

Del Fantasma

White Russian

Selena Illyria



Aspen Mountain Press

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Halfling Tuesday Dean never thought she would see her old lover, demon Gavriil Chimera again. When he comes back into her life wanting to be with her she has a choice to make, let the past influence her happiness or be with the man she loves.

Dedication:

For Tuesday, Nik, Winter/Lex, Kassandra Michelle and Dawn. Thank
You so much Fi and Cyn. Ce *Big Grin*

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Chapter One

Tuesday looked up at Cody who nodded. A waitress came over and placed a napkin down and then her White Russian.

"On the house," the waitress said.

"Whoa, starting strong tonight," Callisto Monroe sank down into the chair next to Tuesday and placed a pile of books on the table.

"It's been a long week. What's all that?" Tuesday nodded her head toward the books.

"Ugh, they're decorum contexts. I have to learn them all by the end of the month. Can someone explain to me why I'm doing this?"

"Because you love Pietro and he has a big cock," Fatima said as she sank down into a chair across from Tuesday.

"A big cock isn't worth all of this," Callisto looked down at the pile in disgust. "Did you know that there are several rules on how to look at the queen?"

"Oh crap, don't tell me we can no longer look at your beautiful countenance?" Val snickered. "And speaking of looking, sexy blond at twelve o'clock checking out our little Tuesday."

Tuesday turned around and her world stopped. She blinked. Her body tightened and heated.

Fingers snapped in front of her face, her momentary trance broken. "Are you going to go over there or do we have to drag you over there?" Val asked.

"Go over where?" Tuesday asked.

"There, to the bar, so you can get laid. He's looking at you pretty hard and I mean hard as he's doing more than undressing you with his eyes," Val explained. "Damn I wish someone would look at me like that."

"Uh you have a boyfriend," Callisto pointed out.

"He's been gone for one day and I'm already horny."

"That's 'cause you're a nympho, honey," Fatima said.

They all laughed.

"Now are you going to go over there, sweetie or should we bring him to you and trust me, you do not want us asking him questions," Fatima grinned wickedly.

Tuesday shook her head. The very thought of her friends questioning the man at the bar horrified her. She pushed back the chair and stood up. "I'll go over there. Be right back."

"If he's good, you won't be back at all," Val snickered.

Tuesday shook her head and wove through the mass of tables to the handsome man at the bar. She swallowed hard and took a deep breath. Once at the counter she looked up into her ex-boyfriend, Gavriil Chimera's golden eyes. The flecks of red danced and sparkled as he looked down at her.

"Gav," she said softly.

"Hello, *lubuv*, you look gorgeous as always." Before she could stop him he leaned down and slipped an arm around her waist. With a hard pull, her body landed against his. He bent his head and took her lips in a possessive, dominating kiss that made her head swim and the world fade away around them. All her thoughts and senses were centered on the cool

taste of peppermint on his tongue and the musky scent of his cologne. She groaned. Her hand came up to clutch the lapel of his coat. Tuesday melted against him.

The arm around her waist tightened. He buried a hand in her hair and took a fistful of her wavy tresses. He pulled her head back and kissed her harder. Gavriil took her bottom lip between his teeth and scraped the plump flesh before giving it a hard suck. She moaned at the burst of pleasure and pain. The arm around her waist loosened its hold and his hand meandered down her body. He kneaded her ass before giving it soft caress followed by a hard smack. Her cry was swallowed by his mouth. He repeated the action, spanking her again. The sting turned into heat, spreading through her body.

Her pussy clenched, needing something to fill it. She was slowly liquefying and burning up. He was drowning her in possessive fire and sweet passion. He released her lips to trail biting kisses down her neck. She groaned. The hold on his jacket increased, her knees shook with the effort to keep standing. He ground his erection against her abdomen. She bit her lip to keep from moaning. His hand caressed her ass again before giving it another sound smack. "I need you Tuesday."

His words were rough and almost unintelligible. He pulled his head away from her neck and looked down at her. His golden eyes, flecked with red, burned with hungry fire.

"I'll get my coat," she murmured softly.

"I'll be waiting outside." Before he let her go, he caressed her face and his harsh, chiseled features softened. "I've missed you, *dorogaya*."

She nodded, "I've missed you too, Gavriil."

Sadness flitted across his face like leaves in a breeze. The emotion was echoed in her.

"We have much to talk about." He stepped back. His gaze swept over her with a possessive heat that nearly burned her. He let out a soft growl before moving around her to disappear into the crowd.

Tuesday took a deep breath to steady herself before returning to her table. Tuesday steeled herself for an inquisition.

"Uh, sugar, we told you to go over there, not start having sex in public," Fatima said, taking a pull from her beer.

"Anyone have a vibrator on them? I'm suddenly very horny and without a man tonight," Val said, smiling dreamily.

Heat rushed up Tuesday's face and she ducked her head shyly. "He and I... We know each other."

Her voice was soft and heavy with memories. She remembered many nights where all they did was make love. Her pussy wept at thought of being with him again. Anticipation and need rushed through her veins. She grabbed her coat and purse.

"Whoa, whoa where are you going? We need details, dirty ones." Val reached out and grabbed Tuesday's wrist.

"Maybe some other time, he wants to catch up," Tuesday said softly.

"Catch up or fuck you up against a wall?" Fatima snickered.

"Shush, you're just jealous," Callisto admonished.

"Uh, excuse me we don't *all* have a passionate demon wanting to fuck us twenty-four seven, some of us need details." Fatima retorted.

"I'm sorry I gotta go. I'll tell you guys later." Tuesday rushed off to meet Gavriil. She made her way through the crowd, her heart pounding against her chest. She prayed that this time he wouldn't leave her.

* * * *

For the first time in many years Gavriil was nervous. When he'd come to the mortal world he hadn't counted on running into Tuesday. He had just wanted to talk to Pietro, the soon to be king of the demons. He paced in front of his motorcycle, impatience wearing on his nerves as his body roared with desire. When he heard the doors open he immediately turned expecting to see Tuesday. Much to his relief it was. She smiled at him and his heart warmed.

He took in the face of the woman he loved. His gaze traced her heart shaped face and dark brown eyes. He took in her petite stature and curvy figure encased a black sweater dress and knee high black stiletto boots. His palms itched to strip away every stitch of clothing she had and fuck her up against the wall. He wanted to see her mocha skin slick with sweat, her full breasts jiggle with each thrust of his hips. Gavriil could practically taste the salty sweetness of her skin as he sucked a dark chocolate nipple into his mouth.

He let out a soft groan and reached out, pulling her to him. Once her body was flush against his he bent his head and took her lips for another devastating kiss that left him yearning. His cock pressed against the fly of his slacks and his balls throbbed with need. She met his fire with heat of her own, nibbling and sucking his lips before nipping the tip of his tongue. Pleasure shuddered through his body at that slight prick of pain.

He growled and pulled back his head. "Goddess, it's been so long. I need you now."

Gavriil grabbed her hand and lead her past his motorcycle and around to the side of the building. Desire rushed through his veins. His erection strained against the fly of his pants demanding freedom. Once well away from the parking lot, and possible prying eyes, he pushed her against the wall and pulled up her skirt. He could smell her arousal, a gentle musky

scent that drove him to the brink of madness. "I'm not sure whether I want to eat you or fuck you."

"Fuck me then eat me." Tuesday tugged his shirt out of his pants, undid his belt and fly before pushing his slacks down. He shuffled toward her, lifted and pressed his body against hers. Her leg hooked over his hip and he reached between them, positioning himself at her entrance. He could feel the moist heat of her pussy bear down on his cockhead and groaned. He clenched his jaw in anticipation for the tight grip of her cunt, the slick feel of her vaginal walls squeezing his cock so sweetly.

"There were nights when I would jerk off thinking of being with you again," he murmured, not sure why he just told her that.

"I've missed you too," she buried her hands in his hair and urged his head down to hers. She took his lips in a sweet, passionate kiss just as his cock sunk into the tight wet depths of her cunt. They both groaned and he pressed her tighter against the wall. She wrapped both legs around his waist as they rocked against each other trying to satisfy the hunger clawing through their veins.

He bent his head down and took another hungry kiss as desire rose and coiled between them. The tingling at the base of spine told him he was close. Her vaginal walls squeezed his cock with every stroke. He gritted his teeth trying to stave off the orgasm that was threatening to burst forth. Gavriil was determined to have Tuesday come before him. He pressed one hand against the wall and slipped the other between them, delving amid her nether lips to find her clit. He rubbed the small bundle of nerves hard and fast, coaxing her to come. He pulled his head away and looked into her eyes.

"Come for me *dorogaya*. Come on my cock," he commanded. Her pussy fluttered around his cock before bearing down on his shaft. Her body shook and she gasped as if in surprise. "That's it *lubov*, come for me. I love

to watch you break apart. I can't wait to do it over and over again tonight. I'm going fuck you until you scream. Until all you know is my name. You belong to me tonight, don't you *dorogaya*? Say it. Who do you belong to?" He pistoned his hips faster, fucking her harder coaxing yet another orgasm out of her.

"I can't hear you, Tuesday, who do you belong to?" He demanded, pounding into her harder.

"You," she sobbed, "I belong to you."

"Damn right. You're mine, always have been, always will be," he growled before taking her lips yet again for another possessive kiss. The tingling at the base of his spine grew, spreading up, he felt fire explode in his stomach and move outward. He came hard. Ripping his mouth away from hers and tilting his head back he shouted her name as his seed spurted deep inside of her tight channel. His breath came out in pants as his heart hammered against his chest. He looked down at the woman he loved and let out a soft sigh.

"Come on, *lubov*, we must go before Cody catches us," he took another quick kiss before she unwrapped her legs around his waist and stood on shaky legs. He tucked his wilted cock into his pants and redid his fly and belt. Once they were both dressed he led her back to the motorcycle. They got on the bike and rode off into the night. Despite needing to see Pietro, he wanted to be with Tuesday first. He needed to be with her.

* * * *

Tuesday held onto Gavriil tightly as they rode to his place in the woods. Her mind was a turmoil of emotion and thoughts. Ten years ago, Gavriil Chimera, demon of the seventh house—one of the oldest houses in the demonic world—royal assassin, had walked away after she turned him

down when he proposed. She had been young and didn't know much about life. There had been so much she had wanted to do before she settled down with him, and one of those things was see the mortal world. She hadn't counted on falling in the love with the world and staying as long as she had. She'd developed a life here, made friends the only thing she was missing was Gavriil.

Tuesday laid her head down against his back as her muscles jumped and twitched. The motorcycle vibrating between her legs didn't help bring down her arousal; it only ramped it up, and she was on the verge of coming again. She closed her eyes and savored the feel of his hard body against her chest and shudder of the bike between her legs. Her mind began to wander. Her thoughts settled on the reason for Gavriil being here. They hadn't parted with harsh words, in fact he had encouraged her to go and experience life, and when she was ready to seek him out.

Now he was back. She couldn't help but worry for him and Callisto. Last she had heard he was still a Royal Assassin the highest of the high in the Demonic Court's security forces. *Was he in danger? Was Calli in danger?*

It's all right, moya adskaya rosa, everything is fine, I just need to talk to Pietro, Gavriil said, slipping into mind.

Gavriil, she responded with her mind.

I could feel your emotions and I wanted to soothe you. It's okay. His calm tone soothed her nerves and she relaxed against him as he wove the bike down a twisting and turning path in the woods. They pulled up to a modest two story log cabin complete with a balcony, surrounded by trees. He rolled to a stop and shut off the bike. "Home sweet home, what do you think?"

She grinned, "I love it."

"Good, it's mine. I got it a few years ago, just after you came here. Thought it would be a nice getaway if we ever got together again."

Her heart melted at his words. After all these years he still thought of her.

"Of course I thought of you." He got off the bike and held out his hand, which she took. She climbed off the bike and he pulled her to him. Gavriil brushed her lips with his in a soft kiss before stepping back. "Come on, let's get inside."

Tuesday felt something wasn't right. She wanted to ask but held back, afraid of the answer. It had been nearly ten years since they had last seen each other. Things could have changed. Despite what happened in the bar and outside of it, she couldn't help but wonder if he had found someone else.

"Hey slow poke, get a move on, we're going to have a storm; at least that's what I heard."

The rumble of thunder overhead confirmed his words and she dashed up the porch just as the first few drops fell before the downpour began.

"You're bike!" She cried out.

"No big deal, I'll get it in a few, let me just unlock the door and you go on ahead of me while I put the motorcycle away, okay?"

She nodded and he caressed her face and gave her soft smile. As soon as he got the door open she went into the house. She patted around the wall until she found a switch and flicked it up. The room flooded with bright light and she had to blink a few times before her eyes adjusted. The first thing she noticed was all the flowers, pillows and candles. *A woman's touch*. Jealousy, lava hot, rushed up within her and she clenched her hands. The thought of some random woman being in Gavriil's personal place, adding her taste to his, irked her.

She was distracted from her jealousy by his return.

“Problem? I know it’s not much but it’s comfortable. Luckily the place already came fully furnished so there was no need to do too much on my part.”

Relief washed over her and she felt silly for being envious.

“Let me take your coat and purse and I’ll hang them up in the closet. Make yourself comfortable. We need to talk.”

His words made her uneasy as she handed over her jacket and bag. As she wandered over to an overstuffed couch she sank down, worried about what he would say. She hoped it was that he wanted to see her again because she wanted to see him. After all these years, and so many bad dates, all she wanted at the end of the day was to curl up with him. It had been cowardice that had kept her from calling him and asking him to take her back. Even though they had ended things on a good and understanding note, there had always been a worry that he secretly hated her for turning him down.

“I’m going to get us some coffee first okay?”

“Uh, okay.” Tuesday didn’t want coffee, she wanted to talk to him and clear the air. There was a sense of foreboding in the air and she wasn’t sure what to do with it. She looked around and saw no photos, no mementos of his life. It was almost as if another person lived in the house.

“I know it’s not much and I’ve been living here for years, but I just can’t seem to get comfortable,” he said, placing a steaming mug of coffee in front of her.

“Stop that,” she smiled and shook her head.

“What?” He raised a dark brown eyebrow. His lips quivered as if holding back a smile.

“You’re reading my mind.” She took a sip and studied Gavriil’s face. He was not conventionally handsome. His long dark golden hair fell to his waist in waves. Layers framed his face. His face looked as if it had been

carved by a sculptor. His cheekbones were so sharp they looked as if they could cut. His golden eyes, flecked with red were hooded and framed by dark brown lashes. His lips were neither full nor thin.

A sense of longing rose up in her. Despite having sex with him earlier, she wanted to be with him again. She wanted to connect with him again, not just on a physical level but also emotional as well. He still knew her, so well he could read her mind even without entering it.

"So what's wrong?" His deep voice was rough around the edges. The tone caused a shiver to slip down her spine.

"I want a straight answer, is there someone in your life at the moment?" She braced herself the answer, praying it would be no.

"My parents tried to set me up but it fell through." He paused. Emotions flitted across his face that she couldn't read. First time since she had known him, he put up a wall between them. Sadness fell around her like a shroud. She wanted to reach out to him, tell him that whatever was going on it would be okay. Instead she held her coffee cup close to her chest and waited for him to speak again.

"Now I'm here. I'm going to be working with the King as part of his personal guard so you'll be seeing me a lot more." He gave her a small smile. Despite the small gesture he remained closed off. Silence fell between them as thunder rumbled over head. Lightening cracked and the lights flickered.

"Maybe I should start a fire and light some candles just in case." He put his coffee cup down and stood up.

"Gavriil..." she stopped not sure of what she wanted to say.

"Yes, *lubov*?" He paused and looked down at her.

She shook her head, "Never mind."

He gathered wood for the fire and lit candles just in case. By the time he was done the lights flickered again and then went out.

"Shit, I'll go check the fuse box just in case the main fuse blew." He left the room and she groaned. Words were on the tip of her tongue. She wanted to apologize but wasn't sure why. She wanted to tell him she loved him still, but couldn't get up the courage. Ten years had passed, things had changed and yet some things remained the same. She just wasn't sure what had and what hadn't for him. *How do you walk back into a person's life after such a long absence when so much has changed? Have I changed? She wondered. Has he?*

Despite the storm raging outside, the silence in the room threatened to close in on her. She felt suffocated by the dimness in the corners of the room. Growing up a pyro demon she had always been told that darkness was her enemy and that there was something to fear in the dimness. Demons like Gavriil lived in those dark corners, stalked the small places where people feared to tread. She shivered as she remembered the legends of the Royal Assassins. They were born into it. They were usually from an old line like Gavriil's that were trained once they were old enough to walk without assistance.

When they had first gotten together she feared him, and yet like a moth to a flame, was entranced by him. Despite knowing him for so long she was still like a moth. She was brought out of her thoughts by his return.

"The power is gone and the storm looks really bad, so it looks like you're stuck here, lucky me." He gave her a wry smile that didn't make her happy and sat down, his chair in the shadows.

"If you want me to..." she started and he cut her off.

"Don't you dare suggest calling a cab or anything else. You're staying the night, besides we still need to talk."

"About?" She took a sip of coffee.

"Us and what's been going on."

"Meaning?"

"It's been ten years, we need to talk."

"That tells me nothing."

He let out a heavy sigh. "I've missed you Tuesday, and I want to reconnect with you. I'm going to be here a while. Pietro wants to move his base of power here; makes it easier for Callisto to continue her job. They're near a portal so they can go easily back and forth to the demon world. I want to get to know you again."

She sensed there was more. He seemed to be holding something back. "Is that it?" She asked.

"Yes, that's it."

"You're lying." She put down the coffee cup and looked at him. The red flecks of his eyes glittered while the rest of him remained in shadow.

She swallowed. The sense of foreboding was back, now it was as if something dangerous was lurking in his eyes. A shadow flickered across his gaze before disappearing.

"What is going on? Gavriil, tell me," she demanded.

His gaze narrowed, golden fire caged by black lashes. "I can't tell you now Tuesday, not yet anyway."

"Why not now?" Despite the coffee she yawned.

He gave her a soft smile. "Bedtime, *dorogaya*. We will talk when after you get some rest."

He stood up and she reluctantly followed his lead. Gavriil took her hand and led her out of the living room and up a set of stairs near the door. He guided to a bedroom and opened the door. "Here you are. You'll sleep here tonight."

After what happened at the bar it was a shock to be put in a separate room. Instead of protesting she said nothing and went in. She wouldn't

push things, something was going on and she trusted he would tell her soon. "Night Gavriil," she called over his shoulder.

"Good night, *moya adskaya rosa*," he closed the door behind her.

Tuesday was relieved to see a fire in the hearth burning away. She made her way further into the room and sat on the bed when the lights flickered back on. Relief flooded her as the lamp in the room gave off a soft glow. The power was back on. She looked around and found that there was a robe on the mattress and slippers at the foot of the bed. She shook her head, "He saw this coming."

She grabbed the robe and slippers and headed for the door she assumed was the bathroom. It was relief to see she was right. She took a quick shower, dried off and slipped into the robe. She came out of the bathroom and found a cup of chamomile tea and a remote control on her nightstand. She smiled. He had thought of everything. She slipped out of the robe and pulled up the sheets. Tuesday snuggled down and picked up the remote and turned on the TV. She picked up the cup of tea and took a sip only to almost spit it out.

There on the screen was a woman was strapped down to a leather bed her legs were spread wide, her arms shackled to the bed frame itself. A man stood over her wearing nothing but leather pants and a mask. He slipped an ice cube between the woman's large breasts. Tuesday watched the woman's back arch and her mouth fall open. The woman let out a soft cry of surprise before quickly shutting her mouth.

"Very naughty. We told you not to make a sound. You will have to be punished." The man's deep voice rumbled up Tuesday's spine causing her to shiver. "Do you agree brother?"

A second man appeared in the frame he was identical in build and dress to the first man. "I agree."

The newcomer produced a flogger and handed it to his brother. The first man took it and trailed the leather tails over her breasts. "Whatever you do, don't make a sound."

He dipped the whip between her legs, pulled his hand back and let it snap. *Crack*. The tails hit the woman's pussy lips and her hips bucked. Meanwhile the second man had lowered his head to her breast first outlining her nipple with the tip of his tongue before taking the tightened peak into his mouth with his teeth. Her back arched in response and yet she kept silent. Tuesday watched in rapt fascination. Her body flushed with heat, and tightened. Her breasts felt full. They ached for a simple touch.

Tuesday's pussy became heavy with arousal. Squirming in on the bed she tried to stave off the ache that had started between her legs. It wasn't working. She tried clenching her thighs together. That didn't work either. With a groan of frustration she changed the channel. Only it changed to yet another porn.

This one involved a woman tied to a bed while a masked man ran ice cubes over her naked body. Tuesday became enthralled by this. The more she watched, the more she wanted what she saw. Sleep tugged at her consciousness. The warmth of the sheets over her body, the arousal simmered in the pit of stomach as dreamland called to her. Her eye lids became heavy until they closed. When they opened again she found herself in place of that woman, tied to a bed with Gavriil over her. He tied a blindfold over her eyes plunging her in darkness. She began to struggle against her bonds.

"Do you trust me?" His voice was a low purr that caused the fire in the pit of her stomach to burn hotter. His fingers slipped down the side of her face distracting her. She yearned for that touch, to feel his hands take hold of her head as his mouth pressed against hers in a passionate kiss.

"Do you?" The question brought her out of her daze and she swallowed.

"Always," she whispered. She waited for his next move, praying that he would touch her again. She didn't have to wait long. He brought his head down, their lips so close and yet so far away. "Good. I know you heard the rumors. Heard what I liked, and up until now I've held back with you. The time for that is gone."

Anticipation and need rolled over her. Her pussy clenched. She couldn't wait for what he had planned. In the court there were always whispers. Some true, some made up to serve a purpose. She had always heard that he had darker tastes in the bedroom and now she would get to experience them. Her hands wrapped around her bonds and held on tightly.

"Please, Gavriil please," she wasn't sure what she was pleading for. Her body was on fire.

"What do you need, *lubov*? Say it." He encouraged. She swallowed and prayed for the courage to say what she wanted.

"I want you to fuck me," she waited for his response.

"You've become more confident since we were last together. In the past you would never ask for what you wanted, needed. Yes, I will fuck you but not immediately. What else, *dorogaya*? Tell me. I want to hear it from your sweet mouth what you need from me. Do you want me to eat your sweet pussy until you come all over my mouth, hmmm?" He trailed his fingers down the side of her neck and across her collar bone.

She arched her back, asking silently for his hands on her breasts.

"Uh uh, *lubov*, say it. Tell me to touch your beautiful breasts, to massage them. I want to hear you tell me to taste these sweet nipples of yours to nip and suck them hard. Is that what you want, my sweet? If so

then tell me what to do. I am yours to command." He began to blaze a path of kisses down her neck. She moaned, all thought scattered from her mind.

"Say it Tuesday, tell me what you want from me," he growled before nipping the skin over her pulse point softly. He soothed the sting with a few flicks of his tongue. She writhed on the mattress.

"I'm going to stop if you don't tell me what I need to hear," he warned.

She swore silently, "Touch me. I need to feel your hands on my breasts. I want your mouth on my nipples."

"Much better. Do you want me to suck these beautiful buds hard or be gentle?"

She didn't know why he was talking. He was asking too many damn questions. "I don't care just suck me."

He chuckled. It was a dark, sexy, wicked sound, like dark chocolate with a touch of whisky, running down her throat warming her from the inside. She moaned.

"Not an answer," he moved his hands down her chest to cup her breasts and gave them a gentle squeeze but did nothing else. She let out a frustrated sound.

"Damn it, touch me."

"I am."

She blew out a breath and tried to think past the fog of desire threatening to consume her brain. "I want you to pinch and suck my nipples hard, happy?"

"No, but that will do for now. We'll work on tone later."

She gasped when he pinched her nipples hard, sending bolts of heat straight to her clit. Her hips bucked off of the mattress and she moaned. Her pussy clenched as moisture slipped out of her entrance to coat her ass.

He repeated the action causing her to squirm. She felt the heat of his body over her and waited for him to finally lower himself on top of her. He

didn't move completely instead he lowered his head to flick one of her nipples softly. Light shards of heat shot through her body straight to her sex. Her hips rose off of the bed, to touch his groin before lowering back down to the mattress.

He took the tightened peak into his mouth and nipped the tip gently before sucking the bud into his mouth, hard. She cried out as pleasure ran through her. "Please, touch me."

He released her nipple and chuckled, "I am touching you."

"With your hands, touch me with your hands."

"No, you're not being specific." He trailed kisses across to her other nipple where he showed that the same attention before blazing a trail down her stomach. He swirled his tongue in her navel before burying his face between her thighs. He lapped at the slick petals of her pussy, using broad, long strokes to tease her. She squirmed wishing he would touch her where she needed it most. Her clit throbbed with need. Her cunt contracted aching to be filled.

"Gavriil, please, eat me," she demanded.

He stopped. His moist breath came out in puffs over her heated sex. Just that little touch sent soft waves of pleasure and need through her. She squirmed unable to hold still. She needed movement, freedom but most of all she needed him, inside of her, fucking hard. "Gavriil, please."

"Please, what?"

"Eat me, fuck me, do something," she growled.

He laughed, "Needy aren't we?"

Gavriil parted her pussy lips, exposing her sensitive clit. He blew on it lightly causing sparks of pleasure to go off inside of her. She moaned and then cried out when his tongue flicked the bundle of nerves. He bit the bud lightly before sucking it into her mouth. Her back arched and she pulled on her bonds wishing she could bury her hands in his hair. She rocked her

hips against his mouth wishing she could ride his lips. He sucked on her clit hard sending shards of pleasure through her body.

Her orgasm curled tightly in the pit of her stomach making her writhe. Pain and pleasure rushed through her body at his torment. Her cunt constricted on air.

He growled. The vibrations sending her closer to the edge. Desire spiraled higher and higher within her. She ground her wet pussy against his mouth. Sensation overwhelmed her. She was so close. Just a little more would push her over the edge. He bit down on her clit and she screamed. Fire exploded in her belly and ebbed outward. Tuesday came hard as pleasure and pain clashed and merged to take her higher. Her juices leaked out of her aching cunt.

Despite just climaxing, she wanted more. Needed more. She wanted him inside of her, fucking her hard. "Gavriil."

Her voice came out husky and soft. "Fuck me hard. I need your cock inside of me, please. Fuck me."

"Do you ache for me, *lubov*? Do you need me as badly as I need you?" He flicked her clit causing tremors to break out. Her pussy contracted and she groaned.

"Yes, I ache for you. I need you. Please, fuck me," she pleaded.

"Mmmm, not yet. I don't think you're ready."

She shrieked in frustration, her body trembling with barely held arousal and anger. Every nerve ending was on fire. Her body was a living flame of lust. Sweat trickled down her forehead, slipping down the sides of her cheeks. The bed shook beneath her and she waited. Seconds ticked by in darkness as fear began to rise within her. Her heart beat picked up pace, pounding against her ribcage. Her breath came out in short pants as the silence stretched out. Goose bumps rippled over her skin as she began to panic.

Her old fear of the dark came roaring back as she struggled against her bonds. Tears leaked from her eyes as she became unable to breathe easily. Tuesday was gasping for breath but she couldn't take enough oxygen into her lungs. "Gavriil? Gavriil?" She all but screamed his name.

"Shhhh... It's all right, everything is fine. I'm here. I'm sorry I left you alone for so long. I'm here now." A whisper of something soft trailed along her skin and she latched onto that sensation. It was more than one something. It felt like suede fingers slithering slowly up one leg and down the other.

"Focus on this. Feel what I'm doing to you. Let go of your fear and experience," his voice was a seductive hum, filled with strength, purpose and authority. She turned her attention to him and what he was doing to her. Slowly he trailed the suede over her stomach then over her breasts. The tips of the object tickled her sensitive nipples. He swept the tails down her body, tracing them over her heated, slick mound. Snap. She cried out at the sting on the sensitive petals of her pussy. The harsh kiss of what she assumed was a flogger was eased by his mouth on her labia. He lapped at the ache, turning it into heated pleasure. His head moved away and he repeated the harsh caress.

He flogged her pussy over and over. Each pass sent waves of fire burning through her groin to spread outward. Another orgasm formed on the horizon. Tears of frustration slipped from her eyes to join the sweat slipping down her face. With each flick of the flogger he would kiss and lap the pain away. She was caught between pleasure and pain, unable to break free of the delicious torment. Her cunt clenched, weeping tears of need that trickled down to coat her anus and stain her thighs. Her body was strained with need. She wanted to come so badly.

He paused. It was almost a relief when he stopped. Her chest heaved and her breath came out in harsh pants. She swallowed and waited for his next action.

“Good, *dorogaya*, very good, you did well. I didn’t expect that. I didn’t think you would enjoy this. Something new I’ve learned about you. Perhaps I should take it up a notch.”

Anticipation rushed through her veins. She was dizzy with need. *What more could he do to me?* She wondered. The bed shook slightly before settling back down. She took the time to recover and ruminate over what had just happened. Normally she didn’t like being held down but this erotic experience made her rethink her stance, just a bit. She didn’t have too long to think the mattress shook on his return.

“Are you ready *dorogaya*?”

Tuesday jumped, his moist breath ticked the delicate shell of her ear. She hadn’t even felt him climb up the bed.

“Ready for what?” She asked cautiously.

“For the next round of your exploration. I admit, this will hurt a bit but you will enjoy it.”

A gasp was torn from her lips when she felt something cold and slick against her anus. Her heart pounded against her chest as fear took over. “Gavriil?”

“Let go and feel.”

She squirmed away from the blunt, thick object that pushed against the entrance of her back hole.

“Shhh, it’s alright, it won’t hurt you,” his voice was slow, melodic and comforting. She tried to relax, letting go of the tension in small increments until her whole body lay on the mattress docile. Her jaw clenched when the thing was pushed into her, slowly at first. It passed the first ring and then withdrew. He returned the object and she could feel the cold, slick

object pushing further into her body. It moved in and out of her slowly, stretching her back passage with each pass. The burning ache turned surprisingly to pleasure as she got use to the foreign sensation.

Still she felt incomplete, something was missing. She yearned for his cock fucking her at the same time. As if reading her mind, something as blunt and thick as the object in her ass slipped into her pussy. In concert they fucked her, slowly at first before picking up the pace. Another orgasm grew. Her stomach clenched as her climax writhed and coiled tighter. Her walls clenched around the object as her body tightened. Heat exploded from her belly as her body shook.

She cried out in release as sparks danced before her eyes. Her mind went blank as pleasure overwhelmed her. Tuesday didn't even notice when the objects were taken out of her pussy and ass.

"My turn," Gavriil murmured.

She felt a sense of pressure at the entrance of her core before Gavriil pushed forward. Her walls clamped down on the head of his cock. He withdrew and pushed forward. So intense, the feeling of him inside of her was overwhelming. She wanted to see, watch him as he fucked her. Tuesday cursed the blindfold holding her in darkness. She tried to rock against him to no avail the bonds gave her very little room to move.

He withdrew and thrust into her, sinking more of cock into her tight, slick passage. She moaned and clenched her vaginal muscles around him, trying to draw him further inside her. He pulled back and then slammed into her. Gavriil fucked her hard, every thrust rubbed over that secret spot that made her see stars.

"Yes, fuck me Gavriil, make me yours, goddess I've missed you," she cried out.

“Who do you belong to Tuesday?” He growled in response. His hips moved faster, his cockhead hit her cervix sending sparks of pain to mingle with pleasure.

“You, I belong to you,” she didn’t even hesitate in her answer. Her breasts jiggled with each stroke, sending shards of heat straight to her clit. She wished her hands were free to pinch, tug and roll the aching buds. Higher he took her as her muscles gripped his cock tight, fire exploded in her stomach sending a shockwave of pleasure through her body. She came crying out his name as he withdrew, slamming into her over and over again, fucking her through her orgasm until he too came spurting his seed deep inside of her pussy.

Panting, mind blank she couldn’t believe she had just come so many times. Despite having just orgasmed he was still hard within her. His shaft throbbed in her cunt as he held still. The bed moved underneath her and then she felt the heat of his body over her. He began to thrust into her slowly. Tension began to build with each stroke.

“I’m going to fuck you again, this time nice and slow,” his breath brushed against her cheek before his lips dusted her jaw paving a course up to her ear. He nipped her earlobe before tugging it into his mouth. He sucked on it hard sending a spike of pleasure through her. Gavriil released the flesh and kissed his way down her neck.

He rocked his hips against hers, brushing her clit with each pass. She was drowning in sensation and feeling. Her fingers curled around her bonds and held on needing to anchor herself to something anything. She was losing herself in his strokes and kisses. Each thrust of his hips sent more pleasure through her. She was wound so tight, any second she knew she would unravel again.

Tighter and tighter the fire coiled in her belly, writhing like a trapped snake. He reached between them to brush her clit with the rough pad of his

thumb. Pleasure and pain in the one touch caused her to cry out. Slowly he rubbed the sensitive head of the nub. Small cries slipped from her lips.

“Come for me, *dorogaya*, come now,” he ordered, pressing down on the bundle of nerves.

Her legs shook as another orgasm took her under. Stars burst in the darkness and her body trembled with pleasure. Muscles twitched and jumped as the afterglow descended upon her. He wasn’t done yet. He stilled over her. She could feel his throbbing cock inside of her, he hadn’t come yet. Time crawled by on slow hands as she waited for him to move.

“Not yet, I’m not going to come just yet. We still have a long way to go.”

Tuesday wasn’t sure whether to be disappointed or scared.

BANG!

Heart racing, sweat slipping over her skin, need coursing through her veins she looked around trying to understand what was going on. The thunder rumbled overhead louder this time. With a loud curse she felt back on the bed. The storm had awoken her. With a sigh she tried to calm her body down. Moisture trickled down her thigh and she swore again. Sleep was not on her horizon just yet, she was too wired after that explosion and her body was demanding release. With a soft sigh she got out of bed and took a cold shower before drying off and slipping back into bed. Still sleep didn’t come. She slipped into the black robe he had provided her and started to pace, ignoring the low ache in her body for release.

Chapter Two

Gavriil groaned. His body hummed with arousal. His balls ached with need for release. If he didn't come soon he'd go mad. He had to resist the urge to go to her room and plead for sex. Instead he continued to pace, his mind working over time. He threw a glance to his bed. There on the shining midnight blue silk sat a rolled up piece of parchment. There written in royal purple ink was a formal request of marriage. All he had to do was give it Tuesday and hope she would accept.

He refused to have anyone else as his wife. His family had been trying for ages since he had broken up with Tuesday to find him a suitable match. He had refused them all. Now his mother was going behind his back and trying to set him up. He'd found an advertisement in the demonic announcements that he was in search of a wife. After the rage had ebbed away, a plan had formed. The only way he could get his mother off his back was to find himself a wife. It had been easier said than done. All the women he felt he could at least be true to, didn't like the idea of being a wife of convenience, and those that liked the idea wanted an open relationship.

After much searching and a heavy heart he found himself in the mortal dimension where he poured his heart out to Cody, over a White Russian. The conversation came back.

“Cody, I’m tired of searching. There is no one else for me. I only want one woman but I don’t know where to look for her.”

Cody had been about to answer him when the doors to the bar opened and much to his shock, Tuesday came strolling in laughing and happy while talking to the future queen of the demons, Callisto Monroe. He’d been unable to move. His body tightened. Fire flooded his veins as his balls drew closer to his body. His shaft pressed against the zipper of his pants, pressing into the metal of the zipper. Gavriil forgot how to breathe. He became deaf. Everything in him was focused on her. His gaze trailed after her until she disappeared into the crowd.

“I guess you’ve found a solution to your problem,” Cody’s voice broke the spell that had woven around him. With a heavy sigh Gavriil turned toward the bar, head bowed, dejection consuming his arousal. He shook his head.

“No, it doesn’t. She walked away from me a long time ago. She looks happy now. I wouldn’t want to intrude upon that.” He threw back his drink and winced at the cool burn.

“You don’t know if you’re intruding or not. Meet her and see what happens.” Cody turned and walked away from the bar leaving Gavriil with his thoughts. It took him a while to leave the pub and return home. After many nights arguing with himself, and a few talks with his brothers, he came to a decision. He would find Tuesday and talk to her.

That was two weeks ago. He’d haunted that bar almost every night. Whenever he saw her his courage would slip as arguments surfaced as to why he shouldn’t intrude on her new, happy life. It wasn’t until tonight when she spotted him that all those reasons disappeared. It was like they had never been apart. All of his emotions surged upward and need consumed him. He wanted to be with her again in any way shape or form. Joy rushed through him when she agreed to talk with him. Now that he

had her here he wasn't sure how to bring up the offer of marriage declaration.

He reached up and rubbed the back of his neck. Thunder and lightning clashed over head as rain pounded the windows. He wished he was wrapped up in her arms, their legs intertwined. A soft sigh passed his lips as his body heated. His cock became harder.

A soft knock on the door pulled him out of his thoughts. "Yes, come in." He winced at how hoarse he sounded. He waited, hoping, praying it was Tuesday. Instead it was his servant, Battista. He was torn between feeling relief and disappointment.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, sire, but a messenger arrived."

"Ah, I was expecting this. Send him in."

Battista shook his head, "No sire, it is a woman."

With an eyebrow raised, Gavriil watched as Battista stepped back to admit a petite woman wearing a sparkling black sheath. She looked like a pixie with large bug eyes. Her long, vivid, purple hair was arranged in an elaborate bun on top of her head. Tiny wings fluttered on her back as she flew toward him.

"Evening sire. The great King Pietro has sent me to inform you that your services are required. There is a mission the king wishes of you. He has finally chosen the ring he wishes to give Callisto. In order to keep it safe and from prying eyes he would like you to retrieve for him. His queen is, shall we say, a very curious woman. If she thinks he is keeping something from her, she will use any means necessary to pry the information from the king and he is...Erm...Weak against her advances and tactics. He would like you to keep the ring with you until the coronation where he will present it to her as a physical token of his undying devotion and adoration. Do you agree to this request?"

Gavriil bit back a laugh, "Of course. Are there any special requirements for this mission. Do I need an escort? Is there danger? Why me of all people?"

"As you are a Royal Assassin you have the tools necessary at your disposal to keep this trinket safe. Also, it is perfect subterfuge. Under the guise of an official mission you can come and go as you please, no questions asked. Your cover is perfect. On the pretense of being on a dangerous mission the king has hired the services of your brother Rune. Are you comfortable with that?" The pixie tilted her head to the side, her large luminous green eyes blinked back at him framed by bright purple lashes.

He hadn't seen his brother in over a decade. There had been bad blood between them when he left. If Rune was willing to work with him then there was no problem at all, "Yes, I am."

Her wings fluttered faster as if in excitement. The pixie's mouth curled up into a cruel smile showing sharp pointed teeth. "Good, then I shall tell the King immediately. Please keep this mission between you. If you must lie, then do so. The King wishes absolute secrecy on this."

With that the violet haired creature nodded and vanished in a puff of purple smoke.

"Battista," Gavriil called out, "I'm sure you heard, make all the preparations and inform my family that an emergency has come up and I have to handle it immediately," He paused and then shook his head, "I'll go to Tuesday. I'm not sure what I'll tell her but I'll think of something."

His servant nodded. A cold breeze wafted against Gavriil's skin causing goosebumps to rise and he swore soundly. He had been naked through that entire conversation. Quickly, he donned some clothes and left his room. When he arrived at Tuesday's door, he lifted his eyes and sent up

a silent prayer that he could find the words to tell her he had to go. A summons from the king meant leaving immediately.

He knocked and entered the room.

"Tuesday, we need to talk," he started.

"Yes, we do," her voice was breathy sigh, edged in huskiness. The sound wrapped around his cock and squeezed. He groaned silently and slipped by her, sending up another prayer for control. The moment he stepped into the room he knew he was in trouble. Her arousal permeated the air. His cock twitched at the enticing scent. Ignoring the need that had blazed to life in his body, Gavriil, quickly sat down and willed his shaft to behave, deflate... anything.

"Let me start, okay?" He didn't look at her. If he did knew he would be gone, all warnings, the situation, everything would be forgotten in the face of his sexual need. With a hard swallow he plunged into the topic without giving her a chance to answer. "I have been given a mission by the king. I need to go immediately."

Tuesday's mouth opened and closed, then opened again to utter, "Is there some danger I'm not aware of? Do you need my help?"

He shook his head, "No, you are to stay here, it's just a minor mission."

Her eyebrow rose, "What kind of bullshit is that? You don't get sent on minor missions." She started to move and he stood up. Gavriil teleported himself to her side and grabbed her arm.

"It's nothing, I swear."

Her eyes flashed, letting him know she was pissed. Tuesday took it to next level by engulfing her body in blue fire. The robe burned off of her exposing her naked body to his hungry gaze. He let out a pained groan and averted his eyes. The argument had fallen away in a swirl of arousal.

"Tuesday, please...." His voice trailed off unsure of what he was asking for.

"Please what?" He groaned when she took hold of his erection through his pants. He rocked against her hand. Sparks of pleasure went off in his body. His balls pulled tighter as he teetered closer to orgasm just from her touch alone. It had been so long. He groaned and tilted his head back. Her hand slipped into his hair. Her fingernails scraped his scalp before grabbing handful of hair and using it to yank his head down. Sharp pain lanced through his head from the pull but he didn't care. Once her lips met his, it was a hungry, dominating, mind blow melding of lips. Teeth and tongues clashed as their mouths mated. She tugged harder trying to show him who was boss, and he let her.

He was lost in the need that coursed through his body. Her mouth enthralled him. She pressed her hand against his chest and he threw his head back to hiss as fire burned through his shirt to meet flesh. The scent of burning flesh floated in the air. He glared at her and she let go of his hair. Tuesday turned her head away.

"Sorry, I lost control," she murmured softly. "It's been a long time."

Gavriil could understand that. He was holding on by a thread too. Carefully he extricated her fingers from his hair and stepped back.

"We've lost the point of the conversation. I'm here to tell you I've been assigned a mission and I need to leave." She held up his hand, stopping his speech.

"And I say there's more going on than you're telling me." Her arms went around her waist, pushing up her breasts slightly causing him to lose focus for a second. He quickly regained his composure.

Gavriil cleared his throat, "Well there is that fact that Rune will be going with me."

"I knew it!"

He turned around and closed eyes pleading with whatever forces would listen that his next words would get through to her. "I know what

you're thinking and it's wrong. It's a minor mission. I assure you of it. There is nothing amiss going on. Rune is there to help me. You know Royal Assassins work in pairs. Please, don't press the point. It's a simple mission nothing more, nothing less."

He waited on bated breath for her to denounce him. A soft sigh made him cautious. He turned around to see her shoulders sagging and her arms at her sides.

"Okay, if what you're saying is true then you damn well better be careful and come back to me in once piece, got it?"

He smiled and nodded. Opening his arms and she went straight into them. He held her, ignoring the hitch of his breath and the way his cock twitched at her finally being in his arms. Gavriil bent his head and kissed the top of hers. "I'll be careful. I know you'd kill me if I wasn't. I promise, I won't get hurt."

He wasn't sure who he was trying to reassure, her or himself. His brother was an enigma to him.

* * * *

Tuesday shivered in Gavriil's embrace. No matter how hot his body was, it couldn't drive away the chill that was brought on by thinking of his older brother. Rune had been angered by his brother's relationship with her, a Halfling. Things had been taken to the extreme when Gavriil had said in front of his whole family that he intended to marry her one day. Rune had gotten in his face quickly and a fight broke out with Rune rising, blood staining his lip and chin, swearing that he would kill his brother before he let that happen.

She had felt horrible and tried to get Gavriil to take back what he had uttered but stubbornly he refused. After that she felt it was best for him

and his brother if she left and went off to see the mortal world. Her training as an assassin was done and there was nothing else she wanted to do. She didn't want to be beholden to the court for a job. Tuesday had wanted freedom and chance to see the world beyond the demonic realm. So with great sadness she packed her bags, said goodbye to those she loved and went out to see the world.

Her thoughts had traveled to him often. Every new place she saw left her yearning to be with the man never far from her thoughts. The pain of leaving him had never quite faded away. Now, here with him and in danger there was nothing more she wanted to do than to feel safe again. It had been ten years since she'd picked up a sword and a few months since she worked on her martial arts. Her day job as a secretary really didn't offer up the danger she was trained to fight.

She inhaled deeply and sighed. His spicy musk with just a hint of tobacco wafted around her, making her feel safe and wanted. Not sparing a thought for what her actions could lead to, she wrapped her arms around him, pressing her body against his. Her pussy clenched. Moisture slipped down her thighs as her erotic bondage dream surfaced in her mind. She wanted that dream to come true, to be under his control.

She wanted to experience his special demonic ability; he could make a person come just by touch alone. He could take her pyro ability and fuck her when she lost control of her gift and engulfed them both of in flames, that is, if he was prepared. She wanted to lose herself, forget Rune and the danger for just a moment. Fire licked through her veins as her belly tightened in desire.

"Tuesday, not now. As much as I want to, there are other things to discuss before I go."

She reached up and ran a hand through his thick, silken tresses. "Like what?"

He teleported out of her embrace to the other side of the bed, like that was going to help him. She used her mind to transport to him. He let out a frustrated grunt and walked around her. "There is the marriage declaration I put in."

She stopped, her mind went blank.

"I did something rash. My mother was trying to set me up and failing badly, so I put in a marriage declaration so I could formally ask for your hand in marriage."

He didn't look at her. There was a soft buzzing sound, like white noise in her ears. She blinked not comprehending what he was going on about.

"Do you understand me? I want to marry you? I've announced it, the whole of demon world knows."

Finally something broke through. "My mother..." she whispered.

He nodded and she let out a horrified shriek. Tuesday glanced around the room half expecting her mother to pop out behind a curtain or out of some shadow.

"Don't worry, I've asked that you be left alone. I want you decide for yourself to accept or not."

"Great, so now I have your brother and my mother to worry about. That didn't sound right." She walked over and sank down on the bed. Emotions ricocheted around her head as if in a blender. She was elated, confused, scared and lost. So much had happened within a twenty-four hour span she wasn't sure where to go. Arousal slipped away and weariness set in. She turned and crawled to the head of the bed and got under the covers. "Come on, Gav, I need you to hold me."

His features relaxed and she watched him. He was lean and toned like a jungle cat, not too big and not too small. Once he joined her under the covers and wrapped his arms around her, she relaxed. Despite his

assurances, she couldn't help but feel dread that he wasn't telling her the whole truth. If Rune was involved, things had to be bad.

"Don't worry, *dorogaya*, nothing bad will happen," Gavriil whispered against her ear. His warm, moist breath tickled the delicate shell, causing her to shiver.

"It's not me I'm worried about," she responded.

"Rune is there only as help, he won't harm me."

"Are you sure?"

Gavriil kissed her shoulder. "Go to sleep. I'm here, don't worry."

"Answer the fucking question," she demanded. Tuesday rolled over and looked at him. His golden eyes glowed in the dark.

"He won't hurt me, *lubov*, he won't," Gavriil murmured.

His declaration did nothing to soothe the worry roiling around her stomach. "I don't believe you."

He lifted his hand and brushed away some hair that had fallen on her face. "Even though I am worried, I'm calm about the whole thing. Rune has always been all bluster and very little follow through. He may threaten here and there, but he won't hurt me."

"He's been disowned," Tuesday pointed out.

"True, but even then those ties are still there. Blood is blood is blood. He may be angry but he won't further the pain." He looked so sure that for a second she believed him. Only a second.

"I'm still not sure."

"If he does anything, he'll have to answer to the king. I doubt he wants to do that. Rune likes being left alone."

"He still makes me worry."

"I know but this is how things must be."

"I could go with you," she threw out.

“No you can’t, *lubov*, you know that.” He kissed her softly on the lips and she melted.

Chapter Three

Gavriil tried to ignore the tightness of his body and the ache in his balls. Despite the situation they were in, he wanted her. Fire licked at his veins. A soft tingling had started at the base of his spine, moving upward. The soft cushion of her lips caused him to groan. The feel of her breasts crushed against his chest made him want to move back and fill his hands with the large mounds. Heat came off of her body in waves. Desire urged his actions on as the soft, reassuring kiss turned into something more primal and dominating. It was a mating of mouths with teeth and tongues.

He nipped her bottom lip. A soft moan from her stoked the fire inside. The delicious taste of her went straight to his head as he rolled his hips against her stomach. His heart thudded against his ribcage, the harsh sound was deafening in his ears. He released her bottom lip and sucked her tongue into the wet heat of his mouth while moving his hands up and down her back before they slipped down to cup her ass, giving the rounded mounds a hard squeeze.

One hand kneaded a firm cheek while the other slipped between her legs to cup her sex. Her pussy was already slick and hot. His fingers ran up and down her slit, teasing the thick petals of her labia. The blunt end of his index finger traced the entrance of her cunt before slipping into the tight, slick heat. He rimmed her inner muscles and moaned as they gripped his

finger tight. Gavriil could only imagine what her pussy would do to his cock once he was inside of her.

He moved his head back and looked into her eyes. Slowly, he moved his finger in her velvet heat. Fucking her slowly. "Like that, *dorogaya*?" His voice was a harsh, thick sound that was unrecognizable.

He increased the pace, faster and faster he moved. Her juices slipped over her hand as her body moved as she tried to ride it into orgasm.

"Not enough," she panted, "More, I need more."

He stopped, withdrew the slick finger and inserted two. The pace was slow as her inner walls tried to grasp his fingers. He stopped the movement and she let out a frustrated cry.

"What are you doing?"

"I asked you a question, do you like what I'm doing to you. I won't let you come unless you answer me." He waited, watched her dark brown eyes narrow. Fire blazed in her gaze. A small smile curled on her lips.

"Fine, and every time you stop..." She didn't finish her sentence. Tuesday reached between them to grasp his throbbing erection. He groaned as she squeezed him through his pants.

"Minx," he growled. She nodded her head in answer and gave him another squeeze.

He groaned when she grasped his cock in her soft, cool hands and pumped the shaft slowly. In response, he moved his fingers again, slowly at first before picking up the pace. They worked in unison, teasing each other, bringing each other to the brink and then pulling back before falling over. Sweat slipped down their bodies, the air became perfumed with the scent of their arousal. The room was an inferno as they used hands and fingers to pleasure the other.

He bent his head down to take her lips in another possessive kiss as his fingers pumped faster and faster. He withdrew them and added a third,

stretching her cunt, preparing her for his cock. She tore her mouth away from his, her breath coming out in harsh pants. "Fuck me, Gavriil, make me yours."

That's all it took. He slipped his fingers from her grasping cunt and sucked them between his lips, savoring the sweet, salty taste of her. Something clicked over inside of him. He growled.

She opened her mouth and he cut her off. The beast within him had risen its head and wanted to fuck now. Heat washed through his veins as the chimera growled. His claws trying to shred through the thin barrier that was its cage. He watched her through narrowed eyes.

"Gavriil?"

The soft tone of her voice sent a jolt of need straight to his cock. A growl passed his lips and she scrambled back. She called his name again, only to have him groan in response.

"So sweet, your voice it's driving me crazy." He was on her instantly, pressing her body onto the mattress.

"Gavriil, what's going on? You're eyes are red." The quiver in the voice pierced the hunger riding him.

"It will be okay, *lubov*, I'm okay. I just need you so badly and my beast wants to come and play."

She blinked, "I see. Let' see if we can't make his playtime good for him."

Tuesday arched her back against his before throwing a leg over his hip. She ground her pussy against his cock. Her slick juices coated the thick shaft causing him to groan. With a push he found himself on his back, her leg trapped under his body. She wriggled it free and positioned her entrance above his shaft. The kiss of her moist heat against his cockhead almost had him surging upward. He held back refusing to act, despite his beast riding him hard. Lust pumping through his veins like tendrils of fire.

"Tuesday," his growled and reached up to take hold of her hips.

"You want me don't you? You need me so badly that your beast awoke. I can work with that." She shoved his burnt shirt up to expose his chest and stomach to her hungry gaze. Tuesday turned around and pushed his pants down further but didn't take them off. It felt strange to have him still be fully clothed and yet be completely nude. She turned to face him and smiled, a devious expression that told him there were wicked thoughts running around her head.

"I'm going to ride your cock until you come. I'll give you a moment to rest before I take you again. We've got a lot of time to make up for."

He raised an eyebrow in question, "You're going to take me again? I doubt it."

His arms flew up over his head. He tried to take them down only they wouldn't budge. He rolled his eyes upward and saw his wrists were encased of bands of blue fire gently blazing, but they didn't burn his skin, just warmed it lightly. His legs were the next to be held down and encircled in the cuffs. A burst of arousal washed over him. The thought of being pinned down and at her mercy was very erotic. She placed one hand on his chest and took hold of his cock, stroking it once before positioning it against her entrance. In one move, she thrust herself down enveloping half of his cock in her tight, wet, velvet sheath. Her pussy contracted around him, tearing a soft cry from his lips.

His body tightened in anticipation, balls drawing further against his body. She rose up and then lowered herself down. Slowly she fucked him, the pace driving him crazy. All thought narrowed down to just her and what she was doing to him. He cried out, back arching as ribbons of fire spread outward from her hand to cover his chest in a harness. A soft heat tickled his nipples. He felt weight on his abdomen and lifted his head to

look down, momentarily distracted by the sight of his thick cock, disappearing between her mocha thighs.

He watched, entranced by the sight. A jolt of heat shot through him when her cunt clenched around him. She began to ride him faster. Fingers of heat raced over his skin, his navel burned. He cried out as he came unexpectedly. Fire raced up and down his spine as his body tightened, his balls drew closer to his body as he spurted his seed deep into her pussy. She didn't stop riding him. He was shocked to find himself still hard. Hunger lapped at his body, sexual need raced through his veins as another orgasm built inside of him. His gaze traveled up her sweat slickened body to take in her face. Her eyes were half closed, lips parted as if silently crying out.

The bonds of fire wrapped around his body grew hotter. Her body burst into multicolored flames, like a phoenix. She was engulfed in a blaze, so beautiful it was almost blinding. Her pussy quivered around his cock before it clamped down. She came, body shaking, fire growing brighter. Rainbows appeared before his eyes. Shock jolted through him as he realized they were both covered in her fire. His skin burned. An intense tingled started at the base of his spine causing his toes to curl and a groan to be ripped from his lips. The tingling, like thousands of fingers raced up his spine, heat washed over his body, which now shook as he tried to hold back his orgasm, only to fail.

He screamed her name as black spots danced before his eyes. She rode him harder. Her greedy pussy milking him for every drop of his seed with each contraction. When it was all over, his skin feeling tender and sore, his body drained of all its energy. He succumbed to the darkness wondering what had happened.

* * * *

Tuesday groaned and climbed off his body. Her legs were like jelly but she didn't care. She moved slowly examining what had been done in the heat of passion. There around his waist, his chest and navel were the bonds of fire, burned into his skin. Tiny flames danced and licked his skin in multicolored hues.

"Oh fucking hell, I've marked him. I've given him my crest." She sank down on her heels and stared at his glistening skin, the hard wall of his chest, his tight abs. Her gaze lowered to the thick nest of pubic hair and then to his flaccid cock, still glistening with their combined juices. She could feel their mixed moisture slipping down her thighs. They hadn't even used protection. "Shit, I've marked him and I may be pregnant. Fuckpissshitdamn. Argh." She managed to get off the bed and pad across the room. For a second she wasn't sure what she wanted to do. *Do I call Battista or call Callisto?* She became immersed in the consequences of each action.

On the one hand Battista might be able to help her. He was a wealth of old lore. On the other hand Callisto had been marked by Pietro and maybe she could tell her what would happen. She had never marked anyone before, she hadn't known it was possible, but if she called Calli then she would have to explain the situation. She stomped her foot and groaned as her foot made contact with the hard floor. Instead of trying to decide now, she hobbled to the bathroom and took another shower. Under the hot spray she tried to decide what to do.

She knew she had lost control of her pyro. It had felt so good to just to let go. The pleasure had been so intense. It had felt like she was almost ready to burst. The heat and passion had been swirling inside of her like a whirlwind and then it just took over. Delicious sensation rushed over her as she let go. It was indescribable, almost as if she could die or reach the

stars from the pleasure. She'd almost passed out once or twice from the intensity building in her body. When she came it was in shower of sparks and fire. Heat rushed over her body as, pleasure threatened to drown her.

Small shards of desire shot straight to her clit as she remembered what had just passed. Despite the way her body ached, it tightened in need. Her pussy clenched as her juices trickled down her thigh to mingle with the water from overhead. Her clit throbbed with need for attention. With a soft groan she reached between her thighs, giving the bundle of nerves exactly what it wanted. Shots of pleasure rushed through her as she brought herself closer and closer to orgasm. She sank first two, then three fingers into her tight cunt, pumping them in and out matching the ministrations of her hand.

It didn't take long before she came again, pleasure shuddering through her body as her legs quivered from the strain. She sank down to the floor of stall and let the water pelt her from overhead as her muscles jumped and twitched in the afterglow. Closing her eyes she called on the discipline and control she had learned while training for an assassin. It didn't work. She could hear the thundering of her heart, the blood pumping through her veins, the water pelting the tiles and her body in soft slaps.

The sounds in her ear doubled confusing her at first. She opened her eyes and trying to understand what happened. Gavriil. She dashed into the bedroom, small puddles of water left in her wake as she went to check on him. Relief washed over her when she found him asleep. His skin looked much better than the raw patches of red skin that the brand had caused. A sense of possessiveness rose within her as her gaze traced the marred skin. Now, everyone would know who he belonged to.

A thought rose in her mind, the marriage declaration. Did she want that? She wasn't sure. After leaving the demon world she had reveled in her freedom. Loved that she belonged to no one. She could decide what

she did, where she went, who she fucked. In the demon world despite the decadence and hedonism, there were strict rules, decorum to follow and for a female demon, they were considered property, if they were from a house of stature. A female of nobility was only free once she married and even that freedom was limited.

Both she and Gavriil were of houses of great stature and honor. Would he expect her to bow down to him as the head of house? Would he allow her the freedom and independence she needed, craved? Did she really want to be tied down by marriage? She could see the conflict, clear as day. As much as she loved him, wanted to be with him, she couldn't actually marry him without him understanding what she needed. He may have a hold on her libido, and even parts of her heart, but he would never own her fully, never all of her.

She also couldn't help but wonder what he would think, being branded by her. Male demons by nature were alphas and they loathed females who were vociferous, unless it was in the bedroom. Women were to be seen and not heard. Gavriil may have let her go once, but ten years had passed, things were different and yet they remained the same. Tuesday head back into the bathroom and dried off before wrapping a large towel around herself. She left Gavriil sleeping as she wandered the hall in search of Battista. The lights glowed softly as she proceeded down the corridor playing a guessing game of which door led to Battista's bedroom.

Overhead the storm raged on, the rumble of thunder sent a chill down her spine as the crack of lightning rattled the windows. Things were getting worse outside and she was thankful they had regained power. A door opened to her left and she was relieved to see the large male servant, fully dressed.

"Tuesday? Why are you out here dressed like that?" Concern filled his eyes as his gaze moved over her.

She quickly launched into an explanation of her needs.

"Ah wait right here." He turned and went right back into the room.

If he comes back with women's clothing, I'm going to start to wonder about him. She looked around the hallway to keep herself busy and stave off the curiosity. Tuesday lost that battle and reached out to push the door open just a little bit more. Battista chose that moment to return.

"Here we are. A large sweater and some sweatpants with a draw string waist. It's going to be very large but it will keep you comfortable and warm." He smiled at her and she sighed softly. He was like a teddy bear and she wanted to hug him. For as long as she'd known him he'd always been kind to her. A sudden urge to confide in him took over, and before she knew it, she was pushing him back into his room and kicking the door shut behind them.

"Turn around, I need to change and say this while I do it before I lose my nerve."

He did as she requested and she quickly finished drying off while spilling her story. "You can turn around now."

At first Battista stood there not moving before he finally turned around.

"What do you think I should do?" She asked eager for someone's, anyone's opinion, other than listening to the jumble in her head.

His face was an unemotional mask. Her heart thudded against her chest as fear took hold of her.

"You have to do what is best for you, but you need to think on these things very carefully. You have two hearts that you are holding and both could break if you chose wrong."

Tears stung her eyes at his words. She nodded and left the room lost in thought. It was exactly what she was afraid of. If she chose to marry him, and he wanted to own her like all the other male demons, they would both lose.

She came to the darkened living room and found a chair. Tuesday curled up in the overstuffed wingback and watched rain pelt the window. She didn't want to hurt anyone, but she didn't want to be hurt either. With a soft sigh she got lost in the past, how things use to be before she left. Her happiness with Gavriil trumped any sadness from her at father being a complete bastard who hadn't wanted her or didn't love her mother. Her father was a demon whore, someone who, like vampire groupies, hung out where demons would gather, all for the hope that one of them would fuck them senseless. Like Vampires, demons had their own unique allure that called to mortals. A human could get addicted to a demon just by touch alone.

Her father had whored himself out for all the demonic houses, and when he got her mother pregnant, instead of taking responsibility, he'd found himself a new mistress. When Tuesday had come of age, her father slithered back into her life and tried to sell her into a marriage contract with another demon household because he wanted a part of the wealth that would bring. Her mother had put a stop to that, much to Tuesday's relief.

That was the moment she understood how little her freedom mattered in the demonic world. As soon as she was old enough to leave, she didn't hesitate in venturing out into the world beyond the demon one. She had found her niche in the mortal world and loved it there. Now, things were about to change. She was thrust back into demon politics, in a roundabout way, but more importantly she was facing the one man whom she had

loved all her life; and the one she was about to walk away from. She wasn't sure what would happen but knew she had to go.

The creak of stairs caused her to tense.

"Tuesday, what are you doing down here? It's dark," Gavriil's voice added to the turmoil roiling inside of her as needed burned in her gut. That voice had comforted her fears all her life, and lulled her to sleep after crappy days and lonely nights.

"Gavriil, we need to talk."

* * * *

Her voice caused a chill to run down his spine. He knew what she was going to say. As soon as he woke up alone he knew just what would happen. She was going to leave. His heart constricted as pain lanced his chest. Instead of turning on the light he made his way into the living room and sat down in his favorite chair right across from her. She was curled up in a large wingback, her body swimming in clothes that she must have borrowed from Battista. Tuesday looked so small and delicate, as if she were going to break. He didn't want to hear what she was about to say but knew he had to.

"I have to go when this is all over. I can't marry you, and you know why."

He did and he had to let her go. He had found her. Next time she would have to be the one to come to him.

"I do understand. Let me say this before you do go. Marriage is not the trap you see it as. You don't trust me. Despite growing up so close to each other, knowing as much as we do about each other, you don't trust me. You think I'm just another alpha demon, and that is insulting, it really is. If you searched your heart, you'd know the truth, so I won't tell it to you.

Know this Tuesday; I took no one else to my bed. I waited for you because it was you I wanted, even after all this time. After this, I'm not going to wait around forever. I can't, and I shouldn't have to. You have to figure things out for yourself, it's not for me to do it for you. I do have one request though. Let me show you how things could be if you do decide to be with me. Please."

He prayed she would accept his offer. She unfolded her body and stood up. "Show me."

Despite the mission, he wanted to be with her again. He wasn't sure when he would be with her again, if ever. He had to have her. The huskiness of her voice sent a bolt of desire through his body. He stood up stretched out his hand. His heart thudded against his chest in a harsh tattoo so loud he was sure she could hear it. When he woke up he had taken a quick shower and discovered her brand on his body. It had both pleased and worried him. The tattoo still burned his skin. Despite his words to her, he knew he would belong to her and only her for all time.

When she slid her hand in his a jolt shot straight up his arm and went straight to his groin. His cock tented the pants he'd put back on. Metal pressed against delicate skin and heat rushed through his body in a gentle wave. He closed his fingers around hers and led her out of the room and up the stairs. Instead of going into her room he pulled her to his. He shut the door and released her hand.

"Undress and get on the bed." He dropped the wall he had erected between. There was a side of him that he had always kept at bay when he was with her, a side where the beast controlled the action. She had seen that part of him earlier. Now he was going to let it out. His beast opened its eyes and peeked out through his. It let out a soft growl at seeing its mate, the woman that had claimed his heart.

Tuesday shed her cloths quickly and scrambled up the raised dais to climb onto the bed. The soft glow from the fireplace bathed her rich mocha skin in golden light. Without thought, Gavriil moved as if liquid as he shed his clothes. He strode to the bed as if in a fog, the tattoos on his chest, around his waist and navel burned as he got closer to his mistress. His cock bounced gently with each step as desire flooded his veins. Power crackled at his fingers and he sent it toward her.

Her back bowed and her body shuddered as she came. Her full lips parted in a silent cry. One of the gifts of his line was to bring pleasure with or without touch. He twisted the power and used it to press her down to the bed. Once she had recovered from coming she struggled against her bonds.

“Gavriil?”

“Do you trust me?” He growled out the question as he walked up the steps to the bed.

Her face was a mask of confusion, her forehead beaded with sweat as her body trembled from the aftershocks. He sent another burst of pleasure to her and she cried out.

“Do. You. Trust. Me?” He enunciated each word and watched her writhe on the bed. His power lashed over her like a whip giving a stinging to caress to the engorged lips of her sex. She cried out and he asked her again and again giving her stinging kisses of his power on every sensitive part of her body.

Sweat rolled over her body, her face was bathed in moisture. She struggled still against his invisible bonds and he unleashed his power in a rush of stinging swipes over her nipples, each thick petal of her labia until she came again.

"I will ask you again, do you trust me?" He stood over the bed, looking down at her as she continued to writhe. Her legs thrashed over the black satin sheets, her chest rose and fell as she panted.

"No," she sobbed. "I don't trust you."

That was all it took. He flexed his power to spread her legs wide, exposing her pussy to his hungry gaze. "And yet I can make you feel like this. Are you on fire *lubov*? Does your pussy feel empty without my cock inside of it? Do you need me to fuck you?"

"Yes," she gasped out.

"No, you need to be shown, taught."

"Gavriil," There was a pleading look in her eyes he didn't understand. His beast cocked its many heads to the side and stared at her.

"Say it *dorogaya*, tell me what you need, what you want," his words came out in a soft purr as he climbed onto the bed. His gaze took her in, it was almost as if she was stretched out for his pleasure, but he knew the truth, she wanted to be free. Tuesday didn't like being tied down. She feared it. *Fuck her fear*, his beast growled in his head, *she's mine and I'm going to show her she has more to fear than being tied down*.

He wrapped his hands around her ankles and moved them up slowly toward her ass. Her skin was slick with sweat. As he moved upward the moisture was more profuse and so was the heat.

"Please, let me go," she whispered.

He shook his head and stopped moving with his hands on her thighs. He stroked the soft, slick skin of her inner thighs slowly, swiping the rough pad of his thumb back and forth making her squirm.

"No. You want to run away, you fear what is to come, you fear what I'm about to do and yet you don't know why. You've known me for how long?"

She turned her head away, not answering his query.

"Answer the fucking question, Tuesday. How long have you known me?"

"Most of my life," she responded softly.

"And yet you fear me. Distrust me. I let you go when everything in me wanted to call you back and declare you mine. *I*, let you go, not your mother or that asshole of a father of yours. You were walking away from me. *Me*, Tuesday, not them, *me*! Do you think that was easy for me? Do you think I would just let my heart walk away from me like that? Do you!" He shouted now, years of anger, need, fear and helplessness poured out, as the scared young man who had watched the love of his life walk away surfaced.

He let her see it all as he loomed over her. His thumb stroked her thighs rapidly as he watched the emotions rush across her face like lightning against the dark night sky, there and yet gone in the blink of an eye.

"I loved you so much, it killed me to let you go, and yet you don't trust me still? Do you think I'll hurt you?"

"No," she shook her head as the words were uttered he could see confusion on her face.

"Then give me this, let me show you what I can give you. You have my heart, now feel the pleasure only I can bring you." He waited, watching her face for any clue as to her thoughts. She looked at him, eyes shining with unshed tears.

"Please," the plea fell from his lips unchecked. She blinked up at him. "Please," he repeated waiting for her to finally give in to him, just a small bit but for now it would suffice. "Give me this night."

She drew in a deep breath and then nodded.

"Say it Tuesday, tell me you'll let me tie you down and show you pleasure. Tell me."

"I give you this night to tie me down and do with me as you will."

Her body relaxed underneath him, but it did nothing to assuage his worry, fears or roiling emotions. Tension sang through his body as he gripped her thighs tight and poured some of his power into her. Her body bucked. Her legs trembled under his touch as she came again and again and again until he stopped.

He scooted back to watch her juices trickle out of her entrance. Gavriil looked up her body and smiled darkly at her. "It's going to be a long night, *lubov*."

He buried her head between her thighs, giving her pussy nips and licks, occasionally sucking the thick petals of her labia into his mouth before going down to rim the entrance of her cunt with his tongue. Her hips bucked against his mouth as she tried to ride his lips. He released her thighs and grasped her hips, pulling them down onto the bed.

He growled against the lips of her pussy causing her to gasp. His cock throbbed against the bedspread. He found himself rocking against the soft, smooth material as he went back to eating her. Tuesday's taste, her scent intoxicated him. Swift and strong, a yearning to fuck her s rose up within him. He had to shove it down. First he would eat her until she came all over his mouth, then he would use his fingers to bring her again and last his cock. Gavriil wanted to show her the many ways he could pleasure her. He also had another motive. She had marked him and now it was his turn to mark her. Only through sex could the brand be sent. That blissful moment of pure release when the person's defenses were down was the only time that a person could be given a demon's seal.

He was sure she would hate him, feel it was another way to tie her to him and hold her down. On the contrary, he wanted her to look down on the mark and know that he would be with her always. It would be his last gift to her before he let her go. Slowly he used the tip of his tongue to swirl the slick entrance of her pussy before dipping into the hot, wet passage. He

fucked her with it slowly, curling the muscles to tickle the delicate tissue before retreating.

She moaned, her body gyrating slowly against his mouth. He traced up her silt, once at the top, delving between her thick petals to search out her clit. Once he found it he swirled his tongue around the bud before moving away, back down to her entrance. He sunk into her once again, teasing her, taunting her with pleasure. He repeated the action, each time he slipped his tongue inside of her slick core her inner walls would clench and release, trying to draw him further inside.

He moved his hands from her hips and used his thumbs to part her nether lips, exposing her clit. Just a soft flick at first, before he blew softly on it, causing her to squirm. He nipped the sensitive head before taking the bud between his teeth and sucking it into his mouth. Teasing flicks and swirls of his tongue mixed in with gentle nips caused her to buck and moan. He slipped first one finger into her tight sheath, then two and at last three. With slow pumps, he buried his fingers knuckle deep inside her weeping pussy. Each cry, each clench of her cunt drove him further toward the edge of insanity. His hips flexed, cock sliding against the mattress. He ached to bury himself to the hilt inside of her.

With a silent curse he released her clit and withdrew his fingers, slipping them into his mouth before positioning himself on his knees. He momentarily released his power on her body to grab her ankles and draw her up into his lap. Once he had her right where he wanted her he bound her to the bed again. Grasping her hips he pushed forward sinking into her tight wet heat. Slowly, torturing them both, he fucked her. Broad strokes with occasional flicks of his thumb on her clit were the weapons he used to drive her closer to the precipice.

Her inner muscles gripped him tightly. He ground his teeth as he increased the pace, rising up to his knees relaxing his power on her ankles

but holding down her wrists so that he could fuck her from a new angle. Holding her hips he drove down into her, thrusting deep into her tight passage. Tuesday moaned as she tried to move against him in this new angle. He smiled and sent a burst of his power into her causing her to come. She screamed and her cunt clenched around his cock. He fucked her harder and faster. Intense pressure started at the base of his spine in harsh tingles and moved upward.

He was so close he could practically taste it. He allowed his beast to take over calling on its strength to hold back on his orgasm so she could come again.

"Gavriil," Tuesday gasped.

He pressed down on her clit in response and slowed his strokes.

"*Da, dorogaya?*" Gavriil asked nonchalantly.

"Let me come damn it."

He stopped all together. "No."

With a wicked smile he withdrew until just the head of cock was left within her before slamming home. She moaned and then glared up at him when he stopped. He pulled back again and thrust forward. He watched as her eyes rolled back inside her head and breasts jiggled with the movement of his hips. Sweat caused her body to glisten. He wanted to put her down on the bed and lap at the moisture. Later, he told himself and pulled out again only to pump his hips in short strokes.

He focused his attention on her, watching her face as it twisted in concentration. Her body shook as her pussy quivered then clenched around his cock. He grunted but didn't stop his movements. Gavriil took her clit between his index finger and thumb and pinched hard while sending a bolt of intense pleasure into her. She screamed and he took advantage of that moment to send fire through their connection. His brand began to appear, small at first, circling the areola of her breasts spreading

outward to create a beautiful filigree design complete with a miniature of the beast Chimera settling between her breasts, its tail curving just under her other mound.

Its eyes glittered back at its master and he smiled. He let go now, losing control, allowing himself to drown in the tight, wet, heat of her pussy. She came again. Her back bowing and she gave a hoarse cry. Like a chain reaction, his balls drew closer to his body, the tingling intensified as fingers of fire shot up his spine and then down again. He came on a roar, crying out her name as he spurt his seed deep into her cunt.

Breathing harshly, he withdrew from her and released his hold on her body. She collapsed onto the bed gasping. He fell down onto the mattress panting. As the sweat cooled from his body, he lay there, mind blank, body exhausted. Neither one of them stirred when the door slammed open, bouncing off the wall.

"Sire, Rune, he's here. He's requested an audience before your departure."

"Shit," Gavriil and Tuesday said in unison.

Chapter Four

Tuesday's body hurt. It ached in places it shouldn't. She couldn't think straight for the life of her, and the room felt off kilter. She tried to tilt her head and burst of pain made her wince. *What the fuck has he done to me?* She closed her eyes and willed herself to move, only to stumble forward and nearly fall. Arms wrapped around her waist and hauled her up on feet.

"Easy there, don't want you to hit your head," a rough male voice said.

Rune, fuck! She scrambled out of his arms only to fall to the ground, slamming both knees into the hardwood floor. Before anyone could try and help her up she beat them to the punch, "I'm fine," she growled.

Clumsily she scrambled up and managed to get to a chair. The room spun and shook. She curled up into a small ball, beads of sweat broke out over her forehead and upper-lip.

"What's wrong with her?" Rune asked.

"Nothing now, but if you hurt him..." Tuesday started and then swallowed hard, watching Rune's blue-gray eyes flash.

There was a creak of leather and someone clearing their throat before she got her answer.

"What?" Rune stared at her, his eyebrow arched in challenge. His lip quivered as if holding back a smile.

Despite feeling like shit, she tried to draw on what little strength she had to respond. "If you hurt him, I will beat your ass until the white meat shows." Tuesday picked up her head and looked at Rune. His dark brown hair was pulled back into a low ponytail. His chiseled face held the scars of years of combat and things going wrong. His blue-gray eyes were emotionless as he looked back at her.

"Feisty as ever I see," he glanced over at Gavriil. "Now that we've got that out of the way, ready to go?"

"Not yet, give me a few minutes, I need to talk to her," Gavriil said.

Rune only nodded and began walking across the room. He threw open the door, "I'll be outside waiting. Don't take too long." With those parting words Rune left.

"Asshole," Tuesday mumbled as she tried to get out of the chair only to fall to the ground with a hard thud. "Next time we do intense sex, let's not okay? You fucked me up pretty badly. I can't move. I hurt in places that I didn't even know I had, and I honestly don't think I want to have sex ever again, happy now? You made my pussy out of order." She rolled onto her back and stared at the ceiling.

"I marked you," his words were spoken in a soft tone but had all the impact of a punch straight to the gut. She sat up, ignoring the aching in her chest and head.

"What the fuck did you just say?"

"I marked you. I branded you." He said softly.

"You son-of-a-bitch, how dare you!" All she could do was glare at him, moving was out of the question.

"You didn't ask me when you branded me," he threw back. He wasn't angry. Gavriil looked calm, almost. Emotions she couldn't read flitted across his face.

"It was an accident."

"You know exactly what branding means. It's a bond deeper than marriage, something to be shared by people in love. Do you love me?" His gaze bore in her. The intensity made her feel naked, raw and exposed. She hated it.

Tuesday knew the answer and wanted to say it aloud, tell him what she had held back all those years but the words refused to come.

"I'll take that as an answer. Your clothes should be cleaned, dry and in your room. Battista will bring the car around. The storm has moved on and I think it's time you did too.

His words scalded her like a hot knife on bare skin. She winced at his cold tone.

"What about the marriage declaration?" Tuesday waited to hear what he would say.

"I'll find someone else." He didn't even look at her; instead he just walked out of the room.

Anger rushed up within her swift and hot. The aches, pains and dizziness were forgotten as she got up and raced after him. Tuesday caught up with him at the door of his room. She reached out and grabbed his hand and yanked on it. "Don't you dare walk away; we aren't done, not by a long shot. First of all, we branded each other. Now we're stuck together."

He didn't look at her. Instead his gaze seemed riveted by the floor. "Is that how you see it?" he asked quietly. "That we're stuck together?"

She paused, realizing her words and then let out a sigh. "I can talk can't I? Yeah, I guess I did."

She let go of his hand and went to lean against the wall. With a soft laugh, she shook her head, "I'm a big old scardy cat. Goddess, I hate this. I'm scared okay? I'm scared of giving you my heart and then having you do what my father did and just throw it back in my face. You are a better

man than he, a much better man, and it's ridiculous but that's my first impression of love; that it hurts, badly. My mother never recovered from my father's rejection. It didn't help seeing him traipse all over the place with other Demonesses."

He was silent and she continued doing what she knew she should have done in the first place; open her heart. "I do love you, I always have. To say those words out loud, to give you that knowledge, that control, it's scary. I'm so used to being in control. So used to being independent. If I didn't stop and let love in, it wouldn't hurt, and I wouldn't end up alone like my mother. I didn't want to be like that. I love her, but I'm just so scared of being that sad. She poured all of her hopes on me, and the pressure was too much. I suppose you could say, I was running away from you, the man I love, and my mother. Silly really. Does this all make sense?"

She slid down the wall and sat down on the floor. Tuesday closed her eyes and waited for him to call her crazy. No one knew about this fear. For most of her life she had flitted from man to man in the hopes she could forget the man who with one look could make her weak and wanting. It hadn't worked. A glance up showed him deep in thought. With a deep breath she plunged back into her heart and dredged up more confessions.

"You are the only man who could make me weak with just a look. You make me want things I never dreamed possible. That scares me. I'm scared of you, do you understand? You could break me, and I wouldn't recover." She fell silent and waited for anything from him. Something to tell her that her words had penetrated his heart.

"And you're all I've ever wanted." He crouched down and reached out. The rough pads of his fingertips caressed her cheek. A small wave of heat flowed down her body from that simple touch. "I love you Tuesday. I would never want to harm you in anyway. You too could break me. *Lubov*, you could truly shatter me."

His fingertips slipped down from her cheek to the column of her neck and over her shoulder. "I am willing take a chance on love. Are you?"

She shivered under his touch, the hallway growing warm. "I...I believe I am. I want to try. Is that good enough? I want to be with you. It will be hard at first, but I want to give you my all."

He leaned forward on the balls of his feet and pressed his forehead against hers. "Yes, it is. I'll be back soon, I promise. We'll talk more when I do okay?"

She nodded her head, "Okay."

Tears blurred her vision and she felt laughter bubbling up to the surface. Tuesday let it flow free as he stood and helped her up. "Stay here for as long as you wish." He bent down and brushed his lips against hers. "*Ya tebya lublu, moya adskaya rosa.*"

* * * *

One month later...

Gavriil's arms and legs hurt. Never had he been so bored in his life than on that mission. Finally they had been able to hand off the engagement ring to Pietro. The king had made them wait a month, when he was sure that Callisto would be so busy she wouldn't have time to snoop around or notice that he had been acting strangely. As he trudged up the stairs the heavy footfalls of boots behind him reminded him of Rune's presence. During the mission they had reconnected as brothers. Things were still strained where Rune's feelings for mortals were concerned, but it wasn't as bad as before. Rune had requested that he crash with him. Pietro had a mission for him and didn't want him to go too far.

Gavriil agreed on the condition that Rune behave himself. His brother had snorted in response, "It's not me who should be behaving."

Gavriil didn't know how to respond so he remained silent. Once in the house, Gavriil gave him the details of the layout and his schedule, after that it was time to crash.

"This is your room." Gavriil opened the door to corner bedroom with the best view of the front of the house.

"Later," Rune brushed past him and slammed the door shut.

Gavriil didn't bother with a retort, he was too tired. He headed to his room and opened the door. His heart nearly stopped at the vision before him. Tuesday lay naked on his bed, her wrists and ankles bound to the bed, her slick pussy lips exposed to his view. He nearly swallowed his tongue.

"I've been waiting for you to get back. Battista called me and let me know you were on your way home. And I thought it was the perfect way to surprise you."

He groaned. His brain was blank. All blood had rushed to his groin.

"I tied myself up for you and all you can do is groan? Perhaps I should go find your brother and show him what I was going to give to you."

Her words registered in the dimness of his brain, "Don't you dare."

Gavriil kicked the door shut with the heel of his boot and got undressed quickly. He rushed over to bed to join her.

"No foreplay, just fuck me," she murmured.

He didn't have to be told twice. All he had thought about during the month away was her. His dreams involved nothing but being with Tuesday again, holding her and hearing her murmur that she loved him over and over again as they made love. He positioned himself at her entrance and thrust forward sinking into her hot, slick channel. A soft groan fell from his lips.

"Fuuuck," the word fell from his lips in a moan as her inner walls constricted around him.. He withdrew and pushed forward again, going deeper inside of her. Tuesday's body arched against him. Her nipples scraped his chest. He felt sparks go off everywhere skin came in contact. Fire trailed along his body as her brand began to burn. Together they moved against each other in a slow, timeless dance. He heard a soft snap and her arms were around him. Her legs wrapped around his waist allowing him deeper penetration. Each contraction of her pussy around his cock drew him deeper inside.

He was burning up from the inside out. Insatiable hunger licked through his body like a wild fire. Gavriil bent his head and took her lips in a hungry, passionate kiss. Their teeth bumped against each other, tongues dueled and danced as the kiss deepened. He took her bottom lip and bit it, sucking it into his mouth with a hard pull before releasing the thick flesh. She groaned and moved her head away. Their eyes met, and he was drowning in their brown fire. The pace increased. His hips pistoned, pushing harder, going deeper, his cockhead hitting her cervix with each stroke. She cried out, "Gavriil."

Her vaginal walls quivered around his cock before clenching. Underneath him, her body shook as an orgasm pulled her under. Gavriil couldn't hold on. His balls ached. The tingle at the base of his spine increased as tendrils of heat raced up and down his spine. The world narrowed, focused and then dimmed as he came. He spurted his seed deep inside of her pussy.

Mind blank, exhaustion set in. Before he lost himself to darkness he stole a kiss and rolled to the side. She followed him, throwing her leg over his hip. With a soft sigh they fell asleep, content and happy.

He woke up to the scent of coffee and pancakes. Gavriil had to blink a few times to adjust to the light in the room. In the distance he heard a fire

crackling and Tuesday's voice soft and distant. Her footsteps paced back and forth. "Okay, I'll see you tomorrow. I promise' and you better bring that new rock of yours' if you can lift your hand."

He grinned. She was talking to Callisto. With a yawn he threw back the covers and slipped out of bed. Tuesday approached him, practically swimming in one of his T-Shirts.

"Hey *dorogaya*," He enveloped her in his arms and kissed her head. She smelled like his soap and shampoo.

"We have to talk." She took his hand and guided him to a couch near the fireplace. "Sit down and eat some breakfast. I have to leave in two hours. The girls and I have some sort of fitting that needs to be done for Callisto's coronation. I wanted to discuss your marriage declaration. I've given it some thought. There hadn't been time before, but when you left I worked some things out. I was scared, I'll admit, but after talking to my friends and with my mother, I've decided to accept your proposal. There is one condition though, I want to wait until after Callisto gets coronated and things have died down. I can only concentrate on one event at time and if I have to deal with my wedding and her coronation I'll go crazy. Is that okay?" She stood over him, hands on her hips, worrying her bottom lip.

He grinned, happiness bubbled up inside of him. Gavriil wanted to shout, laugh, sing and dance around the room. Instead he settled for pulling her down onto his lap. He kissed her gently on the lips and smiled at her.

"Yes that would be fine, better than fine in fact. I love you, Tuesday Dean."

"I love you, Gavriil Chimera. Now, eat your breakfast before I feed it to you."

"That has some possibilities. How about breakfast in bed?" He waggled his eyebrows and she groaned and slid off of his lap.

"I have some things to do before I leave. Eat breakfast now." She turned and left the room and Gavriil grinned.

"I'll get her back later."

* * * *

Tuesday sat at her usual table in Del Fantasma sipping on a White Russian. Life for her couldn't have been sweeter. She was engaged and in love with someone who loved her back. With a sigh she threw back the last of her drink and ordered another round.

"I think I'll start strong tonight. I need something to make me forget this week." Val pulled out a chair and sat down.

"Problems in paradise?" Tuesday waved over the waitress.

"Do not mention Dale to me tonight. We got into a fight and, well, things were said. We're not talking at the moment." Val looked so forlorn. Tuesday reached over and gave her friend's hand a squeeze.

"It will work out." Tuesday promised.

"Yeah well, maybe...Anyway, I'm having a Cosmo and then I'll follow it up with a shot of something strong."

"Don't tell me we're gonna have to carry you outta here when the night's over," Fatima asked as she sat down, bottle of beer in hand.

"Maybe, maybe not. Haven't decided yet. So, where's Calli, I need to see this ginormous ring that Pietro gave her."

Everyone looked around and didn't spot her immediately.

"Okay, if those two are having sex in public, I'm sooo going to tape it and sell it on the internet," Fatima joked.

Callisto was currently wrapped up in a passionate embrace with her significant other, Pietro. Their heads rolled from side to side, bodies rocking against each other. Tuesday laughed and shook her head. She

prayed she wouldn't act like that with Gavriil. What they did, they did in private; at least that was the theory. Finally Pietro released Callisto who looked slightly drunk.

"I want what she's having," Fatima giggled.

"I've got what she's having. I just won't do it in public," Tuesday responded before taking a sip of her drink. All eyes turned to her.

"So you said yes?" Val asked.

Tuesday nodded and squeal of delight went up from Val and Fatima.

"Good for you, that's three of us up love's shit creek without a paddle. Tima, it's your turn." Val turned her attention toward Fatima, who just rolled her eyes.

"Like I said, find me a sexy cleaning fairy, who prefers to wear nothing but a smile, and keeps my house spotless, and we're golden."

They laughed and then turned their attention to Callisto who was now approaching them. As soon as Callisto sat down they all asked to see the ring. Calli brought her hand up and stuck it out over the table. The girls oohed and ahhed over the large square cut diamond ring with ruby and pearl accents set in a gold band.

"He did very good. We should congratulate him on that," Val said sitting back and sipping her drink.

Calli grinned, "This was actually his mother's ring."

She placed a stack of books on the table and ordered a Mudslide from a passing waitress.

"More books to study I see," Tima asked.

"This time on how to dress for formal occasions. I swear all these rules and codes of conduct are going to drive me insane."

"Welcome to the demon world," Tuesday raised her drink toward Callisto who stuck her tongue out at her.

“So, what are we doing tonight besides drinking and talking about our lives? After this want to go see a movie?” Fatima suggested.

“Yeah, I’m up for that,” Calli responded.

Val and Tuesday both nodded.

“A movie it is,” Tima said.

Tuesday sat back and enjoyed her drink. Out of the corner of her eye she spotted Gavriil at the bar. Her body tightened.

“Oh, I don’t think a movie is in her future. Look who just walked in,” Tima nodded in his direction and everyone looked.

“Go on hon, we understand,” Tima said.

The other girls nodded and grinned. With parting hugs and kisses, Tuesday went off to spend the rest of the night with Gavriil. Remembering that morning, having woken up with Gavriil’s arms around her she couldn’t help but smile. A glance down her chest showed her Gavriil’s brand. She had never thought to be so content being branded by someone. She looked at Gavriil and smiled. She couldn’t wait to spend her life with him.

White Russian

2 oz vodka
1 oz coffee liqueur
Light cream

Pour vodka and coffee liqueur over ice cubes in an old-fashioned glass.
Fill with light cream and serve.