dress that shows off her beautiful creamy skin, she is a vision of perfection. Her red hair blows in the wind, curled around her face, a crown of flowers from her gardens in a crown atop her head. Her hand holds a small bouquet as well and I smile because she said she did not need flowers, but I know how she loves them.

“There she is,” I whisper as I go to meet her halfway. “My bride.”

“There he is,” she teases me beaming bright. “My groom. My mate.”

“Don’t forget daddy,” I whisper as I nuzzle my nose against hers. “I love you, sweet girl. Love you more than I can stand, and I hope it scars me the way my sins have. I hope it hurts sometimes. Because I never want to forget how good having you feels.”

“We’re supposed to say vows for them to hear,” she reminds me.

“They do not need to hear it all. It is just for you. I love you.”

“I love you too, daddy,” she whispers against my lips.

In front of Gareth, we repeat the vows that magic and mortal folks alike use. Promising to love, honor, and cherish one another for all time. We speak some words in our own language, ones none of those here can understand. It just matters that we understand them.

“I will never be alone now, even if something tried to separate us. You would always be with me. Here,” she presses her hand to her chest. “Where there was emptiness before, it is full. Full of you, of the way you take care of me, protect me, the way you love me.”

“You said I saved you, but I was saved by you. My soul is ruined, it was black, broken well before you found me. I do not deserve this new chance, this magical life, but I will take it anyway. I love you. I will love you forever. Nothing can take you from me or me from you.”

Drawing her close, I kiss her as I am told to do. It seals our fate. Seals our bond. We’re married in this world and the next. Tied together for all of time. I will never go without her love, and she will never be alone again. We will have a family, call those who showed up today our friends, and she will have all she wanted for so long.

I was a monster, a demon, a trickster who hurt others, laughed at their pain. Laughing was my way of shielding me from my own pain. My own loneliness and emptiness. How could I know that finding this creature could end all of that for both of us.

Because she got a demon daddy, and I got a magical good girl.

Page 10

Source Creation Date: August 4, 2025, 5:16 am

One year later...

Valen

Sometimes I still love to play tricks. I was a trickster during my time in Hades, after all. I was well known for teasing or taunting my victims or even those I considered friends. It should come as no surprise I love playing tricks on my wife as well.

Watching her sputter as the confetti shoots all over her, I let out a roar of laughter. Seated on a blanket, our son Leif, giggles with me as she glares back at me, beautiful face covered in confetti. Her frown fades fast, a smile overtaking her face, lighting up her eyes.

Damn, I love this woman.

“Cute. Very cute, demon,” she huffs, swiping the mess off her face. Laughing, she gently spreads confetti pieces all over Leif’s face, making our little guy erupt with laughter.

“I love you two so much,” I mutter as she scoops our son up, sitting beside me on the blanket.

It’s a beautiful day and we’re taking advantage of it, having a picnic in her favorite spot by the lake. We will swim and eat and play with our son in the sunshine. Back at home I will cook for us, put our guy to bed, and spend the rest of the night making love to my wife.

Reaching out, I swipe some more confetti off her face, taking the lunch she packed out of the picnic basket. I told her I had a surprise for her. It's pink confetti because we've got a little girl on the way. Of course, we have no secrets since she has honed her clairvoyance.

"This means I was right. We're having a little girl?"

"Yes, wife, we're having a little girl. Your little guy will be a big brother in a few months," I hum, rubbing my hand over her belly again.

Iris sighs, laying back against my chest as I cater to her. Leif crawls up on my back, holding my horns as he pretends to ride me like a noble steed. I let them both do what they want, happier than a lark to be anything my little ones need.

Life up here has been much different than my first go-round a few hundred years ago. I like it. I love spending days just like this with my wife, with my son. I don't go to town much, because I hate creating a human form, because most of the town was cruel to my wife.

If I had my way, I would decimate the entire town, save for a few folks including our new friends, and start over with people who understand magic is not a bad thing. Having abilities, powers, knowing how to harness your energies is not a bad thing. They never should have ostracized my mate for it.

"Do we need anything from town?" I wonder as I brush my lips over her shoulder, the breeze fluttering her crimson hair.

"No, I don't think so. Mayhem brought groceries the last time they went to town. He knows we rather not go to town."

Nodding, I brush my lips over the mark on her neck that brands her as mine. It flickers with light for a moment, and she sighs. I kiss it again, making her sigh once

more. I love how her magic shows itself. Whether it's in how she grows her precious garden, showing magic to our son to entertain him, or how it comes to life when we make love, it's a beautiful sight to witness.

“We will have to do another meal,” I suggest, tugging at the strap of her dress. “It is nice having them here. Their littles have fun with Leif. Our little girl will have friends waiting for her.”

“Yes, she will be a spoiled little girl. Just like her mama.”

Grinning down at her, I nod, nuzzling my nose against hers. We've got a good life. A life neither of us ever dreamed we could have. I have a good woman who would do anything for her family. For the ones she loves. A woman who is powerful in her magic yet never uses it to hurt others.

There was just that one time. That man who tried to burn down her land before he tried to take her for himself, he came back once. I was going to tear his limbs off one at a time, but she got to him first. No woman will ever have to worry about him taking what he wants—because she tore off one very specific limb.

“I love you,” I whisper again, watching her eyes shimmer in the afternoon light. “I was a monster before you came into my life. I would have stayed a monster had you never called out to me. If not for you, I would still be in Hades, living in literal hell. I am so damn lucky. I love you all so much.”

“We love you too, daddy. All three of us love you,” she husks, her smile big, her eyes shining at me. “I love you most. I will love you forever and always. For the rest of eternity.”

“That is a good place to start, little girl. Good place to start.”

“Yes, daddy, eternity is a good place to start. “