

*Del Fantasma*

**Mudslide**  
**Selena Illyria**



Aspen Mountain Press

Mudslide [Del Fantasma]  
*by Selena Illyria*

**Aspen Mountain Press**

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Del Fantasma: Mudslide

Pietro, future king of the demons is looking for a mate. He doesn't expect to find her in mortal, Callisto Monroe. At first he wanted a fling but as he begins to bond with her, he ends up falling in love with her. He claims her as his mate and future queen of the demons. Will she accept what fate has now thrust upon her?

Callisto Monroe works as a negotiator for the paranormal world. When she goes to a friend's wedding and meets sexy as sin demon, Pietro, sparks fly. She agrees to spend the weekend with him. When she finds out he is the future king of the demons, their growing relationship takes on a whole new dimension. Will he be able to convince her to stay with him and rule by his side?

Can he convince her that they should be together despite the fact that she is mortal and he is a demon?

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Thank you for your purchase of *Del Fantasma: Mudslide* by Selena Illyria. Cody Warren keeps romance hopping at the Del Fantasma bar where he enjoys playing matchmaker to some of the world's more unusual paranormal creatures. From coyote shifters to vamps to sparrows, Cody finds the right mate for those seeking love.

Stop by [www.AspenMountainPress.com](http://www.AspenMountainPress.com) and take a look at some of the couples he's set up. And, while you're there, consider joining the Aspen Mountain Press newsletter where you can stay informed of new releases, contests and drawings, and other specials available only to members of our newsletter.

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**Dedication**

For Ce, Cyn, Michelle, Dawn, Maura, Tuesday, Robin and Ro.

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## **Prologue**

"You want me to go where?" Pietro looked at Cody in disbelief.

Cody Warren, owner of the Del Fantasma bar, slid a simple white invitation toward him across the top of the worn wooden bar. Pietro picked up the heavy paper and read over the details of Chris and Nic's—two employees of the Del Fantasma—wedding. A simple ceremony. No frills. At the Sunset Cliff Hotel. Black tie optional.

"Why do you want me to go to this ceremony? This doesn't help me with my problem. I need to find a mate, someone suitable, who could fit into the demonic world. The demoness they've picked out for me won't do. I need another option."

"Go to the ceremony; you'll find your other option there. Maybe get some ideas for your own ceremony."

"Why aren't you going?"

Cody raised a dark eyebrow, "Check the time."

Pietro looked down and swore, "Why would they hold it during daylight hours?"

Cody shrugged, "Only time they could get everyone together at the same place, at the same time. Don't ask; I'm not offended. They're having a small party here before they go off on their honeymoon. It's all good. So, you can go in my stead, find a possible mate and get an idea for a ceremony that would make both sides happy."

Pietro shook his head, "I don't know about this..."

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"What's the harm in looking? You don't have to stay long, just enough time to look around."

Pietro felt uneasy but couldn't think of anything else. "Fine, I'll go but I'm still not sure about this."

Pietro picked up his nearly finished Mudslide and downed the contents. Turning, Pietro walked out of the bar.

Head shaking he went back to his home and changed into something casual, yet dressy enough for a wedding. Pietro arrived at the wedding ten minutes before the ceremony was due to start. Sitting on the side of the groom, he glanced across the aisle and spotted a beauty wearing peach silk, her milk chocolate colored skin shimmering under the golden lights of the room. "Well, at least he got one thing right; I did find someone."

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## Chapter One

"Instead of telling you to fuck off in the five languages I do know, how about you just do it and make us both happy?" Callisto Monroe raised an eyebrow and waited for the drunken groomsman to leave. Unfortunately he didn't. The man just stood there with a smile on his face, rocking back and forth on his heels.

"And how about you show me how you say 'fuck me' in those five languages you know?" He asked words slightly slurred.

Callisto rolled her eyes and opened her mouth to reply when she was cut off by a gruff voice behind her. A large hand settled on her lower back spreading heat with the gentle touch. Looking up, and up, and up, her breath caught in her throat. Red eyes glittered ominously, and long, straight black hair mingled with the midnight black silk shirt the man was wearing.

"The only man she'll be saying that to tonight, or any night, will be me. I suggest you get lost before I make it so, for you."

The threat caused a shiver up her spine. Her pussy tingled, becoming slick and heavy. *Gotta love a man who knows how to threaten well.* Callisto's savior turned his attention to her, causing heat to flare up in her body from his gaze alone. She swallowed. Arousal trumped any annoyance she would normally feel at a man being so presumptuous.

"Are you all right darling? I hope he didn't ruin the wedding for you." His gaze raked over her face, concern written in the red depths.

"Uh no honey, he didn't." Licking her lips, Callisto wasn't sure how to ask his name without tipping off Mr. Drunken McWatcher, who hadn't wandered away yet. She had no clue who the man behind her was.

"Good," Mystery man reached up and brushed his fingertips over the side of her face, spreading heat with just the roughened pads of his fingers. "I would hate for such a beautiful day to be marred for you. You look exquisite, have I told you that yet?" He bent down brushing his lips over her forehead. Burning, she was overwhelmed with heat from just the light contact.

She struggled to find her voice; once she gained some composure she replied, "No, you haven't."

"What bad manners, my only excuse was that I was overwhelmed by your beauty."

Callisto blinked, she had no idea who he was, but damn, he knew what to say to make a woman feel good. His breath wafted over her face in a peppermint breeze. His gaze moved away from her face. It felt like the sun had turned off, and she suddenly felt cold. Blinking again, she looked away about to shift her body toward the bar. A light pressure on her back caused her to pause.

"Why have you not gone away? You're irritating my paramour." He growled. Looking up at the groomsman Callisto tilted her head to the side, the guy was practically

bouncing, sweating profusely and jittery. A glance up told Callisto the cause of the groomsman's discomfort.

"Look Larry," Callisto started.

"Dennis."

"Whatever, just leave okay?"

That seemed to be all it took to make the man dash away. Turning her attention back to her knight in black silk, Callisto raised an eyebrow. "Who the hell are you?"

He didn't move away, instead, he brought his body closer, his heat overwhelming her. "My name is Pietro."

"Pietro," Callisto tested the name on her tongue and found she liked the way his name rolled off it. "Thank you for the rescue."

"It was my pleasure. And I did mean what I said. You do look exquisite, very beautiful. Peach suits you very much."

"Thank you." Callisto's face flushed with heat and she looked away.

"Do not turn away from a compliment, it is true." His red eyes darkened, glittering with banked fire.

Callisto swallowed. "I'm Callisto Monroe."

"A beautiful name for such a beautiful woman."

"Aren't you laying it on a bit thick? You already have my thanks and attention, no need to go overboard with compliments."

"On the contrary, I don't think I'm complimenting you enough." He looked away from her, "Bartender, another round please."

"Trying to get me drunk?" Callisto kidded.

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"Your glass is empty. I felt it inappropriate to leave you without some sort of refreshment."

"Paramour, refreshment, where are you from? Men don't normally, say or do things like this. At least not straight men."

Pietro smiled at her, nearly blinding her with bright white teeth against his golden tanned skin. She noticed for the first time his jaw was shadowed by black stubble. His cheeks looked so sharp they could cut, his eyes were hooded, black eyebrows slashed over red eyes framed by black lashes giving him a sinister look. "I can show you just how straight I really am if you wish, but felt it rude to just come out and tell you of my interest. I thought it best to, I don't know, show tact?"

Callisto laughed, "Tact huh? I prefer right to the point, unless I don't want the attention."

"So if I told you I want to fuck you quite badly, you wouldn't think me rude?" His gaze bored into her, challenging her.

Callisto squirmed in her seat. Her sex was slick and heavy, breasts full and aching, nipples tightened sensitive peaks.

"No, I wouldn't." Callisto was relieved to find her voice even despite how breathless she felt.

"And you wouldn't think me rude if I told you how hard my cock is for you, and how much I wish to rip off your clothing right now and fuck until you scream my name?" His voice had become rougher, edged in darkness. Her body throbbed in response.

She swallowed, shifting on the stool, trying to control the throbbing of her pussy. "No, I wouldn't think you rude."

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He invaded her personal space, stepping closer until his legs pressed against her knees. A glance down showed her a large bulge pressing against the fly of his pants. He leaned down, placing his hands on the backrest of her seat, arms caging her in. His head bent down until their lips were just a breath away, his hair formed a midnight curtain blocking out the rest of the world. She couldn't breathe. All thought stopped as she waited for what he would say next.

"You wouldn't think me forward if I told you I wanted to possess every inch of your lush body, learn every curve, erogenous zone, and how many ways I can make you come? You wouldn't think me impolite if I told you I wanted to tie you to my bed and eat your pussy until your juices ran down my chin, to have you scream out my name as you came? Would you think me uncivilized if I told you I wanted to use my fingers, mouth and cock to fuck you until you couldn't stand? Tell me my beautiful Callisto, would you like to be owned by me body, mind, and soul for a weekend?"

Callisto couldn't talk, couldn't think straight. She had forgotten her name, how to form sentences, and everything else that was important. All she could do was nod. Her mind was currently playing scene after scene of what his words invoked, back to back, no rest for her. She wanted to be a quivering, blubbering mess because of him. But there was something else, something about him that called to her. She didn't know what it was, but she felt safe with him, comfortable.

Pietro gave her a dark chuckle. "I don't have a room here, my sweet Callisto. Do you? But then again that could be a



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good thing. I refuse to be interrupted when I fuck you. I have no desire to have security called in because they feel I am torturing you. Shall we go back to my house? It is not far. Please do tell anyone important to you that you are leaving. I will wait in the lobby for you. I have a few arrangements to make." He brushed his lips against hers, a soft caress that sparked an inferno that traveled from her lips to her sex. He stepped back, arms falling away.

Callisto felt cold as Pietro moved away from her, lips curved in a mysterious smile. She knew she should have felt afraid, even wary in this day and age with things being as they were, and yet, looking at him, strangely she felt a sense of safety. As if Callisto knew he wouldn't hurt her. An arm crossed across his body, hand holding his wrist as if he was trying to protect himself in case she rejected him.

"I'll uh, go tell my friend I'm not coming back to the room."

Pietro nodded, hand falling away, arm returning to his side. "I will take care of the tab here. Bring some clothing with you for Monday. But I tell you now, you will be naked during your time with me." Pietro turned and Callisto rushed away, anticipation and arousal riding her hard.

\* \* \* \*

As soon as Callisto was out of view, Pietro hung his head, "What am I doing? What the hell am I doing?" He began to pace, anxiety rumbled through him.

"I don't have time for this, for her." He shook his head. "I need to speak to someone, I need help, guidance."

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Cody. The name surfaced in his mind; he knew the vampire would help him, or at least advise him. Glancing around, he saw no one was paying attention to him. Making his way to a darkened corner, he concentrated on the bar, Del Fantasma, and he transported himself to the bar. The night air whipped his hair. Humidity was in the wind, a rumble of thunder in the distance. A storm was coming, a shiver ran through him. Pushing open the doors he made his way through the crowd. Throngs of people were everywhere; it was almost claustrophobic.

Pietro got to the bar and looked around, no Cody in sight. One of the bartenders came over to him. He could smell the scent of feline musk. Cat shifter. The feline walked toward him, hips rolling, swaying, long tawny blond hair streaked with dark brown and black, framed a mocha face with almond shaped green eyes, a pert nose and full lips.

"What can I get for you sugar?" Her husky voice purred.

"Cody, I need to talk to him."

"You sure you don't need something, honey?" The feline's eyes moved up and down, taking him in.

"I have a mate." *Shit!* He swore silently and looked down. *I don't have a mate; Callisto is not my mate.* Pietro told himself, but the words rang hollow to him. Shaking his head, he looked up and met the feline shifter's gaze. "I just need to speak to Cody, that is all."

"Too bad, I could have given you one hell of a ride. I'll go get him." The shifter walked away, a little less sway in her step. Placing his elbows on the bar, he leaned forward, drumming his fingers on the wood. It didn't take long for the

owner of Del Fantasma to appear. Pietro nodded his head in greeting. "Cody."

"Pietro, what's up?"

"I need your advice. There is a matter..." Pietro's voice trailed off, he looked way only to see the feline shifter hovering nearby, head tilted to the side as if listening. "Can we go somewhere private?"

Cody looked over at the shifter. "Got nothing to do Fatima? I can always find something for you."

Fatima shook her head, "No need. Got a lot to do." She began to make a drink that Pietro doubted anyone had ordered. Cody nodded his head toward a hallway. "My office, we can talk there."

Pietro made his way through the crowd following Cody's dark head. After passing through the throng, they came to an empty hallway. Their footsteps echoed heavily down the corridor. Nothing was said between them. Cody opened a door and Pietro walked behind him into a small, organized room. Cody sat down, Pietro remained standing, but that wasn't enough for him; he needed movement. Pacing, head down, Pietro began his story. "As you know, for some time now I've been looking for a mate. As you suggested I went to the marriage ceremony of Chris and Nic, insane idea as it was, and I met Callisto Munroe."

Pietro paused, took a deep breath and continued. "I spotted her across the aisle. I was instantly enamored. I stepped in when some drunken buffoon tried to pick her up, although she was doing fine on her own. I found myself hitting on her. She was quite receptive to my offer and

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agreed to spend the weekend with me. Now, I realize I made a mistake. She's mortal, she would never last in my world, besides that I only have a week before I must return to the demon dimension and take the throne. They have a queen lined up for me. And yet none of that matters as I find myself craving to spend time with Callisto, and I've only known her for a few seconds." Pietro looked up, eyes pleading with Cody to advise him.

Cody's sea blue eyes were unfathomable, not a hint of what he was thinking lurked in the blue depths. Silence stretched out between them almost to the point where Pietro couldn't stand it. Finally Cody spoke. "Tell her. Tell her what you are and your situation."

Pietro looked at Cody as if he'd gone insane. "I can't do that. That would be breaking so many of my kind's laws, and that would open her up to attack. I cannot put her in that kind of danger."

"You already have by being with her. It is better that she know what she's dealing with." Cody's face remained stoic.

Pietro narrowed his eyes as a thought dawned on him. "You! I should have known. I knew you could play matchmaker. I should have suspected that was what you were trying to do to me when you sent me to that wedding. You knew she would be there, you were trying to set me up with her."

Cody gave him a Gallic shrug, which infuriated Pietro. "She's a regular. Comes in here every Friday and Sunday. She also works for Jefferstone, Bidden and Luxor, you've heard of them?"

Pietro paused, his brain working. "Yes," he said slowly. "They are a law firm that deals exclusively with the otherworld. My father has used them from time to time on legal matters."

"She is the owner's daughter."

Pietro blinked, not quite grasping what Cody was saying.

"Munroe is her mother's last name. Her father and mother divorced when she was three. She went with the mother but moved in with her father at sixteen. She's been working for her father as a liaison to the 'otherworld' as you put it. Consider her a diplomat of sorts."

Pietro blinked again. Cody had thought of almost everything. "You son-of-a-bitch."

Cody chuckled, "I've been called worse. Go to your mate, I'm sure she'll wonder where you are. You did leave her at the hotel right?"

Pietro swore, with a thought he transported himself to hotel, and found himself in the men's bathroom at the hotel, which much to his relief was empty. Quickly smoothing out wrinkles in his dress shirt and black dress pants, he took a deep breath, leaving the rest room and heading for the lobby. He was still reeling from the fact that Cody had set him up. The vampire had known he would notice Callisto, would be attracted to her. Walking into the reception area his breath caught in his throat as he spotted her.

She was hard to miss wearing a soft peach dress that hugged her curves, her hair up in an elaborate bun, tendrils of dark brown-black curls framing her mocha face. Her full lips painted a glossy peach, and almond shaped eyes rimmed

in smudged kohl making them look dark and mysterious. Her petite stature was heightened by the slim gold strappy sandals. He wanted her to wear those shoes to bed, feel the sting of the heels as they dug into his thighs as he fucked her hard and fast.

Swallowing, he shifted uncomfortably. His cock throbbed against the fly of his pants, the zipper biting into the hot, pulsing flesh. His skin felt tight and hot, stomach tied in knots as his heart pounded against his ribs. A light sheen of sweat covered his forehead and palms. *Nervous, I'm actually nervous.* Never in his life had he felt so unsure of himself. *I was groomed to rule; now I'm acting like an adolescent in front of his first crush.* He couldn't will himself to move, rooted to the spot, scared to walk over to her, open his mouth and say something. She looked like a dream and he didn't want to wake up.

Cody may have felt that their match was perfect, but Pietro knew the risks; no self respecting demoness would accept a human woman as her queen. No, demon worth his salt would allow his king to mix the bloodlines with weaker mortal blood. And yet, none of that mattered to Pietro at the moment. All he could see was Callisto. Pietro found himself walking toward her. The air seemed to become thin. He found it difficult to breathe.

Clearing his throat, he was a foot from her when Callisto turned, a shy smile on her face. Good, she's unsure too. "I've never done something like this before. I mean I've never been so forward before." *No idiot*, he corrected himself,

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*you've never been so nervous before.* He watched her eyes look away, hands wringing in front of her.

"Neither have I," she said softly. "My friend, Val, she thinks I'm making a huge mistake. You could be some serial axe murder who's into Smurfs or something."

That caught Pietro by surprise. He found himself throwing his head back laughing long and loud, not caring if people were staring. He wiped away tears as he focused on her again. "That was funny, goddess I haven't laughed like that since..." He couldn't remember when, all his life had been so serious.

Looking at Callisto he realized she was a breath of fresh air, no tact, no subtlety, just open honesty and forthrightness. "Have you eaten?"

As much as his body was riding him for release, he wanted to spend some time with her that didn't involve sex. He wanted to get to know her.

"Nope, Drunken McMoron prevented me from going to the buffet. He kept following me, which put off my appetite." Her shoulders sagged, arms now hung at her sides. She had relaxed around him. Good.

"We don't have to go back to my place just yet. Why don't we go out to eat first. Would you like to risk your beautiful neck and dine with me?"

He hoped she would say yes. Callisto opened her mouth to reply when her stomach growled answering for her. "I'll take that as yes. Let's get your things to the car."

"I'll meet you there. I have to settle my bill."

"Of course, I'll be out front in a red Altima."

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"Okay, meet you in five."

Pietro went around her, grabbing the two bags she had with her. *I have the feeling a weekend won't be enough with her.*

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## Chapter Two

Callisto's body was on fire. Her heart was threatening to pound out of her chest. Val's warning was on a loop in her head.

"Are you just crazy, horny or both? Hon, this guy could be a serial killer who has a fetish for axes and likes the Smurfs. Helllooo, think honey. Be smart."

Callisto had tried to be rational but all she remembered was the way his eyes glittered and darkened to that unusual ruby color, the feel of his hand on the small of her back, setting fire to her skin, the way her pussy throbbed, her core clenching with need. Her head was clouded with arousal, it was hard to think. There was also the added element of mystery. She wanted to go wild with a stranger, just once. And it was only for the weekend, then back to work where her father expected her to start negotiating with the new demon king next week. Lots of prep time for that. She wanted to unwind first.

Something about Pietro just made her feel safe and desired. Callisto had never felt that before. She tried to shove the memories of the past away but they surfaced rapidly. Yelling from her parents while she cowered in her room holding her teddy bear tight, her father threatening to take her away from her mother, her mother telling her that her father didn't love Callisto as much as he loved his job, the words cut her afresh. She winced as tears burned her eyes.

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It still hurt, the cruel lengths her parents went to in order to dissuade their daughter of the other's love for her. The ways they had manipulated her so she would choose to stay with one of them. In the end, the courts got so fed up with the cruel games that her parents had played using her as a pawn that the judge in the case chose for them. In the end, she stayed with her mother until she was sixteen and her mother had remarried. Living with her father had been difficult.

He had no idea how to relate to the angry teenager she had become. To this day things between them were awkward. Her father avoided anything personal with her, instead keeping things on a business level, his most comfortable position. Callisto didn't really blame him for the distance. Her mother had done everything to keep him from being a part of her life. He had no idea what subjects would cause the most pain for her. It had taken years of therapy to get over some of her issues—one of them being commitment and abandonment.

Working for her father was a way to get to know him. Her mother had long since been out of the picture once the woman had achieved her ideal of a perfect life, with perfect children, husband and house. Callisto didn't want to think of her mother. With a great push, she shoved down the memories and headed for the reception desk to check out.

The delicate strains of the Moonlight Sonata reached her ears. Unzipping her purse, she reached in and extracted the small device. Flipping up the top, she answered the phone.

"Hello?"

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"Calli, I mean Callisto, it's your father." Callisto bit back a small smile. He was trying; but would falter. Their more familiar formality was safer; he didn't want to step on her toes in case she disapproved.

"Hi dad. What's up?"

"Um, your friend Valerie called me concerned about..."

She knew her father was blushing. Shaking her head she sighed, *Val is only concerned about me, Callisto thought, but that won't stop me trying to wring her neck later.*

"Dad it's okay, I know why Val called, and I promise it's nothing for you to be worried about."

Pause. "Um ... okay, just be careful. I know you can take care of yourself..." His voice trailed off as if he wasn't sure what else to say.

Callisto was touched. He was trying. "I'll see you next Monday, dad."

"I'll see you next Monday, but if you'd like to join us for supper on Sunday..."

Callisto smiled, "I'd love to. Tell Jenny I'll be there."

"Wonderful, I'll let your stepmother know," her father had finally sounded enthusiastic and Callisto grinned. Jenny was her father's new wife, a lovely woman, who had always been kind to Callisto even when she hadn't been so kind back.

"Okay, gotta go dad. I'll see you soon."

"Good bye Calli." He hung up before she could respond.

"He's trying," she said to herself as she walked up to the counter, took care of business and left the hotel. She spotted Pietro immediately. He leaned against the car, arms folded, body relaxed, eyes focused on the entrance. He looked so

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stoic and lost in thought. When Pietro's eyes fell on her, his lips curved into a smile. Her knees shook in response, suddenly feeling like jelly. Callisto's stomach dropped and her lungs had trouble taking in air. *God he's beautiful.*

She was rooted to the spot, not able to move. Pietro straightened up and began walking toward her. His gait was almost predatory, confidence exuded with each step. Callisto tried to swallow around the lump in the throat. He stopped a foot before her, extending his hand. "Your chariot awaits fair lady."

She giggled, "You are so cheesy."

He shrugged, "I got you to laugh, that's something."

She shook her head, "I'm going to regret this, aren't I?"

He tilted his head to the side, a shadow passed over Pietro's features before it was gone he said, "I hope not."

Callisto wasn't sure how to proceed. The ground had shifted slightly. She could feel the apprehension coming from him. Sliding her palm against his, she gave his hand a squeeze. "Let's go get something to eat and we can talk, okay?"

He nodded, "Let's."

Pietro led her to the car, opened the passenger side door and waited as she slid into the seat. Taking a deep breath, she let it out slowly. *I hope I don't regret it either.*

There was very little talking on the drive to the restaurant Pietro had picked out. The interior of the car had become a cozy cocoon, where no words needed to be uttered. The world was a blur of color outside the windows. Callisto closed her eyes as strains of Beethoven drifted from the speakers.

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"Tell me a bit about yourself."

Callisto's head rolled to the side and she opened her eyes to study his profile.

"I grew up in California, bounced between my parent's homes for a bit before settling down with my mom, then later moving in with my dad. I work for my father as a sort of liaison between the firm and clients. My life is the firm and the occasional get-togethers with my girlfriends at a little bar called Del Fantasma. As you can see I have no life." She laughed at her own joke, but noticed he hadn't even cracked a smile. Frowning she turned her head to focus on the scenery outside

"I grew up very sheltered. My household was very strict. Fun happened as a surprise. My parents were hardly a part of my life. I had tutors and servants. That was it. I had very little contact with the outside world. Working for your father I'm sure you've dealt with, shall we say, otherworldly beings?"

Callisto blinked, digesting what he was saying. *Was he royalty or something? Some pampered prince? Wait, otherworldly?*

"Um, yes," she started uneasily, not sure she liked where things were going.

"I'm sure you've dealt with demons," Pietro said casually. *The red eyes; a signature of demons. I should have known he was a demon. I work with them on an almost daily basis. I guess seeing red eyes is now normal for me.*

"Yes, I have." She didn't want to hear what he would say next. She already knew the words and feared them. Demons,

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though civilized, came with baggage—lots of baggage, like a disdain for mortals. Turning her head back to look at Pietro, her mind ran over their meeting, there had been no malice toward her. In fact, it had been strong desire.

"I'm not like my brothers and sisters of the demonic ilk. I have no desire to hurt you, or look down on you. In my brief dealings with mortals, I have found that I like them very much." He finally turned to look at her, eyes glittering with intensity. The ruby gaze dropped down, looking her over. Arousal flared hot within her, stomach tightening into knots. Liquid heat, slipped down, her pussy throbbed as her panties dampened; she was tingling with need. An image of his fingers slipping over the thick nether lips, teasingly slow rose in her mind.

Projection. The demonic talent of projecting images into the mind of a susceptible victim, or in this case object of desire, her. She shifted trying to stave off the ache, but the picture changed, a tongue replaced the fingers, tracing the sides of her labia before circling her clit.

"Take off your panties, I want you to touch yourself, show me those beautiful lips."

He clit ached, throbbing insistently. Her nipples pulsed with need at the low growl of his voice. A glance at his crotch showed her a large bulge pressing against the fly of his pants.

"Is that for me?" She asked raising the hem of her skirt.

"Yes, every inch of me is for you. I'm so hard right now; I ache to be inside of you."

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His words increased the heat between them. She wanted to see him, see the throbbing length that showed her his desire.

"Show me. If I show you my pussy, you show me your cock."

He groaned. The car jerked hard to the right and stopped, engine still running. She pulled down her panties and let them fall to the floor. Callisto couldn't think beyond him and the aching. In the distance, she heard a click and the sound of ripping and then a zipper. Look over at him, she watched him, face taunt, lips thin. A glance down at his groin showed her he had done what she asked. Rising up amidst the wrinkled material of his slacks was his cock, hard and thick, the slit at the top of the crest, leaking crystalline drops of pre-cum. He stroked himself slowly.

Callisto undid her seatbelt, pulling up the skirt, cool air brushed the swollen lips of her pussy and she moaned. In the dim light, on the side of a deserted road she touched herself, hissing at the spark of heat from that simple brush of her fingers over her sex.

"Take off the dress. I need to see more of you. Goddess, I need to see all of you." Pietro's voice was so rough his words were almost lost by the gruffness, but she knew what he wanted. She didn't hesitate. Thankful the frock had no zippers to contend with, she pulled the dress over her head; she let it fall to join her panties. She was now completely nude. Spreading her legs as far wide as she could get them, she slipped her hand between her thighs, stroking the slick, hot

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flesh. She looked over at him, down at his lap and watched his hand move faster.

"So beautiful, I want to be inside of you so badly. But not here."

"Do you want me on the hood of the car?" She asked, not caring if they got caught. Her body was engulfed with flames. Her need for him was shoving back any thoughts of impropriety. The woman who would never dream of getting off in front of a guy in the front seat of a car, much less allowing him to fuck her on the side of the road where anyone would come by was shoved deep in a closet along with any hesitation, fear or inhibitions.

"No," the growl that came from his mouth shivered up her spine. Power surged in the air like humidity. A thick shaft of invisible force thrust into her sopping core. She cried out. "No one sees you but me. I will be the one to fuck you, touch every inch of you."

Another thrust of power caused her body to buck. Callisto's fingers found her clit and began rubbing it faster, harder, wanting to come. She wanted to come with him watching. His gaze burned into her. She focused on his hand, watching it move faster and faster, his thumb smearing the evidence of how much he wanted her across the wide surface of his cockhead.

Her fingers circled her clit, pinching the bud hard. Electric shocks rushed through Callisto as his power pounded into her. Her hips arched, back bowed, fingers moving quicker and quicker. Eyes narrowing, she reached up with her free hand



and pinched her nipple, tweaking and rolling the hardened peak. "Pietro," she moaned.

"This is what I want to do to you. This is how hard I want to fuck you, in a bed, against a wall. I want to feel you come on my cock. That sweet pussy of yours squeezing my cock so perfectly. Come for me Callisto; sing for me. Scream for me."

The invisible cock fucked her hard, hitting her cervix with each stroke. The orgasm building within her coiled and writhed. Tighter and tighter it spiraled becoming taunt. Pietro leaned over the seat, a finger slid under her chin and tilted her face up to him. His lips crashed down over her in a hard demanding kiss, teeth scraping her bottom lip, sucking the swollen flesh into his mouth. She pinched her clit, holding the bud tightly before letting go. Heat flooded her sex, increasing her desire, pushing her higher and higher.

"Come for me Callisto, come for me now." Looking into his eyes, Callisto watched them flash before a flood of fire washed through, pushing her over the edge. She cried out, head thrown back. A rushing sound filled her ears, in the distance she heard a roar let loose beside her.

Her heart was threatening to beat out of her chest. As her lungs relearned how to take in air and her body came down, she looked over at Pietro. His head rested on the back of the seat, his lips were panting, chest rising and falling rapidly. She felt no embarrassment, instead she felt calm. "Wow."

"Wow is right."

They sat in silence. Goosebumps broke out over her skin as the sweat began to cool and the cold air brushed against

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her skin. "Okay, time to get dressed, cold now." She chuckled.

He placed a hand on her forearm causing her to pause. She looked over at him. Before she could say anything, he leaned over and brushed his lips against hers. "You are beautiful in the afterglow."

She couldn't stop the grin from spreading across her face. She felt beautiful.

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### Chapter Three

*What the hell are you doing?* Pietro asked himself as he pulled into an empty spot in a small diner. You're bonding with her. The drive to the diner had been filled with small talk and tidbits about each other. The more he found out about her, the more he wanted to know. He found himself asking her more questions. He found out she loved classical music and read at least two books a month, or tried to. She actually loved her job despite how hard it could be to mediate between the two worlds, the mortal and "other" worlds.

In response, he had told her a little bit more about himself. The words just fell from his mouth. He couldn't stop them, his brain had taken off the guards and shields he usually used and everything came flooding out. He found himself telling her about the time he played a joke on his tutors and disappeared for a few hours. He found himself smiling at the memory. He found himself telling her that he enjoyed cooking while in the mortal world. He also loved movies, music of all kinds, but preferred classical music.

The atmosphere in the car was so relaxed and easy instead of uncomfortable. There was always a wall between him and others, but with Callisto everything felt so right, even though his doubts persisted. They were tiny voices, like gnats in his ears. Annoyances he could easily swat away. As he turned the car off, he glanced over at her, his heart stuttered in its rhythm. There was a glow about her—an energy he craved to be near. Reaching over his fingers brushed her hand; the

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silken skin teased him. He wanted to see her naked again, he had yet to have his fill of her.

He wanted to explore her body with his mouth, taste her until she came. Feel her body as she found her release. *Callisto, what have you done to me? You've intoxicated me like no other.* Demonesses had always been touted as the great beauties of the other world, even beyond the Gothic beauty of the vampires. But none of them, no one compared to his Callisto. He stopped. *When did I start calling her mine?* Always, was the answer that came back to him. From the moment he had laid eyes on her, he had started thinking of her as his.

"Ready?" He asked, resisting the urge to tack the word beloved at the end. It was too soon for that. He studied her face, memorizing her almond shaped brown eyes, her full lips, her smooth flawless cocoa colored skin, her cute nose. Everything about Callisto enticed Pietro, aroused him as evidenced by his arousal yet again pressing against the fly of his slacks. He swallowed and waited for her sweet voice edged with huskiness to respond. She took his hand, her thumb stroking the back of his hand.

"Yup, I'm starved."

"Good, I plan on feeding you and then fucking you."

She threw back her head and laughed, "Is that all you can think of? Sex?"

"When I'm around you? Yes. You're quite the aphrodisiac."

She looked away. He wanted her brown eyes back on him, looking at him. He reached over and took her chin between his thumb and index finger, turning her head toward him.

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"Look at me, beloved. I mean what I say. You entice me, arouse me, inflame me, all I can think of is you and that delicious body of yours."

She looked down and then up, disbelief shone in the brown depths.

"I mean what I say. I have no reason to lie to you. Now come, the sooner I feed you, the faster I get you into bed."

She laughed and shook her head. He released her chin and hand with reluctance, his palm sliding against hers. The pause between touching was brief. As soon as he shut and locked the door, turning on the alarm, he made his way around the vehicle in a hurry. He didn't use his powers to bring himself to her, instead, walking. He wanted to savor as much time as he had in the mortal realm with Callisto. Taking her hand, Pietro was pleased to find that she didn't pull away, instead moving toward him. He slipped an arm around her waist and pulled her closer, his body relaxing at the contact.

He had wanted to take her someplace more elaborate but they had lost their reservation due to their little stop along the road, instead he would settle for the diner. Later, he planned to take her some place elegant, intimate. Guiding her toward the entrance he looked at the windows, the diner only had four patrons, which was good. Pietro rushed ahead of Callisto and opened the door. She smiled and shook her head. "You don't have to be so chivalrous, I have hands you know. I can open a door myself."

"As long as I'm here I will open doors for you and play the gentleman."

She raised a thin dark brown eyebrow, "Play the gentleman?"

"Well, I am a demon after all." He said waggling his eyebrows.

She laughed as he intended her too. "Point taken, play away." She walked past bringing the sweet and yet tart, scent of peaches and arousal with her. She wanted him again, which pleased Pietro to no end. He would be patient until they had eaten and he'd gotten her alone back to his home. He followed her to a free booth and slid across from her.

Picking up a menu he studied the food items until he made his choice, looking across the table at her he found her menu on the table.

"Already know what you want to eat?"

"Oh, I already know what I want to taste, but that would get us arrested."

*Shit.* He shifted uncomfortably in his seat as she looked at him, eyes narrowed, brown fire glittering behind dark eyelashes. "Minx," He growled in response.

She placed her elbows on the table, threaded her fingers together, leaned forward resting her chin on her fingers and smiled. He could only stare at her now exposed cleavage and swallow, cock throbbing, feeling a bit light headed. A gentle touch on his fly caused him to jump. "What are you doing?"

"Being a minx," She said simply. The touch came again as she stroked him through his slacks with just the toe of her shoe. He swore silently as his stomach tightened, balls throbbing with need for release. He licked his lips, "Stop that. I need to breathe."

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"What does breathing have to do with my foot stroking that hard cock inside of your slacks?" Her lips curved into a sexy, mischievous smile and he swore silently again.

"Because breathing keeps me from passing out, I'm feeling light headed right now."

"Because of me?"

"Yes, because of you, now stop."

Another slide over his crotch and he groaned, softly.

"You wish it was my hand don't you? Or maybe my mouth, going down on you, deep-throating you. You wish that I would swallow every drop of your cum, don't you?"

He nodded slowly, the image playing itself out in his mind.

"Later, Pietro," she purred. "Much later, I'll get to taste you, suck you and fuck you. Just as long as you're a good boy and you don't use those naughty demonic powers of yours to tease me. I'm warning you now, I don't play. I win. If pushed, I will drag you into the nearest bathroom and fuck you until you cry out and I won't care if they call the cops. And I would do it to make you feel just like you made me feel in the car, hot, out of control and so wound up I could burst."

He leaned forward, his inner male preened at her words, "Is that how I made you feel?"

"Yes."

"Good because that's how you make me feel. And I can't wait for you to fuck me until I cry out. Nor can I wait to watch you as you suck me off."

"Good, now both of us are wound up again."

"Looks like it, let's eat shall we?"

"Let's."

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The waitress came over and they ordered their meal.

\* \* \* \*

Dinner was torture. Currently it was after one in the morning and they just got to Pietro's house in the woods. At first Callisto had thought Val's warning was right. Arousal was dampened by reality when she saw Pietro turn off onto a hidden dirt road. During the drive up the twisting and turning path she sat on the edge of her seat, waiting for the house to come into view while Pietro told her a little history about his home.

"I had it built myself. I oversaw every aspect of it and made sure everything was up to par. I picked the location because it is close to a demonic portal which makes things easier for me when traveling between realms."

She learned that unlike mortal methods where spells and invitations were required for a mortal or non-demon to enter their world, demons could just teleport or use portals. Both were just as fast, but with teleportation there was no telling just where you would end up. After thousands of years, demons still hadn't perfected the art of traveling with the mind like their vampiric and archangel cousins, or warlock nemesis.

She found every tidbit she learned about his kind fascinating, but at the same time, Callisto was impatient. She was on fire, body wound so tight she thought she was going to snap. Never in her life had one man been able to make her feel so out of control. She had liked her life, boring as it was. Now, Callisto was getting a taste of chaos and liked it. Pietro



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was stirring up things inside of her, things that both confused and excited her. She wanted to experience more of these feelings, and all with Pietro.

She was getting attached and not sure how to handle it. She'd only known him a few hours, and yet she couldn't picture doing the things she'd done with him with anyone else. He made her feel beautiful, comfortable, safe. It was as if she had known him her whole life. Sighing softly she slid down in her seat until the "house" came into view. It wasn't a house. It was a damn villa, done with wood and brick. Her jaw dropped and it finally dawned on her that she wasn't just dealing with an ordinary demon.

"Who are you?"

He laughed, "I'm Pietro."

"What the hell does that mean? I'm looking at a freakin' mansion, not a house as you call it. Who are you?" Fear slipped up her spine as she began to wonder what she was dealing with. Demon politics could be very tangled and at times a downright Gordian Knot. If she was dealing with royalty, Callisto knew she would be thrust into a situation that could mean more than just a deal or negotiations gone sour.

Pietro pulled the car up to the front of a portico. Tall columns made of wood extended upward to support a large tiled roof. Just looking at the porch intimidated her.

Callisto felt a touch on her shoulder and turned toward Pietro. He had shifted in his seat toward her. "All you need to know is that I want to be with you. That's all."

Before she could voice her fears and concerns or ask more questions, he leaned forward giving her a soft kiss that

scattered her thoughts with its gentleness. Sparks of heat went off inside of her, causing the ashes of arousal to blaze up, reigniting her need. Her core clenched and Callisto's stomach tightened. Calloused fingers slid over her cheek in a whisper of touch. Her pulse jumped. Swallowing, she looked into his eyes. Like rubies on fire, his gaze glowed unnerving, yet fascinating her.

Callisto felt like a bird trapped in the hypnotic gaze of a predator. A sense of helplessness came over her. She couldn't fight the feelings swirling around inside of her. *Just fall*, a voice, in her mind whispered, *he'll catch you*. The sense of safety was replaced by fear of the unknown, this encounter was taking on more dimensions than Callisto could count. Pietro didn't say it, but she knew. He was royalty.

She tried to extricate herself from the mire of arousal and need, but kept getting sucked down the more she gazed into his eyes. She took a deep breath turned her head away. Pietro's fingers dropped away from her face.

"What is wrong? Do you want to end this?"

Yes? No? She was so confused. Taking a deep breath she looked at him again. "I need you to be honest with me. Who are you?"

"I told you I am..."

"I know ... I know you're Pietro but my job ... If you're royalty, I need to know."

"And what would you do if I said I was a royal, would you call a halt to this? Leave?"

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Blinking, Callisto blew out a breath, she hadn't thought of what would happen if he had turned out to be royalty. "I don't know. I just want to know. Knowledge is power as they say."

"Yes, I am a royal, but I swear to you, there is nothing you need fear from me or anyone else. If there is trouble, I will handle it. I want to be with you."

Callisto could see he was hiding something, holding something back. Everyone has secrets, she told herself.

"How about this, we go into the house, you stay overnight and you think about things. No sex." The conviction in his eyes told her everything she needed to know. Despite Pietro holding back something, she still felt safe with him. *Take a risk*, the small voice in her mind said. Reaching up she caressed his cheek watching him turn into her touch. His lips brushed her palm and she sighed. A look up at the great big house sealed the deal for her.

It was much too late at night to have Pietro drive her back to the hotel, and besides, she checked out already. Callisto had no desire to check back in and go through that whole hassle. Then she would have to put up with Val's, "I was right," declarations. "We'll talk and see where it goes okay?"

He nodded, face still against her palm. Reluctantly, Callisto let her hand fall away, missing the feel of his skin against hers. Pietro turned and opened the door, sliding out of the car. Silence descended the interior of the car as the door closed. Callisto still wanted him, missing his presence. Loneliness began to weigh heavily on her, "Things have become so complicated."

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Callisto decided not to wait for him to open her door. Getting out of the car the sounds of the night rose up around her, a warm, gentle breeze caressed her skin. Looking up, she caught sight of the curved shape of the moon through branches and leaves, stars winked at her in the sky. A rumble of thunder in the distance heralded a storm approaching.

"Callisto," Pietro called out at the front of the car. Callisto turned and walked around the back of the car, the hard, sharp stones dug into the thin soles of her shoes, walking was awkward. Callisto's eyes were glued to the ground watching for any large stones or things she could trip over.

"Let me carry you," Pietro startled her with his closeness. Callisto stumbled back almost falling to the ground. Strong hands curved around her elbows and pulled her up. The touch didn't fall away, and Callisto didn't want it to. Turning her head, she looked up at Pietro and smiled, "Thank you."

"I will always be here to catch you." Surprise dawned in his eyes. He hadn't meant to say that. Callisto smiled, she wasn't the only one feeling off balance with what was happening between them. That went a long way to silence the voices in her head warning her away from him. They were both thrust into a situation of intense attraction, and yet things could keep them apart. He was demonic royalty, she was a mortal.

Callisto didn't know about her father, but she was sure that his world wouldn't want Pietro falling for a mortal. They were very adamant about purity of blood, after all, there were now very few pure blooded demons among them and their lines were dwindling. She got her balance and straightened

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up. Still his hands were on her elbows. Callisto didn't ask him to remove them. "Pietro I don't know what's going on between us, and I know that you being royalty can complicate things but ... but I would really like to explore this attraction we have. I would like to spend the weekend with you. After that..."

She didn't know what else to say. Didn't know how to put into words what she truly wanted. Pietro was the man she could see herself with. He was everything she could want, but to ask for more seemed silly and selfish. "We come from two different worlds, one of which could kill me for a dalliance with one of their royals."

"Callisto, I will protect you. I refuse to let anyone harm you. On my life I swear it."

Lightening streaked through the sky, crackling overhead and lighting up the night like a bright, white wound. Callisto's eyes widened at the promise. Demons rarely gave such an oath. It was never given lightly or rashly. Stumbling back she turned, staring at him, "You barely know me!"

Heart hammering out of control, body shaking, anticipation and fear mingling in her blood, Callisto waited for his response. What was he saying?

He stepped forward, taking hold of her wrists, pulling her toward him. She tripped on a rock and fell forward, landing against the hard wall of his chest. His heart pounded against her cheek. "I know enough to know that you make me feel. You make me comfortable. There are no walls between us. I can say what is on my mind and you won't be offended. There are precious few I can trust, and I trust you despite the mere

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moments we've known each other. You mean something to me. You fit with me perfectly, royalty or not. I don't care for the title. All I care about is what you do to me, how make me feel. I want you, and I damn well mean to have you. Regardless of what happens, I will keep you safe, protect you with all I have, that I swear."

"You're crazy."

He threw back his head and laughed. Another crack of lightening drowned out the sound, a gust of wind stole the mirth. Black hair blowing in the wind, darkness surrounding him, flashes of light illuminating his features he looked like Hades come to steal Persephone and Callisto felt weak. Red eyes gazed down at her, glowing, desire and determination blazing in the look.

Fire licked through her body, cream slid down her thighs, another gust of wind blew the back of her skirt up, caressing her bare bottom. Her nipples pressed against the thin material of the dress. Licking her lips, "Kiss me Pietro, please kiss me."

Pulling her up, dragging her against the hardness of his body, she wrapped her arms around his neck as his arms went around her waist. Wrapping her legs round his waist, she tilted her head back waiting. His mouth came down to hers. The kiss was demanding, urgent, violent in its intensity. She didn't even notice he had moved them until she felt him lower her down. The hot hood of his car came in contact with her back. The heat caused her to cry out.

The sound was swallowed by his mouth, teeth scraping her bottom lip, sucking the plump, swollen flesh into his mouth

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with a sharp tug. His hand slid down, over her ass, squeezing the firm flesh briefly before moving down, taking the sides of her skirt and pushing the hem up. He ground his fabric covered erection against her wet, swollen sex. Moaning, she rocked her hips against his, sparks of electricity set off inside of her. It wasn't enough, her cunt clamped down on air. She needed him inside of her, wanted him to fuck her hard and fast. The world around them became light and sound as the storm moved in bringing rough winds, thunder and lightning.

Not breaking the kiss, he reached between them, fingers delving between the lips of her sex, finding her clit. Pressing down on the hardened nubbin, her back arched as a wave of pleasure washed over her. Fingers moved over her body ripping the dress apart until she was naked. Tilting her hips up, Callisto silently asked for him to fuck her.

Pietro broke the kiss, eyes wild, "Tell me you want me to fuck you. Say the words." He removed his finger from her sex causing her to whimper at the loss.

"Fuck me Pietro, fuck me hard."

That was all it took. She watched his hands fumble with his belt, then the button of his slacks and the zipper. Finally he shoved the material down, exposing his cock to her hungry gaze. In a flash of lightning she could see the thick shaft, the slit at the top of his cock weeping pre-cum. She wanted to reach out and guide the thick rod to her entrance, watch it as it sunk into her needy core. Sitting up she reached down between them, placing one hand on his hip, she took hold of his cock. Giving it a squeeze she pulled his hips forward, stroking the shaft as she urged him toward her pussy.

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His hand covered hers, Pietro's other hand gripped her hip. Looking up, Callisto saw his face was a mask of strain. Her eyes went back to where their hands were. They both guided his cock to her entrance and watched as just the head sunk into her core. She moaned. Her hand dropping away as he stretched her. Squeezing her vaginal walls, she tried to draw more of him inside of her. Inch by inch, slowly, so very slowly he sunk into her, Callisto was losing her mind. "Damnit Pietro, fuck me!" Her reward was a dark laugh before he withdrew and thrust into her hard, hitting her cervix.

"You're mine now," He growled out, eyes glowing brightly. Lightning flashed in the sky as rain began to fall.

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## Chapter Four

Pietro withdrew and rammed into her hard. The storm over them dumping buckets of rain as the heavens flashed and rumbled overhead. His world, all he saw, everything he felt was narrowed down to tunnel vision, and she was on the other end, the sole focus of his view. Her pussy gripped him like a tight velvet glove, slick flesh encasing him perfectly.

"So perfect, you feel so perfect around me." He held both her hips in a tight grip, fingers digging into the soft, slick flesh. He pounded into her hard, hitting her cervix with each thrust. His heart hammered against his ribs, lungs trying to fill with air, blood rushing through his veins, body on fire.

"Mine, Callisto, you are mine, now and forever." His power went out of control at those words. He watched as invisible fingers tweaked and rolled her nipples. Her body bucked, mouth falling open in surprise, cunt contracting around his cock.

"Pietro!" she cried out, He slammed into her harder, hands increasing their grip. In the back of his mind he knew he was probably hurting her, but couldn't stop himself, the need to claim her rode him hard. The word *mine* was on a loop inside his head. Opening himself up, allowing his power to flow out of him completely, Pietro felt it ram into her, felt her body buck. His essence filled her completely, driving her arousal higher and higher. His power fucked her in the ass, pinched and rubbed her clit, caressed her skin, massaged her breasts,

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rolled her nipples, ran through her hair. There was not a place on her body his power didn't touch.

He fucked her hard, balls slapping her ass. Pietro bent over her, lowering his head taking her lips in a possessive kiss. Her hands reached up, gripping his shoulders as she met his thrusts with ones of her own. The rain fell harder now, the winds becoming more violent, lightning and thunder sounding above them coming closer and closer.

Pietro felt the sharp pain of her heels digging into the backs of his thighs, her nails digging into his shoulders. Callisto ripped her mouth away from his. He felt her core spasm around him and he knew she was close. Sending another burst of power over her he watched as she broke apart, her scream mingled with the crack of lightning. Pietro continued to thrust harder and harder, balls hardening, drawing closer to his body. His cock twitched as fire raced up and down his spine. He came crying out her name. Hot seed coated her walls. He continued to thrust until his balls were empty and his cock was flaccid. Panting, he brushed his lips against hers. *I love you*, his mind whispered. Pietro never spoke the words aloud, it wasn't the time.

Closing his eyes, he savored the feel of her heart beating against his chest, the sound of her panting. After a few moments he raised his head. "Let's go inside."

She nodded and he stole a kiss before he lifted her body up. With a thought, he used his powers to rip apart the rest of his clothes so that he was almost naked. Using teleportation, he brought them from the car to the porch, just as the downpour increased. Her arms wrapped around his neck and

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she laid her head on his shoulder. Closing his eyes briefly, he savored the moment knowing they had such a short time together.

\* \* \* \*

Callisto's body felt heavy, she could barely keep her legs wrapped around his waist. She was completely drained, never in her life had she had sex like that. Callisto just wanted to sleep. Yawning softly, her head rubbed against Pietro's shoulder. Closing her eyes, she barely felt them moving. She was asleep in seconds, her last drifting thought was of wanting to be with Pietro like this always.

\* \* \* \*

Coffee. Callisto sat up quickly, head pounding, body aching. The scent of coffee wafted through the air, enticing Callisto out of bed. Ignoring her aches, she scrambled out of the huge bed she found herself in, wading through large pools of sheets and blankets to scramble over the side, almost falling to the floor.

"What the hell?" Callisto looked down at the floor. With her legs dangling over the edge, her feet barely touched the wooden floorboards.

"What? What's wrong? What is it?" Pietro's voice practically echoed through the room. Looking around Callisto realized she was in a large bedroom with a domed ceiling, a circular skylight let in the bright sunshine. She took in the room and her jaw dropped. Her entire apartment could fit in the room with space to spare.

"Here, drink this." Pietro handed Callisto a mug, which she took with slightly shaking hands. Absently she brought the cup to her lips and took a drink, hissing as the hot, bitter liquid hit her tongue. "Careful it's hot," Pietro cautioned.

"You think?" Callisto hissed. She blew on the hot liquid and waited for the drink to cool. After a minute or two Callisto took a tentative sip. "Sugar, do you have any sugar and maybe some cream?"

"Of course." He left her side. She watched his muscular ass encased in black silk pajama bottoms. For the first time she noticed long slashes on his back, like whip marks. What the fuck? Callisto watched him walk back to her, an obvious bulge at the front of his pants. Concern and arousal clashed within her. Concern won out. "What happened to you?"

"What do you mean?" He handed her a small silver tray with three jugs and one pot filled with sugar in it.

"The scars on your back..." Callisto's voice trailed off.

"Oh," Pietro's eyes darkened, eyes narrowing to red slashes. Callisto swallowed, taking a nervous sip of her coffee. She focused her gaze on the large, floor to ceiling window across from the bed, taking in the birds chirping and hopping around the branches in the trees. The bed dipped next to her, Callisto looked over at Pietro out of the corner of her eye.

"Whenever I disobeyed my father, I would be whipped as part of my punishment." His face was a hardened mask. Callisto wanted to reach out and touch him, caress his face, show him some comfort, but she didn't. Her hands remained wrapped around the warm ceramic mug. Callisto wasn't sure how he would take the gesture.

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"It was a way of life for me. There wasn't much fun, it was all about my role in society, how to act, carry one's self. To break that mold was to show disrespect. That kind of life was very hard on a curious, energetic child. I used to look at human children and become envious. They seemed so free and happy. Well, some of them at least. Did you have a happy childhood?"

She looked down into her coffee cup. The swirling brown liquid reflected the sadness in her eyes. "If you call your parents fighting over you happy, then yeah, I did."

Callisto felt a large warm hand on the small of her back. It was then she realized she was naked and felt even more vulnerable. Shifting from side to side, she tried to ignore the sadness and vulnerability welling up inside of her. "They were always fighting, always," she whispered. "My earliest memories were of me in a room clutching a teddy bear while they were fighting. The yelling, the screaming, breaking things, so loud, it was almost deafening. And the silence afterward was so scary, so eerie and intense, like being in the eye of the hurricane."

She paused, taking another sip of her coffee. His hand went to her head, fingers threading through her rumpled hair. "Sometimes, I still hear them fighting. I look at my parents now and remember the fighting. My fifth birthday party was a disaster. My dad came. He was supposed to bring the cake, that's it. He got the wrong one, my mom went ballistic. In front of everyone she accused him of trying to sabotage her party. It wasn't my birthday, it was her party. I was irrelevant. She apologized afterward, blaming my father for

her outburst. It didn't matter how terrified I was watching her turn into a monster in front of me."

Another pause and another sip of coffee as she let the feeling swirl around inside of her, memories bubbled up to the surface that were far worse than her fifth birthday party. "When my parents got a divorce, the fighting didn't stop. They fought over me. They tried to show me that the other was bad for me. Tried to bribe me with toys and hugs and the affection I so desperately wanted, needed. It was all so confusing. If I brought home something dad gave me, my mother would destroy it in front of me, telling me it was for my own good."

"After things were finalized and my mother had won custody of me, dad didn't come around. My mom didn't really care about me. She won, that was all that mattered to her. She never helped me with my homework, never took an interest in anything I did. I could have had wild orgies and done drugs, she wouldn't have batted an eyelash, instead, she would have just blamed my father. I lost my virginity when I was sixteen and you know what I did? I told her, stupid me. Do you know what she said to me?" Callisto turned to him, eyes brimming with tears. Pietro brushed back some of her hair, concern in his eyes. "She called me a slut, and that I should go live with my father because I had disgraced her."

Pietro's eyes flashed, anger darkened his face.

"My mother got married, and soon after that I went to live with my father. A man who hadn't been in my life for a very long time. He had stayed away because he feared what my

mother would do. It was awkward, and there was a lot we needed to talk about. We're working through things. Mending relationships takes time. As painful as it was to live with my mother, therapy helped me a lot. God, I'm sorry. I've said too much."

He caressed her face, fingertips brushing her cheek, thumb wiping away the tear she hadn't realized had fallen. Shaking his head, "No, no you didn't, beloved. You didn't say too much. I'm so sorry you had to go through that." Pietro leaned forward, brushing his lips against hers. Pulling back she laughed. "God, we're so screwed up aren't we? Your father whipped you and my parents fought all the time causing me to have issues with relationships among other things."

Pietro laughed, "We make quite a pair. But you know what?"

"What?"

"We can do wonderful things to make ourselves feel better."

Raising an eyebrow she tilted her head to the side, "Like what?"

He gave her a devious smile, "Why talk when I can show you?"

Pietro took her coffee cup, picked up the silver tray and slid off the bed. Again she admired his muscular ass as he walked away. Returning in a flash, he shoved his pants down, showing off muscular legs, dusted lightly with black hair. His cock rose from a thatch of black curls, the thick stalk flushed a dark pink, the head ruddy, a single pearl slipping from the slit at the top of his cockhead. Callisto licked her lips, body

flushed with heat. Scooting back against a high pile of pillows, pulling the sheets away to expose her naked body, she spread her legs wide, her thick nether lips already slick with moisture.

"You know you're the best cure for the blues," she murmured, voice a husky whisper.

"I try," He got on the bed, crawling toward her, "besides I wanted to fuck in an actual bed this time. Oh and I hope you weren't attached to those shoes. I had to sort of rip the straps to get them off of your feet."

She reached behind her and threw a pillow at him, "I hope you plan on replacing them."

"I'll get you two more just like them."

"Good, now come and fuck me big boy."

He laughed as he crawled his way up her body, pausing over her mound, inhaling deeply. "Oh, I plan to."

Placing a soft kiss on her hairless mons he continued his path upward, kissing his way up her stomach, between her breasts along the side of her neck, tracing her jaw until he placed a soft kiss on her lips. Callisto wrapped her legs and arms around him rubbing her sex against his cock as her nipples raked his chest. Sparks of electricity went off inside of her. "I need you now."

"And you shall have me." His mouth came down covering hers in a kiss. Pietro reached between them, positioned his cock at her entrance. Slowly, he pushed forward, the head of his shaft sinking into her. Clenching her walls around him, she tried to draw him further inside.

His head moved back, "Uh uh, slowly this time."



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Her eyes roamed over his face, taking in the hard planes and angles, the slashes of black over his red eyes, the fullness of his mouth. How his bottom lip was fuller than the top. She reached up, caressing his face. The roughness of his stubble brushed against her fingertips. "Kiss me, fuck me."

His head came down, lips taking hers in a soft, slow kiss while pulling back, thrusting his hips forward. Push, pull, she met every thrust. Their mouths moved against each other slowly. His tongue slipped out, tracing the seam of her lips. Her mouth opened. Her tongue slipped out. Tentatively touched his tongue with hers. The muscles slipped over one another, swirling, twisting, writhing. Her back arched, hips hitting his as she met his thrust. In and out, harder and harder Pietro fucked her. Callisto's climax built, the fire growing within her stomach, spreading out.

She was drowning in pleasure. Her vaginal muscles contracted, clenching around his hard cock. His tongue thrust into her mouth, fucking her mouth, matching his hips in pace. He withdrew both his tongue and cock, taking her bottom lip between his teeth, sucking the bruised flesh into his mouth. Pietro slammed into her, his cock hitting her cervix, pain ricocheted through her, mingled with pleasure. They moved together slowly, heels rubbing against his thighs.

Callisto slipped a hand down his back over his buttocks, nails digging into the muscular flesh. The nails of her other hand sunk into his shoulder. He grunted, slamming into again, pounding into her, branding her. Pietro released her bottom lip, eyes glowing, "You're mine now. Mine forever."

He took her lips in a possessive kiss as he fucked her harder, faster.

"Pietro," she moaned.

"Come for me, beloved." He reached down between them, slipping his fingers between her nether lips, finding her clit. He pinched the hardened nub. She cried out, back arching, breasts thrust hard against his chest, nipples chafed against his muscular chest. Electric sparks exploded inside of her adding to the blaze as her climax exploded inside of her. She cried out, core quivering around his cock.

She pressed herself closer to his body. Her sweat-slicked skin rubbing against his as her limbs quivered. The air around them became heavy. His power crackled through the room in sparks. She felt her nipples being pinched. Her clit was released. His finger rubbed the nub slowly. "Again, I want you to come again."

His power lashed out, thrusting into her, eyes glowing brightly. She felt her climax build, up, up, up it climbed, the coil tightening with each thrust. Callisto came again crying out as the dam broke, heat washing over her as her orgasm came out of nowhere. Her scream was swallowed as his lips crashed over hers, kissing her harshly, dominating her. Pietro broke the kiss, his cock twitched within her, expanding, stretching her walls. He cried out as he came, his hot seed coating the walls of her core.

As they both came down, her hands moving over his back. Their breath came out in harsh pants. Pietro rested his head against her shoulder. As her heartbeat slowed down, he placed a soft kiss on her slickened flesh, making a path up

her neck ending at her lips. The heaviness in the air receded as his power withdrew. Silence settled upon the room. She watched him close his eyes and shudder. Her hands slipped away from his body as her body cooled. "What's wrong?"

"I don't want to let you go," he whispered, eyes still closed. Reality crashed in on the moment. Callisto realized she would be leaving in one day. Her hands fell to the bed, legs slipping from around his waist. She began to think. She didn't want to leave him just yet. They were bonding. The brief talk about their childhoods had drawn them closer.

"I don't want to go tomorrow. I could..." She thought of the brief vacation she had before starting talks with the new demon king.

His eyes finally opened, "You could what?"

Their eyes met, "I could stay with you for a week, I have a vacation..." her words drifted off. She wasn't sure if he would want her to stay. For all she knew he could have something to do. The callused tips of his fingers brushed against her cheek. "I would love that."

He gave her a devastating smile that made her feel weak. She found herself smiling back. "Then I guess I'm going to need more clothes."

"Excuse me? I plan on keeping you naked for the whole week."

"But..."

"No buts, you will remain naked the whole week or I will spank you." He slipped a hand under her ass and squeezed a cheek. Her body flushed with heat, pussy tingling in response.

Her eyelids lowered. Voice husky "How do you know I won't like that?"

"Well then, I might have to test that theory. Disobey me this week, we'll see what happens."

"So you're ordering me to remain naked the entire week?"

"Yes, beloved I am. I'm commanding you to remain naked, using my power as a demon of the royal court. Will you disobey a royal?"

"Hmmm ... depends, are you a nice royal or one of those rude, self absorbed, spoiled royals?"

"Well, considering the way I fucked you, don't you think I'm one of the nice royals?"

She felt him hardening inside of her. "Oh I don't know. You'll have to show me your nice side again."

He laughed and withdrew from her, much to her disappointment. "Not now, later; eating now."

"Eating what?" She wrapped her legs around his waist trying to pull him back down to her.

"No, no, don't tempt me. We're going to eat breakfast and then we're going to spend the day together, and tonight I will cook dinner and fuck you again."

Pietro moved down her body brushing kisses as he went. Crawling off the bed Callisto was yet again treated to the sight of his body. Her eyes roamed over the course of hard muscle and dark hair. Her eyes landed on his hip and noticed a small tattoo, a small black and red set of symbols declaring him part of the royal family. Despite their talk, seeing it reminded her that their time together, regardless of what they wanted, was going to be brief. A sense of sadness

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descended on her. Pietro was the first lover she had told that story of losing her virginity to. In the short expanse of time, she had bonded with him. They both had been hurt in the past, some scars were internal, some external.

Stretching, Callisto looked over and out of the floor to ceiling window taking in the branches filled with birds and the sunlight streaming through the panes of glass. It was nice and quiet, no sounds of the city to distract, far from the maddening crowd. The house felt cozy and welcoming. The perfect place to come home to after a long day at the office. Callisto shook her head. *Why the hell did I just think that?* Sitting up, crossing her legs, she bowed her head and sighed.

"I'm getting more than attached. I'm finding myself picturing a life with him." Throwing her legs over the side of the mattress, she slipped off the bed and padded toward the closest door to her. Turning the knob, she was relieved to see it was a bathroom and not a closet. She went about her daily routine turning on the shower, waiting for the water to warm up and standing in front of the mirror staring at her reflection.

In her eyes, she saw nothing special, nothing to hold his attention. She had seen Demonesses before and they were gorgeous creatures, unearthly in their beauty and fierce in their possession. They could suffer a demon having a dalliance with a human, but not forming a relationship with them, bonding and perhaps even settling down with them. The demon world in general looked down upon such a match. Half-human/ half-demons were thought to be weak half-breeds who polluted the gene pool.

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She doubted they would accept a union between Pietro and herself, in fact she knew it to be true. Her thoughts turned to the soon to be crowned demon king. She would have to go meet him, talk with him, deal with him. That, she knew would be painful if she continued to form an attachment to Pietro. Being in his world and not being with him would hurt more than anything her mother had said to her. She couldn't understand why that was, but knew it to be true.

Pietro had found a way into her heart and there was no extricating him. Blowing out a breath she turned away from the mirror and got into the shower, sliding closed the frosted glass door. It was with great surprise she found a bottle of gardenia scented shower gel. A stab of jealousy shot through her as she wondered who the bottle had belonged to. Had he taken women to his home before? Told them the sad story about his childhood.

Anger rushed up inside of her, confusing her as well bringing her insecurities to the surface. Grabbing the pearlescent bottle she flicked up the top and squeezed a small dollop of the gel into her palm. She cleaned herself thoroughly, even using some of his shampoo to wash her hair, all the time calling herself a fool. Pietro was gorgeous, obviously rich, charismatic, intelligent and passionate. He could have any woman, or demoness, he wanted, not some plain human with emotional baggage and some seemingly desperate need to connect with another wounded individual.

She dried off and yanked a large bathrobe off of a hook, wrapping it around her body, hardly noticing the softness or thickness of the material. She walked into the bedroom, eyes

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brimming with tears. Finding her suitcase she opened it and rummaged around until she found underwear, jeans and her oversized comfy teal sweater. Pulling on the clothes, she put on socks and sneakers and made her way downstairs, not sure what she was going to say to him. Her insecurity had reared its head and was now controlling her actions.

Callisto found him in the kitchen moving with grace and ease as he fried up some bacon, cooked scrambled eggs and buttered toast. She didn't pause, neither admiring his movement nor taking in his 'Kiss the Cook' apron, his only clothing. She reached up and tapped him on the shoulder. He turned around, smile on his face, spatula held up as bacon popped and sizzled behind him. Pietro leaned down ready to kiss her when he noticed her clothing. Raising an eyebrow, he crossed his arms over his massive chest. "No clothing that was the rule; now you'll have to be punished."

"How many women have been here before me?" Callisto demanded, no preamble, like a bull in a china shop.

"What the hell are you talking about?" His eyes scrunched up in confusion.

"The gardenia shower gel. That's not exactly something a man would use for himself." She crossed her arms over her chest and looked up at him, not really taking in their height difference.

"That's nothing..."

She didn't let him finish, "Don't lie to me. I know we only have a week together or whatever, but I don't want to be jerked around. I told you something very intimate this morning, something I've never told anyone, not my best

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friends, father or therapist. That..." she paused struggling to find the words, "That was very intimate. I shared something of myself with you, this thing, I ... feel as if we're forming a bond and I don't want to get hurt; if there's someone else just tell me."

"There's no one else," he growled, arms uncrossing. He dropped the spatula and grabbed her arms pulling her closer until her breasts hit his chest. "There will never be anyone else."

His lips came down crashing over hers in a mash. The kiss was a possessive, demanding act with teeth and tongue. His teeth scraped her bottom lip, tongue shoved into her open mouth. His hand came up burying itself in her damp hair. Taking a handful he pulled her head back, tilting her face upward, controlling the kiss, dominating her.

His power crackled in the air, small shots, sounding like fireworks sounded around them. Something sizzled and the smell of burnt bacon filled the air before the fire alarm went off. Pietro broke off the kiss cursing. The alarms suddenly fell silent. The scent of burnt pork still hung in the air. A fan was turned on but Pietro hadn't moved. He was still holding Callisto. His hand remained buried in her hair.

Stepping back, eyes dark, sparkling with sinister fire, his hand fell away, "Strip now. Don't make me strip you myself." His voice was a dark snarl, edged in anger.

Callisto didn't pause. She undressed quickly standing before him nude, her breath taken away by the sheer force before her. The insecurity that had controlled her actions a few moments ago had evaporated leaving behind arousal and



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need in its stead. Her body quivered in anticipation of his next command.

"Lean over the table legs spread. I want you to stretch until your fingers can grasp the other side of the table. Understand; I'm going to fuck you. I don't care if you like it. I'm going to fuck you hard and fast. This is going to be a claiming. You are mine. All mine."

His words caused a fire to break out within her as goose bumps spread out over her skin. She could see his aura, now visible in a swirling black and red cloud around him. Fear slid down her spine, she felt as if she should run, but her feet couldn't move. He raised an eyebrow as he moved toward her, untying the apron and pulling it over his head as he advanced. "Run if you want. I'll just fuck you against the wall or on the floor. Like I said, I'm claiming you. Run or stay, either way you will be mine."

Swallowing she turned and walked to the table, wetness slipping down her thighs with each step. Her body throbbed and ached to be with him again. Her cunt clenched with hunger for his cock. Callisto leaned forward and stretched out, fingers just barely able to curl around the edge of the polished, dark wood. She knew she was submitting herself to him and the thought thrilled and scared her. She knew in the back of her mind that perhaps she should have run. And yet she didn't want to. She wanted to be claimed by him, be his regardless of what came. Have something to remember when he was gone and she was all alone. She didn't doubt that he wanted her. But she still wondered if there was someone else.

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*There is no one else.* His voice slipped into her mind and she bucked up from the table. A hand placed on her back kept her from getting far. *No. One. Else,* the voice growled. *You are the only one, the only one I want.* His hand dug into her hip, holding her in place as he slammed into her. There was no hesitation. Pain and pleasure clashed at his invasion. His cock stretched her aching vaginal walls. The hand on her back slid up, threading through her hair, taking a handful and pulling back. His moist, warm breath wafted against her ear as he withdrew and slammed into her again.

"Mine beloved, every inch of you is mine. You will always be mine. Always. There can be no one else, for you or me. You belong to me just as I now belong to you. You want to know about the bottle of soap, it was there from my sister. That is all. I don't bring women to my home. I fuck them," he withdrew only to thrust into her hard, cockhead hitting her cervix.

"I discard them. I don't care where they go or who will do what with them. I use them. You are special to me, beloved. You are unique. I care about you. I care about what will happen beyond this. I want to fuck you until you can't think of anyone but me even when you're with someone else. It will kill me to know another man is touching you, but I will be damned if I let someone else replace me in your mind. I will mark you as mine so that all will know who you belong to."

A burning sensation began to creep on her skin, starting at her hip and moving upward, like tendrils of fire curling, extending upward. "You will belong to me, now and forever, Callisto." He pumped into her, his hips slapping against her

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ass, chest rubbing against her back. His hand tightened its hold on her hair, pulling her head back. A dull ache began on her scalp.

"Pietro" Her voice came out in hoarse whisper.

"Say it again. Say my name." He ordered.

"Pietro, please," Callisto began to plead. Her neck and head hurt.

"No, beloved, you tested me and now you see the beast, my true nature. I am a demon. Now you see what you have tempted." He fucked her hard, pain and pleasure constantly clashed within as his power wrapped around her body, tendrils of fire wrapped around her nipples and clit pinching the buds hard.

"Please," she tried again.

"Please what? Make you come?"

A slim shaft of power slipped into the dark passage of her anus and began to pump slowly within her.

"The pain..."

His hold on her hair loosened but he didn't let go. His power remained wrapped around her nipples and clit. He continued to fuck her in the cunt and ass, harder, faster. Her climax spiraled upward, tightening in its ascent. The burning on her hip increased like a brand was being held to her skin. She cried out at the searing sensation.

"I'm marking you as mine. Where you go, I will be. I love you, Callisto."

That was all it took, she came hard screaming out his name as a wildfire broke out within her, consuming her. It felt

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like the back of her eyes were burning. From the ends of hair to her toes, every inch of her was drowning in the blaze.

Pietro followed, roaring her name as he spilled his seed inside of her. Her cunt clenched, milking his cock of every drop of him. As the fire withdrew, the pain on her hip continued to pulse, his hand let go of her hair and his body sank down fully on top of her. Callisto's breasts were pressed to the wood. The pain on her hip increased with his weight on top of her. She found it hard to breath.

"Pietro," she whispered hoarsely, "I can't breathe."

He swore, "Fuck, I'm sorry." His body lifted from atop hers. She felt weak. There was no strength left in her to push up and get off the table. Her legs and arms felt like jelly, fingers aching from their continued grip on the edge of the table. She felt Pietro withdraw. Her juices and his seed slid down her thighs and she closed her eyes. Three times you've fucked him without protection, she thought to herself.

"There's very little chance of you being pregnant. You know that it would take a lot more love making for that to happen."

Raising her head, she looked at him over her shoulder. His body was slick with sweat, penis flaccid, hanging between his muscular thighs. "Get out of my mind." She ordered.

"And if I don't want to?"

"Pietro, don't ... just don't." She was tired. This encounter had been draining and her ass still hurt. He didn't reply, instead walking around the table and uncurling her fingers from around the edge of the wood. He then walked back behind her and lifted her up. "Breakfast in bed."

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He carried her upstairs, treating her as he would a fragile doll, even going so far as to tuck her into the massive bed. She felt so weak and helpless, her energy sapped. She wanted to protest, ask him to move her to another room, she needed to think, gather herself. Despite what had happened she felt like a fool. She didn't want him to treat her with gentleness or kindness. She just wanted to him to leave her alone. Closing her eyes she blew out a breath, "I'm so screwed right now."

Sleep took hold and she allowed it to take her, drifting into the dream world.

\* \* \* \*

Pietro started cooking again ignoring the way his body buzzed. He had marked her. His royal crest was now branded on her hip. He had declared her his mate now and always. Nothing could remove the seal. He would be able to track her wherever she went. He would know her feelings and thoughts as if they were his own. He would know if she was with someone else. Despite all of that, and the feeling that it would kill him to be apart from her, Pietro knew he would have ended up doing it before the week was through.

Her jealousy had amused him for a second only to be replaced by anger at the insecurity he had clearly seen rise up within her at the thought that he was just toying with her. It was true. He had never brought another bed partner to his home before. The house was his sacred space; only his sister and mother had been here as proof by all the furniture. If he had had his way, the house would only have a TV, bed, a fully

stocked kitchen and an office. The other rooms would be empty. They had even gone so far as to make up a nursery for him.

A room he hadn't expected to fill anytime soon, and yet being with Callisto made him want to fill up that nursery with as many children as she wanted. They both had had a rough childhood, but the gift of unconditional love, joy and fun would reign with any children he and Callisto would have together. Pietro couldn't see himself being a father with anyone else. He had been telling the truth, he did love her. And he was going to do everything in his power once he ascended the throne to make her his wife. No one else would take that place, regardless if he started a war.

Love was too precious to him. It wasn't until he was older that Pietro had made amends with his mother who had stood by and allowed her husband to whip her child, berate Pietro at every turn, breaking him every chance the older demon got. Pietro's sister, Silvarra, had been sent away so she had had no clue as to her younger brother's treatment. She did find out later on, which led to her turning down her father's offer of the throne. Silvarra would approve of Callisto. His sister adored humans, lived in the human world more than the demonic one.

Pietro put a tray together and headed upstairs. One way or another Callisto would be declared his mate, regardless of the price he would have to pay. When he got to the bedroom and saw that she was asleep, so he turned around and headed for his office. He had some thinking and planning to do.

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## Chapter Five

Callisto's eyes opened at the scent of food. Her stomach grumbled but she couldn't move. Her body ached. Lying in bed, she just stared up at the ceiling. She studied the marble tiles and blew out a breath. What happened in the kitchen couldn't be dismissed. Even through her arousal she heard him loud and clear: he loved her. In a matter of a night, he had fallen in love with her. It astounded her. She couldn't put logic behind it.

Nor could she understand her feelings for him. It was as if every minute spent with him only increased her desire to be with him. Her emotions were in turmoil. The niche he was carving in her heart was only deepening. She had no desire to run away, but Callisto didn't want to contemplate what was happening either. The simple weekend fling was turning into something more, something was happening and she wasn't sure if she would like the outcome.

"I barely know him," she said aloud. "I don't know his place in demonic society. I don't know who his parents are. All I know is that his father treated him poorly and he had a crappy upbringing."

She blew out a breath and continued talking to herself, "Now I'm in the middle of all of this and have no idea what I feel. He says he loves me, but that was during sex; men don't say anything they mean during sex. Argh, I'm an idiot."

She grabbed the nearest pillow placed it over her face and screamed into the puffy cushion.

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"Problem?" Pietro's voice came through the pillow muffled.

She pulled the pillow from her face but didn't look toward him. "I'm just thinking." She heard the slide of metal against wood and the scent of food increased.

"I made brunch. I think I know what's on your mind."

She finally turned to look at him. "What? You read my mind again?"

"I don't need to invade that private space to know what your thoughts are."

"So, you're saying I'm transparent?"

"No," he sat down on the other side of the bed, which might have well have been a world away from the distance between them. "Because these are the misgivings I've been having."

She sat up slowly. Once upright, she shoved pillows behind her and lay back down. "Misgivings?"

"I understand your concern over my confession, that I love you, which I do. While you slept, I had some time to think. I'm worried about your safety. By being with you, you are in danger from my kind. I understand that. I stand by what I said. You are mine, I claim you. I will protect you with everything I have. I refuse to be with anyone else. I love you and I declare it freely, not just during sex. I know that we have only known each other one night, but for me that's enough. I won't pressure you. I want you to be with me freely, no reservations."

Callisto shifted. He stood up and made his way around the bed, leaned down and kissed her on the forehead. "Think, relax, the day is yours. I have a few things to do. You can



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wander around the house freely. Nothing is off limits to you. Think of this place as yours."

She watched him leave. A stillness settled in the air. Sighing she tilted her head back. "What have I gotten myself into?"

Rolling over she spotted a phone. Picking up the receiver Callisto dialed the number automatically, not looking at what buttons she pushed. Putting the phone to her ear she waited for the person to pick up.

"Hello?"

"Dad? It's Callisto. I need to talk to you."

"What's wrong honey? What happened?"

Her father's voice calmed her down a bit. She hurriedly explained the situation including her jumbled feelings for Pietro. Her father was patient, listening to her ramblings without saying a word. Finally, after she stopped talking to take a breath he spoke. "I understand and you have no idea how much it means that you called me. To be honest, I completely understand what you're going through. I went through the same thing with Jenny."

Callisto heard her father's voice soften at the mention of his new wife. "I never thought I'd love again after your mother. I was so scarred by our divorce. I didn't think I wanted to go through that again, but Jenny came in like a burst of sunshine. I didn't know what to do or how to act. In a few short days, I knew I was in love with her but was scared to try again. Jenny helped me heal, not all the wounds of the past, but some. She helped me love again and restored my faith in that love. I know it's only been a short time between

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you and Pietro, but I can hear in your voice that you do care for him deeply, even though it's scaring you."

"I know you were scarred by the divorce and being brought up by your mother. I will never forgive myself for allowing you to stay with that woman for as long as you did. I should have fought harder, found another lawyer. I was just so tired of fighting, and I could see the toll it was taking on you. That's why I stayed away. I will always be sorry I did." Her father sighed heavily.

"Calli, I know this is cheesy, as the youth would say, but all I can tell you is, listen to your heart. Go with your instincts, and see what they say. I will support you no matter what."

"Thank you dad. This talk has, was ... progressive as my therapist would say."

Her father chuckled, "Good, I'm glad I could help."

"I'll see you soon."

"I'll see you soon." Callisto hung up the phone and looked over at the tray of food. Her stomach grumbled, "All right, all right, I'll feed you. Then I have to take a shower and do some thinking."

Pushing the covers away for the second time that morning, she crawled over to the other side of the bed grumbling as her muscles protested the movement. Grabbing the tray, she settled back and placed the platter in her lap. Picking up the knife and fork, she began to eat. The food was delicious, the eggs were spicy but not too hot and the hash browns were crispy, yet managed to melt in your mouth. Callisto ate everything on her plate.

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"God, that was good." Sighing she placed the tray on the nightstand and slid out of bed, padding toward the bathroom. She had to shower, get dressed and wander. Her father was right, she needed to think and listen to her instincts. Despite the turmoil inside of her she felt safe with Pietro, believed him when he said he would keep her safe, protect her with his life and that he loved her. The loving her part was unfathomable but she accepted that he believed he was in love with her even though it had only been one night.

She on the other hand, doubted she could be in love with him after one night. She did have feelings for him. Emotions she couldn't identify. Showering quickly she changed into her jeans and a comfy oversized sweater. Pulling on her socks she forwent the shoes and left the bedroom, tray in hand, she went down to the kitchen and washed her dishes before exploring the house.

By the end of the day, she had to admit she was in heaven or some facsimile of it. She had found not one, but four libraries on the second floor, a large sunroom filled with lavender and vanilla plants with touches of sage. A large entertainment room filled with overstuffed couches and chairs with an oversized plasma TV and a large collection of DVDs, CDs and records. The house overall was a cozy piece of serenity done in soothing neutral colors. Flowers were present everywhere, in vases and growing in pots. The artwork on the walls was simple and beautiful. On the third floor, she found a Zen stone garden.

The house was like a mish mash of styles that blended together seamlessly. She could honestly say she was in love

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with the house. Sitting in a window seat on the top floor, sipping tea she had made, Callisto watched dusk fall, the color of the night and day blended to create a beautiful picture. The sky stained in red, orange and gold blending with dark blue edged in black. Thin wispy clouds dotted the sky. She was amazed the house went so high that she could actually see over the treetops. She couldn't understand how no one had found this house, how Pietro could have any peace with a house this big. She hadn't even wandered outside yet.

"You look so comfortable there. Mind if I join you?" Pietro's voice came out of the darkness that had fallen in the room. The only thing of him she could see was his glowing red eyes.

"Yes, I need to talk to you."

"I need to talk to you too." Pietro came out of the darkness and sat down on the window seat across from her. He focused his gaze on her. His face was a mask of seriousness.

"I love you, and I know it seems to be too soon to say something like that when we barely know each other. I think some distance for you would help you see things clearly. My life is complicated. I can't ask you to make a leap of faith when you don't know the full story. Callisto, I told you I was a royal. What I did not tell you that I am to be named the new king of the demons in a few days time. I love you. You are my mate. I will do everything in my power to protect you, but I cannot ask you to come into my world without fully knowing what you would be getting into. I will take you back to your home, and in a week's time I will come to you again and ask you if you want to be with me."

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Pietro fell silent, his eyes roaming over her face. Callisto wasn't sure how to feel. It was as if cold water had been splashed on her face. *Pietro would be the new king of the demons. Pietro will be the person I would have had to deal with. I slept with the future king of the demons. Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit! I am so dead.* Callisto couldn't breathe. The room was closing in on her. Panic was clawing its way up her throat threatening to break out in a loud scream.

"Callisto? Beloved what's wrong?"

Bright lights blinded her. She felt hands holding her but couldn't see Pietro. His scent and heat surrounded her as he pulled her forward until she felt the warmth and heat of his chest against her head. Callisto brought her arms up, placing them against his stomach, trying to push away. She needed space, a chance to breathe. The information he had just given her was overwhelming. Fear at what would happen to her began to push aside the panic. She had heard stories, awful tales of human women who were caught with royals. But to sleep with the king ... What would the demons do to her? "Oh god, oh god, oh god, what's going to happen to me? What will they do to me?"

"Nothing, they will do nothing to you. Anyone who dares touch you in harm will be killed," Pietro growled.

Callisto recoiled. *He would kill for her?* She struggled to move away from him but his grip on her arms was tight. "I can't, I can't do this right now. I can't be here. I need to go."

"Your bag is already packed. I have summoned one of my most trusted guards. He will take you home. I will call to check on you. You need time, beloved. You need time to

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accept this. I know it will difficult, but I refuse to be with anyone else—"

She cut him off, "What? What the hell are you saying? Are you telling me you'd give up a demoness already chosen for you because of me? Oh god, they're going to kill me."

Callisto rocked back and forth as all the ways the demon community would destroy her began to roll through her mind. She became absorbed in fear. Sweat began to bead at her brow. *Could they possibly know by now what we've been up to?*

\* \* \* \*

Pietro let go of her arm. He felt dreadful. He was the cause of her fear and panic. He watched sadly as Callisto brought her legs up to her chest, wrapping her arms around her knees, rocking back and forth. Shaking his head he retreated from the room and headed downstairs, passing his best friend and Captain of the Guard, Demetri. "Once she has calmed down, escort her to the car and come back to the house at once. I have things that need to be organized. We must prepare for the protest that will undoubtedly happen when I declare Callisto my mate and queen."

Demetri nodded. His face a chiseled mask of stone, dark purple eyes swirled with red glittering with fire. "I will protect her with my life as I would you."

"Thank you dear friend," Pietro laid a hand on Demetri's shoulder. Demetri nodded and vanished in a haze of purple smoke and tiny red lights. Pietro blew out a breath. He had to prepare for what was to come. His people would not be

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happy, but he refused to allow them to continue keeping the old ideals and morals alive as an excuse to lash out at mortals and others who were not of the demonic kind. It had gone on too long. The last paranormal war had stretched over centuries between the demons, their vampire brothers and sisters, and the fallen ones, against the shifters. Both sides nearly destroyed the other completely.

Under his reign, Pietro was determined to use diplomacy; build bridges and changes their rules. His starting point was Callisto as his queen and chief diplomat for his people. Pietro walked into his study, "Damn that Cody, he knew what he was doing all along."

Pietro got dressed. He left the house without checking to see if Callisto had gone or not. If he had stopped to look in on her, he wouldn't have left. He needed to get the ball rolling with his father before he took the throne. Concentrating hard, Pietro opened a doorway to the demon world—a swirling, red and gray nimbus. He stepped through the cloudy mass and felt his body being pulled forward like metal to a magnet. When he stopped moving, he found himself in the throne room, his father sitting at a large table, maps and charts spread out across the wide, black marble surface.

"Father we need to talk."

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## Chapter Six

### *One Week Later*

"You are so up shit's creek without a paddle," Fatima purred, her long tan tail swishing this way and that as she poured yet another mudslide into Callisto's glass.

"Thank you for the obvious," Val said taking a sip of her Cosmo.

"What? I'm only saying, it's been a week and she's glued to her cell phone like it's her lifeline. Every freakin' time that thing vibrates or rings she's on like white on rice, 'Hello? Pietro is that you?'" Fatima mimicked Callisto's voice perfectly. "It's very sad if you ask me. A grown woman reduced to a desperate teenager."

"I know, I know guys, I'm just pathetic, but I can't help it. I miss Pietro despite everything."

"Exactly how can you miss him? He assigned you a freaking bodyguard? How can you not see the 6'4" hottie over there?" Tuesday nodded her head toward the tall, chiseled, violet haired man standing near them, arms folded, dressed all in black, a wicked looking dagger with a jagged blade strapped to his thigh.

"That and your ass hurts, does the brand still hurt when you sit down?" Val asked. Fatima started to snicker.

Callisto's face flushed with heat and she ducked her head. "Yeah, it still burns."

Fatima's snicker turned into a full laugh. Val and Tuesday began to chuckle.



"Yeah, yeah, laugh it up. I can't wait to see you guys in love."

The women stopped laughing; all eyes were on her.

"Crap, I said that out loud didn't I?"

"Yes, you did." Val said quietly. "So I take it you figured out your feelings for him?"

"All I know is I can't stop thinking of him. I miss his touch, voice, presence. I miss everything about him." Callisto sighed and lowered her head onto the wood table. She quickly brought her head up. "This table has been cleaned right?"

"Yes," Fatima rolled her eyes. "Despite the state of my apartment, I do keep things clean as a whistle here."

"How is it that you can find anything in your apartment? I mean seriously, that place looks like a bomb went off. Clothing is everywhere."

"I have a system that allows me to find everything I need. Besides I don't have time to clean up, I work here nights, and sleep or take care of pride business during the day. I don't have time to clean. Find me a hottie cleaning fairy that wears nothing but a smile and I'll be happy."

"Hon, if you can find me a hottie cleaning fairy that wears nothing but a smile I'll trade you him for Dale." Val said. The women laughed again.

"And here I thought you and Dale were perfect for each other."

"Ugh, in bed that man is a god; outside of it, when he opens his mouth, his foot gets inserted in it. I don't understand why we haven't killed each other."

"Cause he's gorgeous, his body is fierce and he's intelligent?"

"Maybe he's too perfect for me. We should have an open relationship. I get to have fun and he gets to watch football without my verbal interference."

"Oh, nice relationship," Tuesday laughed.

"Yes, my love affair with shoes will go on unnoticed, and my adoration of make-up will go uncommented on. The perfect relationship." Val sighed.

"And here I thought you were talking about having a relationship with another man." Fatima laughed.

"I can't cheat on Dale with someone else. I love him too much."

"Wow, from the former commitmentphobe that's an amazing statement."

"Shut up, you'll find someone Tima and when you do, you'll act exactly like our little Calli here, all looove sick and crap."

"So, you didn't act like a lovesick loon when you met Dale?" Fatima arched a thin blond eyebrow. "I clearly remember someone else stuck to their cell phone like white on rice, bemoaning when he didn't remember your three month anniversary."

Val waved her hand in a dismissive motion, "That's different. This one here is in the beginning stages of lovesickness. I have been with my Dale for two years now. We're settled in, living together and crap like that, relationship stuff. Calli doesn't know what Pietro is doing, and

who he is doing it with." Val nodded her head in Callisto's direction.

Callisto groaned, "Please don't add to my paranoia. It's bad enough I'm having dreams of walking in on him in the arms of some gorgeous demonic creature, and I'm wondering if he even still wants me, or if I was some sort of you know, experiment—sleep with the mortal girl before I become king, that way I can say I did it all."

Callisto felt a pat on her back and let out a sigh. The touch did nothing to soothe her nerves. After getting home and panicking in private, she began to examine her time with Pietro, even calling up her therapist to talk about him. After a lot of talking, it was settled that she did in fact care about him, had feelings for him and wanted to explore a relationship with him. Once she had established her thoughts and feelings, she tried to get in contact with him, to no avail. His assistant would only tell her that he was sequestered with his father and the court advisors.

She was told, "When he was ready to talk to her, he would."

That wasn't good enough for Callisto. She needed to see him, make sure he still felt the same. Not since her childhood had she felt tugged in two directions. One part of her demanded that she run and protect herself, the other part wanted her to take the plunge. She had started a letter to him only to crumple it up and burn it. The only comfort she had, that he was indeed thinking of her, were the guards he sent to her every day to make sure she was safe, but they

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refused to tell her anything about his well being or his state of mind.

Callisto downed her Mudslide and winced at the burn. She slid off the stool and stood up. She swayed a bit. Moving away from the bar she felt a bit light headed. Callisto bumped into someone, turning she was about to apologize when someone grabbed her arm and yanked her down. "You want my attention honey? All you had to do was ask."

"Hands off of her now!" A deep voice growled near her. Callisto was pulled back. The man who had grabbed her began to shift into a panther. He stood up, claws at the ready, eyes becoming a bright yellow. Callisto looked back at her savior, her knees weakened. Pietro.

Callisto quickly brought her hands up putting them on his chest. "Pietro please, not here."

"He grabbed you. He was rude."

"I know but this is not the place. Please, back down."

"Yes, demon, back down," The panther man purred.

Callisto whirled around, pulled back and punched the guy. He rocked back but remained upright. "You're not helping, either, shut up and sit down, or just shut up."

The man blinked, then threw back his head and laughed. "Firey aren't you? I like you. I think I'll take you for myself. The demon wouldn't know what to do with you."

"Sorry pal, I'm mated to that demon, so that's a no go. Besides I doubt you'd know what to do with me once you had me." She turned and brushed past Pietro, silence following in her wake.

"Callisto wait!" Pietro called out. Callisto pushed open the door into the cold night. She shivered and tried to calm down. Taking in deep breaths and blowing them out slowly she began to calm down.

"Callisto," Pietro came up behind her, wrapping his arms around her.

Callisto brushed off his touch, squirming out of his hold until she was free. She was thrilled to finally see him and yet angry that it had taken him so long to come back to see her. "You finally showed up. Funny really, I get involved in a situation and there you are right where you need to be. What am I, your damsel in distress?"

"Callisto why are you so upset? I came back for you."

"You came back for me, huh? Took you long enough. You tell me you love me and then I don't hear from you for a week. You tell me you're the next demon king and that you want to be with me, protect me, and yet I have to deal with your guards and assistant."

"I was maneuvering things, getting people to listen to my plans for the future. It took longer than I had thought. Please understand. It was painful being away from you, and I do love you. I have missed you every day. Callisto, please beloved understand, my new position is very demanding and I take the throne tomorrow. I wanted to come back to you, tell you what I've been doing and offer you a place at my side as my wife."

Callisto finally turned around. "Excuse me? You want me to be what now?"

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"My wife. I know we've only known each other a short time, but I wanted to ask you formally. You see, I've marked you as mine. Due to that you have been declared my mate and my wife, but I wanted to give you a choice."

"Oh fantastic, now you give me a choice? Look, I do have feelings for you. I do care about you. But to ask me to be your wife now is just too soon. Would it be possible to be your, I don't know your partner? I want to take things slow, being a wife is a major commitment and you know I have issues. Is there a way to be by your side without being your wife?"

Pietro was silent. Callisto turned around to gauge his mood. His body language was closed, his face like marble. His hands were in his pockets. She watched him bow his head, hair sliding forward hiding his face completely. There was now distance between them and that pained her. Her shoulders slumped.

"Pietro, I adore you. I missed you so much this week that we were apart. You were all I could think about. I missed your presence, your arms around me. You made me feel safe and wanted and ... loved. I don't want to walk away from that, but I need things to go slow."

"It's too late for that. I've declared you my queen." His voice was so quiet she almost didn't hear him.

"I know that. But is there a way to go slow and still have that? A compromise."

"So you want to be with me, but you want to go slowly?"

"Yes."

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"Beloved," His head came up and Pietro rushed toward her, wrapping his arms around her and hugging her to him. "I am sure we can work something out to give you the space you require and still be together. You don't have to live with me in the demon world. We could live here if you wish. I mean when you're ready." His eyes roamed over her face.

"I love your house and as tempting as it is to move in, not right now."

"Okay. Have you ever been to the demon world?"

"Yes, I have."

"Good. I must explain something to you. As you know, there is much pomp and circumstance in the demon world. There will be a formal ceremony declaring you queen. After the ceremony you can return to the mortal world. But, for a week you must be with me, get to know some of your subjects and meet with my advisors and family. Can you do that?"

Callisto thought for a moment while she slipped her arms around his waist, pressing herself closer to his body. "I'll talk to my father."

Her mind began to race with all the things and new responsibilities that she would have. Her heart began to race. "I'm nervous Pietro."

"So am I, beloved but I will be with you every step of the way, and you will be with me. We have each other."

Pietro lowered his head. Callisto tilted her face up waiting for his kiss but it didn't come. Someone clearing their throat nearby interrupted their moment. Pietro growled out a curse and turned his head toward the person.

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"My king, a messenger was sent; your mother wishes to see you."

Pietro let out a sigh. "I will come back to you later on tonight. Meet me at the house? Xander will give take you. You'll also be given more guards."

He gave her a quick kiss on the forehead before disappearing. Her arms held nothing but empty air and her body still felt his warmth. Sighing, Callisto let her arms drop. She looked over at Xander whose face was impassive. "Okay, we're going to Pietro's house, but I'm driving my car, no arguments. You have to give me directions, got it?"

"Yes, my queen." His face was emotionless. Callisto had a feeling that regardless of what she said, he would follow Pietro's directions. Callisto paused and shook her head. "I'm going to have to get used to being called that."

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## Chapter Seven

Callisto stood in front of a roaring fire. The entire house was bright with golden light but Callisto felt cold and alone. The building lacked the spark of life without Pietro there.

"Comfortable, my queen? I could cook something if you wish. My skills are limited, but I shall try to make something edible."

Callisto laughed, "No, Xander thank you very much for the offer, but I'm not hungry. I just want Pietro here."

Xander nodded, "I shall inform you when his highness is here."

"Thank you, Xander."

Xander vanished from the room in a swirl of white and red smoke. Callisto sighed and turned back to the fire. In one day she had gone from missing Pietro to being a queen. She didn't want to think of what was to come, nor did she want to think of the reaction from the demon world. The shrill ring of her phone jarred her from her thoughts. She grabbed the phone from the nearby table and answered it. "Hello?"

"I will be there soon. Just an hour or less." Pietro's deep voice slipped through the phone. She squirmed, liquid heat pooled in her stomach and slipped down, heating her sex. Her pussy became heavy with arousal; moisture dampened her panties. Her nipples pebbled, pushing against the lace of her bra. She bit her lip to hold back a moan.

"Pietro are you trying to turn me on?"

"Excuse me?"

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"Your voice is turning me on."

Pietro cleared his throat and Callisto giggled. She could imagine that right now he was talking to someone or listening to someone. He couldn't respond the way he wanted to. A wicked thought entered her mind.

"Pietro, right now I'm lifting my skirt, I'm so wet for you. I need to ease the ache."

"Callisto now is not..."

Callisto did exactly as she said to Pietro lifting her skirt. "What's this? I'm not wearing any panties. I must have taken them off as soon as I got here. Perhaps I should go upstairs, crawl into our bed naked and tell you every little thing I do. Yes, that's what I should do. I'll call you in a few." She hung up the phone giggling. She left the room, turned the corner and sprinted up the stairs. Bursting into the bedroom she quickly shed her clothes and hit redial on her phone.

"Callisto, now is not the..."

She cut him off. "I'm naked, Pietro and dripping wet. The moisture is just sliding down my thighs. I need you now, I'm so hot."

His only response was heavy breathing. She heard a faint female voice asking Pietro if he was all right. "Yes, fine."

She grinned, "I'm crawling onto the bed, my breasts ache for your hands, my nipples are so hard, they need your fingers, pinching, rolling, tugging on them. I want your teeth to nip them, suck them into your mouth, while my hands bury themselves in your hair."

"I want to feel your body over me, your weight pressing me into the mattress. I need your hot flesh against me almost

as badly as your hard cock inside me, fucking me nice and slow."

A low growl was her only response. She lay down, spreading her legs wide, lifting her hips slightly. "I'm trailing my fingers over my stomach. My pussy is so slick, aching for your mouth. I need you to eat me. I want to feel your tongue flicking my clit before you thrust into my pussy, fucking me."

Her fingers delved between the thick, slick lips of her sex. She hissed as the tip of her digit made contact with her clit. "I'm touching my clit, Pietro, wishing you were touching me. Wishing you were underneath me, fucking me like that. I can see it, the heels of my feet pushing into the mattress, my legs slightly apart as you fuck me. I can feel your fingers digging into my hips holding me still as you push into me, your thick cock stretching me. Can you see it Pietro? Are you hard for me? Do you want to take off your pants, take hold of your cock and pump it?"

Pietro was silent and Callisto knew he couldn't say what he really wanted, she rubbed her clit harder, faster as she continued to tease him, "I wish you were here watching me. I'm rubbing my clit, faster, adding more pressure. I ache so much for you."

She held the phone between her shoulder and ear, she slid her other hand between her thighs, rimming her dripping entrance. "I'm so hot and wet."

She cried out as she thrust two of her fingers into her sopping cunt. She began to fuck herself slowly, slowing the pace of her fingers on her clit. "Pietro, I need you so badly."

"Callisto," Pietro said softly.

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"Pietro, it's not enough. I need your cock, my fingers won't do." Callisto moaned. She arched her back, heels digging into the bed, her head tilted back. The phone fell from her shoulder. She moved her finger faster, the heat inside of her built as sweat beaded on her skin, slipping over her heated flesh. Her orgasm curled tighter and tighter. She was so close. She wanted to come but not without him. "Pietro," she cried out.

"Callisto, not without me."

She heard his voice growl out through the phone, but couldn't respond, she was so caught up in her building orgasm.

"Callisto stop," Pietro's voice growled out this time closer. Looking down the bed, not stopping the movement of her fingers she saw Pietro, his eyes slits, a red glow from beyond the dark lashes. Red and orange flames engulfed his body. His hair flew around his face moving by an unnatural wind. One second his clothes were there, the next they burst into flames. The fire eating away at the fabric until his hard, muscled body was left exposed.

She saw his cock, rise up from a thick nest of black curls. The head, flushed red, the slit on the crown weeping a single pearlescent tear. "Callisto stop right now, don't make me punish you."

Callisto raised an eyebrow but did not stop her fingers. "What are you going to do about it, your highness?"

"This," He walked toward the bed and climbed up on the mattress. He crawled toward her, pausing to wave his hand.

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She heard a crack in the distance but focused her attention solely on him. "I told you to stop. You will be punished."

His eyes glowed brightly. She felt something on her wrists pulling her hands away from her sex, and her arms flew up until they were over her head. She tried to pull them down but to no avail. Her body throbbed with need, pussy aching. "Pietro."

"No begging, no pleading. You're being punished for disobeying me."

She felt hands push her body over onto her stomach. Her arms moved down as her body was picked up, spine arching. "On your hands and knees Callisto."

The hands positioned her as he commanded, head bowed. Hands and knees pressing into the mattress, legs moved apart.

"I was almost done with my meeting. Less than an hour left then I would have come home to you. Couldn't you have at least waited for me? Well my queen, because of your impatience the surprise I was planning for you will have to wait." She felt the warmth and roughness of Pietro's hands running down her back, over her ass. The touch soothed her. Then she felt a sharp slap, the sound of a hand hitting flesh pierced the air. She cried out in surprise. The sting subsided as warmth spread. He smacked first one cheek, then the other in short slaps. Fire spread, heightening her arousal. "Pietro," she moaned.

"Are you on fire, beloved? Do you need me just as much as I need you? That was very naughty enticing and arousing me like that on the phone. You don't know what could have

happened. I could have lost complete control and come. That would have been very disgraceful. Did you want to embarrass me?"

"No, Pietro."

"A king caught in an embarrassing situation could be thought of as weak. I must teach you to behave accordingly, to not embarrass me."

"I wouldn't want to do that."

"Because if you do, we'll have to repeat this punishment, won't we beloved?" He slipped one finger into her dripping cunt, pumping it slowly as he continued to slap her ass.

"Pietro, please, fuck me," One finger was not enough. She needed his cock. Her orgasm began to build the heat spreading through her from the continued spanking heightened her need. She tried to move but the hands held her in place. A second digit joined the first. They pumped faster as Callisto clenched her vaginal muscles. The ache within her grew; she needed to come. "Please, Pietro, fuck me."

"Do you promise to behave, beloved?" His fingers stopped completely and she let out a frustrated cry. "Do you?"

"Pietro, please."

He gave her a hard swat on her ass. "Promise you won't misbehave when I'm doing business."

"Yes! Please, fuck me."

One more swat and then he pulled his fingers from her dripping channel. She felt the pressure of his cock head at her entrance. Callisto felt the hold of the hands loosen. She tried

to move her hips back but still couldn't move. "Pietro, release me, I want to move."

"Not yet, you're still being punished." He thrust his hips forward. She moaned as his cock stretched her core. She felt the warmth of his hands on her hips, holding her fast, his fingers dug into her hips in a firm hold. He withdrew and slammed into her, hitting her cervix. The pleasure and pain crashed against each other. A sharp pinch on both her nipples caused her to cry out. A shot of electricity went straight to her clit. Her vaginal walls clenched around his cock. He fucked her faster, harder. He felt so deep inside of her, hitting that spot inside of her that made things feel more intense. Her orgasm coiled tighter and tighter within her, spiraling upward.

"You're mine, Callisto, mine. My queen, my beloved. Say you're mine."

"I'm yours Pietro, all yours."

He slowed his pace, pumping his hips in shallow thrusts. "Damn right. I love you so much. No one can take that from us."

She felt the weight of his body over her, the hard wall of muscle and slickness and heat of his skin against her back. "I love you, do you hear me?"

Pietro's voice was a soft whisper, moist breath caressing her ear.

"I hear you Pietro, I hear."

"Good, remember that." She felt the warmth and heat of his body retreating from her back. He withdrew and thrust into her hard, increasing the pace. Fingers pinched her nipples and her clit, her orgasm wound tighter. The pleasure

was so great, almost too much to take. "Come for me Callisto, come now."

Fire burst in her stomach, tendrils of heat spreading outward, rushing through her body. She cried out, her cunt spasming around his cock. He thrust into her harder until he followed her, coming with a loud growl. He spurted his seed deep inside of her. Her core milking him for every drop, he stopped thrusting and pulled out of her. Wrapping his arms around her, he pulled her down onto the mattress. The fingers released her clit and nipples causing another orgasm to roll over her. Her body shook and he just held her until it passed. Mini aftershocks continued to go off inside of her.

When it was over and her body had calmed down, she settled against him, sighing at the feeling of calm and safety that had come over her. She was home.

\* \* \* \*

"Morning, beloved." Pietro turned from the pan of pancakes to look up, seeing Callisto shuffling into the kitchen, wrapped in one of his robes. Her jaw dropped as she yawned.

"Morning, Pietro."

"Going to work today?"

"Have to, got some cases to work."

"Are you free for dinner tonight?"

"For you, always." She gave him a soft smile that squeezed his heart. He couldn't love her any more than he already did. She was the queen of his kingdom and his heart. There was no one else for him. She walked over to him and



wrapped her arms around his waist. "When is the ceremony to declare me queen?"

"In a week or so, there are still some things to work out. When I have the date, I will tell you." He turned back to flip over the pancakes.

"Do I need a dress or anything?"

"I'll send you to a dress maker. Don't start to panic, all the details will be worked out so you won't have to worry."

"Okay."

He felt her head rest against his back, her silken hair pressing against his skin. He wanted to go back to bed, make love to her again and again, but knew they didn't have time. He still had things in the demon dimension to take care of, and she had work. Besides all that, he had to thank Cody for all his help.

"Let's eat breakfast and then Xander will accompany you to your apartment. I'll see you tonight."

"Okay."

They ate breakfast and went their separate ways. Pietro took care of all he needed to do, finishing up some of the details he had been working on before Callisto had interrupted him. When evening fell, he was at Del Fantasma, waiting at the bar. The lioness from before was mixing drinks. "Is Cody around?"

"In the back. He said to send you right to his office when you arrived."

"Thank you."

He turned to leave when he heard her call out to him.  
"Pietro, take care of her or I will unsheathe my claws and use you as a scratching post, got that?"

Pietro was taken aback by that threat. He turned back to her only to hear Cody calling him.

"Go, we'll talk later, demon boy."

Confused and shaking his head he made his way over to Cody. "She's friends with your Callisto. What did you want to see me about?"

Understanding cleared away the confusion. "I just wanted to come and thank you, for everything; pointing me toward Callisto and helping me."

"It was nothing."

"No, what you did means everything. If you ever need a favor, please do ask, any time."

Cody shook his head and Pietro just shrugged. "It's there if you need it. If you'll excuse me I have to go to my mate."

Cody just nodded his head and Pietro turned and left the bar, nodding to Fatima as he went. Pietro pushed through the doors into the cool, clear night and breathed deeply. "To think just a few weeks ago I was alone."

After taking in the inky blue-black sky for a moment, he made his way to his car and drove home. He spent the rest of the night, listening to Callisto tell him about her day and after dinner they made love and went to bed. Life for either one of them couldn't get any better.

The End

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Mudslide [Del Fantasma]  
*by Selena Illyria*

## **Mud Slide**

### Ingredients

1 oz Vodka

1 oz Coffee Liqueur

1 oz Irish Cream

1 oz Cream

### Directions:

Shake all ingredients with ice and pour over ice in an old-fashioned glass.

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### **About the author:**

I/R Author, Selena Illyria was born with need to write and an over active imagination. She loves to write stories featuring futuristic cities that can only be imagined, visit island kingdoms of vampire/dragons, giggle with mischievous pixies, peek in on faeries looking for their mates, check in on the naughty staff of an exclusive academy, and sigh over how in love a powerful business exec is with his wife. She can't wait to write stories with her talented, creative and wonderful CPs Celia Kyle and Shara Cooper. And when she's not writing, she loves to read many different genres of books. She also loves to watch some of her favorite movies (too many to be named) and televisions shows. She also, loves to listen to some of her favorite musical artists. All of these things help inspire her to write. She does believe in the quote above. She does believe that part of writing does bare a part of the soul.

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