

The book cover features a man with short brown hair, shirtless, wearing a red necktie and a black belt. He is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. The background is dark with a faint, larger image of the same man. The text is in various colors and fonts.

GOOD,
BAD &
KINKY

CALL ME
LUCIFER

TILLY GREENE

Call Me Lucifer [Good, Bad TITLE Kinky]
by Tilly Greene

Whiskey Creek Press

www.whiskeycreekpress.com

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Good, Bad and Kinky:

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"Tilly Greene has penned a unique story that readers will love and I can't wait to see what her next book will bring."

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The Best of Torrid Teasers Vol. 2
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Come, Sweet Creature
Extreme Speed, Total Control
The Painted Lady, Winter Wishes Anthology

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Chapter 1

"Hello, gorgeous, is he in?" Lucifer grinned as he watched the woman sitting behind the desk jump in her seat and put a hand over her heart as if to hold it in her chest. The large platinum bun pinned on the top of her head wobbled. It looked like it might lose its fight against gravity, but managed to settle firmly in place, and he knew all was once again right in the world.

Making Mrs. Alice Simpson jump and blush was a simple pleasure for him. There were a few reasons why he enjoyed teasing her, but none of them were malicious. Her arrival in Heaven had been difficult and he did whatever it took to make her smile. He'd been there when his friend offered her the position of guarding his office door and watched her flourish.

"You devil!"

"Yes, ma'am, I am, and you are such a looker, you can come to Hell anytime you want. I promise, no sins required for you."

"Lucifer, you are such a wicked smooth talker. No wonder women, here in the afterlife and on the surface, are always throwing themselves at you."

"I mean it, Alice. Anytime you want to check out the other side, there's a place for you down below."

"Humph, one of these days I'll find a way to scare you as much as you do me with these unannounced appearances."

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"Aren't you even a little bit curious about what happens down there?"

"No, I like it just fine up here, although it would be an even better place if you were to spend more time with us. I've said it before and I'll say it again. I worry about you doing all the dirty work without any help. Then there's that nasty air you must breathe. It can't be good for your health." Without a pause in her lecture, she reached into her desk drawer, and pulled out a tin she kept filled with treats for him. "Here, have a couple of cookies I made last night. They're a healthy option to keep your sweet tooth occupied. The recipe called for such things as oatmeal, and carob chips. You know you're a handsome man, but I think you're looking too skinny, and a little pale. You need fresh air and more meat on your bones. I'll have the kitchen make a proper meal for you to eat after your meeting or you can take it back with you to eat later. No excuses."

Alice Simpson was a very special woman and one he enjoyed spending time with, possibly because she was the mother figure he'd always wanted. He'd had to find a way to forgive his friend for the unfairness of her death. Decades ago, she had her first baby, and was then diagnosed with ovarian cancer. Within months, she was residing in Heaven, and installed as the final gatekeeper. No one passed through the doors to spend time with the boss man without her approval. She was an honest, gentle, loving soul who poured her unfulfilled motherly instincts onto both him and his good friend.

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"Just to help ease your stress a bit about me, I'll tell you something big is about to happen. If I've read the situation right, and I believe I have, then there may be a reason for you to be pleased with something I do."

"Seriously? What are you up to? Nothing that will get you into trouble, is it? Tell me and if necessary, I'll make sure—"

"Don't worry, it's all aboveboard, but I should tell the big guy about it first. You know how he is, wanting to be the first to know what's happening."

"Go in and see him, he's free. While you're in there, I'll go down to the kitchen and get a good meal for you. Promise you won't leave without telling me your plan."

"Don't worry yourself, Alice. I assure you I'm not planning to do anything bad."

"Good. Now go, go, and make sure to tell him I've stepped away from my desk. I'll take the portable handset in case he needs me."

"I will." He held back his laughter as he watched her run around the office, collecting the things she needed. Despite the importance of Alice's position, her office wasn't large or ornately decorated, but it had a fabulous view out the windows. Heaven was definitely beautiful. The landscape was basic and enabled each person to mentally add their personal preferences for complete tranquility. The canvas people were able to build upon had blue skies with a random white puffy cloud and led down to rolling green hills set back in the distance with trees dotted randomly around. For as long as he worked in the afterlife, he hadn't bothered to project his own ideal onto the land found in Heaven, and he'd been fine with

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that position. Except recently things had changed, which altered how he experienced Heaven, and Lucifer enjoyed them.

"Play nicely," she called out as she lifted a hand and waved to him. The office door closed behind her and the lock clicked closed. No one would be able to get into the office with her away from her desk. The privacy suited his needs perfectly. Walking over to the double, oversized, elaborately carved panels, he tapped and pushed them open.

"Hello, my friend. You're looking fit and healthy today."

God looked up from his paperwork and seemed relieved at the interruption.

"Lucifer, I'm so glad to see you." The older man exuded joy as he stood, and stretched an arm across the table to clasp his hand.

"Sure, because I'm offering you a chance to ditch the boring paperwork."

"Oh no, it's not that, wait, I haven't forgotten about a special meeting, have I? I'm pretty sure it isn't time for our monthly update and I don't think we rescheduled it, Alice would have reminded me if we had."

The smile slipped away and confusion became more evident on his friend's face. Sadly, he knew things were about to get even more difficult for the busy man, and there was nothing he could do about it. He was about to take a big step, the only one he ever chose to take on his own. However, before he could do that, he needed to be sure the man sitting across from him would be okay with the repercussions. His friend's approval wasn't required, although to have it would

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help him feel more confident in believing he was doing the right thing.

"Don't worry, you haven't forgotten anything. We didn't have a meeting organized. This is a purely spontaneous visit. I'm here because I have an important question to ask you, and it couldn't wait."

"Okay, good, now go ahead and ask me." God looked concerned and he felt comforted to know his friend would be there for him, no matter what he confided. The man didn't jump to conclusions, he waited to hear all the details, and only then would he offer an answer or opinion.

"Can I retire from the Prince of Darkness position?"

The silence that greeted his query was expected and normal, but the bulging eyes and opened mouth were not. Lucifer had held the job since its inception and he took each duty, no matter how hard it may be, very seriously. However, there was something inside him, something soft and gentle, he hadn't known existed until he met someone. The new feelings fit inside him so well, he wanted to give whatever they were a chance to grow even further. What he was experiencing was new and, once he made the decision to open himself up so the emotions filled him, it had felt right.

As anticipated, the shocked silence didn't last long. His friend started to stammer and stutter odd exclamations, only none of it made much sense. Maybe it wasn't the nicest thing for him to think, but he liked knowing that, after an eternity of working pretty much side-by-side, he could still shake the old man up. He thought it was a part of why they got along so well. Lucifer kept God young, on his toes, and occasionally

reminded him he didn't know absolutely everything about everyone. And the other man kept him grounded and honest.

"Hear me out. I've looked in detail at the mission statement we created and my contract. Neither document mentioned anything that could be construed as fitting into this area and retirement is on my mind."

"Why? What's changed that makes you want to leave?"

"You know I've been spending all my spare time on the surface because of one particular woman. We've discussed her before, Nia Adams? The *petite fleur* in Los Angeles you worried would anger those gangbangers she was determined to prosecute?"

"Yes, yes, the young lady I've watched quite closely since her birth."

"That's right. Anyway, I set myself up as an actual person, not just a visitor, so that I could spend more time with her. At first it was enough, but not any longer. There are holes when I can't be there, which don't suit me anymore. The more I'm away from her, the more I want to be with her. Be with her as in love, cherish, and protect her from any and all evil."

"Sounds like you're serious."

"Hence the retirement question."

"I see. Are you looking for a monogamous commitment? If I remember correctly, the way her parents deserted her left a serious mark on that young woman. Problems with trust, am I right?"

"Yes, you're right, and we have to get over a couple of bumps before we can move forward. Together."

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"Like what? Wait, do you want something to drink or eat? I can have Alice—"

"My mistake, I forgot to tell you when I came in that she was headed down to the kitchen to get me something healthy to eat. She took her communication device if you want to contact her though."

"No, that's all right. I think I'm going to have a glass of wine. You want one?"

"I'll get myself some water. I think moving between all three levels and an occasional stop between is finally taking a toll on me." He walked over to the sideboard and watched his friend pour himself a large goblet brimming with deep red wine. Lucifer knew his query would throw the man off kilter, just not as much as it apparently had.

Once they'd sat back down, each with their feet up on the desk, and sipping on their chosen beverage, he waited for his friend to come to terms with the change he wanted to make. Only when that happened would the questions start coming. When it all started, God's first question wasn't the one he'd expected, and had to smile at the older man's ability to return the surprise back to him.

"I think you're right. Off the top of my head, I can't think of retirement or any type of time off being covered in either document. However, I have to ask, why now? I mean, I know with all the turmoil and muck currently happening around the world, things have been very tough for you, and yet they've been bad before. I don't remember you ever talking about wanting to leave Hell, no matter how horrible things were. And you've had lovers on the surface before and with Nia, it

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sounds like you manage to visit her quite often. So, tell me, why the need to change things in such a drastic way?"

"You know time is measured differently between the afterlife and the surface. A few seconds there becomes days in Hades and yet it isn't enough. Until now, I hadn't ever considered leaving the job. However, Nia, she makes me look at things differently. I think it's the right move to make. You see, everything was working out well enough and then it suddenly turned around. The last time I was with my lover, we were ready to take things a step further, and when we arrived at the point of fulfilling a desire we both wanted, she couldn't find it in herself to trust me. That was fine, because I understood why it was difficult for her. It was a big step to take, but when I confessed my love for her and asked what she felt for me, she chose to lie."

"That doesn't necessarily put her on the wait list for Hell."

"No, it doesn't, although it did present me with an opportunity to have something I've always wanted."

"Wait a moment, what is that? I don't like the idea that you've had to deprive yourself of anything important simply because of the job you've signed on to do." The older man sat forward, put his hands on his knees, and looked distressed.

Lucifer never wanted to cause his friend an iota of upset and with that thought in mind, he pushed on to tell him everything that was on his mind. There was no need to hold back, God was his friend and confidant, he wouldn't share the details with others.

"It wasn't you who held me back, I set the strict parameters I live and work within. However, despite the

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ugliness that surrounds me, I've dreamt of being loved and loving a woman in return. My perfect woman would be able to see beyond my reputation to the real me. That part of me does still exist and finally sees a chance to be fulfilled."

"How do you intend to make it happen without disserting your post or putting her in harm's way?"

"Well, my plan is to take a vacation with Nia."

"Are you kidding me? A holiday? You seriously want to take a break during a busy time like you're experiencing now? What about all the villainous degenerates and debauched miscreants trying to take over the world? Lucifer, you of all people know we can't allow those who deserve to be punished an opportunity to escape."

"Do you really think I'd allow that to happen?"

"No, no, I know you wouldn't, but how can you get around it, and still go on a break? Trust me, I wish I could help you out and cover for you, but I can't. It just isn't in me to dole out the stiff sentences you're required to do. Come on, put me out of my misery, and tell me what your plan is to ensure Hell's gates aren't closed, the planet doesn't fall into the wrong hands, and Ms. Adams isn't hurt."

"First of all, I'm going to bring her to my office, and tell her the truth. I'm going to explain how she showed up on my list of possible residents. For the record, even though I know it will soon be struck off, she did appear on my latest update. Anyway, after she accepts that reality, I'm going to offer her an opportunity to be removed, by spending time with me. Hopefully, by showing her who I truly am, in my own environment, she'll find it in her heart to trust me, and maybe

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want to explore a deeper relationship with me. As for making sure the gates remain open, by installing Nia in my private and secured rooms in Hell, I can be on call to take care of any unexpected events that may happen."

His friend was quiet, most likely thinking about everything he'd said. Personally, he was finding it difficult to sit still, and wait for him to speak. It wasn't that he needed the other man's approval to do what he intended, although he definitely preferred to have God's support on such a major move.

"I'm concerned—"

"Don't be. Nia will be the one in control and she can cry off without any repercussions at any point. I know why she couldn't claim to trust me. It comes from her horrible beginnings. What I need to do is ensure she knows how special she is, particularly to me, and how she started out in life didn't define who she grew to be. When that's settled, hopefully she'll see me as I truly am, and want a future with me like I do with her. That means she must make the claim of love first. Now, keeping with our agreement of full disclosure, you should know that if you're okay with my retiring, I would also expect to give up my right to immortality."

"No! No, my boy, I couldn't possibly take that from you. Of all people in the hereafter, you have earned the right to that perk, and any other benefits."

"And you must accept that she means that much to me. I want to live a full and complete life with her at my side. In order to do that honestly, I need to do it as a human, with all the vulnerability that comes with that state of existence."

"It's too much. You're asking too much from me."

"Not really, she's worth all of that and more."

"Oh, Lucifer, what am I to do? What can I do to make your dreams possible without you having to make such a sacrifice?"

"You need to remember that it's the one I want to make." He smiled at his friend and reached out a hand to finalize the decision in the same way they handled all the pacts they made together. "Shake my hand and make a deal with me. If, in my real form I can gain her trust and love, then you'll have to find a new person for the position of Prince of Darkness. If I don't, then I'll continue on in Hell without another word about retirement."

Lucifer didn't like causing his friend any worry, but Nia Adams had become that imperative to him being able to maintain his tenuous hold on humanity. Dropping his hand to give the man more time to think through his offer, he lifted his glass of water, and took a sip while looking out the window at the bucolic setting. Heaven was a serene place and he was lucky to have an apartment there that he could use anytime he wanted. In fact, he was sure people would think him crazy to give up any time he spent amongst the best available after death. However, no matter how perfect things looked, he'd much prefer either carving out a life on the surface with the woman he loved or working through the challenges only found below the surface.

"Can I have more time to think about what you're wanting?"

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"I'm afraid not, my friend. A note requesting her appearance has already been sent and, as we speak, she is on her way down to my office."

"You're eager."

"Yes, I don't want to waste another moment without her. She makes me that happy and the chance to spend a lifetime with her was handed to me. I'd be a fool to not do whatever I can to make it happen. And I'm definitely not a fool."

"No, you're a good man, Lucifer, and you deserve the very best. Okay, we have a deal." They shook hands and he started to feel as if his life had already changed courses.

"Thank you, God. Your support means everything to me. I'm sure it will help me through any difficulties."

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Chapter 2

Nia Adams stood in front of the judge's bench, arguing her position for bringing a video tape of the accused into evidence, so the jury could view it.

"Your honor, an mp4 was found on the defendant's mobile phone, which had been sitting on a kitchen counter in his home. The search warrant executed specifically stated any recording devices, be them audio or visual, be collected."

"It wasn't a legal search, your honor. The warrant specified an address and my client did not reside in that house."

"Semantics, your honor. The defendant sleeps above the garage, but he eats and uses the bathroom in the house. That's two-thirds of life's necessities versus one-third taking place in the address noted on the warrant and makes it his residence."

Nothing was going as she expected and she grew more annoyed with each trick used by the other side. In preparing the case, she'd been sure the defense would argue over the transferring of the video from phone to tape, rather than where it had been found. The tact shouldn't surprise her mainly because nothing about the case had been straightforward. It was an emotionally difficult one on all sides. A young child had been killed in his crib by a stray bullet that had burst through a neighboring house. As if that hadn't been bad enough, having to stand in front of the man she'd walked away from, a man she wished was still in her life, added even more emotion and stress into the mix. The

solution she'd come up with to make it through the trial to ultimately a guilty verdict and just sentencing was to rely on her suit of armor. It was there to both protect her and present the image of a confident prosecutor she wanted the jury to see.

The suit of armor she chose to wear that day was a Chanel-inspired suit in light green-gray tweed, with some cream and forest greens mixed in. She'd picked the outfit because she thought the palette and design subtly said I'm capable of handling whatever is required. The jacket was cut so it merely skimmed over her hourglass figure. The neckline was round and had two small patch pockets on each hip. There was a matching pencil-slim skirt that stopped just above her knees. Nia smoothed a hand down her thigh, straightening the already tidy skirt. Last, but definitely not least, she wore nude sheer hosiery with a pair of dark green five-inch pumps.

No matter what the situation or what she wore, her shoes were very important, and they remained on her feet until she was getting ready for bed. Heels, the higher the better, completed every outfit, casual or smart, and gave her an emotional boost as well. She'd take any extra inches wherever she could find them.

Nia accepted the fact that she didn't need flattering words to know what she looked like. There was nothing wrong with not looking like everyone else. Standing ramrod straight and in heels, she made it to the five-foot mark, but tiny in stature didn't mean she lacked confidence or a brain. She had white-blond hair that softly curled and framed her porcelain white

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face before falling down over her shoulders. Basically, she looked like a child, and with great joy, made a mockery of that assumption. Clear light green eyes that rested beneath almost nonexistent brows encouraged people to call her ethereal, only she was very real, and fixed the imaginary image by ensuring bangs were always a part of her current hairstyle.

In her opinion, there was one standout feature on her face that many women envied, and they were natural. A lush, plump set of red lips. She thought they were great and should be something men found attractive, except they rarely noticed them because they were so busy ogling her chest. Fair enough, she'd met more men who liked breasts than lips. What was important to her and would be to the right man for her would be the understanding that there was much more to her than her cup size. Unfortunately, she'd met one who did appreciate all that she encompassed, and it had been she who left.

Throughout her life people told her how angelic, soft and gentle, childlike she looked. As an adult, she worked hard to make others see the person she believed she was. In her head, she was a prosecuting attorney who was capable of taking down the hardest of the hard. Be they male or female, the leader of a violent gang, murderers, rapist, abusers, anyone who broke the law in the city, and without blinking an eye. She had an unimpeachable record in the district attorney's office where she took on the dregs of society and often won. It was all good, everything she wanted to achieve, except she couldn't hold onto the man who made her happy.

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A sudden wave of intense heat flashed through her and took her breath away on a gasp.

"Ms. Adams? Are you all right?"

"Yes." She heard Judge Franklin, Lucas, speak to her directly, and mumbled some sort of response before making her way back toward her table as if to look for a piece of paper. Thankfully, the defendant's attorney went back to voicing his asinine conclusions, and she took a seat.

After taking a deep, calming breath without any relief, she closed her eyes, and tried to relax. Unfortunately, she was in a weak position and that allowed the memory of her ignoble start in the world, the root of her insecurities and doubts, to slip forward. Hours old, she'd been left outside to die, alone and unwanted. She considered herself lucky to have been found by a crew of firemen. Apparently they'd heard her screaming from within a pile of trash left on the side of a street in an industrial section of L.A. They'd been there to check the fire hydrants and found a baby along the way. The downside to their finding her was the name they gave her. Because of the press, the name the firemen had given her stuck, so she went by a shortened version for some dignity.

Somehow she'd managed to find her way safely through the state's system for children not wanted by anyone else. There were a couple times she'd almost been adopted, but they fell through and as she grew older, people weren't as intrigued by the odd-looking child. In the end, it took pure grit, tenacity, and motivation to move above and beyond her ugly beginnings. It was still there and at times haunted her,

but Nia knew she was much more than the trash heap she'd been left in.

Purposefully and with a great deal of effort, she pushed the memory back, at the same time straightening her spine even though it was already as rigid as it could be. There were more important things to think about. She turned her gaze toward the other attorney, and stood up to argue her position.

The room blurred and spun around very quickly. Dizzy, stunned, and unsure of what was happening, she looked toward the bench, and reached out a hand for help from her ex.

"Lucas," she murmured before everything went black.

There was nothing to see, although she felt like she was moving. Without any warning, lights turned on, and Nia realized she was in an elevator. Where she was and who she was supposed to see wasn't anything she knew. Before anything significant settled into her mind, the doors swished open, and an elderly man dressed in a nice suit stood there with a clipboard in hand. He looked to be one breath away from death and she wasn't feeling so hot either.

"Welcome. Your name, ma'am."

"Nia Adams."

After reading down a long list of typed names, he found hers, and placed a shaky line through it. Next, he escorted her to wait in an empty corridor, and then disappeared. There'd only been one chair, about halfway down, and she'd been sitting in it, waiting, ever since. She had no idea where

she was or what she was doing there, only that it felt serious. Important.

Looking at the blank wall in front of her, she thought about the time she was wasting, sitting, doing nothing when there was always so much that needed her attention. She shook her head and focused on taking deep calming breaths. Of course, her mind had to be playing tricks on her. Maybe it was the elevator ride she didn't remember taking or even where it was located. While she didn't remember getting on it, Nia had definitely felt woozy when it stopped, and had even needed the help of her elderly escort to walk.

In the eerie silence of the hallway, she heard muffled voices and shoes echoing through passageways, but never saw a single soul. If someone was trying to work on her nerves, they were succeeding.

An ache began to grow along her back from the tension of not knowing what was happening. She wanted to reach down to her toes, stretch out the kinks that had built up inside her. Better still would be to get up and walk up and down the empty hall, and even better than that would be to walk away, only she refused to move a single muscle. No, it wouldn't do her any good to be caught showing any weakness. Whoever was playing with her couldn't beat her down with stupid games.

Answers to all her question would definitely help settle her mind, although there was, somewhere in her brain, an understanding that it entailed something personal.

After a few more minutes of trying to calm her roaring thoughts, Nia started to release a breath she hadn't known

she'd been holding. Only it caught in the back of her throat as a deep voice resonated along the hallway.

"Ms. Adams, the door is now open. Come."

Nia sat perfectly still, unblinking and unable to move from the seat she'd only a few seconds before had been so eager to escape. Each word he spoke seeped straight through her body, settling to a slow and steady pulsating thump in her pussy. It was the wickedest reaction she'd ever had to a man speaking to her.

How was she supposed to conduct herself in a calm and professional manner, when the mere sound of his voice sent her lust spilling from her? She never wanted to meet the owner face-to-face. There was no doubt such a meeting would surely lead to her downfall. Unfortunately, luck wasn't on her side that day. Somehow, she knew that *he* was the person she was supposed to see.

Looking down the passageway, Nia noticed the previously closed door at the end stood ajar.

"Now." The single word reeked of power as it blasted down the hallway, from the room beyond the opened door, and through her body.

Dang! The trouble she was in had suddenly taken an unexpected turn and she couldn't see a way around it. She stood up quickly and turned to walk toward the office, only her feet wouldn't move. Bracing a hand on the wall to help steady herself, she placed the other over her nervous stomach, and took a deep breath.

She followed it up with another one, thankfully steadier than the last.

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Before she could take her first step, the voice growled more deeply than the first time, and her knees trembled. The man was angry, but the sound of his voice turned her on, and tempted her passionate nature to come out and play. Maybe he was an old, ugly troll, with a great voice. Somehow she doubted it, but she'd use whatever helped her get through the meeting.

"You don't want to upset me, Ms. Adams."

Muttering to herself about how impatience was not a virtue, she followed it up with how typical of a man to demand rather than request. It was the pep talk she'd needed to get herself moving and she took a step forward with her usual in-charge style.

"I can hear what you're saying."

Raising a hand to cover her mouth, she gasped, stunned at his ability to see and hear everything she did.

Who was this man and why had she been summoned? She was a good person who didn't lie, cheat, or steal, and had never hurt a soul. In fact, every single day she did her best at work, finding justice for those who needed it. Surely doing good was the right thing to do.

"Come," he barked down the hall. Startled, she jumped and started to make her way to the door. The only sound she heard was the solid clicking her heels made as she strode across the marble floor. Because she heard only it, Nia focused on each step she took. She wanted to ensure her footsteps didn't sound hurried or hesitant, merely confident, sure of where she was going. It was something she could control in the nightmare she found herself in, so she'd take it.

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She made it to the end of what felt like an endless length of hallway, paused for a stabilizing breath before stepping through the opened door. Deciding not to be intimidated anymore, Nia nudged the door open further, entered the room, and found it not at all threatening like she'd expected. In fact, it looked how she thought a cozy traditional library would appear. It was dark, but there were two magnificent fireplaces on either side of the large yet still intimate-feeling room, each with a roaring fire blazing inside. They brought heat and also seemed to supply the only light for the room. She couldn't see any windows and no other door except the one she'd entered through.

In the flickering firelight, she looked at an imposing Napoleon-styled desk with a massive chair resting behind it, facing away from her.

"Shut the door."

Nia jumped at the seductive tone. For a moment she'd forgotten what had brought her into the room. She needed to get a hold of herself. It was the voice's fault for sending her thoughts spiraling into unwanted territory. This was definitely not the time or place to think about sex.

Casting her gaze around the room again, she reminded herself that she was not there for her enjoyment, despite her imagination trying to take over. For a second she thought if there were comfortable oversized couches resting before the fireplaces, she'd be begging for time alone to immerse herself in the greatness of the room. It would've been purely rapturous, but there weren't any, and she was there for a different reason.

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Turning around, she shut the door with a quiet snick, only to jump back when the lock shot to with a solid click. Abruptly, she spun around to face the desk, ready to voice her displeasure over how she'd been treated thus far when the sexy voice growled again. The pulse returned to her pussy with a vengeance.

"Sit down, Ms. Adams."

A finger appeared from the side of chair, nonchalantly pointing at the chair she assumed was for guests. Wanting to get the meeting over with as quickly as possible, she held back her temper, and moved to sit just as she'd been outside. A rigidly straight back, knees and ankles locked together, feet flat on the floor, and her hands clasped in her lap. She was ready for whatever happened next.

Other than that one finger and a few words spoken, he ignored her presence, and offered nothing except more silence. She sat there for some time, staring at the back of his chair over the expansive desktop. Rather than let her imagination run away with the situation, she focused on the tangible. She found it interesting how the surface was spotless and empty of anything that would hint at who he was or the type of work he handled. Except for a picture frame, which faced away from her, there wasn't a pen, piece of paper, or phone resting on its top.

While waiting for him to turn and address her, Nia stole quick peeks around the room to see what else there was to absorb that might help her to figure out what the meeting was about and how to get through it. There was nothing at all, nothing except beautifully patterned carpets resting in

front of each fireplace. If there were a few pillows lying around then she was sure it would make a lovely place to read a great book.

Without any warning, the chair started to slowly swivel around. Nia held her breath, tense to see what the man looked like. As he moved into the firelight, she was faced with the most handsome man she'd ever encountered. Her imagination won the war. The pulsating rhythm in her pussy sped up and matched her heartbeat. The tandem beating held her undivided attention and she couldn't find the willpower to look away.

Dang. She was in even deeper trouble than she'd thought.

The man had a commanding presence and oozed power, a very seductive combination. His mink-brown hair was cropped close and dark brown eyes instantly pulled Nia in and entranced her. His chin was strong and his nose was slightly crooked. *Lovely.* In the low flickering light, it looked like he wore a traditional white dress shirt and sedate tie with a classic dark suit. The man sitting on the other side of the desk was obviously a professional of some sort, a higher up on the corporate ladder, with a voice that touched her in a very sexual way.

If there was a type of guy she was attracted to, then he was it. A businessman who used his mind and not brawn to get what he wanted.

For a brief moment, she thought there was something familiar about him, but her brain was in such a whirl, the thought was gone in a flash.

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Stunned by her rising passion, she scrambled for composure. Unfortunately, lust robbed her and, without pause, she spoke what was on the tip of her tongue.

"Why am I here?"

The gorgeous specimen smiled slowly with what looked like indulgence and that one move put her back up. The last shred of common sense fled. Suddenly she felt her demise quickly bearing down on her with each pulsating beat in her pussy and she could do nothing about it. The situation scared her, although that didn't mean she did the right thing. In reaction to being afraid and unsure of what was happening, uncharacteristically, her anger reared, and she unwisely demanded more answers.

"Who are you?"

With her best commanding prosecutor's tone lacing her query, the smile on his face disappeared, and an eyebrow rose in a sexy way. She knew the man didn't mean for it to be anything other than menacing and intimidating, but for some reason he was able to link directly to her erotic self. In order to get an answer, because she desperately wanted one, she rephrased her query, and tried again.

"Please, sir, who are you and why am I here?" Nia hoped she'd sounded more respectful than she had the first time she asked.

The man spoke in his deep passion-inspired tone that worked its wicked way through her body. Her nipples beaded tightly and stood at full attention, ready to be lavished with pleasure from him. Her reaction to the stranger was wrong on so many levels. Thank goodness her clothes covered all the

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important parts, otherwise it would be so embarrassing for him to realize how turned on she was.

"Satan, the Devil, Prince of Darkness, there are many monikers I go by, but you may call me Lucifer." His voice was dark, seductive, and said things that went beyond believable.

She was stunned speechless. For the first time she could remember, Nia found her brain completely frozen. No words or thoughts could find footing inside her head. That was the only reason she could find for her mouth to work without any intelligent input from her brain.

"Where are the horns? Tail? Forked tongue?" She looked around the room and his person for hints of the monumental position he claimed. There was nothing visible to back up his declaration. Besides, he looked like a businessman. She couldn't believe the man was evil personified, not when she wanted him as badly as she did. No, it wasn't possible that she could be turned on by the Devil, Lucifer, whatever.

"Oh please, spare me from such tackiness." He sounded truly offended by the symbols that would highlight his supposed demonic status.

"What about screams of fear, terror, and discord echoing down the hallways?" She was sure the horrors of Hell should be resonating through the space he occupied if he really was the Devil.

"Honestly? I can't get any work done with all that noise, so it happens elsewhere."

Could Lucifer really be so fastidious? Unfortunately, at that moment she couldn't figure out how to disprove him, so she

went with it. She wanted to see where the unreal conversation went next.

"Well, this place certainly isn't what I thought Hell would be like. So, why am I here?" Slowly her mind was starting to come back to life. Although a part of her believed she had to be dreaming, there was another part that wondered if it could be true.

"You lied. The lapse in judgment reserved a space for you here. I arranged a meeting to give you an opportunity to have your name stricken off my list of future inhabitants." There it was, said straight-faced, without inflection or accusation, and not a blink of his darker than dark brown eyes. Only she knew it wasn't true.

"What?"

"Personally, I was very surprised by your misstep. It went against your character. Why did you do it? Why lie?" The question was important, the crux of her being there in Hell, if that was where she actually was, but he must have made a mistake.

"You have the wrong person. I don't lie." Nia was actually insulted by the charge laid out before her.

"You did," he answered just as emphatically.

"No!" Nia started to get angry. Nobody could question her integrity without her vociferously defending herself, even if it was a simple juvenile justification. "I have never lied!"

"Relax. I don't want you upset. We'll come back to the issue later." Sitting before her was a man of power, used to demanding, and expecting complete and immediate acceptance.

The softly spoken statement startled her. Lucifer didn't want her upset? Goodness gracious, was he kidding? He'd just told her she was going to spend eternity in Hell and he expected her to not be upset? Granted, it was a nicer Hell than she'd thought existed, but that didn't mean she wanted to live there.

Nia felt her breathing start to elevate to a fast panicked pace.

"Take a deep breath and relax. No harm will ever come to you at my hands." Nia thought she must be hallucinating, she could swear he was concerned for her. His tone of voice implied he was, but it couldn't be true. He was the Devil. Harm was his business. He was, however, right about one thing. Getting turned inside out wouldn't get her anywhere in pleading her case for innocence. She was an intelligent woman who could easily argue her way out of a paper bag. Nia knew she could make the man sitting in front of her understand her ethics had never been questioned and that his information was wrong. She hadn't lied.

"You must liste—"

"For the time being, we'll not speak of the charge." There was an authoritative tone in his voice that demanded compliance and silenced her plea. "Would you like to take a moment and refresh yourself?"

"Yes, thank you." She was a strong person, but couldn't see herself arguing with Satan, at least not yet.

* * * *

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Chapter 3

No matter what people believed, it wasn't an easy job being the Master of Hell. There was endless research to be done. Lists of names and offenses that had to constantly be updated. Of course, modern technology certainly helped in completing that particular task. Planning and organizing were his constant companions, and delegation a pipe dream. In his work, there was simply no place for making a mistake, and the responsibility of doing things right fell solely on his shoulders.

Lots of pressure and he was fine with having it rest with him. He'd been at it long enough to handle most things. There was, however, something he hadn't anticipated, and that was falling in love. While he was surprised it happened to him of all people, he had embraced the possibilities, and was finally in a position to do something about it.

The adventure started a few years ago when one of his frequent trips above had put him in the path of Nia Adams. She'd caught his attention during a trip. During a meeting with God, his friend had explained who she was, and he hadn't been able to get her out of his mind. After meeting her in person, he hadn't minded being attached to her. It hadn't taken long before he'd looked for reasons to go back to the surface and see her. Over time, they'd eventually built a relationship with each other, dated, and then fell in love. At least he had. They were compatible on many different levels, even when it came to sex, which he'd never connected with

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deep emotional attachment. Before Nia, it had merely been for personal satisfactions.

In the early days of their liaison, it had been important to him that she liked him for who he was, and not the job he did, even though she didn't know about the work he did in Hell. What he hadn't anticipated was for her to panic when it came down to voicing her trust in him. They'd grown so close and he'd already looked into how they could have a future with each other. It all fell apart on the night they'd been about to take a major step in their relationship. When faced with handing him her trust, she'd stepped over the line, and away from him.

As far as he was concerned, bringing her to Hell was his one and only chance to get her back, and he was fully prepared to do whatever it took to make it happen. While she'd denied loving him, which hurt him greatly, he knew it wasn't the truth, and thankfully, that had brought her to his territory. Normally he'd immediately scratch such a person from his report, but he had seen what having her in Hell would offer him. No matter how hard it was to do, he'd take whatever advantage he had in order to have another chance to be with her again. Loving her and being loved in return was everything he wanted.

On the surface, they were a couple, and he wanted to take it to the next level, but first there were a few obstacles he needed to break down.

His eyes never moved away from her beautifully angelic face. As an enlightened yet strong leader who didn't put up with fools or foolish behavior, Lucifer understood the small

blonde across from him was his one and only weakness. He'd do whatever had to be done in order to keep that information from his enemies. Nothing and no one would ever hurt her, especially not to get revenge on him. As far as he was concerned, she should be both protected and kept away from the evil that seeped through the human race.

There was, however, one very serious downside to his plan to win her trust. At the end of the time he'd arranged for them to spend together, it was up to Nia, and she could easily leave him a broken and ruined man. She deserved the best life had to offer and he knew, without a doubt in his heart and soul, he was the man to give it to her.

In her short life, she'd already experienced more malicious behavior than any one person should ever have to know. Abandoned as a baby, she became the child nobody wanted to adopt, and still carried with her the stigma of being left with the trash. To make matters worse, there'd been health issues that had left her alone in the foster care system. She'd taken care of herself, and as far as he was concerned, had done a damn good job.

Now he had a single week, one hundred and sixty-eight hours, ten thousand and eighty minutes to seduce her into seeing him as a man she could love, and not focus on his job. He also needed to have the trust he'd asked for once before. Lucifer knew his reputation was appalling, but deep down, both his conscious and subconscious were aware that the *petite fleur* before him was his future. All he needed was for her to see that as well.

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As long as everything went as he planned, then he'd be able to ensure happiness and security was forever in her life. It would also place her firmly at his side, which would make him content with the hefty price he'd have to pay to have it. Tugging each cuff, he prepared himself to take the last steps to bring their future with each other together.

"Through the door behind me you'll find a room for your use. A hot bath is ready and clothes laid out for you to wear. I'll give you some time alone and come back to escort you to dinner."

"Dinner? It's still morning."

"The elevator ride put you into a different time zone and while here, it all moves at a much different pace," he explained. "You need to eat and rest to get your strength up."

"But I don't see a door. What kind of games are you playing with me?"

"I promise you, Nia, I'm not playing with you. When it comes to you, I'm very serious."

Lucifer stood, walked around the desk, and held his hand out to help her stand. It was difficult to hold in his laughter. Obviously she was confused and trying to hold back her smart mouth which, whenever she had let it go in the past, had given him a great deal of joy. She seemed unsteady on her legs and knew the first time in jumping through space could take it out of a person, so he waited until she looked ready to come with him. When they made it to the doorway, he held it open, and put his hand on the small of her back to encourage her to move into the room.

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She paused on the threshold, looked over her shoulder at him, and spoke quietly. "What if I told you I want to go home?"

"That is not an option."

Ooh, the man was infuriating! How dare he take over her life! He expected blind obedience, and he'd get it because he was Lucifer, the flippin' Prince of Darkness, but he couldn't be. It had to be a bad dream of some sort. Closing her eyes tightly, she pinched her arm to pull herself out of whatever nightmare she'd found herself. Only it didn't do anything except hurt.

The next thought she had was that there were more things to worry about than whether he was evil or not. Nia was very concerned about how, in a short span of time, she'd almost been brought physically to her knees because of his voice. Somehow he spoke directly to her inner passionate soul and tempted her to reach out and take hold of him. She couldn't help but think about what else there was about him that could bring her to her knees.

There were a few things about the man that kept tugging at her mind, making her think she knew him, except it must be impossible to know the Devil on a personal level, even though it felt like she did. One of the things she found familiar was his appearance. Another was his voice. How could it affect her desires so easily and specifically stir her passionate side, unless they'd been intimate? There had definitely been a man who had such a hold on her, only she couldn't picture him or his name. Frustration at not being able to figure out

the puzzle encouraged her mind to whirl about even faster. Unfortunately, she didn't have answers to any of it, not yet.

He had a demeanor that exuded self-assurance and authority, as well as old school gentlemanly manners. All of it, with his voice and looks, seduced her senseless. What worried her most was how he seemed to be a man who could easily coax all her scandalous erotic dreams, those from deep within her soul, to a point of combustion. He made her want to submit to him and his needs, please him, and be pleased in return.

Shaking her scattered thoughts free, Nia looked at the room he'd led her to. It was sparsely decorated and yet very decadent. The floor was covered in a thick, plush, white carpet, with rich deep tomato-red walls. On one side there was a large mahogany mirror, opposite it rested a wide, overstuffed, chaise lounge covered in oyster white velvet, and another door.

Hell and its doors were driving her nuts. She snorted with disbelief to herself. When she first looked around there'd been none, nor were there any on second, third, and fourth glance. However, they'd been there when he spoke of them, as plain as day. Maybe that was further proof that she was dreaming.

She walked through the panel and found it led to a bathing room with another door leading to the toilet. Here was a space she could spend hours enjoying just being there. White tiled walls led down to dark wood floors, which held a large, white, claw foot tub currently steaming with the scent of gardenias, her favorite flower. There was a table within easy

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reach, holding a thick white towel, matching washcloth, and a bar of soap smelling of more gardenias.

Nia wasn't convinced she was following the best route, but for the time being, it seemed the only thing she could do was to go along with his orders. Besides, a fabulous bath party was a weakness of hers, and one too hard to pass by. She stepped back into the dressing room and took her clothes off, putting them on the lounge. Already sitting there was what appeared to be some very slinky lingerie. Beautiful, yes, but once she was out of the tub, she'd put her own clothes back on, thank you very much. She was sure they'd cover far more of her body than the other ensemble seemed capable of doing.

There was nothing better than a tub full of hot relaxation to rejuvenate her spirit. Going back to the bathing room, she firmly closed the door behind her, just in case someone, like that sexy stud who called himself Lucifer, walked in to the room while she bathed. Stepping into the hot water, a deep sigh of pleasure easily escaped as she slid down until her shoulders were covered. She closed her eyes and released the tension locked inside her.

She didn't doubt she'd need her wits about her to find a way out of this mess. It was difficult for her to accept it was all really happening. The Devil wasn't real and so well mannered, nor could Hell be so nice.

The heat worked on Nia's stiff muscles and the aroma soothed her ragged nerves, unfortunately, she couldn't stay in the tub forever. Feeling revived and able to talk calmly with the man, she was sure she'd be heading home within the

hour, two at the most. Carefully she stepped out and dried off. The towel was thick and soft as silk, another point in the column for a perfect bathroom for this bath lover. She wrapped the towel around her dried body, tucking the end between her breasts, before going back into the dressing room to get dressed.

There was a problem. Her clothes were gone and all that remained was the filmy bit of nothing she'd seen earlier.

After checking to ensure her things hadn't slipped onto the floor behind the chaise, she was left with an outfit that seemed better suited to a paramour, not a competent prosecutor. There was, however, no way she would have a serious discussion with Lucifer, naked or wrapped in a towel. She needed more coverage, more than what was being offered by the gown he'd supplied. What was wrong with her suit?

Quickly running out of options, she decided to accept the challenge, and don the offering. It was definitely better than being found naked, something that would put her at a clear disadvantage.

The final outcome was more taxing than she'd expected. As she fussed with the dress, she felt vulnerable, and very exposed. Standing before the mirror, Nia wasn't sure about what she saw, but truthfully, she thought she looked beautiful in the gown, and yes, sexy as sin. A dark moss-green silk spaghetti-strapped dress barely covered her body despite being long. The triangles that were supposed to envelop her breasts, hardly covered her nipples, and the high slit running up each side, left more than her legs exposed.

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There were sheer black thigh-high stockings that stayed up without the need for garters and a delightful pair of shoes. Out of everything left for her to wear, the only item she felt totally comfortable with were the black six-inch heels. She had to give him a point for getting the length of the gown with the shoes right. It was a difficult task she knew firsthand. Nia had expected it to pool around her feet like most clothes did before she had them altered to fit her unique body. Except with the shoes on, it was a perfect fit, which made her think again that she knew him on a personal level. No one else could manage to find clothes that fit her so perfectly without particular information.

Twisting this way and that to see how she looked in the mirror from a variety of angles, she was startled by the abrupt tap which preceded the door opening, and Lucifer walking in. Apparently the manners didn't go so far as him waiting for her to give him permission to enter.

Seeing him standing in the doorway, she felt her passion take over her mind again. How could the man be even more gorgeous than he'd been earlier? While she'd bathed and relaxed, he'd changed into a white linen dress shirt with sleeves rolled up, black pleated trousers, and black loafers. Basically, the man exuded sex, and she was tuned into his appeal.

She closed her eyes and silently pleaded for strength to get through the meal without throwing herself at him. Raising her eyes up to meet his, she inhaled sharply, and realized exactly how deep the trouble she found herself went. As far as he was concerned, she wasn't sure she had the willpower

or strength of purpose necessary to walk away from him. There was something about him that made her dream of a man loving her, as much as she did him, seem possible.

What pulled her back from the edge was noticing how his eyes roved over her body. Nia crossed her arms over her chest and tapped a toe, impatiently waiting for his gaze to lift up to meet hers. The tapping didn't work because of the thick pile carpet, so she resorted to telling him what her problem was.

"I'm feeling naked here, big guy. Where are my clothes?" She was feeling out of her element and didn't like it one bit. The shoes weren't doing what they normally did and weren't boosting her confidence to stand toe-to-toe with the Devil.

"You're a lovely woman and I don't like the idea of covering one bit of your body from my sight, but for now you may wear a robe—with one condition." When he turned on the charm, he was irresistible.

"What's that?" The lawyer in her was trying to push its way forward and found it a difficult task. He found her as attractive as she did him.

"It comes off when I say, without a complaint or question." Lucifer answered her request in simple black-and-white terms, offering no chance of negotiation, but she had to try.

"Even if I'm cold?" Shoot, even she knew it was a ridiculous concept to imagine. She was supposedly in Hell, rumored to be the hottest place around. Being chilled wasn't likely.

"You'll trust me not to allow you to get cold."

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The softly spoken demand left her pondering the confidence in which he'd offered it. Someone else, a man, had once asked her to trust him, but she couldn't remember if she had or not. Most likely she didn't. She wasn't big on trusting anyone other than herself. Shaking her head in a bid to deal with the issue at hand, she decided to accept. At the very least, it would give her a confidence boost to have more layers on, and with her chest covered, it would give him nowhere to stare when they finally talked seriously.

"Deal." Nia extended a hand for the robe, only Lucifer walked around behind her, and helped her put it on. Once her arms were resting in the sleeves, he stepped in closer, reached around in front of her, and carefully tied the belt under her breasts. *Touch them, tease them and their willing tips.* Ease their restless state and the one growing exponentially between her legs. She pressed her lips tightly together before she made a mistake and spoke her need out loud.

When she finally had a handle on her wayward attention, she looked into the mirror, at the two of them, and was stunned. Despite her diminutive size and pale tones, she didn't disappear as a person while standing in front of his larger and darker form. If anything, they seemed to complement each other.

When she looked down and caught sight of the robe, her eyes widened while her mouth dropped open. It sucked in the coverage department. Apparently it was all about highlighting the cleavage for Lucifer and the garment did a fabulous job in framing her breasts for his viewing pleasure. All that was

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visible were the two tiny triangles from the gown and she swore she could see her large pink nipples peeking out. She didn't think things could get any worse, but they did when she also saw they were already hard and pointing out from beneath the thin fabric. Despite their obvious desire for attention, the luscious black silk velvet robe was stunning. It was shaped in a traditional empire style with a high stiff collar and a slight train flowed elegantly along in her trail. The sleeves dripped down over her wrists and stopped before covering her fingers.

There was no shame in having a large bust. Many women actually paid to increase what they'd been born with. But sometimes, big breasts were all people saw, and she usually found it disconcerting. There was so much more to her as a person than the two large balls of flesh on her chest. Years ago she'd made a deal with herself, the man who was able to appreciate both her mind as well as her physical attributes, would be the one she could settle down with.

Finally gathering enough courage to look at him in the mirror, she was startled when their gazes met. He put his hands on her shoulders, reinforcing the connection they were making through their eyes. It was an enchanting moment and then she made a very interesting discovery. Despite the clothes he gave her that exposed more of her breasts than they covered, he chose to look at her face. *Interesting*. Suddenly she couldn't wait to see what the man did next.

"Ready?"

"Yes." She was surprised by him and didn't know what to think anymore. Despite the job, there was something about

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him that made Nia want to spend time with him, talk with him, kiss him, and possibly have even more of him. There was an element to the man that made her think they were the same when it came to sex. She didn't doubt she'd be lost forever if he ever set out to control her body and her needs.

Lucifer escorted her back into the study and through another door that, of course, hadn't been there before. They entered a room that appeared to be an exact duplicate of his office, except it held a huge comfy couch settled before a blazing fire, and a thick rug to put her feet on. Everything she'd searched for earlier.

In the center of the room sat a dining table, elaborately and intimately set for two. There was a beautifully intricate candelabrum as its centerpiece, simple china, silverware, and crystal glasses shimmering in the flickering candlelight. Lucifer pulled the chair back and saw her settled, then moved to the other side, and sat down.

Reaching for her glass filled with bubbling champagne, she took a sip to moisten her mouth. Nia's grand idea to see the problem settled was to jump right in and discuss the odd position she'd found herself in down in Hell, had been pushed back by the pleasure she was experiencing.

Tilting her flute to try some more of the bubbly meant her dinner companion could take the lead of their conversation.

"You're mine for seven days."

The statement had her choking on what she'd been swallowing, and she quickly put the glass back down before she dropped and broke it.

"What?" Had she heard him correctly?

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"Are you okay? You sound tense. Have another sip of the champagne. Better?" His concern looked real, but she'd been turned upside down, and didn't know how to recover.

"Yes, thank you. Did you say *yours* for a week?" Her mind could not comprehend what he'd just said. He couldn't keep her, could he? She belonged to herself and not anyone else, right?

"That's right. The amount of time you spend here will be a full week, but that translates to approximately a minute on the surface. As long as you are here, you will be mine to do with as I will." He used the same tone of voice, as most people would use to say *hello*.

"What!" Nia was too shocked to say anything else.

"I have my first and only vacation in an eternity, and I've chosen to spend it with you."

Satan wanted to take a break? With her? She had to be dreaming, because surely the Devil didn't take holidays.

"You're kidding me!" Nia was too surprised to think clearly. None of this could actually be happening, could it?

"No. By the end of the week you'll know me and not the man in a demanding job with a nasty reputation."

Twilight Zone! That must be it. Apparently she'd sunk into a delusional space and time of another dimension. It had to be.

"Why? Why me?"

"Ever heard of the expression 'one in a million'? Well, you're more like the only one."

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There it was, the most flattering statements she'd ever been given, and it came from the Devil himself. Wait, that couldn't be good, could it?

After taking a deep breath and another fortifying sip of champagne, she calmed down a bit, and really looked at him. Yes, he was handsome, a total gentleman, and seductive in a wicked sort of way. Then there was the tone in his voice that called to her on another level. The one that made her want to go to her knees and submit to his every whim. The feelings he pulled from her were somehow familiar. If she could only put her finger on what it was, then everything would be normal again.

Nia took another drink from her flute and tried to think the situation through, but nothing of substance took hold. Was he messing with her mind?

"Are you working any kind of mental trickery on me?"

"No, I am like any other man trying to seduce a beautiful woman to spend time with him. Is it working?"

How could she answer that? It was one of those damned if you do, damned if you don't kind of situations. She would love to spend time with the man. He was interesting and turned her on, but in Hell? With Satan? Was any of it actually happening? Were they actually down beneath the surface or was she hallucinating? Wasn't she just in court, arguing a point with the judge? No, that simply wasn't possible. When it came to work, she was always focused on what was taking place.

No, although it was all very weird and defied reality, what was happening to her felt like it was really occurring, and she

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had to say something. The man, whether he was Satan or not, waited for an answer.

After a long minute of listing pros and cons, discarding some and keeping others, she decided to go with the one thing she trusted to do her no harm, her gut. It hadn't failed her yet. Besides, how bad could it be to spend one minute with the incredibly sexy devil?

"Okay, I'll stay."

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Chapter 4

So far the evening was going well, or so he thought. Lucifer couldn't take his eyes away from his lovely companion. Without trying, she managed to make him feel things he never thought were possible for him to experience. She was everything and more than he could ever hope to possess. Being able to hold her was worth whatever price he'd eventually have to pay.

The pink flush on her cheeks told him she was warm, but he decided to let her keep the robe on for a while longer. She looked wonderful in it, and there was no need to rush the pleasures to come.

One thing he wasn't too pleased about was how she didn't seem to recognize him as the man she'd, until recently, been in a relationship with. Of course, he knew there were things that happened to modify his appearance when he went up above that were for his personal protection, but he didn't appreciate this particular woman not recognizing him. She'd been his lover, and he knew her intimately, inside and out. What he felt for her and knew she did for him, was so important to the heart and soul, it should transcend his physical appearance. At least that was what he believed.

Frustrated with the direction his thoughts were headed, he put a wall up, and denied them any more of his attention. The time he had set aside as holiday meant, unless it was urgent, absolutely no work would intrude on their time together. It was for her and them, not him alone. He refocused on what

she was talking about. Subjects he knew she was interested in and nothing that would unsettle their meal together.

Lucifer lasted another half-hour without touching her and couldn't take any more. It was time to make some progress and in order to do that, he had to heat things up a bit further. Besides, his brain was beyond functioning on anything other than finding relief for his sturdy hard-on. As far as he was concerned, it wasn't about to go down until he was buried deep inside his woman's sumptuous pussy.

"Come, Pet, let's sit before the fire."

Standing, he made his way around the table and held out his hand to escort her to the couch. As they settled back into the deep comfortable cushions, he moved his arm behind her and rested it along her shoulders, leaving a finger to play with a particularly intriguing curl. Life was wonderful with Nia beside him. The silence between them was comfortable and harmonious.

Feeling her gaze on him, he turned to face her. Lucifer was no longer able to resist her unique and alluring pull.

Her lips were an erotic vision to behold, all red and plump, and in that moment, they were all he could see. In his mind, he saw them stretched around his hard cock as she moved her mouth up and down his length. Reaching out with his thumb, he touched the pillowed folds. He gently rubbed her bottom lip and watched as the duo parted on a heated pant.

Raising his eyes to hers, he whispered what he was thinking.

"Beautiful lips."

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Moving closer, he stroked his thumb along her cheek, then speared his hand into her thick, white, silken curls and softly pressed his lips to hers. He bumped his folds against hers, rubbing, testing the texture and resiliency. He knew them well and yet still couldn't move beyond their alluring presence. As every other time he'd been with her, it wasn't long before it wasn't enough to feel her lips alone, he had to have more. Lucifer had no choice, he had to taste her. Pressing his advantage, he slipped his tongue out to dance along the seam between her folds, and marveled at how easily they fell open.

Maybe somewhere inside her heart, she did know who he was.

Keeping his eyes open allowed him to watch as her light green orbs reflected all the desire she felt. Seeing her passion so clearly visible, he knew she'd once again managed to trap him in her erotic web, not the other way around. That was fine with him, as long as she was equally taken with him. He knew who firmly held the reins to their passion and was ready to push for more.

Deepening their kiss, her lids fluttered shut, and her head settled against the back of the couch. His tongue moved in to taste her sweetness, to both soothe and stir up her desires. The soft mewling sounds she offered in return, danced straight down to his cock, tightening his balls, and his need for her grew.

Nibbling on the fleshy folds managed to make him even hungrier. Lucifer suckled on her lower lip then bit it gently, bringing a gasp from her. Or had it been his roving hand

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stroking up and over her hip to rest on Nia's waist that brought it out? Then again, it was possible his thumb stretching up to nudge a taut peak that managed to tempt her to vocalize her desire.

He felt her breath race to an erratic rhythm and mix with her soft moans. The sounds coming from her passionate soul worked on his rising libido even further.

Tonight he needed to show her who possessed her fully, who controlled her passions, and fulfilled her every fantasy. He was going to be the man who fucked her into a new reality. The one she wanted, be it in Hell or on the surface.

Lucifer knew what the woman of his heart wanted, because he wanted it as well. He wouldn't be satisfied until she freely gave him her complete and total trust to never harm her heart. She was a strong woman with a powerful need to submit, to give her body's needs over to someone able to handle them with care and love. He was the only person who could meet the challenge of her wicked fantasies head on, because they were desires that spoke directly to him.

"Come, Pet. Come to my bed," he whispered, while indulging in further sips of her sweet flavor and the feel of the soft satin skin of her elegant neck. "Let me fuck you until you scream with satisfaction and beg for more pleasure."

"Yes."

There was no need to second-guess her decision or wonder how she could willingly have sex with Lucifer. The answer had come from a place much deeper than in her gut, it had come from the place inside her that she kept very well protected.

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Besides, why deny a man who had created such a need in her, when she was sure no other could ease its call.

Ultimately, there was only one answer she could give him, and had felt better, relaxed, the moment she'd said yes.

He stood and picked her up in his arms, carrying her through yet another doorway she hadn't known existed. No surprise there. His home, with its odd door situation, was a complete and utter mystery to her.

The room they entered was a huge space with a fireplace so large it looked as if even he could walk inside without having to duck down. Lucifer gently set her down on her feet before a massive forged metal four-poster bed. Holding onto one of the posts, she couldn't help but notice all four of them resembled sturdy tree trunks, with limbs arching up to tangle together at the center like a real canopy at its topmost point.

The magnificent bed stood alone in the center of a highly polished hardwood floor and squarely faced the fireplace. In the light from the fire, the walls reminded her of the soft moss carpet found deep in the woods. It had such depth she knew if she touched it, there'd be a lush texture to feel. She couldn't see any more of what was in the room because the corners were lost in shadows. Looking back at the bed, she noticed an abundance of big pillows placed along the headboard, while she stroked a hand over a plush duvet in dark green silk velvet lying at the foot of the bed.

Not that she was surprised, but the elegant, natural, and comforting appeal of the room simply wasn't what she'd expect from the man who ruled Hell. However, Nia felt it spoke very clearly of the man who had so easily seduced both

her mind and body in one evening. The champagne over dinner had not impaired her judgment. Instead, it had allowed her to relax her guard enough to open herself to the possibilities to be found with supposedly the most evil man to ever exist.

Right then, she felt like a woman first, and an impeachable prosecutor a very distant second. She didn't question how he'd been able to do it, but in the short period of time they'd spent together, Lucifer had made her feel very feminine, beautiful, and sexy. Nia knew she could intimidate people and was comfortable with that reputation in a work setting. When it came to her personal life, specifically in the bedroom, her needs were entirely different. She wanted to leave control to someone else and immerse herself in the passion filling her up inside.

"Do you trust me? Trust me to fulfill your most secret and tightly held fantasies?"

Despite giving him her yes to sex earlier, the use of the word "trust" gave her pause. Could she trust someone she'd only just met? Of course not, but her curiosity pushed her to see where he led. It was odd, because she normally wouldn't believe a stranger so easily, but the man somehow managed to make her feel relaxed in his presence. He could see inside her mind and know what she truly needed most. She felt no shame in his knowing her wicked desires and even believed he'd satisfy her without any pain either. Before she further pondered the situation and possibly lost the opportunity to play, the answer she wanted to give was spoken. With a steady breath, she quietly said, "Yes."

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"Then give me your safe word."

"My what?" She knew what he meant, but even accepting he may know where her passionate needs rested, to hear him say it still surprised her. It was one thing to tease and talk around the sweet and tantalizing side of desire that she dreamt of, only there was more to it than that. The situation she found herself in was real and then one question floating through her mind settled her down. What would it be like to submit to the Prince of Darkness?

"A word you can say at any time that will tell me to immediately stop what I'm doing. Immediately, pet."

"Eggplant."

"Eggplant?"

"Yes, eggplant."

"Fine."

She almost laughed out loud. Okay, the first word that popped into her head was the one she thought of as the Devil's vegetable. As far as she knew, it wasn't actually his vegetable, but that's what she called it. Eggplant was a pretty purple color, but not as nice to eat because people usually overcooked it. There was one person she knew who was able to make it taste lovely. Who was that? The name slipped from her mind with what he said next.

"Take off the robe."

Nia stood facing him with the fire to her back. Staring at his feet in order to gain some confidence to strip, she noticed at some point he'd taken off his shoes. For some unknown reason, the sight of his bare feet worked on lightening her tension, and gave her self-assurance a boost. She knew it

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was ridiculous, but she felt safe with the man who stood before her in his bare feet. Good-looking feet, too. Not all twisted and covered in hair.

Openness and freedom to explore her desire was what he offered and if she was honest with herself, his feet had nothing to do with it.

There was another advantage to where she stood. She could see him fairly clearly and figured he couldn't see her as well. It was a small thing, but Nia took it all the same.

With shaking fingers, she untied the belt, rolled her shoulders back, and slowly dropped her arms behind her. The elegant, yet revealing robe slid down her arms and fell to the floor with a heavy swoosh, settling into a puddle of black at her feet.

Keeping her eyes on his feet, she tried to settle her nerves. She knew why she couldn't look at him while she undressed. It was because she didn't want to see his gaze drop to her bare chest. If he did that and she saw it, then she'd have a reason to stop everything that was possible between them, and leave the room. To go where she didn't know, but she'd find someplace else to be if she found him staring at her breasts. Without being able to stop, her gaze flickered up, and stopped. A small smile pulled on her lips. His hard-on grew larger before her very eyes and she liked the power seeing it gave her.

His cock couldn't be missed. The erection was delightfully impressive beneath his pants. Nia could only imagine it bare and enticing her to touch it. Her pussy beat more desperately. Soon she'd see it, hold it in her hand, taste him for herself,

and feel him possessing her body. As far as she was concerned it couldn't happen soon enough.

With an increase of need and curiosity, she raised her gaze from the bulge to his eyes. She was taken aback by the seriousness she found there. There was no lurid smile or lust. There was, however, pure respect, absolute desire, and something else she couldn't define. All of it was clearly visible in his brown eyes.

Right then, she understood what Lucifer was truly offering her. He'd indulge her most wicked desires with nothing except pleasure. There'd be no shame, degradation, humiliation or regrets in what they did together, only passion. A heartfelt sigh escaped because she also knew that, while she'd experience more pleasure than she ever had before, she'd have to accept how unbearable walking away from him and how he made her feel was going to be when their time together ended.

"Now the gown, Pet."

That wasn't the first time he'd called her Pet and yet it struck an odd cord with her. Not in a bad way, more because it was familiar. It felt as if there'd been someone else who called her by that nickname and she'd enjoyed them doing it. She liked hearing it from Lucifer, although, again she didn't understand why.

Taking a deep breath, Nia slipped first one thin strap and then the other off her arms while still maintaining a hold on the two tiny triangles that constituted the top. With her head held high, she gave her hair a shake and released the

garment, allowing it to sensuously slide down only to catch on her full hips.

At any moment he'd pull his eyes away from hers and look lower. She knew he would, only he surprised her by not doing so. It was when he raised an eyebrow that she realized he was still waiting for her to take the gown off.

Putting a hand on each hip, Nia shimmied first right then left, working the gown over her hips before it dropped to the floor, landing on top the robe.

Oh gracious, it was *him*! Not once had his beautiful brown orbs left hers during the whole shimmy thing that sent her large breasts into an erotic swaying motion. All at once she was excited and wet, ready for whatever he wanted. The man standing in front of her spoke and her pussy pulsed to its rhythm.,Sshe stripped and he looked at her face first, not at her breasts. As far as she was concerned, they were meant to be with each other.

The moment of discovery was empowering and wonderful. She wanted to stay right where she was and never let it end. While he was strong and kept his gaze away from temptation, she wasn't as strong, and couldn't resist a quick peek at his hard-on. It was larger than it had been and she knew there was more of his cock to come.

"Clasp your hands over the opposing elbow, behind your back."

It took her a second to figure out what he wanted. Once Nia understood, she reached back, grasped each elbow, and assumed the position he'd requested. The stance naturally thrust her breasts out further. She trembled for a moment

with second thoughts and dropped her gaze. Maybe he wasn't so different after all.

"No, Pet. Keep those beautiful green eyes on mine unless I tell you otherwise. I want to see your passion and for you to see mine."

Slowly, her eyes rose to his and she watched as he looked at her from the tip of her high-heeled feet to the top of her head, and back to her face. No, to her lips! To test the finding she slipped her tongue out, moistened an upper corner of the fold, and watched as his black pupils bled out and cover the dark brown.

Wasn't that interesting? She refocused on him.

For a second, Nia felt awkward standing before the compelling and fully dressed man, in nothing but stockings and heels. Then, when she acknowledged it was more of a carnal quivering than embarrassing convulsions dancing along her nerves, the discomfort was gone.

"You're stunning. I hear your sultry voice and my cock gets hard. I smell your unique flowery aroma and my cock gets harder. Then I see you standing naked in front of me and I must have you beneath me, filling you, possessing you."

"Oh."

"Your full, red succulent lips are inspiring. I know I won't be happy until I see them wrapped around my rod." While he'd been speaking so calmly of his needs, he'd unbuttoned his shirt, and dropped it to the floor behind him.

She couldn't manage to be shocked at what he was saying or the commanding tone he used. The language he chose to tell her of his desire excited her to no end. She was ready to

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drop to her knees, crawl over, and suckle his prick for both their pleasures.

Not realizing she'd moaned loud enough for him to hear, Nia was startled when he drew attention to her desire.

"It appears you also find sucking my cock appetizing. Do you like the idea of going down on me?"

Lucifer moved forward on silent feet until he stood before her with feet braced apart and hands on his hips. His chest was strong, ripped with muscles without being overdone, tanned, and completely smooth. She could see two pink disks tight with desire and knew her own were just as firm. Nia wanted to reach out and touch him, feel his flesh reaction to her stroking over it.

Reaching down, he placed a finger under her chin and raised it up so her gaze was once again on his.

"Do you, Pet?"

She quickly decided it might be prudent if she did something to put the demon in his place. She was sure there would be no desire for more if she made the taking too easy for him. A little push here and there should do the trick and she knew just where to start. With a wickedly slow swipe of her tongue along her upper lip, she nodded her agreement.

"Yes, sir."

Smiling with enjoyment over the toll her very natural action did to the man was short-lived.

"Excellent. Now listen carefully. For the week you are here, if my cock is not in your pussy or ass, then it'll be in your mouth. There are no clocks here in hell. Time makes no difference to us and what we do with each other. If you're

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awake, you will be naked and ready to act upon my every desire, no matter how salacious it may sound. You have nothing to worry about while we are together. I promise everything we do will be for your desire, as well as mine. You will thrive at the whim of my needs."

Feeling her eyes open wider, she replayed in her head everything he'd said. The tone of voice he'd used was firm and demanded her compliance, but she wondered if he'd given his orders to scare her, because it didn't work. No, she was ready now, no, eager to feel the desire he described. It was what she was sure she'd always wanted in life and that was to have someone want her as much as she wanted them. No limitations or restrictions.

"Do you understand me?"

The nod of ascent she offered was far more subdued than the previous one, as was her accompanying, "Yes, sir." She wavered on her feet and gripped her thighs tightly together to ease the emptiness his promises drew attention to.

"There will be no sir or master. You will call me Luc."

Nia drew in a sharp breath. That name, she knew it. It meant something to her. Should she stop what they were about to do? She probably should because a moment of hesitation appeared. However, before she could do anything to put an end to their sex games, he started, and she couldn't find the strength to say the safe word.

"Spread your legs. I've already warned you not to hide your passion from me. That is your honey gracing your thighs and I want to see it."

"Oh, but—"

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"No butts. It's either my way or eggplant. Choose."

"Your way."

"Good." Nia could see in her peripheral vision that he'd unbuttoned and started to unzip his trousers. "Now come over here and wrap those luscious ruby red lips around my cock and suck."

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Chapter 5

With legs braced apart, his pants didn't fall down, although the placket opened under the pressure of his cock. He never wore underwear, as he found them too constricting. Lucifer reached in and pulled his balls out from their resting place inside his trousers, and situated them for her attention.

Nia stepped so close he could feel the heat of her body gently beat against him. As yet she hadn't released her hands and he wondered if she would. Lucifer was showing her how his particular brand of sexual dominance and care over her body and desires worked. He knew total submission to another was her deepest desire. Her passionate needs easily fit with his greatest pleasure. Making love and satisfying her in as many ways as he could was what they both wanted.

But first, she needed to trust him to ensure her pleasure, and not to harm her in the process. When he was above and her lover, he'd discovered during their initial steps into domination and submission play the final stumbling block for her fully committing to him was a lack of trust. While she'd said all the right things about believing him, in the end, she hadn't been able to fully hand herself over to his loving care. She hadn't been able to take that last step and believe he wouldn't hurt her when she was in a vulnerable position. It wasn't physical harm she'd feared, it had been the emotional type which held her hostage.

He knew all about her childhood and the wounds being tossed away with the garbage had left were still raw wounds

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inside her heart, but there was something more to the fear she held onto. What he had to do was prove to her that he'd always be there for her, no matter how difficult times were. He wanted to be her partner in life, for eternity. He'd give her whatever she needed to reach out and hold onto his promise, and know it was a fact.

Looking at her standing nude before him, in his bedroom, made the desire he had for her grow even deeper. The light of the fire played over her body, showing him her passion. With her legs spread, he could see the juice painting her upper thighs. He knew she'd been clenching the limbs tightly together to try and ease the throbbing, but he'd needed to see her natural carnality come to the surface. It was for him to read her right to know when she was ready for the next level.

She moved closer, rested her body against his, and dropped soft innocent kisses along his chest then took a bite of a nipple, drawing a groan from deep within him. Nia released it quickly and soothed the supposed wound with her tongue.

His cock was trapped between them. It beat against her softness with a compulsive need to be buried inside her heat.

Thinking she prepared to drop to her knees, he was startled when she paused and teased his cock within her cleavage. She dotted quick, hard kisses, followed by softer busses along his stomach, causing the muscles to tighten and ripple with need.

Lucifer moved his hands to help steady her when she again started down and ended up with his fingers pinching her

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nipples. The gasp that came from the subtle tweak led him to further investigate her tender breasts. One of the first discoveries he'd made about Nia was that she was more than a large and voluptuous chest, but they also offered her some of the greatest pleasure.

Clasping a full breast in each hand, he squeezed and maneuvered them around until they both surrounded his cock. Her excited nipples were bursting from between his fingers as the digits flexed, pinching the hard points further. Gently torturing the tips brought louder groans from her lips. Eventually, each groan was followed by her tongue stroking over his cock head, as it poked out from between her breasts.

Wanting more, he released her nipples, and moved his hands to her shoulders to help hold her steady as she shifted to her knees.

"Suck my cock, Pet. Open those beautiful lips wide and take me in." Lucifer thrust his hands into her hair and tilted her head back. He held on and watched her lush mouth smoothly glide over his prick.

"There's more. I know it's big and that means there's all the more to pleasure you with."

Watching as his hard shaft slowly moved into her mouth, he struggled to keep from thrusting hard and fast between her lovely plump lips. They were stretched wide and as stunning as he'd remembered them being while surrounding his rod. Already the need to come teased the edge of his control.

"You're so good, and look very beautiful kneeling before me with my cock in your mouth. Look at me, look at me, yes,

yes." Unable to stop himself, he moved a small length of his prick in and out of her mouth as their eyes held. His thumbs reached down and softly stroked along the pulled skin beside her mouth.

"Show me how much you want my cock."

More mini thrusts led to her tongue stroking around the crown and to tap an unsteady rhythm against the small opening in the tip.

Then wet heat took over for his brain. His shaft felt like it was swimming in liquid heat. He tuned into the noises the woman on her knees before him was making. Moaning, yes, but the sounds she made as she sipped and savored his cock were pure ecstasy. Hearing them made him want to sustain her greedy appetite for more of his length.

"Oh yes, Pet! That's it, suck it all. Here comes some more, yes, there's more for you to devour, just a little more."

Hands clasping her head more firmly did nothing to stop her from moaning rampantly on his length or taking even more of his cock down her throat. Being with Nia reminded him how much he missed being with her. The unrestrained pleasure she found in going down on him wasn't something his hand could manage. He knew there was no way she could take all of his rod, but it always seemed as if she was striving to take everything he offered. Lucifer moved a hand to clasp the back of her head and the other went to grasp the base of his cock in order to limit her depth.

Looking down, he saw her perched on widely spread knees, and her honey glistening on the stocking tops. Every

sigh she made pulled his balls up tighter with a desperate need of release.

"That's it, beg me. Beg me to give you my cum."

Knowing the moment was close when he'd climax, he worked hard to grab hold of his composure, long enough to ask one final question. Removing his hand from the back of her head, he stroked a finger up and down her exposed neck, and looked into her bright green orbs.

"Will you drink my cum, Pet? Will you let me feed you?"

In answer to his request, Nia slid her mouth up and down his shaft a few more times. Then he felt her throat relax and open. The surprise had his hand releasing his rod and watching as she took more than he'd allowed thus far. He pulled back out and, with her eyes on him, moved in again. The hot, wet silk surrounding him was more than he could handle.

With a fierce hold on her head, he lost his battle with control. There was no holding back the rough grunt of satisfaction that went along with the spurting release of his seed. Coming was much more than about pleasure for him, it was one more step to bring her closer to his side.

Nia felt sexy, desirable, and incredibly horny. The freedom she always felt when stepping into the submissive role fit her perfectly, but knowing it would go even further was exciting.

Hands behind her back, on her knees with Lucifer's cock sliding in and out of her mouth, tempted her to reach for more from him. His hot pulsating rod was big, girth and lengthwise. She struggled to take it in her mouth and enjoyed every hard inch he gave her.

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There was an interesting sense of having been here with him like this before even though she knew that wasn't possible. No one could forget being so intimate with Satan. Despite that, there hadn't been that many men she'd been with sexually, and there was something about his cock and the way the man wielded it that was memorable.

Other things were nagging at her as well. Like his wanting her to keep her eyes on his while she took him in her mouth. Then there was how, when he was close to coming, a fire lit up his brown eyes. Even how he stroked a finger up her neck and asked to let him feed her. All of those actions rang bells for her, but she was too lost in the erotic lust he'd created in her mind and body to do anything other than give him the only answer she had.

While he held her head steady, plunging in and out of her opened lips, she focused on opening her throat, and taking even more of his cock than before.

All he'd been able to handle was two strokes and she was pleased by that. He pulled his rod from her throat until a small portion remained. With a pulsating beat, he shot his first load of cum onto her tongue. She'd gladly swallowed it and all that followed. His hot seed was naturally rich, strongly flavored, and for a sliver of time, she knew she'd tasted it before. Following behind that thought was the reminder it wasn't possible and Nia went back to enjoying the bounty he gave her.

By the sixth or seventh throbbing release, she'd swallowed everything he'd given her, and tried to ignore the need beating through her body for her own release. Nia was not

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ready to let his semihard prick leave her mouth. She continued to move over the stiff tool with her tongue and sucked as he unconsciously moved slowly in and out of her mouth.

"Here, let me help you stand." Lucifer grasped her upper arms. The strength she felt in him could have lifted her entire body without any help, but she managed to gain her feet.

With a slight teeter on her high heels, she moved her hands forward and braced them both against his abdomen. Unable to resist the smooth tanned skin, she moved one hand over to stroke his side, down to where his pants remained resting loosely on his hips.

Shocked, she looked at her hands as if they weren't her own. She knew the rules in these types of sex games and she'd broken one when she released her elbows. Moving her eyes up to meet his, she found wicked knowledge of what she'd done. It matched his smile and put small crinkles to the corners of his eyes.

"Tsk tsks, Pet. You were doing so well, but I didn't tell you to move your hands, did I?"

"No, you didn't."

"Go stand beside the bed and wait for me."

She walked around to the side of the bed and wished she couldn't feel him watching her body. In the back of her mind was how her backside definitely wasn't her best side. Unsure of what she should do, Nia moved her hands back to clasp the opposing elbow and stood straight, with chin up and eyes forward. She was ready to meet every challenge head on and be pleased.

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It felt like an eternity as she stood there nearly naked, beside a huge bed, listening to the fire crackle and snap to her right. Odd, it was an incredibly large fireplace and the blaze in it filled the space, and yet there wasn't a tremendous amount of heat flowing out of it. From her idea of Hell, she'd have expected flames snapping out at her or at the very least extreme heat, but none of that had happened. It was just warm enough to not feel the need for clothes.

Something wasn't right, but she just couldn't put her finger on what it was. *Patience, it will become clear eventually.* Her luck would have everything she experienced and enjoyed be a dream.

Aroused, she didn't dare move a muscle in case she made another misstep. Lucifer was most likely watching and she didn't want to disappoint him again. Couldn't he see she was figuratively on her knees begging for release? Watching and feeling his climax had shown her how wonderful it had been for him and she wanted to feel such passion running wild through her own body.

Oh, how she wanted—her mind fluttered to a stop. He stepped up behind her, not touching, but stood close enough that if she leaned back a little bit, she'd find herself pressed against him.

"Spread your legs wide, Pet," he whispered in her ear.

With her hands clasped behind her back she slowly shifted her legs apart.

"Further." Nudging her feet with his, he held her waist. He smoothed his hands up and down her thighs and ass cheeks, feeding her desire for even more of his touch.

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Shifting her hair to the side, he kissed the back of her neck, just below her hairline. He moved closer, shifted a hand to gently cup a single breast, and teased its peak with a roughened thumb pad. His other hand slowly traced down her spine, over her entwined wrists, to the top of her crease and back up again.

Lucifer repeated the movement over and over, delving further down the crack of her ass each time. At its furthest reach, he teased a finger around her pulsing clit. The return journey traced back to her pussy's opening and swirled in the honey before moving back up along her crack.

It was a very erotic feeling, which she found surprising. Never before had she seen her rosette as an erogenous zone, and to be truthful, she wasn't sure she did now, but she felt deliciously good and turned on.

"Bend at the waist and lay your head down on the bed."

For the first time since she'd entered Hell, Nia felt vulnerable. She could tell he was considering taking her back there and no matter how intriguing the action may be, she was going to say no. There was something about that particular act which scared her. She didn't want to be so exposed and defenseless to another person.

"Do you trust me?"

Those four simple words said it plain and simple, and oddly enough, yes, she did, although she wasn't sure how far she'd be willing to let him go. With her hands clasped behind her back, legs spread wide, she bent over and laid her head down, looking away from the fire. Usually she was uncomfortable on her stomach, but the duvet was so soft and

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cushy, her breasts weren't squashed beneath her weight. The high heels gave her enough height so her hips met level with the bed, making it easy to bend over comfortably. She grinned when she thought about how it would still be a mighty jump up if she were to try and sit on the bed, with or without the shoes.

Her attention refocused on her body when he started slowly stroking her again. The feel of his big hands smoothing across her backside made her feel much like a cat would. It was wonderful to be the center of his attention and left her with a feeling of being cherished. Occasionally a finger would chart a return course from her neck, down her spine and over her wrists, ghosting between her crease, down to her now extremely needy nub and back to her pussy, where it stirred in her cream, before dragging the moisture up along her cleft. The fear of how it would feel for him to pay close attention to this side of her, lessoned under his hands.

In reaction to her body's need to climax, her legs quivered with a fierce desire for relief, and she shook her hips to let him know she was eager. Suddenly, she was stunned when she heard a sharp slap land, and then she felt it settle on her ass. The smack didn't hurt, it was more like a sting, but it sounded horrendous. Before she could do more than gasp, a matching spank landed on the other cheek with much the same results, shock and awe. Nia was surprised to realize the two mild blows had actually brought her pussy instantly back to full throb, and she gave her backside another wiggle. She wasn't sure if her antics were for more spankings or to tempt him to bury his cock deep within her moist, heated sheath

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while he spanked her again. It didn't matter as long as he kept touching her, cherishing her body with his.

Groaning with need, Nia could feel her honey building inside her, preparing to spill down her thighs, and onto the duvet as Lucifer continued to pebble her ass with stinging slaps. Knowing her backside was red and poking up with a need for more attention, she could do nothing more than beg for relief.

"Please, Luc, please, I can't take any more. I need you inside me."

Abruptly the spanking stopped, and the hands returned to smooth over her heated ass. Each cheek was grasped and jiggled, impossibly arousing her further. She knew she'd come in less than a minute and wanted it to be with him inside her, only he had other plans. He curved a hand around until he teased her excited clit. Still no relief was given before he moved back around to soothe her ass some more. She felt him place tender kisses where she knew stood vibrant red handprints, leaving her with the impression of being cosseted by the man. It was a wonderful feeling, a right feeling. There was nothing wrong with how he treated her.

A single finger returned to torment her with its lusty path when, suddenly her mind fragmented. He placed his feet inside her widened stance and then moved his legs out to rest against hers. The hairs on his legs tickled and rubbed against her sensitive inner thighs. A smile bloomed within her. Finally he was naked and ready to take her as he'd promised. The final straw was when his wicked finger started its descent down her spine. He used his other hand to place his cock at

her pussy's opening and lodge a few inches inside her moist cleft.

"Yes, yes, please, fuck me!"

She inhaled deeply when he steadily moved his thick shaft into her slit with a few grinding motions. Nia knew her pussy was dripping because, despite his size, he slid into her with ease. Feeling his cock finally make its way inside her was all she felt, until suddenly she became aware of his large thumb stop right above her rosette. His other hand reached around her thigh and ensured her clit was uncovered so it rubbed against the silk velvet duvet. Then he moved his hand back to rest on her hip, holding her still.

"Luc?"

"You're so wet for me, I feel you dripping cream over my balls and your pussy stretches to take me inside. I have more cock to give you, but the ride in is so delicious, it must be savored." His lascivious voice and descriptive words worked its dirty deed on her. She looked for a way to thrust back further onto his length, only her clasped hands and body position didn't allow much freedom, nor did his hold.

Nia was pleased with how he'd positioned her, it made her dependent on his giving her the pleasure she screamed out for.

"Eager for more of my cock?" Lucifer slowly pulled his solid prick out of her clasping cleft, only to drive back into her depths with quick intermittent thrusts.

"Yes, give me more!"

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"Here you go, Pet. How's this? Are you going to come on my cock? Am I going to feel you hold me tight as your pussy pulses and beats around me?"

While he fucked her, slow and methodically, there was no way she could answer him with anything other than unintelligible noises. Although, if he listened carefully, she was sure her grunts and groans made sense to those knowledgeable in the language of lust. When he hit bottom she grunted loud with satisfaction, when he pulled out, she groaned over the loss of the thick prick, only to grunt with the force of his hitting bottom again.

In time his speed increased. She was shocked he was able to speak clearly when she was incoherent and lost swimming in the erotic sea. As he fucked in and out of her tight clasp, she looked for the strength to pull him along with her.

"Perfect, my *petite fleur*, you take my cock beautifully. You should see the view from here, my cock disappearing into your lovely soft pink pussy, only to come back out coated in your cream."

While she tried to focus on what he said, she suddenly felt his thumb lodge itself in the opening of her ass. It didn't bother her as much she'd expected, in fact, she enjoyed it. On his next stroke he started to fuck her back door with an opposing rhythm to the one his cock played in her pussy. One went in deep while the other gently retreated. On the long pull out of his tool from her pussy, his thumb gently nudged into her opened rear channel.

"Luc..."

"Yeah, baby, take this fucking, this pleasure I give you."

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The thumb in her back entrance was erotically entrancing and Nia enjoyed the carnality of the moment. This experience, mixed with the incredible loving his cock was giving her cleft, didn't last long. She came with a loud scream and continued to groan with each hard thrust Lucifer gave her. Each coming harder and faster into her climaxing slit than the last.

"Pet!" shouted Lucifer, his thumb buried as he hammered her pussy.

Using her muscles, she squeezed his cock, hard, and tried to hold him inside her warmth. Instead, she was given something else she wanted. He came, repeatedly spurting cum deep within her cleft. With his gently pulsing cock rocking in and out of her, Lucifer slowly pulled his thumb from her rosette and reached around to strum her clit. He peppered her neck and upper back with kisses and little love bites, while whispering words of praise on how well she'd pleased him.

He unclasped her arms and stretched them out to the sides. Gently massaging her upper arms and back from any strain, he occasionally rocked his prick in her pussy, as if to remind her it was still there.

When he finally pulled his half-hard cock from her depths, his seed cascaded down her legs. Instinct was to clench her thighs and head for a bathroom. However, she had no energy to move, and it fit her dark desires to lay there and enjoy his cum running down her stocking-clad legs.

"*Fleur*, you look radiant with our juices streaming from your pussy down your trembling legs."

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With one last soothing stroke across both flaming ass cheeks, he stepped away from her. Not knowing where he went was briefly disconcerting. Then, in the silence of her bliss, she tuned into her body, and it screamed with the joy of his command.

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Chapter 6

Lucifer sat in his favorite leather Chesterfield that sat in a shadowed corner of his bedroom and watched her satiated form trembling with remembered pleasure. Other than being inside her, there was nowhere else he'd rather be than right where he sat. As he absorbed the sensual essence of his woman through all of his senses and knew he'd soon be immersed in her again, he wondered what was going through her mind. Was it him, what they'd done, or what they might do next?

A satisfied grin tickled his lips. Nia hadn't moved at all since he'd pulled his cock from her warm body and yet he was positive she hadn't fallen asleep. No, she was definitely awake and aware of her surroundings. Personally, when he looked upon his seed decorating her upper thighs, he realized that on the surface they'd always used protection, but down below, it wasn't necessary. It wasn't all that surprising that he'd enjoyed having nothing separating them. Their first sexual interlude in Hell had been a heady experience. Then again, whenever he found a part of him inside her body, he found it was invigorating.

While he'd had no desire to leave her, he'd needed time to regain his focus before heading back in for more.

What happened between them down in Hell was very important and offered no room for mistakes or second chances. He was reaching for everything with Nia, but felt sure he was handling it correctly by how she'd eventually

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taken his finger in her back channel. He had high hopes and what he did next would bring the trust issue to the forefront. He wasn't a patient man and wanted to know she'd be his before he closed his eyes to rest. There were only seven days to make her understand how precious she was to him and to trust him implicitly. He needed to make her want to spend a lifetime with him. After she accepted him for who he was, then it was up to him and him alone to ensure everything else fell into place. Promises and an exchange of power would be made, because he'd do whatever it took to be with her for a lifetime and beyond.

With his goals reestablished and reaffirmed, Lucifer stood, and stripped off the rest of his clothes. Even though they'd made love, he'd been in such a hurry, he'd only managed to push them to the side. Lucifer made his way over to a cabinet and pulled out a few things he thought he might need in the next couple of hours. Heading back to the bed, he paused at the end, and laid them down, before making his way to stand behind Nia.

Once he stood behind her, he couldn't stop from laying a hand on her ass, and gently stroking the enticing flesh. There was a slight pink tinge from where he'd lightly spanked her. When he'd walked into the room with her earlier, he'd had no intension of paddling her backside, but he was glad he had. He hadn't known she would react so intensely and now he had another part of her passionate soul to explore further.

A sigh escaped her lips and he saw the accompanying smile his touch brought. She was such a responsive woman, he'd give her plenty more to enjoy in the coming hours.

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"You ready for more, Pet?"

"Yes," she whispered without a pause or tensing of her muscles.

"Do you remember your stop word?" Before they went to the next level, he needed to feel confident that she'd call a halt to anything that wasn't about pleasure for her. Nothing he planned to do would be close to physically harming her, but mentally, it will definitely push her buttons which, in some cases, could be just as bad. Hopefully it wouldn't come to that, although he'd prepared for all possibilities.

"I won't need it."

"Humor me, *fleur*, and tell me your word."

"Eggplant."

"Good. Now let me get these stockings and shoes off you. I want you completely naked for what's next."

"Um, okay."

Lucifer knew he was taking some of her armor away when he took the shoes. He didn't think of it as breaking her down, but more like building her up. Material things weren't needed to protect her from others, all she needed was herself.

Down on his knees, Lucifer slow rolled one of the stockings down and followed the path with tender kisses and an occasional nibble. She gasped when he licked the flesh at the back of her knee and was followed by gooseflesh spreading along the surface. The more reaction he received from her, the more delayed he was in his quest to rid her of the stockings and shoes.

When the sheer black silk circled her ankles, he ran his hands back up her leg and ended with a gentle tickle to her

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clit. Her hips bumped out to give him more room to play with the bundle. Unable to deny the lure of the tight nub, he gave it a firm pinch, pulling a gasp from her, before moving on to roll down the other stocking.

After he helped her out of the stockings and shoes, he rested his first finger over her hard nub. The answering throb made him grin. Apparently she was as excited about what was to come as he was. Standing up, he pressed close to her, nudging his hard-on between her thighs, and stretching his arms out along hers. As he was spread across her, covering her, he laid his lips at the corner of her mouth and kissed her as a groan slipped out from her luscious lips.

"Let me help you."

He stood, picked her up and carried her to the foot of the bed. Once she was settled facing away from the fire, he went about tying her hands and legs with silk cord to the posts. Once he'd finished, he ran a finger under the cords to make sure they weren't wound or tied too tightly.

"Are they uncomfortable?"

"No, no, it, they feel wonderful," she whispered while wrapping her hands around the silk cords.

"They're strong and flexible, which means you can tug on them with all your strength, and they won't break."

"Really?"

"Test them out. You should feel comfortable with them and their ability to hold you up without causing any pain. There may come a point when you need to rely on them and you have to know it's possible."

"What do you mean?"

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"Test them, baby. Pull and see what happens. I promise the bed won't fall around you."

"Okay." Nia tugged, and when nothing happened but a little stretching of the cords, she pulled harder.

Coming to stop behind her, Lucifer put his hands on her hips and couldn't stop from pressing even closer. The feel of her was so utterly divine. To touch her soft form as it hung from his bed robbed him of his sanity. She was such a tempting handful of life and he struggled to not move too quickly. Lucifer wanted to coast his hands down over her belly until they cupped her mound. Not yet. In time, she'd be his again, just not yet. He could feel how her body quivered in his hold and started moving them to the next level.

"How do you feel right now?"

"Naked."

"Yes, you're definitely not wearing any clothes, and I quite like seeing you nude. You're so soft and with curves that could make a grown man cry just to touch you. However, I'm not getting the idea that you see it the same way. You sound a little unsure about it."

"No, not at all. Well, maybe a little."

"We shall have to do something about that because I'm not one for wearing clothes unless I have to."

"You mean—"

"Unless I give you something to wear, you'll be naked when with me." A long silence followed, but he'd give her time to come to terms with the change. It was all part of gaining her trust. Even though they'd been together as a couple, she'd still had a difficult time lowering her defenses

and if he had anything to say about it, that side of her was going to end.

"Okay."

She made him wait to hear her affirmation, but it was exactly the answer he'd wanted. Walking back toward the cabinet, he pushed on the wall that was actually a door, and entered the bathroom. Taking a washcloth from the rack, he turned on the faucet and waited for it to warm up before dampening the cloth. Turning the water off and ringing out the excess, he made his way back to Nia, and started cleaning her legs and pussy of his seed.

While his touch was gentle, he purposely didn't make it too enticing, just enough to keep her eager for more pleasure. He wrapped the towel around his finger and gently pushed it inside her slit. Circling the opening, he slid it in a little further, enough to bring a moan from her delightful lips. Because she couldn't close her legs and had to take what he gave her, he carefully finger-fucked her a few times before pulling free of the delightful clench.

"No," she called out, obviously enjoying his attentions.

"Shhh, it's all right, Pet. I'll not deny you anything, especially not passion." He stood up and placed a kiss on her shoulder. Changing the cloth around to a fresh space, he again wrapped it around his finger and dragged it along her back cleft. She jumped a little and he kissed her neck as he placed the covered finger over her rose. Gently he rubbed his finger around the tight ring and, as he felt her body relax, he pressed in, and she groaned.

"Luc—"

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"A little more, *fleur*, just a little more, and then you'll gain so much pleasure later. I promise." His finger rested just inside her back channel and waited for her nod of approval. When it came, his heart opened up even further. He'd made a mistake in the heat of passion earlier when he'd placed his thumb inside her. She'd been too far gone with lust to say yes and he knew it could've been a problem later. Not wanting anything negative attached to their time together, he made sure she'd be able to say yes or no before he did anything and he'd accept her answer. When he finished, Lucifer pulled his finger free, and took the washcloth to the bathroom. He opened a drawer and took out a bottle of clear liquid, and then moved on to the other cabinet before returning to Nia.

"Listen to me carefully, because you need to make a choice." He moved his hand in front of her and opened it up so she could see what he held. It was a stainless steel ball on a curved stem, and ended in a ring.

"What is it?"

"A sex toy, otherwise known as a plug, and it goes in your ass."

"Oh."

"The ball is an inch wide at the biggest part. With lubricant and other preparations, it will slide into your back channel with a little discomfort. However, once it's inside you, I think you'll feel nothing except pleasure from it. This ring here is like a handle. I can use it to fuck you with the toy, as well as put it in you, and take it out."

"Oh."

"Talk to me, Pet. Tell me what you're thinking."

"What we did earlier, well, that was nice, but when it comes to, to—"

"Anal sex."

"Yes, anal sex, I'm just not sure about it."

"Are you against exploring further?" Lucifer waited for her to think about it. He knew the last time he'd asked if she wanted to experience anal sex, the conversation had ended with her walking away from him. He wondered if their discussion would be any different this time.

Why not?

Nia assumed her hang-up had to do with the type of foreplay he was offering, although she wasn't sure why. It was obvious to her and probably him, that she'd been turned on when he had his thumb buried there earlier. Why not take the potential for incredible pleasure even further?

One thing was for sure, she had no regrets with all they'd done together thus far, and so had no reason not to go further. Besides, it wasn't like he wanted actual anal sex. Maybe he would later and even that didn't sound like such a bad idea.

Looking down at the toy resting in his hand, she found it rather elegant, and knew that actually made it more interesting for her to want to experiment. In the end, her decision was made by looking at the hand that held the toy. Steady, strong, safe, those were the things she thought about when she looked at him. Trust. It was all about trust and with that thought, she felt as if the air in her chest rushed free. Nia didn't think she'd been holding it, but she definitely felt

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freer for making the decision. With a renewed sense of joy, she offered him her answer.

"No, I'm not against further play back there."

"Back there? It's your ass, my *petite fleur*, and it happens to be rather stunning."

"Yes, your playing with my ass sounds interesting."

"Good, let's get started."

He took his hand with the toy and lubricant out of her sight, although she could hear him behind her. She hadn't liked it when he left the room. She'd felt so vulnerable, almost lost without him there. When he did that a few minutes ago, she'd been ready to call out to him, and then remembered he'd done something similar after their first fuck and had come back. The next time he walked away without saying a word, she was less worried, and it only registered as a blip in her mind. He wasn't leaving her alone and exposed, vulnerable, that wasn't who he was.

"I want you to take a deep breath for me, Pet. Deeper, deeper, there, now slowly exhale and push out."

Nia groaned, not with pain, but with absolute pleasure as he slid the steel ball through her back rose and further. It wasn't what she'd been expecting at all. The toy offered so much more pleasure than she'd thought it would.

"Luc?"

"You all right, baby?" He asked as he nibbled on her neck and twisted the ball inside her.

"It's so, so..."

"Yes, it is," he whispered into her ear while shifting the plug slightly in and out. The passion racing throughout her

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body was truly a high point. She felt capable of everything and anything, wanted to try it all, let her inner erotic side free to play without any restrictions or parameters. Nia knew she was on a high and didn't think it would diminish quickly. If it didn't lessen, maybe she'd find a way to visit him again. Take another vacation together. She almost laughed. Who knew Satan took breaks?

While she wondered if more time together was possible, he twisted the toy again, and sent her spiraling further out of control.

"Here you go, *fleur*."

Lucifer was standing so close to her, she could feel his hard-on pressing against her back along with his gentle encouraging cooing in her ear. One hand came around and cupped her breast, teasing the pointed nipple with his thumb. With him nudging the plug buried in her backside and playing with her breast, she felt wanted, really wanted.

"Please, please take me."

"Don't worry, Pet, I'll fuck you again and again. I want to hear you screaming for me."

"I can't wait," she panted while trying to shift closer to him.

The man hadn't even touched her slit and already she was dripping wet. She was ready for him to plunge inside her pussy and thrust them into an orgasm. Wanting to touch him to help bring him closer to that edge, she moved her hand to shift it behind her and take hold of his rod. Unfortunately, she'd forgotten her hands were tied to the posts and she was only able to tug on the cord with her movement.

A groan laced with frustration slipped from her lips.

Suddenly the restrictions over her body were brought forward in her mind and what they offered bloomed inside her, spreading out, and shifted her desire to come even closer to urgent than it had been. A pulsating beat started playing in her pussy as a drop of cream slipped out from between her lips.

"I'm begging you, Luc, take me here and now!"

"In a minute, baby. I want to play a bit more with these lovely breasts. Do you see how perfectly they fit in my hands?"

"Yes, yes, perfect, now please."

Both of his hands teased her breasts. He squeezed, pinched, pulled, and rolled the hard nipples. Breathing heavily, she looked down at her chest and was lost in the lust he created inside her. Seeing what he was doing with the excited balls of flesh, holding them like tender glass orbs, and passionately playing with them at the same time, had her stomach rolling around with raw nerves. Very quickly she was sinking further into a pool of need and there was nothing she could do about it. All she could do was stand there, tied to his bed, and take what he offered.

"And if I pinch the two tips like this and nothing else, see how they jiggle from your breathing? Isn't that wonderful?"

"Luc! Now, now, now! I can't stand it any longer!"

"Okay, my *petite fleur*, okay. I'll take care of you. I'll always take care of you."

In less time than it took to gather a breath and release it, he had released the cords from the bedposts and was helping

her climb onto the bed. How they ended up with her crawling over him didn't matter. All she cared about was how she found herself straddling his hips and had his hard-on in her hand. The power she suddenly felt was intoxicating.

With one hand on his chest and the other holding his cock steady, she slowly slid down his thick length.

"So full," she moaned before lifting off him, only to take even more of him on the next downward motion. It took some time before she'd managed to take all of him inside her body. However, once she had him where she wanted him, she sat back, closed her eyes, and savored the feel of him. There was a subtle throbbing from his rod and she had to smile when she felt fingers flicking her clit.

"Come here, Pet. Let me feast on your breasts while you ride me."

"What? You want some of this?" She leaned over, put a hand beside his head as she held a breast before his mouth. Their eyes connected and she was surprised by the intense fire burning in his deep brown orbs. Without breaking contact, his hand reached out to hold onto the breast as he latched on, and fiercely sucked on the hard tip. There was no way to hold in the gasp of surprise when he continued to hold her gaze as he turned his mouth to the side and gently gnawed on the pink point.

She felt everything he did to her nipple straight down in her pussy and pushed even closer to coming by his fingers holding her excited nub in a relentless grip. The muscles in her slit tightened and squeezed him even more firmly, bringing a large throb from his rod. In return, he groaned

until she felt his belly resonate against her stomach, but she didn't release him.

"Fuck me, Pet," he growled around her nipple.

Nia went to move off him and realized how trapped she was. Between his mouth having a death grip on her breast, his fingers holding firmly to her clit, and the steel ball in her backside, she was seconds from exploding. How could she possibly bring him to the point of climaxing without moving? She was lost and didn't know what to do. She wanted him to come and didn't know how to do it without falling apart first.

While she was trying to figure it all out, he let go of her nipple, put his hands on her hips, and pulled her off his length before pushing her back down. The next stroke she did herself as he pulled her head down and kissed her. His tongue took possession of her mouth, much as his rod mastered her slit. She moaned with pleasure as they took each other. He pulled out and she followed him until she had his cock inside her once again.

Back and forth they went, him leading the way, and then her taking control. They rolled across the bed and immersed themselves in each other. He was on top with his hand reaching around her leg to twist the steel plug, then it was her turn on top, and she held a breast out for him to feast upon. Their passion didn't last long, but it seemed endless to her. And when her lust exploded around him, she didn't have a chance to bemoan the fact he hadn't followed her, because he had.

They panted for air and she wallowed in the aftermath of passion spent. She liked how he still throbbed inside her and

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how her breasts tingled from his mouth. This was heaven. Actually, it was Hell, but it felt so good to be here with him, it might as well have been Heaven.

Dang, she hadn't been prepared to find herself with a man she could truly love.

* * * *

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Chapter 7

Pure, unadulterated joy and pleasure surrounded him. There wasn't an ounce of stress in his mind or body. In fact, it felt like he was floating along a soothing current full of passion, an erotic lustful passion, and he didn't want it to change. As far as he was concerned, nothing had the slightest chance of shifting his attention away. He was happily focused on only one thing. His cock.

There was a delicious tugging taking place between his legs and he didn't want it to ever stop. Something hot and moist surrounded his rod, and was accompanied by a strong steady pull that hijacked every brain cell so he couldn't think. He was turned on, hard as a rock. While the need to come wasn't imminent, Lucifer wasn't eager for his release, not if it meant the pleasure he was experiencing stopped.

The desire racing through his body wasn't something he could ignore. He could almost taste the satisfaction that came with climaxing and wanted to feast on it. Knowing he must be in the midst of a wet dream, he slid his hand down his abdomen, ready to stroke his hard-on until he climaxed, only he didn't find his cock. Instead, his hand touched something soft as air spreading over his groin.

Not being fully awake, he momentarily questioned what was happening, and if he was dreaming it all. He didn't really care what it was because, a fantasy or not, it felt so good, and didn't see a reason to deny himself pleasure. The suckling continued and his lust grew alongside his rod. One

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particularly strong pull ended with a vocal groan from him. The actual sound drawn from his chest was raw and managed to push him to the point of waking up.

Because he didn't want the luscious suckling to stop, he slowly shifted his other hand down to discover who was actually giving him a blow job. He felt the skull beneath the mass of silky hair and guessed it was a woman and not just any woman either. It was his woman. The angel who often visited him during his most wicked dreams and always left him satisfied. She was wonderful and held his heart. They suited each other, both in bed and out. The tiny little blonde was the one person who made him want to offer more than sex.

Awake and eager to play, Lucifer knew what he wanted and it was to bring her to another screaming orgasm, all so could feel her shatter around him. Maybe then she'd confess to loving him. Their time in Hell was almost at an end and, while she had learned to trust him with her body and darkest desires, she hadn't recanted her lie. He didn't feel any guilt for using such a flimsy excuse to get her down to his territory. He possessed not an iota of doubt that she loved him. She only needed to open her heart and completely trust him.

Looking down between his legs, he sighed with utter pleasure and satisfaction. His Pet was curled up, looking like she was still asleep, and sucking on his rod like it was her favorite lollipop.

Unable to help himself, he propped himself up on one hand and used the other to gently readjust her head's position. He

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wanted to see her sleeping with the comfort of his cock in her mouth. A simple pleasure and yet something he'd always wanted to experience was Nia needing him as much as he did her. He smoothed a few random curls off her face and felt her pleased moan race along his shaft, followed by sounds of her sucking on him.

Physically, the differences between them were hard to ignore, and yet so striking. These past few days they'd been together, her passion had found no limits. For him, she'd become more beautiful with trust growing between them, and it was proved with each act of submission her body offered him. Lucifer understood he may be physically stronger than his Pet, but without her, he was merely a man with a demanding job. Without her, he was just the Prince of Darkness.

Despite these thoughts and emotions swirling through him, all he was able to pay attention to was how his cock responded to her rhythmic sucking. It was the best feeling and, like he'd told her when she first arrived in his home, he wanted nothing more than to have his rod somewhere inside her at all times.

Most likely it was his growing cock filling up her mouth that eased her awake. He wasn't sure what made her eyes sleepily opened and settle on his, and didn't care, because she looked so pleased.

With a smile in her eyes, she hummed happily around him. Apparently she liked waking up to find him in her mouth, and ready to play. Where her body touched his, he could feel her vibrating with excitement. After spending so much time with

her in such intimate positions, he should recognize it for what it was. She'd been shaking in her skin for days with pure pleasure and he enjoyed knowing he had a part in creating it.

With his cock held in her mouth, she gracefully moved onto her knees without losing hold of him. The lust he saw in her green orbs, he knew, was matched by the same in his eyes. She did that to him, fired him up, and made him hungry.

"Hello, my Pet, are you enjoying your treat?"

The answering naughty gleam she flashed told him she was ready to please and be pleased in return. She slipped her hands up his chest as if stretching and pinched each nipple, all while continuing to give him a blow job. He shifted his legs to give her more room and she filled it.

Rising up above him, she pulled her mouth off his rod until just the crown remained, and it drove him wild. She swirled her tongue around the tip, tracing each vein and ridge. She teased him and started to swallow more of his length, then managed to further startle him by taking even more of him. Groaning with the immense amount of pleasure she'd created, he couldn't stop his hands from holding her head even more firmly. The feel of her mouth surrounding his cock was absolutely delicious and touched his heart right alongside his passion. She was his woman.

For a few moments she moved up and down his rod, lavishing her detailed attention on the hard cock. She tried to take more of him with each trip down the shaft, only to be denied by the girth of his hard-on. When she couldn't take

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anymore, she went back to sucking hard on the crown, and sipping drops of seed that he spilt.

What she did to him, the games she played and what she made him feel, were so intense, but he'd have it no other way. Funny that he, Lucifer, Prince of Darkness and all that shit, gladly accepted she was the one person who had any control over him. He wanted it no other way.

Lucifer's back bowed with immense pleasure. His entire body felt her mouth fiercely pulling on him. She worked to draw energy and need from the furthest reaches of his body to gather in his balls. The fight going on inside him was to stop himself from using his hold on her head and encourage her to take more of him. It was his rule, Nia took what she wanted, not what he made her take. The point of his release was near. He could taste it and on his next breath, she pulled off him entirely, and he couldn't stop his protest from spilling out.

"No!"

"Yes. I'm so very horny, Luc, and I must have your cock inside me, filling me. I'll ride you to a climax like the greedy woman I am when it comes to you and your cock, and ensure you're pleased."

Surprised she voiced her need so plainly, he was then intrigued when she didn't delay in straddling his hips, facing his feet. She'd never taken that particular position with him before and he was immediately interested to see what she did with it.

While she held his dick steady, he was entranced by watching her lower her moist slit over him, and sinuously sink

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down until he had no further to go. Her arms moved about and then he felt her play with his balls before rubbing them over her hard nub. From his position, he could see the passion rolling along her spine, and it was there when she threw her head back, tossing her curls and moaning. He felt her freedom to possess him and thrived at seeing her please him. It was going to be a wild ride.

Ready for whatever happened next, he noticed how totally feminine she appeared. Nia possessed curves that made his mouth water and his hands shake with a serious need to stroke over the silky hills and valleys. Before he could reach out and touch her, his attention was drawn to her shapely ass with a silver ring in the crease. She'd taken to wearing a plug like the one he'd first put inside her, only now she was up to the next size. Soon she'd be able to take his cock in her back channel. It would be a tight fit, but he'd make sure it was good for her.

Nia moved her pussy off his rod and he was turned on even further to see it reappearing with its hard surface shining decadently with her honey. It was a tempting sight and made her taking him even more erotic.

"Luc, I beg you for one thing, please?"

"Anything, baby." How could he possibly deny her when she took him and rung him out to dry? "Whatever you want is yours."

"It's my turn," she started as she slipped back over his hard-on. "It's my turn to lead you through our fiery hot, twisting path to climax."

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She'd asked for something very easy to do. He had no problem letting her take control of their loving.

"Have at it. I'll lie back, and enjoy the view."

"You do that."

Falling back onto a pile of pillows, he watched as she took the slow road toward fulfillment. Not doing anything except providing a hard-on for her to ride, he was intrigued by how much more sensitive his body was to whatever she did. There was a hard pebble tracing along his excited rod and he knew that her changed position meant she was able to rub her clit along his shaft. Nia liked to have her nub stimulated. It always built her desire to a fever pitch.

Lying there, being taken by his Pet, he experienced one of the things he loved most about her. She freely sought pleasure, and felt no embarrassment in doing so. Personally, he experienced a great deal of satisfaction to know she felt so at ease with him that she had no problem seeking her orgasm, in whatever way she wanted.

Despite the need he heard in her groans, she didn't pick up her pace. In fact she slowed down and he was the one struggling to handle it. The need to come she built inside him, teasing him to reach out and touch her, help her move over him, or simply take over their fucking, would soon rip him apart. Because he cared so much for her and was serious about creating a future for them together, he held back, and let her have her way. It was difficult, but he fought his natural inclinations to be in control, at least for as long as he could.

It was a curious dance she was doing. While slowly moving over his hard shaft, he also watched her body twist one way and then the other. The more she twisted around, the more curious he was to know what she did that caused her to move around and moan so delightfully.

"Tell me what you're doing. What makes you writhe around my cock like it was a hot pole covered in glowing embers?" He asked the question while trying to keep his hands from touching her satin flesh. If he touched her all hope of letting her do what she wanted would be lost.

"I'm playing with my nipples." Nia's voice had a delightful quiver to it and he wanted to hear it again.

"Ahh. Pulling on the hard points?"

"No, rolling them. I love it when you roll the tips and then take them in your mouth. That's just the best." She sounded breathless and ended her explanation on a moan.

"Turn around and I'll do it for you."

"No, I think I like making you ask."

"That's cruel, Pet. You know your being horny turns me on and yet you're denying me from seeing it. You promised to deny me nothing." It was hard not to laugh. So his sweet and gentle woman had a little naughty streak in her, lovely. He did as well and was ready to give it right back to her.

"I'm not denying you anything, simply making you ask for it."

"This is about your liking how I talk dirty to you, isn't it?"

"Maybe."

"Oh, yes, it is. I can tell. You're so excited right now you're dripping honey down over my balls."

"Maybe."

"Fine, let's go there. I want you to pinch those hard points firmly for me and then a little harder." Nia gasped and he knew her cheeks must be blooming pink with her growing need. He wanted to see it for himself, but quite liked the game she'd started.

"Are you holding them firmly or can it be tighter?" She groaned and he figured she tightened her hold just that little bit more and smiled. If he couldn't do it for himself, then he was surely going to enjoy leading her to do it herself. "Now pretend your fingers are my teeth tugging on them, working them so you feel it deep in your pussy, and then pull the tips firmly."

A long, languorous moan filled the room, and became a more pronounced pant as her head fell back. Lucifer knew that, like her clit, she got off having her nipples the focus of his attention. He didn't mind, because everything about her was a treasure, especially if it caused her pussy to grip him even harder. Unfortunately, her attention was diverted, and she stopped moving over his cock. That was all it took for Lucifer to lose control of his patience. With a growl as his only warning, he grasped hold of her hips and took over. Lifting her almost all the way off his rod, he held her still for a moment, and then brought her back down, hard and fast.

"Don't let your nipples go, Pet. Hold them as tight as you dare."

Lucifer lifted her again and brought her down again, hard enough to make her breasts shake. By the third stroke he

could feel her trying to take back control, most likely to go faster, but he wasn't having it.

"Is your clit peeking out from beneath its hood? Look down and tell me, do you see your excited bundle?"

"Yes, I see it."

"Good, good." He didn't saying anything more, but did lift her up and thrust her back down. It was hard to hold back on the reins of his needs. As he went to pull her off his cock again, she asked what he'd expected to hear.

"Do you want me to touch it?"

"Interesting idea." He finished pulling her back onto his rod and closed his eyes over her answering moan.

Fucking lust was tearing him apart. He opened his eyes again and was unable to ignore the pretty pink rosette currently filled by a steel plug. He smoothed a hand over her hips, over a cheek until he could get hold of the ring. With a twist of the toy, he knew he had her attention, and was overjoyed when she showed him she wanted what he did. Not tonight, but soon, he'd place his cock in there, and take her. The final part of the trust he sought from her would come when she asked for him to take her in this tight channel. During sex, a woman was in a vulnerable position, but in anal sex, it took trust for the woman to find pleasure. For him and Nia, it was more than that. It was about power and her trusting him not to abuse the situation or her.

"I think it's time we put the bigger plug in your pink rose, then you'll be that much closer to being able to take me. Would you like that, Pet? Would you like me to put my cock in

your tight channel and take you? Give you unimagined pleasure?"

"Yes, yes, take me however you want, just take me." He loved to hear her while they were lost in their passion. Even now his cock twitched to satisfy her every desire.

"Please, I'm begging you, take me."

"Okay, okay, here you go," he growled as he gripped her hips and thrust into her pussy, to the end, and again as she moaned. Loving her was what made his heart pound. However, he had one regret, and had to fix it. There was no mirror in this room where he could see her large breasts shake and jiggle with each movement. Next to her lush lips, those big mounds of flesh topped with firm red nipples were his dream come true. Since that wasn't to be, he imagined them being worked over by her fingers.

The path through her pussy was tight and pulsed around him. He was pleased to know she was close to coming because he was as well. To send her over the edge, he used the ring on the plug, and began fucking her back channel with it as his cock made a place for itself in her pussy. Together, they plunged inside her, and pulled out as one.

It was too much and she came exactly how he liked it, screaming his name.

"Luc!" Her heated slit clenched around his hard shaft, pulling him even deeper than before, trying to hold him in her grip, and he followed right behind her.

One, two, three hard thrusts and he was coming, shooting load after load of seed inside her lush pussy. He never wanted to leave her pulsating grip.

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He collapsed on top of her and took them both to the bed. Trying not to crush her, he rolled them to their side and wrapped his arms around her. Pulling her close, he closed his eyes and tried to catch his breath. Nia did that to him, took everything he had, and then added even more into the mix. She made him open his eyes and hope for a future together.

Using his chin, he moved the hair from her face, and laid a tender kiss at the corner of her mouth.

"I love you, Luc," she muttered and snuggled her ass into his groin.

She said the one thing he wanted to hear from her and before he could give her his love in return, promise her a lifetime of devotion, a voice from the other room called out.

"Lucifer, I think it's time we talked."

* * * *

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Chapter 8

"Shhh, my *petite fleur*, it's all right," he offered when she gave a discontented mowl. "I need to take this meeting, but I'll be back."

Nia hummed but didn't complain. She merely gave him something to look forward to. "Hurry back, I'm not done with you."

Lucifer gently tugged on her earlobe with his teeth and told her what was in his heart. "You and I will never be finished, so rest up for the next round."

"Promise?"

"I promise," he whispered and swore to himself he'd do whatever it took to be there for her every day of her life. Nia was his heart and soul. Whatever she needed or wanted, he was going to be the person to ensure she had it. Never again would she doubt her beauty and importance to others, especially to him.

Softly kissing her neck, he waited a few moments, until he felt her body relax as she dozed, before he reluctantly slipped away from her warm, satiated, and seductive form. He wanted to be with her and in order to make it possible, Lucifer had to open up to the man waiting in his office. It wasn't easy for him to lower his guard to another, but he would for her. He'd do anything for her.

Since she'd arrived, he purposely hadn't moved as he usually would, faster than the human eye could track. However, he did now so that he could shower, dress, and

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have his meeting handled quickly and make it back to her side before she noticed him gone. As he walked out of the room, rolling up the sleeves, he looked back at his bed, and the beautiful woman resting on it. Leaning against the doorjamb, he folded his arms across his chest and promised himself he'd do whatever it took to keep her, anything and everything.

It was possible all he had to do was make his friend see things the same way he did and she would be his. He didn't think it would be too hard to do since it was the truth and that was the one thing the man in his office required. In this particular case, speaking honestly and with his heart would work in his favor. Although, it would most likely help him get what he wanted if he could wipe the satiated look off his face.

Walking into his office, he nodded to the older man, making a quick note that he looked to be in good health. Things must be going well these days. He liked it when business was slow, gave him more time to play with Nia.

"Can I get you a drink? I have a fine cognac you might like to try."

"The quick elevator trip took a little more out of me than usual. I think a drink might help revive me."

Lucifer almost laughed. The man made the exact same trip many times, sometimes making a handful of visits in a single day. There was no way it took a toll on God. The man simply fancied something stronger to drink. While Heaven kept an endless supply of red wine, Hell managed to have more varied offerings. Shaking his head, he poured them each a

portion, and carried it over to his friend before moving to his chair behind his desk.

He let out a gust of air and tried to let some of the tension go with it. Lifting his glass, he sent a toast to his friend, and took a drink as he tried to relax. Finding his calm was easy to manage when he remembered the last time he sat in his office. That had been when his Pet sat across from him and she'd been prepared to argue with him about lying. It seemed like just yesterday he'd welcomed her into his world. The reason he'd brought her to his territory had been settled. All that was left to bring them together in a life above was up to him.

Taking another sip from his drink, he worked to pull his thoughts into some semblance of order so he could get the anticipated meeting finished, with the result he wanted. The end goal wasn't complicated. He needed to keep Nia and the only thing standing in his way was if the man who sat across from him pulled the retirement option off the table.

Shifting his glance back to God, Lucifer felt ready to get the meeting started. He suddenly understood why, despite his desire to move on to his new life, his friend seemed to be in no hurry to begin their serious discussion. It might be the last time he saw his best friend and, even though he was happy about the changes about to be made, he still felt a great deal of sadness. They'd been through the best and worst of times, together, and in an instant, they may never see each other again. Well, unless, after all was said and done, he made his way to Heaven.

Time seemed to have stopped and he had to clamp down on the need to squirm in his chair when the first query was finally asked.

"So, is she the one?"

The pleasure and assurance the question brought to him spread across his face with a grin. There was no doubt it spoke for itself, except he wanted to be sure his friend was perfectly clear about where he stood on the matter. For good measure, Lucifer followed his smile up with an emphatic, no-holds-barred verbal response.

"Yes."

Despite knowing his friend's plan to find love, God was still stunned at the answer he'd received. He took the time to study Lucifer for any sign of his usual subterfuge or cynicism. There was none. In fact, what he did notice was a quality of peace and happiness the younger man exuded. The new elements were something that had never before been part of his makeup. Actually, that wasn't completely true. Since his friend started spending time with the woman in the other room, he'd noticed a fresh and positive outlook on life being voiced by his friend. It was truly remarkable.

Not too long ago he'd been surprised when Lucifer, the young, ambitious, wild man, had brought a serious question to the table.

Can the Prince of Darkness retire?

His instant response had been to say no, of course it wasn't possible. Thankfully he'd held back from saying anything until after they'd taken the time to delve further into the matter. It hadn't taken long before they'd found common

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ground between them on the subject. Over the years, the main concern of his friend had been about redemption. As far as he was concerned, there was no longer a need for forgiveness from him. In a time of need and without being asked, Lucifer had stepped up and assumed control of something that had then, and always would exist. Hell.

As for the Devil retiring from his job, he'd admittedly never thought about his friend not continuing on just like he had since its inception. There were no successors for either of their jobs, no one to step in if they had an off day or needed to step away to regain the strength of mind it took to keep their kingdoms running smoothly. However, he believed Lucifer had a much more difficult job than he did, so hadn't questioned when he'd taken more time for himself. Was any of that really a reason to deny the man a chance to experience the joy of love and acceptance? After all the horrors his young friend faced and dealt with on his behalf, it didn't seem fair to say no, the Prince of Darkness can't retire.

"After all this time I've ruled Heaven while you've handled everything down here in Hell, we've become close. I consider us good friends."

"You are my best friend."

"You're right, we are the only people who understand what the other is going through. While you and I may have had our differences at the beginning of this endeavor, now we have an honest and mutual respect for each other. We do what must be done to keep the world on a level plane. Deep down, I believe in you as a man, in your ability to be a productive member of society."

"Thank you. To hear you say that means a great deal to me."

"Now it's time for me to make a confession. When you first started going above, I was curious why, and even more interested to know how you spent your time there. I had you watched and admit you impressed me. The position you chose to take while up there speaks clearly of who you really are. A judge is a perfect profession for you and your experiences. However, from the beginning of this latest turn of events, you made it clear what you really want in life. That said, Ms. Adams is involved, and she belongs entirely to me."

"No—"

"Wait and listen to me. She does belong to me. Not now, but when the time comes, she'll go to Heaven where she belongs. In my opinion, that young lady slipped through the cracks, and suffered more than her share of difficulties. I'd prefer she never had to have another day of hurt, but there is no guarantee of that for those on the surface. I think we agree on that. Now, where I am most concerned is for you, and the terms you've set in regards to resigning. I think they're too harsh for yo—"

"I know they are, but I need them to be. Things have come easy for me for too long, and I wouldn't be happy if I didn't have to work to have her in my life. If I fail in giving her everything she wants and deserves, then I should burn in Hell for an eternity. Not as master, but a common deviant. I'm capable of the challenge her presence in my life demands and wouldn't want it any other way."

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"You've always had a security net beneath you. Be fair to yourself and at least keep the chance for immortality open."

"No, thank you, God, but no. You see, I believe she's worth giving up immortality for. I love her. For years I've hated all the crap she endured and haven't been in a position to do anything except punish those who'd hurt her when they finally entered my kingdom. I did punish them and felt pleased to do it on her behalf. However, I have a new calling in life, and it's to bring love and joy into her life. Protect and keep her safe. Cherish her above all others."

Lucifer lifted his glass and drank a bit more cognac as he watched his friend think through everything he'd said in a bid to plead his case for retiring as the Prince of Darkness on his own terms. Waiting for another, even if it was someone he trusted, to decide his future, to offer the final word was one of the hardest things he had to do. However, he trusted God to do what was best for him, as well as Nia. Of course, as he'd done for quite some time, he much preferred to be in control of his own destiny, although understood why it was best if the man across from him had the final word. He wasn't entirely sure what he'd do if the answer wasn't the one he wanted, that simply had had no place in his mind. Never.

"You're absolutely sure about this, Lucifer?"

"Yes, I'm positive it's the right path for me. I've had it easy down here, ruling as I please, handing out punishments as I see fit. It's time for me to live, to have a real life, one with ups and downs, and consequences. All I can say is that I love her dearly and want to be with her, on the surface, with the chance for a future of us being together."

Despite the serious subject they were discussing, there was an easy silence between the two men as they were both lost in their thoughts. What they shared was a friendship he'd miss. After a few minutes God stood up and stretched a hand across the desk to shake Lucifer's one final time.

"Deal."

The two men shook hands, sealing the younger man's future.

"Luc?"

As the soft voice drifted across the room, the two men turned toward the doorway, and found Nia standing there with only a sheet wrapped around her small frame.

They watched as she started to slowly crumple to the floor. The two men raced to reach her so she wouldn't be hurt. They were too late. She fell to the floor in a heap, unconscious.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

"Order! Order in the courtroom!" Real terror had him shouting from where he sat on the bench. His voice was loud and clear so he could be heard above the din, and it was filled with all the distress he felt.

Bang! Bang!

Chaos ruled his courtroom on the busy Friday morning and he couldn't do anything about it. All he could do was get to her side as quickly as he could.

Bang!

"Bailiff, return the prisoner to the holding cells and sequester the jury immediately. We are recessing." He dashed off the order as he ran across the room.

It was an unprecedented action he took, leaving the bench while court was in session, but the woman crumpled on the floor was too important to him to not be at her side. Besides that, it was his fault she fainted, and he seriously hoped that was all it was. With everything that had happened since he and God had made a deal, there'd been no time to ease her way back to being on the surface.

With great concern for Nia, they hadn't handled things as they normally would. Despite their being in Hell, God had taken care of the elevator ride, and he'd used the *schedule* setting. Going that route sent them to where they were meant to be at that particular time on the surface. Thankfully it happened to be his courtroom, with his lover arguing for a video to be allowed into evidence. It wasn't a common practice for either he or God to send their occasional visitor back into their daily lives, but in the rush to get Nia to the surface, they hadn't properly thought things through. Figuring out what time it was back on the surface hadn't come into the equation, not with his lover lying unresponsive in his arms.

"Petunia!"

Panic laced his cry and didn't care. He felt terror squeeze the breath from his heart. Throughout the chaotic journey to the surface and in the courtroom, she hadn't moved or flicked an eyelash. Lifting her hand, he laid his thumb over her veins at her wrist, and checked for a pulse. Thankfully, it was there, beating strongly. Holding her hand in his, he stroked the other visibly shaking one, over her cheek, and found her cold to the touch. Putting his arms around her, he pulled her body

closer to his, and tried again to reach her by calling her name.

"Petunia!"

When she didn't rouse, he stood with her in his arms and carried the delicate woman through the courtroom, into the narrow hall behind, and eventually into his office.

"A cool damp cloth please, Mrs. Timmons," Judge Lucas Franklin instructed his secretary as he rushed through to his office, and laid the woman he held gently onto his leather couch.

"Yes, sir."

Carefully, so as not to jostle her delicate frame, he sat down beside her. Looking at her closely, he smoothed the soft white blonde hair off her damp forehead. Her face was flushed and he could swear her heart was going to beat itself out of her chest. Resting his hand softly over her heart, he spoke in a quiet tone in a bid to soothe her obvious distress.

"Everything will be all right, Pet. Please, open your eyes, and come back to me."

Unimagined pain poured from his soul when she didn't immediately do what he'd asked. Usually she enjoyed doing whatever he demanded, why not this time?

Mrs. Timmons walked in and handed him a moist towel.

The judge thanked her and asked her to shut the door as she left. He wanted privacy. The woman on his couch was his and he wanted to take care of her.

"Pet," he whispered, "open your eyes, and look at me. Show me you're okay. Please, Petunia, open your beautiful green eyes, and look at me." He continued talking for a few

moments until her lids started to flutter. When they finally opened and connected with his, Lucas knew she'd be all right.

Everything was going to be just fine.

Nia opened her eyes and saw the handsome yet worried face of Lucas Franklin, the man she loved, and lost when she walked out on him. Tears welled in her eyes, spilling down her cheeks as she reached out to hold him close. Once she had her arms wrapped around his neck, she told him what was important.

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I love you, Lucas. Love you with all my heart."

"Shhh, I have you, baby. I have you, and you're safe."

There was no way to stop the tears from becoming an all-out cry. She never should have broken up with him. Even though their separation hadn't lasted long, she still hadn't been happy about what she'd done. Actually, she'd been miserable without him. It had all come down to the fact she'd been too afraid to trust him with anything more than her superficial needs much less her heart. He'd claimed to love her and had wanted to keep her safe, body, heart, and soul. Despite the joy his claim had given her, she'd been unable to tell him of her true feelings. Instead, she'd chosen to cut her losses, and run away. What a monumental mistake that had been.

How could she not be with him? Especially now that she understood he was her other half.

Lucas Franklin was sexy as hell. He exuded power, confidence, and strength, all qualities that appealed to her brain and libido. However, way back when they'd first met,

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what had drawn her to accept going out with him the first time had nothing to do with sex and everything about how he'd handled himself. His intelligence and compassion were the things that had initially grabbed her attention. Later, she kept going back because of the love she felt for him, although she'd never fully exposed herself to possibly being hurt, and never told him why. She'd deprived them both of the future possible for them. A future together.

Yes, she could finally acknowledge her love for him, and hope it wasn't too late.

In his arms, as the air of confusion slowly cleared from her head, she understood everything. Lucifer and Lucas were the same man. She didn't understand how it was possible, but she knew they were one. Maybe it had all been a dream, although she didn't think so. Her body was telling her it had truly spent a great deal of time in his bed.

Abruptly she sat up, wrapped her arms around his neck, and whispered in his ear. "I know who you are. Only you would dare to call me Pet."

"You'll always be my Pet." He was so sincere and loving, it broke her heart to think how she'd hurt him with her actions for self-protection.

"Yes, I will. I lied to you and I'm so sorry." Nia softly cried against his neck. "I do love you and trust you implicitly. Then, now and forever."

Lucas moved her until she sat in his lap and held her tightly.

"You, Petunia Adams, scared me to death back there in the courtroom. I didn't like it, so don't you ever do something like

that again, or I'll spank your ass until you can't sit for a week."

She found her first smile. Maybe it was Lucas who had learned something from her time with the Prince of Darkness. She liked being spanked. It turned her on and she took all the heat right back to him. It was all so clear in her mind. There was so much that was familiar about Lucifer and now she understood why.

"Can you tell me what you remember?"

"It's all a bit of a jumble, but let me think. Well, I was arguing for a videotape to be brought into evidence and it seemed to be tedious, which is so unlike me. For some reason I reminded myself I had the life I always wanted, except for one thing, you weren't in it. As soon as I had that thought, it was like I was burning up with fire. I looked to you for help and everything went black. Next thing I remember is getting off an elevator in Hell. I spent a week having incredible sex with Lucifer, you, and then my head, again, started to seriously spin. Whirling around at the end was what looked like you and God shaking hands, claiming a deal had been agreed and bam, I woke up here on your couch."

Lucas was looking at her lips as he reached over and ran a finger across her jacket-covered breast before giving the excited tip a firm pinch.

"You should know I'll do whatever needs to be done to ensure you don't ever have to go back to Hell alone." Maybe she could travel with him whenever he had to go back so he wasn't alone.

"I shouldn't tell you this, but you need know that I'm retired."

"What did you say?" Nia wasn't sure she'd heard his whispered words correctly. Surely his wicked fingers playing gently over her breast were making her hear what she wanted to hear most.

"I've resigned as Prince of Darkness. From today, I am Judge Lucas Franklin, nothing else."

"You mean you'll stay here with me from now on?"

"That's right."

"How is that possible?"

"It wasn't easy, but you're worth it." His seductive voice slid easily over her body and made her want him, just like he'd managed to do while they were in Hell.

"Invite me over tonight and see for yourself, big guy."

"Six o'clock?"

"Perfect."

"Are you really okay now? You fainted dead away in the middle of the courtroom and scared the life out of me."

"I hope not." She wiggled on his lap and felt his cock harden in response. "I like you just the way you are."

Nia knew it wasn't going to be easy to assure him she was all right, but she actually felt better than she ever had before. "Really, I'm fine. I'll go drink a cold soda full of sugar and caffeine before returning to court." She was eager for the evening to come. It promised to be full of unimagined loving and there was one particular bit she was looking forward to.

"Okay, Petunia, I'll see *you* in the courtroom in thirty minutes, and then as my *Pet* at six tonight."

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The man was a rogue to the nth degree and he was the only person who could get away with saying her full name without getting the cold shoulder. He knew she couldn't stand it. Being named after the flower one of the firefighters believed all little girls liked had, at the time, been a cute story for the media. As an adult, a prosecutor, she didn't find it a comfortable fit. She wasn't a delicate flower, far from it. That said, when he shortened her name to Pet, well, the nickname was downright naughty, just like her.

Nia softly growled as she opened the door.

Lucas ruined her exit with a parting shot, "Growl all you want, Pet, tonight you'll be begging for me to take you." That brought about a fit of laughter filled with joy from her. It felt good being honest with him. She offered Mrs. Timmons a huge smile as she left the judges' chambers. Tonight was going to be so exciting and he had no idea what was coming his way.

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Chapter 9

On the coast and north of the urban sprawl he worked within, Lucifer had found his little patch of Heaven on the surface. As of that morning, after ensuring Nia was truly fine, he had officially retired as Prince of Darkness with a prayer of thanks sent directly to God, and was now formally employed as a judge. No longer would he set and oversee the punishments for those who broke God's rules. Instead, he adjudicated cases based on the law of Los Angeles County in California. The persona he'd originally created to be able to spend time with the woman he wanted to know better had been certified as a truth and was his to live.

During his previous visits, he'd used a cottage on the beach as his base, and now he called it home. There were many memories he and his lover had created while they were there and he was looking forward to adding even more to them.

Sitting in his favorite chair in the living room, listening to wave after wave crash against the shore, eased his mind more than any other act of nature. He thought he might find it soothing because of its opposition to fire, which had played such a major role in his previous existence. Actually, none of that mattered. It was the past and the future had never looked better than it did right then. As far as he was concerned, all that had to be done was to tie up any loose ends that still fluttered between him and his lover before they could move on.

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Earlier, they'd prepared dinner together, and talked about everything that had taken place during the week in Hell. Nia had a memory of what had happened, but had needed reassurance that it hadn't all been a dream. She'd also needed to be assured that he'd really retired and put his previous life to rest. While he was no longer Satan, that didn't mean his memory had been wiped clean when he'd become human. At his request, he'd maintained complete recollection of what he used to do, and be. It was a part of who he was and had actually made him the man he'd become. He didn't believe any of it should be ignored or forgotten, no matter how horrific.

The time for a life had come and he was ready to spend his days ensuring justice was fairly assigned and his nights were spent in his woman's arms. That was all he wanted and all he needed to be happy. It was a powerful feeling, liberating and fulfilling, to finally be a participating member of society.

Lucas looked at the raging fire and found it funny the flames had become almost like a security blanket for him. The heat they threw off was no longer a weapon, but comforting. The night was perfect, not too hot or too cold for loving as they wanted.

After cleaning up in the kitchen, they'd moved into the living room to relax. He was sure, that like him, she wanted to settle the one issue that remained open between them. They'd already started down that road and, as was usually the case, he struggled to take their passion slowly. The first thing he'd done was strip off her dress, underwear, enough so she appeared naked. He liked being able to look at her and

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take pleasure in her beauty. They were a lusty couple and liked sex games. They had fun while playing and what they did was sometimes about more than lustful desire. For them, anytime they were making love, fucking, whatever label someone wanted to put on it, for him and Nia, it was an expression of what was in their hearts.

As expected, his eyes were drawn to where she kneeled between his widely spread legs. She was bare except for sheer black stay-up stockings and stilettos. From that position, she had his cock in her silken mouth, and was working her magic. Even though he couldn't see it, he knew there was also a steel plug in her backside. Tonight, if she said yes, he'd fill her back channel with his cock and love.

Having her hands tied behind her back allowed her breasts to freely move with her lusty motion. For a brief moment Lucas watched, entranced, as the large mounds of flesh moved back and forth, allowing her pebbled nipples to gently brush against his bare inner thighs. Unable to resist their allure any longer, he slowly sat forward. Careful so he didn't pull his rod from her loving attention, he rested his wrists over his knees, reached out, and took the tight red tips between two fingers and squeezed, hard.

On a groan she looked up at him, bringing him even closer to coming. Seeing her luscious red lips stretched around his raging shaft pushed his lust even higher. Her breasts were stunning, but it was her mouth he'd been drawn to first.

"Beg me to give you my cum, Pet."

As a silent answer, she sucked harder, moving her mouth more quickly over his cock until she took his shaft down her

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throat, causing him to groan with delight. She slid off him only to waste no time in taking him down the moist channel again, and again.

By the fourth time she took his hard-on into her throat, he couldn't handle the erotic torture another second. Lucas took her head in his hands and fought his need to take over the delicious blow job. Instead, he held her still and took a few deep breaths, all so he could regain his control. It was too late. In less than a minute he howled his pleasure as he shot cum down her throat. He felt her swallow each load of seed that burst from his rod. It was simply divine to feel each excited throb be met by an appreciative hum from her.

She was his naughty woman.

Slowly, he pulled her mouth off his still hard cock. Her mewl of disappoint made him smile. Never one to let down his lover, he brought Nia up to straddle his lap, and shifted her around until his cock was settled deep in her wet pussy. With a hand on the small of her back, he brought her forward so he could nibble on a hard tip while his thumb strummed across the other.

"Oh please, Lucas, I need you inside me so badly!"

He understood her, but wasn't willing to release her nipple in order to answer. Instead, he hummed a response around the morsel in his mouth.

She wiggled and shimmied, trying to loosen his tight hold on her. He knew it was her desire to ride him hard and fast to completion that was driving her actions. Unfortunately, he had another plan that she'd hopefully find just as satisfying as the one she sought.

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Taking her excited tip between his front teeth, he worried the reddened flesh and pinched the other harder, drawing a long groan of need from her. He wanted her more than hungry for a climax. Lucas wanted her melting with lust and eager to experience the passion spilling over and filling her. To help take her to the next level, his other hand wasn't able to hold still. His fingertips traced down her spine and he enjoyed her squirming reaction. He kept following the path into her crease until he took hold of the steel ring protruding from her ass. Twisting the toy around, he then started to slowly manipulate the ball plug in her tight back passage without pulling it free.

"Please, I'm begging you to fuck me!"

Nia sounded so desperate for a release, but he had one last question before they went any further. Earlier she'd told him she had faith in him, only now he wanted to see if she truly meant it. Releasing her nipple with a wet pop, he looked into her light green eyes, and waited until they focused. Once they did, he asked her about something she'd always denied him before, and he knew it was because she hadn't really trusted him.

"Do you trust me?"

Silence greeted his question, but he didn't worry. The smile on her face told him the answer he needed to hear would be his.

"I made a mistake walking out on you that night. I'm sorry, because what you and I do with each other is wonderful. You make me feel beautiful and cherished, loved. I

love you, Lucas. Anything we do together is all right with me and if it isn't, then I know you'll stop."

Her whispered words stoked a fire inside him. Nia was his everything. It was time to give her what was in his heart and show her how their future would look from that point onward. Gripping her hips firmly, he spoke clearly so there were no misunderstandings.

"In our home, you will be naked for me. If you're awake, then we'll either be fucking or you will be sucking on my cock. If you are asleep, some part of me will be inside you, filling you up. And, most important of all, you will give me your total trust to never harm your heart, soul, or body. Do we have a deal?"

"Deal."

"I love you, Petunia."

"And I love you, Lucas, all of you. Now, will you please fuck me?"

"My pleasure, my *petite fleur*."

"Next!"

God was most definitely annoyed with the latest batch of applicants. They were a horrible, self-centered group, who couldn't move beyond the me-me-me attitude. And the resumes, those who had them, were uninspiring. The search for a new Prince of Darkness was proving to be a test of his patience. He was thrilled everything had worked out for Lucifer, no Lucas, but from now on, he'd make sure the new Devil understood the a job was for eternity. No more vacations or retirements allowed.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Tilly Greene was born into the easy folds of a sleepy beach town and embraces the laid-back mindset she grew up with. Later, she settled into a polar opposite lifestyle from the one she'd been living by moving abroad to further her education. Despite the frigid climate, the fast-paced existence melded in, making her a person who is adaptable and enjoys experiencing the diversity surrounding her.

While traveling around the world with her husband, she researches and writes erotica and erotic romance novels in a variety of genres and sub-genres. Every day she looks forward to writing about women who are independent and confident, the men who love them, and their twisting passionate path to each other.

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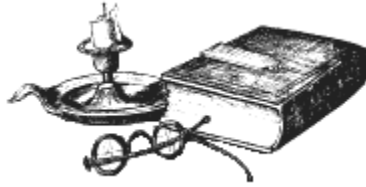
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