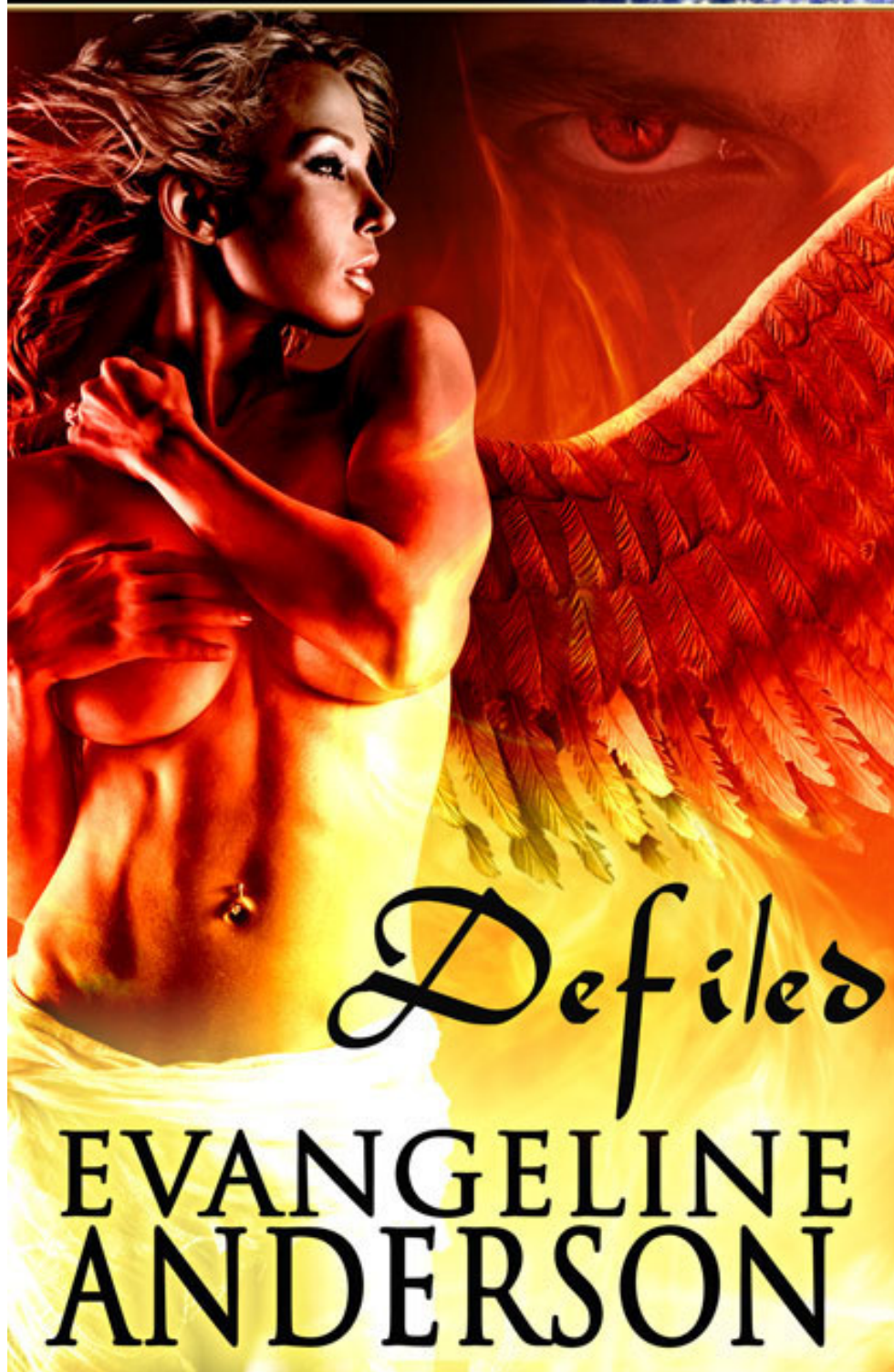


ELLORA'S CAVE XANADU



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Defiled

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DEFILED

Evangeline Anderson

Chapter One

Eternity is a very long time. An unimaginable length of darkness and light that mere mortals cannot begin to comprehend. In fact only those who are given the gift of immortality, of life never-ending, can begin to understand it. The cherubim and the seraphim who stand at the right hand of the Lord of Hosts grasp it. Likewise the demons and Hell spawn who tend the fiery pit for the Evil One can grip the concept in their dark minds. All of these celestial and demonic beings are condemned to go on and on forever with the knowledge that nothing will ever change for any of them.

All except one.

Every millennium the youngest, most innocent angel in all of Heaven is given to the foulest, most evil demon in Hell. It is a terrifying and deadly ordeal when the two meet, for the pure and gentle celestial spirit is destined to be defiled by the savage lusts of the creature of darkness. A great pity indeed. But how else to keep the balance between the two otherworldly realms? It is a necessary sacrifice long arranged between the powers of good and evil and it cannot be stopped. If it were, the war between Heaven and Hell would overflow upon Earth, wreaking havoc and carnage and wiping all life from the surface of the blue-green globe that hovers in space between them.

Elandra, the youngest and most beautiful member of the Heavenly Host, knew these things. And yet she never understood that *she* was to be the sacrificial lamb cast to the ravening wolves of the underworld. Somehow it never crossed her mind though the signs were all there, if only she had looked.

Her life was idyllic. She sang sweetly in the Heavenly Choir and worked in her own little cloud garden where she coaxed the sweetest blooms to grow. Some of her time was spent with the other angels, but she loved time to herself as well. Time to look into

the starry sky and dream and wonder and wish for hours on end. All of these innocent pastimes were fairly usual for an angel.

And yet, Elandra was different.

It is said that whenever the Lord of Hosts creates an angel, a new star appears in the sky to mark the occasion. And no star shone so brightly and beautifully as Elandra's. Had she been on Earth, she would have seen how it lit the night sky with a powerful radiance unequaled among the heavenly bodies. Just as her star was different from the other celestial beings', so was her form.

Under their pure white robes, as thin as the finest gossamer and soft as the most expensive silk, the bodies of Elandra's friends were straight and sexless. Their flat chests bore only the tiniest light pink buds—the mere suggestion of nipples. Between their legs were only colorless, undeveloped cocks that barely deserved the name if they were male. Females had pale slits as dry and uninviting to the shaft of the opposite sex as tiny, frigid deserts.

Not so for Elandra. Her body was slender but curvy and she had full, heavy breasts tipped with dark pink nipples just begging to be sucked. And the tender furrow between her legs was no sexless slit—it had lately blossomed into a hungry pleasure flower—a change Elandra didn't know what to think of. The lips of her cunt always seemed swollen with need and her inner pussy was flushed a dark, inviting pink although she had no idea what she needed.

Sometimes for no apparent reason the little button in the folds of her cunt would throb and ache and a special, slippery honey would coat her pussy. Then Elandra would feel strange and tingly all over as though she was waiting for something, something she couldn't understand or define. She thought of asking her friends, the other angels, if they ever experienced such things. But just the idea of trying to describe what was happening to her was terribly embarrassing. Besides, she could plainly see through the thin, gauzy robes they all wore that they were different from her—their bodies were slender and perfect and sexless while hers...was not. So she would hide in

her cloud garden and try to think of other things until the aching between her legs passed.

Elandra knew the millennial sacrifice was coming up soon. She even knew what it entailed. One of the angels—possibly even one she knew—would be bound and cast down to the pits of Hell to satiate the fearsome demon Osgiloth’s appetite for heavenly flesh. For he was the demon who ruled in Hell while the Lord of Darkness walked Earth, seeking whomever he could devour. Sometimes the other angels whispered of what the denizen of darkness would do to the unfortunate one who was chosen to give him or herself for the good of all.

“Osgiloth would have his minions hold you down and rip away your gown,” Elandra’s best friend Alara whispered to her when they were talking about it one day. “And then they’d lick and suck and torture all your most sensitive parts until you screamed for mercy—but of course they wouldn’t listen for they are demons.”

“Of course not,” Elandra murmured. For it was true—who had ever heard of a merciful demon? But she couldn’t help asking her friend, as she plucked at the newest blossoms in her cloud garden, “What sensitive parts do you mean?”

Alara’s silver eyes, so like Elandra’s own, widened. “Why the points on your chest. And the spot between your legs. You know what I mean.”

Elandra knew exactly what she meant. Pushing a long strand of golden hair behind one ear, she nodded silently. The image of the powerful Osgiloth’s demonic minions ripping away some helpless angel’s robes and sucking her ripe, aching nipples with their hot mouths and long tongues was very vivid. As was the idea of the Horned One himself parting her legs to enter the slippery slit of her sex.

“They say demons have a forked cock, you know,” Alara murmured, keeping her voice low for angels are not supposed to discuss such things. “That they can pierce both entrances at once if they wish.”

“I hadn’t heard that. Do you believe it’s true?” Elandra shivered.

Alara shrugged. “I don’t know. But I hope I never have to find out.”

"I hope not either," Elandra agreed fervently, but deep down she wondered. Just speaking of such things had caused her to react and now her nipples were so hard that even the gauzy gown she wore seemed to chafe them unbearably. Between her legs, her cunt was hot and wet, almost as though it might welcome the defilement of a demon's cum inside her. But of course that was impossible. For no matter how slippery her pussy got, it was still small and delicate and demons were said to have huge cocks, much bigger than the shrunken specimens of the Heavenly Host. And they knew how to use them too—something no angel would ever dream of doing.

Angels have no sexual knowledge of themselves, nor do they need or want any. Only if they fall from the grace of the One God do they gain this most base and forbidden understanding. Which is why any demon can fuck and every angel is a virgin from the moment of creation until the end of time.

Every angel but the one chosen for the sacrifice.

When they came for Elandra she was tending her garden and wishing she was able to grow blossoms some other color besides the pale blue and pink of clouds at sunrise. A vivid red might be nice. Or even a rich, royal purple... She was so engrossed in her thoughts that the rough hands dragging her to her feet took her completely by surprise.

When she looked up to see who was handling her so, her heart nearly stopped in her chest. Two of the largest male angels, ones she recognized as the personal guard of Gabriel himself, were dragging her to the far end of Heaven, their perfect features set and grim.

"What's happening? Where are you taking me?" Elandra gasped, but inside she was afraid she knew. They were taking her to Abyss Leap, the one place in Heaven where the fiery pits of Hell could be seen far below. She and Alara had only gone there once before, on a dare, and just the memory of all that seething chaos and destruction was still enough to make her shiver. The idea of falling into that, of being pushed from the most perfect place in the universe down to a land where evil reigned and cruelty was the order of the day made tears come to her pure silver eyes.

But tears or no tears, her captors were ruthless.

"You are to be the millennial sacrifice, Elandra," said the one who had her right arm. "Gabriel himself gave the order. I am sorry but it cannot be helped."

"No, please! I beg you—not me. Please!" Elandra struggled but there was no getting away from the cruel angelic hands that held her. Despite her wild protests they bound the tips of Elandra's wings so that she couldn't fly from her fate. Then, without words or warning, they cast her down, down, down into the seething blackness that is Hell.

Me, all along it was me they meant for the sacrifice, she realized too late as she fell. Why did I never see before? I'm different—too different to be allowed to stay in Heaven. It's my body—I feel more, want more than the others. That's why they cast me out. That's why I'm to be the sacrifice that keeps the balance. It's my own fault for wanting and needing more than I should. The realization filled her with humiliation but as Hell rushed toward her, her bound wings quivering against her back as she struggled to break free and fly, fear surpassed her shame.

Though she was unable to flap her bound wings, they at least billowed open enough to slow her fall. But it wasn't smashing to the ground that Elandra feared—it was what would happen if she survived her fateful fall.

As the stench of brimstone assaulted her delicate nostrils and the laughter of demons fell on her ears, she was filled with terror. What would Osgiloth's minions do to her? Would they pluck her beautiful white feathery wings in a fit of jealousy? For demons have no wings—they gave them up along with their celestial forms when they took arms against the Lord of Hosts and were cast from Heaven into Hell. Or would they do as Alara had said and rip her robes, the better to defile her innocent body?

She scarcely had time to contemplate her fate as the burning pit rushed up to meet her. But just before her slender body would have landed on the hard, hot ground, two sets of rough, leathery hands caught her—two demonic imps, the lowliest of all demons. She realized they must have been waiting for her, the millennial sacrifice, and knew they would take her to Osgiloth for his evil pleasure.

Elandra had a quick, confused impression of the two bent and twisted creatures, half the size of a man, with curving horns like a ram and hardened, dark red skin. The creatures who had her were exactly what she had been told demons looked like, but the reality of the situation was far, far worse than any of her imaginings had ever been. Then one of them tied a filthy rag over her eyes as the other bound her ankles together and her hands behind her back and she could see no more.

She was lifted high and the hands caressed and pinched and prodded her as they began to move. Elandra shivered at their filthy touch against her skin and slow tears slid down her perfect cheeks. How could she endure it? But endure it she must for the hands that held her were terribly strong and she was tied hand and foot and wing with no means to escape.

"A pretty one, isn't she?" a shrill voice taunted. "So pure and lovely. Are you ready to be demon's meat, my pretty angel?"

"Let her be, Bolx," the other imp said angrily. "You know our orders. Nothing's to be done to her so just let her be."

"Well, we can't very well carry her to the manse without touching her," the first imp protested. "So I say let's make the most of it." The fingers became more invasive and Elandra cried out as they found the cleft between her legs. She was dry now, too full of fear to feel the strange desires of her body, so unlike that of the other angels. But the imp's clever fingers pried between her thighs anyway, as though seeking a way to ruin her before she was even presented to his master.

"Please, no!" she gasped, twisting wildly as she tried to get away. This nightmare was nothing like the half-formed fantasies she'd entertained while sitting by her small, safe cloud garden. This was horrible—too horrible to be real and yet it went on and on. Shrill demonic laughter filled the air as she struggled and wept. Apparently the imp named Bolx was enjoying her discomfort and fear as much as the feel of her flesh under his hard hands. "Please," she begged again. "Please not...not inside me..."

Her words seemed to galvanize the other imp because their forward progress stopped with a jerk.

"I said leave her be!" cried the second voice again. "You know the Dark One's orders—no one is to have her before him. Not even a taste."

Elandra was jostled mercilessly as the second imp struck the one called Bolx. From under the edge of the dirty rag she could see the pure white feathers falling from her wings disintegrate the moment they touched the foul ground of Hell.

"Fine, then." Bolx's high, cracked voice was sullen. "You can't blame me for trying, though. Just look at her—in that see-through gown with her big ripe tits on display and that soft, hot little angel cunny. I never had no angel cunny before."

"And you're not gonna have none now," was the short reply as they began moving again. "She's for the Dark One, not the likes of you and me."

"Doesn't seem fair we aren't given a turn too. We're the ones have to break our backs carrying her halfway 'round the Lake of Fire so her pretty feet won't be hurt by the brimstone," Bolx grumbled.

"Orders is orders," said the other imp implacably. "Besides, it ain't like she's heavy. Don't weigh no more than a lost soul."

"Because she's mostly feathers," Bolx said. He gave the inside of Elandra's thigh a vicious pinch, as though in retribution for his earlier punishment. She cried out again but this time the other imp was silent. Apparently pain was not forbidden, only debasement—at least until they reached Osgiloth.

The Lake of Fire, where lost souls and demons in disgrace are cast, is so huge it would take more than a human life span to walk halfway around. But Osgiloth's manse, where the imps were taking Elandra, was not very far from the spot where she had fallen from Heaven in the first place. It seemed an interminable journey, however, since she was being carried so roughly with the hot, sulfurous smell of Hell in her nostrils. The imps had stopped talking and the only sounds besides the click of their cloven

hooves on the hot brimstone was the howling cry of the lost souls doomed to burn forever in the lake's fiery depths.

I shall die. I am going to my death, Elandra thought and knew it to be true. An angel in Heaven is an immortal being and cannot be killed or harmed. But an angel in Hell is something else entirely. Celestial flesh is too pure to stand the filth and foulness of the underworld for long. Already she could feel her skin crawling and itching from the touch of the impure hands upon her. She felt unclean and knew it would only get worse. Once the great demon Osgiloth was finished with her she would surely melt away to nothing, like a snowflake in the barren wastes of the desert. There was no way she could endure such horror for long—nor would she want to. She was certain that when it came, death would be a relief.

* * * * *

She was the most beautiful creature Raziel had ever seen. Her presence seemed to light his dim study, its walls lined with books filled with infernal knowledge, charms and incantations that Raziel had read without pleasure. The imps laid her before him, on a couch covered in the tanned skin of the damned, and backed away slowly to stand by the door.

The angel lay there trembling, her eyes blindfolded, her bound wings furled shut and tucked close to her slender body—so close they almost seemed to disappear. Her long golden hair was flung like a shawl over her shoulders and the light, gauzy robes she wore were so translucent that he could plainly see her full, thrusting breasts capped with ripe pink nipples and the slit of her sex, soon to be filled with his seed.

Beyond beautiful. Just as Father said she would be, Raziel thought, studying the perfect celestial form lying upon the couch before him. There was not one imperfection, not a single flaw to mar her beauty. And in his father's absence, he was the one commanded to see to the defilement of this innocent creature.

"Leave no part of her untouched," Osgiloth had commanded before he departed Hell, leaving his only son in charge. "She is to be ruined as you take both pain and pleasure from her—that is the law of the sacrifice. Do what you like with her for as long as you like and then give her to the imps to finish off. That's what I always do."

"Yes, Father. That's what you always do," murmured Raziel, unaware that he was speaking aloud. "Always except once. And I am the proof of that single exception."

Looking at her beautiful and nearly naked body, he ached to fulfill his father's orders. Longed to rip away the gauzy robe of pure white and bare her pale, perfect flesh to his eager hands. He wanted to suck those ripe nipples, to twist them cruelly until she moaned and writhed under him. Wanted to violate her tight, virgin ass with his forked demon's cock. But most of all his demonic nature hungered for her cunt. He wanted to split her legs and plunge inside her, to fill her with his shaft and pump her full of spurt after spurt of his burning black cum until she moaned and quivered in pleasure and agony. Until she completely surrendered to his defilement of her lovely form.

But there was another side of Raziel's nature—a side no other demon in Hell possessed. And that side pitied the shivering creature lying on the couch in his study. She looked miserably frightened and he longed to comfort her. To take her in his arms and stroke her silky hair, to smooth her ruffled feathers and reassure her. To tell her all would be well.

That would be a lie.

All will not be well. It will never be well for her again. Not if I obey my father's orders. And obey I must. Raziel hardened his heart against her beauty. He would never rule in Hell as his father was training him to do if he couldn't manage a simple defilement.

"Open your eyes, angel," he barked, leaning over her and stripping away the filthy rag she wore as a blindfold.

She bit her lush lower lip and turned her face up toward his. Then, with what seemed to be an effort, her delicate lids fluttered and luminous silver eyes were revealed. Those eyes—angel's eyes—reminded Raziel of someone he would rather not

remember. Someone he had thought long forgotten. So instead of staring into them and letting himself be reminded, he turned his attention to the rest of her.

“You came dressed for the occasion, I see,” he sneered. Twisting one hand in the gauzy see-through fabric of her gown, he yanked, ripping it open to bare her flesh.

The angel remained obstinately silent, her eyes growing wider and wider as Raziel palmed her full breasts and thumbed the ripe nipples that looked just made to be sucked. Gods, but her body was lush—not at all like the smooth, sexless bodies of the other angels he had seen on the occasions when he ventured beyond Hell’s borders. If not for her silver eyes and white-feathered wings he might almost have wondered if the denizens of Heaven had sent him a human woman instead of an angel sacrifice.

“Do you feel this—my hands on you? Are you ready to meet your fate?” he taunted, tugging at her nipples until she moaned unwillingly. Encouraged by the soft sound, he let his hands wander further. If only she would fight him his demonic nature would take over, leaving him no choice but to take her. But though she gasped and cried out softly at his rough touch, the beautiful angel didn’t try once to defend herself or deny him what he wanted. In fact, it was only when he began to pry her slender thighs apart, she lost her composure completely.

“Please...” Her voice was soft and musical, like harp strings being plucked. “Please don’t...don’t touch me there again,” she begged in a broken, pleading voice though she made no move to stop him.

Raziel froze. “What do you mean ‘again’?” he demanded. “Has someone besides myself touched you?” From the corner of his eye he saw the two imps who had brought her beginning to back away. “You—stay!” he barked at them and they froze on the spot.

The angel’s lower lip quivered but she lifted her chin high. “They...when they carried me one of them touched...touched inside me,” she whispered, her tone broken but defiant. “I begged him not to but he wouldn’t stop until the other made him.”

As quickly as that, everything changed.

Raziel was filled with a sudden protective rage—an emotion he had never felt before. He forgot that he was supposed to give whatever was left of the celestial sacrifice to the lowest demons to finish when he was done with her. All he could see in his mind's eye was their filthy hands on her pure, unsullied skin. How dare they...*how dare they* touch what was his and his alone?

"Which one of you?" He turned to the imps who were now cowering in the corner, their forked tails curled abjectly around their cloven hooves. "Which one of you dared to lay a hand on *my* angel?"

"Beggin' your pardon, your lordship," one of them began in a high, trembling voice. "We didn't mean no harm."

"That is a lie," the angel spoke again. "They *did* mean me harm. Or at least the one named Bolx did. It was he who touched me. And he who hurt me when the other one stopped him."

"He hurt you?" Raziel turned back to her, the feeling of protective possessiveness filling him again. "Show me, angel."

"My name is Elandra," she murmured, meeting his eyes boldly. "And here is where he hurt me." Shyly, she spread her legs, the long, lovely thighs parting before his gaze to reveal her hidden treasures.

It took Raziel a moment to realize that she was pointing to a dark, ugly-looking bruise high on her inner thigh, so mesmerized was he by the sight of her sweet, pink cunt. When at last he forced himself to look at the bruise, his anger was aroused once more. To think of the dirty imps having their fingers and hands anywhere near her, marring her perfection with their filth, causing her pain—it was enough to make him mad with jealousy and rage.

"Guards," he called, and at once two burly demons with the heads of bulldogs appeared before him.

"Yes, master. We await your orders," one barked and both of them bowed.

"Throw them into the Lake of Fire," Raziel said, gesturing to the two cowering imps. "Let them burn for eternity and think of what they've done."

"Your lordship, please, no!" begged the larger one. "Take Bolx, not me. I never touched the angel. And I tried to stop him hurting her but he wouldn't listen."

"It's true," the angel whispered. "Bolx alone hurt me – the other tried to stop him."

"He didn't try hard enough." Raziel nodded at the dog-headed demon guards. "Do as I have ordered. Cast them in and see they never come out. And shut the door behind you."

When his orders had been followed, he turned to face the angel once more. What had she called herself? Ah yes, Elandra. A lovely name. Almost as lovely as those wide silver eyes she was watching him with.

"Now, Elandra," he murmured, stroking a golden strand of hair behind her ear. "Tell me again where they hurt you."

Chapter Two

Elandra didn't know what to say. The demon who was talking to her so gently didn't look like a demon at all. He had no hooves or horns—no animal appendages of any kind that she could see. In fact, the only demonic thing about him was his flame red eyes. They burned from the dusky tan of his face, illuminating his finely cut features and silky black hair with a fierce intensity that made her feel even more naked than she already was.

Her pussy, already throbbing from the way he had been tugging and pinching her nipples earlier, began to grow wet and hot under his gaze. And she felt the familiar craving for something she could not name growing inside her again.

"You don't look like a demon," she blurted without thinking. "I thought I was to be given to the ugliest, cruelest, most evil demon in Hell. But you are none of those things."

His full mouth twisted in a bitter smile. "I assure you, Elandra, I am all those things in different ways. But we can speak of that later. Tell me again, where did they hurt you?" The black cape he wore over his bare, muscular shoulders rustled as he sat beside her on the strange couch. And the hand he put on her knees to coax them open was warm and dry but didn't burn her as the filthy hands of the imps had.

"Here," Elandra said, spreading her legs again to show him the bruise that now marred her perfect flesh.

She had a vague idea she was doing something wrong in parting her legs for him but like her cravings, the feeling was elusive. She had often sat with the male angels this way, with only her silky see-through robes to cover her, and none of them had ever given her a second glance. But the way this strange demon was staring was something

else entirely. It made her pussy throb to see the way he looked at her although she didn't know why.

"Here?" he murmured, stroking the bruise gently with one careful finger.

Elandra shivered and nodded, wondering if he would suddenly turn cruel again. She hadn't forgotten the angry tone of his voice or the way he'd ripped her robes and pinched her nipples earlier. But he seemed...gentler now. More interested in healing than hurting her. She felt instinctively that she could trust him although she couldn't say why she felt that way and knew it was probably foolish. After all, who had ever heard of a trustworthy demon?

Then again, who had ever heard of a handsome demon?

"And you said they touched you here as well?" His deep voice was soft and coaxing as he spread her legs wider and cupped the hot mound of her cunt.

Elandra gasped and caught her full bottom lip between her pearly teeth. No one had ever touched her there before. She had not even dared to touch herself. Even when the little button in the folds of her pussy throbbed and ached it had seemed too much of a sin to stroke it and try to find some ease for her discomfort. Yet now this stranger, this demon whose name she didn't even know, was touching her in her most forbidden spot. The heat of his palm was dangerously close to her core and she was doing nothing to stop him.

"Here?" he murmured and she felt his fingers stroking her, spreading her swollen cunt lips to caress her wet, inner folds. "Did they touch you here, my angel, my Elandra?"

"Yes," she whispered as his seeking finger found her clit. "Yes...ah! They did. The cruel one, he put his fingers in...inside me."

"Like this?" And two long, strong male fingers stroked gently into her wet cunt entrance, filling her as she had never been filled before.

Elandra cried out, her back arching as though to get more of his gentle, addictive touch. "Yes," she moaned aloud as he continued to caress and stroke her wet, open

cunt. "Yes, there. But please..." She was panting now, her nipples aching, her pussy on fire with need. "Please, I don't even know your name."

"Raziel," he said, lifting his burning red eyes to meet her own. "You may call me Raziel, my angel. Tell me, were you wet when they touched you? As you are now?" His fingers glided in and out of her virgin cunt, illustrating his point.

She shook her head, still uncertain of what was going on. "No. I...no, I wasn't," she admitted softly. Pleasure was building inside her—pleasure like nothing she had ever felt before and she was afraid if Raziel didn't stop touching her soon it might overwhelm her. And yet, she didn't know how to ask him to stop. Didn't *want* to ask him to stop.

"And why are you wet now, when I am doing the same thing?" he asked, his deep voice soft and almost hypnotic as he continued to stroke into her with his fingers. "Is my touch more pleasing than theirs?"

"Oh, much." Elandra nodded, her knees spreading even wider, almost of their own volition. "They were rough and hurtful. And you're so gentle."

"And that's why you're wet, my angel?" he asked, his eyes burning into hers. "That's why your soft little pussy opens for me and begs me to pet it while you lie here half naked on my couch?"

"I don't know why I get so wet there." Elandra was filled with shame but still the pleasure built within her and she wasn't able to make herself close her legs. "I just do sometimes. And I crave...I want...I don't know what I want," she admitted with a gasp as the broad pad of his thumb began to stroke her swollen clit once more while his fingers continued to penetrate her virgin cunt.

"You want *this*," he assured her, still caressing her in that firm but gentle way that made her nipples ache and her back arch. "In Heaven you are not allowed to have such lustful appetites but here in Hell, lust and damnation are all we have."

Elandra shook her head, her heart pounding in her chest as it never had before. "I don't...don't understand," she gasped as the pleasure threatened to overwhelm her.

"You will," Raziel promised softly. "I will teach you. But you must say my name when I bring you to the peak—call for me when I make you come. Then you will understand that part of lust is opening yourself completely to the one who is giving you pleasure."

As he spoke she felt the pleasure cresting inside her—giving her a sharp feeling between her legs that spread like a warm wave throughout her body and left her breathless and weak.

"Raziel!" she moaned as he had instructed her. "Raziel, oh! What are you doing to me?"

"Making you come, my angel." There was a dark hunger in his deep voice that called to something inside her and suddenly Elandra wished it was not only his fingers deep in her pussy.

What can you be thinking? she scolded herself angrily. *His fingers barely fit – you cannot really wish for anything bigger. For...for his cock.* But the thought of Raziel's forked demon cock entering her was too much. Elandra felt a fresh wave of pleasure wash over her and her inner cunt muscles spasmed around his invading fingers. She cried his name again, bucking her hips in time with his strokes and wishing the electric feeling of delight would never end.

"Well, that was quite something, wasn't it?" Raziel gave her a slow smile as he withdrew his fingers and sucked them clean, clearly savoring her taste. "Ah, your cunt tastes new—as though you'd never come before."

"If that was coming then, no, I haven't," Elandra admitted, closing her legs and bringing her knees up to her chin. She wanted to wrap her arms around her legs but was impeded by the bindings that still encircled her wrists and ankles. "Please, could you untie me?" she begged. "I promise not to run away. There's nowhere for me to go, anyway. Not now that I've been defiled."

He laughed softly as he sliced through her bonds with a thin silver blade, but it wasn't a happy sound. "You have no notion of defilement yet I fear, my angel. But you will before our time is through."

Elandra felt a sudden surge of fear. "What do you mean? What are you going to do to me? Please, Raziel, don't hurt me."

He sighed and shook his head unhappily. "My orders are to truly defile you—to shove my cock deep in your tight little pussy and fuck you until I pump you full of my cum. Only then will you be truly fallen. Once filled with a demon's seed you can never return to the Heavenly Host and your home on the celestial shores."

Elandra gave a little cry although she had suspected as much. "Please," she begged brokenly. "Please don't. I know you have no reason to show me mercy but I beg you anyway, Raziel. I love my home. I sing in the choir and I have a little garden in the clouds. Please let me go back to it."

"You're wrong." He looked down at the couch, his fingers tracing aimless patterns on the leather between them. "I *do* have reason to show you mercy, Elandra. But I doubt it is a reason my father, Osgiloth, would understand or approve of."

"Tell me," Elandra said at once, sensing a reprieve. "What is your reason? Does it have to do with...with the way you don't look like the rest of them? The other demons?"

She knew by the way he looked away, his burning red eyes bleak, that she had guessed correctly. There was something in Raziel's past. Some reason he might be kind to her. Perhaps he might even let her go! Hope leaped in her chest for the first time since the large guardian angels had cast her over Abyss Leap and into the depths of Hell. Maybe she would live to see her little garden and sing in the choir again after all. If Raziel was kind, as she sensed he wanted to be, it might be possible.

"Please," she murmured again, putting out a hand to touch his muscular forearm. "Please tell me. I want to know."

Raziel nodded shortly and raised his eyes to hers. "Very well, I will tell you all. But we must get you tended to first. And covered. You're too tempting that way." Too tempting by half. It was all he could do not to lower himself to the couch on top of her and finish ravishing her lovely, lush body. Making her come and then licking her sweet cunt honey from his fingers had made his cock so hard it hurt inside the tight black breeches he was wearing. But since she wasn't fighting him or trying to run away he was able to control those impulses he knew came from the demonic side of his nature.

Elandra looked down at herself in obvious bewilderment. "Does the sight of me upset you in some way?" she asked innocently. "The male angels in Heaven have seen my form many times and none of them were bothered by it."

"That is because they are fools," Raziel said roughly. "You're beautiful, even by angelic standards. Your form is perfect—lush. I've never seen one of your kind with such firm breasts and ripe nipples. And your cunt was just made for fucking."

She blushed, a soft rosy glow lighting her sweet features. "I know I look different from other angels. And my body...it...I seem to have needs and wants the others don't have. I think...I think that's why I was cast out. Why they chose me to be the sacrifice."

"It's possible," Raziel said thoughtfully. "There's no denying your body was made to be ravished. But if I am to restrain myself you need to be covered." He turned his head. "Mikail!" he shouted, calling the head domestic demon who ran Osigiloth's manse.

At once a pig-snouted demon dressed in a butler's uniform appeared, coalescing from the air in front of Raziel. "My master calls?" he grunted, bowing low.

"Bring wine from my private store and one of my extra capes," Raziel instructed. "And be quick about it."

"At once." The demon bowed and was gone, appearing barely a moment later with the items Raziel had requested as well as two silver goblets on a tray. He disappeared again after setting them down on the low table to Raziel's right, puffing into nothingness as though he had never been there in the first place.

"Here." Raziel spread the black cloak carefully around Elandra's shoulders, making sure to overlap the front so that her tempting body was covered. "I know the material is probably harsher than what you're used to," he apologized, pouring them both a glass of ruby red wine. "We have not the skill to weave such fine garments as you are used to wearing in Heaven."

"It's fine. Very warm." She buried her face in the collar of the cloak and inhaled as though smelling something pleasant.

He handed her the goblet and bid her drink. "Don't fear to take what I give you," he said when she sniffed the wine uncertainly. "This vintage is pressed from grapes that grow on Earth, in a quiet little forgotten garden I know. Nothing worth eating or drinking grows in Hell itself, of course."

"Do you like to garden too?" Elandra's face brightened.

Raziel shrugged. "I don't have much opportunity as I rarely get to leave Hell. But when I do go to Earth, yes, I enjoy making things grow."

She frowned. "But I thought that demons could only destroy things. I never heard of one who was able to create or grow anything."

"I am able to because I am not all demon. In fact, I am only half although my father, Osgiloth, would like me to forget it. He wants me to concentrate on my demonic side so that I can help him rule here in Hell." He looked away for a moment. "I believe that is why he gave you to me to defile—so that I might let my true nature come out as I ravaged you."

"But...you won't. Will you?" Elandra shrank away from him, her silver eyes widening. Raziel felt his heart clench like a fist at her obvious fear of him.

"I haven't decided yet," he said roughly, although he knew in his heart it was a lie. He could no more defile this lovely creature than he could bring himself to rip the wings off butterflies when he was a boy—another lesson in evil his father had wanted him to learn. But it wouldn't do to let her be too sure of him. Or to let the household

staff, who had ears and eyes everywhere, know that he had absolutely decided against the defilement.

“Please,” she whispered, wrapping his cloak more tightly around herself. “Tell me of your other side—the part that is not demon. Did...did your father lie with a human woman? I have heard that demons do that sometimes—go to Earth and take a woman unawares.”

Raziel nodded. “They do indeed. But almost none of those unions results in a child. A human woman doesn’t have the necessary goodness and light to balance the iniquity inherent in a demon’s seed. In fact, only an angel can give birth to such a child—half pure and half tainted with evil.”

Elandra stared at him in disbelief. “So then, your mother—”

“Was the last angel sacrifice, a millennium ago,” Raziel finished for her. “My father Osgiloth used her as I am supposed to use you. She amused him and so he kept her alive instead of giving her to the imps to finish off when he was done with her. From their union I was born and it pleased him because he had never had an heir before. Demons cannot reproduce among their own kind, you know.”

“She was an angel? And he kept her here with him until you were born?” Elandra looked troubled. “I always thought that after...after the defilement it would be over. That I...I mean that the sacrifice would be allowed to die.”

“My father kept her alive much longer than that,” Raziel murmured, lost in his memories. “She lived until I was around five human years old. Then he took me from her because said she was making me soft and unworthy to rule by his side.” He looked away from Elandra’s searching silver eyes, so like the eyes of his long-forgotten mother. “It was after he took me from her that she died.”

Elandra put a hand to her chest, her eyes filled with tears. “How terrible—to lose one who loved you so. I never had a mother—angels don’t, you know, as we are created instead of born. But my friend Alara and I sometimes spend hours watching the human mothers on Earth with their children.” She looked down shyly. “I have often wished

that I might have a child myself to love and care for. But that is quite impossible for an angel—or I thought it was, anyway.”

“It should be,” Raziel said grimly. “No creature so pure and beautiful should have to endure what she did.” He hadn’t thought of this in years and had never spoken about it to another living creature. But now, under the angel’s gentle gaze, his long-buried memories were coming back. The soft sound of his mother’s voice, the feel of her arms enfolding him, the way her pure white wings would rustle when she put him to bed at night...

“It must have been unbearable for her to lose you,” Elandra said softly.

He nodded. “I realized long after she was gone that I was all she was living for—all she loved. When she lost me, she lost the reason for her existence. And as she wasn’t able to go back to Heaven, little by little her corporeal form began to fade. Every time I saw her—which wasn’t very often after my father took me away—she seemed less substantial, until at the end she was almost translucent. It was like she was...like she was melting away.” He swallowed hard, willing back the unwanted emotions these memories raised in him.

“So she simply disappeared?”

“In a manner of speaking.” Raziel tried to keep his voice dry and toneless. “I remember the day I lost her for good. I had crept away from my father and run to her rooms because I missed her so much. I wanted to hear her soft voice, to feel her arms enfolding me once more. But all I found...” He looked away and cleared his throat. “All that was left of her was one of the pure white feathers from her wings. And when I touched it, that melted too.”

“Oh, Raziel!” Elandra was openly weeping now, her silver eyes wet with sorrow for him. “To have nothing left of her. Nothing at all...I’m so sorry.” She scooted closer to him on the couch and then, timidly, put her slender arms around his neck.

The irony of such a frail, helpless creature offering him comfort did not escape the temporary master of Hell. But neither did he refuse what she offered. Putting his arms

around her, he pulled her fragile body closer and buried his face in her hair, inhaling the faint but lovely fragrance of Heaven that still clung to her.

"I cannot defile you," he murmured roughly as her tears fell for him, the tears he himself had been unable to shed, fell hot and wet upon his neck. "You are the only soft and beautiful thing to come into my life in years. All around me is wickedness and evil. Hatred and damnation. I do not wish to make you into just another broken soul longing for death."

"Thank you," Elandra breathed into his ear. He felt the soft brush of her lips against his cheek as she pressed against him and his cock surged to life once more, his demonic nature urging him to take her, to thrust into her heated wetness and make her his.

"Don't thank me yet." He pulled away from her innocently seductive embrace, frowning. "I will not defile you but I cannot leave you wholly untouched. My father has spies everywhere. If I let you leave the underworld without taking at least some pleasure with you he will know the sacrifice has not been completed and war will be unleashed between Heaven and Hell."

"Oh." She looked at him uncertainly, fear clouding her silver eyes. "But...can you...can you touch me and still leave me able to return home?"

Raziel smiled grimly. "You mean can I take pleasure with you without filling you with my seed, little angel? It won't be easy but I assure you I can."

She nibbled her full lower lip, making him long to take her mouth in a hot, hungry kiss. "I trust you to try, Raziel. But...how?"

"Come." Standing, he lifted her from the couch, carrying her light form easily. "I'll show you."

Chapter Three

Elandra had never seen so much black. It was the dominant color in the bedchamber he brought her to—that and blood red. Indeed, it looked more like a chamber to sacrifice animals in than a place to get a restful night's sleep. Elandra herself rested on a bed of puffy clouds near her garden when she was tired, so the idea of a special room just for sleeping was strange to her—something she and Alara had seen on Earth but never dreamed of trying.

If Raziel had not held her securely in his arms she might have been frightened of so much darkness. But his touch was gentle and there was no intent to hurt her in his burning red eyes. When he laid her down upon the vast bed spread with a coarse black coverlet she looked up at him without fear, waiting to see what he had to show her. She still wasn't sure how he could fulfill the sacrifice and still leave her fit to go home but she had faith in him. He might have grown up in evil but there was kindness in his heart—together they would feel their way through the tangle of uncertainties and find a way for him to do what must be done while leaving her undefiled.

"Beautiful," he murmured, stripping the cloak from her.

"Thank you," Elandra whispered. She lay before him in nothing but the gauzy rags of her heavenly robes, her wings framing her body, and he took his time looking her over.

To her mingled discomfort and delight Elandra found that Raziel's eyes on her nearly naked form made her blush with pleasurable embarrassment. She couldn't understand why having him look at her should make her feel this way—perhaps because of the naked hunger in his gaze or the way his eyes lingered on certain parts of her anatomy like her nipples or the innocent slit of her pussy. She suppressed the urge

to try to cover herself with her wings—it would do her no good to be shy now, not when he was preparing to take his pleasure with her.

“You are so lovely, Elandra. So tempting.” He looked up at her. “Has no one has ever told you that before?”

She shook her head shyly. “Never. We...do not mention such things in Heaven.”

He sighed. “I suppose you are always surrounded by beauty so you barely notice it. But to me, taking a beauty like yours for granted is a sin—in either Heaven or Hell.”

“Please...” Elandra looked up at him imploringly. “What...what are you going to do to me?”

Raziel frowned and stroked a strand of hair away from her face. “I must penetrate you. Not with my cock, however, for if so much as a drop of my cum enters your pussy you won’t be fit to return to your home.”

“Do you really think the other angels would know?” Elandra asked, wondering if it could be so.

He nodded. “Having that kind of carnal experience would change you, my angel. You might hide it for a while but in the end you would be given away by the forbidden knowledge in your eyes, by the new hungers awakened in your beautiful body.”

Elandra looked down at the plain black bedspread shyly. “I-I think I am already a little different. Different from when I met you, I mean,” she admitted. “The way you made me feel when you touched me...when you made me...”

“Come,” he finished for her when he saw her searching for the right word. “As to that, I cannot help changing you a little. Some sexual knowledge is unavoidable if the sacrifice is to be lawful. But I won’t fuck you or come in your pussy—as much as I might want to.” He gave her another long, lingering look, which made Elandra bite her lower lip and look away.

"Then what will you do to me?" she asked again. "Please, Raziel, I'm trying to trust you but I'm frightened." She shivered. "I always thought Hell was hot but it's terribly cold lying here."

Raziel raised one black, arched eyebrow. "I apologize for the temperature. I find the heat of Hell most oppressive and prefer the cold myself. But maybe I can help warm you up." Carefully he lay down beside her on the bed and gathered her to him. "This would work better if we were skin to skin," he murmured, pressing his broad, muscular chest to her full breasts. "But I wouldn't be able to trust myself with my breeches off. Not with you lying against me naked." He kept his long black cape on too, and folded it around both of them, making her feel safe and secure as he held her in his warm, strong arms.

Elandra had never been so close to another living being before. Angels tended to show their appreciation of each other by singing songs of friendship rather than touching, so she was unused to such a feeling. But she found that she liked it—liked it a lot. Raziel's skin was warm and satiny under her fingertips and had a delicious fiery scent that was like nothing she had ever smelled before. The hard planes of his chest rubbed her ripe nipples through the torn material of her robes and when he drew her close so that their hips met, she could feel a hard bulge right in the center of his crotch. The hard, hot lump spread her swollen pussy lips and rubbed her clit at just the right angle to make her moan and press against him, eager for more of the addictively pleasurable sensation.

A soft laugh rumbled through him as Elandra rubbed against him. "Eager little virgin, aren't you, my angel?" he murmured, pressing a soft kiss to her heated temple. "You'd better be careful or you'll tempt me to defile you after all."

Elandra was suddenly filled with shame. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to tempt you," she whispered, her eyes downcast. "I...I don't know what came over me. I've never felt the way you make me feel before when you touch me."

"I intend to make you feel much more when I take my pleasure with you." Raziel's deep voice was filled with erotic promise. "But I think I want to take the time to explore you before I do what must be done."

Frustration filled her. "But *what* must be done? Please, Raziel, you said you had to...had to penetrate me. Penetrate my..."

"Your pussy," he breathed in her ear and pulled away from her for a moment to cup the hot mound of her cunt in the palm of his hand. "And so I do, my angel. If not with my cock then with some other part of me. I need to be inside you to make the sacrifice legal."

"But...but you've already put your fingers in-inside me," stammered Elandra, feeling herself blush all over as she forced herself to speak. "And if you're not going to enter me with your cock then what—"

"My tongue," he cut her off, kissing the side of her face again. "I'm going to put my tongue deep in your pretty little cunt, Elandra. And then I'm going to taste you and tongue-fuck you until you come for me again."

"Your...your tongue?" Elandra couldn't have been more shocked. Here was something she had never even considered. Angels never did anything with their mouths but sing and talk and occasionally nibble the delicious manna wafers that were their main source of nourishment. The idea of Raziel putting his mouth on her body, especially in so intimate a place, was completely foreign to her and more than a little frightening. "I don't understand," she said at last, trying to control the fear that tried to overwhelm her at the strange idea. "Why...why would you want to...put your mouth on me there? How will that bring you pleasure?"

He shook his head, his burning red eyes amused. "You really are ignorant of the ways of the flesh, aren't you? I want to spread your legs and taste your pussy because I love the idea of making you lose control. Because I want to feel you shaking and gasping under me. Because I want to taste your sweet cunt honey flowing when you come for me." He smiled. "Are those reasons enough for you?"

"I-I suppose," Elandra murmured. But it still seemed like an odd and frightening thing to do.

Raziel seemed to sense her hesitation because he bent his head to hers and murmured softly, "Let me show you, Elandra. As long as you don't try to resist me you'll see that it's nothing to fear."

"All right. How?" She looked up at him trustingly.

"Like this." He lowered his head to hers and brushed her lips with his own. "I'll show you how I mean to taste your pussy by the way I taste your mouth," he told her, his deep voice soft and reassuring. "And I'll show you with my hand at the same time." The warm palm that still cupped the mound of her cunt pressed forward briefly and Elandra moaned softly, unable to help herself. "All right?" he asked, searching her eyes with his own.

"Yes." She nodded, wanting more of his mouth against hers. She had never had another person's lips pressed to her own but she thought she was going to like it. Raziel's breath was spicy and warm against her mouth and the idea of having his lips against hers wasn't nearly as frightening as the idea of his mouth on her down below, between her legs.

"Very well," he murmured. "I'll begin like this with a soft kiss, just barely slipping my tongue between your lips." He demonstrated, pressing his mouth to hers and lapping gently at the seam of her lips with his tongue. Between her thighs, Elandra felt one of his fingertips imitating the motion of his tongue, slipping slowly between her swollen pussy lips to barely brush her wet inner folds.

The sensations above and below her waist were so intense that she moaned, involuntarily opening her mouth and inviting him in. Raziel wasted no time in accepting the invitation.

"This is what I'll do when you're open enough," he murmured, pressing forward to explore her mouth with his tongue even as his fingers spread her pussy wider and caressed her slippery cunt.

Elandra moaned again as gentle fingertips circled her clit before thrusting deep into her pussy just as his tongue was thrusting into her mouth. By now she had lost all sense of fear and uncertainty in the pleasure of his touch. She only knew she never wanted him to stop. So when Raziel's mouth began a slow, downward journey she didn't speak a single word of protest. Indeed, she was too busy gasping and crying with pleasure as he took first one ripe nipple and then the other between his lips and sucked and nipped them until she felt like she might explode.

But that was only the beginning of his tongue's magical trip. Soon Elandra felt it playing around the rounded curve of her abdomen and then he was nipping her hipbones and kissing her inner thighs.

Before she knew it, Raziel was in place between her thighs and from the heated look in his blazing red eyes it didn't appear he was going anywhere soon. He spread her legs wide to accommodate his broad shoulders and give himself room to work. Elandra shivered when she felt his hot breath against the bare mound of her cunt.

"So beautiful," he murmured after spending a moment studying her closely. "The softest, sweetest pussy I've ever seen. I can't wait to make your cunt honey flow and taste you when you come, my angel."

"Yes, but you promised to go slowly," Elandra reminded him breathlessly. She still wasn't quite sure how she'd gotten to this point. Only hours before she'd been happily tending her cloud garden and now she was lying naked and spread with a demon between her thighs preparing to do something she'd never even dreamed of.

"As slowly as I can," he promised. "Although there may come a point when I can't hold back. Then you must submit and open yourself for my tongue without resistance. Do you understand?"

"Y-yes." Elandra nodded, feeling a stab of apprehension. "I-I will try."

Raziel's eyes flashed. "Trying is not good enough. You must *not* fight or struggle, or try to get away from me, Elandra. Don't forget that I am half-demon and my demonic nature senses weakness or resistance as an invitation to dominate." He looked down for

a moment, as though admitting a shameful fact. "If you try to fight me it might...excite me too much. I wouldn't like to lose control and fuck you with my cock instead of my tongue just because you couldn't hold still."

"I see." Elandra bit her lower lip and tried to still the pounding of her heart. He might have good intentions but there was no denying his origins. She would have to do her best to open herself and accept his tongue deep in her pussy—as difficult as that might be. "All right," she whispered at last, after taking a deep breath. "I'm ready, Raziel. And...and I *think* I can hold still and not try to get away."

"Good." He pressed his face against the place where her thigh met her torso and inhaled deeply. "You smell so good I can't wait anymore. I have to taste you, Elandra."

"Taste me, then. Take your pleasure with me," she murmured, spreading her thighs wider for him, trying to be brave. "Do what you must, Raziel—only don't defile me, I beg you."

"I won't." He looked up at her, his eyes filled with need and determination. "I swear it, my angel. Just lie still and let me taste your sweet pussy and I swear I won't go any further."

"All right," she breathed, but the words were no sooner out of her mouth than she felt his lips on her. Gentle at first, as he had promised, his tongue swept out and traced the slippery slit of her pussy, teasing along the edges of her full cunt lips without quite touching her aching clit. Elandra moaned and clenched her fists at her sides. It seemed that holding still while Raziel tasted her was going to be harder than she'd dreamed. The pleasure he was giving her was frightening in its intensity—like nothing she'd ever felt before—and her first instinct was to run.

I mustn't do that—I mustn't! she reminded herself, gripping the bed covering on either side of her as Raziel's tongue made another sweep across her pussy. He went deeper this time, stroking her inner folds right where her swollen pussy lips parted to reveal her throbbing clit.

Must hold still! Elandra told herself again. But the feel of his mouth on her was so much hotter, so much more frightening and pleasurable than his hand, that it was all she could do not to try to wiggle away from him. However, if she didn't want to be defiled, if she ever wanted to see her cloud garden and her home again, she knew she would have to manage it somehow.

And then he opened her with his thumbs and sucked her clit into his mouth. Elandra gasped and her hips jerked, drawing away instinctively from the deep, sharp pleasure of the demon's tongue tracing her sensitive little button.

Raziel's hands clamped down on her inner thighs to hold her still and she knew she shouldn't have moved. But how could she help it when the pleasure was so deep and the sight of him opening her pussy and licking her inner cunt was so upsetting?

"Careful, my angel," he rasped, his deep voice rough with emotion. "Remember what I told you about fighting me or running away."

"I-I remember," Elandra murmured in a shaky voice. "But please, Raziel, I'm frightened."

He looked up at her, eyes blazing crimson with desire. "Am I hurting you?"

"No..." She shook her head, biting her lower lip. "If anything you're making me feel good. Too good. It's...frightening. And to look down and see you there...it seems wrong," she finished in a whisper. "Like...like a sin."

One corner of his full mouth curved up in a bitter smile. "That's because it *is* a sin, my angel. To let me spread your sweet, wet pussy and lick and suck your cunt and put my tongue deep inside your innocent body until you come for me...you could scarcely do anything worse or more sinful." He frowned meaningfully at her. "*Except* take my cock inside you instead. Do you understand?"

"Yes." Elandra understood the implicit threat. But that didn't mean she could stop herself from trying to jerk away when he put his mouth to her tender pussy once more.

“Hold still!” he ground out, wrapping his arms around her legs. “Gods, Elandra – you don’t know how badly I want you. Want to sink my cock to the hilt in this tight little cunt of yours and fuck you hard and long until I fill you with my cum.”

“I’m sorry!” she cried but the feel of his mouth on her sensitive mound was almost more than she could stand. The frighteningly erotic sight of his dark head bent between her widely split thighs made her long to get away. This wasn’t her! This wanton creature lying on the bed naked with her legs spread to receive a demon couldn’t possibly be the same sweet creature who had tended the cloud blossoms in her garden and sung in the Heavenly Choir.

But somehow it was and she had to endure what was happening or never go home again. She bit her lower lip until she felt a sharp, piercing pain and tasted blood as Raziel pressed his face between her thighs once more.

He wasn’t gentle this time. It was as though her struggles, as minimal as they were, had pushed him past the point of tenderness and into outright lust. Digging his fingers into the sensitive skin of her inner thighs, he forced her legs wider and skewered her with his tongue.

Elandra cried out wordlessly and bucked her hips as he penetrated her. This was different from having his fingers inside her somehow. More wicked and much more sinful. Having his heated mouth on her cunt, feeling his tongue pressing deep in her cleft, made her feel hot and shameless and lost all at the same time.

“No!” she gasped wildly as the pleasure began to overtake her again. “No, I can’t...I can’t do this. Can’t let you. Please, Raziel!” Twisting wildly she attempted to escape but arching her back and bucking her hips only pushed his tongue deeper into her virginal cunt and increased the forbidden pleasure coursing through her. Suddenly she was coming again, losing control as he had said she would even though she didn’t want to this time.

Raziel must have felt her coming as her inner muscles spasmed around his invading tongue because suddenly he was on top of her, pinning her to the bed, his face

only inches from her own. "I told you not to move!" His voice was little more than a growl, his eyes a deeper crimson than she had yet seen. "I tried to warn you, little angel. But you wouldn't be still. You had to fight and now I need to *fuck*."

He reached between them and opened the front of his breeches. Suddenly Elandra felt something hot and hard resting against her lower belly. The heat of it branded her delicate white skin as the thick shaft slid lower, the length of it pressing against her open pussy lips to grind against her clit.

His cock! It's his cock and if he puts it in me I'll be defiled and never leave this place. Slow tears began to slip down her cheeks at the realization even as the unwanted pleasure built in her again. Then Raziel moved again and she felt something thick and hot breach the entrance to her pussy. He was putting his cock inside her. Defiling her. Elandra put her arm over her eyes and sobbed. She would never be able to go home again. She would be trapped here.

Forever.

Her tears were his undoing.

The soft sobs that shook her slender body, as he pressed the head of his cock into the tight entrance of her cunt and prepared to fuck her hard and long, finally penetrated the haze of lust and desire that filled Raziel's head. They pulled him back from the brink, back from the burning needs of his demonic nature, and forced him to realize what he was doing.

He was fucking his angel and if he lost control and came inside her, she would be defiled and unable to go back to Heaven.

I swore to her that I wouldn't! What's wrong with me? Why can't I control my lust for her? Hating himself, he pulled away, out of her. He'd only entered her with the head of his cock, hadn't actually fucked her or come inside her, but the fact that he had even gone this far made him hate and revile himself.

"Forgive me." His voice was a harsh rasp as he sat up abruptly on the side of the bed, putting his back to her. "I don't know what came over me." Which was a lie. What

had come over him was his demonic nature. It seemed no matter how he fought against it, he was still a monster who delighted in the pain and fear of others. Part of him, the part that was spawned in Hell, still urged him to take her. To spread her legs wide and shove his forked cock roughly inside her, filling her soft virgin cunt to the hilt, forcing her to take all of him as he fucked her and filled her with his black cum.

Raziel hated himself for such thoughts and impulses but he was helpless to stop them. They crowded his head, making his cock ache with need, turning his vision hazy red with fucklust. All he could do was hold still and hope it passed while the object of his desire sobbed on the bed behind him.

After a while he became aware that the soft sobbing had stopped. Good, at least Elandra seemed to be getting herself together. Now was the time to let her leave, now while he still had control of himself.

"Raziel?" Her soft voice was tentative but he didn't turn to see the look on her face. He couldn't bear to see those beautiful silvery eyes filled with tears—it would make him feel like even more of a monster.

"You can go now." He kept his voice curt and to the point. The sooner she was gone the better.

"But...but the sacrifice—"

"Has been lawfully fulfilled," he cut her off. "If my father asks I can truthfully tell him I took pleasure from you and left you in pain. So you can go now. Fly back to Heaven and forget me. Forget any of this ever happened—if you can."

"I don't want to forget you." The pain in her voice drew him to turn and look at her despite his resolve not to. She was sitting on the bed, her ruffled wings splayed on either side of her lush, naked form, the shreds of her heavenly robes still clinging to her. Her full breasts and the ripe slit of her pussy still tempted him but Raziel clenched his hands into fists at his sides, determined not to touch her lest his demonic nature take over again.

"What do you mean you don't want to forget? How could you not?" he demanded, trying to keep his eyes on her face and not her beautiful body. "You've had nothing but pain and horror since you got here."

"That's not true." She lifted her chin defiantly, daring him to contradict her. "I *have* been frightened. But I've also felt more pleasure than I have ever felt before too. And that was because of you."

"Don't remind me." Raziel looked down at his clenched fists. "Don't you think I hate myself enough, Elandra? I swore to you I wouldn't defile you and then I nearly did it anyway, just because I couldn't control my damned demonic nature."

"I shouldn't have moved." She laid a soft, tentative hand on his arm. "I know that and I'm sorry. It was just so...so strange and frightening to feel your mouth on me there. Pleasurable but scary too."

"It's not your fault," he said roughly, shaking off her hand. "None of this is. But I can't trust myself with you anymore, Elandra. You must leave this place. Look." He gestured at the floor-to-ceiling-length window that dominated the far wall of his bedroom. "Step out the window and the updrafts from the Lake of Fire will loft you Heavenward. You'll be back in your little garden tending your cloud blooms before you know it. And you'll never have to see me again, I swear."

"But what...what if I *want* to see you again?" she whispered. "What if I don't want to forget you or what you did to me? What we did together?"

"Then you're a fool." He laughed unhappily and raked a hand through his hair. "I am one of the damned, Elandra. Someone as pure and good as you should want nothing to do with a creature as twisted and evil as I."

"But I *do*," she persisted. "And I don't believe you're as evil as you think. Please, Raziel, I know we haven't known each other for long but I feel your mark on my heart. And...I bear you no ill will for what...for what almost happened." She looked up at him, her luminous silver eyes pleading. "Please don't send me away with no hope of ever seeing you again."

Raziel looked at her wonderingly. It tore at his black demon's heart that she had the strength to forgive him. Her kindness moved him in ways he had never been moved in all his long years in Hell.

"Oh, my angel," he whispered, cupping her tear-wet cheek. "You're so beautiful and good. I should send you away and never see you again so that my evil doesn't corrupt you. Still, if you ever have need of me..." Reaching beneath the black cloak he still wore, he found what he needed. "Here," he said reluctantly, holding it out to her.

"It's beautiful." She took the pure black feather as long as her forearm gently between her fingertips, turning it back and forth to examine its glossy surface. "What is it for?" She looked up at him, her eyes questioning.

"To call me. If you ever have need of me, pluck some of the down away from the central shaft of the feather, toss it into the wind and whisper my name three times. Wherever I am I will hear and come to you. Of course a half-demon such as myself can never enter Heaven," he cautioned. "So you must be somewhere I can come to you if you need me."

"Purgatory," Elandra said. "You know the place between Heaven and Hell where the clouds are always pearly gray and no sun or moonlight can penetrate?"

Raziel nodded. "Yes, I know it. I can go there. Very well, if you have need of me go to Purgatory and use the feather to call me. But, Elandra..." He took both her small hands in his and looked earnestly into her eyes. "I am warning you that it would be much better for you never to see me again. Next time my demonic nature might get the better of me and I might not be able to stop myself."

She trembled but met his eyes without looking away. "I'm not afraid of you, Raziel, not really. There is goodness in you—it's just so buried you can't see it yourself so you think it isn't there. But I don't believe you'd really hurt me."

"I'd like to believe that too," he said bitterly. "But I can't." He sighed. "My angel, it's time for you to go now. Go and never come back." He helped her to the window and threw it wide. The hot winds of Hell swirled around them as he leaned forward to

kiss her tenderly on the lips one last time. "Goodbye, Elandra. If you're wise you'll forget me."

"Never." She kissed him back with surprising force, her silver eyes searching his face. "Thank you for letting me go, Raziel. I can't thank you enough. And I can never forget you."

Then she spread her glorious white wings and soared from the window, stroking upward to Heaven where he knew he could never follow.

"Goodbye, my angel," he whispered as his black demon's heart overflowed with sorrow. No matter what she said he was quite certain he would never see her again and that was as it ought to be.

But knowing he shouldn't see her didn't stop the stabbing pain he felt as he watched her disappear into the heavens, taking the only beauty and light he'd felt for a millennium with her, never to return.

Chapter Four

Elandra was greeted with suspicion and disbelief when she tapped on the Pearly Gates. The angel guarding them that day was one of those who had cast her over Abyss Leap and his eyes widened in surprise to see her standing there with her robes in tatters and tear-stained cheeks. He refused to let her in without bringing her before Gabriel himself—an interview Elandra would have much preferred to avoid. Still, there was no help for it, and before she knew it the tall angel had dragged her to the sacred golden palace the archangel called his own.

“What are you doing back here?” Gabriel demanded when Elandra stood trembling before his silver throne, which was flanked with pale purple and blue cloud banks. “You were given as the millennial sacrifice to Hell. How have you returned?”

“He—the demon I was given to—let me go,” Elandra said simply. “I have fulfilled the sacrifice and he allowed me to leave.”

Gabriel shook his golden head, looking at her doubtfully. “A sacrifice has never come back before.”

“I can’t help that. Please, I just want to rest, your holiness.” Elandra was bone weary and desperate to change her robes. She was conscious, as she never had been before, of her own nakedness. And though Gabriel didn’t look at her as Raziel had, she still felt his eyes on her as never before.

“I don’t know if you’re still fit to be here,” the archangel said, frowning. “Are you certain you haven’t been defiled, Elandra?”

A heated blush suffused her cheeks but she kept her head high and met the other angel’s eyes. “He—the demon—took pleasure with me and he caused me fear and pain. But no, he did not defile me,” she said, trying to keep her voice steady. “He said the sacrifice was lawful and sent me away.”

"He said so, did he?" Gabriel mused, still frowning as he studied her.

"He did," Elandra said softly. "Please, your holiness, I bear you no ill will for giving me to Hell. I know...I know why I was to be the sacrifice. But now that it's over I just want to get back to my normal life."

Gabriel looked at her appraisingly. "Very well, it is most unusual—completely unheard of in fact. But I think you have suffered enough. And as you swear you are not defiled I will allow you to return to your place here in Celestial City. But you must never return to Hell or again see this demon who let you go free, Elandra."

"Why...why would I wish to do that?" she asked falteringly, thinking of the soft black feather she had buried in a cloud bank before coming to face Gabriel.

He raised one golden eyebrow. "Because the taste of sin is sweet and addictive, and those who escape it are often tempted to return. Do not forget that the highest-ranking demons in Hell were all angels once. They gave up their wings in return for freedom from the One God, freedom to revel in sin and corruption and eternal damnation."

"I know that," Elandra said softly. "And I do not wish to lose my wings. Or my place here in Heaven."

"Of course you don't. Still..." He looked at her body, his eyes raking her lush form with obvious disapproval. "You know why you were made to be the sacrifice in the first place, Elandra. You are different from the other angels here—some might even say you are more susceptible to the siren song of the underworld. It would disappoint me greatly to find that you had developed a taste for anything...unholy during your short stint in Hell."

"But I haven't," Elandra protested, hoping her statement wasn't a lie. "I just want my old life back—truly."

Gabriel sighed. "Very well, you shall have it. But be careful, Elandra. Remember that the pleasures of the flesh are forbidden to those of us who wish to live in paradise."

"I know. I will remember," Elandra promised. "Please, my lord Gabriel, may I go now?"

“Yes, go.” He waved a hand, dismissing her at last, and Elandra was free to run back to her cloud garden and reclaim her life.

But somehow she feared she might find that very hard to do.

* * * * *

And so it was.

Though she tried to distract herself with the pale blue and pink blossoms of her cloud garden and singing in the Heavenly Choir, thoughts of Raziel and the brief time she had spent with him in Hell continued to intrude on her thoughts. Every evening, when the dying light of the setting sun turned the golden streets of Heaven shades of red and orange, Elandra retired to her puffy bed of clouds and remembered. Often she drew the long, glossy black feather from its hiding place in the clouds of her bed and examined it, wondering what sort of creature it belonged to. Demons didn’t have wings and there were no birds in Hell so where had Raziel gotten the feather? And what would happen if she used it to call him, as he had all but begged her not to do?

Elandra knew she shouldn’t even consider such a thing. Gabriel had warned her that she must never see Raziel again and Raziel himself had told her to forget him. But try as she might, it was impossible not to remember the sorrowful, doomed look on his dark, demonically handsome face when he had released her. Equally impossible was forgetting the way his hands and mouth had felt on her body. Though she knew it was wrong, Elandra often lifted her gauzy heavenly robes and ran her hands over her curves, trying to recapture the forbidden pleasure she had felt when the half-demon had touched her. But it was never the same. And though she tried not to, Elandra couldn’t help craving her former captor’s touch and wishing she could see him just one more time.

Naturally her best friend Alara was curious about what had happened to her. Every time they were together she plied Elandra with all kinds of questions, questions Elandra was very uncomfortable answering. For how could she tell another angel, even her best

friend, of the fear and pain and taboo delights she had experienced at Raziel's rough but gentle hands? And how could she forget him when Alara was constantly bringing her experience up again and again?

"Did he put his cock in you?" Alara asked one day several months after Elandra had returned to Heaven, ragged but undefiled.

"No." Elandra felt a hot blush rise to her cheeks at the blunt question. "He...he almost did but then he didn't because I started to cry." She wished her best friend would talk about anything else. But once started on the subject of Elandra's time in Hell and what had been done to her there, Alara couldn't seem to stop.

"What do you mean he *almost* did? Did you get to see it? Did you get to watch it going into you?" Alara demanded, her porcelain skin flushed with excitement.

"I told you he didn't put it in me – not all of it, anyway. It was...it was only the tip," Elandra said, still blushing fiercely. "And no, I didn't get to see it."

"So you don't know if it was really forked or not?" Alara was obviously disappointed.

"No." Elandra looked down at the pale purple blossoms she had recently convinced to grow in her cloud garden. "I...I never saw it. I only felt it."

"And what did it feel like going into you?" Alara asked eagerly. "Did it hurt?"

"He...he didn't put enough of it in me for that," Elandra answered, still looking at her new blooms. "It was...I don't know. Hot and hard and it seemed to stretch me open somehow. You know...down there." She gestured to the spot between her legs, wishing that her pussy was as small and featureless as Alara's. Unfortunately, remembering the feel of Raziel's cock sliding into her, even though it hadn't gone very far in, was making her hot and wet between her legs for some reason. She pressed her thighs together hard, hoping her friend wouldn't notice how puffy her cunt lips were becoming. If only the heavenly robes they all wore were a bit thicker and not so see through!

"What else did he do to you?" Alara wanted to know. "How else did he touch you?"

Elandra sighed. "Please, Alara, I've told you all this a thousand times already. Why do you want to know again?"

"I don't know – maybe because nothing so exciting has ever happened to me or any other angel I ever knew." Alara shrugged but her silver eyes were still bright with curiosity. "Tell me again, from the beginning. Please, Elandra?"

"Well..." Elandra bit her lower lip, wishing Alara would get tired of the story but unable to disappoint her best friend. "He was frightening at first. He ripped my robes open and pinched my nipples."

"Ooo!" Alara shivered with delight. "And did it hurt?"

"It did," Elandra said thoughtfully. "But...in a pleasurable way, if that makes any sense. I was scared of him but what he was doing felt...it felt good. And that was the most frightening thing of all. The fear that I might...that I might like what he was going to do to me."

"I don't see how you could." Alara looked perplexed. "How could someone pinching you feel good?"

Elandra looked away. "You wouldn't understand. You...you're different from me. You and all the other angels. My body responds in ways that it shouldn't. I think that's why I was chosen as the sacrifice in the first place."

"You're probably right." Alara nodded. "But it's still interesting to hear about. What else did he do?"

"He...he touched me. Between my legs," Elandra admitted.

"And did that feel good too?"

Reluctantly, Elandra nodded. "I can't explain it but yes...yes it did."

Alara shook her head. "So strange. And he put his mouth on you there, too?"

"He did." Elandra felt that her cheeks must be the color of the setting sun. "It's getting late, Alara, and I'm tired. Do you mind if we call it a day?"

"Not yet." Alara jumped up, little wisps of cloud puffing up around her slim feet at the sudden motion. "Come on, there's something I want to show you."

"Does it have to be now? I'm really very tired." Elandra yawned, hoping that her friend would leave her alone. Recounting what Raziel had done to her made her want to spend some time by herself, touching her body to see if she could recreate the pleasure she had felt during her time with him in Hell. She knew it wouldn't be quite the same but it was better than nothing and since she was forbidden to ever see him again, it was the best she would ever get.

But as usual Alara was not to be denied. "This won't take long," she promised. "And yes, it has to be now. This is the time it happens, mostly."

"What happens?" Elandra asked, getting up reluctantly to follow her friend.

"You'll see." Alara was practically bouncing with excitement as she led the way to the place near the far end of Heaven where the clouds were thin and transparent. It was the spot where she and Elandra always went when they were bored and wanted to watch the humans on Earth interact with each other.

"Here," Alara proclaimed, plopping down on her stomach and pressing her face to a thin place in the cloud cover. "Now look where I'm pointing and you'll see what I mean."

Sighing, Elandra did as her best friend demanded. Like all angels she was gifted with senses far beyond those of a mortal and she easily trained her sight on the tiny speck her friend was pointing to. As she looked her vision adjusted, narrowing her sight to the area that resolved itself into a human house with two people, a man and a woman, inside it.

At first there didn't seem to be anything out of the ordinary going on. The man and woman were sitting side by side on some kind of cushioned seat, much like the couch Raziel had put her on, Elandra realized. Then, as she watched, they began to kiss and touch each other in a much more than friendly way. Elandra watched in horror and excitement as the man stripped away the woman's blouse, baring her breasts, and

began sucking her nipples. Her own nipples under the thin, gauzy robes she wore began to feel tight and achy, and the slit of her pussy got wet again. Of all the things she and her best friend had watched the humans do, this was the one thing they had always avoided and there was a reason why they had.

"Alara," she murmured, unable to tear her eyes away from the human couple and what they were doing. "You know we're not supposed to be watching this. It's forbidden."

"I know." Alara giggled, keeping her silver eyes trained on the action far below. "But I thought if you could actually *experience* something like what they're doing and Gabriel still let you back into Heaven, there's no way he'd kick us out for just *watching*. Besides, the man reminded me of your demon lover. Didn't you say he had dark hair?"

"Raziel wasn't really my lover. But he did have black hair. And red eyes—that man has blue eyes," Elandra pointed out distractedly. She still couldn't tear her eyes away from what was happening below. The man had pulled down his breeches now, baring what appeared to be a perfectly enormous cock, at least by angel standards. Was that what Raziel had between his legs? Or was it different? She watched in fascination and frustration, wishing she'd been able to catch a glimpse of her captor's male organ before he'd let her go. Of course at the time she was trying so hard to keep him from using it on her, looking at it had been the last thing on her mind. But now Alara's curiosity seemed to have infected her and she couldn't help wondering what it looked like. Was it straight and thick like the human's she was watching or was it twisted in some way or forked as it was rumored demon cocks were?

And most of all, what would it feel like all the way inside her?

Elandra pushed the thought away but not before she felt an extra rush of wetness between her legs. Gods, the last time her pussy had been this slippery and hot was when Raziel was touching and tasting her! Why couldn't she put that out of her mind and move on?

"We ought to stop watching this now," she told her friend, wondering if Alara was feeling as affected as she was by the sight of the naked man.

"Just wait a minute—it gets better." Alara nodded at the human couple. "I was hoping that she would—oh look, there she goes!" she added excitedly.

Elandra focused on the scene playing out below them once more and saw that the human woman was on her knees before the man, taking his long, hard length into her mouth.

"Oh my!" she whispered as the woman leaned forward, capturing more and more of the man's throbbing cock between her lips. Here was another thing she'd never imagined before. No wonder it was so difficult for humans to get into Heaven if they practiced such sinful displays on a regular basis!

"They do that a lot," Alara explained, her own eyes still glued to the human couple. "Tell me." She looked at Elandra curiously. "He—your demon lover—never asked you to do that for him?"

"No, never." Elandra felt like her cheeks were on fire at the idea. "He, um, seemed more interested in doing the opposite. In putting his mouth on me rather than having me put my mouth on him."

"I wonder why," Alara mused, still watching. "The human man certainly seems to be enjoying it."

"He...Raziel didn't want to defile me," Elandra explained haltingly. "He said that if a single drop of his cum got into me I wouldn't be able to return to Heaven."

Alara made a disbelieving face. "I don't think that's true. Not even Gabriel could detect demon cum *inside* you. As long as you kept it to yourself and didn't show anyone..."

"Alara, think what you're saying!" Elandra exclaimed. "You know how wrong it is to even think of such a thing, let alone do it."

"Well, at the very least you should have gotten a look at his cock," Alara said stubbornly. "Just looking couldn't do any harm and you know we've often wondered what a demon looks like down there."

"*You've* often wondered, you mean." Elandra started to sit up but the human couple was doing something new now and she couldn't drag her eyes away. "What are they doing now?"

"I think he's fucking her. That's what they call it when he puts his cock inside her." Alara giggled. "It looks painful, doesn't it? Look at the faces the human woman is making—she certainly can't be enjoying it."

Elandra watched as the human man bent the woman over the side of the couch and pressed his long, thick cock deep into her wet pussy. But she didn't draw the same conclusions as her friend—quite the opposite in fact. The woman's eyes were closed and her mouth was slightly open, moaning in what Elandra was fairly sure was pleasure as the man moved within her. She couldn't seem to stop watching as the slick shaft moved rhythmically in and out of the woman's body. So that was what fucking was—this motion the two humans were making. And here she'd believe that the very act of the male putting his cock into the female's pussy was it. But it appeared that there was much more to the act than simple penetration.

"Why...why is he doing that...that in-and-out motion?" she asked Alara, who seemed to know all about it.

Her friend shrugged, her pure white wings rustling over her head. "I don't know. Maybe he has to do that to make the cum spurt out of his cock. It doesn't happen all at once, you know. They do this for quite a long time before he finishes inside her."

"Oh," said Elandra faintly. She couldn't think of anything else to say. They both watched the humans fucking in silence until the man gripped the woman's hips and thrust hard, getting as deeply inside her pussy as he could. Then both of them went rigid for a long moment before the man eased out of her, his cock not nearly as hard or long as it had been before.

"Look." Alara pointed to the woman's spread legs. "See that white stuff? That's his cum inside her leaking out of her." She turned to Elandra. "Did you know they say that demons have black cum? Maybe your demon lover was afraid that it would show if he fucked you the way the man did his woman. I suppose it might if you weren't careful."

"Alara!" Elandra sat up abruptly, refusing to watch anymore. "Don't speak of such things," she said in a low voice. "It isn't right."

Alara sat up too. "I'm just pointing out that he couldn't have defiled you just by putting his cock in your mouth or your...down there." She pointed primly to her own tiny, lifeless slit. "He would have had to thrust in you over and over in order to fill you with his cum. So you didn't have to cry and get upset when he just put the tip of his cock in you." She sighed and looked thoughtful. "If it was me I would have waited and let him put it all in before I made a fuss. Just to see what it felt like."

"You don't understand." Elandra shook her head. "He was afraid he wouldn't be able to stop. His demonic nature was urging him to keep going, to defile me completely. To...to fuck me until he came in me." The sinful words stuck in her throat but there didn't seem to be any other way to explain so her friend would understand.

But Alara seemed to miss the point entirely. "Maybe because he was in Hell, his urges were stronger," she pointed out. "I'm sure if he was somewhere else he would have been able to control himself better and maybe just put it in you without...without defiling you completely. Don't you think?"

"I...don't know." Elandra was at a loss. How could she stop thinking of Raziel and the things he had done to her with her best friend putting all these new, dangerous ideas in her head? "I'm tired, Alara," she said, standing up and shaking out her wings. "I need to get back to my garden and take some rest for the night. Tomorrow is the day of the big concert."

"Oh, I know." Alara grinned at her. "Have you decided if you'll sing in it or not?"

"I don't know yet." Elandra sighed. Ever since returning from Hell, her singing had suffered. She found it hard to keep her mind on the complicated melodies and

harmonies of the choir so she had been sitting out some of the practices when she felt ill at ease.

"Well, if you're not there I'll tell the director you're still feeling tired," Alara said sympathetically. "Everyone knows what trauma you've been through. I'm certain he'll forgive you."

"Thank you, Alara." Impulsively, Elandra reached out to give her friend a hug. But when she pulled the other angel close, Alara drew away from her with a curious and somewhat frightened look on her perfect face.

"What...what are you doing?"

Elandra suddenly felt awkward. "Just...showing my appreciation to you for being a good friend, I guess." It had felt so natural to hug Raziel that she hadn't hesitated to comfort him when they had been together. Alara had been her best friend for hundreds of years and it had seemed right to hug her too, but here she was looking at Elandra as if she'd suddenly lost her senses. "I'm sorry," Elandra said, feeling a blush creep into her cheeks again. "It just...seemed like the right thing to do."

"Why not just sing it to me?" Alara asked, frowning. "That's what you always used to do."

"I know." Elandra felt miserable now. Her wings drooped and she looked down at the fleecy clouds beneath her feet. "I'm sorry," she added again. She didn't dare say that she'd hugged her friend because she missed being hugged, being touched. That she ached for the simple feeling of having another being's arms around her. How could she say such a thing without sounding like she longed for forbidden things she ought not to want?

Alara smiled suddenly. "You're so different, Elandra. That's why I like you, my friend," she sang in a pure, high soprano that made Elandra smile.

"I like you too. You'll always be my friend," she sang back, though inside she was still hurting. It wasn't like she wanted to touch Alara the way Raziel had touched her, Elandra. But she missed having *some* physical contact. Well, she would just have to get

over it because Heaven was a very touch-me-not place and it certainly wasn't going to change just because she wished it would.

They flew home, Elandra still musing on the failed hug and the forbidden things she'd seen on Earth. When her friend said goodbye, she could hardly wait to slide into her concealing nest of clouds and pull up her confining robes.

"Oh, Raziel," she whispered to herself, pulling the long black feather from its resting place beneath her head. Hardly knowing what she was doing, she stroked the soft, glossy feather over her bare nipples, shivering at the downy touch on her aching flesh. She wished she had his hands on her here and now, tracing a line down her trembling abdomen and sliding between her swollen pussy lips the way the tip of the black feather was, seemingly of its own accord. His hands, his lips, even his cock, she would have welcomed his advances any way he cared to touch her, if only she could feel him against her again.

I mustn't think like this! she told herself as the forbidden pleasure sparked across her skin. *Mustn't wish for such things.* But in her head she kept seeing the scene between the human man and woman replaying over and over again. Only in her mind's eye it was herself and Raziel instead of the humans. It was her, kneeling before him to suck his thick cock deep into her mouth. And it was Raziel bending her over to slide his long, hard shaft into her pussy. What would it feel like to have him inside her? Just once she wished she could know. And as Alara had pointed out, having it in her wasn't the same as fucking. Was it? Not unless he moved, it wasn't, she was quite sure about that.

Her mind went on and on, racing ahead to her other problem—her desire to see her half-demon lover again. Though it was true that Gabriel had forbidden her to see Raziel, maybe he had only meant that she couldn't see him in Heaven. Whereas if she went down to Purgatory where she and her former captor had agreed to meet, it could hardly be a problem. In fact, tomorrow would be the perfect time to do such a thing since everyone else in Heaven would be attending the Heavenly Choir concert. She could simply slip down and call for Raziel and no one would see them in the concealing

pearly gray clouds where no light ever penetrated and the privacy was complete. Raziel could touch her there, hold her, do whatever he wished to her...

"Stop it, Elandra," she scolded herself in a low voice. "You mustn't make such plans. You know it isn't right." Yes, but right or not it was what she wanted. And the more she thought about it, the more appealing the plan seemed. *If only I could see him, just one more time. If only I could feel his arms around me once more...*

By the time she slipped into the light trance that serves angels for sleep, Elandra's mind was made up. She would go to Purgatory and call for Raziel tomorrow during the concert. Nothing wrong or forbidden had to happen between them—she would be happy just to see his face and feel his arms wrapped around her.

At least that was what she told herself. Then her silver eyes drifted shut and she dreamed of her lover and the feel of his hands on her body once more.

"Raziel," she whispered and stroked the black feather in her sleep.

Chapter Five

Missing her was a terrible torment. Raziel thought of her constantly, his angel. With her long, flowing golden hair, her soft white feathers, her silver eyes and her lush, ripe body, she dominated his thoughts completely. It made his cock ache with unrequited lust but he didn't want to take a demoness to his bed to relieve his desire. Just the thought of it seemed wrong. His feelings for Elandra were the most pure and perfect he had ever felt. He didn't want to sully them by sinking his forked cock into the pussy of some other female he didn't even care for.

So he bided his time and endured his unrelieved lust, which at times approached agony, hoping she would call him, though he knew for her sake he should hope the exact opposite. But just to see her again, just to feel her beautiful form pressed against him and smell the faint, elusive scent of Heaven that clung to her hair and skin would be enough. He wouldn't have to actually fuck her – it would be just as satisfying to hold her against him and feel her lips yield under his.

Or so Raziel told himself.

In fact, he told himself so often that he even began to believe it. So when, months after he had last seen her, he felt the shivering tingle along his shoulder blades and heard his name called softly in the darkness, he left Hell without a second thought and made his way to Purgatory.

Things would be different this time, he promised himself. He would control his demon nature better. He would be able to touch her without wanting more than she was willing or able to give. He would not be driven mad by lust but would keep his desire for her firmly under wraps no matter how beautiful she was or how much he wanted her.

He believed all of it until he saw her again, standing in the concealing clouds of Purgatory, waiting for him.

She had her back to him, showing her furled white wings and long golden hair. The shapely curve of her ass was visible through the heavenly translucent robes she wore. Raziel felt his black demon's heart clench in his chest when she turned to face him.

"Raziel! I didn't hear you come." Her beautiful face was perfect and glowing with happiness to see him as he walked toward her.

"I can be quiet when the circumstances demand it." He smiled at her, adjusting the black cloak he wore to conceal his back. "Did you call for me because you missed me?"

"Yes." She came to him hesitantly but he could see the longing in her eyes, warring with fear and uncertainty. "I missed you terribly! I know I should not have called you but I couldn't stand it anymore."

"I missed you too, my angel." Stooping, he enfolded her in his arms, bringing her slender, curved body close to his own. She melted against him at once, offering no resistance even when he pressed his bare chest to the tight little nubbins of her nipples and parted her legs to rub the hard bulge of his cock between her swollen pussy lips.

Unable to help himself, Raziel took her mouth in a long, hot kiss, relearning the sweet taste of her lips as his tongue explored her mouth. Elandra opened herself to the kiss completely, pressing her lithe form against him as he tasted her. Finally Raziel feared that their passion was growing too great to contain and he reluctantly released her mouth though he kept her soft body pressed close against his hard, muscular form.

"Raziel," she breathed as he lifted one of her legs and wrapped it around his waist, the better to feel the heat of her open pussy through his black breeches and the gauzy white robes she wore. "I missed this so much. The feel of your body against mine, your lips on mine... I know it is wrong but I couldn't seem to help it."

"No more than I could help hoping you would call to me, my angel," he murmured, still holding her close. "Have you thought of me often, then? Of the way we touched each other when we were first together?"

"I did." She hung her head shyly, obviously embarrassed to admit it. "I tried to forget because I have been forbidden to see you again. But...but I couldn't help myself. You see, I've been thinking a lot about what happened between us the last time and..." She bit her bottom lip as though trying to think how to continue. "And, well, I've been wondering if perhaps I wasn't a bit too...too hasty in the way I reacted to you—to what you did to me, I mean."

"What do you mean exactly?" Raziel lowered them both to the firm but cushiony clouds, making sure to keep her leg wrapped around his hip for maximum contact.

"Well, I was so upset about you...about you touching me down there." Blushing, Elandra nodded down to where the hard bulge of his cock was currently spreading her plump cunt lips through her thin robes. "It seemed so wrong and frightening at the same time. But now that I've had time to think about it, well..."

"It feels good, doesn't it?" Raziel murmured in her ear. Watching her wide silver eyes to be sure he wasn't moving too fast for her, he pulled away slightly and lifted the light robes she wore so that her sweet pussy was bare for him. Then he cupped her hot little cunt mound in his hand. "You missed this, didn't you, my angel?" he breathed, still looking her in the eyes.

"Yes, I did," Elandra admitted breathlessly. She cried out softly when he parted her pussy lips with his fingers and began a long, slow massage of her swollen clit. Gods, but she was wet inside, so wet and hot and ready for him! But Raziel forced himself to take things slowly and remember that his cock had to stay inside his breeches. He cared for the beautiful angel in his arms—cared too much to jeopardize her chances of going back to her heavenly home when this little tryst was over. She must remain undefiled and as long as she was opening for him so willingly, not exciting his demonic urge to plunder and rape, it should be no problem to keep her pure.

"Do you want me to make you come again? Is that why you called me to you?" he asked, trying to read her face as he continued to stroke her slippery inner folds. If that was her reason he didn't mind, knowing that angels were forbidden to bring

themselves pleasure. But he couldn't help wishing that Elandra had another reason in mind—a deeper connection to him than the purely physical attraction that pulled at them both.

"The way you touch me is very pleasurable," she admitted, moaning again as his fingertips brushed the sensitive bud of her clit. "But it wasn't the only reason I called you. I-I missed you, Raziel. I couldn't stop thinking of you. And...well, I was curious."

"Curious about what, my angel?" He smiled at her, loving the way she blushed and stammered when she was uncertain. Was there anything more tempting than innocence? More enticing than purity? He thought not.

"I, well...I have been watching the humans," she confessed in a rush. "Watching the things that we angels are not supposed to see. The things they do together that are—"

"Sexual?" Raziel finished for her. "Indeed, they do many things that may well make you wonder. Some tricks they learned from us demons and some I believe they made up on their own." He grinned. "Humans are quite inventive that way."

"So I gathered." Elandra was still blushing but she lifted her chin to meet his eyes more directly. "I was watching them the other night and I saw...I saw a naked male human for the first time. And his...I saw his shaft. And I wondered..." She paused, licking her lips nervously as though wondering how to put it.

"Go on, Elandra," Raziel urged her. "Whatever you're wondering, I would be happy to satisfy your curiosity."

"I saw his shaft," she repeated and then looked down, biting her lip. "And I wondered, well, I never actually got to *see* yours. I mean, I got to feel it against me when you...when you almost put it in me. But I never actually...I mean..." She looked up at him again, her cheeks flaming. "Does it...are you the same as a human male down there? I know you're much larger and harder than a male angel. But there are rumors. Rumors that demons have...different equipment."

"You mean rumors that we're deformed?" Raziel's deep voice came out more harshly than he'd intended but he couldn't help himself. What she was asking was a sensitive subject to him. With his mixed heritage he had more than his share of things he had to hide.

"No, not deformed." Elandra shook her head hastily. "Just...different. Forked." She sighed and ran one hand through her long golden hair. "They say that demons have forked cocks, that they branch into two parts the better...the better to pierce their partners everywhere," she finished in a whisper.

Raziel searched her lovely face but there was no disgust in her lovely silver eyes, only curiosity and desire. "Very well." He sighed. "The rumors are correct. We are different from both humans and angels. Does that satisfy your curiosity, my angel?"

"Not...exactly." She raised her eyes to his, nibbling her lush lower lip nervously. "I was... was rather hoping you would show me. Could you, Raziel? Could you let me see you just once? You have seen all of me, you know," she pointed out. "So I think it is only fair and right you should let me see you as well."

He studied her face for a long moment before replying. "All right, if you really want to see I supposed I could show you just once."

"Oh, I do! Please." The look in her eyes was so eager he almost laughed as he drew away from her, putting a safe space between their bodies before he reached for the fastening to his breeches.

"All right then," he murmured. "But I would be more comfortable allowing you to see me if you pulled your robe down and covered yourself with your wings. It isn't safe to have my cock hard and ready for you when you're as open as you are now."

He waited, his hand on the fastening of his breeches, but she made no move to obey his order. Instead, though her cheeks were still red with embarrassment, she remained as she was, her light robes lifted above her waist and her long, slender legs bare. "Well?" he asked at last.

Elandra shook her head. "I don't wish to cover myself before you, Raziel," she said in a low, firm voice that only trembled a little. "I-I want to show that I trust you not to hurt me. In fact, to show you I truly mean what I say..." Slowly, keeping her eyes on his, she raised the gauzy robe she wore up to her neck, baring her full breasts with their tight pink nipples as well. And, as if that wasn't enough, she also spread her thighs wide to show the sweet pink interior of her wet cunt.

Raziel groaned at the tempting sight. "Elandra, this isn't a good idea," he warned her, still drinking in the sight of her lovely naked body. His cock was throbbing against his breeches, snarling for release, and he was keeping his lust reined in on a chokehold with effort.

But Elandra was obviously determined. She lifted her chin, refusing to heed his warning. "I told you, I'm not afraid of you, Raziel. I believe you can control yourself enough not to defile me."

He sighed roughly and ran a hand through his hair. "Well, since you're opening yourself to me freely and not trying to run or fight, you're *probably* correct. But I warn you, Elandra, if what I show you frightens you and you try to get away, baring yourself in this way will make me much more likely to lose control and take you."

"I'm not afraid," she repeated. "Even if you did lose control I wouldn't fear you, Raziel. And...and I wouldn't fight you for I know how that stimulates your...your other nature."

"Indeed?" he said more harshly than he intended. "So you no longer fear being fucked?"

"I no longer fear being penetrated," she corrected him gently. "For now I understand the difference between...between fucking and simply having you inside me. I know that you wouldn't...wouldn't come in me without thrusting back and forth inside me for some time first. I have seen the humans and watched what they do."

He laughed bitterly. "But I told you, my angel, I am *not* like a human male. After you see what I have between my legs you may be a great deal more frightened of being penetrated than you would like to believe."

She paled slightly but still refused to cover herself. "As I said, I don't fear you, Raziel. No matter what you have between your legs, I do not believe you would hurt me with it. And if-if you suddenly lose control and-and come to me..." She swallowed hard, her silver eyes filled with fear and determination. "If that should happen—"

"If that should happen the best thing you can do is relax and submit to me," Raziel told her roughly. "If you don't struggle or fight, if you simply open yourself and let me fill you pussy with my cock, you have a much better chance of staying undefiled. Elandra, I fear you place much more trust in me than is right. Are you certain you want to do this?"

"I am." She raised her chin again, her face pale but defiant. "I want to see you, Raziel. To see you as you have seen me. And if you should lose control and mount me I will not...will not try to stop you." She swallowed hard. "In fact, I will spread my legs and open myself to you and lie perfectly still, even if you fill me to the hilt with your shaft. I will not struggle no matter how thick you are or how deeply you plunge into me. You see—I truly am not afraid of you, no matter what."

Raziel groaned but he could see she meant what she said. He wished it was not so but he cared for her too much—he was powerless to deny her anything she wanted—even if what she wanted probably wasn't good for her. Since she was opening to him of her own volition and not fighting or trying to get away he *thought* he could control his urge to mount and defile her. He thought but wasn't sure and there was only one way to find out if he was right.

But sure or not, Elandra was waiting for him to show her his cock. He had no choice but to raise himself to his knees and unfasten the tight black leather breeches, which were all that kept his rampant hardness and lust unchecked.

With one smooth motion, he pulled them down to mid-thigh and let her look.

Elandra caught her breath at what she saw. For the most part, Raziel was shaped very like a human male. That is, he had a long, thick, throbbing shaft capped with a broad, plum-shaped head that was several shades darker than his natural dusky skin color. But near the base of his shaft, on the top side that pressed against his belly when he was hard, she saw another, shorter shaft. It was no less thick than the lower ridge of aroused flesh and capped with the same plum-shaped head but its length was only half of the lower cock on which it rode.

So this was what they meant by “forked”.

“Yes, this is what they mean when they say demons have forked cocks,” Raziel said, and to her embarrassment, Elandra realized she had spoken aloud.

“I see,” she said, clearing her throat self-consciously. “It is not unshapely, Raziel. In fact it’s quite...beautiful in a way. But what-what is the purpose of the other, shorter shaft that sits above the longer one?”

Raziel smiled grimly. “It has several purposes, my angel. The shorter shaft, or top fork as we demons call it, secretes a warming liquid that is very pleasurable to any female it touches. When the longer shaft of my cock is completely buried in a female’s cunt, the head of the shorter shaft rubs her clit, coating her inner folds with my fluids and making her orgasm much more intense.”

“I see.” Elandra stared at the organ between his legs, trying not to imagine how it would feel to have the longer shaft buried inside her to the hilt while the shorter one spread her pussy lips and stroked over her swollen clit.

“No, you don’t see. Not yet.” Raziel shook his head. “You see, there is another purpose for the shorter shaft. When I take a woman from behind, claiming her completely in true demon fashion, the longer shaft of my cock will fill her pussy. And the shorter shaft will fill her ass.”

“You-you would put something in me...I mean in her *there*?” Elandra’s voice came out as a squeak and she felt the tiniest hint of fear flutter around her heart.

He shook his head. "Only if I was pushed to the edge and my demonic nature forced me to claim her completely. When that happens I am compelled to have both the long and short shafts of my cock buried completely inside her as I fill her with my cum. Of course...that never has to happen as long as she submits to me and doesn't push me to the edge of desperation by struggling or fighting my advances."

"Of course," Elandra murmured through numb lips. "I-I see," she said again.

"Do you? And have you seen enough to satisfy your curiosity now?" he demanded, beginning to reach for the black breeches that were pushed down around his thighs.

"Wait." Elandra put out a hand to stop him. "Wait, please, Raziel. I...if I'm very careful do you think I could have a closer look? Could I perhaps...touch you there as you touched me?"

He gave a tortured groan. "You have no idea how hard it is to hold myself in check with your beautiful naked body on display, Elandra. I-I can try to hold back but I'm afraid I can't promise anything if you won't cover yourself before you touch me."

Another shiver of fear ran through her but with it came a rush of stubborn pride. Before she had cried like a hurt little girl when he'd started to mount her but she wasn't as ignorant as she had been then. She would redeem herself, would prove that she was not afraid of him—not even when he warned her he might not be able to hold back from taking her.

Aware that she was taking a big chance but refusing to back down, Elandra fixed her robes high above her neck with a twist of the gauzy white fabric, leaving her body completely bare. Then, slowly and carefully, she came toward him, crawling over the pearly gray clouds as sinuously as a cat.

Raziel groaned again as she stopped only inches in front of him and she could see the tension trembling in his big, muscular body as he forced himself to hold still. But she refused to feel fear as she reached out and cupped his long, hard lower shaft in the palm of her hand.

"Gods, your hands are soft and tempting," he rasped as she began to stroke him in the way she'd seen the human woman stroke her man before taking him into her mouth.

"Your skin is soft here too," she replied, surprised by the discovery. Indeed, stroking the half-demon's cock was like caressing a heated core of solid steel overlaid with the finest velvet. So intent was she on her new interest that she scarcely paid any attention to the dangerous tension coursing through his taut body in waves.

"Elandra..." he groaned warningly. "Please, I beg you—cover yourself with your wings if you're going to touch me like that. I can't stand much more!"

But she was too interested and distracted to heed his warning, especially since she had thought of a new question. "Is it true that demons have black cum?" she asked, looking up at him as she continued to stroke his shaft. "I know humans have white cum—I have seen it. But I heard that demons—"

"Yes, we have black cum," he nearly snarled. "As black as our hearts and our evil desires. If you look you can see the color of my precum on the head of my lower shaft."

Elandra looked with great interest as her small, white hand milked a shining black pearl of precum from him. It sat at the slit at the end of his lower shaft's broad plum-shaped head, tempting her to act. "So it is," she murmured and without thinking, she lowered her head and lapped at the salty black droplet with her tongue, tasting demon cum for the first time in her life.

She knew she'd made a mistake almost before the warm drop of precum spread over her tongue and traveled to the back of her throat. Raziel's muscular form became perfectly rigid above her and a low growl was building from the bottom of his deep chest. It was a desperate, hungry, animal sound and Elandra knew two things at once. First that it was she who had set the animal loose inside him. And second, that all his hunger was for her.

"On your back and spread your legs, *now*." Raziel's deep voice was soft but the warning in his tone was unmistakable.

"Please..." Despite her determination not to be, Elandra was frightened. She backed slowly away, trying not to move too quickly, trying not to tempt his demonic nature.

But it was too late. Raziel's crimson eyes were blazing with lust and he had already stripped off his breeches completely so that his heavy cock was hanging free. "You pushed me too far, my angel. I'm sorry but I have to be inside you," he growled softly as he advanced on her.

Too late now, have to do as he says! Elandra swallowed hard as she watched his forked cock coming nearer and nearer. *Maybe if I just lie on my back and open for him he will be content to simply enter me,* she told herself hopefully. *But I must not fight or struggle in any way. Because if I do...* But she stopped herself, refusing to think of what it might mean to make Raziel lose control completely. Instead, she took a deep breath and lay down on the pearly gray clouds with her legs spread wide, ready for his assault. She only hoped she could take his thickness inside her without too much pain and that he would be content to enter her without fucking or coming in her pussy. But looking at the feral hunger in his burning red eyes, she could be sure of nothing. Nothing at all.

Before she could lose her nerve and try to close her legs, Raziel was suddenly on top of her, supporting himself with his muscular arms on either side of her head as he prepared to take what Elandra now realized she had so foolishly offered.

"Don't fear me, my angel," he murmured and she felt the broad head of his lower shaft sweep over her open pussy as he spoke. "I may be too far gone to stop myself from entering you but as long as you don't fight me I think I can at least keep myself from fucking you. But you must hold still and take my cock deep in your pussy if you wish to escape undefiled. Do you understand?"

Elandra bit her bottom lip and nodded. "I-I understand, Raziel," she almost whispered. "But-but how deep must you put it in me? Can you be content with just the tip of it again? Or do you need to put...to put more?"

He shook his head. "I don't know, Elandra. Lie still and let me find out. But whatever you do, don't fight me. Just submit to my cock in your pussy and all will be well."

"All right. Only...please be gentle," she whispered, spreading her thighs a little wider to accommodate his thickness.

"I will try, my angel," he promised and there was a rough tenderness in his deep voice that seemed to go straight to her heart. And then he reached between them and fit the head of his cock into the narrow entrance of her virgin pussy.

Elandra bit her lower lip, prepared for the pain of his sudden entry. But to her surprise, the broad head entered her cunt slowly and almost easily as he pressed inside her. It helped that she was very slippery and wet from the way he had been fingering her earlier. And the fact that angels have no maidenheads to contend with also eased his entrance. But mostly it was the trust she had in him that turned what might have been pain into an exquisite pleasure instead. Oh, she still felt the stretching sensation as his thick cock opened her, inch by inch, but she found to her relief and joy that it didn't really hurt at all. In fact it felt good – wonderful to be filled as she never had before.

But just as she was beginning to enjoy the sensation of Raziel's thick cock sliding deep into her pussy, he stopped with only half his shaft inside her.

"There." He was panting, his deep voice hoarse with effort as he spoke. "I-I think that's deep enough. I think I can stop here as long as you don't move, Elandra."

To her further surprise, Elandra felt a sharp pang of regret at his words. She felt incomplete somehow, being only halfway filled like this. And she couldn't help remembering that without having his lower shaft buried inside her to the hilt, she wouldn't be able to feel the head of his upper shaft spreading her pussy folds and stroking the warming liquid over her clit. Suddenly she had an idea.

"Raziel," she said carefully, caressing the muscular, trembling sides above her soothingly. "Do you think...do you think it might be a good idea to work on your control?"

He rasped out a laugh, his voice tight with tension. "What do you think I'm doing now, angel? It's taking everything that's in me to stop here and not to fill you to the hilt. How much more control do you want me to have?"

"I was just thinking that maybe...maybe if we practiced having you all the way inside me it might get easier for you to hold still and not thrust. Not fuck me and come in me, I mean," Elandra said innocently. "Right now you're so tense you might snap at any instant and completely defile me. Don't you think it would be easier if you were deep inside me—all the way to the end of my...my pussy? That way you could relax and concentrate on not thrusting—concentrate on just filling me without fucking me. Do you see?"

He laughed harshly. "I suppose. But how do you feel about me thrusting my cock inside you to the hilt? Already, you are no longer a virgin as all angels are supposed to be. And even if I don't thrust in you enough to make myself come, I might not be able to help moving at least a little when I feel your hot wetness all around me."

Elandra bit her lower lip, considering what he said. But at last she nodded. "I-I'm willing to let you do that, to move just a little," she murmured, looking into his blazing eyes. "I trust you, Raziel. I know you won't fuck me if you can help it."

"There's something else you need to know," he warned her, holding still above her with his cock half buried in her cunt. "Every moment I'm inside you, with every move I make no matter how small, I'll be leaking precum inside your pussy. It's not as bad as filling you with my cum, but if I stay deep in your cunt for a long time it might be a significant amount."

Elandra took a deep breath. "I understand," she murmured at last. "But, well, precum isn't cum. And I don't think you will be truly tempted to defile me unless you claim me completely the way you described."

"Buried in both your pussy and your ass at the same time," he growled, nodding. "Yes, it's true that the temptation to defile you would be much stronger in that position."

I just wanted you to know the risks, my angel. But if you're willing to take them in order to help me work on my control, I would be most grateful to you."

"I'm willing." Very carefully, Elandra shifted her hips, opening her pussy even more for his invading cock. "I-I hope to see you again after today, Raziel. And the more you can control your need to fuck me, the safer I'll be with you."

He smiled. "I want to see you too, my angel. Many, many more times. Very well, let us see if being inside you to the hilt can relieve my tension and help me control the urge to defile you."

Slowly, very slowly, he slid inch by thick inch farther and farther into her open pussy. Elandra moaned softly but was careful not to move. It wouldn't do to incite his demonic nature now at such a critical juncture. The best thing she could do was spread her thighs wide and accept his thick length deep in her cunt. Maybe in the future this wouldn't be necessary. Maybe she could meet with Raziel without fearing him at all, without fearing that his demonic nature would take over and force him to fuck her and defile her completely. But for now this was the best she could do and she was determined to do it right.

"*Gods,*" Raziel groaned as he bottomed out inside her. "So tight. So wet and hot and tight, my angel."

"Does-does it please you?" Elandra asked him, breathlessly, still trying not to move.

"Very much so, Elandra." He bent to kiss her gently on the mouth. "And how does it feel to you?"

"Wonderful," she admitted, blushing as she met his eyes. In fact, the feeling of being filled completely was amazing—indescribably pleasurable in a way she never could have imagined. Even the thought that he was no doubt leaking his black, demon precum into her naked pussy couldn't detract from the delicious feeling of having him in her. And, as he had promised, she could feel the head of his shorter shaft spreading her pussy lips and pressing against her clit. *If he were actually fucking me right now, if he were thrusting in and out instead of just holding still, it would feel much, much better, she*

thought and then pushed the thought away sternly. They were working on Raziel's self-control and the very last thing she wanted was for him to actually fuck her.

Still, it couldn't hurt if he moved just a little – could it?

As though reading her mind, Raziel leaned down and whispered hoarsely in her ear, "I fear I need to thrust now, my angel. Just a little bit, I swear."

"It's all right," Elandra assured him, pushing up with her pelvis the tiniest bit to show him she meant what she said. "You-you can thrust a little if you need to, Raziel. If it helps you keep control."

"It does," he assured her, pulling several inches of his thick cock free of her pussy before thrusting back inside her again. "And the way you're submitting to me helps even more. Gods, Elandra, you're so beautiful lying here, spread out under me and taking my cock deep inside you. The way you open yourself for me makes me want to stay inside you for hours, just loving you and feeling you love me."

His words touched Elandra to her heart and she lifted her face to give him a tender kiss. "Stay in me as long as you like, my love," she murmured, moving her hips just a little to meet the shallow thrusts of his cock inside her. "Love me for as long as you need to. You will always find me open and submissive to your shaft, I promise."

"My angel. My beautiful angel," he murmured hoarsely into her hair as he continued to thrust.

"My Raziel," Elandra whispered back, opening herself for him completely as she had promised. The warming liquid from the head of his shorter shaft was heating her pussy as the broad head slipped over her clit. Soon a pleasure like nothing she had ever felt was building inside her. She felt that very soon she was going to come and she wondered if Raziel was feeling the same.

"Beautiful," he said, working his cock deep into her pussy. The shallow movements were more like thrusts now and more and more of his cock was sliding in and out of her with each push. *He's fucking you – actually fucking you now*, warned a little voice in her head but Elandra couldn't find it in herself to mind even though she knew it was true.

As long as Raziel didn't come in her, was it really so bad to let him fuck her pussy a little? She didn't see how it could be and didn't try to stop him even when he pulled almost all the way out of her and thrust in as deeply as he could, filling her cunt to the hilt with his thick shaft.

"Raziel!" she moaned as his sudden movement pushed her over the edge. "Oh—I'm coming. You're making me come so hard!"

"Come then, my angel." His voice was tight with tension but he continued to stroke inside her, riding out her pleasure with each stroke. And, though her inner muscles were milking him relentlessly, he didn't come inside her as Elandra had half expected him to do. Instead, with a final cry, he withdrew from her cunt completely and she felt several hot, wet spurts coating her lower belly as he spent his demonic seed outside her body as he had promised.

Looking down she saw the black stain on her white skin but instead of feeling repulsed, she was filled with love. Love for the male in her arms. For the half-demon who cared for her enough to keep from defiling her, even though it must have been a struggle for him to pull out at the last minute.

"Oh, my love," she whispered, pulling him close when she had caught her breath. "That was...I don't have words to describe it. I never knew I could feel like that."

He laughed softly. "I never knew either. And I never suspected I could withdraw at the last minute like that. I guess your theory about practicing my control was right."

"They do say that practice makes perfect," Elandra said carefully. "I hope...hope that you'll want to come see me and practice again soon."

"Of course I will." He nuzzled her neck, his breath warm in her ear. "I have never felt this way for any female before," he murmured. "Being half-demon I didn't think I could. You have woken something inside me, Elandra. Something I thought was dead and buried."

"It's called love." She kissed his cheek, liking the feel of the rough stubble on his jaw against her soft lips. "And though I know it's foolish for an angel to fall in love with

a demon, I confess I feel it too." She sighed. "If only...if only we could stay together and never go back."

Raziel looked suddenly serious. "But that can never be, as you well know, my angel. You belong in Heaven with all that is good and pure. And my father would never forgive me if I left Hell. He's been training me to run the damned place for a millennium, you know." He laughed bitterly. "Pardon my little joke."

"It's all right," Elandra said quickly. "As long as I have the feather you gave me, I know I can always reach you. And seeing you ever so often is better than never seeing you at all."

"Very true." Raziel nodded. "Be sure to keep the feather by you, my love. I want to always be available to you in case you're in trouble."

"Trouble? What trouble could I possibly have living in Heaven?" Elandra tried to laugh but the sound dried up in her throat when she thought of the forbidden thing she had just done. True, she had not been completely defiled but still, she'd had Raziel's cock buried completely inside her and her belly was stained with demon cum. Trying to change the subject to something lighter, she said, "By the way, what bird is that feather you gave me from anyway? I thought there were no animals in Hell except for snakes and bugs."

He looked suddenly grave. "It comes from the rarest of all beasts — there is only one in existence in the whole universe. And that is all you need to know. Here." He sat up abruptly and began wiping at her belly with the black cloak he still wore. "We'd better get you cleaned up before you go back."

"Thank you," Elandra said uncertainly, wondering why he was changing the subject. "But I'll be all right, honestly."

He shook his head grimly. "We mustn't leave a drop of cum on you, Elandra. I don't want to be the reason you're cast out of Heaven."

"I won't be," she said, with more confidence than she felt. "You don't have to ruin your cloak for me. In fact, maybe you should take it off to keep it from getting any dirtier."

"You think the stain will show?" He laughed harshly. "No, my angel, don't worry about my cloak. It hides more sins than a few stains, I promise you that. Now here —"

"What are you doing?" Elandra asked as he pressed her back against the clouds again and positioned his face between her spread thighs.

"Making sure you're clean inside and out," he murmured, dropping a soft, hot kiss on her inner thigh. "Relax, my love, and let me make sure your pussy is clean."

In the long, hot time that followed Elandra came again and again as he cleaned every last drop of his precum from her pussy and thighs with his tongue. She forgot to wonder anymore why he refused to remove his cape and forgot to feel guilt for the forbidden act he was performing on her.

In fact, as her back arched and she moaned helplessly while he sucked her clit into his mouth and lapped at her cunt, she forgot everything but that she loved him.

Chapter Six

“Keep your mind on your work. What’s wrong with you lately?”

Raziel looked up to meet the burning red eyes of his father, the demon Osgiloth, who was frowning at him in annoyance. He knew he should heed the warning—annoying such a powerful demon was hazardous to one’s health. It didn’t matter that he was Osgiloth’s son either—he was just as likely as anyone else in Hell to find himself strapped to a rack with imps stripping his skin away using only their teeth. But somehow it was hard to concentrate on such possible punishments when he kept thinking of Elandra.

“Ever since you let the millennial sacrifice go you’ve been like this,” his father continued. “Why did you do such a foolish thing? It’s as bad as your obsession with that fucking abandoned garden of yours on Earth. Soft, Raziel, you’re too damn soft. If I had anyone else to run this place while I’m out hunting with the Dark One I’d cast you into the Lake of Fire myself.”

Raziel frowned. This conversation was veering onto dangerous ground. “I had taken both pain and pleasure with her and didn’t care to deal with her anymore.” He tried to make his voice bland, as though the matter was of no importance.

“Well, why didn’t you give her to the imps as I commanded?” Osgiloth demanded, not to be put off, and snorted a puff of steam from his broad nostrils. He had the head and tail of a huge bull but walked upright like a man on his cloven hooves. Altogether a terrifying sight for anyone not used to the denizens of Hell. Not for the first time Raziel wondered what his poor mother must have felt on seeing the immense demon for the first time.

“Forgive me, Father,” he said formally, hoping to defuse the situation with an apology. “I-I had much work to do and I feared I wouldn’t be able to concentrate with

her screams ringing through the manse. So I let her go rather than dealing with the interruption. Next time I'll act differently."

"Next time I'll defile the heavenly little bitch myself." Osgiloth snorted again. "I'll not waste another prime piece of angel cunt on you if you don't know how to finish what you start."

"Forgive me," Raziel said again, looking down at the desk where the business of Hell was spread before him. But though he looked at the paperwork and heard Osgiloth muttering in his ear, his only thought was for how long it would be before he felt the familiar prickle along his shoulder blades and heard Elandra's voice whispering his name on the wind again.

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"You seem different lately. As though you're always far away, thinking of something else."

Alara's accusing words brought Elandra back from the vivid daydream she was having of meeting Raziel again in a few days and she looked up guiltily from her cloud garden.

"That's not so," she said, trying to sound careless, as though her best friend's accusation was of no consequence. "I'm just...distracted by my garden, that's all."

"That's not all and you know it." Alara frowned at her, her silvery eyes filled with suspicion. "Everyone has noticed it, Elandra. They're all saying you're different ever since you came back from Hell."

"Well, they're all wrong." Elandra tried to keep her tone light. "Come on. Let's go watch the humans," she coaxed, trying to change the subject.

"I don't want to." Alara stood up and brushed wisps of cloud away from her gauzy gown with impatient motions. "You're keeping something from me, Elandra. And I'm tired of waiting to hear you admit it. Until you tell me what it is, I don't want to be around you anymore."

Elandra was stung to tears at this sudden cruelty. "Alara, please, we've been friends for hundreds of years," she protested. "Please don't act like that." Seeking to make things right, she reached out to hug her friend. But Alara shrugged off her arms as though Elandra had draped poisonous snakes around her shoulders.

"And that's another thing! Lately you're always so *touchy*. I tried to put up with it at first but now...what's wrong with you, Elandra? Why can't you just sing your friendship like everyone else?"

"I'm sorry—I didn't think." Elandra felt her eyes fill with tears. She wished she could tell her best friend the truth, she really did. But it was impossible. There was no way to tell Alara that she was more touchy lately because she'd grown more used to being touched. No way to tell her she craved physical contact, no matter how innocent, in the days between her clandestine visits with Raziel. And there was certainly no way to tell her best friend that she was meeting a half-demon she had been forbidden to see and performing taboo acts with him on a regular basis. So all she could say was, "I'm sorry," again. Which didn't seem to be enough for Alara.

"I'm going." She frowned at Elandra as she turned to leave. "Let me know if you ever want to tell me the truth. You know where to find me."

And with that she left Elandra to ponder her situation and wish that her next visit with Raziel would be sooner rather than later.

They'd been meeting for months now. In fact, the feather he'd given her was almost plucked bare because whenever she could sneak away from Heaven without attracting undue attention Elandra slipped down to Purgatory and called for him.

Invariably when they met they made love, though most of the time they tried not to. But it seemed that Elandra's body was too tempting for Raziel to resist and to be honest, she didn't really mind anymore when his demonic nature took over, forcing him to thrust his cock deep in her pussy. In fact, once or twice she had to admit that she might even have been responsible for driving him to it. It didn't take much—even

trying to close her legs to him when he needed her to submit and spread herself was enough to push him over the edge.

However, no matter how tense or on edge Raziel became, he never lost control enough to claim her completely and come in her pussy. And so, despite having his cock in her multiple times, Elandra still considered herself technically undefiled.

She was very proud of her half-demon lover's control once he was inside her and she often urged him to try different things, to help him work on his resolve and make it stronger. He'd put her into almost every position imaginable to test himself, sometimes pressing her knees back almost to her wings in order to thrust as deeply into her pussy as possible and sometimes lying on his back and letting Elandra mount him at her leisure. His control had grown so much that he was even able to let her ride him, thrusting herself up and down on his cock with complete abandon. It was an activity that Elandra found she greatly enjoyed, as it made her come even harder when she worked for her orgasm.

But there was one position Raziel steadfastly refused to try with her, no matter what. The traditional demonic claiming position, with Elandra on her hands and knees and Raziel kneeling behind her was off-limits as far as he was concerned – or so he told Elandra when she asked tentatively about it. He had admitted that he was afraid he might lose his hard-won self-control completely if he tried to take her like that. The feeling of having both his shafts buried deep in her pussy and ass respectively might be simply too much and he didn't want to take the chance on not being able to pull out before he defiled her.

For Elandra's part, she was beginning to get more and more curious about the claiming position. At first the thought of having something deep in her ass as well as her cunt had been frightening and alien to her. But now that she was so used to having Raziel's thick shaft in her pussy, she found she longed to have him pierce her elsewhere too. Besides, the warming liquid of the shorter shaft felt so good on her pussy she was

sure it would feel no less than incredible on her sensitive rosebud. And the thought of letting him spread her with his cock in both places at once was extremely intriguing.

After that first tentative question she never mentioned her wishes out loud but from time to time she would innocently drop to her knees and then lean over, as though looking for something she might have lost among the pearly gray clouds. At such times she made sure her robes were riding high, exposing her pussy and ass to Raziel, as though by accident.

Sometimes she heard him groan softly at the sight. But though he was likely to put her on her back and fuck her hard after such an “innocent” display, he would never take her up on the unspoken offer, and Elandra was getting frustrated.

That's what has me so distracted, she told herself as she watched Alara fly away in a huff. *I can't think of anything else but having Raziel penetrate me in both places, can't concentrate on anything but the idea of having him fill me completely. If I could just convince him that his control is good enough and let him take me that way just once, I'm certain I could get my mind back on track and renew my friendship with Alara. If only he wasn't so stubborn...*

Sighing, she decided that maybe it was time to talk about what she wanted from Raziel instead of just giving him subtle physical signals. “Next time I see him I'll convince him,” she promised herself. “And I'm sure if I ask him just right, he won't have the heart to refuse me.”

Or so she hoped...

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“Raziel, my love,” she murmured when they came together after several long days and nights apart. “I've missed you so.”

“No more than I've missed you, my angel.” As usual he had sneaked up on her and laid a hand on her shoulder, surprising her with his presence. Elandra had never once seen him arrive, so stealthy was he. She simply felt his touch on her arm or shoulder

and there he was. But she didn't mind – the secrecy of how he arrived in Purgatory, that secret spot between Heaven and Hell, was part of his charm.

Elandra was ready for him this time. She'd already removed her heavenly robes and was pressing her naked body against his hard, muscular one. As usual he wore only a tight pair of black leather breeches and his customary long black cloak, which he always refused to remove.

"What's this?" he murmured, pulling back from their embrace to study her naked body. "Are you planning to push my self-control to the breaking point? You really should cover yourself at least a little, my angel. You know it isn't safe to tempt me so."

"Raziel, we have proven over and over that your self-control is nearly perfect," Elandra answered firmly.

He raised one elegant black eyebrow at her. "*Nearly*, hmm? And have I defiled you yet? Have I pumped your sweet little cunt full of my cum? I have not," he answered his own question. "No matter what position we take or how I enter you, I always manage to pull out before I come in your pussy."

"That's very true, my love," she gasped for he had reached between them to cup the mound of her cunt and was sliding two thick fingers between her slick outer pussy lips, stroking her clit. "But I said 'nearly' because there is one position we have yet to master."

Raziel groaned and shut his burning eyes briefly as though searching for self-control. "I beg you, Elandra, don't ask me for this. I don't trust myself enough to enter you in the claiming position without defiling you."

"But *I* trust you." Smiling, she kissed him sweetly on his full lips. "I trust you and I want you in me, Raziel. I want you filling me *everywhere*. Please."

"So you want me to take a chance with your virtue, to risk everything for a new experience?" His voice was suddenly savage. "And what if I can't control myself, Elandra? What if I fuck you and come in you this time? What if I fill your pure angel cunt with my black demon cum and defile you?" He thrust two long, blunt fingers

deeply into her tight channel with no warning, making her gasp with sudden pain and pleasure.

But Elandra was not to be put off so easily. "I love you," she whispered, kissing him again. "And I trust you. And I know how to take you within me without tempting your other nature. Look." She spread her legs and gestured to where his thick fingers were piercing her. "See how I open for you? So how I don't struggle or try to get away?" she asked softly as they both watched him finger her cunt roughly. "I can bear both pain and pleasure. I can bear anything to feel you inside me, Raziel, my love."

He groaned softly as he removed his fingers but there was resignation in his blazing red eyes when he looked at her again. "I can deny you nothing, you know," he said hoarsely. "I wish you would not ask me this, my angel."

"But I *am* asking." Elandra stroked his face, relishing the feel of his rough stubble against her soft palm. "Please, Raziel—claim me. You need only put yourself a little way inside me if you wish but please, I want to feel you."

Raziel shook his head. "Ah, my love. All right—if it means so much to you. But you must be perfectly still when I enter you. Utterly submissive. Do you understand?" He looked into her eyes, the expression on his face deadly serious. "Taking you in this position tempts me to defile you more than anything else. My whole being cries out to thrust deep into your pussy and ass and fill you with my cum, to mark you as my own for all eternity."

Elandra took a deep breath at his admission but she had already decided that nothing he could say would dissuade her from her course of action. "I'm not afraid," she murmured. And to prove that it was so, she knelt slowly and deliberately on the gray clouds before him, getting to her hands and knees and spreading her legs so that her pussy and ass were exposed.

"Oh, Elandra..." Raziel's deep voice was hoarse with need as he dropped to his knees behind her and stroked the smooth curve of her ass. "I'll try to give you what you want," he told her, his restless fingers caressing her inner thighs and brushing the

plump outer lips of her pussy. "But I think it's better if I don't put myself all the way inside you this way."

"As you wish," Elandra murmured breathlessly. "But please, Raziel, I want to feel you piercing me in both places. Even if you don't go all the way inside me."

"I will try," he said again and then she felt the broad head of his lower shaft pressing deep into her open pussy.

Elandra moaned softly and bit her lip as he penetrated her. Out of all the positions they had tried to test his self-control, none had ever made her feel this vulnerable, this helpless. She was naked on her hands and knees with her breasts hanging down like ripe fruit and her pussy being slowly skewered by her demon lover's cock and there was no way she could escape. Because only by holding perfectly still, only by opening herself and submitting to him completely, could she avoid being defiled.

But her feeling of helplessness was about to increase. When Raziel's longer shaft was about halfway inside her, she felt the warm, moist probe against her rosebud that must be the head of his shorter shaft. And then, for the first time, she felt him begin to penetrate her virgin ass.

It was an uncomfortable sensation to begin with and almost at once Elandra longed to try to get away from it, to ask her lover to forget her request and stop at once. But she could tell by the desperate grip of his large hands on her hips that Raziel was well past the stopping point now. And if she tried to pull away from the stretching pain she would only incite his demon nature into defiling her. No, as hard as it was, she must simply submit and allow herself to be penetrated.

I asked him to do this and now I must endure it, Elandra lectured herself as he pressed deeper and deeper into her pussy and ass. Over three-fourths of his thick lower shaft was filling her slippery cunt now and though it didn't seem possible, it felt like his shorter shaft was growing, the better to fill her back passage too. Was it possible that he was getting thicker and longer as he entered her? Elandra didn't know but that was what it felt like. However, there was nothing she could do but hang her head and

spread her legs wider, hoping to be open enough as the two long, thick shafts filled her completely.

At least the warming liquid of his shorter shaft helps a little, she told herself as Raziel continued to enter her inch by inch. And indeed, if it hadn't been for the extra lubrication provided by his demonic precum she could never have taken him so deeply into her untried ass. She kept wondering if he was going to stop, if he was going to try to only go halfway inside her as he had that very first time he penetrated her cunt. But though he had announced his intention to avoid full penetration, he kept pressing forward, sliding deeper and deeper into her helpless body. Until at last, she felt his lower shaft touch the bottom of her cunt channel and knew he was all the way inside her.

"My love?" she whispered breathlessly as he held perfectly still inside her. Never had she felt so stretched and filled before. And now that the pain had receded she felt it to be a delicious sensation. Kneeling on her hands and knees, filled to the hilt with her lover's shafts, she felt more wanton and wild than she had ever felt and all she wanted was to have him move. "My love?" she murmured again and heard Raziel let out a harsh breath.

"Hold very still, Elandra," he warned, his fingers still gripping her hips tightly. "If you move the slightest inch my control may snap. All that is demonic in my nature is demanding that I take you here and now — demanding that I fuck you hard and long."

"Fuck me, then." Elandra tried to keep her voice light. "Thrust in me, Raziel — truly, what could be a better test of your control than to take a few practice thrusts before you withdraw from me?"

He groaned. "I just don't know, my angel. I want you so badly I ache. I don't know if I can thrust in you and still trust myself to pull out before I come and defile you."

"I trust you," Elandra told him with complete confidence. "I trust you to be able to fuck me without coming in me, Raziel. And if you can do it this once, you can always

do it. Come, my love, this is the final hurdle we must leap together. If you can pass this final test – and I know you can – I need never fear to be with you again.”

“Oh, Elandra. I wish I had the same confidence in myself that you have in me.” Sighing he reached down and cupped her full breasts, twisting her nipples until she moaned softly at the pain-pleasure that shot like sparks down her spine.

“You will soon,” she murmured, trying not to move though she desperately wanted to writhe against him as he caressed and filled her. “Look,” she added breathlessly. “To show you I mean what I say I’m going to lower my head and spread my thighs very slowly so that I’m as open as possible. Then you can fuck me as hard and as long as you want and I swear that I won’t move an inch, no matter how deeply you thrust inside me.”

Suiting actions to words, she did as she had said, lowering her head slowly to her crossed arms until she could feel the pearly gray clouds of Purgatory tickling her cheek. Then, just as slowly, she spread her thighs even more, opening her pussy and ass completely, utterly giving herself up to the thick shafts buried inside her.

“Elandra, my love. My angel,” Raziel almost moaned as she opened herself for him. “Your submission is so beautiful – too beautiful to go to waste. I swear that I’ll try to fuck you gently and not to defile you.”

“Don’t worry about being gentle – fuck me as hard as you need to, Raziel,” Elandra told him, trying to sound calm though her heart was hammering in her chest. “Take what you need from me – I give it willingly.”

With another low groan that might have been her name, Raziel took her up on her offer. Pulling almost all the way out of her pussy and ass, he plunged in again deeply, as though he couldn’t get far enough inside her to satisfy his craving for her. Then he did it again...and again...and again. Soon he had set up a slow, hard, deliberate rhythm that filled her to the core with each deep thrust, claiming her body and soul as he never had before.

For her part Elandra tried not to moan too loudly or to move an inch. She dared not even press back to meet her demon lover's thrusts inside her lest she push him over the edge. From the tension in the air and the intensity of his thrusts as he plunged within her, she had the definite feeling that Raziel was right on the brink and the slightest motion or word from her could push him over. So, though the pleasure built within her in overwhelming waves as the push and thrust of his cock continued, she forced herself to hold still and submit to his fucking.

The strange thing was, she almost *wanted* him to come inside her and defile her once and for all. Too long had they been meeting in secret to satisfy their needs. She wanted to be with Raziel all the time, not just a few stolen hours here and there when everyone else in Heaven was too busy to notice her absence. In fact, if there had been any way they could have made a life together, anywhere they might have lived that could accommodate them both, she might even have moved on purpose, in order to force the issue.

But there is no place we can be together, she reminded herself even as the pleasure built inside her, causing her to cry out and spasm around the two invading cocks that filled her. *And even if there was, Raziel's father would never release him from his responsibilities in Hell. And I...if it were known what I was doing, I would be stripped of my wings and cast out forever as a fallen angel.*

The thought was too awful to contemplate but she was too filled with pleasure to give it much heed – until something terrible happened.

Even as she felt a second, stronger orgasm rush over her, as Raziel continued to pound into her pussy and ass, she looked up with hazy-eyed enjoyment and saw that they were not alone. A familiar pair of wide silver eyes was watching them from behind a large gray cloud bank – eyes that were filled with shock and disbelief.

It was Alara and from the look on her face, she'd been watching for a long time.

"No! Alara!" Forgetting the importance of holding still, Elandra tried to jerk away from Raziel, even as her pussy continued to milk his cock. Instantly his hands clamped down on her hips, his grip so hard it was bruising in its desperation.

"Elandra—what are you doing?" he rasped, but she was far too gone to notice. Instead she struggled, trying to get away from the hands holding her down, from the twin shafts impaling her.

"Let me go, Raziel! Let me go, I have to go!" she pleaded, not thinking what her struggles would do to his self-control.

"Hold still." There was desperation in his deep voice now. "*Please*, Elandra, you must hold still!"

But Elandra was deaf to his pleas. She only knew that they had been seen doing the most forbidden thing an angel can do and if she didn't get to Alara quickly to try to explain, her life in Heaven would be completely ruined.

"Elandra, no! Can't...I can't hold back." Raziel's deep voice was filled with a mixture of anguish and lust.

His words barely registered until she felt him thrust as deeply into her as he could. And then, as he gripped her hips in a bruising hold, she felt a sudden hot rush inside her.

What...? Alara forgotten, she looked down between her legs and saw hot rivulets of demon cum wetting her inner thighs. *Coming in me—he's actually coming in me and defiling me!* Elandra's heart raced in her chest as she struggled even harder to get away. But there was no point in running now, no point in trying to escape. The worst had already happened and there was no taking it back.

It seemed to go on and on forever. Elandra had seen plenty of humans fucking since she and Alara had decided to watch the forbidden activity but nothing she had seen could have prepared her for what was happening to her.

The moment of male orgasm was brief for humans and she was certain that human males didn't produce more than a tiny bit of cum at a time. But it was different with

Raziel. For long, agonizing minutes he held her close, their bodies locked together as he filled her with spurt after spurt of his hot black cum. As it overflowed her pussy and ran down her thighs she realized that this was no droplet or two of precum to be easily wiped away when they were done. No, this hot rush of demon seed was meant to soak into her cunt, staining her forever and marking her as Raziel's property.

And though she had been halfway wishing for this only a few minutes before, Elandra couldn't help the stab of bitter regret she felt as he claimed her. She was lost now – completely defiled. And Alara knew about her forbidden love. *If only I could catch up to her and explain*, she thought wildly as the enormity of her situation really began to dawn on her. *If he'll just let me go in time to catch her I might still have a chance.*

As though reading her mind, Raziel at last released his hold on her and allowed her to wiggle free of the intimate embrace. When she climbed to her feet and turned to face him the desolation and pain in his burning red eyes spoke more eloquently than any words of apology.

"Elandra –" he began but she shook her head.

"I must go, Raziel. My friend saw us and if I don't catch her quickly..." Elandra shook her head, not wanting to think of what might happen if Alara was allowed to get back to Heaven before she could speak to her. Alara was a sweet friend but she had never been known for her discretion. Elandra knew she had to swear her to secrecy. Only then might it be possible for her to hide her sins and return to Heaven. Otherwise, if Alara told anyone, anyone at all of what she had seen... But she couldn't think about that. She had to stop her friend from talking before it was too late.

"Don't go yet." He gripped her forearm urgently. "Stay. Let me clean you up at least. You can't go back there like that."

"There isn't time." Elandra shook her head and pulled free of his grip. Grabbing her robe she pulled it on quickly, fastening it with the ease of long practice around her long, white wings. "I have to catch Alara before she tells what she saw."

"You mustn't go back to Heaven—not now." His deep voice was filled with fear for her. "You're defiled, Elandra. Ruined. You cannot go back."

"Where else can I go?" she asked, stepping away when he tried to pull her close. "What life have I besides there? Where else can I stay? Not with you—you've already as much as told me it was impossible for us to be together forever." She felt the tears welling up in her eyes but blinked them away fiercely. If only they *could* be together forever. But Raziel had to follow in his father's footsteps and there was no room in his life for a defiled angel, which was all she was now.

"Elandra, I'm sorry. If you hadn't struggled to get away—"

"It's no matter, Raziel," she said softly. "I knew I was taking a chance the first time I called you. I think I knew, in my heart of hearts, that this was how it would end."

"Don't speak of it ending." His crimson eyes were filled with sorrow. "Don't leave like this, Elandra. I love you."

Elandra felt as though a hand was squeezing her heart but she pushed aside the tide of emotion that threatened to wash her away. "I'm sorry but...but I don't think we can see each other again," she said. "I'm sure I'll have to promise Alara it's over between us to get her to keep quiet. And-and I can't risk this happening a second time."

"Once is all it takes to make you mine, Elandra. I've claimed you now," he said desperately. "I want us to be together."

"Where?" she asked quietly. "We can't live in Purgatory, Raziel. In fact, there's no place in Heaven or Hell or anywhere else for an angel and a demon to live together. It's impossible."

"It's *not* impossible," he protested but Elandra shook her head, the hot tears stinging her eyes.

"I have to go," she told him, stepping away. "Here." She held out the black feather, now so bare that only a single tuft of down remained at the very tip of its quill. It hurt horribly to give back the only thing she had to remember him by but she felt she had to.

“Keep it.” His handsome features were desolate. “Keep it and remember me—or forget, as you choose. But know that I will always love you, my angel.”

“I love you too. I will never stop loving you. Goodbye, Raziel.” Elandra tucked the long, almost bare feather into the sleeve of her robe. Her heart was filled with grief but she knew she had to concentrate on catching Alara before she reached the Pearly Gates.

Turning, she launched herself from the gray, opaque clouds of Purgatory and into the heavens, hoping against hope that she was not too late.

Chapter Seven

"Alara, I can explain. I just..." The words died on Elandra's lips when she saw who was standing behind her former best friend at the Pearly Gates.

"Elandra." Gabriel's voice was stern and his perfect face was filled with wrath. It was clear that Alara had already told him everything she had seen.

"I...Gabriel. I-I just..." Elandra shook her head, uncertain of what to say.

"I see you're at a loss for words," Gabriel rumbled. "But no words are necessary to let me know what Alara has told me is true. The evidence is all over you." He nodded in disgust at the front of her robes and Elandra looked down to see what he was talking about.

To her horror, she saw that her inner thighs and the front of her pale, transparent robes were streaked with Raziel's black demon cum, making it apparent to anyone who was looking at her what had happened. *No wonder Raziel wanted me to wait and let him clean me up*, she thought wildly. Every other time they had made love, he had been careful to lick every trace of his seed from her body but this time, the one time she really needed it, Elandra had forgone his tender, after-sex treatment. And now she was defiled before all of Heaven—before Gabriel himself who was glowering at her from his place before the Pearly Gates.

"I-I'm sorry," she gasped, backing away. But her progress was halted by two huge angels who were suddenly standing behind her. They were the same two who had cast her into the Abyss Leap in the first place, Gabriel's personal guards who were loyal only to him.

"I am sorry as well." The archangel's voice didn't sound a bit sorry as he gestured for the two guardian angels to drag her through the Pearly Gates. "I was afraid you had

developed a taste for the unholy during your time in Hell but from what Alara has told me your appetite for evil is much greater than I ever would have guessed."

"Alara, why?" Elandra looked at her former best friend imploringly but Alara refused to return her gaze.

"You were doing wrong, Elandra. I only did my duty in telling Gabriel what I saw." Her voice was stiff and condemning.

"But I thought we were friends! The least you could have done was to give me a moment to explain," Elandra cried.

"Don't blame Alara for your predicament," Gabriel growled as his private guard dragged her through the gates. "Blame your own frail nature, Elandra. Your willingness to give in to sin and corruption."

"Please, what are you going to do to me?" she begged, sagging in the guardian angels' grip.

Gabriel's perfect face was grave. "You shall be held prisoner until I have time to consult with Michael and the other archangels. Then you shall have a trial as is only right and fair."

"I thank you," Elandra said faintly, feeling a tiny spark of hope. Maybe after the trial she could be cleared of her sins and forgiven her iniquities. Maybe her life could go back to normal. Except she was certain she would never be allowed to meet with Raziel again. After what she had done, there would be a guardian angel with her at all times to be certain she didn't slip and fall into sin once more. She had told Raziel that she couldn't see him again but as the reality of it sank in Elandra couldn't help thinking that a life without her demon lover seemed like no life at all. Still, what else could she do? There was no place else for her to go if she was cast out of Heaven.

Though her heart was breaking, she had no choice but to accept a life without Raziel.

* * * * *

They held her for months.

It shouldn't have seemed like a long time for an immortal being but every second that ticked away on the golden clock hanging in the wall of her cell seemed like a year to Elandra. All she could think about was Raziel. Where was he? Did he miss her? Or had he already forgotten his fallen angel and moved on to other things?

A dozen times a day she reached her hand inside her sleeve and stroked the remaining black tuft of down at the tip of the denuded feather. But calling for him now would do no good. She was imprisoned in Gabriel's palace, in a special area kept for angels who have fallen from grace and it was completely impregnable. There was no way Raziel could reach her there—even if he wanted to. Which he probably didn't anymore, she told herself sadly.

At last the day for her trial came. To her great relief, Elandra was allowed to clean herself and change out of her stained robes. As she was putting on the new gauzy white robe provided to her to wear before Gabriel and the other archangels, she almost left the black feather behind. What was the point of having it anymore, anyway? But at the last minute she tucked it into her sleeve as a keepsake. It was the only thing she had left of her one chance at happiness and love and she couldn't bear to leave it behind.

Elandra wasn't sure what to expect but the trial didn't take long. The large golden room she was led to was so packed by angels and archangels that the rustle of wings was almost deafening. Still, a large open area before Gabriel's silver throne was left clear and there Elandra was made to stand as she awaited her judgment.

She'd been prepared to say something on her own behalf but apparently she was only supposed to listen. First Alara came forward and testified as to what she had seen.

"And she wasn't being forced either," she said, throwing a venomous glance at her former best friend as Elandra stood shivering before the archangels. "I saw her get down on her hands and knees and beg him to take her. She held perfectly still for him and didn't try to run or get away, not even when he put his...when he put himself inside her," she finished in a rush, her cheeks going pink with embarrassment.

"And how long to do think this kind of behavior had been going on?" Gabriel demanded, glowering at Elandra.

"Months at least," Alara said decisively. "She was being secretive, sneaking off whenever she thought no one would notice. What else would she be doing but going to meet *him*?"

"I see." Gabriel nodded his head and finally addressed Elandra.

"Do you have anything to say for yourself, Elandra? Do you claim that the demon you were found in congress with bewitched you somehow?"

Elandra's lower lip trembled but she raised her chin defiantly. Up until now she had been planning to apologize to Gabriel and the other archangels, to beg for her old life back. But somehow now that the time had come she couldn't do that.

"I have no excuse," she said in a clear voice. "No excuse except love. When Raziel touched me I-I felt things I had never felt before. When he held me in his arms I was complete in a way I never have been before or since. If that is wrong then I am guilty. But I cannot be sorry that I met him and loved him. I cannot regret what we did together, even though it led to my betrayal and defilement."

Gabriel's perfect face was like a thundercloud. "Very well, if you will not even express remorse then I must find you guilty. Guilty of deception, debauchery and attempting to pass yourself off as pure though you were defiled by demon's seed." He raised his voice so that all the angels gathered could hear. "There is only one punishment that fits these crimes. You shall be stripped of your wings and throw back into the Abyss. Back into Hell—to live or die as you can but you will never be allowed to return to Heaven again."

Elandra's heart felt like a block of ice. Stripped of her wings? What a terrible fate. Being banished from Heaven was horrible enough. But how could she live without her wings?

"Please..." Her voice trembled as she tried to back away from the guardian angels who stalked toward her. "Please, Gabriel—not my wings!"

"Wings are the mark of an angel. You are no longer fit to wear them." Gabriel nodded at his guards. "Take them."

Before she could speak again they were upon her, sharp instruments in their hands that glittered with evil intent. Elandra struggled but it was too late. A swift burning pain and it was done. She had only a moment to feel the ache in her shoulders and stare at the mounds of fluffy white feathers, now stained red with her blood, before the guardian angels seized her and dragged her from the room.

"To the Abyss Leap," she heard Gabriel instruct them. "And be certain you do the job well. She is never to return again."

"My wings! Please don't. I'll never survive the fall without them," Elandra sobbed but the angels pushed their way through the crowd and dragged her to the edge of Heaven anyway.

She was less than nothing to them. A fallen angel—ruined and defiled and no longer fit to live in Celestial City. For the second time in her immortal life Elandra was thrown from Heaven down to Hell.

And this time she knew she wouldn't survive the fall.

* * * * *

"You're more distracted than ever. What's wrong with you?" Osgiloth wasn't pleased. *Of course, that isn't unusual lately,* Raziel thought ruefully. *When is he ever pleased? When have I ever managed to meet his standards no matter how hard I try?*

"Just thinking about business, Father," he said, trying to keep the bitterness out of his voice.

"Not the business at hand, though, I guess." Osgiloth snorted angrily and pointed to the lost soul dangling upside down from the rack in front of Raziel. "You haven't given that one a proper lick with the whip since you started. Why come to the torture room at all if you're not going to do the job right?"

"Maybe I don't feel like torturing anyone today," Raziel muttered resentfully. He didn't mind the business end of running Hell but he had never cared for what Osgiloth considered the meat of the job—torture and punishment of the damned. "It's too hot down here," he added, motioning with his hand to include the torture room that was the entire basement of the large manse.

It was too. As always while in the torture room or any place in Hell that didn't have climate control, sweat was rolling down his chest and sides. Without thinking, he unsnapped the black cape from around his neck and threw it to one side.

"What do you think you're doing?" Osgiloth glared at his newly revealed back. "I thought I told you to keep your damn deformities hidden."

"They're not deformities," Raziel snapped. "And I don't see why I should have to keep hidden down here. You think he's going to talk?" He gestured at the lost soul dangling limply from the rack.

"Damn it all, you'll keep yourself decently covered because I say so!" roared Osgiloth, suddenly losing his temper. "If you can't *act* like a proper demon at least you can *look* like one."

"What if I don't want to act *or* look like one? What if I'm sick of evil and torture and damnation? I never asked to be your son—I never asked to run Hell while you're off with the Evil One. Maybe I just want to live a life of my own somewhere away from all the hellfire and pain. Away from *you*," Raziel snarled.

He expected his father to go off in a rage and possibly order him strung up with the lost souls for a bout of torture. It wouldn't be the first time he had been subjected to the punishments of the damned for not living up to Osgiloth's ideals. But to his surprise, the huge demon only shook his massive bull's head and snorted.

"I know what this is about, my boy," he said, stamping the ground with one cloven hoof. "It's about the millennial sacrifice, isn't it?"

"I...don't know what you're talking about." Raziel frowned.

"Sure you do. That sweet little angel bitch those holier-than-thou heavenly assholes threw down to keep balance between us and them. The one you let get away. You're sorry now, aren't you? You wish you would have kept her, played with her some more, like I did with your mother."

"Leave my mother out of this," Raziel growled. "You killed her as surely as if you'd put a knife in her heart." Stalking over to where he'd thrown his long black cloak, he picked it up and fastened it around his neck one more. "I have to go."

"Best put her out of your mind, boy," Osgiloth counseled, sounding amused. "There's not another sacrifice for another thousand years. Of course, if you want to hang around the borders of Heaven and see if you can catch her on the outskirts unawares..."

But kidnapping Elandra and taking her against her will was the last thing Raziel wanted to do. What he wanted—wished for constantly—was to feel the tingling sensation along his shoulder blades and hear her whisper his name into the wind, calling him to her side once more. But that wasn't going to happen, he was certain. It had been months since their last meeting. Months since he'd heard from her and he had given up hope that she would ever call for him again. So he simply shook his head and turned to go.

"Come back here," Osgiloth growled. "I don't care if you're pining for angel cunt. We're not done torturing these souls."

"I told you I'm not in the mood to torture anyone today. I'm leaving."

"Leaving and going where?" Osgiloth demanded.

"I don't know." Raziel shook his head. "Anywhere but here. Anywhere but Hell. I just need to get a—"

Suddenly he felt it. The familiar tingling prickled along his shoulders and faintly, so faintly that no one but him could hear, he heard her voice. "*Raziel, oh, Raziel – please!*"

It was Elandra but he'd never heard her sound so frightened before. So terrified and hopeless. Instinctively Raziel threw off his cloak again. He had to find her and there was no time for secrecy. He headed for the door.

"What are you doing? Put your cloak back on — do you want all of Hell to see you?" Osgiloth roared. But Raziel was long past caring what his father thought.

"I'm leaving. I have business to attend to," he said shortly.

In two long strides Osgiloth was beside him, gripping his forearm in one burning hand. "You're going nowhere without that damn cloak, my boy," he spat. "The Evil One is here overseeing our progress. If he sees you like that with those fucking deformities growing out of your back —"

"I don't care what he sees or what he thinks. Let me go!" Raziel ripped away from his father's grip, glaring at the ancient, evil demon. "These *deformities* are the only thing I got from my mother and I'm not ashamed of them."

Osgiloth's burning eyes narrowed. "You leave now, like that, don't bother coming back," he said, his voice filled with menace. "You'll be banned from Hell forever."

"Then ban me!" Raziel shot back. "I'm going."

And with that he shot out of the door and launched himself into the air, leaving Hell, never to return.

* * * * *

Elandra fell through the air, the bleak landscape of Hell rushing up to meet her. This time there were no wings to catch the currents and slow her descent. Though the fall seemed interminable she knew she had only moments left to live.

I shall die this time, I know it, she told herself hopelessly. From her hand dangled the denuded feather, the last piece of black down cast into the rushing wind moments ago. She had called for her demon lover and he hadn't come. Her last hope dashed, Elandra prepared to meet her fate.

It doesn't matter, she told herself as the wind whistled past her ears. *Even if I should survive, where could I live without my wings? And what could Raziel do even if he wished to save me? It's not like he can fly.* She closed her eyes tightly, not wishing to see the cracked and bitter brimstone ground that would end her immortal life.

And that was when a pair of strong, muscular arms caught her.

"What—?" Elandra's silver eyes flew open to see Raziel's face inches from her own.

"My angel," he murmured hoarsely. The broad, black feathered wings that sprouted from his shoulders beat the air to keep them both aloft. "I heard your cry. What have they done to you? Your wings!"

Your wings, Elandra tried to say but she couldn't make her mouth move. Her head was light from blood loss and she couldn't take in what she was seeing. Raziel with wings? But he was a demon—demons didn't have wings. *How?* was her last thought before her eyes rolled up in her head and she fainted in his arms.

When she came to she was someplace wholly unfamiliar. It wasn't the red and black of Hell nor yet the gold and silver of Heaven. It wasn't even the pearly gray of Purgatory. Instead, everything around her was a deep, unfamiliar green. There was a warm smell of growing things and all around her was lush vegetation.

"Where...where am I?" she murmured, looking around in a daze.

"My love, are you all right?" Raziel's face came into view, his red eyes anxious. Except...

"Your eyes," Elandra whispered. "Th-they're blue."

"Are they?" Raziel put his hands to his face as though he could feel the new color. "I suppose I'm not surprised. I was banned from Hell when I came to save you. The fire was probably leached from my eyes when I renounced my demonic nature."

"But your eyes aren't the only thing. You-you have wings." Elandra sat up suddenly as the memories came rushing back so fast they made her dizzy. "The black feather you gave me—it was yours."

He nodded. "Yes. All along it was mine."

"But...why did you hide them?" Elandra stared at the beautiful black wings that had flown them both to safety.

Raziel smiled sadly. "I was taught to think of them as deformities. They're just like my mother's were—only black instead of white of course. I think my father hated them because they reminded him of her. And of course, no proper demon has wings."

Suddenly Elandra remembered her own lost wings. With a little cry she put her hand to her back to find that something cool and soothing had been packed over the aching place where her wings had once sprouted. "They took...took my wings and cast me out," she said, trying to keep the tears out of her voice. "I-I'll never fly again."

He took her hands in his. "Yes, my angel—you will. This place we're in—it's the abandoned garden on Earth that I told you about. Some of the plants here have remarkable healing properties."

"Plants?" Elandra reached back to touch the soothing packing around the remains of her wings once more. "Do you really think I can be healed? That my wings can grow again?"

"Yes," he said firmly. "Come, I'll show you." Taking her hand, he led her to large twisted tree with peculiar gold and silver fruit hanging from its ancient branches and dark, silvery green leaves.

"What's this?" Elandra looked in wonder at the lovely fruit. For all her hours of watching humans she had never seen anything like it on Earth.

Raziel grinned at her. "This is the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. The fruit is useless to us but the leaves will heal any wound and restore what is lost."

"The tree of good and evil?" Elandra looked at him, wide-eyed. "But that must mean we're—"

"In the Garden of Eden. Yes." Raziel laughed. "I told you it was my favorite spot, didn't I?"

"You said you went to an abandoned garden on Earth. You never said it was here." Elandra looked around with new interest. "It's so beautiful," she said wistfully. "If only we could stay."

"We can." Raziel took her hands again. "Just the two of us, here forever. This place has been forgotten both by the Evil One and the One God. No one comes here, no one cares. What better place for a fallen angel and a reformed demon to live?"

"Together? Forever?" Elandra could scarcely believe what she was hearing.

Suddenly Raziel's face was grave. "If you want to be with me, Elandra. I never stopped wanting you but I wouldn't blame you if you still hated me."

"Hate you? How could I hate you? I love you!" She threw herself into his arms and he caught her and held her tight.

"My angel," he whispered into her hair. "I love you too. But I was afraid you would hate me after what I did to you. After I defiled you and lost you your place in Celestial City."

Elandra shook her head. "I don't blame you for that, Raziel. And I don't regret the loss of Heaven either. As long as we can stay here together I'll be perfectly happy, and I wouldn't have been there, you know. Even in paradise I would have been miserable without you."

"As I was miserable without you." Raziel held her close and took her mouth in a long, breathless kiss. "I'm so glad to have you back, my angel."

She smiled at him. "I am an angel no longer—just as you are no longer a demon."

He smiled back and kissed her. "What are we then if we are no longer angels or demons?"

"Happy," Elandra said simply. "And that's how we'll stay now that we have each other and a place to stay together. In fact..." She felt her heartbeat quicken and the folds of her pussy began to grow wet and ready as they always did around Raziel. "I can think of a way we can be even happier."

"And how is that, my angel?" Raziel seemed to catch her mood because his blue eyes smoldered with sudden heat and he pulled her even closer.

"Like this." Giving him a quick, teasing kiss, Elandra stepped away from him and knelt on the green, springy grass. Spreading her legs, she looked over her shoulder invitingly. "Take me, Raziel. Fuck me, fill me...and come in me. For the first time we don't have to worry about being found out and I long to feel you pulsing into me again and again without trying to stop yourself."

"Elandra..." Raziel's voice was ragged with desire as he knelt behind her, caressing the soft skin of her back and buttocks. "To finally have you without fear—how I have longed for this."

"As have I," Elandra murmured. "Come, my love, take me. Fill me with your cum."

There was no need for further invitation. And as Raziel sank both his shafts deeply into her welcoming pussy and ass, Elandra felt a joy and completion she had never known before. Instead of trying to hold still so she wouldn't excite him, she thrust back eagerly, moving in time to his rhythm within her, urging him to take her completely. She could feel the deep pleasure building within her, the pleasure of being filled utterly by the one she loved, the one who was pushing her closer and closer to the edge.

At last, just as she felt her orgasm washing over her, Raziel's hands tightened on her hips and he sank both shafts to the hilt inside her. "Elandra, my angel...coming...coming so hard," he gasped.

Elandra gasped too, feeling her body tighten around his as he pumped deep inside her, filling her with his cum. This time she felt no fear at the sensation of him pulsing into her. There was only joy and love in her heart as she opened herself completely and submitted to her lover.

When Raziel finished he pulled out of her and rolled them both on their sides, careful of Elandra's still-tender shoulders. "That was wonderful, my love," he murmured in her ear.

"More wonderful than I ever could have imagined." She snuggled back against him, happy that the feeling of his warm cum in her pussy and ass was no longer cause for alarm.

"I still want to clean you up, though." Raziel kissed his way down her body and opened her legs. Elandra spread them willingly, anticipating the feel of his tongue on her freshly fucked cunt as he lapped away the cum. But instead of licking her, Raziel made a puzzled sort of noise.

"Is everything all right?" Elandra looked down at him questioningly.

"I think so. Only, I could have sworn I came inside you. But..."

"But what?" She sat up and looked down at herself, examining her inner thighs for his familiar black cum. But instead of the dark stain she had come to associate with guilt and fear, she saw pearly white essence coating her inner folds. "Raziel, look," she said excitedly. "You did come in me. But the color of your eyes isn't the only thing that's changed."

"What do you mean?" He looked closer and then raised his eyes to hers, a smile lighting his face. "I truly am free of my demonic heritage. Even while we were making love, I felt no evil urge to hurt or control you. I only wanted to love you." He stroked a strand of her hair away from her face. "We were meant to be together here, my angel. I love you."

"I love you too. Always." She threw her arms around his neck, more happy than she could express.

Eternity is a very long time. And Elandra intended to spend it with her love, safe in the beautiful forgotten garden which was neither Heaven nor Hell but better than either because she and Raziel would be there together forever.

About the Author

Evangeline Anderson is a registered MRI tech who would rather be writing. And she is nerdy enough to have a bumper sticker that says "I'd rather be writing." Honk if you see her! She is thirty-something and lives in Florida with a husband, a son and two cats. She had been writing erotic fiction for her own gratification for a number of years before it occurred to her to try to get paid for it. To her delight, she found that it was actually possible to get money for having a dirty mind and she has been writing paranormal and sci-fi erotica steadily ever since.

Evangeline welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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