



# Tempting Lucifer

*By Kristina Schwartz*

*A Love Has No  
Boundaries Story*

<b>Contents</b>	
Love Has No Boundaries .....	3
TEMPTING LUCIFER.....	6
<i>Acknowledgement:</i> .....	8
CHAPTER ONE.....	9
CHAPTER TWO .....	11
CHAPTER THREE .....	15
CHAPTER FOUR .....	19
CHAPTER FIVE .....	25
CHAPTER SIX.....	28
CHAPTER SEVEN .....	33
CHAPTER EIGHT .....	36
CHAPTER NINE.....	43
CHAPTER TEN .....	45
Author Bio.....	48

# Love Has No Boundaries

*An M/M Romance series*

## TEMPTING LUCIFER

**By Kristina Schwartz**

### Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love Has No Boundaries* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a free gift to you.

### What Is Love Has No Boundaries?

The *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* invited members to choose a photo and pen a letter asking for a short M/M romance story inspired by the image; authors from the group were encouraged to select a letter and write an original tale. The result was an outpouring of creativity that shone a spotlight on the special bond between M/M romance writers and the people who love what they do.

A written description of the image that inspired this story is provided along with the original request letter. If you'd like to view the photo, please feel free to join the [Goodreads M/M Romance Group](#) and visit the discussion section: *Love Has No Boundaries*.

Whether you are an avid M/M romance reader or new to the genre, you are in for a delicious treat.

### Words of Caution

This story may contain sexually explicit content and is **intended for adult readers**. It may contain content that is disagreeable or distressing to some readers. The *M/M Romance Group* strongly recommends that each reader review the General Information section before each story for story tags as well as for content warnings.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

All rights reserved worldwide.

This eBook may be distributed freely in its entirety courtesy of the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group*. This eBook may not be sold, manipulated or reproduced in any format without the express written permission of the author.

Tempting Lucifer, Copyright © 2013 Kristina Schwartz

Cover Art by

This ebook is published by the *M/M Romance Group* and is not directly endorsed by or affiliated with Goodreads Inc.

# TEMPTING LUCIFER

By Kristina Schwartz

## Photo Description

A youthful man of indeterminable age lounges on a brocade-patterned chair, a look of disinterested haughtiness written across his face. His eyes, black as the starless night sky and rimmed in heavy black kohl seem to bore into yours, and resting on his head is a crown made of blackened horns, barnacles and spiral seashells. His smooth, bare chest glistens in the shifting light, beckoning your touch, but his air of arrogance stills your hand.

## Story Letter

*Dear Author,*

*Isn't he something? All arrogant and so not in my league. I wish I felt comfortable saying something other than "Yes, Sire" to him. Wish I could find it in me to use the spine I'm sure I have, somewhere, and just talk to him when I find myself alone with him; however, as one of the demon prince's servants, I'm expected to be silent and obedient.*

*Sometimes though, I catch him looking at me out of the corner of my eye, and instead of the sulky, brooding looks he shows the rest of Hell, he has started giving me this subtly flirty smile whenever he orders me to do something, as though he's planning something.*

*Anything goes, though I'd like to see a HEA or HFN ending; otherwise, let me see what you've got.*

*Sincerely,*

*Lacie J*

## Story Info

**Genre:** paranormal

**Tags:** angels/demons/gods, hot ass demon prince, hot ass fallen angel, jealousy, possessiveness, HFN, rough sex, dirty talk, orgasm denial

**Word count:** 14,212

*Acknowledgement:*

Thank you: A very special thank you to Brittany Thompson, without whom I'd still be stuck in the planning stages of this story. She offered vital suggestions and asked questions I hadn't thought of that helped propel this story along, and I'm very grateful for her help. Also, thank you to Mary Pedevillano for her encouragement and giving it the final read through.



# TEMPTING LUCIFER

By **Kristina Schwartz**

## CHAPTER ONE

“Raziel.”

The Dark Prince’s voice carried a silken tone, as though his tongue caressed the very essence of my being with the simple whispered utterance of my name. I fought hard to keep my face schooled in an expressionless mask, willing my supple body not to tremble with want as I acknowledged him with a deliberate nod of my head.

“Yes, Sire?”

His eyes, black as the starless night sky and rimmed in heavy black kohl, met mine, and one corner of his mouth made a brief twitch upward. The dim lighting in the throne room must have been playing tricks with my mind though; the Dark Prince rarely smiled, especially not at mere servants, not even those who had taken a long, hard fall for him.

“Raziel, I’m bored.” His face contorted, taking on that more familiar sulky, sullen expression he typically wore. “Entertain me.”

He shifted, twisting in his throne and draping his legs over one broad armrest. The throne, made of gnarled, blackened wood, didn’t look very comfortable but he didn’t seem bothered. Blackened horns, barnacles and spiral seashells protruding off the throne’s headrest mimicked the accoutrements of his crown, and the flickering light of the nearest open flame pit glistened off the bare skin of his torso.

It took everything in me not to sink to my knees on the dais and offer to undo his skintight leather pants with my teeth, and I had to swallow hard against the sudden dryness of my throat.

“And how shall I entertain you, Sire?” I kept my eyes focused on his face, though I could see his hand skimming along his thigh in my peripheral vision.

It did nothing to kill the urge to kneel, and I swore I could feel the dull ache of hitting the marble dais too hard in my haste.

His lips parted; I felt my breath draw inward, awaiting his answer.

I flinched at the sudden bang reverberating through the throne room. The Dark Prince aimed an irritated glance over my shoulder, and I turned to see the stone double doors leading into the throne room had been flung open; the bang had been caused by them striking the dark stone walls.

The young demon, Asakku, dipped into a low bow as he approached, “My apologies, O Exalted Dark One,” he babbled. “The new batch of souls has arrived for sorting.”

Something flickered across the Dark Prince’s face, and I nearly did a double take—had that been *disappointment*? Just as soon as the thought registered, whatever I believed I had seen was gone, replaced by an arrogant smirk as he crooked his fingers in a beckoning gesture. “Bring them in, Asakku.” He glanced at me, winking, and I felt heat lick across my groin. “Perhaps another time, Raziel.”

He gave me a dismissing nod of his head, and I whirled away, walking stiff-legged out of the throne room. That heat made it difficult to think about anything but that wink, and by the time I reached my chambers, it had progressed into a dull throb. I loosened my dark hair from the black leather strap holding it tightly at the nape of my neck, and a quick toss of my head shook the long, lustrous strands free, spilling them around my face. I threw the leather strap down on the wood crate I used for a nightstand, and I jerked my fingers through my hair, huffing out a low sigh as I began to pace the small room I had claimed as my own centuries ago, when I first came to Hell.

Centuries ago. Had it really been that long? Some days it felt as though only minutes had passed since that fateful day.

\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER TWO

The Keeper of Secrets, they called me, in those golden, ethereal halls. I held one of the greatest honors—the privilege of standing close to God’s throne—and was tasked with recording everything said and discussed in His presence. Well, perhaps *tasked* was a bit of an exaggeration; no one had *ordered* me to do such a thing, but no one discouraged me either.

My fall from grace came at the inadvertent hands of two humans. I supposed I shouldn’t be bitter; after all, it was my own compassion that proved to be my undoing. I felt sympathetic to the Creator’s children, who were misguided and ate the forbidden fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. They had been cast out of the only home they had ever known, exposed to the harsh, unforgiving world that lay beyond the gates of Paradise. It had broken my heart, which was the only excuse I gave for my actions—I gave them the Book of Secrets, that ancient tome of knowledge that I had carefully safeguarded for eons, and encouraged them to use it to find their way home, back to God. Along the way, I had hoped they would gain a better understanding of our Father, which would bring them closer to Him.

This simple act of what I deemed kindness sent the other angels into an uproar. They acted as though I had committed some sort of heinous crime. My precious book, my life’s work, was cruelly ripped from the humans’ hands and thrown into the sea, and my own brethren shunned me. No longer was I allowed to stand before God’s mighty throne; I was physically barred from even entering the throne room, and the friends I had known and loved turned their backs to me. They would not even speak to me as I passed them in the halls. I had become a leper, and I resigned myself to a lonely existence.

And then, one day, *he* found me.

Oh, I knew who he was, everyone did; he was something of a legend in the hallowed halls of Heaven—*Lucifer*. The Morning Star, the only archangel to ever turn his back on his creator, to shun God Himself, to throw off our teachings and try to claim the Father’s throne for his own. God exiled him, of course, but Lucifer wouldn’t be satisfied with the mere sparing of his life. He

vowed to return one day to overthrow God and cast Him out, and descended to the underworld, where he crowned himself king.

He was known by many names, even then, and on that particular day, he looked every bit the regal Dark Prince into which he had fashioned himself. One look, that was all it had taken; I was besotted, hopelessly and inescapably. I had never encountered Lucifer before, not in such intimacy; I had seen him in God's court, of course, but to stand in his immediate presence, I had never had the—dare I say it?—*pleasure*.

“Raziel, the Keeper of Secrets.” His voice seemed to be spun from the finest silk, his words glittering jewels, and I was enthralled. He circled around me, and when he moved behind me, I could still feel the blazing rake of his eyes over me.

I swallowed, knowing he was taking in the sight of my wings, sweeping up from the curve of my shoulder blades and spilling down to my feet, the feathers trailing after me. Brilliant shades of blue melded into green and then back into blue, over and over, all the way to the tips, and the feathers shimmered as light played across them. I felt him catch a feather between his fingers, his touch as delicate as if he were holding fragile glass, and it took everything I had to suppress a shudder. No one had ever touched my feathers in such a manner before, and it resonated through me, the heat of it centering in my groin.

“Such flamboyant colors for a secret keeper, don't you think?”

I felt the whisper of his words on the outer shell of my ear, and the muscles of my throat flexed as I swallowed. My tongue felt swollen, at least three sizes too large for my mouth, and I could not form even the simplest of sounds. I feared that if I parted my lips, a most embarrassing, wanton moan would escape.

He did not seem offended by my silence, and he actually let out a light laugh as he circled back around to face me. Unbidden, my eyes dipped lower, trailing over the expanse of his naked, smooth torso, which seemed to glisten in the gilded light of the courtyard.

“I suppose none would suspect you of being capable of keeping secrets.” He clicked his tongue against the roof of his mouth, drawing my attention away from the riveting study of the planes of his abdomen. “It’s all the more a shame then, that they have spurned such cleverness.”

I stared at him, my mouth agape and my eyes wide, and he made that trilling sound again, that effortless laugh that set off sparks beneath the surface of my skin.

Swallowing hard in an attempt to conceal my bewilderment, I whispered, “You’ve heard of what happened to me?”

Lucifer flashed a smirk that could only be described as devilish. “My dear Raziel, of *course* I have. Who do you think encouraged the trickster serpent to tempt the humans?” His face softened a moment. “I had not expected you to act so kindly toward them. It’s cruel that the other angels have shunned you though. Does God not teach us to be creatures of compassion?” He reached out, cupping my cheek in his hand, and warmth radiated outward from his palm. “You shouldn’t be treated so shamefully. Come away with me. I promise you will be given the high esteem you deserve in my realm.”

The power of whatever held me enthralled broke with those words, and I gave a disoriented blink, pulling away from his touch. “You mean *Below*.” I had heard stories of his so-called realm, the kingdom he had chosen for himself, and its downtrodden dens of debauchery. It had frightened and—I was ashamed to admit, even to myself—excited me, but the thought of *going* there had never once crossed my mind.

His dark eyes held a sparkle of amusement as he watched me, and he gave an easy half-shrug of one shoulder. “You’d rather remain here where you’ll be ignored? Angels do not forgive easily, and you gave away their most precious *secrets* to mere humans, Raziel. Despite how highly-regarded those wingless brats are, they are still lesser than us, and they had no right to bear the knowledge you allowed them to have. Angels do not forgive and they do not *forget*.”

He stepped away, twirling his finger in a slow circle as he glanced around the courtyard, which had been empty for the duration of our conversation. “I suppose this *is* your home, though. I know all too well how difficult it can be to leave behind.”

There was no mistaking the bitterness behind his words, but I couldn’t focus on that right then. I had realized with a flinch that while the courtyard was currently empty, it would surely be filling up at any moment. The midday break drew ever closer, and angels of every rank and denomination would be milling about the pillars and benches. He would be captured and brought before God for daring to sneak back into Heaven—how he had ever managed such a feat in the first place, I knew not.

I spoke with urgency as I stepped toward him. “You must leave. If you are found here, you—”

“Come with me,” he insisted, his eyes boring into mine and stilling my hand centimeters from grasping his upper arm. We stared at each other, his eyes seeming to darken, and I felt a clenching deep in the pit of my nether regions. “Raziel, you are unappreciated here, and your shunning will only worsen. You’re no longer entrusted with God’s secrets, so what shall they call you now?” He moved back into my personal space again, his movements fluid and graceful, and this time, when he leaned in to whisper against my ear, I felt his *lips* brush my skin.

“Come with me.”

That touch, that effervescent brush, electrified me, and I couldn’t catch my breath, feeling as though it were being stolen away from me. The heat that had pulled my groin taut ratcheted up to an all-consuming inferno, and I nodded.

\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER THREE

I gave my head a sharp shake, the abrupt gesture whipping my hair across my face, in an attempt to drag my thoughts back to the present. Turning my back on the gleaming halls of the only home I'd ever known had been easier than I thought, and even as I had picked myself up off the hard, unforgiving ground, my once-bright feathers in tattered ruin, I did not feel a twinge of regret. I held my head high as I followed the Dark Prince into his throne room, and there I remained at his side, silent and observant. Even now, I suspected that I would've followed him into the jaws of death if he had but asked.

*The Dark Prince.* Gone were the days when I would refer to him by his name. Through the centuries, I had come to realize that while I was entrusted with keeping his secrets in much the same way I had God's, I was not even a stone's throw of being worthy of his attention. I had faithfully followed him, casting aside the glitter and glamor of Heaven for the darkness of the underworld, in the hopes of slaking the exhilarating lust he had evoked in me, but the longer I spent in his presence, the more I realized just how many others had been compelled to follow him. I knew why he had become the prince of the underworld when I saw the legions of followers he commanded in the bowels of Hell, and I began to see the arrogance that clung to him like fine-cut cloth.

I had not lost my lust for him, though I had come no closer to enticing him into my bed. The Dark Prince had no shortage of admirers or concubines, and his bedchambers were rarely devoid of company unless he wished it. He had lured me to Hell with his silver tongue and wanton hands, but he had since failed to look upon me with such ardor, and I gave up the hope of ever being one of those he chose to *entertain* him behind closed doors.

At least, I had *thought* I had lost the hope, but even here, in the privacy of my room, I found myself aching to crawl to him on my knees, to offer myself to him as a plaything to do with whatever he wished.

If only I could speak to him, to give voice to my desires, but any time I was alone with him, my mouth became stuffed with cotton, my tongue distended

and my voice fell silent. It would seem that the *secret keeper* moniker suited me well.

Huffing out an irritated sigh, I snatched up the leather strap from the crate where I'd dropped it. Gathering my hair in my hands, I swept my long locks back, fastening the strap at the nape of my neck, and as I rose from the bed where I had sat during my rumination, I was dismayed to find a few shed feathers. Molting again, it seemed, something I hadn't had to contend with in Heaven.

I picked up one of the feathers, noting the dullness of the once-vibrant green color. Oh, I still retained the blue-to-green color variants, but the colors no longer shimmered, having lost their lustrous shine as soon as I hit the hard, unforgiving ground of Hell. The sight had a faint ache blossoming in my chest—my wings had always been a great source of pride for me, even before I had fallen. As I gathered up the feathers, I made a mental note to take extra care to clean my wings, tattered and forlorn as they were.

A quiet knock sounded at the door, and I dumped the feathers into a trash bin before crossing over to pull open the door. I was not surprised to find Asakku standing there. He and I had a tenuous friendship that had started with seeking sexual gratification in each other and eventually extended into keeping each other company in our off-duty moments, but sometimes, his habit of showing up unannounced rankled my nerves.

I regarded him with a bored expression. "Now what, Asakku?"

"You're shedding." Asakku's tone held just a hint of smugness. He was no angel—he had been born a demon, the crown of his head ringed in short bone spikes—a short, squat being, with pupil-less eyes the color of obsidian. He was something of a friend, I suppose. He served the Dark Prince as a messenger and page.

"I hadn't noticed." I arched one eyebrow, waiting for him to dispense the reason why he was knocking on my door, but he seemed more interested in drawing one of my discarded feathers out of the trash.



He held it delicately between his forefinger and thumb as he turned it this way and that, examining it, and I suddenly felt uncomfortable, rolling my shoulder in a fidgeting manner.

I moved forward, my steps fueled by a sudden irritation. “If you’ve just come by to steal my feathers, I’ll leave you to it. Otherwise, spit out whatever message you have for me.”

He tore his gaze away from the feather and sneered. “I came to see if you needed a bit of, ah, *tension* relief.” He cast a pointed glance southward, and I felt the heat of shame splash across my cheeks.

A fallen angel, even one completely in love with his master, had certain *needs*, and one’s own hand occasionally grew boring. Many of the prince’s minions sought each other’s company, and Asakku licked his lips as he looked me over, that sneer widening.

I stepped back with a frown and a shake of my head. “No, Asakku.”

He frowned, his mouth down-turning into a pout. “Why not? Don’t tell me you’re not in the mood.” He leered at my nether regions again, and I felt a strong compulsion to cover myself with my hands. “I can *see* the evidence that you are, Raziël.”

He took a shuffling step forward, and I sidestepped him, the warmth of the room suddenly unbearable. Normally, I would have gladly taken him up on his offer; he was well skilled at bringing someone to pleasure with his mouth, and indeed, after losing myself in the memories of my first encounter with the Dark Prince, I was aching for some release. However, I was not in the mood to seek it from *him*.

I made sure my voice was icy and hard as I said, “*No*, Asakku,” and plucked the feather from his fingers, throwing it back into the trash where it belonged. “Now, if you have no messages for me, then please, leave me in *peace*.”

Asakku snorted, his eyes seeming to have taken on a reddish cast as he stepped away from me. “Fine, you ungrateful swine, I’ll leave you to your so-called *peace*,” he sneered. “But do not think I will have forgotten this the next

time *you* come seeking *me*.” With a final, indignant huff, he turned on his heel and stalked out of the room, slamming the door hard enough behind him that I flinched.

I sighed, knowing that I had wounded his pride, and feeling more guilty about the fact that I *didn't* feel guilty for hurting his feelings.

My thoughts turned to the Morning Star; he would no doubt still be sorting through the souls, determining to which level of Hell they belonged. He had an official record keeper for that task; I would not be needed for some time, depending on how many souls had arrived. Perhaps I'd take the time to clean my wings until he summoned me.

\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER FOUR

Many humans had the misconception that Hell was a rocky, cavernous pit of fire and brimstone, a nightmarish place filled with the tortured screams of the damned. That was partially true, but that was just one section of the vast underworld. The souls who resided there were the truly wicked and depraved—rapists, murderers, serial killers and people who talked during movies at the theater.

No, Joss Whedon hadn't written that just as a funny one-liner.

Dante had been correct in his interpretation of Hell as multiple layers, though he was incorrect about the innermost circle being comprised of ice. The Dark Prince's lair resided in the topmost layer, the penthouse, per se.

Honestly, I had only ever heard of the other levels through written accounts and whispered words from the corners of mouths. My daily duties did not extend beyond the Dark Prince's throne room, and my recreational activities were confined to my personal chambers or Purgatory, which resided on the second level of Hell.

Purgatory could be summed up as our very own version of New Orleans' Bourbon Street, a place where the working demon went to quench his or her thirst for whatever form of debauchery they chose. The lesser of the damned, the ones who had minor infractions marring their souls, were allowed to mingle with the denizens of Hell, and there was always guaranteed to be a party going on somewhere. Quieter pockets of revelry existed, of course; it couldn't be Mardi Gras all year long, after all.

After giving my feathers a thorough scrubbing that left them with an opaque gleam, I braided my hair and secured it with that familiar leather strap. My fingers lingered over the soft leather, nearly worn thin after centuries of use, but I couldn't bear to part with it. It had been a gift, and while I doubted the gift-giver even remembered it, I treasured it.

The final touch was my bracers, made of the same black leather as my hair tie. I slipped my thumbs into the open slots of the bracers, then drew the leather laces tight and tied them in secure knots. That, coupled with the snug

leather pants I wore and the broad expanse of my naked chest, was sure to draw attention. Occasionally, the Morning Star himself joined his minions in Purgatory, losing himself in the midst of a crowded dance floor, and I hoped that would be the case. If I could not win him with words, perhaps I could woo him with the sensuous writhing of my hips.

By the time I made it down to Purgatory, the revelry had kicked into high gear, and I dodged a stumbling horned chimera, his goat tail swishing behind him. I continued down the street, headed to my usual drinking spot, Inferno.

As soon as I entered the club, the pulsating bass enveloped me like a warm, friendly lover and I felt my body respond, my head bobbing to the beat. The neon lights running along the length of the wraparound bar and DJ booth provided the only illumination, throwing shadows across everyone's faces and bodies. In the center of the large room, a mass of bodies moved as one, dancing to the music.

I let my eyes rove over the dance floor before eying the bartender. Drinks first or dance? My lips curled upward into a smirk as I instinctively moved with the music, and I knew my decision was made. I moved down onto the dance floor, melding into the throng of bodies. Closing my eyes, I let the music overtake me, rolling my hips.

I lost myself in the music, grinding against the bodies pressing into me, and I laughed, the tension in my body loosening. I lost track of time and didn't stop until my throat was parched. Moving through the crowd, I made my way over to the bar and flagged down the bartender. Sweat glistened on my muscled chest, and I smirked as I saw the bartender giving me an appreciative look.

Ordering a Manhattan, I tapped my fingers against the bar's surface. From behind me, I could hear fervor pass through the crowd, and I glanced back with mild interest. Celebrity sightings weren't all that uncommon in Hell, and I was curious to see which one it would be this time.

The crowd on the dance floor parted, and I saw him, his gaze seeming to pierce right through me. He smirked, the tip of his tongue playing slowly

across his lips, and desire zinged through me, all the way to the tips of my toes.

### The Morning Star.

It started as an itch in my toes, the desire to boldly stride over to him and drag him close to me. My lips tingled with the phantom touch of his, and I could *taste* him. I licked my lips, shaking my head a bit, and I smiled at the bartender as he set my cocktail down in front of me.

Picking up the glass, I took a sip, focusing my attention on the mirrored wall behind the bar. I could see the Dark Prince's reflection as he stalked across the dance floor, drawing closer to the bar. Every fiber of my being ached to turn and face him, watch his slow strut forward, but I kept my back to the dance floor and my eyes fixed on the mirror.

My heart nearly stilled as he came to a standing rest beside me, and from the corner of my eye, I could see him wink at the bartender. I bristled as the demon practically swooned.

“Buttery Nipple, and make it a double.” The words dripped off his tongue like honey, and I tried not to drop my gaze down to his chest where his dusky nipples stood at attention. They called to me like sirens, though, and I was unable to resist. My lips parted as I drew in a shallow breath, my eyes sliding down the smooth expanse of his chest. My fingers ached with the need to touch that bronze skin, and I gripped my glass tighter.

As the bartender set about making the drink, the Dark Prince turned, resting his elbows against the bar's edge. This bowed his back, jutting his chest out, and I lifted my glass to my lips, jerking my eyes away from the tempting planes of his torso. I heard him chuckle lightly, and when I glanced at him, I found him looking back at me. His lips twitched in some semblance of a secretive smile, and I felt my skin flush as his eyes slowly trailed down my torso. His tongue began a slow slide across his bottom lip, and a faint roaring began in my ears as my pulse raced. His lips began to form a word...

And the clink of glass on the bar's surface shattered the spell, dragging us both out of our trances. Irritation skittered across the Dark Prince's face as he

picked up the shot glass the bartender had placed in front of him, but it was quickly replaced by cool confidence as he held the glass aloft in a silent toast to me. As he downed the shot in one gulp, my eyes were transfixed by the flexing of his throat, and I felt again that desperate need to touch him—this time with my lips against that long line of skin.

He turned the shot glass upside down as he set it on the bar, and I huffed out a ragged breath. He licked droplets of liquid off his lips and winked at me before strutting back out onto the dance floor.

I drained the rest of my cocktail in one gulp and listened to the heavy thrum of the music. Hadn't my purpose in coming here been to seduce him with my hips? Why then did I hesitate, languishing at the bar and contemplating ordering another drink?

Flagging down the bartender, I started to order another Manhattan, but my eyes flitted to the discarded shot glass. "Give me a Buttery Nipple, Balzar."

Balzar gave me a knowing smirk but mixed the drink in a shot glass, pushing it toward me. I thanked him with a nod and curled my fingers around the tiny tumbler. I downed the drink in one gulp, the warmth of the alcohol flooding my body.

With the liquid courage pooling in my belly, I turned away from the bar and strode onto the dance floor. Heads turned as I flared my wings just a bit, just enough to draw attention and jostle people aside, and I smirked, feeling the music lead me into a sensual dance.

I caught the Dark Prince watching me from the opposite side of the dance floor. A pigtailed red-skinned demon woman in a halter-top and tight skirt writhed against him, her backside pressed to his groin and one arm hooked around his neck. Though his hand moved over her breasts, fondling them and bringing her nipples to hard, little points, his eyes bored into mine.

His gaze seemed to penetrate me and my breath quickened in response, my pulse racing. I felt emboldened and slid my hands up my torso, fingers tracing the contours of my muscles. I could *see* his eyes darken as they tracked the paths of my fingers, and the coil of desire in my nether regions tightened.

I continued dancing; every time I glanced in his direction, his eyes were on me, raking over my body. By the end of the song, my cock throbbed, desperate and aching, and I felt delirious. The first time I saw his finger crook and beckon to me, I chalked it up to delirium and started to turn away.

Then he beckoned me again, his tongue playing across his lips, and I startled. He was calling *me* over to him? Had it worked then, my siren call? Were all of my fantasies about to come true?

Anticipation fueled my steps, but the closer to him I drew, the more the buzz of excitement turned to caution and wariness. Doubt began to creep in, whispering that I was still just a servant and he most likely wanted me to fetch him a drink.

That thought persisted right up until the moment I was standing before him. The demon woman he'd been fondling had disappeared, and I thought perhaps he wished me to fetch him a new partner.

"Yes, Sire?" I tried to keep a stoic expression on my face, but standing mere steps from him, I could feel the heat of his gaze. I feared I might combust, and I fought the compulsion to bite my lips.

The Dark Prince smirked, flicking his tongue over his lips as he raked his eyes over my body again. He didn't speak, just stepped forward, closing the distance between us. I blinked in confusion and drew in a sharp breath as his hands gripped my hips. He gave a sharp tug and yanked me forward, pulling me flush against him. An electric shock went through me as our groins connected, and a searing heat raced along my aching cock.

The longer we danced, the more the noises around us faded into the background until all I could hear was the rush of blood in my ears and the ragged pant of his breath against my skin. His hands slid upward from my hips, his fingers brushing over the corded muscles of my back, and a tremor shook my body as he touched my wings where they jutted out of my shoulder blades. My wings had always been sensitive and stroking them aroused me, but this time the intensity of desire seemed magnified.

His fingers grazed along the underside of my left wing, and I fought hard to keep a shuddering groan from escaping. Then he leaned in, tilting his head up so that he could whisper in my ear.

“I want you to blow me.”

A tight band notched around my chest, stealing away my breath, and I could do little more than gape at him. I didn't dare get my hopes up; after all, in the din of the crowded club, his words might have been distorted. I might have misheard him.

Wetting my lips with a quick swipe of my tongue, I exhaled a cautious “Sire?”

The Morning Star laughed and draped a casual arm around my shoulder as he rolled his hips against mine. My eyes must have fluttered closed for a moment before focusing on his face. I couldn't recall seeing that mischievous twinkle in his eyes moments ago.

He gave me a coy smirk as he stroked his fingers along the edges of my feathers, and my knees nearly buckled beneath me.

“You heard me, Raziel.” His smirk widened and he let go of me, twirling so that his back pressed against my front. He slithered down my body, then straightened, reclining back against me, his unexpected full weight nearly sending me staggering backwards.

I managed to catch my balance in the nick of time, and my hands instinctively grabbed hold of his hips to steady him. I startled, desire jolting me as my palms burned.

The Morning Star continued to move, gyrating against me as his hand glided along my arm, along my collarbone and up my neck before his fingers tightened in my hair. “I think we should find a dark corner, don't you?” he all but purred as he lifted my hand from his hip and moved it down to rest on the prominent bulge in his leather pants.

My brain shorted out at the feel of that pulsating, steel-like rod beneath my palm.

\*\*\*\*



## CHAPTER FIVE

I think I must've made some sort of affirming noise because the next thing I was aware of was the Dark Prince lacing his fingers through mine and leading me off the dance floor toward a partially hidden staircase. White neon light lit the steps from within, and they winked out as our feet left them.

When we reached the top, we found ourselves on a balcony of sorts, partitioned into separate, curtained alcoves. He gave me a devilish wink and drew back one of the black velvet curtains, drawing me into the alcove.

He pressed himself against the back wall, splaying his arms out and bracing his palms against the side walls. Then he rolled his hips, jutting his groin out toward me.

Catching my gaze, he must have seen the uncertainty in my eyes because he laughed, smirking. "Go on, Raziel. Give us a kiss." He sent a pointed gaze downward, and my eyes immediately followed, my mouth beginning to salivate in anticipation.

I didn't even feel myself move. One minute, I stood staring down at my master's crotch; the next, I was eye level and working his pants open so I could get to the concealed treasure.

His cock sprang free of his pants and I wasted no time, eagerly taking the tip into my mouth and sucking. No sooner had I done this than I felt a sharp tug on my ponytail, jerking my head back and freeing his cock with a wet *pop*.

He clucked his tongue against his teeth as I shot a confused glance up at him. "Such eagerness is appreciated, Raziel, but I wish to *enjoy* this. Prolong it. Tease me."

He released his hold on my hair, and I nodded, running my tongue over my lips. The taste of him lingered in my mouth and I was desperate for more, a breath away from swallowing him to the root.

I forced myself to go slow though, taking heed of his words. Licking the palm of my hand, I wrapped it around the base of his cock and slid it upward at a slow pace. My eyes locked onto his as his back curved, his palms pressing flat against the walls.

He exhaled a soft groan and his head lolled back as I rubbed my thumb across the wet tip. “Ah yes, that’s better,” he gasped. “Make me beg for it, Raziel. Bring me to my knees with want.”

I groaned in answer as I continued to move my hand over his cock, using slow, firm strokes that had soft whimpers escaping from him as he rolled his hips. His cock leaked clear droplets, making the glide over the length easier.

“Your mouth,” he gasped as he rocked his hips forward, pushing his cock through the tight channel of my fist. “Use your mouth, Raziel.”

His pleading tone snapped me out of my trance, and I bent forward, flicking my tongue across the head of his cock as it poked out of my fist. He let out a deep groan, and I moved my hand down to the base as I took him into my mouth, groaning around him.

I sucked hard, bobbing my head down as his hips snapped up, and it didn’t take us long to fall into rhythm. I eased my head back, dragging the broad side of my tongue up the length of his cock and swirled my tongue around the tip. As I slid my fingers up his torso, caressing his muscles, I glanced up at him, meeting his eyes.

With his face flushed, his mouth agape and his breathing ragged, he looked every inch the very definition of *sinful*, and he began to thrust his hips faster, fucking my pliant mouth. One hand lifted from the wall, gripping my hair and holding my head still as he moved faster and faster, his groans echoing off the alcove walls.

My hand snaked down from his abs, settling between my legs, the heel resting against the hard, throbbing bulge in my pants. Before I could even attempt to alleviate my tension, he barked out a sharp “No, Raziel!” and stilled my hand.

His other hand came down to grip the side of my head, and all I could do was relax my throat and hold still as he fucked into my mouth. It seemed an eternity before he threw his head back and howled his pleasure as his cock twitched and he spilled down my throat as I swallowed.

He pulled out of my mouth, his hands releasing my head and hair, and he staggered back to lean heavily against the wall. His chest heaved as he fought to regain his breath, and I was pleased to see that pink flush had spread down his torso. His flaccid cock glistened with the sheen of my saliva, and I ached to take him into my mouth again, lick him clean with broad strokes of my tongue, and suck him back to hardness, but he took himself in hand and tucked himself back into his pants.

He favored me with that familiar, arrogant smirk as he zipped up his pants; then he reached out and *patted* the top of my head. “Thank you, Raziël,” he purred. “That was absolutely titillating.”

I had little time to be affronted by the patting though; as he walked away, he dragged his hand along the edge of my wing in a firm, hard stroke that left me quaking with pleasure and made me gasp, body arching as the ache in my groin snapped and warmth flooded the front of my pants. I dropped back onto my haunches, tremors of my orgasm roiling across my body.

Seconds stretched into minutes before I could rise to my feet, and I exhaled a frustrated breath. I had come, yes, and my limbs felt loose and tired, but I did not *enjoy* it. Not as much as I would have if he’d allowed me to pleasure myself while his cock was still in my mouth. Perhaps next time.

Still, I *could* taste his saltiness on my tongue, and that gave me a quiet thrill. I made my way downstairs, eager to return home and change out of my soiled pants, perhaps replay the sight of him climaxing, an image that would be forever engrained into my memories. Perhaps I could even take my time, pleasure myself in a way that I knew I’d enjoy.

All of my ardor dissipated into a cloud of black smoke as soon as I reached the ground floor. In the time I’d been upstairs recovering, the Dark Prince had made his way back out onto the dance floor and found himself another she-demon. As I watched, my dismay increased; he grasped her hand, guided it down to his crotch and rubbed her palm over himself. They traded smirks and he whispered in her ear, then took her hand and led her toward the same staircase where he’d taken me.

## CHAPTER SIX

My face burned with anger as I turned away, staggering out of the club and back to my quarters. I had been a fool, actually daring to think that it had meant something to him, that I had been *chosen*. *Special*.

Special. Ha! I had been gone barely twenty minutes and he'd found himself another willing partner!

Had I truly expected any different? Had I really been naive enough to believe that he would suddenly favor only *me*? The stabbing ache in my heart seemed to indicate that yes, yes I had been that foolish, and I cursed myself for being so gullible. I had seen the many partners he'd paraded in and out of his chambers over the centuries, yet I had fallen prey to his charms enough to think that one simple pleasurable act would change his ways.

I slammed the door of my quarters behind me and ripped the leather strap from my hair, flinging it across the room. Then I jammed my fingers through my hair, making a face. I could still taste him on my tongue, and what moments ago had been arousing only fueled my anger.

Stalking into the en suite bathroom, I jerked on the faucet handle, turning on the tap. Cupping my hand under the flow from the faucet, I bent down, my hair falling into my face as I drank. Swilling it around in my mouth, I spat the water into the basin with force and repeated my actions. When only a hint of his taste lingered, I straightened, turning off the tap, and dragged the back of my hand across my mouth.

I caught sight of my reflection in the mirror, and as I studied my features, my anger subsided. After all, I had no right to be upset that he had chosen another lover at whim. I was a servant, nothing more, and he could do with me as he chose, even using my mouth for his pleasure. If nothing else, in a way, I was special, because he could've had any number of fawning admirers in that alcove, but he chose *me*.

At least I had the memory, and as I settled into bed, I brushed my fingertips over my bottom lip, feeling the phantom weight of his cock. It would have to be enough.

The next time I found myself in his presence, I stood at attention next to his throne, my leather bound book of parchment pages resting open across my forearm. I could feel the weight of his gaze upon me as I carefully logged records of the day's business. Many demons in the realm disputed contracts over souls, and there seemed to always be a plethora of boundary issues. Some days, it proved to be quite taxing for the Dark Prince.

As I finished scrawling the last notation on the latest dispute, I realized we had come to the end of the line. I punctuated the sentence and blew across the page to dry the ink before I closed the book and tucked my pen into the spine. "Master, it seems that we have hit a lull." If my tone seemed a bit more brusque than usual, I assumed he wouldn't notice.

It seemed I was wrong, if the confused look he shot me was any indication. He furrowed his brow, then slouched down, twisting sideways in his throne and throwing one leg over an armrest. "Good. I was getting bored." His eyes fixed on me a moment, then narrowed. "You're wearing your hair differently today, Raziel."

I tried not to let my surprise show on my face. Indeed, I had braided my hair instead of drawing it back into a ponytail. Instead of my normal leather strap, I had secured the end of the braid with a plain band and adorned it with a flat, silver bead. I kept my voice even and flat as I responded, "So I am, Sire."

He fell quiet for a few moments, then gave me a dismissive wave of his hand. "Leave me, Raziel. I wish to take a nap before the next set of quibbling brutes arrives."

I bowed my head to him and began walking toward the door. His voice slowed my steps.

"Raziel, wait. Send Lilith to my chambers, would you? I'd like company."

I felt my jaw tighten, my teeth clenching, and I was grateful that my back was to him. I took a deep, calming breath and let it out slowly. *No sense getting upset, Raziel*, I told myself. *You are a servant, meant to be obedient.* "As you wish, Sire."

Outside the throne room, a quiet groan escaped me as I saw Asakku leaning against the wall near the doors. “What do you want now?” I asked dryly as I walked past him, heading toward Lilith’s chambers.

Asakku pushed himself away from the wall, trailing along behind me. “You look *tense*, Raziel. Getting tired of your right hand?”

My jaw clenched and I threw a glare in his direction, which only caused him to laugh. The cheerfulness of the sound grated on my nerves, and I scowled. “Actually, yes.”

The answer seemed to surprise him, and he blinked, visibly floundering for a second before his lips twisted in a leer. “Well, you’re lucky I came along when I did. I *might* be able to help you out with that. Even though you were an ass the last time I offered.”

I scoffed, knowing that I should turn away, that I should continue down to Lilith’s chambers and carry out my duties, but I felt a strong urge to wipe that smirk off his face. “Then take me back to your chambers.”

Asakku almost tripped over his own feet in his haste to grab my hand and tug me along to his quarters, and I let out an amused laugh, smirking. Excitement prickled my skin and the restless ache of unfulfilled lust pulled tight across my groin. With Asakku, I needn’t worry about being gentle; he preferred it rough, which suited me just fine. I had no patience for gentle at the moment.

He yanked me into his rooms and locked the door, then began to strip, ripping off his pants. “Bedroom?”

I shook my head and beckoned him close, feeling a flicker of amusement as he scurried forward. He could play the arrogant bastard all he liked in public, but when it came down to just the two of us behind closed doors, he was nothing more than a lapdog, eager to please his master.

I kissed him once on the mouth, just a touch of our lips and a slow glide of my tongue across his bottom lip; then I turned him around so his back faced me and walked him forward into a settee. The two-person seat dipped low but the armrests curved high, and I pressed a hand flat against his shoulder,

pushing him down until he was bent over the armrest, ass high in the air. He rested his elbows on the seat, trying to twist his head around so he could watch me over his shoulder. Because of his short stature and the way he was bent over, his feet couldn't quite touch the floor, and my cock twitched at the sight of him so helpless.

He squirmed. "Raziel, fuck me already."

I laughed and brought my open palm down—*crack!*—against the swell of his ass-cheek. "I'll fuck you when I damn well please, Asakku. Remember who is in charge here."

He groaned, his ass jutting out as if seeking another strike, and I was all too happy to oblige. Three smacks later, his red skin darkened and bearing my palm print, I undid my pants, sliding them down to free my throbbing cock.

I traced his lips with two of my fingers, and he opened his mouth, tongue flicking out to lap at my fingers. I laughed quietly and smirked. "That's it. Get them wet, Asakku."

My cock jumped in anticipation as he drew my digits into his mouth and began sucking in earnest. My free hand began an idle exploration of my cock, my thumb smearing pre-cum over the tip. My breathing grew more shallow as he sucked harder at my fingers, his tongue laving my skin, and my hand moved in tandem with his bobbing head.

"Stop," I croaked as I felt my balls tighten, and I forced my hand to still. "I will come *after* I have fucked you, not from my own hand."

Asakku let my fingers slip from his mouth and nodded. "Yes, please. Fuck me, Raziel, now."

I ran my fingers along his cleft before letting a finger circle his opening and he gasped, a visible tremor shaking his body. Working my finger into him, I knew he would beg me to just get on with it after sliding a second finger into him. I usually tried to loosen him up with at least three, but I wanted him to feel a lingering burn.

Biting into his shoulder, I worked my finger inside of him, enjoying the way he twitched beneath me. From between the couch cushions, I withdrew a small vial of lavender oil. Asakku kept such treasures hidden all over his chambers, just in case. Drizzling some over his hole, I eased a second finger into him, laughing quietly at the ragged groan he exhaled.

He snapped his hips back to meet my thrusting fingers and growled “Dammit, Raziel, you’re killing me.”

I drizzled oil over my cock and spread it over my skin with my free hand as I continued to tease him. “I know. That’s the idea.”

But even I was in no mood for teasing, and I withdrew my fingers, eager to be inside him. I guided the tip of my cock to his opening and gave a tiny thrust of my hips, just enough to slide past that loosened ring of muscle. Then I grabbed both of his hips with my hands and slammed forward, wrenching a howl from him.

He didn’t ask me to stop though; I retreated, only to slam as hard as I could into him. He wailed again, his fingers scrabbling at the seat cushions, and I heard him gasp, “Yes, fuck, Raz, just like that.”

So I kept going, harder and faster, until only the sounds of skin slapping against skin and our grunts filled the room. I pistoned into him for all I was worth and felt my pleasure cresting. I pulled out and pumped my cock harder with my hand, gasping as I came, shooting stripes across his ass and back.

He grunted, his hips grinding against the couch’s armrest. “Ah, no, you fucking ass, don’t stop there!”

I took a step back to catch my breath and panted out a chuckle at the hapless sight of Asakku righting himself to his feet. He finally got his feet back under him and whirled to face me, his eyes blazing with anger.

I shrugged. “Finish yourself off. I have to fetch Lilith.”

Pulling my pants back up and refastening them, I sauntered out of the room, feeling smug.

\*\*\*\*



## CHAPTER SEVEN

Once I reached Lilith's chambers, I knocked once. A handmaiden opened the door and bade me to enter, and I paused in the foyer. I cast my eyes toward the closed bedroom door. "My lady, the Dark Prince wishes you to join him in his chambers."

The door slid open and Lilith entered; I immediately dropped to one knee, keeping my head down. Unless granted permission, making direct eye contact with the Queen was forbidden, a high offense punishable by... well, whatever torture the Dark Prince was in the mood for at that moment.

I could hear her footsteps approach me. The gauze-like material of her gown entered my vision, and I kept my head down, focused on the bottom hem of her gown. I felt her hand cup my chin and I tilted my head up, my eyes drinking in the sight of her pale, creamy skin and vibrant red hair.

Lilith had once lived in the Garden of Eden with Adam as his first wife, but after a dispute with Adam of which I do not know all the details, she left the Garden and became the Dark Prince's consort. If anyone had a right to be upset about him taking another lover to bed, it was surely the Queen, but she seemed to take it in stride. Perhaps she could teach me how she handled it.

She studied my face, her eyes narrowing as she gave a quiet chuckle and released my chin as she stepped toward the door. "Come then. We mustn't keep Lucifer waiting."

We traversed the corridors to the Dark Prince's chambers in silence, Lilith two steps ahead, and I kept my eyes downcast. Anyone that we happened to pass also averted their eyes from the Queen of Consorts. No doubt they all remembered the last poor soul who had dared to look in her eyes. Legend had it that one could still hear his screams when standing in the right spot on the shores of the lake of fire, where the Dark Prince had thrown him.

I knocked on the outer door of the Dark Prince's chambers and heard him snap, "Come in! It's about time!" I flinched; he sounded crankier than I'd ever heard him, and I cleared my throat, squaring my shoulders as I opened the door and ushered Lilith inside.

“My prince,” she purred, her gown swishing as she crossed the foyer.

I turned to leave but halted as he barked, “Raziel!” For a brief second, I considered pretending that I hadn’t heard him and leaving the room, but I knew that was a surefire way to incur his wrath. As mad as I might be at him, I did not wish to—how do mortals phrase it?—get on his nerves.

So I lifted my chin and turned, taking measured steps to the doorway of his bedchamber. “Yes, Sire?”

The Dark Prince lay sprawled on his side across his bed, the thin sheet covering his lower half doing nothing to conceal the outline of his flaccid penis lying against his naked thigh, and I felt my breath catch. I felt an all-powerful need to saunter across the distance between us and whip that flimsy sheet aside, take him into my mouth and suck him to hardness, then beg him to fuck me, but I held my ground, remaining silent and observing. Lilith had joined him, shedding her gown, and she lay behind him, her fingers stroking his upper arm and shoulder.

He glared at me. “Why are you late? I asked you to bring Lilith to me ages ago,” he demanded, sneering. “Did you get *lost*?”

Before I could even think about opening my mouth to respond, Lilith snorted as she dragged her nails up his arm. “He bears the stench of that worm Asakku all over him, my liege. I thought I might asphyxiate from it before I reached your chambers.”

Never have I ever wished to strike a woman but I could see my hand rising up over my shoulder and swinging down to land a backhanded blow across her cheek. How dare she be so condescending as she judged my choice of sexual partners? Not all of us were fortunate enough to have the Dark Prince as our lover time after time. I kept still though, focusing on the Dark Prince, trying not to flinch at the anger I could see in his eyes.

In the flutter of an eyelash, his anger changed to disdain, and he jutted his chin toward the door. “Go on, get out of here. You’re dismissed.” Then he rolled over to face Lilith, burying his face in between her breasts, and she threw her head back, laughing, as he rocked his head back and forth.

Turning away from them, I stormed out of the chambers, fuming.

\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER EIGHT

I was surprised when I awoke the next morning to find a messenger at my door, informing me that the Dark Prince had cancelled the day's proceedings. He claimed the Dark Prince felt under the weather, which I knew was a lie. He never felt ill.

"I heard Lilith tell one of her maidens he's sulking," I overheard one of the lower demons whisper to another.

The Dark Prince sulking was nothing new; he was notorious for having pouting sessions but he usually preferred to do so in front of an audience. That he would cancel meetings to pout in private troubled me. I assumed Lilith would be handling it though, and it would pass without incident.

Then the proceedings were cancelled a second day, but I was still determined not to worry. Lilith had made no grand appearances, so I assumed she was still attempting to pacify the Dark Prince.

That belief lasted until the messenger found me in the courtyard. I shot him a curious look as he hovered above the ground, his tattered bat-wings a blur of motion.

"The Dark Prince summons you" was all that he said before flying away.

Curiosity hastened my steps, and in no time at all, I stood before the Dark Prince's chamber door. Allowing myself only a moment to fret about what he might want, I took a deep breath and squared my shoulders, rapping my knuckles against the door thrice.

The door opened almost immediately, and Lilith gave me a disdainful smile. "Oh good, Raziël, you're here." She pulled the door open wider and motioned inside. "He is waiting for you."

I opened my mouth to ask her what was troubling him, but I pressed my lips together as she sniffed the air beside my ear.

She leaned back after a moment and seemed satisfied. "Be thankful you don't have that worm's stench all over you. That would only make his mood even fouler."

I frowned, wanting to ask her what she meant, but she motioned for me to follow and led me to his bedchamber. I stopped just short of the door, and she arched her eyebrow as she pushed it open.

When I made no move to step forward, having assumed that the Dark Prince would wish to see me in the sitting room, she scoffed and rolled her eyes. “Well? Go in—he’s waiting for you.”

My surprise must have shown on my face because she let out a barking laugh and planted her hand flat between my wings, giving me a hard shove forward. As soon as I stumbled forward into the room, she pulled the door closed, and I was left with the Dark Prince. In his bedchamber. Alone.

He lay sprawled out across the bed again, the almost non-existent sheet draped across him, and I struggled to keep my eyes locked on his. He lifted his hand from where it rested on his hip and beckoned me forward with a crooked finger.

I took a step toward the bed. “Sire, I—”

“—will not be fucking Asakku anymore.”

I closed my mouth so sharply in surprise that my teeth clicked together, a most unpleasant sensation, believe me. I stared at him, startled. “I—Beg your pardon, Sire?”

He drew his finger across the space in front of him, writing something across the sheet that I couldn’t quite decipher, what with it being upside down and me in a state of shock. “Do I really have to repeat myself, Raziel?”

I continued to stare at him, my mouth not quite agape, and he *tsked*, rolling his eyes as he moved his hand back and wrote something again. This time, by the way that he lifted his finger and moved a space before continuing to trace invisible letters, I knew he’d written three words, but beyond that, I still hadn’t caught what he’d written.

“I do not want you fucking that vermin Asakku again. Are we clear?”

So I *had* heard him correctly then. I bristled, my eyes narrowing. Who was he to dictate who I could and couldn’t fuck? I had pledged my fidelity to him

eons ago, yes, but that did not include whom I chose to warm my bed. “I’m afraid I do not understand, Sire.”

He scowled and stabbed his finger against the mattress, angrily scrawling out the words again, and I frowned, focusing on the letters. It took but a moment for it to dawn on me—he’d written *You are mine*.

I went cold with shock, my entire body freezing up. Surely, he did not mean—

“I will not have him thinking he can get away with fucking what is mine,” he snapped, saving me the trouble of having to ask him to explain himself.

That didn’t really clear things up as much as I hoped though. I almost growled at him, demanding to know when he’d placed his brand upon me, but I held my tongue. After all, was that not what I wanted—to be his?

I took a deep breath, hoping to calm myself. “Sire, forgive my ignorance, but I was unaware that I was *yours*.” I might’ve spat the word at him, my eyes narrowed, but he paid no heed.

He snorted and pushed himself up into a seated position, his hand flat against the mattress to support himself as he glared at me. “Don’t be ridiculous, Raziél. Of course you are.”

I lifted an eyebrow, wondering what I had missed. Or did he really constitute me giving him a blow job in a nightclub’s secret alcove as signing over ownership? As I recalled, only *he* had gotten something from that night, and he hadn’t exactly been celibate in the following days.

His face softened and he held out his hand to me, beckoning me forward. I stood my ground, and he sighed. “Raziél, please.”

I moved forward, fighting the urge to curl my wings protectively around myself, and stopped at the edge of the bed, looking down at him. “Yes, Sire?”

He reached out, taking my hand and bringing it close to his mouth so he could kiss my knuckles. The surprisingly tender gesture sent a tingle straight through me from head to toe, and I barely suppressed a shiver. His free hand

moved behind my back, and I felt a sharp jolt as his fingertips skimmed the underside of my wing. “Raziel, why would you sully yourself with such filth?”

I tried to focus on his words, but the task was impossible as he continued to stroke my wing, moving his fingers along the delicate edges. He scooted to the edge of the bed and tugged me forward so that I stood between his legs, which spread wide to accommodate me. I shivered, exhaling a ragged gasp as he pressed an open-mouthed kiss to my abdomen. It felt so good, that tinge of pleasure winding its way through my body as he stroked my wing, his fingers plucking delicately at the feathers. I felt an onslaught of desire strong enough to make my knees go weak, and if it hadn't been for his thighs clenching tight around my legs, I might've fallen.

His hands mercifully released my wings and slid down to cup my buttocks, his fingers clenching, and his teeth caught my skin just above my belly button, biting down just hard enough to rip a strangled moan from me.

He growled, his fingers digging into the soft leather of my pants. “You're wearing too many clothes, Raziel.” He moved his hands around to the front of my waist, fingers plucking at the laces holding my pants closed.

A very small part of me longed to protest, to push his hands away and leave, but I'd desired this kind of attention from him for so long. I remained still, gasping as he jerked my pants down and my cock sprang free.

The Dark Prince let out a startled laugh, and I fought the urge to cover myself in humiliation. “Something amuses you, Sire?” I asked, a hint of defensiveness creeping into my voice. I knew I was nothing impressive but I felt I had a decent length. My true source of pride lay in my girth, for what I lacked in length, I more than made up for in thickness.

He shook his head, flashing that confident leer. “No, no, not amusement, my dear Raziel. Your dick is even more magnificent than I imagined.” He licked his palm and wrapped his hand around my cock, giving it a slow pump, and I hissed in pleasure.

The Dark Prince continued to move his hand over my cock in languid strokes, and I could feel the strong pull of desire. I desperately wanted his

mouth on me, wanted to see my thickness sliding between his lips, but he drew his hand away and pulled back, patting the bed.

“On your knees,” he commanded, and it shamed me how fast I scrambled to obey, kneeling in the center of the bed. He grasped my wrists, lifting my arms up, and placed my hands on the headboard; my fingers instinctively curled around the iron slats, a tingle of anticipation going through me.

I heard the rustle of the sheets as he moved, and then his hands were on me, fingers gliding down my back in long strokes. He squeezed my buttocks and spread my cheeks with his fingers, and I nearly came on the spot as his wet tongue swept across my hole. My breath caught in my chest, my eyes widening in surprise, and he continued his onslaught, his fingers digging into my hips as he circled his tongue around my hole so many times that I gave up trying to count.

When his tongue slid inside me, my dick jumped, the buzz of pleasure traveling up my spine like an electrical jolt, and I gave a breathless moan. He began to fuck me in earnest with his tongue, strong, steady jabs that had my body quaking.

He suddenly withdrew, the euphoric torture of his tongue gone, and I let out what could only be described as a whimper, throwing a worried glance over my shoulder. Had I done something to displease him?

The sight that greeted me assuaged my concern—the Dark Prince pouring oil into his palm. He caught my eye and gave me a wink as he rubbed his palms together, spreading the oil around, then he took his cock in hand and gave it a bold stroke. My jaw went slack as I watched him, and he puckered his lips, throwing me a kiss.

“Sire,” I rasped, though I was not sure what I wanted to say beyond that. He seemed to understand though, and he set the oil jar aside, parting my cheeks again and licking into me. I bit my lip to stop the keening moan that escaped, and he laughed quietly.

“No need to be quiet, Raziël,” he whispered in my ear, his breath warm and making my skin prickle. His questing fingers slid into me, two at first, and I



groaned. It had been a while since I had been the one being fucked, and I was tighter than I would've liked, but he seemed to be pleased, judging from the way he hummed as he thrust his fingers into me.

I bowed my head forward onto the headboard and shuddered, jutting my ass out toward him as he worked me open. "You should see yourself, Raziël," I heard him growl. "You look so gorgeous. Can't wait to be inside you."

I wanted to beg him to fuck me already, but I couldn't find my voice. He seemed to anticipate my want anyway; he withdrew his fingers, and I only had to endure a brief moment of emptiness before the head of his cock nudged at my opening.

That was the only warning I got, and then he was plunging into me. His hands slid up my sides and inward across my back, fingers curled around the joints of my wings where they connected to my body. He drew all the way out before ramming back in, and I threw my head back, letting out a loud moan.

He gave an answering growl, moving his hands up to grip my wings tightly. "Oh, yes, you like that, don't you, Raziël?" He slammed into me, the force of it moving me against the headboard, and I tightened my grip on the bars, holding on as he fucked me hard.

My dick throbbed in time with his thrusts, the touch of his fingers tightening on my wings driving me further along to my crescendo. I knew it wouldn't take much to make me come.

I could hear him grunting softly as he fucked into me. "Fucking hell, Raziël, you're so goddamn tight." We moved together, me pushing back as he thrust forward, and he let out an inhuman roar as he came hard, shooting into me.

His thrusts slowed but didn't stop entirely, and I could hear him panting hard as he ran his fingers over my wings in firm, long strokes. I felt the pleasure tighten across my groin, and I gave a hoarse shout as I came from one particularly sharp tug. I sagged against the headboard, forehead resting on the top bar, gulping in air.

I must've dozed off, because I was startled awake by the touch of a cool cloth across my bottom. I threw a confused look over my shoulder and was startled to see the Dark Prince cleaning me. He gave a cursory wipe of himself before flopping onto his back, motioning for me to lie down beside him. I complied, still feeling uncertain of what all of this meant, but as I folded my wings against my back and settled onto my side, he rolled into me, draping a leg across my hip and tugging me back against his chest. He buried his face in my wings, and in a matter of seconds, his soft snores gently ruffled my feathers.

Sleep claimed me before I could ponder any further.

\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER NINE

I woke a short time later to find myself on my stomach, a heavy weight pressing me down into the mattress. I blinked, confused and a bit unsettled; I began to wriggle my way free of the smothering heft, and when I finally rose to my feet and turned to look behind me, I found my prince, lying on his stomach, still snoring away.

It all came rushing back to me—the Dark Prince ordering me not to fuck Asakku again, claiming me as his and fucking me. At the time, it had been enjoyable, but now, with the euphoria waning and my ardor cooled, I saw the possessiveness, the jealousy, and it angered me. How dare he tell me who I could and could not fuck when he didn't pay me the same respect! A servant I might be, and longed for him, I had, but I would not allow myself to be treated as a *plaything*.

I picked up my pants from the floor and jerked them on, glaring at his prone body. I had half a mind to wake him up so that I might yell at him, but I feared that he might distract me with sex again. So I turned and stormed out of the bedroom, making sure to slam the bedroom door and the outer chamber door as I left. Let him sleep through *that!*

By the time I reached the hallway that led to my chambers, I had worked myself into a fury, and I headed instead to Purgatory. He'd told me not to fuck Asakku again; nothing had been said about anyone else.

I made my way onto the dance floor, loosening my hair from its braid, and I grinned as a young man caught my attention. He had the palest blue eyes I'd ever seen and a slight build. I pulled him against me until our chests met, and my hands slid down his back, ending up cupped over the swell of his ass. We danced, grinding against each other, and I could feel his dick hardening in the tight jeans he wore.

Leaning forward, I brushed my lips near his ear. "Those have to be constricting. Why don't we go upstairs and I'll help you out of them?"

His eyes widened, his eagerness written across his youthful face, and he nodded. "Yeah. Yes. Fuck, please."

I gave him a sly smile and took his hand, leading him away from the crowd and up the staircase to the hidden alcove the Dark Prince had taken me to the last time I was here. I wasted no time jerking the young man's jeans off, and slid two of my fingers into his mouth as I wrapped my hand around his cock.

He let out a wanton moan and sucked my fingers, laving them with his tongue. I rubbed my thumb over his cock, leering at him as I watched him nearly gag himself on my fingers. I pulled them free with a wet pop and lifted him up, pressing him back into the wall. His legs wrapped around my waist, and our eyes met briefly as I worked my fingers into him.

His tongue darted out, wetting his pale red lips. "Fuck me hard. Don't hold back," he gasped.

I had been planning to do just that, so I was happy to oblige him. Withdrawing my fingers, I guided my cock to his opening and pushed into him. His mouth dropped open in a soundless cry, and I began to pound into him, groaning.

I came with a grunt, burying myself deep inside him, and rested my head on his shoulder as I tried to catch my breath. He whined and wriggled, working a hand between our bodies, and I drew back to watch him jerk himself off. He came with a gasp, his back arching off the wall, and the mess covered my chest and stomach.

He stared at me, his mouth agape, and he exhaled softly. "Shit, that was so hot."

I lowered him to the ground, and he leaned against the wall, whipping off his shirt and handing it to me. I grinned and nodded my thanks, using his shirt to wipe my chest and stomach. "Thanks," I said as I handed it back and turned, walking away without another word.

It felt good to stride off after taking what I'd wanted. I headed back downstairs and left the club with my head held high, exuding confidence.

\*\*\*\*

## CHAPTER TEN

I repeated the act of finding a nameless lover and fucking him in the alcove for the next three nights. On the fourth night, I had just made eye contact with the young man I'd chosen when the Dark Prince suddenly appeared out of nowhere. He swept in, crowding into my personal space and disrupting the eye-fucking I had just begun.

I gave him a scowl. "Yes, Sire? Is there something you want?"

He glared back at me. "I know what you've been doing, Raziell, and I don't like it."

I lifted my eyebrows, feigning disinterest. "I beg your pardon? I don't know what you mean."

He scoffed and gave a furious toss of his head. "You know exactly what I mean. You've been fucking every little son of a whore that crosses your vision, Raziell. You were eye-fucking *that* bloke when I walked up." He glared at the young man in question, who immediately dropped his gaze and turned back to the bar.

I narrowed my eyes, cold fury tainting my voice as I said, "I believe, Sire, that you instructed me not to fuck *Asakku*. Nothing was said about anyone else." I fixed him with an icy stare. "*You* certainly don't limit yourself to one partner."

He looked startled, his eyes widening, and he worked his mouth open and closed a few times. Finally, he frowned, resting his hands on his hips. "Is that what this is about? You're *jealous* because I have other lovers?"

I continued to glare at him. "Aren't *you* jealous that I have other lovers? Or are you really that childish?"

He let out a huff and spun away, taking a few steps toward the bar. I watched his hand come up to his mouth, and then he spun back, stalking back to stand toe to toe with me. We stared each other down, eyes narrowed; his eyes veered away from mine first, and he laughed lightly, shaking his head.

He started to walk away but something made him turn back. He regarded me for a moment, and then stepped into my personal space, his hand reaching back to grasp my braid. He let it slip between his fingers until he was grasping the bead, which he rolled around between his forefinger and thumb. “Why have you stopped wearing the leather strap I gave you, Raziel?”

My heart skipped a beat; I thought he had forgotten about that ages ago. It had been a surprise gift from the Dark Prince; it hadn't been my birthday or anything, just a random day, and he'd presented it to me when we were alone in his throne room. There had been a lull in proceedings, and he'd been watching me none-too-subtly tuck my long locks behind my ear. The strap I'd been using since my descent had sadly fallen apart and I hadn't had the chance to get a new one. He'd called me over to him and held out a simple object wrapped in tissue paper.

I felt the Dark Prince's eyes upon me, just as I had that day, waiting for some sort of a response, and I cleared my throat. “I seemed to have misplaced it, Sire.”

His eyes didn't seem to buy it, but he just let out an inquisitive “Hmm,” and dropped my braid before turning on his heels and stalking away, leaving me feeling confused and frustrated.

When I returned to my chambers that evening, I found a small package waiting for me. Wrapped in the same shade of red tissue paper as the last one, this one had a note attached. I lifted the package, knowing what I would find inside, and as I carefully unwrapped it, my breath caught in my chest. Where the last strap had been plain black leather, this one was braided, the very center adorned with a blood red diamond cut in the shape of a faceted square. It was beautiful and much more extravagant than I would ever have chosen for myself.

Sitting down on my bed, I opened the note that had been attached to the package, and I smiled as I recognized the Dark Prince's elegant script.

*My dear Raziel,*

*Please accept this as but a small token of my appreciation.  
If you wear it and nothing else into my chambers tonight, I will  
gladly show you exactly what you mean to me.*

*Yours,*

*Lucifer*

I let out a soft laugh and pressed the note to my lips, closing my eyes and breathing in the scent of musk that lingered on the page. It almost seemed too good to be true, but I knew there was only one way to find out.

Setting the note aside, I reached up and removed the bead and band fastening my hair, then unwound the braid. Carefully, I brushed my hair until it was silky smooth, then I drew it back into a tail, tying it off at the nape with the new leather strap.

Then I rose and made my way to the Dark Prince's chambers, my heart hammering wildly with the eagerness of finally, *finally* reveling in the fruits of tempting Lucifer.

**THE END**

## **Author Bio**

*I've never been officially published, but I've written short stories of various natures and posted them online. I live in Florida where I work professionally as a graphic designer. I like going out to dinner and having long, intimate discussions about my fandoms while we gaze sensuously into each oth—Oh wait, this isn't that kind of bio.*

## **Contact Info**

[Email](#) | [Twitter](#)