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Astoroth

HER FINAL SIN

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ASTOROTH: HER LAST SIN

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Sarah Welsh had a list of things she wanted to do before she died. It looked like she'd just found one of them, making his was over at the bar, even if he wasn't on her list.

"And just who in the hell is that?" Sarah asked and motioned over to the stunning gentleman at the bar dressed in the black Armani suit and cerulean blue button down with its top two buttons unbuttoned. She tried hard not to stare, but with his tall powerful body, hugged almost lovingly by his clothing, she was almost salivating. His hair was short in the back, longer, straight and tousled in the front, seemingly fuck messed.

"Hell is right. Name is Astor."

Sarah perked up. "Astor?"

Grace nodded. "He's one of the fabled Fallen you have been so eager to mix with. I didn't think we would get this lucky so quickly. So get your flirt on girl. He's a hottie, and then you can cross it off your list." Her friend said with undisguised remorse.

Ah the list. Her precious list. So far she had gotten through about nine things on a ten-item list, and if tonight panned out, officially listed as flirting with a Fallen, then it would be ten. She had a precious few months left to her, or rather a few months left to her in her current state of health. Once they were up, well, she knew what awaited her. Tubes, tests and a one way stay in the hospital she loved so much. She didn't want to leave the world with regrets and unfinished business weighing on her heart. So as this was her last chance for greatness, she was going to take it. She didn't have anything to lose. One last thing to do before she succumbed, and accepted her fate. She was going to go out in style.

She looked at the Fallen by the bar once more. His profile was making her heart thud. He was beautiful, even from the side. Strong jaw, regal and perfect nose, lips that could make a saint cry. Lips that were right now curled in a sexy sneer as his eyes took her in. She blushed, but held his stare, her bravado fed by the fact that she had nothing left to lose.

Grace giggled next to her, putting her hand on her shoulder. "Sarah, if that isn't a come hither and fuck me look I don't know what is. Hook line and sinker. Now go and get it over with."

Grace wasn't as resigned as Sarah was for her best friend to die, but she was hardly going to let her leave the world without leaving her mark. When Sarah had told her about her list, about the wild and dangerous things she wanted to do before she shuffled off the mortal coil, Grace could do nothing but help her. So when they got to number ten on her list, finding and flirting with a Fallen, she brought her here to Crimson, the hottest new club in Vegas, and hoped for the best.

Sarah smiled at the Fallen, who was watching the two of them with pure interest, and cocked her head, licking her lips. It was her best come hither look, and it seemed to work. He turned completely, and she saw his beauty in full, the dark slashes of eyebrows, the scant shadow of facial hair that didn't look sloppy but overly sexy, and the brilliant white teeth as he smiled. Yes, this was the kind of man that knew he could get what he wanted, irregardless that he was a supernatural creature.

He walked toward them, his movements a swagger, almost rolling gait, and her eyes were glued to him. Grace all but purred next to her and it brought her out of her appreciations just as he reached their table.

"Evening ladies." His voice was smoky, sexy and lethal. Her body stirred, and awakened and she leaned forward smiling.

"Evening indeed. Care to join us?"

He sat in the chair next to her, or more like lounged, his legs were so long. He placed his drink, a thick, liquid with an aroma of tin, on the table next to hers and cocked his head. "So I know you know my name, your companion here already spilled, though my full name is Astoroth. You are?"

"Sarah. Sarah Welsh."

He reached over and took her hand bringing it to his mouth and kissed it sweetly, the feel of his lips on her skin overtly erotic. She shivered, and it seemed to please him. His lips lingered, then he frowned and let go of her giving her a small smile.

"Your sick." It was a statement. How he knew, she didn't even want to figure, knowing the Fallen had power over those of the realm in ways most that knew of their existence couldn't imagine.

She nodded. "I am."

"You don't look it, but I can feel it, deep inside you."

"I have a few months left before things get wild for me."

"So you're living it up so to speak now eh?"

She nodded and smiled. "And you, are on my list."

He gave her an amused look. "Am I? Well just what am I on this bucket list?"

She blushed and cocked her own head. "I have to flirt with a Fallen."

"Ah so it isn't actually me. It could be any one of my brethren. Tell me, Sarah," her name was a caress on his lips, "How is it you know anything about Fallen? It's not like we advertise."

Sarah smiled. "We all have our secrets Astor. That's mine I will take to the grave."

"Indeed? Well. I'm sure I can change your mind."

She was sure he could as well, but she wasn't going to tell him that. Grace chuckled and stood. "I feel like a third wheel here right now, so I going to go and get a drink." She winked at Sarah and walked off, Astor not even trailing her. He watched Sarah with more interest and leaned forward.

"And just what does this flirting entail?"

Sarah smiled and leaned in, mirroring him. "Oh I think it could be anything, though something tells me you have your own ideas."

"And what makes you think that?"

"That sparkle in your eyes. There's mischief about with that look."

He chuckled and picked up his glass, taking a small sip and then licked his top lip. "So your friend...?"

"Just walked out with a tall He-Man looking kinda guy. Looks like I'm all yours."

"That's an understatement. So?"

"So?"

"Should we stay here? Or perhaps retire back to my penthouse?"

It would figure he had a penthouse at some hotel. He looked like the kind of man that enjoyed comfort, and fine, fine things. Why he was seemingly genuinely interested in her in anyway, was beyond her.

She wasn't special. She wasn't unique. She was pretty, had a good body, or did before it started wasting away. She wasn't going to pass this up though. "Why not? Live dangerously, that's what I say."

"I couldn't agree more pet. Shall we?"

Astor knew his penthouse impressed his new toy. Sarah walked across the expanse of the common area and looked out the windows, then turned and surveyed the splendor that was the dwelling. Large black suede couches dominated the space, the carpet underfoot was thick and lush, a stunning sage color. The window treatments matched the carpet in color, though when the light hit them they shimmered, almost metallic.

He took his jacket off and draped it over the back of an oxblood colored lounge and sat on the couch, making himself comfortable. He watched her move with more interest than he had shown anything in a long time.

This woman, this stunning woman, was a treat indeed. Beautiful beyond measure, tragic, ripe for a deal, he could have it all with her. And he planned to.

Sarah was the perfect height, her hair long enough to hold on to, a thick sable color. Full breasts and hips, if a touch slight, a flat belly, and legs he was dying to run his tongue up. Bright eyes the color of a storm, thick lashes that fanned her cheeks, a set of lips ripe for a cock... she was a perfect specimen of all that was right with womanhood. It was a shame she was ill.

"So Sarah, What is it you do for a living?"

He listened intently to her story, how she was a radiologist, and enjoyed her job. Her voice was hypnotic, lulling him into thoughts of what he could do with that juicy mouth of hers, what he could feel. He shook himself from his reverie and smiled.

"And exactly what are you sick with?"

She came to him and sat on the couch next to his. "I have cancer." She shrugged.

He smiled and shook his head. "I'm sorry to hear that love. Such things don't leave enough time for anything. So let's make the best of this shall we?"

"What do you suggest?"

"Well for starters, you're sitting far too far away. How do you expect to 'flirt' with me as you say from across the room?"

Sarah blushed almost imperceptibly, but as a Fallen, he could feel the blood in her body rushing to her face. He grinned. "Come here pet." He patted the seat next to him. Normally he would have patted his lap, but this one required a little more finessing than his normal brand of playmate.

Sarah slipped onto the couch next to him and he grinned.

"Now that's better isn't it?"

She smiled and cocked her head to the side. "Getting there."

Astor chuckled and shook his head. He might have misjudged this one, especially with her limited time frame. "Getting there? What would be better?"

Sarah licked her lips and moved from her spot on the couch and into his lap, her legs straddling him as she settled in, her mouth at a perfect height for his own. "Much, much better."

"I could agree with you there," he said and slipped his arms around her waist, her boldness a clear invite. "But I think for it to be much better we would both have to be naked."

Sarah laughed. "No that would make it epic... so much better than better."

Astor smirked. "So that was clearly an invitation love, one that you rightfully accepted." He trailed his fingertips down her back till they found the edge of her shirt and slipped under.

Sarah arched slowly. She didn't think it was going to escalate this quickly, but she didn't mind the way it was going. Having a fantastic memory of her last wild night, of sex she would never have again was worth forgoing all the dating rituals and rules. Astor was gentle with her, even as she felt the searing heat in his fingertips. It didn't burn; it seeped into her skin, stroked parts of her that she didn't know she had deep inside. The heat pulsed, lulled her, relaxed her body into an erotic state of awareness, awareness in her lover.

His mouth found hers, his lips caressing hers softly and slowly, as his hands traveled north lifting her shirt as he went. It was obvious he didn't want to spook her, but he need not worry, she was one hundred percent onboard with this seduction.

She deepened the kiss, which won her a growl from her lover, and he worked his hands up her sides, his thumbs caressing her breast through her bra. She shuddered and that pleased him.

Seconds later, with a kiss broken and her eyes looking at him with unbridled lust, he divested her of her shirt and looked down at her plump and sexy breasts held back by the lacy bra she wore.

He could see it, she was a wild cat held back by circumstance. She could be so much more, and if he had his way, she would be.

"I would say this is far more than flirting Astor..." she said in a breathy whisper.

"And you did agree to it pet, never fool with a Fallen, our lusts are far too robust to tease them."

She nodded and leaned in again and kissed his lips. "Oh I'm not complaining, simply pointing out that this is several steps further then flirting."

"Then use your mouth for something more productive sweetheart..." he said and took her mouth again. Her fingers found the buttons of his shirt and made quick work of them, revealing his sexy and tattooed chest to her as she parted the fine material. She pulled back and looked down at him, let her fingers trace the symbols that ran from his left shoulder and down his torso to disappear under his pants. She touched him with sweeping strokes, mimicking the way the symbols laid on his skin. He inhaled, the feeling an erotic tattoo he felt down to his marrow. The innocence in her touch, the desire he felt coming off her in waves...

"What does this say?"

"Who says it says anything?" he countered and smirked.

"No one, but it looks like Kanji, so I guessed. Do all Fallen have these?"

Astor quirked his eyebrow. "Interested in others so quickly pet? Thinking you could do better?"

Sarah blushed. "No, why would I be when I'm here with you?"

"Good answer. No, they don't. Few are marked as such. It is a mark of status with us. I command several legions of Lucifer's minions, and thus I'm a noble of hell."

"So I have snagged myself royalty?"

Astor smirked. "Not so much. I'm a Duke of hell, as I command twelve legions."

Sarah looked quite impressed. Astor leaned forward and nipped her bottom lip. "We will talk later..." he said as he nibbled and his hands went to her breasts, weighed them in his palms. He thumbed her nipples and she gasped, her hands traveling down his chest. They laid at rest on his abs, the tips of her fingers playing on the line of skin and material that hid his lower half from her view.

"If you're going to play at least go lower, and unbutton the pants..." he growled and set to pinching her nipples.

Sarah was eager to please him, and did as he asked, slipping her hand into his now open pants and grasped his length with a throaty purr. He bucked in her hand, her cool flesh like a brand on his severely heated cock.

"Ummm big boy." She murmured as she kissed him anew, desperation in the action. She was hot, and she was going to burn up without him.

"That's one way to put it..." he growled and slipped his hands down from her breasts to her nylon-covered thighs. His hands spanned them, and he slipped them up towards the junction of her thighs, and hooked his fingers in the lace tops of her thigh highs and stroked the skin underneath.

He felt the garters and groaned and then pulled his hands away and went to her skirt and unbuttoned the three buttons that kept the wrap of pleated material around her waist. The material fell to the floor behind them and he stopped kissing her and looked her over.

Her body was amazing, and would have been stunning if he didn't already see the ravages of what the cancer was already doing to her. Her breasts were full but not as perfect as they could be, the swell of her belly a little more than a slight curve, her thighs and hips almost nonexistent. She was fighting it, but with conventional methods she would never be back to the perfection he knew she once was.

He looked down at the garter belt, a satin affair in black and purple, and the scanty lace thong under it. "Nice," he murmured and reached down and pet her through the lace. He growled. She was soaking and they had barely touched.

"I think you need out of these pants Astor, I want to see you in all your glory, and run my tongue along these symbols."

Astor chuckled and lifted her off his lap and stood, quickly divesting himself of his pants, shoes, socks and shirt with nothing more than a thought. Sarah's eyes went wide as she looked him over, standing there a perfect specimen of male beauty. She followed the symbols down his body, to where they ended at the top of his thigh and licked her lips.

“You have a very dirty smile on your face Sarah.” He said quietly and looked her over. “Keep your garter on, and the stockings, and the shoes good lord they are a treat, but I want you to lift both your legs and slide that thong off, or you won’t be leaving here with it at all.”

Sarah gasped at his words, the raw need in them, and did as he asked. She lifted her legs in the air pinup style and then bent her knees ever so slightly and then lifted her bottom and caught the thong and pulled it up over her garters and dragged it over her knees and finally separated them just enough to allow her to take them off. She tried to be sexy, and almost succeeded, except when the lace got caught on the heel of her left foot.

Astor watched with delight, growled at the glistening sweetness that was revealed to him she exposed just a hint of her pussy to him as she took the underwear off and he palmed himself. She was so fucking ripe, and so fucking sexy, it would be a shame to lose one such as she. She did as she was told, and he knew she was a natural submissive, regardless of her play at being bold and dominant. A woman like that was prized as a pet in all the races, but to belong to a Fallen...

He shook off the thought. He hadn’t even tasted her yet and he was thinking on keeping her in the truest sense. Plans for a bargain were one thing... but plans for a pet were something totally different.

Astor moved closer to her and caught her ankles in his hands and slowly slid his hands down her calves as he opened her legs. He kissed her inner ankle and then leaned down and nibbled on her lower calf and smirked when he got a giggle out of her. He went down on his knees and slung her legs over his shoulders and she arched.

“Play with your nipples love, I want to see them begging for my mouth.”

She nodded and did as he asked and he continued his descent with kisses on her inner leg and thigh. Her eyes watched him, locked with his own as he nipped and licked the femoral artery at the junction of her leg and hip and she hissed. He grinned and kissed the slight sting from her tender skin.

Sarah whimpered and bit her bottom lip. Astor grinned up from between her thighs. “Something you want love?”

“Don’t tease, Please... please...” she moaned and pinched her nipples harder.

Astor growled. Already begging him and he didn’t have to prompt her. He lowered his head and broke contact with her to admire the quivering flesh in front of him.

Sarah whimpered and he moved closer. “Easy baby... we are just getting started. Though I will admit I didn’t think it would be this easy to get you naked kitten... I’m so glad it was though. More time to play with this fantastic body...”

He leaned in and took a long swipe up her soft flesh, the tip of his tongue slipping between the puffy lips to taste her sweetness.

He growled, and she gasped, her hand going from her breasts to his head, her fingers getting lost in the thick strands of his hair. He worked her, spurred on by her acceptance, and the soft cries she was making from his ministrations. Even with the slight tang of the sickness he could taste, she still tasted like the sweetest manna, a flavor he had almost forgotten he had been denied it for so long. This was what heaven used to be for him, buried between the thighs of a delicious maid, mouth or cock it didn’t matter. Sarah was a return to the old days, and he relished it.

“Please...” she moaned and arched harder for him, whimpering. Astor pulled away and grinned up to her.

“I said play with those nipples Sarah. I don’t like repeating myself.” He said in a low menacing voice. She gasped and pulled her hands out of his hair and plucked at her nipples, the dusky rose color deepening with each tug, each pinch.

He watched and grinned, then leaned down and gave a soft tug on her clit. Sarah sucked in a breath and shuddered, her tugging going to pinching as she moaned out her passion. She was so responsive, so wanton, and he had barely touched her. He went back to torturing her with lips, teeth

and tongue, her sweet taste driving him to do more, make her feel more, for just another taste of her honey.

His attentions proved fruitful as she detonated, her thighs clamping around his head as he slipped his tongue into her sheath, feeling the little contractions as his cock ached to do. She cried out his name, panted and pleaded with him to cease, for she couldn't take much more.

Oh you will take everything he thought as he pulled away, giving her the illusion that this was still something she could walk away from. He knew they were both past the point though.

He placed both hands on her stomach and smirked at her. "You taste divine, literally. And I think you're more than ready for me..." He moved up her body a little and then grabbed her hips and pulled her off the cushion and into his lap. On his knees on the plush carpet he situated her thighs on either side of his, his length nestled on her wetness. She sobbed and he grinned and kissed her, his hands molding to the globes of her ass.

"Tell me you want this," he said gruffly in her ear. He knew she did, her body was begging for it, close to keening for it. Hearing her say it though... that was the trick of being Fallen. Free will and all. The fates had to hear it, to know you were of sound mind and body, that you knew the risks. Consummation sealed all deals.

"Say it..." he purred to her and slid her over his shaft, her wetness coating him, the feel of it making her gasp again.

"Yes..." she breathed and closed her eyes. "I want this Astor."

"Then get ready to scream my name Sarah," he growled as he shifted and slipped into her body with a deep hiss. Gods but she was tight. He arched her back, moved her on his shaft, and drove her higher. She whimpered, sobbed, threw her arms back and gripped the throw pillow in a death squeeze.

Astor watched her, his eyes on her body as she undulated of her own accord, her mouth as she licked her lips and moaned. She was so damn responsive, so sexy, so wanton. Again his thoughts strayed to how much less bright the world would be without her in it.

He leaned in and captured a nipple in his mouth and drew hard on it, and she shattered, screaming and shaking with the force of her orgasm. Astor pulled away and looked up at her. "Stunning, but you will scream my name petal, this I promise you."

She moaned and he pulled her forward. She let go of the pillow and then wrapped her arms around his waist and he turned them, not missing a beat, and laid her on the floor. He lifted her hips as he went to his knees and drove into her at a higher angle, and gritted his teeth as he looked down to where their bodies joined. Her passion was evident, her body puffy, swollen and glistening with her juices. Sweat bloomed on her stomach, and she moaned and pinched her nipples. She coated him thickly, richly, and the slickness drove him to new heights. He hissed and she panted, moaned.

"Sweet Hell..." she said as he felt her roll over the precipice. "As... Fuck Astor!" she screamed and shuddered, her body resonating like a struck tuning fork. He went back to his haunches and pulled her forward by her waist and her upper torso complied. She reached for him, her arms again around his neck, her hands crossed behind his head, her nails digging into his shoulder blades.

"Fuck yeah baby..." he shouted as he felt them slice through skin. His hands went to her thick mane of hair and buried his fingers in the rich locks, pulling her head back at a severe angle. She played rough, and he liked it, so he did the same. Astor licked the column of her throat as she whimpered anew.

"Once more baby... And mean it this time..." he grunted as his hips moved of their own accord, the little shocks her sheath was giving him making him redouble his efforts. So slick, she was past soaked, and he wanted to wring every ounce of pleasure from her, and this time he was going to come with her.

Her body tensed and he let go of her hair enough to let her head fall forward just enough. She took over, riding him hard her sobs gaining intensity as the storm built at the apex of her thighs. She

screamed his full name as he brought her one last time, and then he followed her over, growling her name like a small prayer.

Sarah panted into his shoulder and kissed the taut skin there. "Holy shit, that's one way to go out with a bang. I don't think I'll be able to walk straight for a week."

"A month at least." He said and nipped her ear.

"Oh?"

"You think this is the end of the night?" he asked and then nipped her skin just under her ear.

"I didn't want to presume..."

Astor abandoned his descent and returned to her ear with a gruff whisper. "Petal, you are far too savory to let go at the end of a fucking as momentous as that. I'm far from done with you this night, or ever."

Sara shivered and bit her bottom lip. "Well As hot as the thought of you fucking the life outta me forever sounds, it's moot. Soon enough, everything I am will fade."

Astor chuckled and looked at her. "Only if you let it petal. Tell me, why did you seek out a Fallen?"

She blushed and then smiled. "Truth? Because I figured if I was going to go out, I was going to go out in style. The possibility of getting fucked to death wasn't a deterrent on my side of it, considering the alternative waiting for me just down the road a bit."

"What's happened to you is tragic, but it's not without its good points, or its redeeming merits."

Sara kissed him on the lips. "While I'm enjoying this conversation Astor, might we have it in a different position, maybe?"

Astor smiled. "Of course. Though I'm loath to leave this sexy little body."

"You said it yourself, we do have all night."

He laughed and lifted her off his lap and slapped her ass. "Go get cleaned up, first door on the left in the hall then meet me through the double doors."

On shaky legs, Sarah did just that. Astor shook his head and exhaled then stood, stretching. She was something else. He walked into his kitchen, grabbed some flutes, champagne, strawberries and a bowl of clotted crème and padded naked into the bedroom that was beyond the doubt doors he'd told Sarah about.

His bedroom, his real haven, was one of the only places he let his lighter side play through, sort of a homage to his time above. Light gray-green sheets, Large potted plants everywhere, several comfortable pieces of furniture perfect for fucking on from several large pillows, a divan, to a quilted ottoman littered the space around the bed, which was the room's focal point. It looked out over nighttime Vegas, high above sin city. The lights from this height were tranquil, not abrasive, and he enjoyed just lying in bed watching them on most nights.

Tonight though, he was indeed blessed with Sarah, and her luscious body. Yes, losing her to the disease would not do. There were ways around it though, and he was going to present them to her over some strawberries and wine. The trick was going to be to get her to agree to his wants, and to understand what that agreement meant.

He settled himself on the bed, in all his nude glory, propped up on several of the seemingly endless supply of pillows that lived on the California king. Sarah walked in several minutes later and he was holding a glass of champagne for her. She came closer, the roll of her hips like a lightning bolt straight to his groin. The woman was beyond sexy; she exuded it from her pores. She was a rare find, someone that didn't know she was earth shattering, but was. And she would be his before the night was over.

"So where were we?" she asked as she slipped on to the bed and took the champagne. She lounged on the pillows next to him and sipped the bubbly liquid and watched him intently. "You were saying something about redeeming merits?"

Good memory too. Astor gave her a half smile. "I was merely stating that without your little issue we wouldn't have met, and tonight would have never happened. Still, it begs the question."

“What question?”

“What would you do for more time on earth?”

“Is this where you offer some kind of demonic bargain Astor?”

“Traditionally yes, but I’m thinking of something a bit more sinister.”

“Oh? And what might that be?”

“Your submission, body and soul to me, in exchange for the eradication of all that unpleasantness.” He said as he waved his hand vaguely over her body.

“I take it you mean the cancer, cuz you didn’t find me unpleasant several minutes ago.”

“Indeed petal.”

“I gotta tell you, I ain’t interested. I didn’t seek you out to give up my immortal soul in exchange for a few more years on earth.”

“No? So I suppose you just sought the Fallen out for our wonderful conversational skills.”

“Hardly.” She turned over and smiled. “Like I said Astor, I wanted to go out in style. This is going out in style. If you strangled me right now it would be fine, cuz I finished off my list.”

“Far be it from me to get myself dirty with strangulation.”

She looked up at him. “It’s not like it’s going to tarnish your wings...”

“No,” he said thoughtfully. “But it would leave one hell of a mess I would have to figure out how to deal with.”

“Can’t you just poof, and the body is gone?”

Astor laughed. “No, it doesn’t work like that, like everything else, there are rules to taking lives, and leaving evidence of the encounter is rule number one. It’s why many of my brethren are transient. I like my place here, so I don’t shit where I eat, so to speak.”

She nodded. “So tell me about you.”

“Aren’t we talking about you?”

“Yes but it works in. I wouldn’t even begin to agree to something with a man I don’t know. Sex is sex, but forever... that needs a bit of an interview.”

Astor laughed turned on his back and patted his abs. “Then come, lay your head here and I shall tell you all you wish to know.”

“Oh? Accommodating now aren’t we?”

Astor rolled his eyes. “As if you’re not taking the bargain. Not with what you felt between us. This is mere formality.” Truth was he didn’t get to talk to many people about his life, so her asking had really struck a chord inside his black little soul. It served to further cement his knowledge that they would be good together.

“Well then...” she lay on her back as well, her head cushioned on his stomach and he offered her a strawberry. She took it and bit into the juicy pulp and chewed before she spoke again. “Is Astoroth your real name?”

“Yes, I had it even before I fell.”

“I like it, its sexy, kinda rolls off your tongue.”

Astor laughed. “I guess it does.”

“And what did you do when you were an angel.”

“Oh pet I’m still an angel, I just have a new boss.”

“Then lemme rephrase. What did you do when your wings were white?”

“Who says they aren’t still? You assume that they are black or sooty because of my designation.”

“Am I wrong?” she asked and leaned her head back to look at him.

“No you not wrong, but it won’t do to assume from now on. To answer your question I was a watcher, and wasted at my job. I fell and was given a better duty.”

Sarah bit into the strawberry again. “So what’s that like, commanding hells minions?”

Astor sighed. "Never a dull moment when you're on the battle field, but it's been pretty quiet the last age. The ones I'm in charge of don't really get out often, they are more like the humans special forces, and unless we are fighting a holy war they don't have much use."

"That's pretty sweet, going from a watcher to a commander."

"Not really. As a watcher I studied war, learned about what drives it, and what it takes to win. Lucifer knew this and put me where I was most useful." He said as he petted her hair.

She turned over. "So why are you on earth?"

"Because Hell sucks. I mean there's no modern conveniences, and the food sucks. Everything rots. I have a home there, and I spend time there on occasion, but I love Earth, always have and always will. You humans don't realize what a treasure you were given."

Sarah nodded. "Most take it for granted."

"And you don't?"

She shook her head. "Not in a very long time. Since getting diagnosed I have taken nothing for granted."

"So what do you love most of this planet your kind was bestowed?" He asked as she laid a kiss on his hipbone.

She answered without skipping a beat. "Sunrises, I love them. The slight blush the sky gets just before, then the rush of brilliance that lights the blush as the sun clears the horizon. The sparkles that shimmer through everywhere the light touches. It's magical."

Astor smiled. He enjoyed a good sunrise himself. The renewed promise of something different each day kept him here, and it seemed the coming sunrise would probably bring something treasured, if she would agree.

They laid there in silence for a long while, watching the lights below them, watching the heat lighting in the upper atmosphere streak across the sky in blues and purples. It was peaceful, and Astor enjoyed having her there with him. She had scooted closer, so she was snuggled to his side, her head comfortable on his chest. This wasn't a normal occurrence for him and he took stock. Women didn't come home with him often, and when they did, they certainly didn't get cuddle privileges. He wasn't really a cuddling kind of guy, but with Sarah... well it felt like he could be.

She looked at him. "Can you really make the cancer go away?" she said quietly.

"I can, but nothing in this world or the next, is ever free love." Karma had a way of making everything balance out, especially when it came to the darker elements on earth. There would be a price for her yes, but one for him as well for daring to catch and keep a star that was due to burn out.

Sarah sat up and cocked her head. "And If I wanted to pay that price?"

Astor raised an eyebrow. "I thought you weren't looking for a bargain petal."

Sarah motioned to everything around her and then looked down to his nude form. "I haven't felt this at peace since I found out. Would it be so bad being with you like this?"

"I don't think so, but who says this is what you will get?"

She frowned. "Being yours? Doesn't that mean I'm with you, here with you, your kinky little sex toy?"

"It could. Traditionally you would be branded, and reduced to being chained till I wanted you."

Sarah, with the first flash of fear in her eyes, tried to hide it with bravado. "I'm hardly a traditional female."

Astor laughed. "It doesn't matter what you are petal, it matters what I want, and what we decide."

"So what do you want then Astoroth?" she said and sat up completely, crossing her legs and drank a bit of her champagne.

What he wanted was her, plain and simple, ever attentive, ever accepting of him and his choices. Fallen rarely wasted time with playing the games of mortals. If they wanted something, they took it. But if she didn't know what they were then that wasn't possible. He was quiet, thinking about his answer. He needed to have her his way, and not have to worry about his allegiances to hell, Lucifer, or

his Fallen nature. Sarah could be his balancer; the reason why that little bit of light still lived in his soul.

"Things aren't that simple Sarah." He said as he offered her another strawberry, which she took.

"Who says?" she took another sip of her drink. "I think it could be. Lemme guess, as your Fallen, there's things that, if you had me bound to you, you would have to do right?"

He nodded. "Indeed. The branding would have to happen."

Sarah smiled. "Will it hurt?"

"Most defiantly, being bound to a fallen isn't about pleasure for the slave, but for the master."

"Ok, what else?"

"If Lucifer asked to have you, I couldn't refuse."

She frowned. "Why would he ask if he doesn't know about me?"

"Petal, Luc knows everything, hiding anything from him is a fruitless endeavor."

She seemed to mull it over. "I want this Astor, I think spending my life in your company would be thrilling, provided I can keep my job, friends and a modicum of independence."

Astor smirked. "Sarah, There is a reason I don't have a slave or companion. The idea of running someone else's life isn't something that appeals to me."

"Ok so what then? I think I'm confused here."

Astor took her drink out of her hand and pulled her closer to him, lifting her up and settled her to straddle across his hips. She smiled down at him and bit her bottom lip.

"I want you, this luscious body at my every command. But more than that, I want someone to come home to, have a modicum of what you humans call every day life. Living alone is never good for a social creature, and that happens to be what I am." He smiled up at her. "You're different. You don't have the trappings of your society to hold you back, just a disease. You don't let it hold you back either, a fighter. A kindred spirit if you will. So I want you, and I will have you, until the end of time, or I grow bored with you."

Sarah laughed and he squeezed her hips. "Pet, that I'm totally serious about. Don't misunderstand me, you captivate me and that is a very good thing, but my nature is to change, and I would be stupid to think it wouldn't happen with you."

Sarah was quiet a while. "Well at least you're honest. Still I happen to think it's worth it. And I'm going to do my very best to keep you content and happy with me."

Astor smirked. He didn't doubt it. "So? What is it you want?"

Sarah rolled her shoulders. "Like I said, to keep my job, my independence, and my sense of self. And I want the cancer gone."

Astor nodded. "Fair enough." He reached up and pulled her down into a kiss as he shifted and slipped into her once more. Sarah groaned and melted into him. He kept the kiss going as he worked her over his shaft and set his body to burn. He heated, and the fire that sprouted from his body engulfed her. She screamed into his mouth, her fingers scored his sides as she fought to pull away from him.

It was over in seconds, but he wasn't lying when he told her earlier that it was going to hurt. She reared up with him still seated inside her, for he wouldn't relinquish her completely and shook with the pain she'd endured. He looked down her body, and glyphs were burned into her skin, raising the skin in a pattern close to what Astor's looked like.

She looked down at her torso as a tear rolled down her face and they both watched as the marks settled, changing to a light lavender color, and cooled her skin as they did. She still shook, but allowed him to gather her to him and flip them over. She cried from the intensity of the situation, and he let her, loving her body slowly. She calmed soon after and arched under his attentions, enjoying her lover once again. They came together, Astor shouting her name to heaven as both a dare and a taunt. He had her, one of those that would have been called home, and there wasn't a goddamn thing they could do about it.

When they both found their voices again Astor had her lying on his side and he kissed her hair. She sat up and looked down at the markings gracing her skin once more.

“What do they say?” she asked as she ran a fingertip over the one closest to her hipbone.

“It says that you belong to Astoroth, second duke of hell, and your obedience is eternal.”

“Eternal? Huh... I like that. I will endeavor to make that true.” She leaned down and kissed him. “So what now?”

“Normally there would be an adjustment period and then training, but I told you I don’t have the interest in a slave. So you will go about your days as usual, but you will come home to me here, and we will play house so to speak.”

She nodded. “And the cancer?”

“Will be gone completely in one months time. As not to arouse suspicion, demand one more round of treatment, and it will do the job. You will be fine, and things can progress.”

Sarah smiled and then relaxed next to him once more and kissed his nipple. “Thank you, Astor... I bet you never expected to have your evening end like this.”

“We rarely expect what fate has in store for us pet. Make no mistake love, I’m a harsh taskmaster when I wish to be, but something tells me you’re a resourceful woman worthy of all the attentions I have for you. Now tell me pet, how did you know about Fallen, it’s not like we advertise.”

Sarah giggled and leaned over him with a wide smile on her face. “When I was young I was saved by an Angel. He pulled me out of a flash flood. He told me I was special, and that I was charmed. I thought so till I got sick and figured, if Angels were real, well so were fallen.” She winked. “I wanted to meet both sides of the coin.”

Astor gave her a small smile. “And the Angel? Did he give you a name?”

She shook her head. “Nope, he wouldn’t, but he kissed me, and I felt the power of the cosmos in it. Not like when you kissed me.”

“Oh? And what do you feel when I kiss you?”

“All the possibilities, and the dark hunger that’s always lived inside me.” She winked. “I like kissing you better.”

“I should say so, the Angels aren’t known for their prowess. It’s interesting that you didn’t ask for help when you got sick.”

“I didn’t want to die, and I knew that if I called on him, he would call me home.”

Astor stopped moving. She was exactly right in that regard, Angels didn’t leave you here; they took you on, to your next stage. They considered the Earth realm a burden on the soul, and they never understood why a person would cling so hard to the lives they created. Fallen loved the earth plane, like Luc did, and loved its children for their tenacity for life and experience. Yes, Sarah was special all right, she knew the way of it all, and that in itself was rare.

“So, I found a way to hold on to the life I had, and it seems get the life I wanted.”

“That remains to be seen pet, though it really doesn’t matter, you are mine now.”

“There are worse things.”

Yes, there were. Astor kissed her and pulled her tighter, saying no more as they watched the clouds pass, and the dawn peak over the distant mountains. A new opportunity for sin was upon them, and for the first time in his life, he wouldn’t have to face it alone, and wanting, and neither would she.