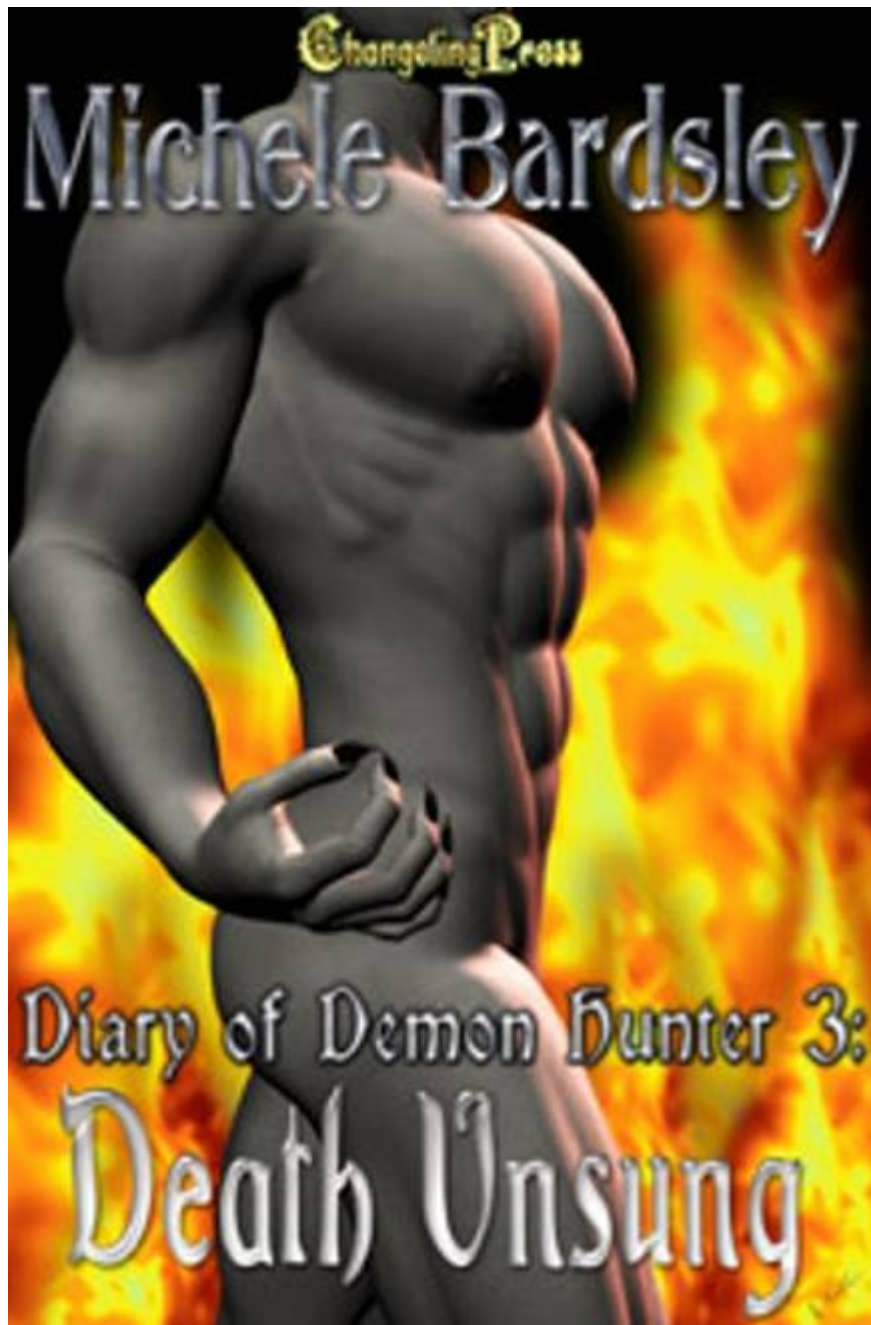




Diary of a Demon Hunter:

Death Unsung

By MicheleBardsley

From the Diary of Maggie Mortis...

It's beentwo weeks since I foiled Magnus's latest attempt to kill me.Draymore still hasn't forgiven me, but I've pointed out -- several times, I might add -- that I wasn't the one who possessed his vampire

ass. He's stopped answering my phone calls. I wouldn't be surprised if Draymore stays in Europe for the next century or two.

Gah! I hate that shithead Magnus. As soon as I learn the secret to killing demons, instead of just entrapping their sorry asses, he's the first one to go.

Then I'll destroy Abatu. Ooooh, I can't wait to kill that motherfucker. Now that I have Auren, aka Hellion the mouthy kitten, Abatu should be redoubling his

efforts to kill us. But he hasn't. It's been too quiet on the demon-fighting front. I've hardly beat any scaly assholes to a pulp, which leaves me plenty of time to bond with my weirdo kin.

Auren is sort of my sister... though I haven't found anything in Daddy's journals or our family records to indicate the Mortis family is descended from Abatu.

The other two people in our strange little family are Sarah, my former assistant, and her half-demon bambino, Margie. They live in the compound full-time. I'm getting good at holding the little wrinkly, pink thing, but you really gotta watch out when you burp her. Flames shoot out of her mouth. Thank the Goddess I have short hair or she'd have burned it all off by now.

We're missing one precious component to our household.

My lover... friend... Guardian... Raphael hasn't returned. If the Otherworld High Council has its way, he'll never come back to me. Six long weeks have passed. All attempts to get Meelena to reveal his whereabouts have failed. She won't even tell me if he's alive or dead. For the longest time, I thought I was fighting on the side of the good guys. But I'm not all that sure the Otherworld High Council sees "good" the same way I do. Maybe they're not heartless, power-hungry, ugly jerks like Abatu and his crew, but they're still shitheads. They bind half-demons into their service -- slaves to do their dirty work in Hell.

You know what? I don't really care about the High Council's goals or their preparation for war. All I want... all I need... (other than Abatu's head on a pike) is Raphael.

Oh, Rafe. Where are you, baby?

## Chapter 1

"Sugar cookie, dearie?"

Maggie looked up, her eyes bleary from reading another of her Dad's journals, and found Mrs. Pottersworth offering a plate of frosted sugar cookies. Plucking one from the stack, she stared at the big yellow happy face drawn on it.

"You don't have to cook," said Maggie. She bit into the warm, moist, carb-rich treat, making sure she ate the obnoxious smile first. Hellion purred raggedly in her lap. The demon popped open one yellow eye, then, finding nothing of interest, closed it and returned to her nap.

"Oh, I enjoy it. Don't have no one to cook for since my Maurice passed on," she said, lyrical Elvish tinting her words. The plump old lady's blue eyes sparkled merrily. "Filing's done, correspondence is mailed, and I even had time to run the vacuum in the office. Do you need anything else?"

Mrs. Pottersworth glanced around the library, which held floor-to-ceiling shelves crammed with books, as if she might offer to do some dusting. The room was Maggie's favorite. Persian rugs covered the concrete floor, a fire crackled merrily in the marble fireplace, and the plush chairs and love seat offered comfy seating for long hours of research.

"We don't deserve you," said Maggie. Mrs. Pottersworth had shown up the day after Sarah had birthed Margie. She had impeccable references -- she'd been the gatekeeper for the Elven Order of Magic and Science for more than 300 years, and knew how to do darn near everything. Plus, she could brew nasty magical spells, throw daggers, and bake the best sugar cookies ever.

With a baby, a spoiled kitten, a new mother, a missing boyfriend, a battle in Hell, and fights with boss to deal with -- Maggie had hired the grandmotherly woman on the spot. So what if Mrs. Pottersworth seemed too good to be true? The Head Master at EOMS had practically given the woman the Elven equivalent of sainthood.

If she's so great, why isn't she still your gatekeeper? Maggie had asked. Because she wants to live in the human world, said the Head Master. I think she's

looking for another husband. She likes marrying humans.

Apparently so. Because Maurice had been hubby number seventeen. "I'm going to go out for dinner, dearie," said Mrs. Pottersworth. "I might be back

late. Need anything while I'm out?"

Maggie took the plate from Mrs.Pottersworth and grinned.“Nope. I’m good.”

“No.”

“Sarah, c’mon.The guy’s been moping around outside since the day you brought Margie home.”

They sat at a long metal table in the laboratory. Everything was silver and shiny and brand-new. It smelled like fresh paint and sulfur. While Maggie put the finishing touches on the very special pain prison she’d made for Magnus, Sarah bottled holy water in glass bubbles. The orbs shattered on impact. Demons hated any blessed object, but they hated holy water the most.

Margie was wrapped against her mother in a pink sling. She slept peacefully. The infant was so beautiful -- even with the two pink nubs poking out from her blonde hair. Other than the horns and her ability to breathe fire, she looked like a typical human baby.

“Hedoesn’t seem that bad,” said Maggie. She couldn’t believe she was advocating for a freaking demon. Life was easier when she just kicked their asses and bound them into prisms. Butnoooooo ... now, she was living with ’em.Cuddling ’em, for Goddess’ sake.Is it because I’m losing my edge, or my mind? Or is it because I’m a demon, too, and comfortable around my brethren?

“I don’t want to seeEltar ,” said Sarah. “He has plenty of other women and children to visit. He probably has a hundred wives and concubines. He doesn’t need me or Margie.”

Maggie knew the sounds of longing and crushed hopes. They clung to Sarah’s words. Sarah wantedEltar .Eltar wanted Sarah.Whatwas the problem? “Two weeks is a long time to loiter outside our gate and make moon-eyes at you every time you get the mail.” Maggie wrapped the clear prism with a silver cloth and tucked it into a pouch on her weapons belt.

“I’ll open the gate and listen to his lies on the day Hell freezes over,” said Sarah. She finished filling the last glass bubble. She handed the filled tray to Maggie, who stored it on the shelf behind her. “Did you see the newspaper this morning?”

“Nope.”

"They found another pair of male legs on a downtown sidewalk." Maggie stopped rearranging the contents of the shelf and turned around.

"What?"

"Last week, this Starbucks barista finds a pair of male legs about five feet from the entrance to the store. Just the part below the knees. Still had on a pair of flip-flops." Sarah shook head, grimly amused. "Last night, this lady gets off the downtown bus and she notices a pair of shoes. When she gets closer, she sees two half legs, still wearing Dockers and dress shoes."

"That's really weird."

"Oh, no. It gets better. The medical examiner claims both sets have huge bite marks. He says it was like the guys ran into a carnivorous dinosaur. Something big enough and mean enough to lean down and chomp."

"Bizarre," muttered Maggie. "I'd say it was a demon, but I don't know of any that kill that way. They like to torment humans. They usually nosh on 'em while they're still alive. All the screaming -- it's like dinner music for those guys. Hmmm. You wanna do some research on this for me?"

"Sure," said Sarah. She got up from her stool, cradling the underside of the sling. "Hey, did Mrs. Pottersworth make any more cookies?"

## Chapter 2

"How did you find me?" Maggie asked as Raphael approached her. "I will always find you." He gathered her into his arms. "I will always love you." They were in the choir loft of the old church again -- the one she'd attended with her

parents when she was a little girl. Yeah. Before she lost them, before she lost her faith. She wanted to run. To hide. That had never been her way, though. She faced her fears. Her demons. Hah.

Rafe's mouth conquered hers with gentle reprimand. Love was in his kiss. He broke her with that aching submission, and she collapsed against him, sucking his tongue into her mouth. She tasted her own

fear on his lips. "Rafe."

"Ssshhh." He undid the buttons to her shirt, parting it to reveal her black lace bra. Leaning down, he kissed the top of each breast before reaching around and releasing the clasp.

"Why this one?"

"Hmmm?"

"The last time we... were together. Why do you make me remember our good-bye?" "I don't make you remember, Maggie. You're doing that. This is your mind. Your dream."

He removed the shirt and bra. He cupped her breasts, his thumbs swiping the nipples. Need scissored through her, cutting deeply. He captured one taut bud between his lips and flicked his tongue over it until sensations zinged into her belly. He gave the other nipple the same divine treatment.

I miss you. Oh Rafe. I miss you so much. "What have you done to me, goddamn it?" she whispered.

"I turned you into a stupid, blubbering mush-ball, remember?" He chuckled as his hands coasted to her jeans, unzipped the denim and slid them off her hips along with her panties. Lust shuddered through Maggie and she tore at his pants, ripping at the buttons. His hands clasped hers and gentled her movements.

With trembling fingers, she pushed down his pants and boxers, releasing the thick length of his cock. She grasped his hard-on, stroking his firm, warm flesh, reveling in Rafe's harsh intake of breath. Her other hand cupped his balls, squeezing gently.

He dropped to his knees and took off her shoes, stripped off her jeans. When he stood, she impatiently tugged on his shirt. He took it off, tossing it to the floor.

Maggie rubbed the smooth planes of his chest, her hands coasting down his muscled stomach to once again take his cock. While she stroked him, her tongue danced along his chest... nipping here and

there... then she attacked his nipples.

Groaning, Rafe grabbed her ass and brought her closer, then used one hand to cup her sex. Two fingers parted her flesh and found her sensitive clit, fondling it until she trembled on the edge of orgasm.

Then, and only then, did he lift her into his embrace and slowly penetrate her. His cock filled her, stretching her to the max, and she wrapped her legs around his waist and clenched him, her pussy swollen and wet and needy.

For a long moment, they held onto each other, taking in the feel of their bodies, skin against skin, heartbeat against heartbeat.

Her tears fell, dropping between them, mixing with their sweat, with their tender sorrow...

Maggie bolted upright, heart raging, pussy wet and throbbing. She pressed her hands against her face. Weeping like a virgin on her bridal night.

Damn it.

She curled into a ball and allowed the tears to seep from her. What a damned sissy-girl she'd become. Vulnerable. So fucking vulnerable. Goddess-be-damned, she hated feeling weak.

After a long while, she drifted back to sleep and floated into another dream...

"Hey, Mags."

The voice was one she thought she'd never hear again. Heart pounding, Maggie opened her eyes. She was no longer tossing and turning in her bed. Now, she occupied a white room with two gleaming silver chairs. She sat in one. And in the other...

"Damian." Her gaze roved over him. He looked as he always had in life. Dressed in black -- from

his fancy shoes to his silk shirt. Tall. Buff. Confident. His brown eyes twinkled with amusement. She looked at him, loving him and missing him, but those thin ribbons of desire that usually lashed her heart bloody had loosed... and fallen away.

Damian had been a wet dream. A never-met need. A crushed hope. "Forgive me, Mags?"

"No." She pressed her palms against her cheeks and found them wet with tears. Damn it. "How's your afterlife?"

"All the sex I want, free trips to Godiva's, and stores where designer shoes are always on sale."

"Sounds divine."

"For me, maybe." He tilted his head, assessing her. "You look tired, darling." "No shit." She ached to confide in him the way she had when he'd been her Guardian and

her best friend. She wanted his hugs, his comfort, his laughter. But no... it didn't seem right. Raphael deserved those privileges, those responsibilities. She wanted him. Not Damian.

"Meelena doesn't know you're paying me a little visit, does she?"

"Meelena doesn't control afterlife visitations," said Damian.

"Technically, these communications aren't allowed."

"You've been gone a long time," she said wearily. "Why are you popping in, D? Do you know how many times I could've used you before now? Elise..."

"She says hi." He smiled sadly. "I sent you Raphael. He loves you. And you love him." "You're a bastard." She waved away the recriminations, the admonitions. The past was



ashnow. Burned away like Damian's mansion, like Damian himself. "Tell me. It's bad, isn't it?"

"Depends. The future isn't yet determined."

Maggie rolled her eyes then flipped him the bird. Damian chuckled. "God, I miss you, Mags."

"I miss you, too." She swallowed the knot of grief lodged in her throat. "But I miss Rafe more. She sent him away. To Hell."

Anger flashed in his eyes. "I know. And if she's going to play the game that way, then so can I. Listen to me, Mags. I hid something of Meelena's. She thinks it's safe now because I'm dead and because I didn't tell anyone else about it. It was part of the bargain we struck. She gave her blood-word to make Raphael your Guardian if I died."

"She told me. She also said that you made a bad bargain because you never specified how long he should be my Guardian."

Damian grimaced. "If my instincts were incorrect about either of you, then I didn't want you to be saddled with each other. It seems Meelena has made the most out of that consideration. I was supposed to give her the item the day I was... dispatched. Part of the bargain was that I would hide the object and never reveal what it was or where it was hidden to anyone but Meelena -- as long as I lived."

Maggie stared at him. "But you're not living anymore, are you?"

"No." His smile held no charm. Fury curled its edges. "The High Council needs Raphael desperately. Meelena figured her secret was safe, the bargain met, and that the fate of the world was more important than the love of two improbable people."

"But you don't?"

"I think the love of two improbable people is what will save the world." His gaze was enigmatic. He let her process his words in that annoying, patient way he

had. Maggie's mind raced. What the hell was so important that Meelena, centuries-old high priestess and most venerated advisor of the High Council, would cave in to the demands of a mere Guardian?

"Are you ready to hear this, Mags?" She nodded.

He told her what the object was and where it was hidden. When he was finished, he stood up and held out his arms. She didn't hesitate. She leapt from her chair and accepted the embrace. "I love you, D."

"I know, darling. I love you, too." Ping . Pong. Pang.

Maggie awoke. She still felt Damian's strong arms around her. She held on to that feeling, relishing it. She missed him. She always would. But love... love never died. Ping. Pong. Pang.

Argh! Stupid crying bowl.

Maggie shoved off the covers and stomped to her dresser. The bowl was filled with scented rose water and drops of Maggie's blood. She peered inside it and scowled. "What do you want, Mel?"

Meelena looked tired, her face pinched and pale. No longer did the beautiful blonde look like a wise woman who could give people peace with a single touch or a kind smile.

Maggie had been so wrapped up in her own changing life that she hadn't paid much attention to what was happening in the Otherworld. Frankly, she didn't give a good goddamn. They had broken faith with her. Maggie didn't trust the High Council anymore -- especially after Damian's revelations. Hell, she didn't trust her own memories or her old beliefs... everything she'd known had been tossed, ripped, and burned.

Worst of all, they had kept Raphael from her. That was a sin never to be forgiven.

"I've summoned you because Magnus has been seen skulking in your territory. When you find

him, do not trap him. You will call me at once.”

“Yeah, okay.” I’ll get right on that, you bitch. If Magnus was stupid enough to be anywhere near the compound, Maggie would find him and put him into the pain prison she’d constructed. Fuck Meelena. “Where’s Raphael?”

Meelena’s eyes flickered with sympathy. She sighed. “I received word moments ago. Raphael failed in his mission.”

“Sucks to be you,” said Maggie, putting bored irritation into her tone. “When is he returning to the Otherworld?”

“He’s not. Maggie... he’s dead.”

From the Diary of Maggie Mortis...

After Meelena told me Rafe was dead, I broke the crying bowl and with it, my alliance with the Otherworld.

I no longer work for those motherfuckers.

Rafe! Rafe! No, no, no! He’s not dead. He’s not! Meelena is lying... oh Goddess, I hope she’s lying.

I couldn’t sleep. So I went to the little church, the one I had attended with my parents before Mom died and before my innocence, my faith were shattered. The night before he left, Raphael had made love to me in the choir loft. Demons engaging in a carnal act in God’s house -

how blasphemed was that act?

Demons. I feel Abatu’s poisoned blood in my veins. I think he’s close to winning control of Hell. Then he’ll turn his attentions to me and Hellion, and whatever other offspring he might have left in this world. He will kill us.

Right now, I don't care if he does. Why should I live in a world without Raphael? Yeah. Why should I save a world that will never honor his sacrifice? That will never know his name or that he was loved, or that he deserved more than being a slave to the whims of the High Council.

It's your fault I'm amooshy moron, Rafe. How dare you open my heart to love and go away? You're an asshole.

Goddess! I can't write anymore. I can't think anymore. Tomorrow... tomorrow I'll decide what to do.

### Chapter 3

"Um...dearie ,assassinating the High Council is not a good idea." Mrs.Pottersworthflitted around Maggie in the lab, straightening items moments after Maggie dug through 'em, gathering an impressive arsenal.

"Don't care. DismemberingMeelena will make me feel better." "Ah. I'm all for grasping your little piece of sunshine, dear, but killing off the

rulersof Otherworld is a tad... extreme."

"Did I ask you what you think?" Maggie cringed at her shitty tone. The woman didn't deserve her rancor. "Sorry, Mrs. P."

"No apology necessary, hon." Her eyes flashed with sympathy and worry. Maggie raided the dragonfire pellets. She peered into the metal box. Damn. Not

manyleft. Loaded into any type of gun, they penetrated like bullets, but once lodged into the victim, the outer casing melted and thedragonfire burned through the body. "They killedRafe. I'm killing them."

"Here's a thought," said Mrs.Pottersworth as she watched Maggie load fiftedragonfire rounds into the 9mm cartridge. "Why not ask that demon hovering around the outside gates ifMeelena told you the truth?"

Maggie popped the cartridge into the gun and pulled back the slide, which snapped the first bullet into place. "Why would she lie?"

"Because you better serve her purposes if you believe Raphael is dead? And if you believed the High Council's mission is what led to his death?"

Maggie placed the gun in back of her weapons belt. Then she tucked small, poison-tipped daggers into the front of the belt. After she finished, she adjusted the belt

better around her hips and then added her moon scythes to the loops on each hip. "You think Meelena is using me?"

"I think Meelena wants something and she intends to use you to get it." Mrs. Pottersworth's grandmotherly gaze was filled with concern, but Maggie saw the steely determination, too.

Hmmm. Like the very special object Damian had stolen from Meelena and secreted away so the high priestess would do as he wanted? No. Meelena had counted on Damian to keep the bargain and wouldn't believe that Maggie knew the identity of the item, much less where it had been hidden. If Mrs. Pottersworth was right... then Meelena wanted something else.

"Magnus." Maggie punched the filing cabinet next to her. "She wants Magnus brought in alive. Why?"

"Find out," said Mrs. Pottersworth.

"I have no idea what the High Council hopes to achieve," said a befuddled Eltar in a very proper British tone. "I left Hell ages ago. I don't much care for politics."

Maggie leaned against the thick iron bars of the bespelled gate and stared at the demon. He'd taken a human form: tall, gorgeous with silky black hair and melted chocolate eyes. He looked like a salesman in his suit and tie, forlornly holding a briefcase.

"She doesn't want to see you," Maggie said for the millionth time. "Maybe you should go back to your wives. Or concubines."

“I’m not married,” said Eltar, “and I freed all my concubines after I met Sarah.” He turned a desperate gaze on her, and Maggie saw the flare of pink in his eyes. Huh. Little Margie’s demon dad was pink-skinned, no doubt. “I love her. She doesn’t believe me. She thinks I just want to have sex with her.”

“Well, duh. You seduced her and impregnated her and left.” “I came back!”

“Oh.” Maggie rubbed the back of her aching neck. Goddamned demons. She felt like she was hosting a Jerry Springer show.

“How is Margaret?” he asked.

“Fine. Good. Breathes fire.”

“Really?” He looked very proud of her. “I wish Sarah would let me see her.” “She’s cute,” said Maggie, feeling sorry for the guy even though she didn’t want

to feel anything for him. Sarah was her friend and she’d put the kibosh on Eltar. That

was that. “She’s got pink horns. Your side, right?”

Eltar grinned. “Yes, indeed.”

“Look, I’ll see what I can do, okay? I mean you’ve been out here since forever and that says something about your commitment. I can’t make any promises.”

“Thank you, Miss Mortis.” Eltar held out his hand and she grasped it. They shook briefly, then he turned toward the gate, staring at the wooded area that hid the location of her underground home. “I’m sorry I can’t help you, but perhaps that poor chap hiding in the forest across the road could.”

“What chap?”

Eltar shrugged. "Injured demon. Probably a casualty of the Hell wars. He's tried several times to approach the gate, but I've told him to bugger off."

Maggie's gaze swept across the curving, empty road to the dense forest that covered most of the hills. The area was isolated and fairly undeveloped. It was a good hour jaunt to a major city and at least half an hour to the nearest gas station. She liked it that way, too. "Thanks, Eltar."

Maggie crossed the road and ducked between two pine trees. Moments later, she discovered the demon, ravaged and bloody, sitting at the base of a big oak tree. He didn't bother moving, not even when she placed a booted foot against his inner thigh and pressed hard.

He lifted his head, his black eyes filled with pain and defeat. "Hello, Magnus."

"Maggie Mortis." He coughed, pressing a hand to his mouth to wipe off the blood dribbling over his lips.

"Give me one reason I shouldn't shoot your ass into this prism." Maggie removed the special pain prism -- it contained a combo of Wicca binding spells,

Goddess bolts, and silver dragonfire, which was very rare and caused extreme pain. Agony, suffering, revenge... she'd constructed it with all three aspects in mind.

"I will take you to Raphael."

"He's dead."

Magnus shook his head. "No. He's the prisoner of Abatu." "I don't believe you."

He held out his palm. A red ball popped up. Inside it, she saw the wavering human form of Raphael. He was naked, on his knees, his hands bound by thick, black chains. Bloody stripes layered his shoulders and back, bruises covered his torso and thighs, and his ass...

No! Fury roared through her. They'd raped him.

"Torture is more fun," said Magnus as the red orb faded into nothingness. "Rafe has a sweet ass, doesn't he? I got to plow both brothers... yummy." "Motherfucker." She ground her teeth, fists clenching. Reluctantly, she reigned in

her rage. "Meelena lied to me. Why?"

He laughed -- or tried to laugh. Mostly, he wheezed and hacked up more blood. "A bargain made between a demon prince and an immortal priestess." He grinned, his rotted teeth black with blood. "You've figured it out, haven't you?"

"You should hope I haven't, you ugly bastard. Otherwise I won't need you." "Protection, Maggie. I barter for your protection."

I couldn't protect Rafe. Why would I protect you? "What do you offer me?" "The location of Raphael."

"That's all?"

"What more do you want?" "Tell me how to kill demons."

"Abatubetrayed me," he said bitterly. "I will tell you his secret, but you must promise to not use it against me. Not ever."

Maggie bared her teeth in a feral smile. "Fine. You will be protected from everyone who wants to kill you, including me, and I won't use the old demon-killing secret to end your miserable existence. In exchange, you tell me how to kill demons and where Rafe is being held."

Magnus took his time considering her offer. The last time they'd bartered, she'd fooled his sorry ass and ousted him out of her home without incurring casualties -- for once.



"I accept your terms." Magnus shifted, as if he might try to stand. Maggie couldn't resist one final jab at his thigh before she moved back and let him rise. He grimaced as the sharp toe of her boot embedded into his flesh, but he said nothing. Leaning against the tree, he managed a half-grin. "The blood of Heaven and Hell kills

demons... and angels. In fact, it kills all immortals."

"Blood of Heaven and Hell? What the fuck is that?" "What do you get when a child is born of a demon and an angel?" Maggie unsnapped the pouch on her left hip and fingered the prism. "You're full of shit."

"The object you're hiding from Meelena, the one she wants so badly? It holds the child she bore with Abatu."

Shocked to her core, Maggie stared open-mouthed at Magnus. He nodded, obviously too weary and beaten to relish her reaction. Damian hadn't told her the crystal held a freaking child within it. Just that Meelena valued the crystal and its power above all else -- even her own life. "Meelena and Abatu were lovers?"

"She delivered twins," confirmed Magnus. "Two girls. Abatu killed one -- drained its blood and put it into vials. It only takes a drop... and it will kill any living thing, mortal or immortal."

Cold horror clenched Maggie's stomach. "Christ." She looked at the demon, taking an ugly satisfaction in his pain. "And the other baby is locked in the crystal?"

"Alive, but inanimate -- to protect her from Abatu. But he doesn't need the death of his other daughter. Not yet. He has managed to exterminate all his kin... all but you and Auren."

Realization dawned, sharp and brutal. "Meelena sent Rafe to destroy the vials. And Abatu captured him. Goddamn it. It's a trap. Meelena doesn't want me to go after Rafe so she lied about his death. She's fucking protecting me."

Magnus laughed. "Protecting herself, demon slayer. What do you think the High Council will do when they realize their most venerated leader fucked the enemy and had his children?"

Like Maggie cared. She had her own demon lover to worry about. Besides, she couldn't fathom what about Abatu had ever drawn Meelena's interest. Power, maybe. The priestess wouldn't be the first female drawn in by a charismatic, potent male.

"Abatu will defeat Drak," rasped Magnus. "Once he rules the Underworld, he will attack this plane, then the Otherworld... and finally, Heaven."

"No. He won't." Maggie would make sure of it. "Tell me where Rafe is." "I'll have to take you. You can't get into Hell without me."

Unfortunately, that was true. She was a human mortal... she couldn't just pop into Hades whenever she wanted. Getting to the Otherworld was easier -- she had to have a God or Goddess-inscribed token. For Hell, you needed a demon.

"Where is he? Fifth level? Tenth?"

Magnus's black eyes flickered with exhaustion and pain. "Tenth. Abatu's private lair. You'll never find it without me."

"Sure I will." She popped the prism out of its bag and tossed it at Magnus's feet. The demon blinked at her, disbelief in his gaze. "You promised protection." "You'll be protected. No one will get to you. And you'll live. Though death was probably the kinder option. Carcer!"

The prism emitted gray smoke, which surrounded Magnus. He screeched and lunged, but it was too late. He melded with the smoke and was sucked into the prism. Maggie picked up the crystal and tucked it into the pouch. "By the way, Magnus... fuck you."

## Chapter 4

"I say, Miss Mortis," said Eltar as they crept along the dark corridor. Hell was a labyrinth of rock-hewn hallways, pocketed with caves. "Do you really think Sarah would reconsider my proposal if we rescue Raphael?"

"Yeah," said Maggie. "All I gotta do is make it snow while we're here and she'll have to see you. Are you sure we're on the tenth level?"

“Oh yes. This is where I kept my concubines. My females liked to have sex, and I wasn’t always able to oblige them. Many of the caverns focus on one particular kink or sex act. The girls could flit down an entire hallway of sensual delights to occupy themselves.”

“Gak.” Maggie rolled her eyes. “So, where is Abatu’s pad?”

“The next hallway leads to his palace rooms.” Eltar grabbed Maggie’s arm and yanked her into a curved doorway. “Abatu’s guards,” he whispered. “Even though you’re disguised, you’re still a human. They’d just as soon dismember you as look at you.”

“Shit!” Maggie peeked around the corner and saw three huge demons clomping down the shadow-filled hallway. They were at least seven feet tall with black, leathery skin, blood-red eyes, and wicked-looking horns. The lead demon stopped, turned his large, bull-like head, and sniffed the air. “Damn it. He’s scenting me. Quick! In here!”

“No, Miss Mortis!”

Maggie plunged through crude wooden door, Eltar hot on her heels. As the door slammed behind them, she found herself face-to-face with a creature that looked like a very large blue python.

“Welcome, lover of perversion. What is your pleasure?” The host’s beady eyes moved from Maggie to Eltar. A blue tongue flickered out and swept Maggie’s arm. It hissed. “Human...”

Eltar grabbed her arm. “How dare you enter before your Master! Bow down to me now!”

Maggie knelt, though it damned well galled her to do it. Freaking demons. She knew Eltar was saving her ass -- all the same, she didn’t particularly like putting her forehead on the dirty, rock-strewn floor. It smelled even worse this close to the ground than it did breathing the regular sulfur-tinted air.

“Humans are so ill-behaved,” he said. Maggie peeked and saw Eltar place coins on a table near the blue python. A bribe. Good. Maybe their cover wasn’t blown. “I’m still training her. My apologies, kind proprietor.”

“Just be sure to keep her in line.”

The door creaked open. The floor vibrated as a large black hoof came within inches of Maggie’s face. Shit. One of Abatu’s guards. She pressed closer to the floor and tried to steady her breathing. She could kick demon ass just fine, thank you, but she couldn’t take on all of Hell. Not without the vials.

“Is Desredia free?” boomed a deep voice. “And her sisters? I want all three.” “Yes, m’lord,” hissed the snake. “I will prepare your chamber at once.” She felt the demon’s stare on the back of her neck. The tip of his hoof edged her

thigh. “What is this one?”

“Mine, m’lord,” said Eltar in a deferential voice. “I’m thinking on the appropriate punishment for her disobedience.”

“You should fuck her ass,” offered the demon. “With a hot metal rod.” “I prefer to punish with my own rod.”

The demon roared with laughter. “Yes, of course. And I as well.” Maggie flinched as a huge hand coasted over her ass. “I don’t like humans, but this one isn’t too bad. Nice ass. Perhaps you’ll allow me to punish her. I will pay you for the privilege, of course.”

No fucking way was demon boy plowing her ass. Bastard. She might not take ’em all out, but she had enough prisms to confine a few dozen demons before she bit the big one. She shifted, but she felt Eltar’s hand press on her skull.

“Forgive me, m’lord. Your offer is most kind, but she doesn’t deserve your impressive cock ramming her. Perhaps when you’re done with Desredia and her sisters, you might make the same offer? Maybe she’ll have earned your punishment by then.”

“Bah,” said the demon. “No human is worth so much trouble. I’d as soon kill her as fuck her.”

“M’lord? Your chamber awaits,” hissed the snake demon.

The guard tromped away. Maggie was getting tired of pressing her face into the dirt and sucking up demon fumes. Once again, she moved, intending to stand up.

“You will obey your Master,” yelled Eltar. He smacked her hard across the ass. The sting vibrated right up her spine. Son of a bitch!

“You wish a private chamber?” asked the proprietor. “Oh...” He hesitated for a fraction of a second. “Yes.”

Eltar grabbed the back of her shirt and yanked her up. She wobbled to her feet and shot him a look of pure hatred. He bared his lips in a grim apology, but she knew they couldn't very well waltz out without drawing attention to themselves. Silently, they followed the slithering demon through a hallway. It stopped before a door. Eltar opened it and shoved Maggie inside. A moment later, he joined her, shutting the door behind him.

“So how long do we have to stay in here pretending to do the wild thing before we can go?”

Eltar shook his head. “We cannot just pretend, Miss Mortis. This cavern caters to voyeurs. If we agree to take a room, we agree to fuck for the pleasure of others. If we do not... Makbes will know something is wrong and alert the guards.”

“I'm not fucking you.”

“If you want to save Raphael,” said Eltar in a sorrowful voice, “you must. I do not wish to hurt you, Miss Mortis, but I have every intention of living through this adventure. I love Sarah and Margaret. I will do anything for them.”

“This is seven kinds of wrong.” She put her hands on her hips and looked at the tall, pink demon. He'd shed his human form before entering the portal to Hell. He was kinda cute as a pink, hairless, horned devil. He'd also used his morphing talents to make her look more like Marilyn Monroe than Maggie Mortis. Even so, she had her weapons tucked into various secret places in the white pantsuit and prisms all around the white belt, but she had to leave her moon scythes behind. No other demon hunter had those weapons; they would've given her away in nothing flat.

“Fine.” Maggie had done more and worse to accomplish her goals. She shed her clothing, carefully making sure the weapons and prisms stayed intact within the fabric. “Let's get this over with.”

Eltar grimaced, obviously not looking forward to screwing her any more than she wanted to screw him. He looked down at his soft cock and sighed.

“Don’t worry,” said Maggie. “I can get you up.” She looked around the small cave. A pile of pillows and covers occupied one side of the room, otherwise the space was empty. “So, who’s watching?”

The low red lighting flickered. Maggie heard a shushing sound behind her. She turned and watched one wall of the cave flicker until the rock melted away to clear glass. Behind the barrier, a gray demon who looked rather bored sat against a chair carved from stone. While the female between his legs sucked on his cock, another sat in the chair and fucked the big, black horn on the top of his head.

Dumbfounded, Maggie watched as the female demon fucking the horn reached a frenzy that should’ve by all rights impaled her ... then she came. As she convulsed and twitched, her cream flowed down the horn and over the gray male’s skull.

He yawned.

Then he looked to the left of the chair and Maggie’s gaze followed his. Chained to the wall was a familiar figure. He sagged forward, his head down; the chains held him in such a way that he was forced to remain kneeling.

Maggie cried out and slammed herself against the window. “Raphael!” Eltar grabbed her hair and yanked her backwards. She lost her balance and fell.

Only Eltar’s grip prevented her from smacking into the ground. He pushed on her head until her forehead touched the floor. She shuddered as fury and fear vibrated through her. Tears fell, splashing into dust and grime centimeters away from her mouth.

“Forgive me, m’lord,” Eltar offered in a smarmy tone. “My slave wishes to kill the one you have chained to the wall.”

He yanked up Maggie’s head so that she faced the window, but stayed on her knees. For fuck’s sake! She was getting really tired of being jerked around like a damned rag doll.

“Your slave hates my prisoner?” The gray demon perked up.

Is that Abatu? I thought he was involved in a war. Bastard! Maggie wanted to reach through the solid glass and throttle the asshole.

"Yes, Lord Sardek," replied Eltar. He leaned down and whispered, "Sardek is one of Abatu's lieutenants. Stay quiet and let me do the talking. Maybe we'll survive this night."

Sardek pushed the female off his crotch. She rolled away, screeching and scrabbling. The other female crawled out of the chair and onto the pissed-off she

demon. They kissed and fondled each other while their Master ignored them as thoroughly as if they didn't exist.

"Leave," said Sardek to the two she-demons. They hissed in displeasure, but rolled to their feet and departed through a door on the left. "If you two entertain me, then I will allow your slave to torture Raphael."

Maggie's jaw clenched as rage pulsed in every nerve. Eltar leaned down and whispered. "If you get close enough, can you free him?"

"Yes. But I need a prism to confine Sardek," she whispered back. Her gaze slid to Raphael. He was in demon form, his stone gray skin bruised and covered in bloody wounds. She wanted to rip Sardek's head from his shoulders. Maybe she would.

"We are at your command, Lord Sardek," said Eltar.

Sardek sat in his chair and gestured for them to get on with it. Maggie had used her body in many ways to get what she wanted. She liked sex. Liked the push and pull between two beings trying to reach the pinnacle of pleasure. But she couldn't face having sex with Eltar when Raphael was battered and broken ten feet away from her. She wanted to break the glass, kill Sardek, and release Rafe. But I can't, goddamnit. The glass wouldn't break, Sardek wouldn't die... and Raphael would still suffer. "Spank her," said Sardek impatiently. "Or whip her. Yes. The whip." "Do it," said Maggie through gritted teeth. "Give the bastard what he wants so I

can get to Rafe."

"I'm sorry, Miss Mortis," said Eltar in a very low voice. "Please forgive me." "If you're gonna beat me," she whispered, "then at least call me Maggie." He didn't dare smile, but she saw the flash of humor

in his pink eyes. She dared another look at Raphael. He had lifted his head and stared at her. Did

herecognize her? Did he realize what a predicament she was in? Did he believe in her? His lips tipped at the corners -- a tiny acknowledgement.

Raphael! I wish you could hear me. I love you. I will save you. Trust me. Rafe's eyes were dazed and sullen. He was strong, her demon, but had Abatu's

cruelties driven him to the breaking point?

Maggie remained kneeling, not daring to move, not daring to raise even the tiniest suspicion in Sardek's mind.

Along the wall near the tossed coverlets and pillows were whips, chains, and other implements. Eltar chose a flogger. "Forehead to the floor and raise your ass," he commanded.

Maggie did what he asked. She hoped to hell he knew what he was doing with that thing. Then again, pain was pain whether gently or roughly administered. He slid the leather straps over her buttocks, allowing her to feel their softness. He stroked her cheeks over and over until she relaxed.

She heard the snap of leather seconds before the blow landed on her ass. She barely had time to adjust to the multiple stings vibrating up her lower back before another blow landed. Then another... and another...

Maggie lost count of the strikes. Though her mind was on Raphael, her body reacted to the sensual punishment. Her pussy swelled with wet heat; her nipples hardened and ached. All she could think about was Rafe... his hands stroking skin... his lips melding to hers... she floated, her mind nearly separated from her body.

It took a minute for Maggie to realize that Eltar had stopped smacking her. She was panting and trembling. Her ass felt raw and sore. Goddess above! Eltar knew how to hit, that was for damned sure.

"That was excellent," said Sardek in a breathy voice. "Give me more." "Yes, m'lord." Eltar grabbed her hair and yanked her up, pushing on her shoulders until the heels of her feet hit her tender ass. She sucked in a pained breath. He

leaned down, his taloned fingers digging into her scalp and whispered, "Are you okay?"



“Yeah.” She looked at his crotch. His dick was really big and was slightly hard, but definitely not hard enough to do the job. Fanfuckingtastic. Her body betrayed her for an ass whipping, but his remained unaffected by their play. This was not good. “Can’t you get that up?”

“You are not Sarah. I’m sorry.”

“Eventually, he’s going to want you to fuck me.” She looked at the flogger in his hand, her gaze on the long, thin handle. “I don’t suppose there are condoms in hell?”

His brows lifted.

“Guess not.” She glanced at Rafe. His obsidian gaze met hers. She forced herself to look away, though she wanted more than anything to reassure him. In a low voice, she asked, “Any suggestions?”

He knelt next to her and caressed her raw ass. In her ear, he whispered, “Disobey me. Behave like a bad slave, Maggie. I’ll do the rest.”

“No prob.”

Eltar rose and dribbled the leather straps across her breasts. Sardek clapped his hands. “About time! Hit her some more. Hard!”

Eltar snapped the whip. The tips of the straps struck her tender breasts, stinging her nipples. She gasped as pain ricocheted in her chest. Another snap. This one hit her even harder. With a strangled cry, she jumped to her feet and grabbed the whip out of his hand.

“On your knees! Now!” Eltar backed away as Maggie brandished the whip at him.

“I refuse to serve you, demon,” she said. “I’d rather see you dead.” Maggie cracked the whip and the strands raked his chest. Glancing at Sardek,

she saw him watching with rapt attention. She smacked Eltar again, aiming for the area just above his

genitals. The demon flinched, snarling. Then, Eltar lunged and grabbed her throat. He squeezed just enough to convince Sardek he wanted to kill her right there.

“Fuck her!” screamed Sardek. “Fuck her as you choke the life out of her.” Sick bastard. Maggie dropped the whip and Eltar kicked it away. “She does not deserve my cock, m’lord,” said Eltar. “She must be punished.” He

looked from Sardek to Rafe and allowed an evil smile to crease his lips. “If you will allow, m’lord, I ask you for a great favor.”

“You may ask.”

“My little human must be taught to obey me. And so, to punish her, I beg for your indulgence.” Eltar’s smile grew cold and calculated. “I will make her give you pleasure, m’lord, by her pain and humiliation.”

“How?” Sardek looked more than interested. His cock was at full attention; his eyes glazed with consuming lust. Maggie watched in disgust as Sardek’s mottled gray hand encircled his penis.

Eltar nodded toward Rafe. “I will make her fuck her enemy.”

From the Diary of Maggie Mortis...

Rescuing people from Hell ain’t easy. And Goddess help me if I ever have to enter those sulfur pits again! But if I do, there’s one item I’m bringing with me...

Ice.

And lots of it.

Chapter 5

Sardek waved his hand and the window melted into nothing. He gestured at Eltar. "Bring her."

Maggie flopped to her knees as if she might beg mercy from her Master. Instead, she groped for her clothing and unsnapped one prism from the belt. She palmed it, then, head down, followed Eltar into Sardek's chamber.

Grabbing Maggie's arm, Sardek grinned hideously. "You will fuck my slave," he hissed, "and I will fuck you."

"No, thanks." She swung her arm up and shoved the prism into Sardek's right eye. "Carcer!"

Maggie smacked him with a roundhouse kick to the chest. The demon flew backward, hitting the cavern wall with a sickening crunch. As black blood poured out of his eye socket, Sardek howled, his hand scrabbling to dislodge the prism.

Too late.

Pure gold light surrounded him, drawing the creature into white-pain imprisonment. The prism dropped to the rocky ground and Eltar kicked it away, obviously detesting its powers. Or maybe he just didn't like Sardek in any form.

Maggie hurried to Rafe. She placed her hands on his cheeks and lifted his head. "Rafe?"

His cracked lips formed a pitiful smile. "Chains. Weaken. Me." "Eltar!" Maggie kissed Rafe's forehead then grabbed the nearest thick metal

chain and yanked hard. "Help me!"

Eltar grabbed the other chain. No matter how hard they pulled, the chains wouldn't give. "They're bespelled, Maggie," said Eltar. "No wonder Rafe didn't just rip them out of the wall and hand Sardek his ass."

"How do we break the spell?"

“Get the vials,” rasped Rafe. “Destroy them. More important than me.” “Your priorities are really screwed up.” Maggie ran a hand over her spiky hair

and tried to think of a way to free Rafe. “Would this enchanted blood disintegrate the chains?”

“Maybe.” Rafe looked up at her wearily. “Love you.”

“Love you, too, babe.” Maggie’s heart beat jaggedly in her chest. She wasn’t going to lose Raphael. She’d been torn to shreds when she thought he’d been killed.

“If I take the back way out of the room, I take it I’ll run right into Abatu’s palace rooms?”

Rafe nodded.

“Where are the vials?”

“Go right. Then... two lefts. No there right. End of hall.” He heaved out a breath. “Guards. Everywhere.”

“How many?”

“Meelena... said... thirteen.” “Yeah. Figures.”

Maggie took precious moments to get dressed. She’d need all her weapons and prisms. When she returned to the squalid room, she pressed a kiss against Rafe’s parched lips. Then she looked at Eltar. “Stay here. Protect him, if you can.”

He nodded. “Be safe, Maggie.”

She slipped out of the room through the back door. The hinges creaked ominously as she shut it. Waiting a moment to gather her nerve, she went right, going as fast as she dared. The craggy hallway was

dark and smelled moldy. The ever-present hint of sulfur clogged her throat. Damn! This place needed an Ionic Breeze -- several thousand of 'em.

Okay. One hallway to the left. No demons so far. Her heart hammered in her chest and she fingered the poisoned daggers hidden in her white belt. Another hallway on the left. Reddish light, without any visible source, lit the ceiling. Anxiety plucked her spine. Where the hell were the guards? You'd think Abatu's palace rooms would be swarming with every kind demon in Hell. She hadn't even met a servant or a concubine.

She reached the right hallway and paused at the entrance. Goddess, she hated how scared she felt. She didn't want to die. Didn't want Rafe to die. For the briefest moment, she thought about a normal life. Getting married. Having kids. Maybe getting a real cat or a real dog. Living in a regular demon-free home.

Maggie snorted with laughter. You'll never be normal, much less have normal. Shut up and get moving, doofus.

The release of pent-up energy bolstered her courage. She peeked into the hallway which was also lit by the strange red glow. Hmmm. Nothing down there. Foreboding scraped at her, but she'd come too far to back off. Rafe depended on her. And so did the world -- even though humans would never know it. Well, unless she failed. Then every being in this world and the next would know Abatu's wrath.

Staying to the right, she ran down the tunnel until she reached the last door. The lack of movement from any quarter unsettled her. Where were the guards?

Pushing open the door, she stayed to one side and looked into the plush room. Oh yeah. Definitely Abatu's digs. Filled with every luxury, from silk-covered divans to oversized pillows on floors and the two facing beds, to the fully stocked bar that took up the far wall -- this could be none other than where Abatu held court. The faint scent of sandalwood trickled out... incense? Huh. Maybe Abatu didn't appreciate the stench of his home.

Maggie scanned the room several times, but detected no one. It was creepily empty. Sucking in a breath, she dove inside, grabbing two daggers and pointing them to each side. Stupid move.

No one was in the room.

She searched through it anyway and confirmed her suspicions. Had Abatu scrambled every one of his people for the final battle against Drak ? Or had he lost and been abandoned by those who had followed him?

Maggie looked at the walls for a possible hiding place. Damn it. She should've asked Rafe where the vials were located in the room.

"There."

Whirling around, daggers at the ready, Maggie almost fell over. "Meelena?"

"Two years ago I made a mistake." She looked like shit. Pale as a ghost, her usually pristine white gown was stained and torn. "I lay with a demon who tricked me. I don't need to tell you about a demon's unearthly attraction, do I? He impregnated me on purpose. I didn't know. Not until... My twins. My babies. I bore them in the Otherworld and when Abatu found out --" She shrugged. "He killed Seelie and drained her, but I saved Keelie. Put her into the stone and thought her safe until goddamned Damian. How did he know? How did he find my daughter and steal her from me?"

"I don't know," said Maggie. Her heart leapt to her throat. Meelena had been traumatized to the point of madness. Her once kind blue eyes raged like an ocean storm. She twisted her slim fingers over and over, and paced between the bulky floor pillows. "High priestess of the Goddess! The leader of the Otherworld High Council! I was so proud of my station, of my abilities." Tears squeezed from her eyes. "And brought so very low by demon scum."

Meelena blinked, seemed to come into herself for a moment. She looked at Maggie, desperation palpable. "The vials are in the floor safe. See? By the wall near the bar. Abatu's symbol. Prick your finger. You have his blood and you can open the lock. Destroy them all, Maggie. Thirteen. I've rid this place of the guards, the servants, the sluts. You're safe until you rescue Rafe. After that, you're on your own."

"What about you?"

"I will die," said Meelena. "I cannot live with my shame, and I will make sacrifice to my Goddess. You'll protect Keelie for me, won't you? You're the only one who knows her location. The only one who can help her."

"Yes, Mel. I'll help her."

A smile flitted across her thin, cracked lips. "Oh, Maggie...don't call me Mel." She sparkled out of sight, her hand raised in good-bye. Maggie realized it was the last time she would ever see the woman she'd thought of as mentor, friend... as apseudomother . Her first memory of the Otherworld was Meelena's smiling face and outstretched hand as Dad introduced her to the beautiful priestess.

"FuckingAbatu ."Maggie focused her rage, her grief on that demon asshole. He would pay for all the pain he'd incurred on her and those she loved. What kind of power did he have that he could wreck havoc on even the most beloved of the Goddess's servants?

Running to the safe, Maggie put one of her daggers away,then used the other one to prick her thumb. She pressed into the middle ofAbatu's symbol. Blood followed

thelines and swirls to a dark point in the middle.Snick. Snick. Snick. The square door

roseup two inches. She pushed it open and looked into the dark recess. Inside were the small silver vials.

Shit. She wasn't a math genius but... Quickly, she counted the containers.Eleven.

Twovials were missing. Cussing in human and Elvish, thank you Mrs.Pottersworth, Maggie used her knife to tear open one of the smaller pillows. She tucked the vials into the fluff,then sheathed her blade. Holding the precious blood of Heaven and Hell, she hurried out ofAbatu's domain.

Moments later, she returned toRafe andEltar . To her relief, they were alone and had been undisturbed.

"You got the vials?" askedEltar .

Maggie nodded. She placed the torn pillow onto the stone chair and withdrew one vial. "Hold his arms out."

Eltartook each ofRafe's chained wrists.

Removing the stopper, she sniffed it. Blech. The rusty smell of fresh blood. Damn. If she touched it or put near Rafe's skin, either one of them might perish. She used her dagger to shear off a tiny piece of her clothing. It was demon-proof material, designed to withstand the blood's effects. Twisting it into a stick, she figured it would do in lieu of a cotton swab. Heart pounding, mouth dry with fear, she dipped it into the vial.

Quickly, Maggie used the blood to draw a line on the left metallic wrist cuff. Where the blood touched, the metal melted. She repeated the process on the other wrist cuff. Within moments, Rafe was free.

He sagged forward onto his knees as the chains fell away and clinked against the rocky floor. Maggie caught Eltar's worried gaze, but she smiled and shook her head. Without the bespelled chains, the strength and healing ability of Rafe's demon side kicked in. The bruises faded. The cuts healed. And after what seemed like a year, Rafe climbed to his feet and stretched his wings.

Maggie threw herself into his arms and nearly hugged the life out of him. "Rafe!" "Maggie, my love." He kissed her fully and she felt such joyous relief, she cried. "Ssshhh, now. Let's destroy the vials and get out of here." One gray finger

caressed her wet cheek. "Are they all in the pillow?"

"Some were missing," admitted Maggie. "I brought the ones I found." She stepped back and adjusted her white belt. "How are we supposed to get rid of them?"

"Meelena gave me a spell."

She helped Rafe line up the vials on the arm of the stone chair. Maggie joined Eltar behind Raphael. The demon spread his wings to offer protection, and then he spoke a string of guttural words. Cold infiltrated the room, a spiral of white, freezing mist.

When the room was filled with cold and with white, she heard loud crackling then several sharp pings.

"It's done," said Raphael.



Maggie and Eltar joined him and viewed the remains of the vials. They had shattered -- any blood within them had dissipated.

White flakes drifted from the ceilings. Maggie looked up and the cold stuff caught on her eyelashes. "Snow?"

Raphael chuckled. "Leftovers from the spell, I suspect."

Maggie plucked her razor-thin cell phone from her belt and flipped it open. Selecting the camera setting, she pointed it at the baffled pink demon. "Hey, Eltar ... smile."

## Chapter Six

One week later...

In their bedroom, Rafe stood before Maggie, naked in his human form, his cock long and thick and already hard. Her gaze moved from his impressive manhood to travel over his muscled body. Demon or not, she couldn't deny the perfection of his form. He was tall with broad shoulders, his big chest hairless, his stomach rippled with muscle. He had the bluest eyes, the color of sapphires, and his dark hair was full and long. Already her body reacted to his male beauty, to the lust that belonged only to him. She, too, was naked. And she stood a foot away, admiring his body the same way he admired hers.

"Maggie..." He stepped close. He grasped her chin and tugged it up until her gaze met his. "Are you sure about this?"

"Yes." She stared at him, emotions crowding her throat, and managed to whisper, "I'm yours. I will submit to no other, but you."

Her gaze sought the recently installed chains that hung from the ceiling. She'd seen him helpless at the hands of others. She hated that feeling of vulnerability, of weakness. She wanted to give back to him what others had taken. And the only way she knew to do that was to give him dominion over her.

Gently, he cuffed her wrists with his fingers and led her forward. He put her into the chains. "Are your arms okay?"

"Yeah. My legs are free, Rafe. I can still kick your ass if you piss me off." He grinned. He went to the nightstand and opened what they called "the

naughty drawer." Withdrawing the nipple cuffs, he wiggled them at her. The long silver chain had a little metal cuff at each end. He also plucked out a heavy silver ball, which he would hook onto the middle part of the chain.

Rafe crossed to her, lust in his eyes. Her belly jumped as desire warred with nervousness. She'd never laid herself open to a lover like this. She was scared and turned on. A helluva feeling...

Laving each nipple until they were hard and aching, he clasped each taut peak into the metal bindings. Then, merciless bastard that he was, he put on the ball. The weight of the orb pulled painfully on her nipples. She gasped as the tightness bloomed from pain into breathless pleasure.

Rafe stood back, his gaze drifting from her cuffed nipples to her glistening pussy, but he didn't move toward her. No, he tortured her with looks of lust and love and need.

She ached for his attention. Despite the impatience snapping at her, Maggie held her tongue and kept still. What good was a gift for Rafe if she ruined it with her own wants?

Rafe cupped her breasts, his thumbs brushing the tips of her distended nipples. Then he let go and tugged on the ball. Pleasure-pain jolted through her and she moaned. Oh, Goddess!

Soft lips descended on her tender flesh, peppering the tops and sides of her breasts with sweet kisses. The wetness of his tongue against her raw nipples made her shudder. She trembled with joy at the sensations zipping from her nipples to her core.

Maggie panted, pulling against the chains, and writhing in the heat flooding through her. Sweat dribbled between her breasts, droplets caught by Rafe as he kneeled to kiss her ribcage... her stomach... one hip... She lost her breath as he swiped an inner thigh. She strained toward Rafe's mouth, but he denied her that pleasure.

Then... oh, then... he started licking her clit.

Her beautiful demon built and stoked the sensual fire between her legs. With every lick, every touch, her pussy throbbed, her clit tight with pleasure, streamers of bliss threatened.

Rafe reached up and tugged on the damned silver ball. Lovely anguish attacked her nipples, jolts that traveled straight to her weeping cunt .

Sensation overload. "Oh, fuck!" she cried out. "Rafe!"

Her orgasm swept through her, a thick sweet wave so intense she arched her entire body and screamed.

Rafe licked her come, his tongue tickling her over-sensitive clitoris. She wanted him to stop. Wanted him to do it some more. Her whole body felt on fire.

Rafe rose to his feet. With eyes ablaze with desire, he circled around her. Maggie felt the steel warmth of his body as he pressed against her, his penis fitting between her buttocks. "You're beautiful, Maggie. So beautiful."

He lifted her hair and feathered kisses on her neck. His hands drifted down to her thighs, trailing up her ribs oh-so-slowly until his big hands cupped her breasts. A moan escaped, a gasp of relief as he kneaded her flesh. Her breasts felt heavy, her nipples taut and deliciously achy.

"One moment," he whispered.

She cried out in frustration when he moved away. She heard metallic rattles and realized that Rafe was back in the naughty drawer. Before she could beg for his return, he was there. She felt the lube tip he inserted in her anus, the cold squeeze of the lubricant as it filled her.

"I want to fuck you hard," whispered Rafe . "I'm going to take your ass and your cunt . You like that, don't you, baby?"

Maggie gasped. Her knees buckled, but the chains held her up. Rafe wrapped an arm around her waist to support her. With Rafe's ability to morph, he often created two big cocks that stuffed her fully. Goddess, she loved the sensations of him in her ass and in her pussy, pounding them both until she wanted to die from the pleasure of his double fucking.

The tip of his top penis slid between her buttocks. Slowly he inched his cock into her ass. She felt it stretch to accommodate him and inhaled roughly, as the hot, full feel of his cock filled her ass.

Then she felt his bottom cock slide into her pussy. She gulped breaths now, her body on fire. She groaned as both cocks worked into her body, giving her such a sensation of fullness, she didn't know if she could take all of him this way.

Rafe didn't give her time to worry, to think. Eager for her, he pounded into her, one cock sliding into her anus while the other cock plunged into her wet cunt. He created a steady rhythm, his breath harsh in her ear, one arm around her waist, one hand tugging the ball between her breasts.

"Come for me, Maggie."

She was on fire now, a torrent of joy rippling across her...

"I love fucking you," he said in a ragged voice. "More to the point, my darling... I love you."

His words sparked the avalanche...

"Maggie!" Rafe tensed, his cocks trembling then jerking violently as his seed spurted into her ass and pussy.

She went over the edge, pushing onto his cocks while her orgasm sliced her with ribbons of harsh, delicious pleasure.

Later on, they snuggled in bed, arms around each other. Maggie drowsed against Rafe's chest, so

utterly satisfied in both body and soul, she felt as if she could fly. Rafe's heartbeat was a lullaby. Just as she felt herself drift from awake to sleep, Rafe asked, "Are you sure you got all the vials, Maggie?"

"Yes," she reassured him. "You destroyed the ones I found." "Only ten," he murmured.

"Yeah." Maggie felt a cold lump form in her stomach. Why did he have to keep harping on the subject? Damn it.

"That means Abatu has three. And even with only three containers, he can do a lot of damage."

Maggie pushed him onto his back and lay on top of him, kissing his neck. "Stop worrying so much. We've kicked his ass so far, right?"

She nibbled on his lips, slipping her tongue into his mouth. He chuckled then drew in her for toe-curling kiss that made her body hum to life.

Without warning, Rafe sat up and Maggie slid sideways onto his lap. Before she could wiggle to a sitting position, Rafe pressed a palm against her back and made her stay still. "What are you-- "

His hand smacked her ass. She sucked in a breath of both outrage and lust. "Damn it, Rafe !"

Another swat landed on her buttocks, this one even harder. Pain vibrated up her spine, but she bit her lip to keep from moaning.

He slapped her again, then put one hand between her legs, sticking two fingers into her pussy, pushing up on the knot of nerves above her entrance. He spanked her again and again while pushing those fingers in and out of her pussy, knocking against her g-spot. She moved her hips frantically, reaching for the pleasure that glittered just out of reach.

Rafe pushed her off his lap and pulled up her hips until her wobbling knees pressed into the bed. Grabbing her hips, he guided his cock into her wet pussy and plunged deeply.

He fucked her hard. And with every other thrust into her pussy, he paddled her sore ass. Pain and

pleasure intertwined. Gasping, panting, sweating... still the orgasm teased her.

“Turn over,” Rafe demanded harshly. He withdrew, barely allowing her time to flip onto her back. On his knees, he spread her open, bringing her legs up against his chest, and holding onto her legs with one braced arm, he pushed his cock into her needy cunt.

“Rafe,” she cried in frustration. She cupped her own breasts and tugged on her nipples. Sensations wound tighter and tighter.

Now, her demon pounded into her pussy while one finger flicked her clit. The fickle orgasm burst. She sobbed and clenched as pleasure overwhelmed her.

Vaguely, she heard Rafe’s cry of release and felt his come spurt hotly inside her cunt.

After a long moment, Rafe released her legs, gently laying them onto the disturbed covers and stroking the trembling limbs. She tried to find her emotional foundation, but Rafe had destroyed it. She was completely at his mercy, which both terrified and pleased her.

He settled next to her and brushed sweat from her forehead. “You wouldn’t hide anything from me, would you, Maggie?”

“No,” she lied, looking directly into his sapphire gaze. “Never.”