



Snowballs In Hell

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Blurb

Hi, I'm Muriel, misbegotten daughter of Satan, and once again my life is in turmoil. The cowled one who tortured me left a curse on my mind, one that makes me afraid. Completely unacceptable, but in order to remove it, I have to do something even worse—betray my beloved by bringing another man into our bed.

As if having to participate in a threesome isn't traumatizing enough, Hell has frozen over, and as much as I think Hades looks pretty in a blanket of white, the repercussions are severe. It's a good thing this princess of Hell has two lovers determined to charge my magic in pleasurable ways.

I'll admit, it's not easy having nympho magic, but I'm prepared to suck it up—and swallow—for the sake of saving the world.

Chapter One

The silence in Hell deafened me. I whirled around, searching the barren landscape at the edge of the pit and found ... nothing. The screaming, the torturing, the day to day noise that was Hades, gone, and in its place, a deadly quiet that frightened me more.

It occurred to me that I should leave this place. Find my father, my lover, my friends, anybody. I took one step and froze. I heard the faint scuffling sound of someone approaching and suddenly I wished for the quiet. Without volition, I found myself pivoting to see a slight figure covered head to toe in a hooded robe. I whimpered.

Too late!

My limbs betrayed me. I slumped to my knees caught in the stranger's spell. My whole body trembled with fear. I wanted to run away, but the cowed figure held me frozen. I wanted to plead for mercy, but no matter how much I tried, the words remained caught in my throat.

The dark recesses of its hood hid its cowardly face, which in itself might have been a mercy. It reached out a hand, the skin translucent and smooth, the tapered fingers perfectly manicured. Those innocuous digits approached slowly, and I felt tears leaking from the corners of my eyes, tears that burned as hotly as my shame. My breathing came fast and harsh. I already knew the pain that was coming. I'd felt it before. A pain so excruciating I would promise anything to make it stop. A pain so horrifying, I'd try to die. I sobbed again faintly.

It touched me.

Immediately, the breathtaking torture started. Hot, lancing pokers ripped through my head and body. Unwavering, excruciating misery. I fell to the ground in convulsions, my voice finally free to scream, over and over and over.

I felt myself shaken and a voice penetrated the nightmare that had me in its grip.

"Muriel! Wake up. Come on baby, open your eyes."

Auric's strong arms wrapped around me and loosened the dream's grip. He drew me back to reality. With a last, shameful whimper, the pain and the nightmare faded away, but I still shook, my body covered in a sheen of sweat as the sharp memory of agony took longer to disappear.

"Oh, Muri," I heard Auric whisper, gathering me tight to him and rocking me like a child in need of comfort.

I knew I should push him away. After all, I held the title of princess of Hell. I should fear nothing and never show weakness. I didn't have nightmares. I gave them. All this had been true before, but ever since my encounter with the cowed being, I woke up nightly screaming like the most pathetic coward. It had been a month now, and every night without fail, I suffered. And my shame grew.

Time to face the facts. I'd lost my edge. I now feared. My father, lover and even my sister tried to reassure me that I'd gone through a traumatic experience and the nightmares were normal. They tried to tell me I was safe. But I knew better. This creature still roamed the planes of Hell, Heaven and the worlds in between. Even more frightening? I knew it would come back for me. I knew it hadn't found what it was looking for, the secret that hid inside my mind. The old me would have bared her teeth

and said, "Bring it on!" The new me cringed pathetically and, boy, did that piss me off.

Auric still stroked me, his caresses transitioning from comfort to something more carnal. He knew me so well. My very own fallen angel. I still felt amazement that he loved me. I was a flawed product of Hell after all. I could picture him even with my eyes shut. His beautiful face with its rugged planes, heightened by a scar that gave rather than detracted from his beauty. He had silky ebony hair, thick and long enough for me to run my fingers through. His body—bulging muscles, a wide chest and a thick cock that knew how to fuck.

I needed him now, touching and claiming me. I tilted my face up, and he rewarded me with his lips, pressing them possessively against mine. I kissed him frantically and he responded just as fiercely, knowing I needed this contact, this reassurance that we were both safe. He laid me back gently on the bed, his body covering mine, and I moaned against his mouth. I always seemed to crave flesh to flesh contact after my nightmares. I needed to erase that feeling of aloneness. And Auric gave that to me. His feverish skin melded against mine, warming me and reminding me that I lived. But I needed more. I wanted his cock inside me, filling me up thickly, pounding and pumping until I indulged in a different kind of screaming. I also needed to be recharged, my inborn magic always weaker after the pain.

However, Auric had a different plan that didn't involve him pistoning me. He grabbed my hands and held them, pinning me to the bed. This didn't scare me, on the contrary, my heart kicked up a notch. When Auric got dominant, pleasurable things tended to happen.

His mouth left my lips and he worked his way down, the unshaven edge of his jaw dragging across the tender skin of my neck. He kissed me in the hollow at the base of my neck, such a vulnerable spot, before sliding lower to rub his face against my already erect nipples. He blew on my hardened nubs, all the while holding my hands down even as I fought against his grip. I wanted to slide my fingers into his soft hair and force him to take my tit in his mouth. But I wasn't in control, Auric was, and he loved to tease.

He licked a wet trail around each of my nipples, his lower body pinning me down when I bucked. Finally, he sucked my breast into his warm mouth, his tongue swirling around my nipple and a jolt of desire speared me between my legs.

I moaned and thrashed my head. But he took his sweet time, orally torturing each of my tits. "Auric," I said with a gasp. "If you don't make me cum soon, I am going to hurt you."

And what did he reply to a threat that would have sent anyone else running and screaming?

He laughed, a purely masculine chuckle that made me shiver. "Impatient, my love? But I'm not done. I haven't had breakfast yet."

With those titillating words, he slid down my body, his lips leaving a blazing trail down my stomach to the curls he insisted I keep. My legs already spread wide, I pulled my knees up, exposing myself to him. I looked down at him with heavy lidded eyes and met his smoldering gaze. As we stared at each other, he flicked out his tongue and he gave me a long lick. I shuddered wantonly and closed my eyes.

Thus did he begin the torture of my pussy, his tongue lapping alternately at my clit and between the moist folds of my sex. His fingers tightened around my mine where he still held them, a sign of his growing excitement. Auric did so love to tease me.

He began exclusively flicking my sensitive clit, and I thrashed and screamed under his oral onslaught, my orgasm building inside. I reached the peak, but before I could tumble down into the abyss of pleasure, he stopped.

“Auric please,” I begged.

“Tell me what you want,” he whispered, his breath warm against my moist core.

“Fuck me,” I said. “Fuck me hard.”

Instantly, he lay atop me, my hands now stretched above my head, the head of his cock unerring finding my wet passage and sliding in. I wrapped my legs around him, driving him in deeper. I loved the feel of his thick shaft inside me. Well endowed, he stretched me and had no difficulty touching my womb. His lips still tasting of my juices, claimed mine and he pumped me, the hard length of his penis, sliding in and out with steady strokes. Already so close to ecstasy, it only took a few thrusts before I screamed in his mouth, the blissful waves of my orgasm making me mindless.

Somewhere in the euphoric darkness that followed my intense pleasure, I heard him cry out, his body shuddering as he found his release inside me.

Damn, I love wake up sex.

* * * *

Showered and feeling like I could take on the world, I perched on a stool in the kitchen and watched my man make me breakfast. Dressed only in jeans, abs rippling as he moved, he looked delicious, and were I not running late for work, I would have gone for some sausage. But I was a responsible girl—most of the time—and I knew my belly needed to be fed if I was going to be able to deal with the crowd we’d be sure to draw tonight at the bar.

“I might not be able to make it in time for the bar closing,” he said buttering some toast and handing it to me along with some scrambled eggs.

“Your point would be?” I asked arching a brow.

“Be careful walking home,” he growled. “Or, even better, call a cab.”

“Oh, please. We haven’t seen a single demon since we laid the smack down on that rebellion a little while back. And besides,” I said with a feisty tone. “Are you implying I can’t take care of myself?”

Personally, I thought Auric needed to relax. Things had actually been quiet since Hell’s unexpected nap during the rebellion—meaning I hadn’t had one single demon, shape shifter or other kind of assassin attack me. One month and no attempts on my life? That had to be a record and yet Auric still insisted I be walked to and from work. I kept pointing out I could take care of myself, something I’d have been able to prove quite easily if my Hell blade could have talked. My sword and I had spun a deadly tale over the years created from the blood of all the demons we’d dispatched. But while Auric acknowledged my prowess, he still babysat me.

I think he suffered from guilt still. It didn’t matter how many times I told him he wasn’t at fault, he still hadn’t forgiven himself for allowing me to be hurt when Hades went through its spot of trouble last month. The fact I’d also traded my life for his rankled him, and I think he was waiting for a chance to place his life ahead of mine so that he didn’t feel in my debt. Never mind the fact that he traded in his chance to return to Heaven and brokered a deal with the devil to save my life. Nope, he just had to one up me. Hadn’t he realized yet that if he did, I’d just do something crazier to get ahead again?

I also wish he'd realize we'd won, sort of. Auric lived. I lived. The mysterious hooded stranger hadn't been seen or heard of since, and in the light of day, with the nightmare banished, I could even pretend it would never return.

And besides, even if it did come after me, I'd blast him with my new super power. My magic was stronger than ever with the daily multiple doses of sex Auric made sure I got. It figured I'd get stuck with a power based on sex. Auric called it my nympho magic. The more sex—and orgasms—I had, the more powerful I became. I'd even begun suspecting that Auric's pleasure counted as well because if I happened to give him an amazing blowjob—apparently I had the perfect lips for it—I always felt a rush of power right after.

But knowing all of this didn't stop Auric from pulling his macho routine.

"Woman, if I thought I could keep you safe in this apartment while I ran down the leads I dug up, I would."

"I'd like to see you try." My smile was wide and the invitation for a wrestling match clear. Unfortunately, he didn't fall for it.

"Just be careful," he repeated. "Please." His green eyes peered at me with such love in them that I grumbled. After all, how could I retort in the face of such cuteness? Besides while I could take care of myself, I loved that he treated me like a precious damsel who needed protection. Contradictory of me I knew, but still, I found it hot.

With a kiss that involved a lot of tongue and ass grabbing, I finally left for work, alone. Funny how Auric didn't worry about me getting to work during the day, of course most demons and evil creatures tended to avoid daylight. How cliché since sunlight only actually burned vampires.

As I walked with brisk steps, Auric's words of warning stirring my mind, I thought over everything that happened in the last few weeks. For one, I'd finally met the love of my life and gotten rid of my pesky cherry—my father was so proud. That Auric had turned out to be a fallen angel had been a bit of a shock at the time, especially considering he'd originally planned to kill me. But then he'd met me and fallen in love and decided to forgo Heaven in order to be with me. Nothing said true love like watching my lover choose eternal damnation to be with me. Of course with my dad running things in Hell, the only way Auric would suffer would be if he hurt me.

My name? Satana Muriel Baphomet, the bastard daughter of Satan. I stand about five foot eight—almost eleven in my awesome stilettos. I have a lush figure—think Betty Boop not a washing board—with ass length chestnut hair. My seemingly ordinary brown eyes light up with the flames of Hell when I'm annoyed, and I have full lips made for sucking cock, or so Auric's told me. I am twenty-three years old and madly in love—and horny—with my live in boyfriend, Auric. My father was so proud I'd chosen to live in sin.

Speaking of dad, I hadn't heard from my father, Lucifer, much since the incident in Hell. I snorted and the people I passed on the sidewalk skirted me with strange looks. Incident—that word made what happened to me seem so trivial, and yet it had been traumatizing enough that I now had nightmares. The nutshell version—Auric had been captured and tortured in order to lure me in a trap. In order to save him, I'd traded myself, but I didn't go down without a fight. But in the end, a mysterious being whose face I never saw, hidden as it had been by a hood, had almost won the day. If it hadn't been for Auric coming to save me, along with my father and reinforcements, I'd be dead. Not exactly a great state to be in. Since the attempt on my life and sanity, things had been

quiet, too quiet. And I didn't like it—a girl needed exercise to stay in shape and keep her skills sharp.

I wondered if dad had made any head way yet on the identity of the mysterious cloaked figure. Just the thought of that hooded being made me break into a cold sweat even though the sun shone warm and bright.

I knew dad wouldn't rest until he found something out. He didn't like pretenders to his throne, and I really looked forward to when we caught the bastard because I had some torture of my own I longed to inflict.

Approaching the bar, my step slowed and I stopped. My pride and joy, The Nexus, a bar for magical and special beings, and I owned it lock, stock and mortgage. Even better, I hadn't had to sell my soul to dad for it. Being related didn't mean he hadn't tried, but I was wise to his tricks and had managed to keep my soul, thank you very much.

But back to the Nexus. Originally, I'd wanted to make it a karaoke bar, but being practical minded, and with Auric's help, I'd opted to buy an LCD for my first big entertainment investment. I'd lost a lot of business during the previous season of *Survivor: Burn in Hell* and I didn't plan to miss out when the next reality show, *Hell's Kitchen: Stay Out Of The Pot*, started. I already had flyers done up promoting it and planned to start a betting pool on who would end up winning. I also looked forward to the next Damned channel special event, *USS—Ultimate Soul Survival*, where the only rule was to stay alive. Watching the fights usually went hand in hand with copious amounts of drinking, which meant money in my pocket. Ka-ching!

I did have a small dance floor where my special clients could rock to tunes on my jukebox, which only had hits from the eighties—a time when music didn't suck and love ballads made a girl wet her panties. Thankfully, my patrons put up with my eclectic tastes seeing as how I was the safest bar for supernaturals around. Of course it might have had something to do with the fact that spelled magic wouldn't work around me, something to do with my special genes I was sure. Anyone who thought that wasn't a big deal had never seen a sorceress drunk on too many chocolate martinis—the term lightning bolts from her fingertips often applied with charring results. Because of the magical void on my place, the worse anyone had to put up with were drunken covens singing off key while their mascara ran, which according to some people was worse. But I digressed.

I was proud to say my bar had become the hottest spot in and out of Hell—and places in between—for those that were special—AKA not human. I had several staff—dryads for barmaids, the more the better as the concept of schedule and time didn't really work with them, what with their wooden skulls and all. Then there was Percy, my doorman and bartender. With the biggest hands of anyone I'd ever met, he knew how to straighten out those who thought they could get rowdy—only idiots messed with giants, even half ones.

Not too many people know of my title of princess of Hell, I preferred to go incognito. It saved on furniture as the most common reaction to them finding out my identity tended to be “kill the daughter of Satan.” Like, hello, did it never occur to them to hate me on my own merit? Sometimes it sucked having a famous father.

Putting out bowls of tobasco flavored peanuts and napkins no one would probably use, I hummed away to the INXS tune of “Devil Inside,” not knowing my quiet life was about to change.

* * * *

Exhausted, but a lot richer—the bar had sold an obscene amount of booze—I began my walk home. This was the first time since I’d met Auric that I didn’t have company. And to my annoyance, I missed it. Auric usually held my hand when we walked home, or on lucky nights, we flew. He might be a fallen angel, but due to a deal he brokered with my dad—where he actually kept his soul—he gained a pair of shadow wings. I loved it when he held me and swooped through the night like a dark knight preparing to debauch me.

Lost in my thoughts, I almost walked right into the trap, but luckily for me, the stench of demon acted like smelling salts. I snapped to attention. Scanning the darkness around me, the street lamps on this section of the sidewalk dead—or intentionally broken—I listened for a sound to tell me in which direction they would be coming.

I pulled my silver enchanted blades from my thigh holsters and palmed them, a quick chant invoking the fire within them. A whisper of sound behind me made me spin, my foot arcing out and connecting with something that gave an *oomph*. One demon, piece of cake.

Said demon leered at me toothily and whistled. Noise filled the night air as several demons came out of the darkness and surrounded me.

Shit.

I eyed the encroaching demons and really wished I had my Hell blade, I would have sliced through their ranks like a knife through butter. Sadly, it didn’t go well with most of my outfits, so I’d just packed my knives.

I knew I’d still prevail; I did have my magic which would surely take care of a few. The rest would taste the keen edge of my blades.

I grinned, baring my teeth at the demons and beckoned them. Never show fear. Then again I didn’t actually fear these demons. On the contrary, I could feel the adrenaline rushing through my body and my eyes lit with the flames of Hell, a clue usually to get your ass out of my way.

But being stupid minor demons who obeyed orders without thought, these minions from Hell, tightened their circle around me.

In a slashing and dancing concert of death, I twirled and cut, downing and injuring the demons that surrounded me. When a meaty arm wrapped around my waist from behind and lifted me, my magic kicked in. Stupid and unpredictable, it only ever seemed to work when I was in dire danger.

Words of power filled my mind and rolled off my tongue in dark waves that spread from me and engulfed the demons. With shrieks and eyes that finally registered something—fear—they disintegrated into piles of ash.

Silence suddenly reigned. The only sign of the battle: a sifting cloud of ash. I coughed and fell to my knees, my body weak from all the magic I’d just expended. I heard pounding steps on the pavement and looked up to see a hooded figure jogging towards me.

“No!” I cried out faintly.

Panic set in and my mind shut down.

Chapter Two

I regained consciousness lying in bed, the rumbling sound of Auric talking to someone letting me know I wasn't alone.

"Do something," snarled Auric loudly. He turned, his body taut with tension and caught me watching him. Instant concern flooded his features.

"I gotta go. She woke up," he said to whomever he spoke to on the phone, then he hung up. He strode over to the bed, six plus towering feet of masculine annoyance and worry.

"Are you okay? What the Hell happened?"

"Demons attacked. I fought back. No big deal. I obviously survived."

Auric raked his fingers through his hair. "Don't be so fucking nonchalant about this, Muriel. You're lucky David happened to come along when he did. And by the way, he's not impressed that you keeled over face first on the pavement when you saw him."

I winced as I remembered. I wanted to blame my swooning bit on my depleted strength from the fight but the truth? The damned hood had sent me into panic mode and I'd fainted like some pussy little girl. Not that I'd tell Auric that of course.

I lied. "I used more magic than I thought and passed out. I'll be more careful next time."

"Next time?" shouted Auric. "What if it hadn't been David? What if it had been another demon? You could have died."

"Well, I fucking didn't!" I shouted back, ruining my stance by having to close my eyes as waves of dizziness took control of my body.

The mattress sank under Auric's weight as he clambered into bed with me and scooped me into his arms.

"I'm sorry baby, but when David carried you in looking like a corpse, it scared me. I love you, woman."

"I love you, too. Now can we stop yacking and get to the part where we kiss and makeup. I could use some loving to get my magical reserves back up."

"We need to talk about this."

"Oh, please, we both know what you're going to do. You'll assign me a body guard, probably you, David or Chris, to chaperone me around. Good luck with that." I didn't plan to give in easy, no matter how right he might be. My freedom meant a lot to me and I refused to live a life of fear.

"This isn't over, Muriel," he said with a strangled moan as I squirmed on his lap and latched my lips to his neck, sucking.

"Says you," I murmured, turning on his lap so I straddled him.

"No more leaving this house alone," he ordered even as his hands gripped my ass cheeks and dug in.

"Whatever," I said finding his lips and starting a sensual fight with my tongue.

My skirt rode up, leaving me astride him with only a skimpy pair of panties. I fumbled with the buttons on his jeans, mewling in frustration against his mouth when I couldn't free his cock fast enough.

Auric dumped me on the bed and stood up to shuck his pants and shirt, the long

length of his cock jutting proudly from his body. I smiled at him and moistened my lips. With a growl, he divested me of my clothes, not bothering with zippers, just tearing them from my body until I lay there as nude as him.

“Come here,” I crooked my finger at him.

With a smile that made me shudder and flooded my lower regions with wetness, he lay down. I loved looking at his body-thick, male and bulging with muscles.

I straddled him, poising my slick sex over his straining cock. I grabbed my tits and squeezed them for his visual enjoyment and lowered myself onto him, impaling myself on his length. I threw my head back at the feel. Exquisite.

The cowgirl position made him go so deep, and I loved it. I leaned slightly forward and braced my hands on his chest and squirmed on him, the swirling motion making him catch his breath and making me close my eyes in pleasure. The tip of his cock rubbed against my sweet spot inside, and as I gyrated faster, his hands gripped me around the waist to help me. I dug my fingers into his chest, moaning as I rode my wild stallion. I could feel my orgasm building, the muscles in my pelvis tightening around his rigid length. Throwing my head back, I screamed as I came, the waves of bliss making me limp. Auric flipped me onto my back, never pulling out, and as I throbbed around him, he pounded me, hard and fast. He leaned forward and caught one of my nipples with his lips and sucked. Already in the throes of an orgasm, I was hit by another and I screamed again as he came with a bellow of his own.

I'd like to say we spooned afterwards and said I love yous, but quite honestly, exhausted and sexually sated, I passed out.

* * * *

I woke from the nightmare, tears rolling down my cheeks, my chest tight with sobs of anguish.

Auric spooned around me, held me tight and rocked me. “Shh, baby. You're safe.”

Once again, I'd let a nightmare reduce me into a puddle of fear. Angry, and desperate to erase the nightmare, I turned in Auric's embrace and found the soft skin of his neck and sucked it. The salty taste of his skin brought me back to reality and made me horny.

I nudged my hips against him in invitation, too impatient for foreplay. He nudged my wet cleft with the swollen head of his shaft when I smelt the familiar stench of brimstone. Auric rolled out of bed, my Hell sword in hand, his naked—still erect—body a thing of beauty as he stood ready to defend me. I, on the other hand, didn't panic. I knew only one demon who could get through the spells that protected our home.

Satan had arrived in his usual peremptory manner that didn't involve knocking or warning.

“Hi dad,” I imbued all my annoyance and sexual frustration into those two words.

My father, the king of Hell, stood with his back to us in our living room, a room we could clearly see due to the open nature of the loft apartment we lived in.

“Muriel, Auric, so glad you're up,” said my father jovially.

“Now there's an understatement,” said Auric leaning over to whisper in my ear naughtily.

I giggled. His shaft still stood at attention as he sheathed the sword—the real one and not the one between his legs. Apparently it would take a lot more than a visit from my

father to dampen his ardor.

"I can hear you," sang my father. "If you two want to finish up, I can wait. I'll just sit here and watch some TV."

I saw Auric's body shaking, and I looked up at his face to find him trying to control his mirth. If I wasn't afraid my father would stand over us giving pointers, I just might have gotten my morning nookie. I had a hunger in my body that had nothing to do with food. I also knew once I got out of this bed, I wouldn't be able to satisfy that craving until much, much later.

Auric turned his back to me, a flash of naked butt taunting me, before he pulled on a pair of track pants. With a sigh, I flung back the covers and grabbed my robe. Belting the silken material around my curves, I walked barefoot over to my father and kissed him on the cheek before heading to the kitchen to grab a cup of coffee Auric had brewed.

"So what brings you here so bright and early?" I asked sipping the hot java while eyeing with interest Auric's naked chest while he puttered around the kitchen making us some toasted bagels. I didn't cook—unless it was trouble. My lover, on the other hand, could—in and out of the bedroom.

"I've had my scientists and mages working on that sleep incident."

More than an incident. A month ago while Auric had been tortured at the hands of a major demon, Azazel, and his mysterious hooded master, all of Hell had been put under a massive sleep spell. Millions upon millions of damned, demons and everything in between, including my father, had fallen victim to it. I'd noticed the spell when I'd gone to Hell on my rescue mission, but had not realized just what it meant at the time. Not a pleasant day when all was said and done. I had managed to save Auric, trading myself for him only to be tortured magically and mentally to within an inch of my life. A torture I relived every single night.

"What have they found out?" I asked subdued. I still didn't like to think about that dark time. Auric, as if sensing my disquiet, came up behind me and wrapped solid arms around me. I leaned into his strength.

"It's bad," my father said looking shaken, which in turn frightened me. If Satan feared, it had to be bad. "Remember how I said a bunch of the damned seemed to be missing after that debacle?" I vaguely remembered, but I'd been more interested in banishing the memories and discovering the pleasures that could be found with my new boyfriend at the time.

My father continued. "Turns out they weren't just missing. They're gone. Vanished. Not a trace of them left behind."

I frowned. "What? Did they all jump into the abyss before or after the spell?"

The abyss was where the damned who'd done their penance went to have their energy, their souls if you will, recycled so they could be reborn. Surprisingly enough many souls chose to live in Hell instead of taking that final leap and losing their identity for good. Something about the finality in dying again really wiggled them out.

"I don't get it. So a couple of souls got freaked and jumped. What's that go to do with the big nap everyone took in Hell?" I asked.

"We're talking about more than a few souls, my daughter. Try six hundred and sixty six thousand, six hundred and sixty six."

That was a lot of sixes, not to mention kind of cliché. "Are you sure?" I asked incredulously. That was a pretty damn big number of people to have disappear all at

once.

“Very, we’ve counted quite a few times. Each time it comes out to the same. Not only that, but they’re gone. As in not recycled in the abyss, as in will never be reborn again, gone.”

“But how?” Then in one of my rare moments of insight, I got it. “The sleep spell was powered by the souls of all those people,” I said horrified.

My father nodded grimly and I heard Auric make a noise behind me as he listened.

“But who?” I whispered. Who had the knowledge and power to do something so horrible? And why?

“I have a feeling that Azazel’s master, the robed one that tortured you, was behind it.”

That made me shiver, which really annoyed me. In the light of day, I knew the only reason that cowardly robed being had managed to hurt me was because of the “I won’t fight you” deal I’d brokered to secure Auric’s release. Had I not been magically bound by the terms of that agreement I’d have let my blade taste that supernatural’s blood. But enough of that, I still intended to track down that bastard and exact my revenge, in the meantime I needed to pay attention because judging by my father’s face, he thought his last statement was significant. So I backtracked and processed it, but I still didn’t get it.

It wasn’t the first time I’d ever gotten the impression there was something right in front of me jumping up and down waving for my attention but I just couldn’t see it.

“With Hell so vulnerable, why didn’t they take over and kill your father?” asked Auric. More than brawn, my lover had brains, too. And hearing his question made me want to slap myself for missing it. It now seemed so obvious.

My father spread his hands and shrugged. “Apparently the being was after something more important than my death or the takeover of Hell.”

I shivered again in Auric’s arms. If it had been that important it would be back again and for an instant I was transported back to that world of pain. I think I whimpered. Auric kissed the top of my head, and I saw a flash of pain cross my father’s eyes. Satan might be the king of evil, but as my daddy, I knew he loved me and it drove him nuts that something had hurt me and he hadn’t been able to punish it yet.

“We don’t know that it was specifically after you,” said my father spinning a web of lies that even I could tell he didn’t believe.

“Oh, please,” I said pushing away from Auric’s comfort. I also pushed the fear that kept trying to well back up down hard. I refused to be afraid. “They obviously didn’t want Auric, they traded him for me. They didn’t want you. They left you snoring and drooling on your throne. They wanted me. I’m not stupid, so stop pussyfooting around the fucking issue. They want me!” I screamed. Okay, I admitted to losing a little bit of control there but anger burned a lot more cleanly in my psyche than that wretched stifling fear I kept suffering from.

“We don’t know that for—.”

I cut Auric off. “I appreciate you trying to lie to me, but let’s face facts. They didn’t get what they wanted the first time. Something more than just my power. They wanted something hidden in my head. Mind telling me what it is exactly, daddy dear?”

Lucifer shifted nervously. “I don’t know.”

I hated it when people lied to me. “Daddy, it wanted my memories from before I came to Hell. From when I still lived with my—.” I had to force the word out. “Mother.”

And even as I did, I felt a stab of pain in my head for the woman who had callously dumped me.

"I'm sure you're mistaken," my father said too quickly.

"Really? Then why is it my memories from that time are locked up tighter than a virgin in an iron maiden chastity belt that's been welded shut?" I had always had a way with words.

"I don't know. For your own protection maybe so you wouldn't remember and pine for something that could no longer be."

I frowned at my father. What a load of bullshit. "What the fuck are you hiding?"

I could see my father grimace and he shrugged instead of answering.

"Okay, let's look at this a different way. Why would this creature be interested in my life as a child? We're missing something here."

Trust Auric to once again see to the heart of the matter. "Who is Muriel's mother?"

It seemed so simple. So elegant. So obvious. So why hadn't I thought of it? Actually come to think of it, why had I never asked my father about the mysterious woman who birthed me? I tried to recall one single instance where I'd questioned my father about my absent mother and realized I hadn't. I'd thought of her over the years. Cursed her many a time in my head, but not once had I ever voiced my questions about her aloud.

I forced myself to say the word mother again, my throat tight. "Mother." Again I felt that stab of pain. I turned stricken eyes to Auric. "Auric, I think I'm under a spell. I can't seem to—" The words had to be forced past a suddenly thick tongue. "Ask questions about my m-m-mother."

Just saying this much sent a much larger jab of pain through my mind that had me sinking to my knees grabbing my head in my two hands.

"Muriel," I felt Auric kneeling beside me, as I rocked on my knees, working through the pain that shot through me and left me a trembling wreck.

"What have you done to her?" Auric said harshly.

"I did nothing except prevent that from happening," replied Satan. "When she came to me as a little girl, while she couldn't remember her life or her mother, she had a bright mind. It didn't take her long to realize that other children had a mother. The first time she asked me about her mother, she was in bed for three days screaming. There's a geas on her, actually there's several. One is she can't ask about her mother without experiencing pain. When I realized this I had a small compulsion placed on her, one that would get her to avoid asking questions about her mother aloud which seemed to be her biggest problem."

Talk about learning something new. No one had ever told me about the geas placed on me in regards to my mother. A geas was a spell, or in many cases, a curse, that compelled a person to act a certain way or experience things if specific conditions were met. In my case, mommy equaled pain.

"Who is her mother?" asked Auric, saying the words I couldn't.

"I can't say."

I felt Auric's hold tighten around me, my father's evasive answer angering him. "This obviously all centers around Muriel's mother. So why are you protecting her instead of your daughter?"

"I'm not. I just can't tell you. I know she had a mother. I know she was powerful. But other than that, I can't tell you her name or even what she looks like. My memories

are just as blank as my daughter's."

That shut Auric up and stunned me. Who had my mother been that she had the strength to mess with my father's mind? Come on, my dad is Satan. King of Hell. Nobody, not even his brother, God, could mess with him. But apparently my so called mother could. And...

"The cowed figure? It had power." I pushed out of Auric's arms and paced. "What are the chances of two people being interested in me like that?"

"Was it a woman?" Auric asked.

I thought of the hand, slim, pale and almost delicate looking. "It could have been. I don't know; all I ever saw was its hand."

"But why?" asked my father. "Let's say it was your mother for a minute. Why hurt you? She placed the spell on you, so she should be able to remove it."

"I don't know." Maybe she forgot. Maybe she just didn't care. But I was more determined than ever to find the cloaked stranger because if it was my mother, she had a lot of questions to answer. Right after I popped her one in the nose for fucking with my head in the first place.

We hashed it out a little more without coming any closer to an answer. My father left the whiff of brimstone, his calling card, wafting behind. Annoyed and feeling sticky, I hopped into the shower as Auric made a few calls.

As I soaped my body, I waited for him to join me. I loved the feel of his hands on my body. It took very little thought—and touching of myself—to bring myself back to a fever pitch. I leaned against the shower wall and closed my eyes, rubbing my hard clit and imagining Auric on his knees, his tongue lapping at me.

As if conjured by my fantasy, I felt motion. I opened my eyes to see him smiling at me wickedly. He knelt in the bathtub, his hands gripping my hips. I propped one leg up on the side of the tub and grabbed his hair pushing his face toward my cleft. With a strength I loved, he held back so he could tease me, holding his lips just close enough to my sex for me to feel his warm breath tickling it. My womb contracted in anticipation. With a light flick of his tongue, he touched my nub. My body shivered. He stroked it again, the back and forth wet laps making me dig my fingers into his scalp, urging him on. He placed his whole mouth on me and sucked, his tongue delving between my velvety folds and stabbing me inside.

I could hear myself moaning, my body building itself up to a fever pitch. When he tore his mouth away from me I whimpered with loss. But I knew what was coming. Auric wrapped his arm around my waist and lifted me enough that I could feel the tip of his erect cock probing my wet sex. I wrapped my legs around his waist and my arms around his neck and sheathed him inside of me, loving the feel of his thick shaft sliding in and stretching me to accommodate his width. With his hands gripping my ass cheeks, he pumped me under the pounding hot shower. The water made it seem tighter as it washed away my natural lube, but I enjoyed the gripping feel as he had to push his cock hard to get in. My whole body panted in time to his rhythm. My nails dug into the skin of his shoulders as he brought me to the edge and with a hard thrust brought me over it to fall, diving into the pit of pleasure that first made me feel weak, then so incredibly strong.

He slipped out of me, but still he held me. One hand left my ass to fumble with the soap, only to return as he lathered my bottom, his touch sending little aftershocks through me. I let my legs slide down and stood shakily, leaning into him. I loved it when he

bathed me. And had I not needed to get ready for work, I would have taken him back to our gi-normous bed and shown how much I liked it by fucking him with my mouth until his eyes rolled back in his head.

Hmmm. Now that I'd thought of it, I'd definitely have to indulge in that later. I whispered what I wanted to do to his cock after work in his ear, the look of torture and anticipation on his face making me already count the hours until I could make it a reality.

But Auric had mastered the art of teasing long before I had. Almost dressed for work, I turned around to see him fully clothed sitting on the bed, pants unbuttoned with his cock in his hand.

My body flushed with desire. "What are you doing? You know I don't have time. I've got to get to work."

"I know," he said rubbing the blushing tip that I loved to lick. "But you got me so horny that I thought I'd show you just how much. And while you're at work, I'm going to be thinking about you while stroking my cock and..."

I dove, my lips seeking that swollen popsicle, but he held me off laughing. "Nope, not 'til later. In the meantime, you can just think about it."

I hated it when he turned the tables. I hated his laughter even more as I swapped out my wringing wet panties for dry ones. Jerk.

Chapter Three

Auric seemed distracted when he walked me to work. I didn't complain too much because as per his habit, he held my hand, an old fashioned gesture that should have never gone out of style. I preferred it when we flew—his gorgeous shadow wings making him seem so much bigger and badder—but he reserved that special treat for late at night when normal people slept. I still hadn't managed to convince him to have sex while in flight, but I hadn't given up yet. Too distracting he argued. Bah. I thought the fact we could crash added an element of spice.

"A penny for your thoughts?" I said.

"Hmmm. Nothing. Just thinking about some stuff."

I hated it when he gave me vague answers. It usually meant he was pulling the overprotective routine. The one that implied that as a female I should be sheltered. Cute, kind of hot, but so annoying because I hated to be kept in the dark. I could have let it bother me, but I knew I'd wheedle it out of him when he was ready. Besides I was pretty sure he was still stuck on the conversation we'd had with my dad earlier.

"So any ideas on who donated my X chromosome?" I asked pleased with my roundabout way of asking about my mother that didn't cause an instant brain aneurism.

"I've been thinking about it since your dad left actually. I've got a few ideas, but I want to do some research before I say anything."

I rolled my eyes. Him and his research. I preferred the more direct approach—shove a sword under someone's throat and make them talk. Of course, we'd need someone who actually remembered my mother for that to work. Damn, I guess we'd have to rely on his plan to read books.

We reached my work and I yanked my pensive boyfriend into the alcove and planted a big wet one on him. That brought his thoughts back to where they belonged—on me! His hands roamed over my back and slid down to cup my ass. His big hands squeezed my rounded tush and made my breath come faster. I ground my pelvis against his, thinking longingly of the couch in my office in the back. Maybe a quick—

A whisper of sound behind my back and I found myself neatly stowed away behind Auric's solid form. I heard the snick of a blade being pulled from a sheath.

"Would you put that thing away?" I hissed in his ear. "It's still broad daylight."

"And Charon should know better than to sneak up on us?" growled Auric, sliding his blade back home. I knew another blade that wouldn't be getting slid home now though—sigh.

I heard Charon chuckle, the sound floating out from the dark recesses of his hood. I felt a little shiver of fear, one that pissed me off since I'd known Charon forever as he was an old friend of my father's; furthermore, I knew he had nothing to do with the other hooded stranger.

"I need a drink. Bad," said Charon, the ferryman of death. "My son somehow managed to put a hole in my boat, so it's in the shop being repaired. I've got the night off, but I'll be working twice as hard tomorrow bringing the damned down the river."

I choked my giggle back. A month back Charon's son had dropped the oar in the river Styx and stranded his passengers—the new damned souls for Hell. Poor Charon, I

was beginning to get the impression his son would not be following in his shoes—er robe.

With a final quick peck, Auric left, possibly off on some mysterious good deed to help rid the world of evil, a quirk of his that drove my dad batty. I thought it was cute.

I unlocked the bar and ushered Charon into the Nexus, flicking on the light switches.

“Auric seemed a bit jumpy back there? Did something happen?” Charon seated himself at the bar.

“Bah, I was attacked by a couple of demons yesterday, so now he’s gone all overprotective on me.”

Charon chuckled. “Give him time, Muriel. Don’t forget, it’s not every woman who can confront demons without bursting into tears.”

I knew I should cut Auric some slack, but dammit, I thought we’d gotten past all that macho shit. Could you tell I wasn’t too happy with Auric? A truly smart boyfriend, sensing my horniness when he kissed me at the door would not have rushed off with an abysmal excuse for a kiss. No, a true lover would have swept me off my feet and taken me out back for a thorough fuck.

He’d better make it up to me tonight or heads—and I do mean both of them—will roll.

I served Charon a mug of frothing Hell brew, not a drink for the uninitiated. I bustled around, work keeping me busy for the next few hours. But when my sister, Bambi, walked in, I handed over the bar to Percy and beckoned her to follow me out back to my office.

The door shut from prying ears, I plopped onto the couch I kept in there while she perched on my desk, her micro mini skirt riding up and advertising the fact she wore no panties and had shaved.

I averted my eyes. “Hey, sis, mind crossing your legs? There are some things a girl just doesn’t need to see.”

Bambi giggled. “Sorry, little lamb, I just got off work. It was a most fulfilling night.”

Bambi was a succubus, which, in a nutshell, meant she had sex with guys and sucked at their life force while doing it. Kind of gross, but I loved her anyway. She’d found the perfect job to keep her fed as a feature exotic dancer, and she did it well, drawing in huge crowds.

“Can I ask you something?” I asked my older, and while perhaps not wiser, more male experienced sister.

“You can ask me anything, you know that, lamb. What’s up? Your man want you to do something kinky? Tie you up maybe? Spank you?” She recited off a number of naughty things, some which I’d never even heard of, but I’d definitely look them up for future reference.

“No, it’s not about sex. It’s this whole overprotective crap. How do I make him see I can take care of myself?”

“You can’t,” she said, turning serious.

“What? But he wants me to have someone with me whenever I leave the house just because some demons attacked me.”

Bambi rolled her eyes. “Oh, excuse me. How dare he love you so much that he’d try to keep you safe? What a jerk. I say we kill him.”

My cheeks burned as she mocked me. “So, what, you think I should just let this slide?”

“Lamb, that man loves you. After what happened last month, can you blame him for

wanting to be cautious? And really, what's the big deal?"

Put like that, it made me sound like I was making a mountain out a mole hill. Bloody hell. I hated being wrong.

"Thanks, sis."

"Anytime, lamb. Now if you don't mind, I hear my favorite song playing." With a swish of her hips, Bambi opened my office door and sashayed out to the musical beat of Salt-N-Pepa's, "Push It".

Gotta love the 80's.

* * * *

David, Auric's best friend, walked in just as the bar was shutting down. If I hadn't been so in love with Auric, I might have admired—for longer and with lustier thoughts—the way his shaggy blond hair always fell in a tousled mess around his vividly blue eyes. I might have noticed the way his white t-shirt hugged the slim, muscled physique of his upper body and the way his lean waist and long legs filled out the tight fitting jeans he wore nicely. I only barely noticed those types of things anymore. Damn, I was becoming an awesome liar, even to myself.

"Hey, David," I called out. "Where's Auric?"

"He and Christopher got hung up, so they sent me to walk you home."

I rolled my eyes. "They do realize I'm a grown woman, right?"

"I'm just doing what they asked me," he said holding his hands up in surrender.

David was such a pussy cat, literally. He might seem shy and boyish, but that lasted only until he shapeshifted into a blond panther of incredible agility and strength. Once that happened, watch out, because kitty had claws.

"You can tell them you tried. Go home and get some sleep. Or even better, find yourself a hot little thing and get laid." Being blissfully happy and sexually sated most of the time, I now believed everyone should be in the same state.

David shrugged then shifted uncomfortably. "I don't know any girls. And besides, I can't leave. I said I would walk you home, and Auric will freak if I don't."

"David, David, David," I chided. "You and I both know you can't make me do anything."

"Auric said you'd say that and he told me to tell you, um—" David blushed, a trait about him that I found superbly cute given his deadly shapeshifter alter ego. "He's the man in this relationship and if he says you need an escort to walk you home that you'd better listen, or you will be punished."

I laughed. Didn't Auric know by now I looked forward to his punishments? The last time he'd made me scream for hours on end, and when I'd cum, I'd coasted on the power high for days afterward, not to mention I'd orgasmed so copiously we'd had to change the sheets.

"Tell you what, I'll let you walk me home if you promise to tell him just how bad I was about it."

David looked confused.

I sighed and spelled it out for him. "I want him to punish me David. I really, *really* like it when he does, if you know what I mean."

David flushed even brighter and I laughed. But then with more backbone than I would have assumed, he blurted out. "He said if you didn't listen, he wouldn't let you

play with him tonight, and he'd play with himself in front of you instead."

I gaped at David. I couldn't believe Auric had threatened that, let alone that David had repeated it.

"Do you like to watch?" asked David, meeting my eyes briefly before ducking his head again while I still stood there tongue tied.

His question surprised me, as did the flushed look on his face. Peering unobtrusively down, I could see his face wasn't the only thing flushing with blood. "I-um." I know, me, embarrassed. It seemed strange, but while I didn't mind flirting and tossing out the sexual innuendoes and jokes, it seemed a little wrong to do so when David so obviously found it titillating. "You'll have to ask Auric," I said primly, but even as I said that, I had an image of David watching me and Auric fucking while he stroked himself. Damn, were my panties wet!

I locked the bar up tight before heading back to the loft I shared with Auric. David walked beside me, hands stuffed in his pockets, staring down at the ground. His shy demeanor and easy blushes brought out my devilish side—blame my father, it was his DNA that made me do it—so I couldn't help myself, I had to ask. "David, do you like to watch?"

He just nodded his head, not looking at me.

"Have you ever watched Auric?" It didn't seem like the type of thing Auric was into, but then again, you never knew. He and David were pretty close.

I could see David's cheeks pinken and again he nodded yes. I admit—I found this concept highly titillating. A voyeur, damn that made me wetter, not that I was looking for an audience—yet.

"Did Auric know you were watching?" Apparently I'd have to wait for that answer as David heard the whisper of sound a second before I did, and we both smelt the tang of Hell. Demon time.

We'd no sooner smelled the brimstone than David's body rippled, his clothes shredding from his lanky frame as the kitty nestled inside him burst free. Gross, yet at the same time kind of hot. I, for my part, palmed two silver daggers and prepared to invoke the magic that would cause them to burn with Hellfire.

A guttural chuckle sounded from the depths of a dark alley and David, now a hulking, golden panther spun to face it, snarling. His muzzle drew back over very large canines.

I snarled myself when I saw who the shadows hid. "Azazel! You cowardly slug. Still hiding in shadows are you?"

"Lucifer's daughter," spat back the large black demon that came into view. "Soon, you'll be screaming my name when I make you my concubine."

Before he'd turned traitor, Azazel had been one of my father's most trusted commanders and he'd also fancied himself my suitor. Only one problem—I never could stand him. Apparently he still had fantasies about me though, fantasies that would get him castrated if he didn't leave me alone.

"Get yourself a pocket pussy if you're that hard up." Yeah, I knew I was inciting the whole tail pulling thing. What could I say, I thrived on danger.

"Bitch, you'll rue your words when you are mine."

"Bring it on, little man—and I mean little," I taunted him some more.

Azazel roared, his black eyes glowed with fury and his fangs dripped a mixture of

venom and drool. But my father was Satan. I'd grown up with a hell of a lot worse, so I yawned. "Do you mind? I've got a left over pizza at home with my name on it."

Azazel lowered his voice menacingly. "My *master*," I pretended I didn't feel myself flinch at the word. "Is looking forward to seeing you. He said to tell you when winter arrives, he'll be waiting for you by the furnace."

I blinked. "Say what? What the hell is it with you bad guys and your cryptic messages? Did it never occur to you that you should give me, like, an actual date and time? I mean, what if I've got a hair appointment scheduled that day or a tanning session? And how come you get to pick the location? You guys chose it last time. I think it should my turn this time?" I babbled trying to fight the panic that kept trying to push itself up past my gorge. *Don't let the master come back. Don't let the master touch me.* I just knew if I shut up, I'd start screaming. "You know what, you tell that piece of shit coward the next time he wants to talk to me, he can make a fucking appointment. I'm through playing your fucking games. David, eat the giant rat."

With a growl I swear sounded happy, David pounced, knocking a surprised Azazel to the ground. The big demon unfortunately possessed superior strength though and sent my kitty flying. Eight lives left.

"You'll pay for that, Satan's child," Azazel threatened. A curse marred by the blood dripping down his face. I stuck my tongue out at him. With a cry of rage, Azazel called a portal and jumped through just as David came bounding back. At that moment I couldn't have told you who was the bigger pussy.

"Good kitty," I said rubbing David's big furry head behind the ears, an action that was rewarded with purring on the sound level of an air craft carrier taking off. "Come on, let's get back to my place so we can find you some clothes." I somehow doubted the remnants littering the ground would cover any important parts and I knew I was too curious to look away. Shapeshifters must have one hell of a clothing budget, on par with the Hulk's.

* * * *

Auric walked in about ten seconds after David went into the bathroom to change. My nose twitched. I smelled brimstone and it wasn't coming from me. I looked behind Auric, but my father didn't accompany him. I crossed my arms and looked at him coolly.

"And just where have you been?" I tapped my foot. I already knew. I just wanted to see what he'd answer.

Auric sighed. "I don't suppose there's any point in lying. You can smell the brimstone, can't you?"

"What were you doing in Hell?" I left out the "without me."

"Stuff."

I stalked towards him and poked him in the chest with one finger making him flinch. Don't scoff, I have a hard poke. "Don't you start with the oblique answers, buddy. I want the truth, do you understand me?"

"Your dad wanted to talk to me."

My jaw dropped. That hadn't been the answer I expected. And why had he called Auric, instead of me, his daughter? "Since when are you and the devil bosom buddies?"

"We're not friends," said Auric stiffly. "We just have one thing in common—you."

Great, now they were talking behind my back. "What did my father want?"

“He’s worried about you, Muriel. He’s not the only one.”

“I’m fine,” I said moving away from Auric and nervously tidying up. I didn’t want to talk about my nightmares.

“No, you’re not,” said Auric following me. “You wake up screaming every night. You flinch whenever you see someone in a hooded robe or if someone says the word ‘master.’” I flinched and immediately wanted to throw something at him for being right. “You’re scared, dammit. Why can’t you just admit it?”

“Am not,” I retorted out of habit. “I’m not scared of anything.” My dad would be so proud—lying through my teeth.

“And that’s why your dad wanted to talk to me. He thinks, and I happen to agree with him, there might be something more going on here than we can see.”

“I don’t understand.” Truly, I didn’t. At times I wondered if perhaps I should have been born a blonde.

“I don’t want to say ‘til I know for sure, but we’d like you to meet with some of his mages.”

“Why, so they can hypnotize me and make me dance like a chicken when I hear the word,” I swallowed hard. “M-master.”

“This isn’t a joke. I want them to have a look at you.”

“Thanks for the clothes...” David came out of the bathroom and stopped talking when he saw our intense faces.

“Why did David need clothes?” asked Auric tightly.

“It’s not what you think,” I said. I would never cheat on Auric, surely he knew that.

“Are you telling me you didn’t get attacked on the way home?”

“Well, yeah.”

“Then why would you—” Auric looked at my face and laughed. “You thought I’d think you and David messed around?” Auric laughed harder which made me frown at him. I mean, I was happy and all he trusted me, but still a little jealousy would have been nice. Had the roles been reversed I’d have had the other woman in a choke hold and pulled out most of her hair by now.

His continued mirth annoyed me. “Just so you know, David had to go furry because Azazel paid me a visit on my way home.”

That sobered him up quick. Auric’s face darkened and his lip curled. “What did that spawn of evil want?”

“He wanted to tell me that—that—” I froze. I couldn’t say the words. The panic that had threatened me earlier enveloped me, and I fell to my knees wheezing. I felt several pairs of arms around me. Apparently both David and Auric had dove on me when I fell.

“What happened?” I heard Auric ask tightly as he gathered me onto his lap and cradled me in the calming circle of his arms.

David answered for me. I still had trouble breathing. “Azazel said something about his master waiting for her when winter hit around the furnace. Honestly, it didn’t make much sense. Then I took a chunk out of him and he took off.”

“Something about when winter hits blah, blah, blah, and something about a furnace. All I got to say is they better not be planning it for Christmas Eve. I’ve got plans,” I said having recovered from my panic attack.

“You celebrate the birth of Christ?” asked David, his brows high in surprise.

“Not exactly. As you well know, Christ wasn’t born in December. Nope, we

celebrate the solstice by decorating a big ass tree, setting it on fire and dancing naked around it.”

I said this so seriously that it took David a minute to realize I was messing with him.

I cracked up at the look in his face. “Oh, please. Of course I celebrate Christmas. Like hello, lots of presents for me. Do you really think I’d skip a holiday like that?”

“But your dad is Satan...” said David, still puzzled.

“Yes, and is there anything more twisted than the world’s current version of Christmas? My dad loves the holidays. He gets totally drunk off the greed and avarice. Not to mention all the fornicating that happens at office parties. It’s his favorite time of the year.”

“That’s just sick,” said David with disgust.

I couldn’t help it, I giggled.

“Be nice,” said Auric in my ear. “David still has delusions when it comes to his concept of Heaven and Hell.”

“Apparently.” Our inane conversation had helped me calm back down. This whole panic thing was really starting to piss me off. I knew I wasn’t afraid—I just wish my body would listen.

“Auric?” I said softly.

“Yeah, baby,” he said stroking my hair.

“I want to see those mages.” I could kick, fight and scream about it for a few weeks, but the truth remained, something was wrong with me. These increasing panic attacks weren’t normal and I wanted them gone. If it took letting some freaky demon head shrinker to fix it, then shrink away.

“You say when and we’ll go.”

I loved this man whose world revolved around me. “Now,” I said before I changed my mind, not to mention I wanted the brave me back, not this frightened little wimp that kept emerging.

“Can I come?” asked David.

“Muriel?” questioned Auric.

“Sure. Come one, come all and see the sights of Hell. Let me get changed first though. If I’m going for a visit, then I need to look the part.” As princess of Hell, a certain amount of pizzazz was expected. I didn’t want to let the damned down. I made the boys turn their back—well, David anyway— while I zipped into my leather. I didn’t feel like carting it all into the bathroom. Short leather skirt with a black lace thong underneath. A lace up corset that gave me cleavage that would swallow a hand whole. Just over the knee zipped up leather boots with heels that could double as poignards. Kholed eyes, bright red lipstick, a crackling brush of my long hair and I looked vampy enough for a visit.

Auric’s eyes glowed, the bright green that reminded me of spring, smoldering with lust. David’s bright blue eyes were equally appreciative when I twirled for them. Some days I loved being a girl.

I let Auric open the portal—an ability he’d been given by my dad along with his shadow wings. I preferred to save my energy for a just in case. We stepped through and I could hear David gasp as he beheld the underworld for the first time.

The real world had gotten some facts right over the years. Yes, the underworld was hot, noisy and there was a constant ash sifting down from the sky. But that’s kind of

where it stopped. There were no damned chained to rocks while being whipped. No demons torturing souls strung by their heels. At least not in public.

What the nine circles of Hell did have were a lot of ramshackle housing and people. Millions upon millions living much like they did above but without the green grass and white picket fences. One thing we thankfully didn't have down here was cars—the smog would be unimaginable then—but it made getting where you wanted to go in a hurry a bit of a pain, like now.

People crowded the road to my dad's palace, impeding our progress. They were watching some kind of protester on a soap box causing havoc. Did he not realize I'd arrived and had places to go? Sure it would be easier to teleport within the palace itself, but dad leaned towards paranoia and had a block created against that sort of thing within the palace and the town surrounding it.

Auric wrapped an arm around my waist and tucked me tight to his side. At a nod from Auric, David glued himself to my other side. *Great a sandwich*, I thought grimacing. At least in the books when a girl got sandwiched everybody was naked. Now there was a mental image to make me blush—and flush in interesting places.

“Auric,” I said somewhat distracted by the male bodies brushing me on either side. “There's no need for this. I'm a princess down here remember?” Something the crowds they bulldozed through didn't seem to be recognizing to my annoyance. I hadn't been gone that long.

“I am your consort and David's now officially your bodyguard, so smile for the people and let's get out of here. I don't like the size of this crowd, it's too easy for someone to sneak up on us.”

I'd stopped listening pretty much at consort. Who had appointed Auric my consort? And did I care? I knew Auric was my soul mate, this just confirmed he felt the same way. As for my newly designated bodyguard, judging by the way his body pressed against mine, I guess he planned to protect me by using himself as a shield, he certainly felt hard enough to block any blows.

The guys edged me around the commotion—in other words Auric and David manhandled people out of the way—and the crowd moved enough for me to see what had them so riveted. A demon, not quite a minor league player, but nothing close to a major, stood on a rock, preaching.

“...is coming. He shall end the travesty that is Heaven and Hell. Death shall become meaningless. The barriers shall be torn down and God and Satan destroyed.”

I stifled a gasp. What blasphemy was this? I could see the black horns and towering wing tips of my father's demon guard moving in. They dove on the preaching demon and with a firm grip, dragged him away—more than likely to face a few hundred years of torture for his words, words he could not stop spouting.

He shouted now, “Soon shall ye see the truth of my words. The true master is coming. And when he does the flames of Hell shall be extinguished. You will see. You—.”

I found myself shivering between the guys, possessed of a chill in the midst of the stifling heat. Surely he couldn't be speaking of the same master, the one I dreamed of nightly? But my overactive mind couldn't help conjuring images of the master returning. Finding me and cornering me. Hurting me. My knees would have buckled had the boys not held me upright, almost dragging me through the murmuring crowd. Snippets of

conversations came to me.

“Bah, Satan’s not that bad.”

“If death is abolished, can I go back to my house? I miss my dog.”

“Hey, isn’t that the princess?”

I managed a quick wave at the person who recognized me, quick because with grim faces the boys still carried me along, like a piece of debris—a hot and nicely dressed one—caught in a wave. With the soap box talker gone now, a few of the damned recognized me—about time—and I could hear them murmuring—*“Satana” ... “It’s the princess” ... “Slut!”*.

I might have taken offence at the last, but I could hear the jealousy in the female tone. And really, who could blame her—I had the two hottest guys in Hades glued to my side. Oh, if only my succubus sisters could see me now. They’d be high-fiving their little sister for scoring.

We finally made it to the gates of the palace. They gaped open at all times because no one was stupid enough to try and get my father’s attention on purpose. Finally, the guys relaxed a bit. David peeled away from my side and moved behind us as a rear guard while Auric dropped his possessive arm from around my waist and clasped my hand instead. Strangely, I felt disappointment. I’d kind of enjoyed their dual close proximity. Not that I would think of cheating on Auric, but a girl was allowed to fantasize, right?

Walking up the palace steps, the mighty black doors to the palace swung open with a nasty creak—totally intentional—and out scurried the squat form of my father’s major domo. A cross between a gremlin and an Atlantian—a pairing that boggled the mind—he ran my father’s palace with frightening efficiency. Essentially, you toed the line or you ended up on latrine detail for eternity.

“Polkie,” I exclaimed, rushing forward, dragging Auric, who wouldn’t let my hand go, with me. I hugged my old friend one armed and kissed the top of his bald, scaly head.

Polkie, more formally known as Philokrates, split his lips in what passed for smile. “Sati,” he said with obvious pleasure, which made me feel kind of guilty. I hadn’t visited home in a while. With dad popping constantly to check up on me and my work at the bar, I’d forgotten that there were other people who might miss me. “Your father will be so happy you’ve come to visit. I see you’ve brought your consort and guard.”

What? Did everyone know about my consort before I did? Another thing for Auric and I to *talk* about later.

“Is dad around?” I asked striding into the palace, my heeled boots clacking nicely on the slate floor.

“Yes, he’s in the throne room passing judgment.”

“Don’t tell him we’re coming. I want to surprise him.” I dragged my consort—I’d have to be careful not to giggle when I said it out loud—and with David following, took them through a maze of corridors until we reached the throne room where my father held court and judged the damned that had truly been evil in life. Everybody else—the white liars, the petty criminals—they got their judgment from a book of preset punishments. It made things simpler and tended to reduce the number of complaints about preferential treatment.

We sneaked into the throne room and stood with a crowd of damned at the back. There was a long line of people going up to the witness box, waiting for their turn to point the finger of blame at the accused: a portly, bald fellow who smiled smugly, still

proud of his crimes for the moment.

My father suddenly stood up and roared. "Silence." As usual, he got what he wanted. "The crimes against you are numerous. Drug trafficking, assassination, lying, cheating, but the nastiest thing you ever did, by far the most despicable, kidnapping young girls and selling them as sex slaves."

I and the rest of the crowd grumbled in anger—heinous indeed. But I knew dad wouldn't let us down.

"I sentence thee..." Satan paused for effect. "To be drawn and quartered daily for the next five hundred years and to serve as a whore for Hell's army."

The accused finally lost his smile and stood up in a panic. "You can't do that. I should be rewarded for being evil. It got me here."

My father smiled, not a pretty sight for the uninitiated. "Welcome to Hell. I've just fucked you like you fucked over thousands. Enjoy your stay."

Kicking and screaming, the scuzzbag was dragged away to the cheers of the crowd. Do the crime, do the time, that was my father's motto. Hell wasn't a reward for those who did evil, it was the punishment. And those who enjoyed their crimes in their previous life, let's just say they were made to regret it over and over and...

The damned dispersed and we approached my father, who bounded off his throne and gave me a hug—which was so totally out of character, I almost screamed in fright.

"What the hell, dad?" I finally managed to say.

"What? Can't a father be glad his daughter's come home for a visit?"

I eyed him suspiciously, but my dad just smiled benignly back. I didn't like it. Something had to be seriously wrong for my dad to be worried enough to hug me in public.

"I take it Auric spoke to you about our suspicions," said my father.

"Yeah. You guys think maybe the stranger put some spell on me." I only quivered a little using such an abstract term.

"Don't fear daughter. We will remove this curse from you and free you to once again to be a blood thirsty pox upon the world."

With a shake of my head at my dad's use of words, and a giggle when I saw David's slack-jawed face, we went to meet with Hade's finest minds—the ones who still had one that is.

"How big is this place?" asked David, staring around with amazement at the vast arched rooms and frescoes we passed.

"As big as I need it," boasted my father and, eager to show off, he started pointing out things. "See that painting over there." The image in question of a satyr licking his lips as he watched maidens bathe in a secluded glen had been beautifully rendered, down to the individual strands of hair. "That was done by Michelangelo. What a coup getting him was! My brother, God, is still pissed over losing him."

As my dad regaled David with stories, it made me think of the memories I had of growing up here. Happy memories, actually, even though I'd done my best to drive my dad nuts.

Like the time, I'd painted his throne room pink because I thought it would look pretty. That he might have tolerated, but the big smiley faces and flowers I'd added as a finishing touch had pushed him over the edge.

A straight A student—my brain had been much sharper back then—my father had often

lamented about the fact I studied and applied myself. When I'd complained some of my succubi sisters had straight As, too, he'd informed me they did it the traditional way—by sleeping with their teachers and blackmailing them. Not liking his answer, and being stubborn, I'd responded to it in only way possible. I'd gotten a scholarship. Wow, had the shit hit the fan when that honor had come through. The steam had literally poured from his ears.

Then there had been the whole I'm-staying-a-virgin-until-I-fall in love thing. I'd stuck to my guns on that one no matter how many gifts my father bribed me with.

Aah, the good old days. Now I could do no wrong. I owned a bar and helped people get drunk and lose their inhibitions. I lived in sin with a fallen angel. And I carried a balance on my credit cards. What could I say—all those years rebelling and I ended up turning into a model daughter after all.

One of my father's demon aides came loping up and handed him a missive. My father opened it and scowled. "Damn my brother. We lost him."

"Him who?" I asked.

"That kid artist I was keeping my eye on."

Suddenly I knew who he spoke of. Jimmy Santos. A gifted artist, only sixteen and whose soul my father had been actively working on.

David leaned over and whispered in my ear. "Why is Satan so upset? I mean he's got millions of souls, so why care if he loses one?"

"My dad takes his work very seriously. This one soul he lost, the kid was a fantastic artist. We're talking his paintings could move you to tears. And Heaven got him."

"I thought that was a good thing."

"Did Auric not explain anything about Heaven to you? He explained it to me and my dad confirmed it. Heaven is a place that never changes. A place of perfect and endless summer days."

"And what's wrong with that?"

"Imagine, if you will, the perfect piece of toast. How do you know it's perfect?"

"Because it's not burnt?"

"But if your toast was the same every single day, how long before you stopped appreciating it and it turned bland.? Boring? Now back to the artist. He's gone to Heaven. His paintings that could evoke such feeling—done. That boy will never paint a masterpiece again, one because Heaven doesn't like change and two because having nothing to suffer, he'll lose that depth of emotion. So much talent and all lost because my dad couldn't get him to commit even one small sin."

"That's messed up," said David, his face thoughtful.

In silence now, we continued on our way until we reached a dark archway inscribed with warnings that kept all but the bravest from entering. I didn't bother reading or translating the inscription to the boys. Some things just didn't need to be said aloud.

A twining set of stone steps led us deep into the bowels of the palace. Smoky torches lit our way, their flickering light creating rather than dissipating shadows, and I could have sworn I saw more than one dark shape scurry away. Good thing David had a firm grip on his kitty, although I would have probably laughed my ass off if he'd turned all furry and chased after the rodents that lived down here.

Finally, we arrived. About time, too, since my heels had been made for me to look hot, not actually walk. We walked straight in to Frankenstein's lair, or at least my visual

idea of it. Wooden tables were teeming with beakers and the glass tubing along with colorful potions smoked noxiously. The shelves lining the dark stone walls sagged under the weight of jars—hundreds of them in all kinds of sizes and shapes. The ones with clear glass made even my iron stomach protest as genetic anomalies and creatures—in some cases only parts of—floated in liquids.

Okay, I admitted to being spooked. And the two most important men in my life wanted me to let the owners of said items poke around in my head? If I went home with any body parts missing there would be Hell to pay.

Shuffling steps signaled we weren't alone, and I watched as three wizened creatures—they might have been human once, it was hard to tell—came forward to meet us.

"I've brought her," said my father with any preamble. "Now fix her."
Gotta love him.

I figured they'd be poking and prodding at me for hours. To my surprise it only took fifteen minutes. And to my relief, it didn't involve any of the jars. They simply placed their hands—talk about dry and in need of hand cream—on my head. I didn't feel a darned thing.

Auric held my hand as I stood there trying not to fidget. As if by some unseen signal, they all removed their hands at once and they went off in a huddle whispering which, as anyone who knew me would tell you, annoyed the fuck out of me. Oops, there was that word again. Fuck. Ever since meeting Auric, it had begun predominating more and more of my thoughts and spoken vocabulary. It had a certain elegance to it that I liked. *This is how I knew I was nervous. I was babbling inside my own mind.*

Finally, the Alzheimer candidate huddle broke, and with Auric's arms wrapped around me—probably more for the mages' protection than mine in case I didn't like what they had to say—they approached me.

The shortest of them, its face so wrinkled you couldn't tell whether it was male or female spoke for the group. "Lucifer's daughter, you do indeed have many geas placed upon you."

Duh! "I know that," I snapped. Nervous, I didn't even try to temper my tone or words.

"Most are old and powerful beyond our ken, but, there is one that is much more recent. After examining it, we believe it has only one purpose. To frighten and control you."

Again, duh! "So how do we remove it?"

"Only you can do so. Think of it as a magical parasite on the part of your mind that controls memory and bravery. When your memory of this so-called master is triggered." I flinched. "Then so is your fear. To remove the magical parasite you need to blast it with stronger magic."

"How do I get stronger magic?" Ooh, maybe I'd have to go on a quest and find a lost magical artifact.

"Your magic is sexually based?" the wizened one asked. I nodded trying not to blush. It still bothered me. "Then you need to have more sex," it said bluntly.

Now we were talking. "Hear that babe," I said tilting my head back and smiling at Auric. "We're gonna have to increase our sexual intake."

"No," interjected the crone. "You need more than just sex with your consort. To

achieve the level of sexual magic needed to crush the parasite in your mind, you will need to bring in at least one other sexual partner and indulge in an orgy of multiple orgasms by your partners and yourself. This abundance of sexual energy should boost you enough to break free.”

Say what? Like fucking Hell! It was a good thing Auric held me tight because my fists longed to hit something. “I am *so* not having an orgy,” I yelled. “I have a consort who loves me, thank you very much, and I am *so* not bringing another girl into the mix. Over my dead fucking body.” I’ll be damned, I didn’t giggle when I said consort.

“Actually,” said the little wizard unfazed at all by my outburst. “Another man would be better as they put out a greater sexual energy than women do.”

My jaw dropped and I went still for a moment before struggling in Auric’s arms, an urge to rip the head off my dad’s mage overcoming all reason. I couldn’t get free so I settled for yelling. “You sick little freak. How do you know I can’t get enough magic with just one man?”

“Because my magic is sex based too,” said the wrinkled prune who looked like she hadn’t even thought of sex in a few centuries. “I have a harem of lovers who fulfill me simultaneously to keep my magical reservoirs filled.”

That almost did it. Definitely not a pretty mental picture. I almost puked at the thought of it.

Raisin face kept talking over my grimaces, “Lucky for you, you actually need less sex to fill you up. Course, you’d need even less if you learned to restrict its flow. I can see it leaking from you even as we speak. This constant leakage is why you need so much sex with your partner.”

“How do you know how often we have sex?” I asked suspiciously.

The creature laughed. “I can see it and smell it. And while your lover and you seem to make some potent magic together, you still need more if you want to get the fear geas to leave you. Another man should do the trick. Personally, I find that if the males climax in me at the same time as I achieve orgasm I harness the greatest amount of power.”

She said it so matter of factly that it took me a moment to process. And then another not to gag. “I am not indulging in some perverted sex games, not to mention betray my one true love. You—you—sick nympho. You don’t know me very well if you think I’d break his heart fucking some other guy. I’d rather stay scared.”

The wrinkled face looked at me and tsked, and as I glared at her, suddenly her body seemed to get taller. It wore a hood and it was coming for me, its hand reaching...

I awoke cradled in Auric’s arms, his voice rumbling through his chest against my ear. “What is wrong with you? There was no need to scare her like that.”

“Lucifer’s daughter must face the truth,” said the bitch’s voice.

“There’s got to be another way,” I whispered.

My father frowned at me. “Muriel, you need to calm yourself and listen to the experts here. I am sure Auric will understand. Your sisters do it all the time.”

I looked up at Auric expecting him to side with me. After all, he loved me. We were soul mates.

“If we have to do it to set you free, then we do it.”

Tears fill my eyes. “Don’t—don’t you love me?” I hiccupped.

“Of course I do. But I also can’t stand by and watch as the woman I fell in love with is destroyed by a stupid spell, one we have the power to remove. It’s just sex, Muriel.”

I didn't believe him. I pushed out of his arms and ran, the tears running down my face. He didn't love me anymore. He wanted to share me with another man.

I made it to my father's rock garden before Auric's arms came around me and lifted me up, crushing me against his solid chest.

"Let me go." I kicked my feet uselessly against his strength.

"Listen to me, Muriel. I love you. You and only you. I will always love you. I want you to get better. If it takes sharing you with another man, then I will. If it takes two, three or four, I still would, because when all is said and done, you are mine."

"But..."

Turning me in his arms, his lips swallowed my words, a tender caress that meant more than his words. "We'll survive this. And don't forget, it doesn't have to be a stranger. Actually I would prefer it not be a stranger."

Immediately my mind flashed to David. As if reading my mind, Auric said his name. "If we do this, I'd like it to be with David."

"I—. I can't decide this right now. I need time to think. I mean maybe there's another solution. Some magical artifact, or maybe if we marathoned on Viagra?"

Auric kissed me again. "Think about it, princess. And when you're ready, know I will support and love you. And just think, twice the hands, twice the tongues and twice the cock, pleasuring you."

His words jump-started my libido and suddenly I found myself horny. I needed sex from Auric, and I wanted it now. Being in a public area didn't faze me; actually, the idea of a possible audience excited me.

"Fuck me," I whispered up to him tugging at the button on his pants.

The words no sooner left my mouth than I found myself pressed up against a tall rock reminiscent of the ones in Stonehenge. My skirt rode up around my waist as I wrapped my legs around his waist. His impatient fingers ripped away my panties and he thrust into me. I dug my fingers into the muscles of his shoulder and urged him on.

"Harder, Auric. Fuck me harder." The rock at my back dug into me, but I welcomed the pain. His calloused fingers clenched the soft flesh of my ass cheeks as he pistoned me with his cock. He buried his face in the curve of my neck, his lips sucking at my tender flesh hard enough to leave a mark. His mark.

Even in the midst of the wild pleasure building in my body, I sensed we were no longer alone. I opened my eyes and looked over Auric's shoulder and saw David at the entrance to the rock garden, his gaze transfixed. Even from here, I could see the bulge in his pants. We excited him. As if sensing where I looked, his hand reached down and rubbed across the stretched fabric of his jeans.

Knowing he wanted to stroke himself while he watched us made me cum. Closing my eyes, my orgasm took me and I shuddered in Auric's arms. He shouted my name and his body went rigid, the hot jet of his cum, shooting deep inside me. Claiming me.

When I found the strength to open my eyes, I noticed David had left. I knew I should be bothered by the fact that I'd enjoyed him watching us. But, I couldn't deny the thrill I got thinking of it happening again.

We left soon after. I said not a word as we passed through the portal back home. Exhausted, I crawled into bed while David and Auric whispered on the other side of the apartment. I thought about listening in, but honestly, I had a feeling I knew what Auric was telling him and I just couldn't face it.

How does one have that conversation? *“Hey there, best friend, mind joining me and the girlfriend in a threesome? We’ll take turns fucking.”* Just the thought of it boggled the mind. And what pissed me off even more—thinking about it made me hot. David was a good looking guy, and I’d only ever been with Auric sexually. A part of me found myself curious as to what another flavor would taste like. Another part of me wanted to kick myself for even having such slutty thoughts.

I heard the door shut quietly and a moment later a naked Auric climbed into bed.

I thought we were going to rehash the crap we’d learned in Hell, but instead he gathered me in his arms and sought my mouth hungrily. I clung to him, a desperation in my kisses as I sought to show him how much I loved him. How much he meant to me.

He grabbed my hands and pinned them above my head making my back arch and thrusting out my breasts. His lips left mine to kiss my neck and bite it. Gently he sucked me, marking me again, something that pleased me to no end. I’d wear my pair of hickeys with pride tomorrow. Scraping the bristly edge of his jaw down the delicate skin of my neck, he made his way down to my tit. My nipples puckered at the feel of his warm breath tickling them. He rubbed his face across the soft skin of my breasts, he even scraped my nipple making me gasp. Auric had the art of teasing down to a science, and I loved it. I quivered under his sensuous onslaught; my sex wet and aching, my breathing rapid and shallow.

Finally he took my breast in his mouth, his hot moist mouth working my flesh, devouring it and leaving it damp and quivering. He pulled away and did the same thing to my other breast, my moist skin pimpling in the cooler air, making me shiver all over. He licked a path between my breasts, a wet trail of saliva that made no sense until he climbed up my body still holding my hands and straddling my chest, he slid his cock between my two valleys using the slick path he’d created. Oh, how naughty.

I tilted my chin down and licked the tip of his swollen head when it came close and Auric closed his eyes for a moment and shuddered. He slid back and then forward again, and I opened my mouth wide and this time, clamped my lips around the entirety of his engorged shaft. Back and forth he slid his cock, each time sliding it a little further into my mouth.

This excited me. I felt at his mercy. His hands held mine tightly and his weight straddling me held me down. I could only suck his cock, but only when he brought it near enough.

Holding my two hands pinned above my head in just one of his, he reached back with his other and fingered me, his calloused finger parting my wet folds and finding my sensitive clit. I wanted to cry out with the pleasure of it, but he gagged me with his cock. I sucked him eagerly as his finger stroked me, raising my body to a fever pitch of excitement. When I thought I would bite down to get his attention, unable to bear the torture anymore, he pulled his throbbing cock from my mouth and slid down my body, until the head of his engorged shaft rubbed against my wet lips. I thrust my hips up just as he plunged his cock in, and we met with a hard clash that had me grabbing him and clawing his back. He pulled himself out, teasing me again with the swollen tip, then dove back in, establishing a rhythm that kept increasing in tempo. Mindless, I felt my pussy give one last tight squeeze then explode. I could vaguely feel him pumping into me, but floating on an orgasmic cloud, my whole body quivering, I found it took too much energy to open my eyes and watch him.

But he would not be ignored. I felt him move and he straddled my upper chest again. He fed the tip of his cock between my lips, slick with my own juices and I opened wider, taking his hard length. With a shudder, he came in my mouth, and I swallowed, because after all, we all knew the difference between like and love was measured in whether a girl spit or swallowed.

He moved to the side and collapsed on the bed. Strong, sure hands grabbed me and pulled me over so I lay sprawled on top of him. Snuggling, I wondered how he could even think of betraying what we had. When we came together it was magical. Special. Or was I just deluded? Was sex like this for everyone? If I fucked David, would I achieve the same heights? I fell asleep troubled.

Chapter Four

I woke screaming, the pain so vivid that I cried and thrashed on the bed, and Auric had to hold me down while I calmed.

He kissed my sweaty forehead. "You don't have to suffer this, Muriel. Let me call David. It will be okay. You'll enjoy it. I know you will."

I hit him in the solar plexus, and while he wheezed, I rolled out of bed and stalked into the bathroom shouting over my shoulder at him. "I am not having a fucking orgy. So stop throwing your buddy at me!"

Then I was struck by a thought and I poked my head back out of the bathroom and looked at him speculatively. "Are you bi?"

Auric's face was almost comedic. "Most assuredly not," he sputtered.

"Just making sure. You seem awfully keen on getting another guy to join us."

Auric came off the bed, six foot something of yumminess, taut with anger. "I am not into men, nor am I that keen as you say, but I won't watch you waking up screaming for the rest of your life. Have you even considered how vulnerable this spell makes you? Don't you realize if the master shows up, you'll be useless against him?" I quivered and my knees gave out. Auric caught me before I hit the floor. "Baby, you've got to see. It's the only way. If I can handle it, why can't you?"

"Because I'm afraid you'll look at me differently after," I said voicing the truth. *I know, honesty, what a concept considering my parentage.*

"Muriel, this isn't about you going behind my back and cheating. This is you accepting what needs to be done. Is it David you object to? Would you perhaps prefer Christopher?"

"No. If I had to choose, I'd choose David. But I don't want to choose. I just want you."

"And I'm not enough," said Auric sadly and he walked away.

It hadn't occurred to me to look at this more from his point of view; after all, the world revolved around me. But looking at him stiffly going through the motions of making us coffee and breakfast, I realized that this had to be hard for him to. But dammit, I didn't want to fuck anyone else. I had old fashioned notions on fidelity and they involved one man and one woman.

Auric said not a word to me during breakfast, but I could see his eyes watching me speculatively and it bugged me. He left to run some errands, and I did laundry. Boring, but even Satan's daughter liked clean underwear.

When Auric came back, he had a decisive air about him.

"I'm going on a trip to gather some intel," he said packing a bag while I folded socks.

"When do we leave?" I said eager for some action and glad he'd forgotten the topic of threesomes for now.

"You're not going. It's too dangerous."

I stopped my folding and glared at him. I hated it when he pulled the chauvinistic shit with me. "Then you shouldn't be going either."

Auric just shot me a masculine look that seemed to say *How dare you tell me what to*

do.

“What?” I said “It’s okay for you to put yourself in danger but I can’t?”

“Muriel, this is not open for discussion. I want you safe. So I’m going alone.”

“I don’t like it,” I said my hands on my hips, a pose I’m sure many a nagging girlfriend and wife had adopted over the centuries.

“I didn’t ask you to like it. I’m leaving as soon as your guard arrives.”

Auric’s decision to leave on an information gathering trip suddenly struck me as suspicious. Given our recent fight and his paranoia over my security I couldn’t understand why he had to go.

“Why you? Can’t someone else go?” What I didn’t say was what if I need you? I worried about having to use my magic to protect myself. Once used, I’d need to recharge, without Auric around I’d have to masturbate which while pleasant didn’t even come close to filling my energy stores up. Not to mention, we’d never been apart since we’d hooked up a month ago.

“It’s got to be me. Anyone else can’t be trusted.”

I shivered with the understanding that this mission had something to do with Azazel and... I just wouldn’t think that about that.

He kissed me fiercely as if he wanted to brand my soul with the feel of him. Not that I minded, I liked it when he got a little rough.

He pulled back and looked at me with serious eyes. “Promise me you’ll be careful.

“As careful as usual,” I quipped.

“Muriel, I’m serious. Don’t do anything foolish.”

“Who me?” I said widening my eyes innocently and laughing at the pained look on his face. “Fine, I promise. No going to Hell or kicking demon ass by myself. Happy?”

“No, which is why I’m having David stay here while I’m gone.”

“Is this your way of getting me to come around to the idea of inviting him into a threesome?”

“No, this is my way of keeping you safe and out of trouble.”

“What? I don’t need David keeping an eye on me. I’m a big girl. I can take care of myself.”

“Just humor me, please. It’ll make me feel better if David’s close by. Promise me, you’ll use him if you need him.” Auric’s eyes and tone were bland, making me even more suspicious. He was up to something. Something I probably wouldn’t like.

“I’m not making any more promises. David can walk me to and from work so long as he behaves and doesn’t get in my way.”

“David’s going to be sleeping on the couch. You need someone to wake you from the nightmare. He’s also here to protect you and if you don’t listen to him, he’s got my permission to spank you.”

“David wouldn’t,” I said assuredly.

“He will if he doesn’t want me to geld him when I get back,” Auric said his eyes glowing with menace. I shivered, instantly aroused. What could I say, he was hot when he got all bad boy.

“I don’t suppose he can cook?” I asked hopefully.

Auric grinned. “Not like I can, baby. Don’t worry he’s a master at ordering in, unless you want fresh meat, then he’s your man.”

I thought of some poor fluffy bunny being brought to me like a cat brings a bird to its

owner and grimaced. “Ugh. No thank you. I’ll stick to frozen dinners and take out, thank you very much. Do you really have to go?”

“It’s only for a few days,” Auric said wrapping his arms around me one last time. “I’ve got a lead on something I’ve been looking into.”

“This isn’t too dangerous is it?” I asked suspiciously.

“Nope. Piece of cake,” he said. But I couldn’t see his eyes, and I wondered if he told the truth.

I grabbed him by the hair and dragged his mouth down to mine, my tongue slipping between his lips to dance with his. Large hands reached down to cup my ass cheeks and squeeze them, and I pressed myself into him, feeling his erection pressing against my lower belly.

“Let’s go for one more quickie,” I panted.

Of course, that’s when the knock sounded. Auric tore his lips away from mine and with a chagrined look said. “I’ll be back before you know it. I love you, Muriel. No matter what. Remember that.”

“I love you, too,” I said as he grabbed his backpack and headed for the door. I saw him exchange a few words with David who had arrived to baby sit me. Then he left.

I watched from the window as he and Christopher headed away—from me.

Something about the conversation hadn’t seemed right. But at least with him gone, he wouldn’t be bugging me about a threesome.

Looking at David prowling the loft I shared with Auric though I only wondered how I’d stop myself from thinking—make that fantasizing—about it. That’s when the light bulb went off and I realized Auric’s devious plan. With him gone and David underfoot, he hoped I’d change my mind about it. Get to know David and fall in lust with him and ultimately agree to the decision to let David put his sausage in my bun. Not likely. I’d sew it shut first.

“Okay, first off,” I said deciding to establish my own set of ground rules. “You are not sleeping here.”

“Yes, I am,” said David crossing muscular arms over his chest.

“Listen Auric’s going overboard with this whole protection bit.” I wouldn’t let on that I’d figured out the master plan. “Why don’t you just show up to walk me to and from work? I won’t tell.”

David regarded me implacably. I stomped my foot, piqued. “Dammit. I am not a child. I wish you and Auric would stop treating me like one.”

“Keeping you safe isn’t treating you like a child. I’d say it shows foresight and care on his part.”

I just stuck my tongue out at him. Fine, he’d won the first round, but I wasn’t done yet. I’d nag at him again later. Eventually I’d get my way, just ask my dad, I rocked at getting what I wanted.

I ignored David as best as I could the rest of that afternoon—not easy when you’ve got a six foot something male prowling your apartment. At least sensing my mood, he stayed quiet. I got ready for work and wore something that matched my mood—a black tube skirt that hit mid-thigh with a mini slit on one side, a bright red silk blouse with matching lipstick and my hair coiled on top of my head. Oh, and to finish the ensemble, black panty hose that had the seam up the back with garters and strappy black sandals. It was an outfit to cause trouble—just like my mood.

Our walk to work was quiet and uneventful. David, I guess, could sense me still simmering. I still couldn't believe Auric had gone and what I suspected his leave taking meant, i.e. convincing me to fuck someone else. I bet he hadn't counted on my stubbornness. I'd spite myself to win, something Auric and David would both soon learn.

David hung around the bar area all evening. Helping Perry serve drinks. Taking care of the drunks and being generally useful. To my annoyance, I found myself glancing over at him more than once. It wasn't like he had Auric's magnetic aura, but he did have some appeal—the forbidden fruit variety. Or at least forbidden by my standards.

When I closed up for the night, he silently handed me my jacket. I had an urge to get in his face and scream just to see if he'd react. I mean seriously, my fuming had to be driving him nuts. Auric would have thrown me over his shoulder by now and paddled my bottom had I tried it with him. Oh, how I missed him already.

I sighed loudly and saw David slide a look sideways at me, but he kept walking hands shoved deep in to his pockets.

I stopped walking. David went a few paces before he realized I wasn't beside him and whirled around.

"Doesn't it bother you at all?" I asked him point blank.

"What?"

"I know what you guys are up to and it's not going to work."

"Really, care to enlighten me as to what we're up to?" He looked at me with an innocent face I didn't believe for one minute.

I stomped my foot. "Stop playing dumb."

"Look—," David started to say then a shadow wrapped itself around his neck and choked him.

Shit! Demons. I'd been so busy being annoyed, I hadn't even heard or smelt them approaching. Cursing my stupidity, I pulled a long knife from the sheath that ran down my spine and whirled, ready to kick some demon ass.

Two squat forms approached, the sheen of their red skin worrying. Only one type of demon bore that color and it meant my usual Hell fire blade trick would be useless. Never one to give up, I dropped into a partially crouched fighting stance. My short skirt rode up on my thighs showing off my black lace garters and the tops of my legs. I saw the demons glance down, distracted, and I struck first. Swirling my blade, I ducked in and scored a line across the chest of one of them. Dancing back I felt like shouting "Ha," but my glee was short lived. The demon ignored the scratch and along with his friend, came at me from both sides. Unable to watch them both, I spun a foot out behind me, my stiletto heeling sinking into something soft and fleshy. Eew. However, now wasn't the time to worry about demon blood on my shoes as I parried the swinging fist of the other demon with my long blade. I could hear snarling and spitting behind me and knew David had let his kitty out to play, but these demons were tough. Built as soldiers for Hell, they were much more resilient than other varieties of demon.

I found myself tiring. My movements getting slower as I parried and thrust in an unending rhythm. A slash across my mid-section, slicing open my favorite red silk blouse brought on the magical trance. As on other occasions when I found myself in mortal peril, words of power appeared in my mind and I spoke, their terrible energy lashing out, drawing upon the magic stored within in me, until like a dried husk who had no more juice to give, I collapsed.

Chapter Five

The pavement reached up to slap me as my legs refused to hold my weight. Limper than an overcooked noodle, I couldn't even brace to hit the hard ground. Arms wrapped around me from behind and caught me inches before my face would have become intimately acquainted with the sidewalk.

"Are you okay, Muriel?" David asked.

Not really, but I refused to admit it. "Are they all gone?"

"Yes. Whatever you did, it turned them all into dust. But you look like shit."

Gee talk about an ego booster. "I'll be fine. I just need..." Sex. But with Auric gone that wouldn't happen. Shit. I'd have to masturbate which would only give me a fraction of my power back, not to mention I'd have to do it in the bathroom given my temporary roommate. *You could always fuck David*, said my insidious mind. No, I was sure when Auric left he meant for me to get used to David and the idea, not actually do him. But this situation really sucked. Auric hadn't even been gone a day and already, I had used up all my power. Great, now I'd be magicless until he came back. I'd survive, I had before. Mind, before I hadn't had psycho super beings after me, but at least I couldn't complain my life was boring.

David moved behind me, his arms changing their grip on my limp spaghetti body, and suddenly I became aware of the fact that David wore not a stitch of clothing. And he also seemed to be very happy to see me.

My cheeks burned hotly and I pushed away from him. "I can stand on my own," I declared. My good old friend Murphy, who was always waiting for moments like these, swooped in with a vengeance and I fell over in an ungraceful heap.

David picked me up again, this time cradling me princess style in his arms which brought my face in close proximity to the smooth skin of his chest and scent—a musky masculine, yummy smell that should be bottled for an outrageous price.

"Put me down," I demanded even as my body melted in his arms.

"No," he said in a firmer tone than I'd ever heard from him before.

What, he'd chosen now of all times to get a backbone? "This isn't appropriate," I said primly. Ironic, I knew, given my parentage, but somehow innocuous as this was, I felt like I was betraying Auric. I loved Auric, I never wanted to do anything that would make him doubt that whether he wanted me to want David or not. Damn this whole thing was bloody confusing. My poor little brain hurt.

Not listening to my protests, David carried me to the loft. I didn't know what was the biggest miracle—us not running into anybody while he carted me around naked, or the ground not opening up to swallow me from embarrassment.

I tried to get him to put me down a few times, but David, in an uncharacteristically stubborn stance—one I'd have to disabuse him of once I got my strength back—refused to, leaving me fuming in his arms. If he thought his gallant act would make me drop my panties for him, he had another thing coming even if said panties were actually wet.

We finally reached the inside of the apartment where David deposited me finally on to the couch.

"Can you leave now?" I said, tired and needing him to leave before I did something

stupid that I'd regret. I could sense the empty hole in myself where my magic usually resided, and damn was it hungry. It didn't care if David wasn't my main squeeze. It wanted stimulation and it wanted it *now*.

David looked at me with raised brows. "Are you nuts? Leave? We just got attacked by demons and you're about as strong as a newborn kitten right now. No way am I leaving you alone."

I hissed at him. Why not? I felt petty.

"Listen," said David pacing back and forth, his nude body slimmer than Auric's but just as well toned. I kept looking away but he kept walking into my line of sight distracting me. His nudity called to the depleted magical in me which screamed, *Fuck him. We're weak.*

Realizing I was eyeing David like a lion eyes a gazelle—hungrily—I looked away and dug my nails into my palm and tried to pay attention to David who still spoke.

"Auric had a talk with me before he left."

"About?" I knew I didn't want to hear this and wondered if I stuck my fingers in my ears and hummed if David would get the point and go away.

"He was afraid that you'd be forced to use your powers while he was gone. He told me how you need to replenish your magic, through sex. He didn't just leave me behind to guard you, Muriel, he left me behind to act a surrogate for him in case you needed to fill your magic back up."

I shook my head. "No. He just wants me to get used to the idea of having a threesome to get rid of the spell in my head. There's no way he'd want me to betray him by sleeping with his best friend while he was gone. You're lying."

"It's precisely because I'm his best friend that he asked me. I know you love him and he loves you. But your power needs sex. He asked me to give it to you while he was gone if you needed it."

I wanted to scream he lied. I wanted to tell him to get out. But I knew he told the truth. Auric had pretty much said it in not so many words when he'd left me, on purpose I now realized. "Put some clothes on." I demanded.

"Why?" asked David stopping to stand in front of me, his cock half erect in a nest of blond curls.

I licked my lips and fought a temptation to lean forward and touch it. My magic, like an alter ego, struggled within me, as I fought the arousal flushing my body. I bit my lip hard, tasting blood and turned my face. To my shame, I felt hot tears run down my cheeks. I hated what my magic was doing to me to me. I loved Auric. I wanted to wait for him. I had to be stronger than the magic. I couldn't give in. "I just can't. Now if you don't mind, I'm going to bed." With heavy limbs, I dragged myself to the bathroom to change into some night clothes. My energy sapped body screamed at me to get some sex, some stimulation, anything, but I found myself too mentally and physically exhausted to listen. A t-shirt and shorts felt confining compared to my usual sleep wear—nothing at all—I clambered into the gigantic bed, alone.

Tears of betrayal leaked from my eyes and soaked my pillow. Auric might be convinced we had to betray what we had, but I'd show him it didn't have to be that way. I'd be strong and resist and when he got back, we'd look for another way to cure me. A way that didn't involve another man.

* * * *

The dream started as it usually did—with me alone in Hell. Where it changed was how long the pain went on. I could feel my body being shaken. I could hear someone calling me. But the pain held me prisoner. I writhed and screamed with it, wishing I could die. Then I felt comforting arms wrap around me. Holding me tight. Auric had returned. He'd saved me from my nightmare. I snuggled into the safety and warmth of his arms and body, the memory of the agony slowly receding. When I stopped whimpering and shaking, I took a deep breath and smelled... David, not Auric.

Horried, I tried to push out of his arms, but he tightened his grip.

"Shhh. Calm down, Muriel."

"Why are you holding me?" I asked indignantly.

"You wouldn't stop screaming, and I couldn't wake you up."

"I'm fine now. You can let me go." Never mind that it felt almost as nice as when Auric held me. It was wrong.

"Why do you allow yourself to suffer this every night if you don't have to?"

"I do have to. The alternative is to possibly lose Auric and I won't do that."

"But Auric isn't going anywhere. Don't you realize how much this is killing him? I hadn't quite understood how bad it was until tonight. Do you know helpless I felt when I couldn't wake you and were screaming like that? Can you imagine how Auric feels? And you've been doing this to him for what a month now? How cruel are you?"

I wanted to say "I'm not cruel, he is," but the look of horror on David's face stopped me. How would I feel if it was Auric in unbearable agony? Would I not do anything to stop it? I'd offered my life for his not so long ago to stop him from being hurt. Now all he asked of me was to do something that my body would enjoy, something he approved of and would participate in to save me.

I really disliked middle of the night epiphanies. They made me nasty.

"Just go away, David. I'm not fucking you, so forget it." I turned on my side and closed my eyes pretending sleep. David sighed loudly, but he didn't budge.

"You know, Muriel," he said after a while. "I'm not doing this for the sex. I'm doing this because my best friend is hurting and unlike you, I'd like to see it stop. Let me ask you something?"

"What now?" I growled.

"If you're dirty, you shower, right? If you're, hungry you eat. If you're tired, you sleep. Why is it when your magic asks for a refill you treat it differently than the rest of your bodily needs?"

"You don't know what you're talking about."

"Really," said David lying beside me on top of the covers. A part of me wanted to peek and see if he was still naked, but I controlled myself—barely. "When the full moon hits, did you know I have to shift and hunt something. And when I say hunt, I mean, I need to find something living and tear into it with fangs until its blood runs down my throat."

"Oh, that is so gross!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, it is. And it took me years to come to grips with the fact, that it was who I am. I used to fight it, calling myself all kinds of names, castigating myself. Then Auric came into my life and asked why I fought the nature of my beast? I told him it was gross. Inhumane. He reminded me I was a shapeshifter, with needs. He also pointed out that the creatures I hunted weren't weak and that I didn't torture them needlessly. I went after

other aggressive carnivores and when I killed, I did so quickly and with mercy.”

“I’m still not seeing the connection,” I said fascinated in spite of myself.

“You keep equating sex with love and commitment instead of looking at it as a basic need that needs to be met. When you have sex with Auric, sure get all emotional about it. When you have sex for magic, leave the feelings out of it and do what needs to be done.”

“I don’t like it.”

“Nobody said you had to,” said David and I felt the whisper of a touch running up my back, a ghostly sensation that made me shiver.

“If I did agree,” I said. “There would be no kissing.” I couldn’t believe I’d said that, but I couldn’t deny that a night’s sleep hadn’t given me back my strength. On the contrary, I felt weaker than ever.

“Ahh, *Pretty Woman* is still alive. That’s fine,” he said agreeing easily. He swept my hair aside and his warm lips touched the back of my neck. I shuddered and desire flared to life in between my legs.

“I haven’t agreed yet,” I felt my body thrumming with anticipation.

David nipped my ear and whispered, “What else would you have me promise?”

“I don’t love you, and I don’t want you to love me.”

“No emotions, just sex between friends to help you out. Is that all?”

“Are you sure this is what Auric wanted?”

“I wouldn’t lie about something like this.” I could hear the truth in words.

I didn’t speak just nodded my head, his light caresses already starting to feed the hole that my magic resided in. I tried to roll over, but he kept me pinned to the bed on my stomach and kept nibbling the tender flesh of my neck. He pulled up the fabric of my t-shirt and lifting my arms, he removed it. He left my shorts on and began exploring the skin of my back, his mouth alternating between caressing and nipping. I could sense him over me, straddling my buttocks but not sitting on me. His hands ran down my sides lightly, and I restrained a giggle. It tickled. He ran them back up again and slid them under my body just under my breasts. His hands, smoother than Auric’s, cupped my breasts, and even smooshed flat, he managed to tweak my nipples and roll them between his fingers. Something that made me gnaw my lip and shiver. I gasped when he lay himself full length on me. His naked skin feverish hot against mine, the hardness of his erection poking at my backside, the flimsy material of my shorts, the only thin barrier stopping it from touching me.

My heart wavered for a moment when I felt his hands on the waist band of my shorts, pulling them down, but my magic screamed *Yes!* My magic and desire won. I couldn’t stop him now. The coiling heat inside of me needed relief.

My bottoms discarded, he laid back on top of me, skin to skin, his shaft a burning rod lying within the crevice of my buttocks. He nibbled at my neck again, a sensitive spot of mine, making me arch back against him. His musky scent filled my senses and acted like an airborne pheromone that brought out an animalistic side I didn’t know I had. I mewled and bucked against his hard on. He responded by nipping my neck and wrapping an arm around my waist. He lifted me into a hands and knees position and pushed apart my thighs. Having never been taken like this, but aware of its bestial origin, I panted, waiting and wanting. His fingers probed me first, two long and smooth fingers that slid between my wet lips and made me cry out when they reached deep inside and touched my g-spot. He stroked it with his fingers, making me writhe and moan. When I would

have collapsed on the bed, flat on my stomach again, he slapped my ass and pulled me back up. The sting excited even as it shocked me. I would have never taken David to be an aggressive lover.

Again his fingers touched me. I whimpered, my body taut with need. Finally he stopped his torture and with a swift move, he sheathed his cock inside of me.

Strange as it seemed for just a moment, I compared the feel of him to Auric. Long, like Auric but not quite as thick. As if to compensate for his girth, he reached under and found my clit. I bucked against him and I heard him hiss, not in pain, but in pleasure. David was not as cool about this as he'd been leading me to believe. Feeling more confident and so close to my climax, I moved my hips back against him while he rubbed my clit. His body pounded me in steady strokes, his body slapping up against my buttocks making me grunt as he drove himself deep. He leaned over me and pushed down on my back, collapsing my upper arms so my face and upper part of my chest lay on the bed while my ass still hovered in the air. This position seemed to allow him to go even deeper and I moaned as he banged up against my womb, my secret spot of pleasure.

I clawed at the sheets feeling my body approaching that familiar pleasure plateau, with a small cry, I crested it, my sex squeezing tight around his cock. With a hoarse cry, David pulled out and I felt him spurt his seed over my back.

While my body calmed down, I realized two things. One, while I had enjoyed this bout with David and felt my magic somewhat replenished, it had been nothing like the earth shattering love making I experienced with Auric. And two, cooling jizz on my back was so gross!

"Eew!" I screeched. "What the Hell did you shoot onto my back for? Get a towel."

Immediately, he hopped off the bed. I watched, still with interest, the naked movement of David's ass as he bolted for the bathroom and came back to wipe me up.

"Sorry," he said. "You have a thing with kissing, I have a thing with coming inside a girl. I don't want to get you accidentally pregnant."

Pregnancy? Damn, I'd never even thought of that state of being in all the times I'd been with Auric. Did he? He'd never held back with me. Was Auric trying to get me pregnant? I'd have to have a talk with him—just add it to the growing list.

"Thanks, just next time warn me would you." Oops. I'd said next time. Damn, I guess there was no reason now not to do the threesome, that is if Auric really was fine with all this. Too late now. I'd find out soon enough.

Chapter Six

Auric walked into the bar that same night looking dangerous and handsome. I flashed a look at David, who at least had the grace to duck his head. I'd been setup. Pissed, I felt a dangerous rage rise up in me and I fled my post behind the bar, lest my fiery eyes betray my parentage to my patrons.

I'd barely closed the door when Auric entered warily.

"You bastard!" I yelled throwing the nearest thing at hand—my favorite mug—at his head. Auric ducked and it smashed against the door. "You fucking set me up."

"You wouldn't see reason," he shrugged non-apologetically.

"So, what, you sent demons after me so I'd be forced to use my up all my power and have no choice but to fuck David?"

"No they were real assassins, but I did have your dad pull back your bodyguards. You were never in any danger. I was always close by making sure you'd be safe."

I saw red and I knew my eyes were glowing. "You mean," I growled, taking a step towards him. "That you were nearby the entire time. That you forced David on me when I was weak. How could you betray my body, our love like that?"

A flash of pain touched his eyes briefly, but just as quickly it disappeared and he regarded me stonily. "I didn't betray you or our love. I did what had to be done. What you stubbornly refused to see. What happened with David was only sex."

"Only sex," I scoffed. "Doesn't it bother you at all that another man saw me naked? Touched me?"

Auric's face tightened with anger. "Of course it bothers me. I am not immune to jealousy, but let me ask you something. Did your souls touch when you fucked? Do you love me any less?"

"No."

"And that's why I can live with it," he said his face softening. "I wish there could have been another way. But..." He shrugged.

I could hear the truth in his words, just like I could feel the bond of our love getting stronger. How having me having sex with another guy could make our love greater was a mystery, but I had no intention of letting him off the hook that easily. I needed to vent some more.

"You had no right to trick me like that. I waited twenty three years to share my love and body with you. How could you force me into that kind of situation?" I asked in a hurt voice. I knew had the roles been reversed, I could never share Auric—he was mine and I didn't share.

"I did what had to be done because I love you. Your wellbeing and safety trump petty feelings of jealousy. You could sleep with a thousand men and I would still love you. It's not your fault that your power has special needs. I would rather you share your body to stay alive than to foolishly abstain and die. I couldn't live without you, Muriel."

"I won't share you, Auric."

"I know. And I'd have preferred not to share you either, but part of loving you means I need to understand and support what you need, including what your magic needs. Now are you done yelling at me?"

“No,” I pouted.

“Too bad,” he said crossing the short distance to me and wrapping me in a bear hug. “I missed you.”

“You were gone one day.”

“So. I missed you.”

I wanted to hold onto my anger, but it slipped away like a fish caught in bare hands. Why was I trying to push Auric away? He still loved me. I lifted my face and closed my eyes when his lips came down possessively on mine.

When he let me up for air several minutes later, I had to ask. “So did David call you as soon as the dirty deed was done? Or were you watching?”

He at least had the grace to look sheepish. “He called while you were in the shower. He also told me you wouldn’t kiss him. Thank you.”

I blushed, I couldn’t help it, he looked so happy I’d reserved that treat for him.

“So, now what?” I asked.

“Now we plan an orgy.”

I slammed my foot down on his insole and he sucked in a breath. “Just kidding,” he wheezed. “We’ll take this slow, but Muriel, we can’t wait too long. I got a report this afternoon souls might be disappearing in Hell again. We think Azazel’s master is planning something and soon.”

I trembled and my vision blurred for a second as the fear flooded me. Auric held me tight while the attack passed.

“Get David. I want this curse out of my head,” I whispered.

“Sit down and wait for me. I’ll tell him to meet us back at the loft.” Auric left me with my thoughts—part excitement, part curiosity. How did a threesome work? Was I ready?

Ready or not, tonight had to be the night. If the master had returned with some nefarious plot in mind, then I needed to be able to face him without pissing my pants.

Auric came back and scooped me into his arms. Leaving by the side entrance, he unfurled his beautiful shadow wings and soared into the night sky. I twined my arms tightly around his neck and nibbled on his chin and neck. When that didn’t get me a reaction, I reached a hand down and grabbed him.

Auric sucked in a breath. “Muriel. You’re going to make us crash.”

“So pay attention,” I teased, sliding my hands into his pants to curl around his partially stiff cock. I stroked his velvety skin, enjoying the way he expanded in my hand and how his breathing grew ragged.

Too soon we arrived at the fire escape for the loft and he bundled me inside, his hands ripping at my clothes until I stood nude before him. I ran to the bed and hopped on. David hadn’t arrived yet, so with a coy smile and a crooked finger I beckoned Auric who stripped before taking long strides to meet me. He fell on me like a ravenous beast, and I met his hungry kisses and added in some sinuous tongue.

We rolled on the bed, seeking to dominate the other and just enjoying the feel of our naked skin rubbing together. Finally, we stopped wrestling. I found myself on the bottom while a very erect Auric lay on top. He held my hands above my head and his green eyes smoldered. I licked my lips.

He smiled at me wickedly then lowered his head to suck on my erect nipple. I moaned and tried to pull my hands free to grab his head, but he held them, a prisoner to

his teasing. His hot mouth swirled on the erect nub, and then suddenly I felt two mouths as another warm pair of lips latched onto my other breast.

Shocked, I opened my eyes to see David had joined the fray, his blond head alongside Auric's ebony one as they laved my nipples and breasts with their mouths and tongues. And, oh, did the view—not to mention the feel of it—turn me on.

As if sensing my wavering attention, I felt almost simultaneous nips that made me cry out. I closed my eyes again and allowed myself to become lost in the sensation of their dual oral assault. And despite my earlier stance and adamant refusal to indulge in a threesome, damn was I enjoying it.

Auric slid to the side but kept one leg thrown over my thigh. Like a reflecting mirror, David snuggled closer to my other side and put his leg over mine as well. Auric pulled one hand down from where it held mine prisoner, but David had one of his hands take its place. Their dominant takeover of my body made me squirm and pant. My pussy throbbed in anticipation, slick with my juices. They must have read my mind—or smelled my arousal—for their free hands pulled my thighs apart. A calloused hand stroked one inner thigh while a smooth long fingered one stroked the other. Like a synchronized dance, their fingers both sought the wetness of my sex. Two fingers from each man slid in and stretched me. I cried out, the electrical rush that was flooding my senses already so powerful, I couldn't imagine my magic being able to hold more. But hold more it did.

Confused as to who was where and keeping my eyes closed to not lose the magic of the moment, I shivered when one body slid between my legs, the warm breath and questing tongue seeking and finding my clit and sucking it.

I bucked and would have cried out but I had a cock shoved in my mouth, cutting off my cry. Auric, whose cock I would know from anywhere, filled my oral cavity completely. I lavished attention on his prick, sliding my lips over the taut skin as he fucked my mouth with his hard length. His fingers twined in my hair, controlling me and exciting me as he pulsed against my tongue, forcing me to deep throat him. And I loved it.

Between my thighs, I trembled, wet and swollen. David's tongue flicked my clit, quickly making my hips twitch and writhe. I longed for him to put his fingers inside of me, but he tortured me orally instead, stopping his attention to my clit only to run a long wet tongue against my silken gash.

I wanted to plead for them to fuck me and make me cum. I wanted to scream with the pleasure of it. The mind blowing, pussy drenching euphoria of having so much sexual attention lavished on me. But with my mouth full all I could was hum and moan.

Again, as if choreographed, I found myself suddenly on my hands and knees, Auric's calloused hands on my waist, the familiar thick head of his cock nudging my moist lips. I thrust my bottom back against him and he responded by plowing deep inside my slick sheath. Squirming movement under me made me open my eyes and I saw David positioning himself in a sixty-nine position under me, his cock poking me in the chin. Auric pounded me fast and hard. I opened my mouth to cry out with the pleasure of it, but a hand on the back of my head pushed me down and I got the hint. I took David's cock in my mouth, not as thick as Auric, so I had no difficulty working it in and out of my mouth. I almost bite his shaft though when David wrapped his arms around my thighs and pulled his face up and using that long tongue of his, licked me. He began flicking his tongue against my clit in time with Auric's thrusts. How Auric managed to piston me while

David licked me at the same time, I didn't know or care, because it felt so fucking good.

I quickly found myself climaxing, my cry muffled around the shaft in my mouth. Auric thrust in and out of me faster, my quivering pussy squeezing him tight until, with a hoarse cry, his cock jerked and shot warm semen inside of me.

But they weren't done. I found myself flipped onto my back and my legs pushed up. David took his turn now between my thighs, something I only caught a glimpse before Auric captured my lips and with a rough hand, squeezed my breast. My hips were lifted up off the bed, my legs dangling over David shoulders so he could fuck me deep. His long cock ended up in just the right position to stroke my g-spot. I whimpered against Auric's lips, but torturer that he is, he slid a hand down and rubbed my clit while swallowing my cries with his mouth. With a scream I came again, biting Auric's lip in my wild abandon. David prepared to withdraw on the brink of his own pleasure, but Auric growled, "Stay."

And so David plunged back deep, my trembling sex welcoming him back. Auric hadn't stopped rubbing my clit and to my intense shock, I found myself shuddering in the grips of yet another orgasm. Auric caught my cry with his lips, but I heard David shout as he exploded inside of me, a molten stream of cum.

The powerful energy of his orgasm along with the ones that preceded it sent my magic levels shooting higher than they'd ever gone before. I writhed as if on fire. The surplus of magic raced through my body, looking for an outlet and found one in my head. It attacked the spell that caged me. I bucked and screamed as my mind burned. Images flashed through my mind of the cowed figure, myself whimpering, faster and faster until with an explosion of white light behind my eyelids, the geas of fear disintegrated. Immediate relief flooded me, my mind suddenly my own again and I cursed myself for not realizing just how badly the spell had affected me.

Overwhelmed, I fought to regain my breathing. The boys, lay slumped on either side of me breathing just as heavily.

I turned my head and faced Auric, his green eyes tender and loving. "Are you okay?" he asked.

I nodded and then smiled. Free of fear, not to mention pleasantly sore, I'd never felt better. "The spell is gone, but I used up all my magic burning it out."

Auric's face split into a grin. "Are you trying to tell us something?"

The jerk, he intended to make me spell it out. My confidence and bravery completely restored, I impishly trailed a finger down both their chests, my hand finding and stroking their velvety shafts. To my immense insatiable glee, they both immediately hardened. "So when's round two?"

Apparently, right away. Lucky me.

Chapter Seven

Auric broached the subject of David moving in while I ate breakfast. I spat my coffee out and glared at Auric as he wiped it up. Having not suffered from a nightmare for the first time in a month, I'd woken up in a fabulous mood. Not to mention a sated one. Damn had our threesome of the previous night charged my magical batteries not to mention wiped the heavy pall of fear from my psyche. But with Auric's words, I lost my happy glow.

"The geas on me is gone. Why the fuck would he move in?" I asked, not very nicely. David had thankfully been gone when I woke up so I could speak my mind. I also didn't have to avoid eye contact. In the light of day, my actions of the previous night seemed depraved and slutty, even if I had immensely enjoyed it.

"You're still not safe though," said Auric calmly as if explaining something to a difficult child. "Face it, Muriel. There's times when I might be needed elsewhere and you're going to need a magical boost. What if I'm not here?"

"Then I wait for you to come back."

"And leave you weak and unprotected? No way," he shook his head.

Great, we'd come back to square one. "Fine. He can be a sex surrogate when you're gone. Happy? He doesn't need to move in." I enjoyed sharing the loft with Auric and while I liked David, I didn't want him here all the time. What would happen to alone time for me and Auric?

"I want him close at hand."

"Why so we can have threesomes every night? What am I not enough for you anymore?" I spoke bitterly but only because the thought of the pleasure made me wet.

He sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. "David moving in doesn't mean threesomes every night. What it means is I won't be putting off missions because I'm worried about you. It means us all being together and ready for the next time that hooded bastard or another wanna-be makes a move. It means giving David a sense of belonging so he doesn't feel used."

His words hit me hard and I almost reeled back. "You've been turning down missions?" Never mind that he never spoke of what exactly these missions entailed, I knew how important they were to him.

He just nodded.

"Because of me?" Fuck and double fuck. I loved that Auric's world revolved around me, but dammit, I didn't want him resenting me because he had to give up the things that made me love him.

"Just think about it, would you?" he asked.

And I did. I thought about it while I showered. I thought about it when Auric walked me to work. I still hadn't come to a decision when Bambi walked into the bar.

Once again, I dragged her out back to my office.

"I need your advice again," I said pacing the small confines of my office.

"What is it this time, lamb?"

"I had a threesome with David and Auric."

Bambi's mouth made an O of surprise.

“Yes, I know—shocking,” I said when she didn’t speak. “Dad’s head shrinkers discovered I had some spell put on me that was giving me nightmares and stuff. In order to get rid of it I needed sex, actually orgasms, a lot of them pretty much at once.”

“I’ll be damned. My baby sister is exploring her sexuality.” Bambi giggled when I glared at her.

“So what’s the problem?” she asked. “Sounds to me like you’ve got your hands full and in a good way. That David is a hunk.”

“Problem is Auric thinks David should move in.”

“And you don’t want to because?” she queried with an arched brow.

“I love Auric. He’s my consort. How the Hell are we supposed to be a couple if we’ve got another guy living with us? A guy, I might add, Auric expects me to fuck if he’s not around for a power boost and to indulge in the occasional threesome if we really need to charge my batteries.”

“I still don’t see your problem,” she said shrugging.

“A couple is two people; one man, one woman, unless you’re bi that is. Not two men, one woman.”

“Bullshit.”

“How is it bullshit? And what about poor David in this? How the fuck is he going to find himself a girlfriend if he’s living with us and fucking me?”

“Why don’t you ask him?”

I frowned at Bambi. “You’re really not helping me here.”

“Listen, lamb, I’m not saying if David moves in everything will be exactly the same. No, of course it won’t, but face facts. You are a princess of Hell with sex based magic. Your consort is a man of the world who can’t sit around to hold your fucking hand. You want alone time with Auric. You make some. Set some boundaries. Plan a date night. I’m sure if you talk to them, you can come to some kind of arrangement you can all live with. I know Auric, lamb, he wouldn’t suggest this if he didn’t think it was necessary. And to be honest, if David comes to live with you, he won’t be looking for a girlfriend. I’ve seen how he watches you. That boy is already in love with you. Now I know you don’t care for him the same way you do Auric, but can you honestly say you don’t care for him at all? That you wouldn’t freak if you saw him with another girl now that you’ve slept with him?”

I opened my mouth to retort and then shut it again. The thought of David touching another woman ... I almost growled. *Oh, fuck.* I loved Auric with all my being, but I couldn’t deny I cared for David.

I sat down on my couch with a heavy sigh. “When did my life get so complicated? Just a month ago I was a virgin who only had to worry about running out of double As, now I’ve got two lovers.”

“My little sister is growing up,” said Bambi with a laugh. “Don’t look so glum. Do you know how many women would kill to be in your panties?” With a wave, she left me to my thoughts.

Once again, the world’s biggest slut—she took pride in this title and even had a trophy to prove it—had guided me through a life crisis.

It looked like I’d be getting a roommate. Not that I’d tell Auric right away. Let him work at me a bit more. I wanted to enjoy the little alone time we had left before my life changed again irrevocably.

Chapter Eight

“Muriel!”

I was startled awake at my father’s shout. Lifting my head from my pillow, I regarded my dad with annoyance until I noticed what he wore—a parka and a tuque, definitely not my father’s usual Armani attire.

Auric had jumped out of bed at the first scent of brimstone and stood gloriously nude with his sword in hand—the metal, not flesh one. When he saw my dad, he just sighed and crawled back under the covers.

“Dad, can’t you ever call first?”

“Why, when this is much quicker?” My father just couldn’t—or should I say—wouldn’t grasp the concept of privacy and boundaries. Auric snorted and flung an arm over his face, probably to hide a grin.

“Dad, you can’t just pop in like that. I live with Auric now, and you have to start respecting our space. Now I want you to go now and call before you decide to just pop in.”

“But this is an emergency. You said emergencies were okay.” He looked so crestfallen that I sighed.

“Fine, what’s so important that you couldn’t knock?” *And it better be good*, I thought.

“Hell’s frozen over!”

That caught my attention. Sitting up in the bed, I only barely remembered to grab the sheet and hold it over my naked bosom. “What did you say?” I had to have misheard.

“Hell has frozen over,” said my father slowly through gritted teeth. “As in covered in a blanket of white. No heat. No fire. Frozen solid like a popsicle.”

Now my dad’s outfit made sense. I absorbed this surprising news and then... I laughed. I roared. I giggled insanely.

“Muriel!” shouted my father. “I fail to see the humor.”

I stopped gasping long enough to say. “Well, your outfit for one. I mean, dad, really, a bright red parka? Couldn’t you have found something a little more manly?”

My dad—evil lord of the pit—looked down at his bright red coat with matching red mitts and hat, perplexed. “Who cares about my coat. Don’t you grasp what this means?”

“Not really,” I replied shrugging. “You, Auric?”

“I think,” Auric replied slowly with a thoughtful face, “That this might not be a laughing matter.” He looked at the father of sin and asked, “Were they all documented?”

My father nodded his head. “Every single one. No one ever thought it would come to pass. But, a promise made is a promise made.”

Confusion made me scrunch up my face. I really hated it when I was the last to understand. “What are you both talking about?”

Auric explained it to me. “Everyone who’s ever made a pledge using the term ‘when Hell freezes over’ is having to fulfill their promise.”

“But they don’t know Hell’s frozen over. It’s not like dad’s going to take out a full page ad and announce it to the world. Not to mention, if they weren’t going to follow through on their promise before why would they do it now?”

My father groaned. "I can't believe my own daughter doesn't grasp the gravity."

"Muriel," said Auric patiently. "These pledges people made were all documented and due to the high improbability involved, because of course Hell should have never frozen over, they are now being forced to fulfill those pledges."

"What? But that's insane. I mean the term 'when Hell freezes over' is used like a zillion times a day and is only used in the grossest of circumstances. It was never meant to be taken seriously." I blanched as it occurred to me how ugly things could get. How many girls had told guys they'd only sleep with them when Hell froze over? How many ultimatums delivered with that promise? Fuck, this was bad.

"Finally she gets it," my father shouted, rolling his eyes and flinging up his hands. "Lucky for us, the magic is starting with the oldest entries first, and those people are already dead. So we have a little time before it hits the live ones."

"Wait a second. Why do you care?" I asked my dad. "As Satan, shouldn't you be cheering all the evil that's going to come of this?"

My father shook his head. "Aah, Muri. If we don't stop this, I'm going to be handing down punishments and dealing with paperwork for centuries. It will totally cut into my golf and wenching time."

Now I rolled my eyes. My father, the altruistic one.

"What do you want us to do?" asked Auric, getting out of bed again, this time to get dressed in warm, concealing clothes. What a shame.

"We need to get the flames of Hell burning again." My father said this like it would be a simple matter. Somehow I didn't think a can of lighter fluid and a match would do the trick.

"Flames of Hell, right," I muttered. Then I finally had the light bulb and I wanted to dance. Satana, princess of Hell was back! "I know what the riddle means!" I exclaimed, bouncing on the bed.

My father and Auric both turned to face me with puzzled faces. I laughed at them, proud I'd finally figured something out on my own before they had. "Hello. Azazel's warning, and I quote, 'when winter arrives, he'll be waiting for you by the furnace.'"

"This is the work of the hooded one," said Auric, nodding at me with a proud smile that made me preen.

"I guess the next question is if this frozen Hell thing is a spell or something else. Have you noticed any souls missing?" I asked my father.

My father shrugged looking tired. "There's always souls missing. Hell is kind of big in case you hadn't noticed. I've had my people tracking down the souls that have been reported as having disappeared, but it takes time. Although it definitely looks like some are permanently gone, just like last time."

"I guess the real question is, what do we do next?" said Auric.

"Kick ass," I said with a grin. I had a meeting I didn't plan to miss with one hooded figure and I for one couldn't wait to let him speak to the edge of my blade.

"One thing is for sure, we have to do something soon before the magic starts claiming the promises of those still living. I'd like to kill the person who coined that stupid phrase. When Hell freezes over. What a stupid thing to say." My dad grumbled, his way of dealing with anxiety.

"I'd better call David and Christopher," said Auric. He walked away to grab his cell and I looked at my dad.

“We’re gonna fix this, dad.”

For a moment, I thought I saw a glimmer of fear in my father’s face. Satan, afraid? Never.

“I have faith in you and your friends, Muri. And don’t worry, this time you won’t be fighting alone. I’m mobilizing my demonic forces as we speak.”

I decided to not point out that if Hell truly was as cold as he said, that his demons would be close to useless. Like many animals on earth, extreme cold sent them into a hibernating mode. Hopefully my dad had enough mittens and parkas for all of them, or we’d be facing the hooded one by ourselves, which suited me just fine.

I had a score to settle.

* * * *

David arrived before Chris and I blushed seeing him, mentally flashing to a moment from the night before when he’d been fucking me and I’d looked up to see him, his muscled abs straining, his hips pumping...

I soaked my panties. David sniffed the air and grinned at me, a cocky smile so unlike him, that I found myself torn between slapping him for knowing I was horny and ripping off his clothes for a new round of sexual fun.

I did neither. Just turned my back and pretended interest in my boots. Ugly, practical things, but as Auric had assured me, they’d keep my feet warm even if they had never made any fashion list.

Auric came out of the storage room carrying downy filled jackets and threw them on the couch.

“Good, you’re here,” he said with a nod to David. “Christopher is gonna be another hour or so. That should give us enough time.”

“Enough time for what?” I asked.

A blue and green pair of eyes swiveled to look at me, the gleam in them unmistakable and arousing. Looking at them both standing there expectantly, I was suddenly struck by their startling contrast. One so fair and boyish looking, the other dark and dangerous. They both drew me and my magic. Heat coiled between my thighs.

“Hold on a second. This isn’t the time to be getting down and doing the nasty. Hello, Hell has frozen over. Focus here.” I licked my lips even as I spoke, my knees trembling and tummy swirling with excitement. I couldn’t deny I wanted it, but I was determined to at least try and make it look like I didn’t.

“Strip, Muriel,” Auric ordered me.

“But—.”

“Or I’ll put you over my knee and spank you.”

Damn, get naked and have a great time, or refuse and also have a great time. Fuck, I loved my life.

But a sore ass might not be the most comfortable thing when facing true evil, so with a coy smile, I stripped. Why argue with what my body—and I’d admit even my mind—wanted.

Naked, I stood there proudly, displaying my lush curves and enjoying their smoky looks and evident erections in their pants. I cupped my breasts, rolling my nipples between my fingers, loving the hungry look they got on their faces, like they wanted to make me their main course. Quickly, both men shed their clothes and the heat inside me

grew at the sight of their naked, muscled bodies.

Auric approached me first. He dropped to his knees and with his fingers gripping my thighs, spread my legs. David watched us, his hand on his cock, stroking it. As Auric's tongue found my wet gash and licked, I found myself unable to look away from David and the thick rod he pumped in his fist.

The flood of desire that raced through my body made my knees buckle and I ended up sitting on the couch, Auric still between my legs lapping at my moist core. David ended up on the couch beside me, his mouth latched onto my tit. I reached out with my hand and grabbed his shaft, jerking its velvety hot length. David bit down on my nipple and I screamed, a sound I repeated when Auric shoved three fingers inside of me and stretched me even as he kept flicking my clit with the tip of his tongue.

"Please," I begged, already mindless with pleasure.

"Tell me what you want," growled Auric.

"Fuck me," I panted. "Make me cum."

And like my words had been what they waited for, I found myself on my knees on the couch, my arms braced on the armrest. A slim rod entered my slit from behind and started a rhythm, one that Auric joined when he shoved his cock between my lips. Fingers laced in my hair, Auric fucked my mouth, forcing me to take his long length, grunting as I sucked.

A sharp stinging slap on my ass made me squeal around the penis in my mouth, but both men seemed to enjoy it for they moved even faster. The grip in my hair got tighter, painfully so, but that only enhanced my pleasure and sent me over the edge. I orgasmed hard, my pelvic muscles spasming around David's prick.

More slaps sounded out making my ass cheeks throb pleasantly and, to my even greater shock, making another orgasm erupt. With synchronized bellows, both my lovers came. Hot cream flooded my mouth and filled up my quivering core.

I glowed and fairly burst with magic after that explosive, sexual bout. And once I could open my eyes and breathe again it would be time to kill something.

Chapter Nine

Hell looked kind of pretty covered in a pristine coat of white snow. Instead of ash trickling from the sky, fluffy snowflakes drifted down. Everywhere I looked, I could see demons bundled in layers and the souls of the damned tobogganing and throwing snowballs, and just having a good time. I liked it.

“You know what dad, this is actually a good look for Hell.”

Lucifer just glared at me with chattering teeth, which I had to admit took away a lot from the look.

The imp inside me, unable to resist, said, “Hey, I bet if we took a video of this and posted it on YouTube we could crash their servers.” That earned me another dirty look which made me laugh, that is until a snowball hit me upside the head. Turning, I saw Auric grinning from ear to ear.

“You are so dead,” I scooped up some of the white stuff and threw it back. Auric ducked and I hit David in the back of the head instead. I giggled when he turned around, but then squealed when he came racing across the snow at me. I took off running, not making it far before a hard body tackled me into a soft drift. A body that tumbled quickly off mine when somebody else dove into it.

Rolling over, I saw David and Auric wrestling in the snow, each trying to snow job the other. I laughed breathlessly and lay on my back. Spreading my arms and legs back and forth, I made a snow angel. Surely a first for Hell.

A shadow fell over me and I looked up into my father’s exasperated face.

“And to think all our hopes rest on you,” he muttered shaking his head.

I held out a hand, and my father, still superbly strong for his age, yanked me up.

“You mean I get to save the day?” I said eagerly. Now that the oppressive weight of that fear spell was gone, I felt ready to take on anything.

“If you children are done playing,” my dad said with a pointed look at David and Auric as they came jogging up. “Then perhaps we can go speak to the mages and see if they have any answers for us.”

Christopher, who’d stood by and watched our snow play, just shook his head. Spoilsport.

Dad, head held high and trying to look every inch the lord of lies and damnation—and failing in his fire engine red parka—trudged through the thick snow, his grumblings too low to make out.

Auric and David positioned themselves on either side of me, and to my pleasure, each held my hand. I could see Chris looking at us sideways, but he said not a word. I wondered how much Auric had told him. He and Chris were close friends, almost as close as he and David. It made me wonder why he chose David instead of Chris to complete our ménage. Did he not trust Chris as much? Did Chris find the whole three way thing gross? Or even more unlikely, did Chris not find me attractive? Nah. But I added that question to my growing list of questions to eventually ask Auric when things got back to normal—well as normal as things could get with us planning to live with another guy and my nympho magic.

Entering the palace, we shook the snow from our clothes and followed my dad into

his war room, a vast space with electronic maps on every wall. His wrinkled mages were already stationed around the war table and the guys joined them. Me, I wandered over to the maps and realized each map represented one of the circles of Hell. Bright red lights kept popping up on the detailed grids as I looked at them.

“What are the red lights?” I asked turning from the wall to see the boys huddled over something on the immense table.

“Confirmed missing souls,” replied my father not even looking up.

I faced the maps again and my stomach sank. The red lights kept appearing, their number staggering and each one a soul that would never live again. It made me more determined than ever to stop Azazel and his hooded master. I would avenge the souls of those who’d been taken. *Go princess of Hell!* I was my own cheering squad.

My father, the guys and the three prune faces bored me with their talk of tactics. I just wanted to be pointed in a direction so I could find something to kill. Leaving the war room, I wandered down the hall until I ended up in the rock garden, now covered in a sheet of white. It seemed like forever since I’d run here, trying to fight what my body and magic needed me to do.

And now look at me. Indulging in threesomes at the drop of a pair of pants. At least Auric seemed happy with the arrangement. I’d forsake my magic in a moment if he wasn’t.

A sound from behind saw me pulling my Hell sword from the scabbard at my side and whirling, it’s red pointed tip inches from the throat of a minor demon that had entered the garden.

The ugly beast with his stubby horns, swallowed and said not a word, just lifted a box it held in two hands towards me.

“A present? For me?” I said. Not being the trusting type, I kept my sword in one hand while reaching for the gift with the other. The minor demon seeing I had the package in hand, immediately scurried off.

Odd. I eyed the white box with its pretty red bow and wondered who it was from. I didn’t see a card. But a present was a present. Sheathing my sword, I tore open the package and ripped apart the tissue paper. When I held the contents, a red rage descended over me.

It contained a blood covered brassiere and a lock of hair that I recognized. A note accompanied the items and I scanned it, my fury growing.

I have your sister, but the person I really want is you. The question is do you love your sister as much as your lover? Will you trade your life for hers? Or will she die painfully, knowing her favorite little sister has forsaken her? Will you let her die cursing your name? I await you by the furnace. Come alone or I will make her die slowly, one scream at a time.

“Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!” I paced and kicked at the snow angrily. Bambi, my sister had been taken. I already knew I had to go after her. I couldn’t stay here and do nothing. Like a surrogate mother, Bambi had always been there for me. Bandaging my cuts. Teaching me to wear makeup. How to flirt. Now it was my turn to be there for her.

The problem though was did I tell the boys or not? I loved my father, but I feared he’d sacrifice my sister to keep me safe. He didn’t feel the same way about my succubi sister as he did me, something I didn’t quite understand. And to be honest, Auric and David would probably side with him. Not many beings relegated importance to succubi. I

did though.

So I'd have to face the cowed one alone. I wondered if he knew yet that his magical geas on my mind had been destroyed. If he didn't, I could use that to my advantage.

Determined, I strutted from the rock garden and headed for the front doors. I should have known I wouldn't be able to sneak out of the palace. I'd almost reached the entrance when Auric said in a commanding tone. "And just where do you think you're going, woman?"

Oops. Caught. Tilting my chin stubbornly, I turned to face stormy green eyes. "He's got Bambi."

"So what," Auric said stalking towards me, his body bristling with anger. "You were just going to waltz out of here, alone, and confront him?"

"That was the plan, yes," I braced myself for the storm.

"Are you out of your fucking mind?" he shouted.

"She's my sister. I won't let him kill her," I yelled back and stood toe to toe with him.

"Of course we won't let her die," he said.

"What?" His answer took me aback.

"Did you really think I'd be callous enough to leave your sister to die? What I object to, is you going off like some idiot on your own."

"I'm not an idiot," I grumbled, but my eyes dropped and my cheeks flushed red at his chastisement.

Strong arms wrapped around me and his lips kissed my temple softly. "No, you're not, you're wonderful and loving and brave. But you forgot one thing?"

I melted at wonderful. "What did I forget?"

"You don't have to do this alone."

He didn't know about the note. "He'll kill her if I show up with you guys."

"He'll kill us all if he gets his hands on you."

Good point. Course I had no intention of dying, so it was also a moot point. "Fine, smart ass. What's your plan then?" I asked. I expected him to bluster, but as usual Auric had stayed one step ahead of me.

"While you were off deciding to save Hell all by yourself, I learned some interesting things."

"Like?"

"Like, you can draw magic from David and me, even if we're not doing the naked tango."

That caught my attention. "How?"

"While not as effective as the actual act itself, Mimi, the mage who examined you before, says if we are all aroused for each other, then so long as we are within sight, you can pull on that arousal to fuel your magic."

"Let me get this straight," I said. "If I go meet the hooded one while horny then I'll have more magic?"

Auric nodded. I laughed and laughed some more, my mirth so strong it brought tears to my eyes.

"What's so funny?" asked David who had joined us.

"I told Muriel about the new aspect to her magic that we just discovered."

"Oh," replied David.

I wheezed, trying to control my giggles.

Smack!

The cracking slap on my ass cheek sobered me up quick and I stood up, glaring at Auric and David who regarded me innocently. Rubbing my posterior, I scowled at them both.

Chris chose that moment to come sauntering up. "I see you stopped her. Have you briefed her on the plan so we can get this show on the road?"

"Plan?" I seesawed my gaze between the guys. "What plan?"

"We know the hooded one is waiting by the furnace, right?" Auric spoke up. "What he and Azazel probably don't know is there are actually two ways to get to the furnace?"

"Since when?" I asked. My father had never told me about that.

"Your dad only found out about it just now from Mimi. She found it when scrying the area. Says it's been there a long time, hidden by the flames that are usually there. Using it will give us an advantage."

I now wished I'd stayed for the meeting, apparently it had been more interesting than I'd expected.

"Now, Muriel, you'll approach the furnace from the main entrance, while David and I sneak into the hidden rear one. Chris will follow behind you after a certain interval to help guard your rear. Your father will stay here with the army and at our signal will open a portal right outside the furnace that will launch his soldiers into the fray."

That made sense. My father alone possessed the power needed to open a portal the size and duration needed to get an army through. But I bet he hated being left behind. He did so enjoy a good fight.

"Sounds good. Let's go." My blood pumped in anticipation, eager for action.

"Not quite yet. Chris, we'll just be a few minutes."

"What? Why aren't we leaving?" Auric grabbed me by the hand and dragged me off into a chamber adjoining the main hall, a parlor of sorts for waiting visitors. David followed behind and closed the double doors.

"We just need to do one more thing before we go through a portal and kick some ass."

I eyed them suspiciously. "I'm already full up on magic, so you can forget about having sex. Let's go save Bambi."

"Oh, I know you're full," said Auric with a naughty gleam in his eye. "We just need to make sure you're horny enough to draw some more if you need it."

I backed up a step as Auric stalked me, sexual intent in his eyes. I hit something hard and arms wrapped around my waist. David nuzzled my ear and whispered, "This will only take a few minutes." Then he licked the shell of my ear before biting my earlobe and making my knees sag.

Auric stood in front of me, his green eyes smoldering with lust. "Cup me, Muriel," he growled. "Feel how much I want you."

I couldn't stop myself from obeying. Placing my hand over his groin, I sighed at how hard he was. I squeezed him and he groaned. David eager to not be left out, ground his own erection against the crack of my ass. He also slid his hands up from my waist to cup and squeeze my tits.

My head fell back as Auric also placed his hands on me, his calloused thumbs lifting my shirt and stroking the soft skin at my waist. A pressure against my crotch followed by

warmth had me mewling as Auric, who had dropped to his knees, teased me with his mouth over the fabric of my pants.

Desire roared through me, my juices soaking through the fabric of my panties and slacks. I heard Auric grunt his mouth so hot against me. David flicked my nipples through the fabric of my shirt, sensitizing my nubs even as he kept rubbing himself against my backside.

Lost in a maelstrom of sensation, I heard myself pleading. "Fuck me. Now. Please."

Instead they both moved away from me, their breathing heavy, their cocks straining the material of their jeans.

Auric said not a word as he zipped my coat up, but he did kiss me, a hard bruising kiss, that made me grab his hair and pull.

Untangling my hands from him, he set me back. His voice unsteady, he said. "Let's go kill the bad guy, and when we're done, if you're a good girl, I am going to fuck you so hard. I am going to pound you 'til you see stars. Then I'm going to fuck you some more."

"And while he's fucking you," David said from behind me. "You're going to be gagging on my shaft 'til I cream you."

I shuddered, and I was pretty sure I had a mini orgasm just with their words.

"What are we waiting for?" I demanded impatiently pushing past them. "Let's get this show on the road." So I could put out the fire they'd started in my crotch.

Nothing like incentive to get a girl going.

Chapter Ten

Auric sketched the portal that would deposit me not far from the furnace. With one last kiss from my fallen angel, I stepped through the glowing portal into a white blizzard. Great.

I slogged through the white stuff I no longer found so pretty. In the distance, through blustery gusts, I could see the wall of black with its single crevice that led to the furnace.

No one knew the origins of the furnace, it had always been; like a gigantic hearth that made Hell hot and dry, not to mention sifted ash down constantly. Pit scientists speculated the flames came from the earth's molten core. All I knew was it was damned hot! I'd once asked my father what made it burn during a visit to the inferno when much younger, and my father had replied the sins of the world were the fuel that fed its fire. It made one wonder just where the sins were going now that they weren't getting roasted like marshmallows. I also wondered how the heck I'd get the fire going again. If I killed the hooded one, would the spell vanish, lighting the furnace up again? Or would I have to do magic of my own?

Finally, I reached the opening in the rock wall and I slipped inside shivering from the cold. Auric's plan to make me horny had failed against the elements. I knew I should be worried about that, but fuck it, I was a cocky bitch. This wouldn't be the first time I winged it.

The quiet in the roughly hewn tunnel made the hair on my body stand up. I could sense power ahead of me.

The wanna-be master and my tormentor had already arrived.

Chattering teeth or not, I knew I couldn't fight with the thick parka and mitts. I shed the heavy clothing and drew my Hell blade. Instantly the flames came to life inside the red metal. It also radiated a bit of heat, just not enough to stop my shivering.

With nipples protruding from the cold, and a lot of attitude, I sashayed down the tunnel into the furnace room. No point in delaying.

The cowed one stood in front of the mawing opening which used to house the flames of Hades. A ball of light hung above it, illuminating faintly the area around it. Azazel, his demonic black face stretched in a toothy grin, stood beside his hooded master, and at their feet, in a huddled ball of misery, I saw Bambi.

She lifted her bloodied face and for a moment I saw hope in her eyes, then loving resignation. "You shouldn't have come, lamb," she croaked. "Run."

"Silence, bitch!" Azazel kicked her and Bambi fell face first onto the hard floor, not moving.

My rage filled me, warm and welcome, making my body tingle in expectation. I'd originally planned to fake being under the hooded one's spell, but without the geas of fear, I discovered, I couldn't pretend to be scared. On the contrary, I wanted, make that needed, to inspire fear.

I was, after all, Satana Muriel Baphomet, misbegotten daughter of Lucifer, princess of Hell, and no one fucked with me or my family.

Something of my resolve must have shown in my face. Perhaps the flames I inherited from my father lit my eyes. Perhaps it was the sword I brandished menacingly, or the fact

I'd pulled my lips back and grinned ferally at them.

I also glowed with power. My magical reservoir bulged, anxious for me to unleash it and my hair danced in a static mess around my head. I stalked towards them, the gleaming red of my blade swinging hypnotically back and forth.

Azazel's eyes widened for a moment, but at a movement from the cowled figure, he straightened his spine and spat. "Stop or your sister dies."

I just smiled wider and tsked him like a naughty child. "Touch another hair on her head and I will make you scream for an eternity instead of killing you quickly."

Stupid demon, he didn't run even though I could see from his expression he heard the truth in my words. Funny, my father hated the truth, but personally, I'd always found it rather effective, its solid ring inspiring more fear than any lie could.

A whisper of power touched me, like a faint voice, I could hear it calling to the spell that used to reside in my mind. *Fear me*. I trembled for a tenth of a second as that insidious ghostly touch on my psyche tried to wake the curse it had placed there. Too bad for it, I now feared nothing. I squashed the questing tendril and lashed back in the only way I knew I could.

"Oops," I laughed. "Looking for your spell are you? Hate to break it to you, but it's gone. Burned to a crisp. Kind of like what I intend to do to you. Unless you'd prefer I slowly slice you into pieces." Choices, choices. Even I didn't know which one I preferred.

"Get her," screeched the hooded one finally losing his calm demeanor.

Azazel took one uncertain step forward and I braced myself, my legs loosely bent. I beckoned him, but he hesitated. And I wondered at this until I heard the scuffing sounds of movement behind me.

"Foolish bitch. You may have left your bodyguards behind, but we came prepared," Azazel taunted.

The sound of a lot of shuffling feet didn't move the smile from my face, for floating down from the ceiling, his grey wings spread wide, was my very own angel and boy did he look fierce. Seeing the battle light in his eye brought my lust back with a vengeance and with the blood coursing through my veins I twirled my sword and let out a battle cry and charged.

Azazel snarled and would have sprang at me if a big blond bundle of fur hadn't tackled him. Spitting and slashing, David, the giant kitty, had also arrived.

Auric landed beside me and pulled out his holy blade, its shining steel making me faintly ill. After all, its purpose was to destroy evil things and as Lucifer's daughter, I kind of fell into that category.

"Get your sister," he ordered. "I've got your back."

A quick glance behind me showed a wave of demons advancing in a line, their fangs dripping in excitement. "Are you sure?" I asked torn.

"Your father's forces are arriving as we speak. Now go. Do me proud, and I'll lick you 'til you cum in my face later."

With that kind of encouragement, I ran for my sister, still prone on the ground.

The cowled one seemed to be doing something for I could sense power coiling about it. Screaming a war cry that would have made an Amazon proud, I dashed at him, the point of my sword leading the way. The robed one unfortunately moved before I skewered him, but at least I'd disrupted his spell.

I stood over my sister's body and hissed at him. Sometimes there were no words that would do. The stupid bastard didn't even flinch like any other normal being would have.

Between my feet, Bambi stirred.

"Can you move?" I asked keeping an eye on the hooded one who once again had dropped in to a trance.

"I'll try," she gasped.

Even as she tried to get to her knees, a thundering crash and a flash of light made us turn to look towards the entrance to the furnace room. Holding a magical staff, Chris had arrived, and using raw magic forced a path between the ranks of demons. He strode through his cleared opening, reinforcements from my father following him and joining the battle. *Yay for the good or, should I say bad, guys.*

In a moment, Chris had arrived at my side and scooped up my sister. I gave him a nod of thanks and then turned to look for the hooded one. For a moment, I couldn't find the bastard, then a shadow of movement caught my eye.

"What, leaving the party already?" I said strutting towards it. "But we haven't even gotten to the main event. Your death."

"Foolish girl child thinking you can stand against me." The robed one straightened and a whirlpool of power swirled unseen around it.

Not so good.

In a moment of *déjà-vu*, the cowed being approached me, hand outstretched. A faint remembrance of fear and pain shivered through me. I drew on my magic and lit a fire in my mind to keep its shadowy thoughts at bay. But he pushed hard against my psychic shield, draining my magic.

"Fight me, damn it!" I cried. I took a step towards it, determined to decapitate it, but my legs moved as if mired in mud and I let out a frustrated growl. Stubbornness should have been my middle name, for hard or not, I pushed against the inertia, gaining inches. The robed one was almost within reach of my sword.

"Satana," it whispered, its voice low and melodious. Male or female, I still couldn't tell, but I could feel the power emanating from it. A shit load of power and all aimed at me. And stupidly, I'd come too close to it and found myself wrapped in tendrils of its magic.

Swinging my sword did not cut the magical ties that tried to bind me and the being chuckled, moving towards me now, hand outstretched again. For a moment panic rose in my gorge.

Not again!

Then I found myself saved from a most unexpected source. Azazel. Bleeding and stumbling, trying to back away from the panther that stalked him, he bumped into his master, disrupting the spell that shackled me.

And that distraction allowed my men to reinforce me—my fallen angel on one side and my big, bad kitty on the other. Pity, nobody had a camera, it would have made a wicked pic for sure.

"Use us," whispered Auric, followed by a nudge on my other side by David's big blond head. It occurred to me I was wasting time here with this cowardly being who wouldn't even show its face, time that could be spent at home naked in a three way pretzel. And just like that my lust roared back through me and I drew on the magic I could somehow sense filtering from my lovers beside me.

Men I intended to lick every inch of later.

As if he read my mind, Auric growled. "I'm going to do more than lick you woman. Let's finish this."

Energized, I smiled ferally, and I knew the moment my eyes lit up with the flames of Hell, for the one who would call himself master took a step back.

I could feel him send out a tendril of power at me, "*Don't move*" it coaxed. I batted it down with my own energy and stalked forward swinging my Hell sword.

Like a mouse who had suddenly caught the scent of a predator, it tried to scurry away. Not fucking likely.

"Tell me your name," I demanded grabbing a hold of its loose robe, the material soft as silk. I could feel the being still trying to control me, but I guessed the boys were getting off sexually on my power trip for the magic flowing into me had increased, and I even felt a new flavor join in. *What can I say, I'm hot.*

Drunk on power, the robed ones feeble attempts to control me got eaten by my magic. I laughed and then roared, startling it. "Tell me your name!" I put some force into that request, my voice suddenly booming and the battle that raged behind us, a battle I had blocked out until now, suddenly stopped and silence reigned. And finally I found what I'd been seeking. Fear.

Delicious.

"Tell me," I whispered, my power twining insidiously with the words and bringing the cowed one trembling to its knees. I loved the reversal of roles.

I heard it croak something faintly. "I didn't hear you. Tell me your name." I ordered.

"Gabriel."

"Pull off your hood." I demanded. Damn, but I liked being in the driver seat and giving the commands.

The pale slender hands that been the centerpiece of my nightmare for so long trembled as they reached up to grasp the edge of its hood and pushed it back. An androgynous face stared back at me with only the squareness of the chin indicating it was male. Beautifully pure looking with skin of finest white marble and a gaze so serene, I wondered what race he belonged too. And also how something that looked so pretty could be so evil.

I knew I gasped, but so did Auric who had come up beside me. "You?" Auric exclaimed.

"You know him?"

"Meet one of God's original champions and one of the angels who banned me for daring to question Heaven's authority."

I stared at the supposed angel intently and he dropped his eyes of palest blue.

"Why are you doing this?" I asked.

"I left the kingdom of Heaven and pledged myself to the service of the *One*."

Gabriel's expression turned dreamy and his lips curved into a half smile—a vacant smile that made me shiver. I hated fanatics as they always seemed to commit the most horrific crimes in the name of a higher power. And then they had the nerve to question why they ended up in Hell.

"One who?" questioned Auric.

"Soon everybody will know the *One's* will and the world above, below and in between shall be remade."

“Blah, blah, blah. What does that have to do with me?”

Eerie eyes peered into mine and as I watched them cloud over, a chill swept through me.

Gabriel’s mouth opened, but what emerged showed Gabriel was no longer home. “Spawn of Satan, daughter of Gaia. Your victory shall be short lived. Pave the way for my arrival and perhaps you shall die quickly” said the puppet formerly known as Gabriel in a hissing whisper that sent icy fingers down my spine while at the same time making me wince like nails down a chalkboard.

He probably would have said more, but I’ve always hated the part in the movies where bad guys monologue. With a swing of my sword, I decapitated the former angel and watched dispassionately as his headless body tumbled to the floor.

Interestingly enough, no blood came out. An intriguing fact I didn’t get to admire for long as Gabriel’s remains shrank into themselves, getting smaller and smaller until, poof, he disappeared.

Sword sheathed, I turned to Auric with a bright smile. “Now that he’s gone, shall we head on home and get naked.”

Auric shook his head at me, but I could see the smile he tried to hide. “Woman, you are incorrigible. I wish you hadn’t been so hasty, I still had some questions to ask him.”

“Oh, please, I did everyone a favor, so let’s move on.”

“Um, Muriel, didn’t you hear what he said. He called you daughter of Gaia.”

“Yeah, and I find that offensive. I am so definitely not gay. Like, hello, two male lovers.”

Auric looked like he might say nothing, but a commotion caught both our attention as a bleeding, black demon was thrown to his knees before us by David still in panther form and Chris whose staff smoked most interestingly.

“Azazel,” I snarled reaching for my blade.

“He’s mine,” said my father in a booming voice, striding through the ranks of his demon army that parted for him. Dressed in black from his shining Hessian boots, to his flowing, fur edged cape. Finally, my dad had found a winter look that made him look menacing and impressive even if it was somewhat Darth Vaderish.

I smiled at Azazel. “Guess you’re too late for a quick death. Hope you enjoy your eternity of torture.”

With a howl, Azazel was dragged by my father’s minions to meet his punishment, which knowing my dad would be painful and, in this case, very deserving.

“Now are we done?” I asked impatiently. Auric came to stand behind me and his warm body pressed against mine while his arms wrapped around me in a hug.

“Great job daughter,” said my father. “You can leave as soon as you get the furnace going again.”

“Me? Why can’t one your mages do it?”

“Because I’m your father and I said so.”

Auric whispered in my ear. “You’ll need *a lot* of magic to light it.”

I shivered, his innuendo clear. “Fine, but you all need to leave,” I commanded waving an imperious hand.

The lord of Hell, with some barked commands and a wink to me, had his demonic troops marching out of the chamber. Chris with one arm around a limping Bambi’s waist, gave us a wave and followed behind.

David swung his big feline head towards us for a moment, then away, about to follow the others.

I looked up quickly at Auric who nodded at me. "David, that didn't mean you," I shouted before he could leave.

I swear the giant kitty smiled. He padded back towards us, shifting back to his male form as he came, the sinuous muscles of his body as he moved making my heart speed faster.

Auric moved away for a moment and I turned to see why and saw him building a nest using his clothes in front of the cold furnace.

"Strip," he ordered.

"But it's cold," I complained shivering.

"Not for long," he promised.

Hands pulled at my shirt, as David, not waiting for me, divested me of my clothing. When he knelt to remove my boots and pants, I knew he could smell my arousal, for he rubbed his cheek against my creamy thigh and purred.

David stood in front of me, his erection poking and hot against my lower belly. Auric came up behind me, his hard length rubbing against my ass as he nuzzled my neck.

Sandwiched between their two naked bodies, the temperature in my body rose. Lips tasted the tender flesh of my neck, sucking and licking.

"Kiss her," ordered Auric.

David hesitated.

"Taste her," growled Auric.

I closed my eyes as David tentatively touched his lips to mine. His embrace soft and exploratory. Then another pair of lips took over. Auric. It wasn't hard to tell them apart. Auric had a fierceness to his embraces and the touch of him always made my soul sing. David kissed more softly, savoring my lips like a fine wine that needed to be sipped slowly. And I enjoyed them both.

Arousal spun a web around us all. My limbs felt heavy and Auric swept me up in his big arms, kissing me and I found myself on the nest Auric had made. Auric lay down on one side of me and his hot mouth left my mouth to lick and suck my taut nipple. A pleasure duplicated by David on the other side. I arched up and two male hands were there to push me back down. Auric's rough fingers slid between my thighs, stroking me. He rolled on top of me, and I looked up into the face I loved dearly and gasped when he slid his hard length in. He pumped me with long smooth strokes that made my pleasure swirl and build. I turned my head to the side and saw David watching us raptly, his hand stroking his cock. I beckoned him, wanting to feel him in my mouth. But he shook his head, eyes glittering and kept watching as Auric pumped me.

Determined to give him a better show, I pushed at Auric and mouthed, "On my knees." Before I'd even finished I found myself flipped onto my stomach and Auric with a hand curved around my waist, hauled me up so that my moist sex invited him. I heard David's breathing come more quickly and I watched him with heavy lids as he fisted his cock, a sight I found exciting and erotic. Auric rubbed the tip of his velvety rod against my wet slit then rammed it in making me cry out. I clawed at the piled clothing as Auric pounded my flesh, the sound of his body slapping mine loud. My hands were grabbed and I opened my eyes to see David had finally moved. He placed my hands on his thighs bringing me eye to eye with his swollen cock. My pussy squeezed Auric's shaft tightly

and I heard him groan and say, “Suck him. I want to see your head bobbing.”

His order excited me, so I did as I was told and took that swollen head between my lips. David’s fingers wrapped themselves in my hair and he controlled my motions. Slowed them. I wanted to suck him off fast, just like Auric fucked me now. But David had other ideas, he pushed his cock deep into my throat, almost gagging me with his length, then pulled it back a bit, slowly, before doing it again.

Behind me Auric groaned and his fingers dug into my waist as he slowed his pace to match David’s, a pace that would surely drive me insane. By reducing the speed, they’d made sure I felt every single inch when it slid in my mouth and sex. I could feel their cocks throbbing and my pussy convulsed. Auric pushed his penis in deep, the tip brushing my womb and he held it there, grinding his hips slightly, making me moan around David’s shaft.

“Switch with me,” grunted Auric.

Without a word, David pulled out my mouth and switched spots with Auric. Auric took his place in front of me, his cock, so much thicker and slick with my juices, bobbing in front of me. I dove on it, sucking it hard. I bit down slightly when David penetrated me from behind, his penis jabbing me in my sweet spot and making me go wild. The two of them pumped me now, their breathing strained. As for me, I couldn’t take it anymore and came—hard. My mouth screaming around Auric’s cock, I orgasmed, my pussy muscles clenching David tightly, and with a hoarse cry, he came. I found myself on my back, my womb still quivering, when Auric still hard, pushed my legs up over his shoulders and slid in. His thick cock made me cry out and my muscles tensed before coming again in a second orgasm that had me blacking out for a moment.

And the magic filled me up. Auric pumped me rhythmically, his face taut with strain.

“Now, Muriel. Use your power and light it.”

I needed to release it for, with Auric still fucking me and my womb convulsing still, the magic kept pouring in making it almost painful.

Screaming, I threw my power at the furnace. For a moment, I saw a flicker.

“More” panted Auric, sweat beading his brow as he held back and drove himself in and out of my quivering body.

A hot mouth latched onto my nipple, licking and biting down even as a finger found my clit and rubbed.

With a hoarse cry, I came again, the flood of magic racing through my body and directed out again to the furnace behind me.

More and more, I fed the giant hearth and just when I thought I wouldn’t have enough magic, Auric finally came with a bellow, creaming me and making me cum one last screaming time.

Whoosh!

The flames of Hell suddenly burst forth in the hearth, their instant warmth drying the sweat on our sated bodies.

But, I’d used up a lot of energy and, with a sigh of pleasure, I passed out.

Chapter Eleven

I came to snuggled between a pair of naked bodies. Exhausted but smiling, we dressed, although we left off the jackets and mitts. Hell had turned hot again. Leaving the flames burning merrily, we exited the cavern and Auric opened a portal back to the apartment.

Immediately, I collapsed on the couch, exhausted and dirty. It could have been worse, at least we'd all survived. The good, or bad, guys did that is.

David shuffled his feet and wouldn't look at us. "I guess I'll get going. See you around."

It broke my heart and I understood why Auric had asked that David join us. We'd been through a lot together in the last little bit. Auric had my soul, but David had stolen a piece of my heart and I didn't like to see him looking lost and alone like this. And I knew, neither did Auric.

Auric flashed me a glance and inclined his head to which I responded to with a smile. "Stay," he said.

"Please," I added.

David finally lifted his head and looked at us. "Why?"

"Because you now belong with us. We need you. I need you," I held out my hand. Perhaps that made me a slut, but while I loved Auric with my entire being, a part of me loved David, too. And besides, I was Lucifer's daughter and selfishness ran in my genes. So screw what people thought and screw my previous morals. I wanted them both. David with his shy smiles, but surprisingly hard core. And Auric, my very own fallen angel and consort.

Slowly David approached us, I saw him look intently at Auric. I peeked up and saw Auric nod at him. David finally smiled and reached out to take my hand. Leading my men to the bathroom, I ordered them to strip.

About time I gave the orders around here.

It was a tighter fit in the shower with the three of us—I'd really need to look into getting this bathroom enlarged—but I quite enjoyed it. The guys made sure I stayed between them an erotic delight that had me almost swooning as the feel of male flesh brushed me front and back.

Later that night, snuggled between their naked male bodies I smiled contentedly.

Satan help me, but I loved them both. Even more wonderful, I knew they loved me, too.

Epilogue

I had the three most important men in my life sitting down for a nice family dinner. My father was beaming since we'd just announced David was moving in.

"I can't believe it, my daughter living in sin with not one man but two. You do a father proud," he said, toasting the occasion.

Auric rolled his eyes, used to my father's antics, but I saw David look taken aback. My father's sense of humor took getting used to for the uninitiated.

It had been a week now since we'd vanquished the hooded one. I still had a hard time thinking of him as Gabriel, another fallen angel who was nothing like my precious Auric.

Auric had tried to bring up the subject of my mother a few times, but sticking my fingers in my ears and humming soon brought a stop to that. In the midst of all the massive magic I'd ingested, the pain blocks on that subject had thankfully been burned away, but my mind still remained a blank where she was concerned. Besides, I still had no interest in talking about the woman who'd birthed and left me. Not to mention fucked with my head.

A knock sounded at the door and a knot formed in my stomach. Call it intuition, but I knew who ever stood on the other side was about to fuck up the nice new life I'd settled into.

"Don't answer," I said in a childish attempt to avoid whatever calamity waited for me on the other side.

At the look of worry on my face, Auric grabbed his holy sword then headed for the door where the person knocked a second time. His bulky body blocked the doorway so I couldn't see who'd come calling. David stood in front of me protectively. They still didn't get it that I could take care of myself.

I heard a chair go sliding back and hit the floor. I looked over to see my father staring at the door, a look of stunned surprise on his face.

"No, it can't be," he muttered.

I needed to see what had my father looking like he'd seen a ghost. I walked around David, who to my surprise didn't try and stop me.

"Hello, Lucifer," said a petite woman, walking in. "It's been a long time."

Panic engulfed me for some reason which made no sense, we'd cured the spell that had been causing them. I palmed my dinner knife.

"Do you know this woman, dad?" I asked, wondering why Auric had let this unknown woman in.

"Yes, and so do you," my father said looking at me sadly.

I hated cryptic answers, they made my head hurt. The woman looked at me, with her long hair and familiar face. The room spun and I swooned. Thankfully there were several pairs of hands there to catch me.

I regained consciousness seated on Auric's lap with David handing me a glass of water which I took with shaking hands. The woman who'd come calling, also known as my mother, stood watching me enigmatically.

"What's your name?" I suddenly felt a monstrous need to know.

“I would have thought your first question would have been why am I here?”

“Fine then, why are you here?”

“Why to witness the birth of your child. My grandchild. Which reminds me, congratulations to the fathers.”

That did it. I threw the knife I still held in my hand.

The End

About the Author:

Eve Langlais, who is in her mid thirties, has been married 11 years to a wonderful man who gave her three beautiful, but distracting children aged ten, seven and four. A military brat, she was born in British Columbia but ended up living all across Canada. She now resides with her family, that also includes two cats and a guinea pig, in the historic town of Bowmanville, Ontario. If you want to get to know her better visit her website at <http://www.Evelanglais.com> or friend her on FaceBook.

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