



Claimed
Lizzie Lynn Lee

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After a nasty divorce, Emmaline St. James is ready to start a new chapter in her life. She moves into a new building and would be quite happy with her new digs -- if it weren't for her neighbors.

One is Lucian Lucca, a tall, dark, brooding hunk. When he smiles, he looks so devilishly wicked that Emma could swear he sprouts demon wings. The other is Brennan Adair, also tall and mysterious, but otherworldly handsome. He makes her horny every time he ogles her. Emma's new life would be perfect if it wasn't for the fact that Lucian and Brennan are constantly bickering. So she invites them over to discuss their differences.

Inviting a demon of lust over might not be a good idea when someone's lonely and emotionally vulnerable. And inviting a fallen angel is a recipe for disaster -- especially when the source of their bickering is Emma. Both Lucian and Brennan want her. Bad. But why should she have to choose?

Chapter One

Emmaline St. James realized her dinner guests weren't human when the big bowl of spaghetti and meatballs flew from the table and crashed upward to the ceiling. She was pretty darn sure about it. How else could someone levitate an inanimate object with a flick of a finger unless he wasn't human? And besides, Lucian Lucca, Mr. Hot Guy and her next-door neighbor, wasn't like any man she'd ever met.

He fit the description of that tall, dark and handsome stranger cliché, and more. At almost seven feet tall with a body like a Greek god, and black, shoulder-length hair, Lucian looked like someone from the cover of a fitness magazine. He brooded a lot. But when he smiled, Lucian made her breathless. And horny. So horny that she couldn't resist masturbating every time she fantasized about him. No man she'd ever met had been able to make her blood boil like that. It was unnatural.

Brennan Adair was another story. He was her other next-door neighbor and Mr. Handsome. His beauty was so otherworldly, Emma was sure he could turn a straight man gay. She noticed how everybody gaped whenever he strolled by. Women went nuts about him. Almost every day, Emma saw someone lurking by his front door to slip a note for him or to leave him goodies. Brennan ignored all his admirers, but not her. He continually ogled her with a look that could melt arctic ice. He made her burn. Hot and horny as hell.

Having two hot hunks as her next-door neighbors wasn't something Emma would usually complain about. And since she moved into the Sunshine Tower eight weeks ago, Lucian and Brennan had always been nice to her. Too nice, in fact. It was just that they seemed to have a bone to pick with each other. They bickered. They were always at each other's throats and Emma worried she would go home one day and find a gruesome murder scene. That was why she'd decided to invite them over for dinner

to discuss their problems. A good neighbor should do that, right? Well, her plan had backfired and Emma was now convinced the dinner party was a bad idea after all.

They'd started out nice and civil. They drank wine and enjoyed her cooking until Lucian and Brennan started to bicker again. It ended up with Lucian bolting from his seat and the bowl of her prized spaghetti and meatballs flying to the ceiling. It stayed there for a few seconds before coming crashing down to the table. Tomato sauce splattered everywhere. A big juicy meatball landed on her cleavage. Emma was so stunned, she couldn't find anything to say for a long moment.

"Holy shit." Emma finally found her voice, but she still couldn't believe what she had seen. "How did you do that?"

Brennan cut his gaze to her. "Look what you did, idiot. You made her dress dirty." He took a napkin to clean the sauce and the meatball from her.

"Don't touch her, you pervert. She's mine," Lucian barked.

I'm what? Emma was startled. *Did he just say I was his?*

Brennan ignored Lucian's threat and plucked the meatball from her chest. What he did caused Lucian to spew some very offensive curses. All of a sudden, the dessert plate with the neatly arranged tiramisu squares zoomed in Brennan's direction. Brennan waved his hand and everything on the table flew to the four winds. In a blink, her dining room was a mess, as if a tornado had paid a surprise visit.

Emma jumped from her chair and shrank to the wall when Brennan wanted to clean the sauce on her sleeve. "W-what are you?"

Brennan paused. His face turned solemn. Lucian's did too. Maybe they'd noticed Emma referred to them as "What" instead of "Who."

Lucian glared at Brennan and Brennan gave him an equally evil look. "I guess there's no point hiding our true nature anymore." Lucian straightened his imposing posture, folding his arms across his chest. "I'm Asmodai." He threw Brennan a contemptuous sidelong glance. "And this dunce is Belial." Brennan looked as if he wanted to choke Lucian, but refrained when he saw her expression.

Emma's brain imploded. Asmodai? Belial? Like that was supposed to mean something. Were they fugitives who needed to live under aliases? But that didn't explain how they could wreck her dining room with a simple hand gesture. She tried to calm herself, and couldn't. She had a hunch they wouldn't hurt her, but she couldn't shake the feeling she'd encountered something extraordinary. Something supernatural. "I asked, what are you? Psychics?"

Brennan rose from his seat. He was also as tall as Lucian with the bulk to match. His golden eyes narrowed, flooding her with a gaze so intense that Emma felt the air around her thinning. "We aren't your kind, if that's what you mean."

"My kind?"

"You know... human."

Emma swallowed hard. *Not human. Can I freak out now?* "So... you're aliens?"

A smile hovered on the corners of Brennan's lips. "Do you see any spaceships around?"

Okay, not alien. "Then why are you here? What are you?"

Lucian answered this time. "Isn't it obvious? We want you."

"Me? Why?"

"Why?" Brennan echoed, looking amused. "We just do. I want you. But this asshole here has the same idea." Lucian cast him a murderous look. "Well, I saw her first."

Brennan turned back to Emma. "So. Which one of us do you like better?"

"That's not the way you woo mortal women," Lucian blurted. "You seduce them. Compliment them. Capture their heart."

They started bickering again while Emma puzzled over the fact Lucian and Brennan wanted her. Freaked out as she was, she couldn't help but feel flattered. After her nasty divorce with her ex-husband, Joe, her self-esteem had reached an all-time low. She didn't feel either pretty or dateable. Her skin was too dark. Her figure wasn't the type that Prince Charming could easily carry around in his arms like on cheesy romance covers.

It didn't help either that Joe had often reminded her about her womanly curves in the past few years of their marriage. And last spring, when Joe decided it was time for him to update his lifestyle, he'd decided to upgrade to the skinny model he'd been seeing behind Emma's back.

Emma had seen it coming; still, it was painful. Joe had been her high school sweetheart, the first boy she had a real crush on -- the man she thought she'd spend the rest of her life with. She had worked two jobs to put Joe through law school. Every now and then she sought a little indulgence in chocolates and sweets to offset her stress. Over the years, those guilty pleasures had been unkind to her girth.

She no longer fit Joe's image of a trophy wife to flaunt around his colleagues.

Now, hearing that Lucian and Brennan both wanted her, Emma couldn't shake the feeling that this was only a joke. If Joe hadn't wanted her, why on earth would these two smolderingly hot hunks be interested in her? Really. This had to be a joke. Emma cleared her throat. "I think you two are out of your minds."

Lucian narrowed his eyes as if to ask, "How so?"

"I don't understand what you see in me."

Lucian smiled, so devilishly wicked that for a moment Emma thought the room suddenly dimmed and she saw a pair of black majestic wings spread behind his back. "I see a lot in you, Emmaline. We have to work on your self-perception problem. You can't keep this up."

"I agree," Brennan added.

Emma threw her hands up desperately. "Then you two are nuts."

"Are we?" Brennan stepped closer. "We usually aren't this fond of a mortal, but you're special, Emma."

She, special? Yeah, right. If she were special, Joe wouldn't have ridiculed her for the last few years of their marriage about how she looked and everything she did. His words had cut deeply into her heart, shattering her confidence to pieces. "It's getting late. I think you two had better leave."

"You're scared of us?" Brennan seemed to see right through her. "We would never hurt you; you know that, don't you?"

"I..."

"This is not fair, Emma. At least give us a chance to prove ourselves," Lucian added.

Emma shook her head. "I'm not ready for..."

"Just because your ex is an asshole doesn't mean all men are cut from the same cloth," Lucian interjected.

She turned to him. "But you're not ordinary men."

That earned her another devilish smile. "Touché. See, this is why I like you. Tell you what; I think we should go on a date. Each of us. Then you can choose whether you like me, or this dunce better."

"Quit calling me a dunce." Brennan frowned. "But, yeah, what this asshole said."

A date? With each of them? Whoa. "What if I don't want to go out with either of you?"

"But you want us. You've been fantasizing about me and this jackass all the time." Brennan flashed an all-knowing smile.

Her heart skipped a beat from the revelation. "How do you know?"

"Do you really want to know? Being what we are gives us a few perks. You want us. You can't deny it."

"That was before I realized you're not..." Emma couldn't bring herself to finish her sentence. To think about it, did it really make a difference if they were human or not? Hot guys were still hot guys. Christ. She'd never been this confused in her life. "Did either of you use your powers to make me like you?"

Brennan and Lucian traded a glance. "Nah," Lucian answered. "We could if we wanted. But all in all, we're naturally irresistible."

"Jackass." Brennan rolled his eyes. "Listen, Emma, I would never interfere with free will. We would never hurt you, trust me, you have my word."

Emma hesitated. "I --"

Lucian clasped his hands, beaming. "Then it's settled. The game is on. You're going on a date with me tomorrow and with him the next day. After that, you can choose which one of us you like best. Honestly, I'm tired of fighting with this dunce. It gets me nowhere."

Brennan lifted his hands in exasperation. "If you call me dunce one more time, I swear I'll smite you back to the Pit."

Lucian ignored his threat. "Seven o'clock sound good, Emma dear?" Emma wanted to say she would think about it, but instead she found herself nodding. "Excellent." Lucian turned to Brennan. "I think we should give Emma ample time to rest."

"I'm sincerely looking forward to our date." Brennan bowed his head.

In a flash, the two of them vanished before her eyes. Emma let out a surprised gasp. Her dining room had returned to normal, as it was before her dinner guests ruined it. She shambled toward the table, pinching herself on the arm to see if she was dreaming. Ouch. That hurt. She wasn't dreaming. The wine bottle was uncorked and half-full. Her food was eaten, except for her tiramisu. Other than that, everything else looked clean. No tomato sauce plastered the ceilings and walls. No mess whatsoever.

She pulled out a chair and sank into it. Christ, she wasn't dreaming. It was all real. And the dates with Brennan and Lucian too. She snatched her glass of wine and drained it in several large gulps. Dates with them. Lucian Lucca and Brennan Adair. *Yowza. What have I gotten myself into this time?*

Chapter Two

By morning, Emma had chickened out.

She tried to call Lucian to cancel their date, but his numbers weren't in service anymore. At first, she thought it was strange since his phone had worked last night. Then it dawned on her that Lucian had anticipated her balking. If she couldn't reach him, she wouldn't be able to cancel their date.

Another strange thing happened right after she tried to call Lucian. Her boss, McCrane, thought she looked unwell and ordered her to go home early. Emma had worked as an ER nurse in the community hospital for the past five years, and McCrane had never been this caring or generous to anybody. She suspected Lucian had something to do with it too. When Emma looked hesitant, McCrane gave her a half-day at work. He literally pushed Emma to the door and asked her not to come to work until she felt better. As she trudged to the parking lot, she realized she couldn't refuse Lucian or Brennan. It seemed they had supernatural powers to make things happen. Like one's date with death. You can kick and scream all you want, but it's going to happen anyway.

Sighing heavily, Emma decided they were, indeed, dunces. She still didn't understand what they saw in her anyway. She was afraid they were going to be disappointed dating a plain woman.

When she got home, she marched to her closet and felt depressed again. She didn't have anything decent to wear tonight. She could go downtown to buy a dress, but after a brief consideration, she saw no point of doing so. When Lucian got to know the real her, she was sure he wouldn't be interested in her anymore.

She loaded a pint-worth of ice cream into a bowl and kicked back in her sofa to watch a soap opera. She had barely shoveled the first spoon into her mouth when the

doorbell rang. Emma peeked through the viewing hole and saw a gorgeous lady in tight, black latex clothes standing in front of her apartment's door. *Who the hell is she?* Emma opened the door.

"Emmaline?" The woman eyed her from head to toe.

"Yes?"

"Lucian sent me. May I come in?"

"Oh." Emma's hope blossomed. "Let me guess, he's busy and can't make it tonight, right?"

The woman burst out laughing. "You wish. Nobody can ditch a date with Lucian. I've been sent to make sure you're ready for the party."

"Party?"

"A date with Lucian is a party, darling. I'm Sasha, Lucian's on and off errand girl." The woman fidgeted with the heavy shopping bags in her hands. "Well? Are you going to invite me in or not?"

Emma stepped back to let her pass, but Sasha threw her an annoyed look. "You have to invite me in, Emma dear."

"What are you? A vampire?"

Sasha smiled, a wicked smile that matched Lucian's.

"Jesus Christ, whatever." Emma gestured. "Would you please come in?"

"That's better." Sasha glided in like a ghost. Her four-inch stiletto heels didn't make any sound on the tiled floor. With a cursory glance at her living room, Sasha gave Emma an approving nod. "I like what you did with your place. Shabby chic?"

"Yeah." Emma wondered if Sasha wasn't human either. If she were one, she could easily become a model with a face and killer body like that. The clothes she wore left nothing to the imagination. Perfect perky breasts. Small waist. Narrow hips. Long legs. Watching her made Emma self-conscious about her full figure again. "So." She shifted her gaze to the shopping bags by Sasha's feet. "What've you got in there?"

Sasha winked. "You're going to love it. Where's your bedroom?"

"Over there. What exactly does Lucian want you to do?"

"Aren't you a curious cat?" Sasha grabbed the bags and flounced to Emma's room as if she was the owner of the house. Emma followed her. Her eyes widened when Sasha dumped the contents of one of the bags on her bed. Boxes with designer logos fell out with a soft thud. Sasha snatched the biggest box and took out the contents. "Ta-dah." Sasha dangled a beautiful gown. "Do you love it?"

"Wow." The little black dress in Sasha's hands was breathtakingly gorgeous. Definitely a designer piece. Haute couture. How could Lucian afford luxury goods like that? Or, for that matter, employ a sexy errand girl? People who lived in Sunshine Tower weren't exactly blessed with deep pockets. Joe hadn't been exactly keen to split their assets in half so he had given her a hard time with the divorce settlement. He took most of their assets, leaving her only a small amount to live on. "That's a really beautiful gown."

"I knew you'd love it. It's Oscar de la Renta's spring collection. It hasn't hit the shelf yet, but I know some people in the business. When Lucian told me he'd got a date, I knew I must get you a haute piece. Only the best for Lucian's special girl."

Hot damn. Oscar de la Renta. Emma's mouth opened wide when Sasha rummaged in another bag and took out a big box with the name Manolo Blahnik plastered all over it. Sasha proffered a pair of elegant pumps that matched the gown. "Cute, yes?" Sasha's eyes sparkled like the diamonds on the pumps' buckles. "I'm such a good shopper."

"How could Lucian afford those?" Emma blurted out. Lucian once told her he was a photographer for a travel Internet site. She was sure that kind of job wouldn't pay ridiculously big bucks for him to be able to afford luxury goods.

"You're a silly girl, you know that?" Sasha waved her hand carelessly. "You don't really know about him, do you?"

"He told me his real name is Asmodai."

"His Highness Asmodai."

"What?"

"But you've got it right."

"Okay. So I Googled him last night and the search result came up with a bunch of occultism sites, myths and demonology. Who is he?"

Sasha wriggled her finger, reprimanding her. "Now, now, it's not my place to tell you about stuff like that. My job is to make you ready for the party."

"Are you... human?"

"What do you think?" Sasha giggled.

"I think you aren't. Normal people don't fuss about being invited in to someone's house. Can you poof into thin air as well?"

Her strange guest didn't answer. "You're certainly a curious cat. Enough chit-chat. Let's get cracking. First, we have to do something about your hair. Then waxing. Then nails. Then your makeup. We have exactly seven hours and twenty minutes to get you ready for your date. I want you to look absolutely fabulous when Lucian picks you up."

Emma stifled a snort.

"What is that I'm hearing?" Sasha pouted her pretty lips. Both hands were on her hips. "Being defiant, eh?"

"You're wasting your efforts. I've never looked fabulous since I entered the nursing school. That was when I still fit into size eight jeans."

"You don't know me. I'm a miracle worker. Now let's get to work. I don't want to hear sass from you anymore. In case you haven't noticed, you're mine for the next several hours."

Oh crap.

* * *

Lucian arrived when the clock struck seven. Not a second early or late. Sasha jumped to open the door and spread her arms theatrically toward Emma, begging for her boss' praise for her hard work.

Emma stood in the middle of her living room, holding her breath and feeling anxious. Sasha had been a total Nazi for the last several hours, grooming her for the date. Oh, the pain of it. The waxing. The scrubbing. The pedicure and manicure from

hell. But Sasha had made her look decent. Her cheeks burned hot when Lucian stared at her as if she was the most breathtaking sight he'd ever seen. A heartbeat later, she decided Lucian was just being polite.

"What do you think?" Sasha purred like a kitty-cat asking to be petted. She closed the door after Lucian passed through.

"I'm speechless." Lucian lowered his head, kissing Emma on the cheek. "But if I may say, you look absolutely stunning, Emmaline."

His compliment made her feel all bubbly inside. It was a wonderful feeling.

Lucian was also dressed in formal attire. She usually saw him in jeans and a black leather jacket, but tonight he was clad in a black tuxedo. Emma swallowed hard. My, he looked gorgeous in it. Really classy. A long-haired hot guy in a black tux was a total heartbreaker.

He traced her chin and the side of her jaw with the tip of his finger. A course of electric current surged through her veins. Her heart pounded so hard she could barely hear what he said next.

"Are you ready?"

Her voice got lost in her throat when she tried to answer. She nodded instead.

"Good. Tonight will be a night you won't soon forget, my sweet."

How did he become so charming? He wasn't like other men she knew. Lucian was a guarded and mysterious man to everybody, but he always warmed toward her. There was an air of arrogance about him. Power and dominance too. His reserve made him look as if he was a man of few words. But when Brennan was in his sights, he turned into a lean, mean chastising machine. His charming capability was something she didn't expect.

Lucian offered his arm. "Shall we?"

"Where are we going?"

"My place."

"Your place? Why do I need to dress up like this if we're just going to your place?"

Lucian led her past the grinning Sasha and opened the door with a flick of his wrist. "Not my apartment. We're going to my place. My domain."

Emma's mouth fell open when she saw what lay beyond her apartment's front door. Instead of the gloomy corridor, she saw a vast meadow in full bloom welcoming her sight. The sun was setting, bleeding the horizon red. A quick breeze surged past her, teasing the curls of her hair that Sasha had labored over for hours to achieve salon perfection. She would have rubbed her eyes if she wasn't wearing ten coats of mascara. *What the hell? Am I dreaming?*

"No, you're not dreaming." Lucian seemed to read her mind. "Come, I want to show you around." He tugged her arm, and Emma stepped into wonderland. The ground beneath her was covered with thick June grass. She could even smell the sweet scent of summer and hear the song of the cicadas. Emma looked back and saw Sasha standing by her apartment door. The light in her living room shone, outlining the shape of the doorframe. It looked eerie, like looking inside the wardrobe from Narnia. "Have fun!" Sasha called out, waving cheerily.

Feeling dazed, Emma waved back and shifted her attention to her surroundings. It was surreal. "What's this place called?"

"My place."

"Seriously. What are you, Lucian? Are you some kind of spirit?"

"Spirit? No, I'm not a spirit. I'm far older than the first spirit forged on Earth."

"You still didn't answer my question."

Lucian stopped. He covered her hand with his as if he was afraid she was going to freak out. "I'm a demon. I reign over lust."

Emma wanted to faint. Lucian was a demon. Holy crap.

"You know I would never hurt you, Emmaline."

Didn't demons usually lie? Strange, but somehow she had a feeling what he said was true. Emma eyed him from head to foot. "I thought demons were scary-looking. Or is this your glamour?"

"No, this is my true form, my sweet."

"You're kidding."

"Don't you know we were His children once? Or do you have a thing for a guy with horns and tail?"

Hot damn. Gorgeous demon. Who'd guess that? She scanned her surroundings. "So... is this place... Hell?"

"Part of it."

"I thought Hell was filled with lakes of fire, eternal pain and suffering."

"I live in a good neighborhood."

The joke would have been funny if she were in a normal situation. "I still don't understand. Why me, Lucian? You can get any woman you want. Why did you choose me?"

Her question made him pause. His lush dark brows knitted and his large, dark eyes settled on hers. Lucian caressed her features with his hands as if she were a precious fragile porcelain ornament he adored. "Because you're beautiful, Emma."

* * *

He knew she didn't want to believe him even if what he said was the truth. "You have a beautiful heart, Emma. That's what makes me attracted to you," Lucian added before she could open her mouth to dispute his claim. "I've existed since the beginning of time and being around for so long has made me a little wiser, I suppose. When I see a person, I see beyond their mortal flesh. And you, Emmaline, you possess one of the most beautiful hearts I've seen in millennia."

A flash of confusion painted her face. She let out a weak laugh. "Then you're nuttier than I thought. I'm definitely not beautiful from the inside. I..."

Lucian could see what she couldn't say without needing to peek into her mind. She wasn't exactly a saint -- she had desires. She lusted. She yearned. He knew that. "Everyone has impure thoughts once in a while, it's part of human nature. What I meant by being beautiful from the inside is that you aren't capable of hating anybody. You always forgive those who wrong you, even when you were treated badly. You're

sincere. Being what I am, I see that as a rare quality. Tell me, Emma, what did you say to Joe when your divorce became final?"

She looked uncomfortable. "I wished him a good life and everlasting happiness."

"That wasn't sarcasm, was it? You really wanted Joe to be happy with his new life and mistress. Your ex deprived you of what you're entitled to and you didn't hate him for that. He's worth millions, yet he bullied you out of his mansion and compensated you with a pitiful amount of money so all you can afford is a crappy apartment in Sunshine Tower."

"Well, it's all Joe's money. He worked hard to be successful."

"And you worked hard to put him where he's at now. That's a selfless sacrifice, Emmaline. That's why I find you beautiful. Now, shall we continue? I want to show you my home."

"O-okay."

"That's my girl. And besides, my chef has created a spectacular chocolate torte especially for you. He can't wait for you to try it."

The mention of chocolate seemed to bring mixed feelings to her. He knew she loved and hated chocolate at the same time. During his snooping into her memories, he'd found out that she blamed her addiction to chocolate for losing Joe. With an ego-inflated husband who thought the world revolved around him, she had been lonely for a long time. Her jerk ex didn't understand her struggles. She saw horrible things happen while working in the city's busiest emergency room. After a long day, Emma often became emotionally exhausted and just wanted to unwind in a hot bath and eat chocolates. The sweet was her only indulgence to keep her sane. Her ex didn't see that. That dick was a true maverick when it came to making fun of her.

"I'll let you in on a little secret," he whispered, wanting to cheer her up a bit. "I personally hate skinny women. I find no satisfaction in groping skin and bones. I like my women lush. Curvy. Sexy, just like you. Perfect for a hard fuck."

She blushed. Lucian found that very cute. A mortal with a beautiful heart like hers attracted his kind like moths to a flame. True, Brennan had seen her first. In fact,

Emmaline bore Brennan's mark. He'd placed a claim upon her when she was only five years old. One day while at the Pit, Brennan had overheard a grim reaper gossiping that he'd seen a mortal child with a pure heart at the funeral of one of his reaps. Brennan had gone to see if it was true. The moment he'd seen her, Brennan marked Emmaline as his to be claimed when her time in the world ended. However, Brennan's action hadn't been without consequences.

Someone in the "Upper Management" reprimanded Lucifer, and his lord demanded Brennan pay penance. Brennan spent two and half decades running errands for his lord Lucifer. While he was gone, Brennan asked Lucian to guard her. And he had. Over the years, Lucian had grown fond of her. When Brennan came back, he learned that Emma's marriage had fallen apart, and decided he wanted to claim her now, rather than after she died. He'd paid his dues and as long he didn't interfere with her free will, what he wanted was perfectly legal. Lucian simply couldn't let that happen. He'd fallen in love with Emmaline as well and thought Emma should be the one who decided who she wanted to be with. Brennan wasn't happy about it and they bickered a lot.

Lucian settled his gaze on her. She didn't realize it, but to his kind, Emmaline glowed. Her kindness and her beautiful soul made her aura pure white and untainted. His cock hardened under his pants. Lucian itched to touch her. Kiss her, and make her every fantasy come true. She didn't deserve the pain and suffering her ex had wrought upon her. She deserved happiness, and Lucian vowed to give her what she needed.

They strolled across the clearing until they reached the gate of a wooden bridge. His domain lay beyond it. Emma looked fascinated by his towering castle that was almost obscured behind the flowering magnolia trees. "It's beautiful."

"I'm glad you like it. Let's cross the bridge. It's very important that you don't look back while we're on it."

"Why?"

"You'd be trapped here for eternity if you did. You're a mortal, and this bridge is what separates our world from the human world."

"Jeeze."

"You'll be fine as long you don't break the rules." She gripped his hand tightly, looking tense. "Don't worry, sweet Emmaline. I promise you tonight will be magical."

* * *

Lucian stayed true to his promise. She had fun and really enjoyed herself for the night. He gave her a tour of his magnificent castle and they had a dinner in the grand dining room, complete with the butler and servants who waited on their every whim. She felt like a princess, spoiled and pampered. She'd never had dates this wonderful, not even when she was with Joe. They'd been too poor to go to romantic elegant dinners when they were newly married. When Joe became a successful lawyer, he was either too busy or too embarrassed to take her out on romantic outings. Emma suspected the latter.

Unlike Joe, Lucian was attentive and treated her as if she was precious, someone he couldn't live without. For the first time in her life, Emma felt comfortable in her own skin. Unlike Joe with his sneering smile, cold eyes and condescending remarks, Lucian liked her the way she was. Demon or not, he was a dream date, more than anything a woman could ever want from a man. Lucian Lucca was wonderful.

After they finished dinner, Lucian took her to the drawing room where his butler and chef served them some coffee and dessert. They sat by the fireplace while the chef did something that made the dessert plates flame. It died down a few seconds later and left an intoxicating aroma of chocolate. When Emma sampled a bite, she felt like she had died and gone to heaven.

"Good?" Lucian watched her curiously.

"Oh, God, yes."

"Compliments to the chef." Lucian motioned his staff to leave. He rose from the chair and went to sit on the fur rug by the fireplace. "Come here." He patted the empty place next to him. "I'll show you a great way to enjoy that chocolate torte."

Emma did what he asked before her mind fully comprehended his order. Lucian purred when she settled beside him. He dipped his finger into the mousse filling and

sucked it with delight. "Delicious," he told her, with emphasize on the "li-cious" as if he wanted to do the same to her next. Emma swallowed hard when Lucian dipped his finger on the plate and smeared some chocolate mousse on her shoulder. Her breath stalled in her throat as Lucian lowered his head and licked the chocolate from her skin.

"Oh," she whimpered. Heat rushed through her veins. The lick was brief but it burned her alive. Her nipples tightened and her pussy clenched. She moistened.

"Mm-mm. You're truly delicious." Lucian dipped his finger again to collect a large dollop of chocolate. This time he smeared it onto her neck. Emma wanted to yelp when Lucian sucked her chocolate-coated flesh. His tongue danced on her skin. She trembled as Lucian took his time licking and nibbling her as if she was the most delicious thing he'd ever tasted. He nipped the side of her jaw, behind her ear, and when he tugged her chin up and crushed his mouth on hers, she thought her heart would explode from beating too fast.

He kissed her until she wanted to faint. He was possessive. Rough. Demanding her ultimate surrender. Her panties grew wet as he deepened the kiss. His tongue swept over her palate, the roof of her mouth, plundering everything she had to offer. When he broke the kiss, Emma felt drunk. She wouldn't have believed that someone could become intoxicated from being kissed but she was. She almost dropped the plate but Lucian caught it first. Her cheeks flushed hot as he put her plate away.

"Sweet Emmaline," he whispered, the rasp of his voice sending luscious thrills shivering down her spine. "I'm not usually this frisky with mortals, but with you, my sweet, there's a thousand naughty things I want to do to you."

Christ. His bold declaration served as fuel to her flame. She didn't mind one bit if he wanted to be naughty. Her sex life had always been vanilla, and during the last few years of her marriage, sex was pretty much nonexistent. She craved a man's touch, and to be loved as she was.

Before the divorce, whenever she felt lonely and needed comfort, she would arrange the pillows in her bed pretending that Joe was hugging her. She would fall asleep but wake up feeling empty, knowing Joe was probably having fun with his

mistress at his supposed business meeting. The realization had made her feel unworthy and insignificant. But Lucian changed all that. He made her feel pretty and worthy to be loved. So, yeah, she didn't mind if the handsome devil wanted to show her one or two naughty tricks he had up his sleeve.

Lucian watched her reaction and let out a delighted sound. "Are you excited by me being naughty? You shouldn't give me a free pass this easily. I'm a demon of lust, after all. I can be very creative in the perverted department."

She giggled.

"You laugh. It warms my heart when I see you like this. Do you know what I was thinking when I first saw you?" Emma shook her head. "You have such sad eyes. You might be smiling and look happy, but you can't fool me with those eyes. It made me want to cry." He kissed the tip of her nose. "Now, about me being naughty. If I listened to my good friend's advice down here, I'd love to unwrap you as fast as I could."

Her eyes darted to his crotch. Goodness. Lucian's good friend was enormous judging from the bulge under his designer pants.

"But I want to savor you," Lucian continued. "Nice and slow. Like this..." He cupped her face and kissed her deeply. She wanted to faint again, melting with every stroke of his tongue. He touched her. Her breasts. The curve of her waist. Between her thighs. The length of her legs. He fondled and groped her as if he couldn't get enough. It seemed Lucian wanted her like it was his dying wish. "You're beautiful, truly beautiful," he whispered between kisses. Her heart swelled with bliss. "I want to lick every inch of your skin and eat your pussy until you can't think of anything else but screaming my name."

"Oh, God."

"No, it's Lucian. Or Asmodai, whichever you prefer. It's not fair He gets the credit for my work." Emma smacked him on the shoulder. Lucian laughed. "You know what else I'd like to do? I want to rip off your clothes and take you right here, right now, as hard and wild as I could, ruining your hair and makeup. But Sasha would give

me crap if I do that. She always says a pretty woman should be savored slowly. So, I'll start slow." He lifted her foot and slipped off her expensive pump as if he were the prince who'd just found out that Cinderella was his dream princess. He kissed the ball of her heel. Liquid fire ran through her veins.

Lucian ran his hand upward and peeled off her stocking. He praised how smooth her skin was and planted a kiss on her inner thigh. He undressed her, taking his time savoring her. Nothing escaped his attention. He fondled her breasts, sucked her nipples. He planted kisses on every inch of her body like he'd promised. When he trailed kisses from her cleavage down to her mons, Emma felt alarmed. She wasn't used to having someone kiss her down there. Instinctively, she closed her thighs so Lucian couldn't do what he was intending.

"Emmaline." He pushed her legs apart, giving her a warning look that said he didn't like being interrupted.

"Yes, but..."

"Ssh. Just relax and I'll show you how good it can be."

She wanted to jump out of her skin when his tongue lashed against the hood of her clitoris. Pure heat jolted, making her pussy contract. She squirmed, grabbing a handful of his hair, trying to push him away. Lucian growled and licked her wet seam from end to end, then captured her bud with his mouth. Emma stiffened. He sucked her while swirling her clit with the tip of his tongue. The pressure was unbelievable. The sensation was maddening. A keening whimper curled out from her throat. Lucian Lucca was one hell of a kisser. Whether it was her lips or other places he decided to put his mouth onto, he burned her sanity to cinders.

He parted her pussy lips and tasted the inside of her sex. "Lucian!" She couldn't believe the pleasure he was giving her. The dizzying ecstasy, twirling like a kaleidoscope, swept her mind to Neverland. She squirmed, and what she did only made him fuck her deeper with his tongue. The salacious torture brought her to an instant climax. She came hard. A fierce, white-hot pleasure raked her body and left her shaking like a leaf in a thunderstorm. The orgasm alone shocked her. She'd never had

one this intense, or this hard, ever. Christ. Lucian wasn't kidding when he said he reigned over lust. The man had turned her world upside down with his skilled kissing ability.

Lucian seized her face and planted a wet, deep kiss on her lips. She could taste her own femininity on him. Strange, but she liked it. It burned her lust even hotter. "I'm going to take you to my bed. I have so many things I want to do to you."

"What things?"

"Mm. You'll see..." He lifted her off the rug as if she weighed nothing. Emma curled her arms around his neck as he carried her into another room. She was giddy with anticipation as he laid her on the bed. Lucian's bedroom looked like something out of a fairytale. Elegant drapes on the bedposts. Luxurious damask bedding. Bouquet of roses on the commode; a room truly decorated for romance. Lucian settled himself beside her. "Touch me," he commanded, his voice thick with lust.

He didn't need to ask, Emma had wanted to do just that since he'd brought her here. She caressed his face and ran her hands over his chest, feeling the silky fabric of his expensive suit. He caught her hand and brought it to his groin, pressing it against the hard erection under his trousers. Emma gulped. It had been a long time since she'd touched a man, real flesh and blood. Lucian purred silkily. He brushed his lips over hers and kissed her open-mouthed. "Undress me," he whispered.

The order sent a wicked thrill inside her. Undress a hot guy? Jesus. She wanted to know what kind of woman wasn't up for that kind of challenge. She did what he asked while Lucian continued kissing her, pausing every so often to tell her a dozen ways he wanted to bury his cock in her pussy. By the time she peeled off his briefs, the last of his clothes, she found herself trembling with arousal. He croaked in a low, husky voice that elicited dark shivers down her spine, "Touch me, touch my cock."

Christ. Lucian was as glorious as she imagined he would be. From his dark thatch, his long, fat cock curved upward to his belly. The sight of him made her dizzy. He felt hot too. His heat seared her palms as she took hold of his shaft, fondling him with gentle squeezes.

"Harder," he rasped. "Don't be shy, he'd love to know you better." Emma squeezed him harder. His cock twitched, pulsing. "Perfect, just like that." Lucian cleared the stray locks from her face. "Kiss him."

She lowered her head and pecked a cursory kiss on his tip. He leaked. A droplet of pearly pre-cum glistened on his slit. Emma couldn't resist giving him a lick. Lucian groaned. A burst of salty flavor flooded her palate. God, was he delicious. He tasted like tears, with no bitter soapy tang like Joe's. Inspired by the newfound taste, Emma opened her mouth wide and sucked him.

Lucian ranted a series of praises, urging her to take him deeper. Half-mad with lust, she plunged her mouth until his cockhead touched the back of her mouth. She engulfed him, worshipping him. He shivered from her suckling. His skin felt hot, blanketed by a sheen of perspiration. His shaft and skin appeared so taut, he looked like he was about to burst at any time. "Sweet Emmaline." Lucian's growl sounded deep, reverberating from the pit of his stomach. "Suck me, yeah, suck me just like that. Oh fuck, if you only knew how good you make me feel..." Her heart swelled proudly. Emma cupped his balls and tugged them as she continued sucking. He swore. "Are you trying to make me come faster?"

Yes, sir. Emma wanted to see him come. She wondered if his cum was as delicious as what she had sampled. Lucian had a different idea, however. He leaned forward and spread her legs apart. She moaned with a mouthful of cock when he petted her pussy lips. He made her lie on her back, then he lowered his head on the juncture of her thighs and dipped his tongue into her burning cunt. New pleasure seared through her, red hot and gut deep, making her heart want to jump to her throat. Christ, not again.

* * *

She thrashed when he tasted her pussy again. Lucian pushed her thighs down and kept her in place. His cock was half buried in her mouth, throbbing with need. "Suck me. Don't worry about anything else. I'm just helping myself to some sweet treats."

Lucian heard her whimper, but she didn't complain. And if she did, he would have what he wanted anyway. Tonight she was his and he intended to savor every inch of her until his urges were sated. He eased his hips up and down, fucking her delicate mouth and working his way into her throat. He was afraid he would gag her, but he didn't. She took him bravely. Shit, Lucian groaned inwardly. Bursts of pleasure raked through him. She was sinfully sweet. The way she sucked him, so eager to please, it made the beast inside him wild.

He shifted his attention to his prize. Her cunt looked so inviting, mouth-watering. With a half-growl, he claimed what was meant to be his. He ran his tongue along her drenched seam and thrust into her wet opening. His mouth swam in her sea of heat, perfumed with the intoxicating musk of her pleasure. He couldn't get enough of her. His balls were drawn tight and his shaft throbbed to the point it hurt. He ached to come, but he resisted the urge. There was so much more of her to explore, and he intended to make himself last.

She thrashed again when he fucked her with his tongue. Her pussy quivered. She creamed again. Lucian quickly lapped up his reward. Fuck, she tasted too good, and he felt ravenous. He carefully parted her pussy lips and thrust two fingers into her welcoming cunt. Lucian fingered her fast. Her pussy clenched and unclenched, enveloping his fingers in sinfully silken heat. He wanted to see her come again before he fucked her cunt with his cock.

"Lucian!" Her voice was muffled by his hard shaft. He thrust his fingers deeper and faster, fucking her cunt until a frustrated scream screeched from her throat. She came hard. Her juice gushed. Man, she was so easy to please. Lucian reaped his reward and licked her clean. She let his cock slide out of her mouth and called his name, begging him to stop.

He grinned. Stop? He hadn't even begun yet. Lucian did stop, but only to switch position. He scrambled up and positioned himself over her cunt. Her face was flushed, and she looked semi-dazed and drunk with lust. He thrust his cock into her warm heaven. She yelped, a surprised look plastered on her face. Her wet, sumptuous pussy

swallowed his erection. Damn, she felt as good as he'd imagined. Hot. Tight. And incredibly wet and sticky. He thrust balls-deep until his thatch grazed her clit. Whimpers ripped out of her throat, sounding so sexy. Lucian gritted his teeth in ecstasy. He loved her. He loved the way she made him feel. Loved everything about her. Savage with lust, Lucian couldn't contain his need. He fucked her brutally.

Bracing both arms beside her head, he fisted her hair and rained slam upon slam on her cunt, until she screamed in ecstasy. He wanted to see her come again. And again. Many times until she was drained and limp with exhaustion. He licked her lips as she gasped for breath. Her lush breasts bounced under him. Her cunt made obscene sounds as he hammered into her with sheer savagery. Without warning, she came. She clawed his shoulders and sank her teeth into his flesh. A piercing pain lanced through him. He didn't mind. He loved pain as much as he loved pleasure. Her pussy contracted, gripping his cock hard. Her spine stretched and kinked at the height of her rapture.

Fuck. Lucian had to stop. He couldn't move. Her cunt gripped him like a vise. The rippling sensation was unbelievably wicked. The tight walls of her vagina milked his shaft like velvet swathed in oil. So exquisitely sinful. She cried, tears staining her cheeks. He kissed her, soothing her until she calmed again. Her pussy spasmed around his shaft and her grip relaxed. She gushed more cream, wet and hot, bathing his cock in liquid fire.

Lucian wanted to fuck her to completion but he remembered he'd promised her a dozen naughty things he wanted to do to her. When her orgasm had passed, he slipped out from her cunt and ordered her to go on all fours.

"What?"

"You heard me, my sweet. On your knees and elbows. I want to fuck you from behind."

It took her a long second for her to digest his words. She laughed faintly. "You're a sex fiend."

"Yes, I am."

* * *

Emma woke with a start. At first, she felt disoriented waking up in a stranger's bed, but then remembered that she'd been on a date with Lucian. Her eyes flew wide. Lucian. She found him with his arm wrapped across her chest, sound asleep. She watched him sleeping. He looked so peaceful. His naked body radiated heat, giving her comfort and a sense of security. She tried to remember when she'd last slept in the nude in a man's embrace. It had been forever, back when she and Joe were newly married. Lucian was the second man she'd ever slept with.

Usually, she only fantasized about being in bed with Lucian. Never in her wildest dreams did she think it would come true. Somehow, she felt what was happening to her in the past twenty-four hours was only a dream. She pinched herself just to make sure. Damn. It hurt. No, she wasn't dreaming. Still. It was hard to believe a woman like her could end up in bed with a man like Lucian.

After a few minutes watching him sleeping, Emma needed to go to the bathroom. Her body was sore and sticky. Lucian was a man who kept his promises. He'd made her come many times during their lovemaking, in ways she would never have thought of. His fingers and mouth were as treacherous as his cock. When she thought she couldn't come anymore, he'd shoved his cock in her ass and pumped himself wildly while he fingered her pussy and kissed her mouth until she exploded from the most intense orgasm she had ever had in her life. Lucian Lucca was a true sex fiend.

Emma untangled from his embrace and climbed out of bed. She groped her way to his bathroom. She found it and closed the door quietly, not wanting to disturb him. She flicked the light on. The bathroom looked as impressive as his bedroom. After relieving herself, she decided to take a shower to freshen up. Once clean, she planned to snuggle back into bed until it was time to go home.

"Need a hand?" Lucian's voice sounded behind her while she was lathering her body with soap.

Emma jumped. "Don't scare me like that!"

"Sorry. Just a bad habit of mine. I should have knocked." Lucian was naked too. She saw she had left marks on his body as well, bites and scratches. She didn't think she'd gone that wild.

"I'm sorry." Emma touched the bite mark on his shoulder. "Does it hurt?"

His dark eyes glittered. His signature devilish smile blossomed. "I should be the one asking you that question. Are you sore?"

Holy hell, yes. But it was a happy sore. "No. I'm fine."

"Then you wouldn't mind a hot shower fuck." He plucked the sponge from her hand and started washing her with it.

Her eyes darted to his crotch. His cock stirred, hardening. She felt dizzy. Insatiable was highly underrated. If she could find another word beyond insatiable, Lucian would perfectly match that description. Were all demons oversexed like him?

Seeing her mumbling, he lowered his head and whispered, "If you're sore, just say so. I'm perfectly happy with a cuddle in bed."

"Can I get both?" she ventured, trying to be lucky.

His laughter exploded in the glass-encased shower stall. "You shouldn't encourage me. I'm a demon after all."

"Should I make you work for it?"

"Too late." Lucian seized her waist and lifted her up, trapping her between his bulk and the shower's glass. She'd forgotten how strong he was, considering she wasn't a pixie. He wasn't overly muscular, but his body was beyond perfect: broad shoulders, chiseled abs, narrow hips and long, lean legs. His skin was tanned, as tempting as luscious caramel. His hair was sleeked to his back, dark as midnight. He had stubble, but that made him look even sexier.

She curled her arms around his neck and her legs wrapped his waist. He slowly lowered her until the tip of his cock nudged her swollen pussy. Emma winced. He speared her cunt open and sheathed himself until he was balls-deep inside her. Her pussy contracted. She had been sore a second ago, but when he buried his cock inside her the soreness was gone, replaced by a mind-muddying pleasure.

Emma panted. He groaned. The steam from the shower formed a halo around him, making him look too angelic to be a demon. He kissed the hollow of her throat as he started fucking her in short, jabbing thrusts. She moaned. Delicious shudders raked through her from the way he ground his granite-hard shaft against the tight walls of her pussy. He hit her in all in the right places, making her nerve endings scream with need. A woman could get used to this kind of loving. "So," Lucian hissed, "think you like what I have to offer, my sweet? I can love you like this every day, every night, anytime you want me. You won't ever be lonely anymore."

She snapped open her eyes, her hands clenching his wet hair. His offer was tempting, but his motive made her wary. She still didn't understand what he saw in her. So she couldn't hate those who wronged her. Big deal. All this time, she'd always thought her inability to hate was simply because she was an idiot, not because she had a beautiful heart. Any woman with a brain would have packed her bags and said sayonara a long time ago. She kept forgiving Joe because she hoped someday he would change. Joe wouldn't. Deep inside, she knew that.

Lucian nipped her shoulder blade. The hot vapor of his breath made her shiver. He gyrated his hips before he rammed his shaft in shallow strokes. "Too soon?" He observed her reaction. "I know it isn't fair for me to ask you to decide now. You haven't been with Brennan yet. I just want you to think about what I have to offer."

"Lucian..."

"Yes, my sweet?"

"I think you're nuts."

His chuckle reverberated. He stilled. His cock pulsed in her depths. Lucian trailed soft kisses from her throat to the side of her jaw. Rippling pleasure ebbed from where he'd kissed her. "Do you remember what I've told you about your beautiful heart? To us, you're as addictive as crack to junkies. Having you like this, being intimate with you, reminds us how it feels when we were still blessed with His Grace."

"Blessed?"

"Don't you know? We were once His angels before we were cast out. A person like you soothes us, tames our beast."

"I don't believe it."

"You'd better. I know you've been hurt and I know it will take time for you to start trusting in men again. You crave love. You soothe me. I couldn't think of any better arrangement than that."

Touché. It was hard to think straight when you have a man's cock inside you, pleasuring you in the most intimate way possible. "I... I'll think about it."

"Good girl." Lucian broke a huge smile. "Just so you know, I'll stop at nothing to make you mine. But, no pressure."

"You call that no pressure?"

He laughed again. "I'm a demon. I'm devious by nature. I'll seduce you until you can't resist me anymore." His cock shuddered inside her, hard and unspent. Lucian drew a deep breath as if he was calming himself to keep from ravishing her. He pulled out until his huge tip left her opening. He put her back on the floor and pushed her against the shower stall. Her breasts and belly smashed against the glass, slicked and wet. Lucian enclosed her, pressing his hard, muscle-bound body against her back. He wrenched her leg up and his cock was inside her again.

"Luc!"

"Too hard? I'm sorry. I can't control myself being with you like this." Lucian fucked her in fast, short strokes. "Can't you see how much I want you?" He grunted and slammed. "Want you, want you, want you..."

Emma panted. Sharp pleasure burst within her. The glass was wet and slippery. Lucian's body was also wet and slippery. Added with the steam and hot water from the shower, the whole experience was incredibly erotic.

Lucian slid a hand on her belly, holding her in place while he flooded her with a torrent of hard fucks. Emma writhed against the glass, desperate to hold on to something, anything, but everything was so slick and wet it just blew her mind. He pinned her while he fucked her as fast as the beat of her heart. Rough and primal.

Lucian kissed her nape, licked and nipped her skin so each scrape and pain dragged her deeper into a maddening ecstasy.

The storm of pleasure gathered. A thick pulse of need seized her. Emma clawed the glass surface. Her nails made a screeching sound. Lucian pounded her once, twice. She shivered uncontrollably and surrendered. She exploded. A rapturous orgasm claimed her whole being. Emma screamed. Lucian didn't stop. Wet and slick from water and the juice of their mating, he pounded two dozen more strokes into her clenching cunt until a second orgasm swept over Emma. He grunted and slammed again. He climaxed with her. His cock spurted, spasmed, emptying his cum into her battered pussy.

Emma wanted to collapse when the last waves of her climax ebbed away. Lucian caught her. He held her in his arms while he nuzzled behind her ear. "I'm ready for that cuddle. How about you?"

Cuddle? Was he crazy? She was ready for a long nap.

Chapter Three

Brennan Adair had been watching her for the past thirty minutes, hesitating to make his presence known. He leaned on the kitchen counter, invisible, while Emma hunched on the kitchen chair, nursing a cup of coffee. Her toast was untouched and her morning newspaper forgotten. She had showered and dressed in her uniform, ready to get to work. But it seemed that last night's date must have wrung her out. She sighed every now and then and went back to staring at her cold coffee.

What was she sighing about? What was on her mind? He was dead curious. He could snoop into her mind, but he didn't want to find her particular memory where she'd spent the night with Lucian. *That asshole*. Knowing his rival was a demon of lust, Lord knew what kind of lewd things he'd done to Emmaline.

He stepped behind her chair and leaned forward to kiss the top of her head. Well, not quite. Brenn only brushed his lips on her ponytail. She wouldn't feel his presence but it was enough for him to draw a lungful of her scent. And her aura -- an addicting substance to demons and the fallen ones. If he hadn't put a mark on Emmaline when claiming her, every demon in this world would have fought over her.

After a brief consideration, Brenn decided to reveal his presence. "Emmaline."

She jumped from the seat. Her coffee spilled on the table. "Brenn?" She patted her chest. "You almost gave me a heart attack."

"Forgive me. I should have used the door and knocked." He shifted his attention to the mess on the table and cleaned it up. Emma was mesmerized watching him performing the simple magic. The spilled liquid returned to the coffee cup, leaving the table as clean as before.

"If Luc reigns over lust, what do you reign over, Brenn?"

"Oh, I'm not a demon."

"You're not?"

He shook his head. Her eyes widened, her lips slightly parted. A surge of lust rose within him, making his cock stir. Heaven, she was glowing. Brenn tugged her closer and wrapped his arms around her. She stiffened. He kissed her lips, quenching his thirst. Her scent and her aura soothed him. Slowly, he savored the serene ecstasy she'd bestowed on him.

"So... what are you?" she slurred like a drunk.

"Luc didn't tell you?"

"He said I should ask you."

Brenn snorted. Typical Lucian. "I'm a fallen one."

"Fallen?"

"I was an angel, but they stripped me of my Grace."

Her mouth formed an "O." She blinked. "Why would they do that?"

"Upper management politics, a long time ago." He didn't feel ready to explain everything to her now. "I came to remind you about our date."

"Oh, yeah..."

"I see Luc took you to his place and the whole nine yards preparation. I was thinking we'll go casual. Jeans and sneaker type of outing. What do you think?"

"Sounds great to me."

"Wonderful. I'll pick you up at six. How does that sound?"

"Six is fine. I'll be ready by then."

"Good." Brenn studied her expression. "You look exhausted."

She looked startled. "I'm fine. Really."

"Hmm." He cupped her face and summoned his power to restore her vigor. White light emanated from his palms. Her breath caught in her throat when she realized what he was doing. Emma trembled.

Wow, she mouthed in amazement when it was over. "I... I feel great."

"That's the idea. 'Cause you'll need all of your strength tonight." Her eyes widened again when she caught his implication. Brenn laughed. "You're too cute. I'll

see you tonight, precious." No way in hell would he cede his claim to Lucian. Emmaline was his.

* * *

Brennan showed up at her front door at six. He knocked this time, not just popping into her apartment like an apparition. "Are you ready?"

"Yeah."

He leaned forward and gave her a long, hot, open-mouthed kiss that made Emma's neighbor who lived across the hall drop her groceries. The stewardess had a thing for Brennan. Emma blushed, feeling awkward, especially when Brennan wrapped his arm around her shoulder and walked to the elevator as if they were a pair of soul mates. She wasn't used to public displays of affection. Joe wasn't the type of man who liked being lovey-dovey in public, even back when they were newly married. Later on when their marriage started falling apart, she became accustomed to having Joe ignore her on the formal outings that required him to take his wife with him.

Emma cast Brennan a furtive glance, wondering if he wasn't embarrassed going out with her like this. After all, he was one hell of a gorgeous guy and she was nobody.

"You look tense. What's wrong?" Brennan noticed her discomfort.

"Nothing. I'm sorry, I'm... just thinking about something else."

"I hope it isn't about Luc." He sounded jealous. "You're on a date with me."

"N-no, it isn't."

"Good. Since that asshole took you on a fancy date, I was thinking of the opposite. How does a movie and Chinese food sound? And later, we can take a walk in the park. I want to show you a beautiful part of the city that I bet you've never seen."

"Sounds wonderful."

Brennan smiled. She wanted to melt on the spot. He'd once told her he owned an animal shelter near the downtown area, and as the owner, he always dressed conservatively. She had never seen him dressed in jeans and T-shirt before. She didn't even know he had tattoos. His left arm was covered in beautiful intricate black ink

works that she suspected wasn't the work of a human inkmaster. Brennan Adair was delicious.

Of course, that wasn't the only icing on the package. Brennan had the most intense eyes she'd ever seen. His hazel, almost golden, eyes seemed to penetrate a human's soul and strip a person bare of their innermost secrets. He had lush, silky hair as light as the color of his eyes, curly and falling just below his jaw line. His nose was curved perfectly, complementing his sensual lips. Added to his muscled and tall posture, he was a sight of an otherworldly beauty. It wasn't an exaggeration that everyone who saw him always gaped in awe.

Emma still thought he was a nut for wanting to go out with her. And Brennan seemed to be enjoying their date even more than she was. He hugged and kissed her in the movie theater, and he did the same when they were having dinner at a Chinese restaurant, earning her jealous looks from people. Brennan wasn't ashamed of her, unlike Joe, and Emma deeply appreciated him for that. Like Lucian, Brennan Adair was also a dream date. She was the luckiest girl in the world.

After dinner, they walked to the city's park. Brennan looked at her and grinned. "Do you want to see my wings?"

Her mouth fell open. "You have wings?"

"Yup." He looked around. The park was empty at this hour. He peeled off his shirt and tossed it carelessly to the ground. She'd never seen him wearing so few clothes before, and without his shirt he looked as heart-wrenchingly stunning as Emma had imagined he would. She would have fanned herself if Brenn hadn't been watching her reaction. Then, there they were -- a pair of huge white wings sprouting behind his back. Emma's hair swept backward when those wings uncurled and spread majestically, ready to make him airborne. "Like them?"

She couldn't find the right words to describe her awe. "Can I touch you?"

"Depends. My wings or my happy place?" Her face flushed hot. Brennan laughed heartily. "You're just precious." He swept her into his arms and kissed her until she wanted to faint.

When he finally gave her a chance to catch a breath, Emma sagged in his arms, delirious. She curled one arm around his neck while she explored the base of his wing. The feathers were sturdy but so incredibly soft to touch. It was unreal. "I thought you were a fallen one."

"We still retain our wings, just not our Grace anymore."

"What's Grace?"

"The stuff that entitles us to enter Heaven." Emma was wowed again. "Are you ready?" he asked, wrapping his arms around her possessively.

"Ready for what?"

"Sightseeing."

"I guess." Emma yelped as Brennan leaped into the air without warning, carrying her in his arms. She clung to him and blood rushed through her ears as she shut her eyes tight. A dizzying vertigo overcame her.

"Don't worry, I won't let you fall."

It was easy for him to say. He had wings. When an ordinary person like her was flying, she'd be in a plane sipping soda and eating crappy airplane peanuts. Her heart drummed wildly as Brennan soared to the sky. She didn't know how long he took her flying. She was too scared to think about anything else. But Brennan had landed. She trembled when her feet touched a solid surface.

"Come on, open your eyes. Don't be afraid."

She lifted her head and peeked. It seemed they were on the rooftop of a tall office building in the downtown area. She could see skyscrapers around them and the glow of the neon lights from the busy city below them. Her panic dissipated gradually. Okay, Brennan wasn't lying. The sight was magnificent. She had lived here almost her whole life and had never seen this beautiful part of the city.

"What do you think, precious? Amazing, yes?"

Emma slowly released her arms and trudged to the edge of the rooftop. The perimeter was secured with four-foot concrete railings, but she still had a good view of the city. "Yes. You come here often?"

“Not lately, but I like this kind of place. It’s quiet and peaceful.”

She loved quiet and peaceful places too. Emma often sought refuge on the hospital’s rooftop during her breaks to calm herself when everything became too much to handle. Brennan sneaked behind her and hugged her. He kissed the top of her head until she wanted to melt again. He gave her warmth and calmed her. She didn’t know why. He just did. Maybe it was because of what he was. She hadn’t been at peace for a long time, and she’d forgotten how wonderful it was.

He trapped her between the bulk of his body and the rooftop’s concrete railings. Brennan kissed the shell of her ear. Her breath caught in her throat. Delicious shivers ran down her spine. His soft lips grazed her skin. His naughty tongue tip traced the contour of her lobe and his teeth nipped it. Her nipples hardened in an instant. Her pussy clenched and moistened. Emma groaned inwardly. He’d made her hot and horny and all he’d done was kiss her on the ear.

As if he’d sensed her arousal, Brennan slipped his hands under her shirt. His palms settled on her breasts, cupping her ample mounds beneath her thin cotton bra. “Your nipples are hard. You’re very responsive.” His hot breath seared her nape, making her shiver. “I love it. Ever make love under the sky?”

What? Was he nuts? She wasn’t that adventurous. “N-no.”

Brennan purred. “We should try it then. You’ll love it.”

He was different from Lucian. Luc seduced, while Brennan claimed what he wanted. Not that she minded, though. She liked men who had a possessive streak. After years of living under Joe’s ridiculing it felt nice for a change to have a man who wasn’t ashamed to stake a claim on her. It made her feel worthy.

Brennan undressed her. His deft hands worked their magic, and before long Emma found herself naked with her jeans and panties pooled around her ankles. She shivered. Not from the cold temperature, but from the realization of what would happen to her soon.

Brennan noticed the goose bumps on her skin. He planted a feather-light kiss on her shoulder. “Cold? Don’t worry, precious. I’ll make you hot in no time.”

Emma trembled even more, feeling bubbly and giddy.

He cupped her breasts, his fingers playing with her nipples. Sparks of pleasure shot down her spine and heat warmed her cheeks. Brennan kissed behind her ear while he snaked one hand down to cup her pussy. He hummed with delight when he found her very wet. Brennan parted her pussy lips and slid a finger into her cunt. "Goddamn, Emmaline. You're very hot. Literally." He thrust his finger until the pad of his palm mashed against her pubic bone. His thumb found her clit and circled it. He finger-fucked gently. Emma fidgeted. Morsels of pleasure exploded in her depths. Her pussy clenched and creamed. She cried out from the sensation.

"Earlier, I was thinking of taking you back to my apartment, but I see you're more than ready. What do you think, precious, shall I take you here?"

Emma gripped the concrete railings. "Yes."

Brennan let out another delighted purr. He sounded so sexy each time he did that. He withdrew his finger and fumbled with his own belt and zipper. Emma could feel his cock on her a moment later, resting on her naked flesh, hot and hard. He let go of her breast and gripped her hips with both hands. His cock pressed against her back. Her brain went to mush when she realized where the tip of his cock was. Holy crap. The man was massive. "Spread your legs. I want to fuck you like this."

Emma gulped hard and shook off her jeans and panties from her ankles. Brennan seized her thigh and pushed it aside. His cock grazed her wet cunt. She whimpered. He didn't penetrate her at once, only teasing her, oiling the length of his shaft with her juices. His veined cock grazed her pussy lips, inciting delicious shudders through her body. She became curious and peeked at her groin. Oh fuck. Brennan would put any porn star to shame. Under the moonlight, his cock looked as gorgeous as the rest of him. Her mouth salivated. She wouldn't mind taking a lick or two of that beautiful cock of his, later.

As if Brennan had read her mind, he grabbed his shaft and positioned himself at her entrance. "Later, precious. We really need to get intimately acquainted right now."

Emma gasped, wanting to tell him she wasn't ready. A shrill feminine cry ripped the air as Brennan thrust inside her. Black spots danced before her eyes. Her mind was wiped blank as he rammed his cock inside her, stretching her beyond what she'd imagined possible. Her knees threatened to buckle. The pleasure was overwhelming. Her pussy spasmed from the intrusion, but Brennan seemed determined to have her no matter what. He pushed, easing in until she was able to take him whole. "There." Triumph laced his voice. "I know you've fantasized about this for quite a while, and you always imagine me taking you from behind. You don't need to fantasize anymore. From now on, you just need to ask."

In a normal situation, she would have wanted to hide under a rock from embarrassment if someone found out about her fantasy and discussed it so candidly, but at this very moment, she was beyond caring. The intense pleasure left her speechless. Besides, what he said was true. Nothing beat the real thing. The real man. The real touches. The real fucking.

Brenn kissed the side of her jaw. "Good?" She mumbled incoherently.

Fully sheathed inside her, Brenn let go of her thigh and covered her hands with his, entwining their fingers together. He whispered, "I want to fuck you hard." Then he moved. Slow tugs and pushes at first, and when she was well-adjusted to his size and rhythm, he pistoned in and out like a demented man. Emma breathed out, exquisite shivers of pleasure surging from her sex straight to her spine. The way he plundered her pussy with the knife-sharp, fast strokes made her mind scramble to oblivion. He rained several fast strokes before he stopped abruptly, croaking with a voice dripping with pure lust, "I want to watch you, while I'm inside you." His cock pulsed in her depths, hard and unsated.

It took her seconds before she got what he meant. By then he had already pulled out his cock completely. Her juice wet her thighs. Her pussy throbbed, mourning its loss. Brennan loosened his hands and curled an arm around her waist. He tugged her into his arms and tackled her onto their clothes on the floor. Emma blinked. The

heavens above greeted her with a sky full of moon and stars. Brennan came down on top of her and thrust his cock into her cunt.

"Oh," she whimpered. The familiar nerve-wrecking pleasure returned. She instinctively wrapped her legs around his waist. He bestowed her with a hard kiss.

The sight of him mesmerized her. Brennan's wings sprouted behind his back, majestic and white as the first winter snow. He was too beautiful. Fallen or not, he was still an angel, the most perfect creation ever to roam Heaven and Earth. Her heart pounded, thinking how lucky she was to have him now. "Kiss me," she begged. "I need you."

Brennan seemed more than happy to grant her wish. He kissed her like he meant it, so full of passion that every stroke of his tongue made her drown in a thick whirlwind of pleasure. He braced his arms next to her head and fisted her hair. He fucked her slowly, like the way he kissed her. He savored her. Each nip. Each lick. Each thrust of his cock. The ecstasy she felt was beyond words. She didn't want this moment to end.

He parted his lips and smiled. His light eyes glowed. Brennan brushed his lips on hers, whispering between the gentle kiss. "Shall I go faster?"

"Oh." She writhed. "Yes." The pleasure thickened when Brennan picked up his pace and fucked her faster. "Please."

"Like it?" He pistoned harder. "I want to see you come."

Christ. If he kept his pace like this, she was going to come all right. The ecstasy climbed to fever pitch, dragging her along with it. Her skin rippled with maddening sensations. Her heart pounded hard, as hard as he drove his cock into her wet cunt. She squirmed. It was too much to take. The pleasure. The need to climax.

"Come for me." He went ballistic, raining slam after slam of pure, hard, savage fucks. Their flesh made some obscene sounds. "Just for me, precious."

She opened her mouth to draw a lungful of air, but instead, a scream erupted. Her body quaked. A violent orgasm ambushed her without mercy. Red, devilishly hot rapture overcame her. Her breath was cut from her lungs as her body contorted in

ecstasy. She shut her eyes, panting, shaking. Her cunt spasmed around his cock, milking him ferociously.

Brennan groaned. "That's it, precious."

It took her a long moment to compose her thoughts. Her orgasm was explosive, so mind-blowing that when she floated back to reality, she felt as if she had run a marathon. Sweat plastered her body. Brenn squeezed her breast and gave her another deep kiss that made her forget her name for a second. She then noticed something. "You didn't come?"

He laughed. "You can't possibly finish me this fast. I love fucking."

"Oh, man."

"Mm. Besides, this is not my favorite position."

"What is, then?"

A mischievous glitter flashed across his eyes. "Since you asked..."

Emma's heart sank, almost literally, when Brennan snatched her up and went airborne. The sound of her scream trailed behind them as he took her flying toward the tallest building in the city. She clung to him, her legs wrapped around his waist impossibly tight, afraid of falling. Emma shut her eyes. She knew Brenn wouldn't let her fall, but still, it was unnerving. Damn angel. Why did they love high places?

Brennan swooped down, landing Emma didn't know where. She was too afraid to look. Her back felt cold, as if she was leaning against metal or something. "Emmaline," he called her softly. "You're safe with me, don't be afraid."

She wasn't sure, but she peeked. Brennan had brought her to the rooftop of a skyscraper and he had her pinned against the base of the lightning tower. She saw the city with the glittering lights beneath them. The wind current was hard, sweeping around them, making her hair fly and cover her eyes. Brennan flicked his wrist, and suddenly the wind current tamed. He cleared her hair from her face and kissed her deeply.

Emma moaned. So far, this was one the craziest things she'd ever done in her life. She'd had a date with a demon and toured his exquisite underworld castle. And

now, she was on a date with a fallen angel and he took her out fucking on the tallest building in the city. She guessed she had reached an all-time high now. Who would think getting dumped by a cheating husband could land her in an adventure of a lifetime? Emma broke his kiss to catch her breath. "So, this is your favorite position?"

"Mm, yes. Where were we?" He groped her pussy. She flinched as he penetrated her again. His cock had slipped out when he'd taken her airborne. She moaned as he fucked her in shallow thrusts. His sinfully hard, throbbing cock ground the walls of her vagina, sending pleasure bursting within her depths.

"You're crazy, you know that?"

"Crazy for you, yes."

"Aw." Emma stiffened. Brennan hammered his cock with rapid speed.

"Doesn't this feel good, my precious?"

"Y-yes."

"Do you want to come again?"

"I... hell, yes."

"Me too." Brenn drove in so hard, he knocked her breath from her lungs. She didn't care, however. She wanted him rough. Taking her as hard and as fast he could. Fucking her like he meant it. "You know, I've been wanting to do just this for a long time. I don't know what you did to me, but damn, Emmaline, I've never wanted a mortal as badly as I want you. You bewitched me, little temptress."

She gasped. Pleasure rising. "No way..."

"Yes, way." Brennan flooded her with a series of torrential fucks. She grew wetter and wetter. Glittering pleasure gathered, threatening to erupt. "I swear, I will have you and make you mine if it's the last thing I do."

Christ. She didn't know what to say to his declaration, but it touched her, searing to the pit of her heart. Emma kissed him hard. Brennan growled and mauled her in return. He pummeled faster, driving his cock in and out with pure savage lust until another climax hit her. She cried out. White-hot pleasure raked through her body, leaving her trembling in ecstasy. He didn't stop. Brennan kept nailing her with one after

another vicious hard slams, a ravenous claiming fuck that drove her out of her mind. A third climax swept through her. Harder than before. The world disappeared from view. She soared. Free.

When she crashed back to reality, she noticed Brennan shuddering. His eyes bored into hers, a testament of pure ecstasy. He climaxed, emptying his seed into her. Her pussy clenched, milking his cock to his last drop. Hot cum bathed her channel. His lips enveloped hers, kissing her tenderly until the last tide of their climax passed. "I need you." His voice was solemn she had no doubt that he meant every word. "I want to make love to you like this every night until the end of time."

"I..."

"I just want you to know how I feel. Just want you to give me a chance."

Dizzy from the aftermath and his candid declaration, Emma sought refuge on his chest, burying her face in the hollow of his throat. Being loved like this was all she'd ever wanted.

"Shall we get back to my apartment? It's getting cold for you and we're both dirty. I want to bathe you, and then have more lovin' in my bed."

Oh, goody.

Chapter Four

Emma hid in the janitor's closet with a box of chocolates. She curled between the industrial-size bucket mop and a huge container of disinfectant. The closet was dark, but the faint lights that filtered through the crack of the door was enough to see her surroundings. Her shift had ended an hour ago, but she hadn't wanted to go home yet. Instead, she chose to hide in her favorite hiding place. She'd wanted to go to the rooftop earlier, but someone, actually a pair of lovers, had beaten her to it. The janitor's closet was nice when she needed to think. She couldn't go home yet -- because she would have to face Lucian and Brennan.

This morning they had arrived unannounced and demanded she choose between them. She couldn't choose. They were both wonderful. Lucian was a wicked lover. He'd introduced her to many shades of pleasure and more delights than she'd ever imagined before. And when she was with Brennan, he brought her a sense of serenity she realized she deeply craved in her life.

She tore open the box of candy and munched on the cherry cordials. Chocolate soothed her whenever she felt anxious. Emma closed her eyes and drew in a deep breath. Three days ago she'd been a normal divorcée with a boring life and a pretty good idea on how she'd spend the rest of her life. Work until she retired, then become a cat lady and a book junkie until she died. Now she didn't know what to do. Lucian and Brennan had turned her world upside down. Not only couldn't she choose, she was afraid to. The prospect of spending the rest of her life with an immortal creeped her out. Thirty years from now Lucian or Brennan would look exactly as they did now while she would have sagged and aged, looking old. That just wasn't fair for them. They deserved better.

Emma's thoughts spun as she thought of a way to break the news to them. Would they get mad? She hoped not. A pissed off demon or fallen angel sounded like bad news. Emma shoved another cherry cordial into her mouth.

* * *

"We scared her." Brennan told Lucian what had been bothering him since his date with Emma. They stood under the billboard on top of a warehouse loft across from Sunshine Tower. From there, they could see Emma's apartment's balcony across the busy street below. She had just gotten home from work, but her place was dark and the curtains were drawn. It seemed she didn't want anybody to know she was home.

His friend's face was like stone. "I know that. I think we messed her up."

"She can't choose and it's eating her alive."

Lucian turned to him. "I don't want to lose her. I need her."

"She bears my mark."

"She's not yours to own, she has free will."

Brenn had known Lucian before he'd been outcast for rebelling against Heaven. Lucifer had taken Lucian under his wing and made him one of the kings of Hell. When Heaven stripped Brenn of Grace and cast him to Earth, he'd crossed paths with Lucian once in a while. Fallen ones usually befriended demons. They also argued, they fought, but nothing significant like their confrontation now. "Do I need to fight you to keep you off my back?"

"We tried that before and destroyed several cities as a result, don't you remember? Do you really want to see more people suffer?"

"I'm surprised to hear this from you."

"I'm getting old, I guess. I became wiser." Lucian ran his hand through his hair. "I'm tired and I want to settle down. I need her. Emmaline soothes me."

Him too. Being with her reminded him of the old glory before he was outcast.

Minutes stretched between them before Lucian asked, "Have you ever thought of sharing?"

"It crossed my mind."

"And?"

"I want her for myself."

They fell into silence once more. "Then we have no other choice. You pick when and where and I'll be there."

"She wouldn't want that. If she ever finds out, she won't forgive either of us."

Lucian cursed. "So what are you saying?"

He sighed. "Maybe we should give it a try, assuming she wants to be shared."

"Just tell her she's pregnant with our babies, and then she'll have no other choice but to accept this arrangement."

Brenn gave him a hard stare. "Really?"

"Hey, you know what I am. I have no objection to this type of deception if the ends justify the means."

"I can't believe you. We should tell her the options and let her decide."

"What if she still can't decide?"

"Then we're back to square one."

* * *

Emma had just stepped out of the shower, wrapped only in a towel, when she saw Brennan and Lucian sitting on her bed. Normally, she would scream if she found uninvited men in her bedroom, but after spending time with them, she had gotten used to this kind of surprise. "Brenn. Luc. We need to talk. I have something to tell you."

"That you can't choose between us? And you think it's better for us to just stay as friends?" Lucian guessed.

"How did you know?"

Brennan cocked an eyebrow up as if to ask, "Really?"

Emma sighed. "So, what do you think?" Both Lucian and Brennan shook their head in disapproval. As she would have guessed. "Listen, I'm honored that..."

"Save that speech, my sweet." Lucian lifted his palm. "We came here to give you some choices."

"Choices?"

"We both want you and neither of us is willing to back down. That left us with two choices. One is fight until there is a clear victor and the second choice is..." Lucian threw a brooding look at Brennan, "for us to share you."

"Fight? Share? I..." Emma was flustered. "You two are out of your minds."

Lucian cast Brennan an "I told you so" kind of look. "You slept with us, you're pregnant with our babies."

Her jaw dropped. "What?"

Brennan elbowed Lucien in his chest. Lucian flinched. "He's just teasing you. I'd say another date is in order. This time a date with both of us to see if this arrangement suits you."

"Another date? What if I don't want another date?"

"Then we'll fight to the death. Winner takes all."

Emma studied Brennan's face to see if he was joking. No, he wasn't. He looked deadly serious.

"What do you say?"

"Don't I get a cooling off period to think this over?" Lucian and Brennan shook their heads. Christ. "Fine."

"We'll pick you up tomorrow night at seven. How does that sound?"

"The two of you are unbelievable."

"We wouldn't be so insistent if we didn't know you wanted us." Lucian rose from her bed and pecked her cheek. A flash of mischievousness blazed in his eyes. "But you do want us."

She couldn't deny what he said, but geez. Did he have to spell it out? Emma pouted. "Get out. And use the door this time. I need to get dressed. I'll see you two tomorrow."

Lucian laughed. "I love you when you're fiery like that. Nighty night, sweet Emmaline."

Brennan also gave her a light kiss before leaving. Emma sank onto her bed when they were out of her room. A date with Lucian and Brennan. A threesome.

Holy crap.

* * *

At five forty-five the next evening, her doorbell rang. Emma thought it was a bit early for the guys to arrive since Brennan had said they would pick her up at seven. She didn't expect to see Sasha standing in front of her with an evil grin plastered on her pretty face. And she'd brought a friend this time. Emma groaned.

"Tsk, ts, ts. This is how you greet the one who will make you look fabulous? Ungrateful mortal," Sasha chastised her with a stern voice. "Well? Invite us in."

"Would you please come in?"

Sasha laughed wickedly. Like the last time, she'd also brought several large shopping bags. She brushed past Emma and dropped the bags on the floor. "This is Mike, my assistant. Well, technically he's Brennan's assistant." Sasha nodded to her companion. "He'll help you get ready for the big party."

Mike stuck out his hand and Emma shook it. His grip was firm as he studied her with great interest. "So you're the lucky girl I've been hearing a lot about. My master was right, you're glowing. This is very interesting."

Mike was a pretty man. With his slim build and long chestnut hair, he could easily be mistaken for a woman. Like Sasha, he was tall and willowy. His lanky figure was wrapped in a leather ensemble. He had heterochromia. One of his eyes was blue and the other was green. Emma found that fascinating. She shifted her gaze to Sasha. "I don't mean to be rude, but I don't think I need two people to help me get ready for tonight."

Their laughs exploded. Sasha waved her hand to close the front door. It slammed with a boom. "Are you kidding?" Sasha replied, after she quit laughing. "You've got a date with Lucian and Brennan. You need to be prepared."

"And horny," Mike added. He pinched her chin playfully. "This is why I came. Where's your room, beautiful?" He scanned her living room. "Oh, there. Come on, we haven't got much time."

Wait a minute. Did he say horny?

Sasha grabbed her bags and herded Emma into her bedroom. "Strip," Sasha ordered. Like the last time, she was being a Nazi.

In front of Mike? A guy she didn't know? "I-I don't think so."

Mike rolled his eyes. "Really. There's no need to be shy. 'Cause I'm going to do more than just ogle your lovely naked body." He pecked a light kiss on Emma's lips. "Come, let us do our jobs. My master will have my ass if I don't prepare you well enough."

"What exactly did Brenn ask you to do?"

"Like I said, prepare you. Make you horny." Without asking her permission, Mike started to unbutton Emma's shirt.

"W-wait." She felt slightly panicky. "I don't think..."

"Emma dear," Sasha cut her with a warning glance, "not all mortals can handle Lucian alone. I don't know how you'll handle Brennan in your bed too, but dear, you need all the help you can get."

"That means making you super horny." Mike winked naughtily. "Both our masters are insatiable."

Her cheeks flushed hot. Christ. She'd had more sex in the past couple days than in her lifetime, and she wasn't used to all this frank talk about sex. She felt embarrassed, but couldn't find anything to say as Mike undressed her. Emma instinctively covered her breasts when he pulled her bra off.

"Now, now, what are you shy about?" Mike pushed her arms to her sides, exposing her naked chest. Her heavy breasts jutted forward and her nipples hardened under his appreciative stare. "Mm, love bites. I could see why with gorgeous boobs like these."

Sasha murmured her agreement. She ransacked Emma's closet for some towels and laid them on the bed. "Come here, Emma dear."

Emma's eyes widened when she saw what Sasha had in her hands. A razor and a can of shaving cream. Before she could open her mouth to protest, Sasha cut her off.

"Hygienic reasons since you're going to be drenched with your own juice. Plus, the toys will work better if we remove all your hair."

"T-toys?"

"Oh yeah." Mike led her to the bed and arranged her in the manner Sasha wanted. "Don't you remember about the horny part?" He pushed her thighs open, exposing her pussy. "Nice. Are you still sore, dear?"

"N-no."

"Good. You will be in the morning." Mike smirked.

"Don't listen to him. It'll be a good kind of sore." Sasha pushed Mike aside. "Go make her comfortable while I shave her."

"My pleasure." Mike settled himself behind Emma and wrapped his arms around her. He kissed her cheek and made some cooing sounds to soothe her. "Relax. Everything will be all right. My master's a wonderful lover, isn't he?" Emma nodded. "I can see his marks on you. He loves boobs." Mike kissed the shell of her ear as he started to massage her shoulders. She started to relax. Sasha splayed her legs wide and ordered her to stay still. Her eyes raked Emma's pussy, seeming to calculate what she needed to do. She went to the bathroom and came back a few minutes later with a stack of hot towels. Emma flinched when a towel blanketed her aching pussy. "So you don't get razor bumps," Sasha told her.

"It's hot," Emma whined.

"It'll get hotter when Lucian gets to you. Be good."

"Oh, she's a good girl." Mike slid his hands on her breasts. He found her nipples and pinched them. A jolt of pleasure surged through her body. Emma stiffened. Mike quickly cooed for her to relax. She couldn't. He was very good at making her aroused. The way he rolled her nipples with his thumbs and forefingers dragged her into a deeper ecstasy. "There, there. Good, isn't it? I've got to make your nipples hard before I can put on the clamps."

"The what?" Emma startled.

"Nipple clamps. Which box was it?" Mike asked Sasha.

“Blue box, in that bag.”

Mike rummaged in the box Sasha had pointed to. Emma’s eyes widened when he extracted a pair of strange implements from a sealed plastic package. “They aren’t really clamps, they’re more like suction cups. They’re designed to keep your nipples stimulated, to make you feel like your lovers are sucking on those gorgeous tits of yours.”

Emma was so absorbed by the strange devices she wasn’t really aware of Sasha busying herself with her razor, shaving her pubic hair. Mike wet her nipple with his saliva and put a clamp on. It looked like a clear bell. Once it snugged over her hardened nipple, it started a suctioning motion. Emma gasped. Delicious pleasure enveloped her from the seductive, low thrumming suction. The clamp was wicked. It did feel as if someone had enclosed her nipple with his mouth. But how did this thing work? She didn’t see it connected to a battery or anything. She asked Mike.

“No battery required,” he explained. “Let’s just say nobody sells toys like this on Earth.”

Great, now she was wearing enchanted sex toys. Mike was fitting the other one on her right nipple when Sasha announced she had finished shaving Emma’s pussy.

“Fantastic.” Mike sounded excited. “Now I can show you the other fun toys I have for you.”

Emma was so aroused she couldn’t think straight when Mike flaunted another wicked device. It was purple and made of a soft jelly-like material. It was shaped like a horseshoe with a bump on its inner ridge.

“It’s a vibrator. It designed to stimulate your G-spot and clitoris. Slim, yet it will hit the right spot. So slim that it can be left on your pussy while my master or Lucian fucks you later.”

Emma’s face burned hot. Damn, what she had gotten herself into this time? Being involved with two insatiable otherworldly males and subjected to an array of magical sex toys.

Mike grinned. Clearly, he enjoyed the look on her face. Sasha wiped her pussy with another hot towel to clean her from any remnant of the shaving cream. "Let's fit this on you." Mike knelt in front of her splayed thighs. Emma felt so wanton baring her sex in front of this stranger. "Damn, babe." Mike pinched her clit. "This pussy is absolutely made to be fucked."

"Oh yeah," Sasha chirped in.

"Look how responsive she is. She's wet already."

Emma whimpered when Mike parted her pussy lips and petted her cunt as if she was his beloved kitty cat. New fire engulfed her. A drop of her sexual moisture rolled out from her entrance. Mike noticed it and made a delighted noise. He collected her dew and smeared it on her pussy lips to make her slick and even wetter so the vibrator could slip in easily. But then he seemed to decide she wasn't wet enough for his liking. Emma yelped when Mike licked her pussy. His warm mouth enveloped her clit, sucking her gently, matching the rhythm of the clamps sucking her nipples. She fidgeted. The sensation was too sinful.

Mike let out a purring sound when she creamed. "Oh yeah. Wet. Just perfect." Emma swallowed hard when he slipped a finger inside her and fucked her until she felt she desperately wanted to come. "Do you know where your G-spot is?"

"K-kinda..." Emma fidgeted again.

Mike curved his finger upward and rubbed one spot that caused her to want to explode. "Yeah, it's here. And no, you can't come, Emmaline. You must hold it until my master or Lucian fucks you. That's the rule. My job is to make you horny and keep you that way." He withdrew his finger and turned to Sasha. "What do you think? Think she's wet enough?"

Sasha threw her a mischievous grin. "She's got a juicy cunt. But a few more licks won't hurt."

"You're right." Emma halted her scream when Mike dove onto her pussy and fucked her cunt with his tongue. She thought Lucian was good with his mouth, but Mike, holy hell, he just knew how to lick and how to apply the right pressure with his

tongue. Soon she was at the edge of coming. When she thought she was about to come, Mike stopped. "I don't think so. Remember? My job is just to keep you horny."

"Bastard," she hissed, feeling frustrated and unfulfilled.

Both Mike and Sasha laughed wickedly. "Perfect, she's wet enough now." Mike slipped the vibrator inside her. The part with the bulging contour fit snug under her pubic bone, while the other curved end brushed her clit.

"Fits just right." Sasha gave Emma a satisfactory look. "Turn it on."

Mike tapped one exposed part of the vibrator and Emma felt the impact immediately. The toy vibrated, stimulating her G-spot and clit at the same time with a low seductive thrumming that drove her insane.

"I-I..." Emma bit her lip. She didn't think she could bear being tortured like this.

"Good, isn't it?" Mike rubbed her thigh lovingly. "I need you to turn around now. On all fours."

"Why?"

Mike and Sasha traded a conspiratory grin. "We have another toy for you."

"Oh, no."

"Oh, yeah." Sasha snapped her finger impatiently. "Come on, bend over." Emma obeyed her order like a zombie.

"Good girl," Mike praised when she went on all fours. She hid her face in the bed sheet so Mike and Sasha wouldn't see how stupid she must look. Mike caressed her ass and parted her cheeks.

She heard Sasha say, "We need some lube."

"Agreed," Mike replied. Emma clawed the sheet when she found out that Mike's idea of lubricating was with his mouth. His tongue swirled around her perineum, dancing around her asshole before he thrust it inside her.

Emma just had to scream. "Mike!" He deepened his lick instead, torturing her with salacious swirls until her knees started to buckle and she couldn't take it anymore. She writhed from Mike's grip and slumped on the bed, sobbing with ecstasy.

"Poor girl," Sasha commented. "I think Mike enjoys himself too much."

His warm laugh burst out. "Come on, luscious. On all fours. We're not finished."

"Yes, we're finished. I'm done."

"No, we're not. Don't make me spank you. My master gave me permission if you're not cooperative."

"You don't want Mike to make that lovely ass red, do you?" Sasha chirped in. "Or do you like being spanked?"

Emma didn't know if she liked being spanked or not since neither Lucian nor Brennan had experimented with her that way. She heaved herself up and went back on all fours, thinking if she did like to get spanked, she wanted them to do it.

"Good girl." Mike sounded delighted. "Where were we?"

"The plug," Sasha reminded him.

Plug? Emma shut her eyes and shivered. The word sounded lewd and dirty. Mike parted her ass cheeks again and slipped a finger into her anus. Emma wanted to cry. The familiar feeling of tawdriness returned as he finger-fucked her in a slow, lazy motion, stretching her open and preparing her for his master or Lucian.

"Very nice," she heard Sasha comment.

"But she's still too tight. They'll hurt her if she's not well-prepared."

"They won't. Here, use this type of plug. Not too big, but it will help her relax and be well-adjusted when they want to go a bit rough."

A bit rough? Emma's heart hammered. She started to think about chickening out on Lucian and Brennan. Before she could think further about her plan to bail, Mike pushed the anal plug inside her. Her sphincter tightened from the initial intrusion, but yielded seconds later. The slick, cylindrical toy invaded her ass. Emma gusted a slow breath, clawing the sheet until her nails snagged against the linen. Her first reaction to the anal plug was to think she had gone totally mad to agree to something as outrageous as this, but then the plug started to vibrate, sending delicious hums straight up her spine and to the depths of her sex. She became addicted to the new pleasure that had been introduced to her. "So. How do you like it?" Mike asked her.

"This is crazy. How long must I wear this?"

"Until they remove it from you, of course. You can sit now. We're only halfway done."

"What?" Emma felt scandalized. "What else do you have in mind?"

Sasha giggled. "Your makeup. Your hair and your sexy clothes. Come on, we haven't got much time. Lucian won't be happy if you're late."

"And neither will my master," Mike agreed. "You'd better not keep him too horny. Or you'll suffer dire consequences."

"In a good way," Sasha added.

Jesus Christ.

* * *

Sasha and Mike escorted her out of the door about an hour later. A limo waited for them at the front of the building. They were taking her to Brennan's place, they said, but didn't mention where it was exactly. The limo driver cruised through the busy downtown streets and stopped at an empty lot between two old office buildings. There was a sign on the chainlink fence that said the lot was for sale. Emma was confused. With all the sex toys stimulating her constantly, she could barely think straight. Where exactly was Brennan's place?

Sasha opened the door and helped her climb out from the limousine. Her footing was shaky. Sasha had forced her to wear four-inch stiletto pumps and a tight open-cup corset underneath her thick, long coat. She couldn't breathe in that deadly contraption. Corsets were evil. "Where are we?" she asked Sasha.

"One of the gateways." Mike slammed the limo's door closed. He wrapped one arm around her waist and herded her toward the empty lot area.

"I don't see any gateway."

"You'll see it soon," Mike reassured her. They stopped in front of the For Sale sign. "Are you ready for them?"

"I don't know," Emma told him truthfully. She felt a bit scared. And horny. The toys were driving her insane.

"But you love our masters. You have nothing to worry about."

"Yeah. They're totally crazy for you too." Sasha nodded. She touched the For Sale sign and murmured some foreign-sounding words.

Emma gasped. Before her eyes, a grand mansion popped out of nowhere, occupying the empty lot and nestling between the two old buildings. It was carved from white limestone and looked like something that came from the Roman Empire era.

"Come." Mike urged her to walk over the stepping stone path. Sasha trailed behind them.

The heavy oak doors whispered open and Brennan welcomed them. He smiled when he saw Emma. "You look absolutely breathtaking, precious." Brennan cupped her face and gave a long, dizzying kiss. "And you're aroused. Your eyes are so bright. Ripe lips. Flushed cheeks." Brennan gave Mike an approving nod. "You did a great job."

Mike bowed. "Thank you, sir."

Brennan held her arm. His grip was firm and possessive "Lucian is waiting." He looked at Sasha and Mike and said something in a language she didn't understand. She could swear Brennan had called Sasha and Mike different names, weird-sounding ones that came from Biblical times. The two assistants threw her a wide grin and bowed. They left when Brennan ushered her into the heart of the mansion. Her heart hammered wildly as they padded over the pristine marble floor. "Nervous?"

"Very."

"Don't be. It will be fun. I promise."

Lucian was waiting for them in a room that looked like a library. With all the kinky things she had been subjected to for the last couple of hours, Emma half-expected the claiming would take place in a dungeon or something like that, considering who Lucian and Brennan were. Lucian rose from his seat and greeted her with a mind-muddying kiss. Emma might have forgotten her name when he finally parted his lips.

"Oh, she's definitely ready," Lucian declared after a brief observation. "Are you wet?"

Emma mumbled unintelligently. Brennan took the initiative and found out for himself. He slipped his hand under her coat and groped her inner thigh and pussy. "Very. She's practically drenched."

Lucian let out an amused sound. "Let's not make our sweetie wait."

Brennan undressed her. Her long coat fell to the floor. Emma felt the temperature rising a few degrees hotter when he ogled her with his hungry gaze. "That corset looks pretty on you, so I'll leave that on. What do you think, Luc?"

Lucian dragged a large ottoman to the middle of the room. "I agree. But everything else must go."

"Mmm. Undressing a pretty woman is my favorite thing to do."

* * *

His cock had been hard since he'd arrived at Brennan's house, thinking of the sinfully luscious Emmaline. Lucian found himself salivating as Brennan peeled off her stiletto pumps and lace stockings. The tight corset with the half cup made her lush breasts look like they wanted to burst from containment while her swollen nipples were encased prettily in the clear sucking clamps. He could imagine the toy must have been torturing her with constant high arousal. One of her weaknesses was having her nipples sucked. It drove her wild. Of course she couldn't resist being licked between her thighs either. It was her kryptonite.

When Brennan finished undressing her, Emma stood in silence, shivering. He knew she wasn't cold from her nakedness. She was excited. Even though she hadn't said anything since she'd arrived here, he sensed she had started to accept her fate. She was his. His prize that he must share with Brenn. A woman who couldn't hate, whose soul was so beautiful it attracted his kind like moths to a flame.

Lucian urged her to sit on the ottoman. She obeyed gingerly. Goose bumps plastered her skin when he touched her. She was feverish. Hot and ready. Brennan helped her lie on her back. Her heavy chest rose and fell. Her nipples looked red and swollen from the clamps. Brennan tugged her chin up and kissed her long and hard.

She moaned when his friend palmed her exposed breasts and squeezed. "Do you want me to take these clamps off?"

Her answer sounded like a kitten's purr. "Yes, please."

Brennan laughed. While Lucian shed his clothes, Brenn removed the clamps on her nipples. His cock throbbed so hard it hurt. He had to have her. Brennan could play with her if he wanted, but he couldn't wait any longer. His need was overwhelming. He needed to bury his cock into her warm cunt. Now.

As he slipped his briefs down to his ankles, he noticed Emma eyeing his cock. Those gorgeous eyes of hers widened, and she looked intimidated. Brennan took one of her nipples and sucked her hard. She whimpered and writhed in ecstasy. Lucian took the opportunity while she was distracted to splay her legs wide and pet her sex.

Fuck. Heat rushed through his system. The sight of her pussy with the vibrator in it made his blood boil. Very sexy. His cock leaked from it. For a moment he couldn't decide whether he should remove the vibrator first, or just fuck her. The toy kept her arousal high. Lucian slipped a finger into her cunt to test her readiness. She was beyond ready. Her pussy contracted around his finger and the vibrator. He decided to leave the vibrator in.

"Lucian..." She moaned when he pressed his cock against her drenched entrance. "I..." Maybe she wanted him to remove the vibrator first, but Lucian wanted it to stay there to keep her thoroughly wet. She screamed his name when he thrust into her in one hard stroke. His heart pounded. That wet, succulent pussy swallowed his shaft with greed. The other part of the vibrator grazed his shaft as he plowed up until he hit her cervix. Damn. It was too sinful. The hot, tight walls of her cunt and the soft ridge of the vibrator caused delicious sensations that made the world stop spinning for a second. He growled.

Brennan shifted his attention to their joining sex. "Pull out." Lucian tugged his cock out slowly until his tip almost left her opening. "Fuck," Brennan murmured. "She's so luscious."

Lucian slammed into her balls-deep. She called his name again and swore. Her pussy contracted around his rock-hard shaft.

"Ssh, precious. Good, isn't it?" Brennan soothed her to calm her. Emma's face was so flushed, Lucian knew she was enjoying this as much as he was. She licked her lips and looked dazed as Lucian fucked her with short, hummingbird thrusts. "You want Luc to go faster? You want to come?" Brennan asked.

"Please," she begged.

Brenn turned to him. "You heard her, Luc. Fuck her hard."

Lucian was more than happy to oblige. He rained her with a series of slams that made her gasp like a fish out of water. Ecstasy gripped him, making him feral. The way she reacted made him even wilder. There was nothing sexier than watching a woman writhing in pleasure, tethered at the edge of coming while her tight pussy gripped his shaft ravenously.

Suddenly, he wanted to see her come, wanted to stare right in her eyes while she climaxed. He stopped abruptly and pulled all the way out. Emma protested.

"Luc!" She sounded frustrated. "You bastard."

"Fuck her," he croaked to Brennan. "I want to see her scream. Besides, I don't want to come yet."

Brennan jumped on it. He disrobed with a flick of his finger. The state of his arousal matched Lucian's. Lucian stalked to her other side to give her a kiss. Emma seized a handful of his hair and mauled him back.

Brennan removed the vibrator from her pussy. "You don't need this anymore. And I want to feel all of you without any obstruction."

Emma gripped Lucian's shoulder when Brennan penetrated her. Her eyes flew wide. Lips parted. Lucian couldn't help but kiss her again while Brennan fucked her hard. "Faster," she breathed on his lips, "I need it. Oh, please fuck me harder."

Brennan went wild. The sound of his cock ravaging her cunt was obscenely erotic. Emma gasped and moaned. Her body stiffened. Her eyes closed as she began to

climax. Lucian broke off their kiss. "Don't close your eyes, my sweet. Look at me when you come."

"I..." Her grip tightened on him as she cried out. She was so beautiful. Her eyes glittered like starlight while an immense pleasure consumed her whole. Emma convulsed, accompanied by Brennan's curse. Lucian knew when she climaxed. Her pussy milked so tightly he had a hard time moving until she finished orgasming. She was addictive. Damn, he wanted to fuck her again.

* * *

Her climax was barely over when Brennan withdrew from her and Lucian ordered her to straddle him. He was insatiable. Brennan was the same. Lucian sat on the ottoman and told her to kneel on his lap, facing Brennan. Emma did what Lucian asked, arranging herself as he wanted. He positioned his cock on her entrance then he yanked her down, impaling her with his granite-hard shaft.

God. She closed her eyes. Lucian's cock stretched her again, grinding against the tight walls of her cunt. Lucian sighed happily. He squeezed both of her breasts while kissing her nape. Delicious shivers ran down her spine as her pussy contracted. Her anus did too. The plug embedded inside her hadn't stopped thrumming and it felt so good, in a lewd, nasty way. It had made her ready for anything they had in mind. Anything.

Brennan kneeled in front of her. One hand was on his cock, stroking his thick, long shaft, while the other pinched her clit. His eyes were glued on her sex, watching the way Luc rammed his cock inside her with fervent hunger. "Don't you just love it? He's good, isn't he?" Emma nodded. The pleasure left her speechless.

Brennan's eyes blazed with desire. "I want to fuck your ass. But I want to see you come again before that."

"Crap."

Lucian laughed. He rammed her faster with short battering strokes; it wiped her mind blank for a second. A thick torrent of pleasure seized her. Her chest constricted.

Her lungs felt ready to explode. Ecstasy climbed in a fevered pitch. Lucian stopped as she was about to climax. He pulled out completely.

"Luc..." Before she could complete her protest, Brennan grabbed her hips and sheathed his cock into her dripping cunt. Her pussy clasped around his thick shaft as he rammed her to the hilt and picked up the pace. Emma cried his name as new fire engulfed her. She clawed Brennan's shoulder and plastered a kiss on his mouth. He kissed her back with the same savage hunger that his cock was plundering her with.

Emma felt drunk. It was like that each time Brennan kissed her. She opened her eyes wide, feasting her sight on the beautiful man giving her this immense pleasure. His golden hair was plastered with sweat. His skin was bathed with perfumed musk that sent the fire within her raging wildly.

Her body tensed. Half-blinded with the urgent need to come, Emma dug her nails into Brennan's flesh, her body twisting and writhing as she begged him to bring her to the ultimate completion. Fire seared her veins. Her heart pounded so hard it rang in her ears. She needed him to fuck her a little harder. A little more...

Brennan tore his mouth from hers and withdrew. Lucian was inside her a heartbeat later, fucking her with the same ferocity. She couldn't think anymore. She could only feel pleasure. White and pure. She began to understand the significance of being shared. Her throat felt raw from screaming, begging in growls and half-formed words for them to deliver what she needed. Lucian and Brennan took turns filling her, pleasuring her, dragging her deeper and deeper into a whirlwind of fire.

"Come, precious, come," Brennan croaked, his hand on her clit while Lucian fucked her. He tugged and pinched until the insane need to climax finally exploded. She came. Her world darkened as she cried out, surrendering to the sweet sensation.

Lucian swore up a hurricane. Her cunt had gripped his shaft like a vise. She knew Lucian couldn't stand being squeezed that way. He nuzzled behind her ear, whispering tender endearments. She trembled, thrilled. Being thoroughly loved and pleased.

"Good girl," Brennan praised her, his eyes looking proud. "That was a good one, wasn't it?"

Good one? That was so explosive she thought she'd died.

"Want more, precious? Hell, I need to come too." Brennan slid his arms under her thighs and lifted her from the ottoman. Her juice trailed down her inner thighs as Lucian's cock slid from her.

Lucian hissed behind her, sounding relieved and disappointed at the same time. "Make her straddle me. I want to come in her pussy." Emma found herself back in Lucian's arms a second later, facing him. Brennan's cock glistened under the light, unsated as its master.

Emma whimpered. She had just come and wanted to collapse, but her lovers were insatiable. "Are you trying to kill me? Give me a minute."

"Don't think so." Lucian growled. His eyes burned with hunger. He stroked his cock twice and positioned himself at the entrance of her cunt. Emma twitched when the fat tip of his cock brushed her swollen lips. Her heart hammered in her throat when Lucian plunged into her cunt. "Ah." He shut his eyes, seeming to savor the way their bodies became one again. His Adam's apple bobbed. His wicked smile erupted when he opened his eyes. "Don't tell me this isn't good, my sweet."

Emma couldn't deny it. Damn. The rabid sexing and the carnal pleasure they'd introduced her to made her addicted. She peeked at the sight of their joining sexes. A thrilling shiver surged through her while she watched her pussy engulf his hard shaft almost to the base. His cock throbbed in her sex. Hot. Sinfully good. A pleasure that never ceased to make her toes curl.

"I'm afraid this will be your life from now on," Lucian cautioned. "You're mine."

"Ours," Brennan interjected. His voice sounded gruff.

Lucian laughed. "Just teasing." He leaned on his back, pulling her with him. Emma tumbled on him with a whimper. The motion made his cock ram all the way inside her, filling her beyond full. He had fucked her many times and still she hadn't gotten used to his size. Brennan also. She often thought she couldn't handle one of

them, as Lucian and Brennan were insatiable sex fiends. Now that she'd ended up with both of them, she wondered if she'd gotten more than she'd bargained for. Devilish Luc who set her lust ablaze and soothing Brenn who knew just how to comfort her soul. In the end, she knew she couldn't choose. She wanted them both. Badly.

Emma braced herself next to Lucian's head and tried to steady her breathing. Like Brennan, he was also bathed in sweat and lust. His raven hair was tousled and wet, but that made him look even sexier. God, was he a heartbreaker. She still had a difficult time believing this man wanted her.

Lucian gave her his signature wicked smile and whispered, "Kiss me." She lowered her head and gave what he asked. A ripple of lust lanced through her. Like Brennan, he was also a great kisser. She couldn't think straight whenever he claimed her lips. Her nipples grazed his chest, sending delicious sparks down her spine, while his rock-hard shaft juddered in her sex. Her pussy creamed again and clenched desperately. A new need blossomed within her.

Lucian seemed to notice her arousal. He tore his mouth off hers. He grabbed her hips and fucked her with a dozen short strokes. Emma stiffened. Morsels of pleasure exploded. He halted. "I know you love it," Lucian remarked. "Just wait until Brennan fills your ass too."

Behind her, she heard Brennan chortle. He positioned himself, his hands spreading her ass cheeks. Emma whimpered when he brushed his finger over her anus, wriggling the tip of her anal plug. The lewd and tawdry feeling returned. The neurons in her brain short-circuited when Brennan pulled on the anal plug. The sleek vibrating toy with its bulbous end slid out. Her sphincter contracted. It was a weird feeling; a part of her felt relieved that the naughty thrumming was no longer a torture, but at the same time, she mourned it. She'd liked having her anus filled. Her disappointment didn't linger long. Seconds later, Brennan slipped a slick finger into her asshole, then another, fingering her in a scissoring motion, stretching her anus to prepare her for a bigger object. Emma stiffened and whimpered. "Oh fuck."

"Mm, yes, soon. Be patient. You're still too tense," Brennan replied.

"Too tense, hmm?" Lucian was curious. He pecked a quick kiss on her lips and went back to fucking her in shallow thrusts. "Relax, my sweet. It's going to be good."

Emma shut her eyes and bit her lower lip. She couldn't deny it. What they did made her feel too damn good. Brennan pulled out his fingers. She heard him fumble with something before she felt gooey liquid drizzle along the crevice of her ass. Brennan had lubricated her and was pretty generous about it. He slathered the lube on himself too, judging from the sounds he made. Her heart skipped a beat when he pressed his enormous crown on her anus. He pushed in. Her sphincter resisted instinctively. Lucian stopped moving to give Brennan a chance to penetrate her. He swore and thrust again.

A loud yell ripped from her throat when Brennan's thick cock slid into her. "Ah..." Brennan sighed happily. He worked his way in inch by inch. A small tug, a gentle push, until he was able to bury his entire length into her ass. Emma gasped, needing more air. The sensation was unbelievable. The pressure was unbelievable. Everything was incredible. The two cocks inside her throbbed, hot, hard and unsated. "There, there..." Brennan sounded frisky. "Like it? What do you think, precious?"

"Fuck," she gasped. Her eyes flew open and she still couldn't think straight. A woman could lose her mind from this much pleasure.

"As you wish." Brennan pulled out in one agonizing slow stroke and thrust back in as if he wanted to relive the initial penetration. He pulled out again until his tip almost left her entrance and rammed back in, letting her feel his whole magnificent girth and length. "Like it?"

Lucian watched her reaction. His cock twitched in her pussy. "She loves it. Go a bit faster."

Emma keened when Brennan picked up his speed. The way his cock ground the tight walls of her anus made her sanity shatter into a thousand pieces. Ripples of pleasure surged through her, making her pussy cream and clench.

Lucian swore, hissing through his teeth. "I want to come. Need to." He fisted her hair and plastered a hungry kiss on her lips. He thrust and yanked his cock, fucking her, matching Brenn's rhythm. Emma clawed the fabric on the ottoman as a burst of

pleasure consumed her being. She'd never thought sex could feel this good. It should be a sin. Emma moaned under Lucian's kiss. Brennan turned wild. Savage. Like Lucien, his thrusts were fast, hard and incessant. Lucian's were too. Before long, Emma burned and pure ecstasy engulfed her.

She broke free of Lucian's kiss and screamed. She had to. She had to vent something, her frustration, the instinct she barely understood. The pleasure climbed rapidly and she felt the urgent need to come. Her pussy ached and throbbed. Her ass was slicked and throbbing too. Each thrust drove her closer to the edge. "H-harder. I..."

"What's that, my sweet?" Lucian responded to her half mockingly. "You want it harder?"

"Y-yes..."

"Your pussy or your ass?"

"I -- both. Please. Fuck me, fuck me... oh, please, harder!"

With a growl, Brennan slammed in so forcibly she felt dizzy from the impact. He flooded her with a series of battering fucks until the air thinned around her. Lucian, on the other hand, kept his pace steady. He cupped her face and teased, "Beg me."

"Please."

"Please, what?"

"Fuck me harder."

"Like this?" He quickened his strokes.

Damn. They both felt heavenly. But it wasn't enough. She needed a bit more. Just a bit more and... She writhed, hands clawing. "Harder! Please... please..."

"More like this?"

"Yes, I -- I..." It came so fast, she barely got the words out when it hit her. The unmerciful climax. The ultimate rapture. Mother of all sins. The world faded. Her ears rang. Her heart felt as if it had been ripped from her chest. She soared free to oblivion. It felt like dying. She blacked out at the height of her orgasm.

She didn't know how long she was trapped in the nirvana, but when she crashed back to Earth, Emma found herself slumped on Lucian's chest, her throat raw from too

much screaming. Lucian gripped her shoulder while he jerked, his cock juddering in her pussy. Brennan sandwiched her, his arms braced on the ottoman, cursing and panting. His cock spasmed in her ass, filling her with his hot cum.

She closed her eyes, feeling exhausted. No one tried to move until Brennan mumbled something about how the ottoman sucked. He slipped off her and lifted her effortlessly, carrying her to another room.

It turned out to be a bedroom, where Brennan laid her on a comfy bed. Sore and happy, she curled up like a contented cat. Brennan pulled a cover over her and joined her on the bed. Lucian spooned himself around her back. It felt like Heaven on Earth. Emma had never felt so protected and secure.

Lucian kissed her shoulder. "So. What do you think of our date? Do Brenn and I have to fight to the death or are you happy with this arrangement?"

"Do I get to cuddle like this every night?"

"Every night and anytime you wish," Brennan answered.

"Then I'm sold." Emma closed her eyes and snuggled closer to Lucian. She reached for Brennan's hand and squeezed it tightly. "I still think both of you are dunces, though. I don't see what you two see in me."

Lucian spanked her. Emma yelped, wide-eyed. "Hey!"

"I'm entitled to the spanking since you agreed to this arrangement," he told her with a straight face. "You called us dunces."

Jesus Christ. The spank burned her ass. But strangely, it felt so goddamn good too.

Brennan studied her reaction. "Well, well. What do you know, our precious likes spanks. Hmm. Shall we go to Luc's dungeon? He has a spanking bench."

"I've agreed to this arrangement for less than a minute and you two want to corrupt me already."

"But you don't mind being corrupted," Lucian teased.

No, she didn't mind at all.

Lizzie Lynn Lee

I write. I doodle. I play guitar. Not necessarily in that order. I'm an incurable chatterbox, heavy metal aficionado, bookworm and a night owl, since most of my stories are done in the wee hours of the morning because of my caffeine-induced insomnia. I'm a big *South Park* fan, fluent in Cartman speak and I'm working on mastering my Kennynese. Cookies and donuts are my main diet and I currently owe a fortune to the swear jar. Visit my site: www.ilizzie.com to see my complete titles, read exclusive excerpts and hot erotic shorts, or watch the trailers of my books. Friend me, too, on Facebook, MySpace or Twitter. I won't bite, I promise.

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