

Evernight Publishing



RAVEN  
MCALLAN

LIVVY'S  
*Devil*  
DOM

Evernight Publishing



RAVEN  
MCALLAN

LIVVY'S  
*Devil*  
DOM





Evernight Publishing

[www.evernightpublishing.com](http://www.evernightpublishing.com)

**Copyright© 2013 Raven McAllan**

ISBN: 978-1-77130-634-8

Cover Artist: Sour Cherry Designs

Editor: Karyn White

## **ALL RIGHTS RESERVED**

**WARNING:** The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. No part of this book may be used or reproduced electronically or in print without written permission, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in reviews.

This is a work of fiction. All names, characters, and places are fictitious. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

# DEDICATION

To Doris for pushing me to rewrite this, Evernight Publishing for accepting it, Karyn for her fantastic edits, and Sour Cherry for their great cover.

And as ever to Paul, who supported me every step of the way.





# LIVVY'S DEVIL DOM

**Raven McAllan**

**Copyright © 2013**

## **Prologue**

*One year ago*

"Come for me." His voice was soft, persuasive, like liquid silver that slid over her skin and into her mind.

Livvy stirred and moaned.

"What?" She wasn't sure she'd heard right.

"Come for me. Put your fingers inside yourself, and then use your wetness to rub your clit, touch your nipples, and make yourself come. You know you want to. So do it now."

His tone was mesmeric, and it compelled her to respond.

*I want to?* Well, her body did. Her pussy got wetter as he spoke, and her nipples puckered under the silky top she wore. Before she realized what she was doing, she began to do as he asked. God, she was wet, achingly so. Her clit throbbed for a touch, her nipples stood proud and hard, and her body became

alert and primed.

"Why?" she asked. She opened her eyes—not a dream then—and her heart missed a beat.

He looked at her, the twinkle in his eyes at odds with the seriousness of his face. She had never seen a man so beautiful, with long black hair and deep blue eyes that touched her soul. A sear of heat crossed her skin, and she ached to feel his long, elegant fingers on her body.

"Because where we're going, you'll have to trust me totally. If you do this, I'll know you do. This is giving yourself to me utterly, letting me see you as you come, see you at your most vulnerable. And"—he paused—"it'll turn

me on."

*Yeah, that's more like it.* She continued the steady strokes inside herself. *If anyone told me I'd play with myself because someone asked me to, I'd have said they were doo-lally. And I'm doing it.* She'd sort out the whys and wherefores afterwards. After what Livvy didn't think about.

"So, if I do, are you going to do the same?" she asked.

"Oh, my pleasure." He rubbed his cock as he spoke, and those clever fingers circled and moved over his skin. She couldn't keep her eyes off his actions. They mesmerized her. "I'll come for you, all over you. But be warned, each drop of cum that falls on your body,

each tiny drop marks you as mine, and you know what that means, don't you?"

*Do I?* She thought about it. "No."

"Well, are you ready to find out?"

Find what is in the recesses of your soul? See what you release in me? Other than semen?"

Was she?

*Oh, yeah.*

## Chapter One

*December, one year later*

Livvy woke up achy, aroused, and spitting mad. It was that bloody dream again. For the last year, she'd broken her sleep at least once a night like this. With a wet pussy, her clit thrumming and demanding attention, and making her reach for her purple friend.

*The damn vibrator is overworked.* Sadly that made no difference, it was that or her hand, and sometimes extra help was a necessity. In a huff, she switched the machine on and began to play. *What the hell is happening? I*

*might be as horny as hell, but at this rate I'll be able to write sex maniac in the next passport form I fill in.* Livvy wanted to know why she woke night after night in this state, sweat-slicked and grasping for something. It was almost as if she had to find it, but didn't know what "it" was. That knowledge circled her mind and teased her sanity. Okay, she was usually as ready as the next person to play, but this continual state of awareness, was enough to get anyone in a tizzy. Her thongs seemed permanently damp, and her nipples were hard enough to hang a hat on.

As usual, Livvy came in mere seconds, sobbing and throbbing. *This seems to be my state at the moment.*



*Why can't I remember the dream?*

Livvy sniffed and bit her lip, as she wiped her tears with a now well sodden tissue.

A sharp sting made her look down at her chest and stomach. Even more freckles—well, that's what she called them—had appeared. Every time. Every time she had the dream, she'd look and see more of the dark marks.

*I'll soon have a map of Australia on me in freckles,* She got out of bed and went into the bathroom to shower and wash Freddie, as she called her purple friend.

*“Not Australia, Livvy. Saffaul, my home. I'm waiting.”*

*Shit, now I'm having*

*conversations with myself. In a different voice. Livvy-girl, you need a holiday. Or sex. Proper, wide-awake, and participating sex. With a hot bod, not a hot rod!*

*“Hey Liv, I have both. Are you ready for this yet? I've been waiting for you.”*

Livvy shook her head to clear it. She really needed to stop eating cheese before she went to bed. Maybe she should start drinking cocoa instead? The thought made her feel sick.

*“Hell, no. You feel like that because it's me you want to eat and drink. Eat my cock, drink my cum, milk me and make me shout. You do that every time, my love. You just need to*

*believe it. Then we can be together in your reality. You know you want me. Your body shows me. In the recess of your soul, you think of me. Look, see my marks and believe, Livvy. You need to believe. Or pay the price."*

"Oh, shit. Stop this. Get out of my head. Argh, stop this right now. Hell, now I'm talking out loud to myself." She flung the sodden tissue toward the rubbish bin and missed. It figured. Her concentration was shot to hell, and she had sex on the brain. *Screwy. Seriously screwed. What's next? Asking where Saffaul is? Or who owns that deep, dark, and demonic voice I'm answering? Fuck. Grow up, Liv. Get up, get out, and get a life.*

Not in the best of moods, she pulled the shower door open with such force it hit the wall with a bang. She bent closer to inspect the gouge the handle had made. *More filler needed.*

*“You need filling, Livvy-love, then the wall won't.”*

That was all she needed, her other voice being sarcastic to her.

With a sigh, Livvy stepped inside the cubicle, closed the door with exaggerated care, then turned on the shower and stepped under the spray. Usually, after that hot and erotic dream and a session with Freddie, she was sated and calm. Not this time. This time, she was hot, aroused, and ready for another round. Not with Freddie, with...

A hand on her shoulder made her jump, drop the shower gel she'd just picked up, and scream.

Livvy's mouth filled with water, and she spluttered. Her long, red hair spiraled in all directions as she turned, and water droplets bounced off the shower walls. A moist, firm tongue circled her lips and demanded entrance to her mouth, as hands tightened on her ass, and pulled her toward a wet, male body.

*Oh my*, she shivered as a hot, hard, primed cock probed her pussy and seemed to take her acceptance as given. It was. With a sigh of agreement she opened to it, and felt it slide inside her like it knew it had come home.

"Who, pmpptt—?" Livvy sputtered. With her mouth full of tongue and her pussy full of cock, it wasn't easy to think, let alone speak. Whoever knew tongues and cocks were able to act of their own volition? Had all the horror books she'd ever read come back to haunt her?

He—it had to be a he, her imagination wasn't that good—pushed into her, his balls slapping her with each forceful thrust. Why wasn't she screaming rape at the top of her voice?

Oh God, it was wonderful. This was no rape. This was pure, exciting, hotter-than-hell sex. It had been so long since she'd felt anything so magnificent or arousing.

A sharp slap stung her ass cheek.

Livvy dragged her mouth away from his and tried to move away. He pulled her back, as the shower rained down on them. The water created rivulets over their shoulders and traced waterfalls and streams down their bodies.

Livvy looked up into well-remembered deep blue eyes. The dark lashes that surrounded them were plastered together, and his hair stuck close to his scalp and around his neck. His gaze never wavered from her face even as his hands caressed her ass, and circled the tiny secret hole there. She shivered, remembering things that she thought they'd done and she'd enjoyed. But why was it all like looking at a movie?

"Look at me." He pushed his cock inside her up to his balls and pinched her nipple. "Look at me, Livvy, and tell me what you see."

The next pinches to her nipple sent a sharp, exciting wave of pain from her boob to her clit, and she clenched her muscles around his prick.

"What the hell was that for?" She glared at him, and was rewarded by the soft wave of red that hit his cheeks. Yes, she might like it, and she knew he knew it, but why was he so angry?

"You. Lie. Every night. You feel this every night. It's real. You choose not to remember it." He kept up his relentless thrusting, and kissed her neck. It stung, and he grinned as he pulled back



to stare at her. "My mark. Every night."

"Every night?" He was in her dreams every night? What planet was he from? She'd surely remember a tall, dark, ask-me-and-I'm-yours man in her bed?

"You know what planet I'm from. You just heard me. And yes, you *know* it's every night. I allowed you not to remember most nights, but now? Now, it's wake up and fuck time."

Suddenly, she was blazing angry. Who the hell was he to mess with her mind like that? Didn't he know it was bloody rude to answer her thoughts? They were her *thoughts*, for fuck's sake. Hers. If she'd wanted him to know what she was thinking, she'd have spoken

aloud. He needed to butt out. However, she thought she'd just let them both come first! Before she chewed his balls off and told him to go to hell.

"Anytime." His grin was devilish. "Anytime. But remember, not only can I read your mind, I give as good as I get, and more. So be careful what you decide. You chew my balls; I chew your pussy. I go to hell, you join me, and I'll tell you now, you won't like it, not one little bit. Take heed, Livvy, my love, wherever or whatever, I will be your master."

His thrusts became faster, more demanding, as he pinched and soothed her nipples, before descending on her mouth again.

His last words before their tongues tangled sent her over the edge and spinning into sexual satiation.

"Come now, Livvy. Come for us. And we'll fly." She flew. Loud, long, and perfect. He followed her over the edge. She felt him spill, and fill, and... "Fuck." *Felt him fill me. No protection.* "Fuck." She hammered at his shoulders with her fists. "Asshole, moron. Fuck." Now he'd reduced her to moronic, childish language.

"We did." He grinned, and she saw a glint of something sharp in his mouth. "Fuck. You ready to go again? Give me five minutes. We Saffaulians are good, but not instant."

His grin was wicked, his fangs

sharp, bright, and ... *Holy hell. Fangs? I did see something.* All thoughts of condoms and safe sex went straight out of her mind. "Fangs? You're a fucking vampire?" *Oh hell, what does that mean for me?*

"Wrong. I'm a fucking Devil." His voice was full of hurt. "A bloody good, fucking Devil, who's been fucking you this past year without any complaints."

"For a year? In your dreams, mate. I'd know if I felt that every night."

"You did. In your dreams. You follow instructions beautifully." He slapped her ass again.

Livvy yelped. *What is it with this ass slapping? I'll thump him if he doesn't stop.*

He answered with two more slaps, one to each cheek. They stung. "You do as I say. I'm the master in this situation. Don't forget that. Survival depends on it."

*Oh, shit, now he's talking in riddles. Ah, and rubbing my ass where it stings. He really is... "The Devil?"*

\*\*\*\*

*Hellfire and damnation, why did humans always react like that?*

"Not *the* Devil. A Devil. *Your* Devil. Your Devil Within." *What is it with humans and their stupid, rigid, preconceived ideas?* Sael retracted his fangs, proud he hadn't succumbed to the urge to plant them firmly into one lush breast and openly mark her as his. Next

time, though, just let her spit out some sass, and he'd fang her as well as fuck her. His cock began to grow hard at the thought.

*C'mon, Livvy-love, give me some cheek. Let me show you who's in charge. Better the Devil you know and all that.*

"You're so full of yourself. Who are you, anyway? What are you doing here, and why the hell aren't I on the phone to the police reporting you for rape?" Her eyes blazed at him. He could see the fire within. Did she even know what a turn-on those flames were? He might not be *The Devil*, but all Devils had some pyrokinetic tendencies.

"Why? Because, my dear, you're

mine. Your mind knows it. I know it, and your body knows it. Why else are you marked? My cum is your stain. Forever. Look at you. You wear my sign." He waved his hand in the direction of her body. "Mine, all mine."

"Crap." She turned away as she spoke, all stiff-backed and indignant. "I'm my own person. No bloody dream machine is going to tell me otherwise."

*That's enough.* "Stop lying, Liv. At least own up to this, even if you delude yourself over other things."

"Bollocks."

This time, he smacked her bare ass harder. He watched the red mark glow and grow with satisfaction.

She rubbed at it, her glare

belligerent.

"Next time you lay a hand on me, mate, it will be your bollocks. Up your ass."

Sael spoke patiently, well, as patiently as a Devil with yet another hard-on and no immediate way of softening it could. She was magnificent in a snit.

"Listen, Livvy, and listen well. You're mine, and however much you try to avoid it, you know you are. Why else would you let me come to you, come in you and over you every night? I *am* your master, and your body accepts this. Hellfire and damnation, how can I be lying when your body shows I'm not? Your mind also accepts it, when you let



it. Well, love, time to let it. Or I'll show you how I can make you accept it. Show you how I can dominate and push you to limits you're not yet ready for."

*How many times do I have to tell her I am in charge? Can't she see that, feel it? Women!* "I don't think you're quite ready for that yet. Do you? Pushed to the edge and left to rely on me to decide where you fall. You still have obedience issues, and wouldn't believe I was in charge. We need to work on that."

Her jaw dropped and then snapped shut as she spluttered. Sael laughed. His Livvy *so* had problems with her attitude. She stared at him as if he had three heads. He let his fangs out,

just enough to make her eyes widen.

"If I choose to master you now, you'll hurt. When I take you, when I let my fangs run over you and into you, you're going to be sated, ready, willing, and begging. Then, and only then, will we be truly us." He licked his lips and widened his smile, just enough for her to see that extra row of tiny, razor-sharp incisors he occasionally, very occasionally, let free.

Once more, he slapped that delectable ass, this time lightly, just to get her moving.

*Thwack.*

Livvy moved so fast he hadn't seen the thump to his jaw coming. His head flipped back, and he saw stars. Not

good, not good at all. *Stars, for fuck's sake.* She couldn't have the decency to let him see the dark side of the moon.  
*Grr.*

He saw her decision to run expressed on her face the minute she realized what she'd done. His Devil took over, and his fangs were primed and at the ready before she'd even taken a step.

*Control yourself. Hold it in. Control it. Breathe deeply, slowly, and carefully. Just one little graze, okay, no more. Just a tiny, tiny one. No punctures, no bites, just a warning.*

He switched off the water, and pushed her out of the shower. The towel he flung in her direction was caught one handed, and Livvy wrapped it around

herself tightly. That annoyed him, and he flicked his wrist to unwind it. It dropped to the floor, and she gasped.

"Do not move." He knew his voice would be harsh, guttural, and not easy to understand. Talking with a mouthful of fangs and extra teeth wasn't the easiest thing in the world. "Not one step. Don't pick it up. Don't do anything."

"Make me." Livvy stood with her arms on her hips, and her fingers twitched. The stance was one hundred percent defiant, even though he could smell her fear. It rolled off her in waves, and mixed as it was with the sweet smell of her arousal, it intrigued him. She was such a mass of contradictions, and if he had more time, he'd show her how to let

them loose them one at a time.

*Oh, Livvy-love, thank you for saying that. Just what I wanted: permission! Do you know what you've unleashed? Do you realize you are giving me all I need to be your Dom, now and forever?*

"Say it again." He needed to be sure. Even though he wanted to rush her before she changed her mind, his Devil warned him to use caution—*Yeah, yeah. Okay, maybe I am being too literal, but hey, I'm taking my chances, and I'll pay the price later.*

But that cautious imp made him add, "Do you know what you're asking me, Liv? We will be as one, and I will be your Dom. You will submit to me,

defer to me, and accept all I say. Not only in your dreams, but in your reality."

*Why am I giving her a get-out clause? I'm the Dom. She wants me and all we do. Why am I holding back?* For all he second-guessed himself, Sael had to be sure Livvy knew exactly what he meant.

She stood stark naked, her hands still on her hips, with his mate-marks standing out proud and defiant, reddish and raised. He knew the color of her ass would match them.

"Be careful what you ask of me," he said. "Remember who I am, what I am, and what we will be. You'll see what you release in me. I *will* give you a Saff, as opposed to a safe, word first.

You may choose to use it, but there will be no second chance if you do. Saff-words are my honor and my curse. Safe words are ours to use as and when. We'll discuss those as well."

Her face went white, and she stared at him as if he had grown horns. Did she understand any of it? It was all he could do to stop himself from checking his horns weren't on show. That would definitely be a step too far for her at that moment. Did the woman still not realize he wasn't *The Devil*, just *her Devil*?

"I remember." She swayed, and Sael caught her before she fell. "I remember. It's like fitting all the bits of a jigsaw into the right places." She gulped.

The skin over her throat rippled. Even that unhappy gesture sent his pulse racing. "Oh shit, bits in the right places, you, me, bits. " He held her firmly as she struggled in his arms. *My chance of grazing is fucked for now, then.*

He held her tight, not unkindly, but in a manner he hoped would calm her, and used one hand to stroke her back, a bit like you'd do to a skittish horse.

*Maybe I'd best not use that analogy to Livvy, though.* Not many women would be pleased to be likened to an animal like that.

"Oh shit and shoot, I remember. Not everything, but..." Her voice trailed off, and she stared at him in horror. "Oh grief, maybe I do remember everything.



No wonder I decided it was a dream.  
You, me, us, and—oh hell."

"No, not hell, our reality."

## Chapter Two

He almost felt sorry for her, except his cheek throbbed in a most un-arousing manner. A slap on the ass was one thing. A thump on the jaw was something else. She looked lost and bewildered. As he watched, she choked back a sob and swiped angrily at her eyes.

Her forlorn actions were enough to melt his anger. His incisors dipped, and his fangs retracted. Damn, he was a sucker for tears. Especially when, like now, they were involuntary and unwanted. He pulled Livvy close and cuddled her, and let his chin rested on

top of her head.

"Shh. Okay, Livvy-Love, I'm sorry, but you wake the Devil, and you pay. You should know that, if not in your reality, in your mind. I've a devil of a temper when roused." He grinned. It was maybe not the best analogy to use.

"Sorry, but you know what I mean. Remember what we've done? What I've said to you?"

She hiccupped and nodded. "I remembered bits and pieces here and there—not everything. Now you've opened up my mind, and it's info-dumped everything on me." She didn't seem too happy about it. "Well I don't know if it is everything. I guess I'll find out. I'm trying to sort it all out, but it

sounds like a porno film. With me as Miss Porno in chief." She glanced down at his cock. "And you as the male lead."

Sael decided being so close and personal with her while stark naked and getting harder by the second might not be the best thing at the moment. *Damn it, I like it.* With a mental sigh, he closed his eyes and flicked his wrist. *That's better.* Trackies and a sweatshirt might not be *haut couture*, but they were a hell of a lot safer. He even gave her knickers. See through and barely there but knickers nonetheless

Livvy looked at him and then at herself and wrinkled her nose. "I don't even want to begin to wonder why I look like I'm off to the gym, albeit in clothes

three sizes too big. If I do, I might just freak and fall apart all over again." She took the tissue he offered with a smile and a muttered thanks. Then she looked pointedly at his trackies where his cock made a tent in the jersey. "But I think it's a good idea to be dressed, even like this. That thing has a mind of its own." She gave a watery giggle. "And I'm sorry I hit you. I don't do violence."

*It rather depends on your definition of violence.* He remembered some interesting bites and scratches she'd left on him at various times. However this moment wasn't the time to mention them, not with Livvy cuddled in and compliant. Instead it was the time to back off a bit, until they could discuss

this thing in a rational manner. Sael had no idea how she'd react to the news he was about to impart.

"Okay, then I accept your apology. Now we do need to talk. First things first. Will you accept me as your Dom? I'm not asking twenty-four seven obedience. Hell, we both know that's impossible, and Livvy-love, you're too independent to go for that. Which I must say suits me fine. But in," he hesitated, "for want of a better term, in the bedroom, I need you to be my sub. And in other important places. Well, it's that or die."

"Go on." She looked at her nails. "Persuade me. You don't need to be so melodramatic."

Sael wished he could gauge her feelings. She sounded as if he was going to recite the phone book to her. He wasn't, and what he was about to divulge would make or break him.

"Put it this way, you know when you filled that quiz in your magazine, and said never, ever in public?"

"Yes, why?" Her voice was wary.

"That's part of it."

He had no idea what she'd say or do.

He didn't have long to find out. Her eyes widened, and he was sure if he *hadn't* known she was human, he would have thought *her* the supernatural one.

*Am I imagining those bloody flames here, or can I feel that heat?*

*Oh, s-h-i-t. And she says she doesn't do violence. I'm not so sure, but God do I hope she practices what she preaches, so to speak. Well, not during sex, but...*

His mind came back to the present as she jabbed him hard in the stomach. He hadn't been expecting it, and the pain shot through him. He grabbed her wrists, and clamped down hard on his fangs, which were primed and ready.

*I so need to show her just who the Dom is here, or I'm gonna be one big pain, and not the annoying kind, either. At least my cock and balls are safe. It took all his willpower not to cover them with his hands.*

"Now, Livvy-love, don't take off on one. You know all this, even if you



chose to forget it. You've just said so. Remember, I'm your Dom. I'm in charge, and I'd love to remind you just how that scenario works."

"Huh. Yeah, yeah. So you say." She dug her nails into his palms and laughed in a most unpleasant way. "But I don't necessarily choose to take it on board."

The sarcastic retort made his incisors push through his gums within seconds. He had to reign in his quicksilver temper. Sael had been reprimanded by his seniors for his "react not think" actions more times than he cared to admit.. He retracted them, and bit his lip to control his automatic reaction until he knew all his body parts

were safe. It was, he decided, a wise move.

"You have to." He did his best to keep his voice even and gentle. "Cast your mind back, sort through your mind, and accept." It was so damned annoying, but he'd pledged not to prod her memory. It was one pledge he daren't mess with.

Livvy pushed back from him, and he let her go, to watch silently as she paced the tiny room. Quietly he pushed open the door to her bedroom, and watched her stalk through with her back ramrod straight, and annoyance evident in every step. When she turned and glared at him, he followed her, and leant against the wall, arms across his chest, and his feet crossed at his ankles. The

hairs on his arms stood on end, and his skin prickled. Sadly not in a “hell I'm primed and ready to fuck” way. He might look calm, but he wasn't. She certainly wasn't. He could see the energy spitting out of her and crackling in the air.

"You what? Accept your silly ideas? You're fucking joking. In your dreams, mate. In your fucking dreams. Crazy. Fucking mad." She moved backwards, never taking her eyes off him, and with her hands on her hips, she shook her head. "Asshole."

"I'm always fucking in my dreams, love. Always you, and when possible, in my reality, as well. Ass, cunt, or mouth, all is possible."

She paled at his crudity and shook her head.

*Yeah, not the best thing to say.*

"On a serious note, let me say, no way am I joking. It's fact, not fiction. I've waited as long as I dare, but now it's time. *Think* what you know, please. It's my life at stake." Sael led her to a chair, and she sat down with a thump. Rather than return to his place against the wall, he perched on the arm.

"So," she said and rolled her shoulders and winced. "Damn, I'm stiff. Why do I feel like I've been run over by a steamroller?"

He shrugged. It wasn't the time to say, "or fucked by a devil".

"Let me get this straight," she said.

"You're my Devil Within, from the recess of my soul?"

He nodded and went to stand behind her and massaged her shoulders. Livvy let her head droop and made a soft, sensuous, groan that under any other circumstances would make him think he was on a promise. Not now unfortunately, even though if humans could purr, she was doing just that.

"Ahh, that is too good. Okay, let me concentrate."

He moved his hands, and she moaned.

"Damn, I liked that." Livvy rolled her shoulders and shook her head.

"Okay, so let's say you've told the truth. Tell me I've got this right. You need to

mark me to ensure you live?"

He nodded again. She seemed to understand so far.

"And you chose me last year because?" *Damn, no, she didn't.*

He sighed. "I've always been part of you, Livvy. Last year, I came out and showed you what we have, what we are. We need to be together. I need you; you need me. But now, I need to make you mine with more than a semen-stain. More than our mate-marks. I need to graze you, sink my fangs into you. Show you I *am* your master."

She shook her head.

*Shit.*

"I don't kowtow to anyone, mister. I'm an equal in everything. I don't have a

master." Livvy glared. It seemed her mellow mood had dissipated, and her normal, kick-ass pissy attitude was back with a vengeance. "My mate reads hot BDSM books. According to her they say really the sub is in charge. The sub gets to call red or whatever. That to me shouts equal. So if you think you're the boss, you're in cloud cuckoo land," she said. "Away with the mixer. Up a height, or just plain screwy. Take your pick."

Sael strove to keep his voice level and not to show any of the panic her words created. "I didn't say we weren't equals. Hell, surely the way I've acted shows you that?" Livvy sniggered, and his skin heated. "Okay well maybe I do get a bit forceful at times, but never ever

have I forced you to do anything you don't want. Have I?"

She shook her head. "No, no you haven't. So I guess I've been okay so far. I do know if I said so, used a safe word or whatever you'd stop. But now I'm getting scared. This sounds almost like I won't have a get-out clause."

He smiled and ignored the scary goose bumps that covered his skin. "You'll always have that, I promise. However this is so important. My existence depends on it. Please Liv. We have to. It's non-negotiable. You accepted this last year when I first came to you. That was your chance to say no. You gave yourself to me, gave me your total trust and acceptance. Remember?"



She nodded again. Her eyes clouded over, and her expression was somber. Sael shivered. The room was chilled, and the light flickered, as if it was also worried what might happen.

"Okay, tell me the rest. Refresh my memory, and show me what happens next."

Relief filled him. "Thank you," he said simply. "It was always only a matter of time. And now is the time."

He watched her eyes widen again as slowly, lovingly, he began to run his fangs out. He conveniently forgot he had earlier promised her a safe word. He'd pay for that later, but just now, things had to progress. If she was really unhappy, Sael knew he wouldn't force

her to do anything. He might be a Devil, but he was one of the good guys. He could only hope that with her help he stayed one. "You need to make yourself come, Liv. Touch yourself and let me watch. Let me see your eyes go smoky and sex-filled. Let me mark you drop by drop until I taste you, bite, graze, and make us safe."

\*\*\*\*

*Have there been any notices about absconders from Carstairs?*  
Livvy wondered, as she remembered the name of the country's secure unit. Any TV stories saying "this person is dangerous; do not approach him, just call the police"? Even as she thought that, and her lips curved in an almost

hysterical smile, she knew she was clutching at straws. *So it's crazy, but I do believe it, and sod it, I do remember, even I'm still in denial. And come to think of it, it's no wonder I've had a fair few tummy upsets with someone as ornery as Sael in me. Mind, I'm damned sure it's my dreams I'm remember ... argh shut up, and get it over with.*

He might have come out of somewhere last year, but Livvy was more inclined toward Carstairs or Barlinnie, the high security prison.

"I can read you, Liv."

She jumped, and Sael grinned. "Remember, I'm the Devil Within. We need to go over the Saff-word again. Your Saff-word is the word you use

when you want me to stop what I'm doing and never do it again. For others it's different, they can negotiate, but for we devils it's a straightforward cut-off. Choose one." He waited. "And I don't mean cut off as my balls or my blood supply."

She stared until a faint flush of red stained his skin. The fact he could be vulnerable and show it was a comforting thought—even though not much else was at that moment.

"Liv, tell me your Saff word. You need one." He looked at her steadily until *she* felt uncomfortable and looked at the floor. "We'll use red as in normal play, as stop, and we'll talk about it later, but now I need your no, no, never

word."

"Crumble, but..." She glanced at him out of the corner of her eye.

He lifted his hand in the universal "stop right there" sign. "Crumble it is. Don't use it unless you are sure you can't accept any more of what's happened, or will happen, because like I said, once used, it can't be taken back, and I won't try again. That's really important, so don't use it unless you're really sure. If you say red, I'll stop, but it's only stop this time not forever. Do you understand?"

Livvy nodded slowly. *Well, I think I do, but ... oh hell, what have I got myself into?*

"Then let's take it one step further.

If I ask you a question such as that, you need to reply with a simple 'yes, Sir' or 'no, Sir'. We might as well start as we'll need to go on."

Livvy wondered just what was jumping about in her tummy. Nothing would surprise her. Her mouth was dry, and her nerve ends stung. She was going to commit herself to something she'd tried hard to forget.

"Yes, Sir."

He expelled his breath in one long, noisy exhale. That indication that he'd nervous helped her to be sure she'd made the correct decision.

"When we fucked so fully, you accepted everything I asked of you. Look." He lifted his left wrist to her and

turned it over. There, just above the crease of his hand, was a tiny symbol.

She ran her finger over it slowly, and trembled. Then she lifted her left hand.

"I remember this," she said slowly. "Last summer, I thought I'd dreamed it, and then I woke up to see this on my wrist. I thought I'd had too much to drink and gone to Penn and Ink, in town, to have it done."

She touched her wrist and rubbed the tiny image, its black whorls a mirror image of the one inked onto him. "What does it mean?"

"You're mine. This is our link."

He hesitated, and Livvy thought she'd never seen someone look so lost or

alone. She deliberately hardened her heart. If he read her, then let him know it took more than a sob story to win her around. She might have agreed he was her Sir, but it took a lot more to help her understand everything. The amount of information she had to take in was enough for a PhD at least.

"Ah, Livvy-love, no sob story, just fact. You let me out, and now we pay the price."

That remark sparked a thought in her. "Talking of which, you ass—" He looked bewildered, as well he might. How on earth could he know what she was talking about? That thought hadn't even formed coherently before she'd spoken.



"Paying the price," she said. He still looked at her blankly. "You didn't use a condom. If I'm pregnant, I'll do more than clock you one on the face. I'll make sure you never get the chance to father any more children. Or sing anything but soprano."

He covered his cock protectively and half-laughed. "Yes, well, let's hope it doesn't come to that."

"Oh, let's hope it does." *He's purring*, she thought, *bloody purring*.

"I haven't ever used protection. There's been no need."

*What? I've been daft enough to let him in me bareback. Never...* However that nasty little seed of thought was digging into her mind. *Ah seed, shut*

*up, not to be imagined.*

"But up until now, my cum was clear. I told you," he said, and she blinked.

"Really?"

"Really, and when you let yourself, you'll remember. It's different now though. From today on, it's sperm-filled and virile. That's the way it works. We will make beautiful children. Proper little Devils full of spark and feistiness."

"You're mad." She shook her head. *How the hell does he know that? Has he had a snip reversal or something? This has got to be another surreal dream. Got to be. I'll wake up and realize my dreams have gone up to a new level of weirdness. Should I pinch*

*myself?*

"Ouch." She glared at the figure beside her. There really was someone with her, and he'd pinched her. She could see the red mark on her arm.

"I did it for you, the pinch," he said in an "aren't I helpful" tone of voice. "I thought it might be more effective if it came from me."

Livvy leaned toward him and pinched him back. Hard. He blinked and gave the most theatrical wince she'd ever seen.

"Shit, woman. Okay. There's no need to retaliate."

"Ha, there so is."

She moved away and sat across the room from him. Doing so made her

feel strangely lonely. There was a tug, deep inside her, a connection she wanted to deny but couldn't. What was going on?

"This will get us nowhere fast.

Start talking, so I can sort memories and dreams from memories of reality.

Firstly, no way did you just spring out of me last year. So?" *I sound like a complete brat.* She decided she didn't care. She needed information, and fast.

"Of course not. What a stupid idea. My name as you well know, if you chose to acknowledge it, is Sael. I am Saffaulian. I was born many moons ago there. In our world. Which, if humans weren't so insular and so sure they knew everything, would be obvious to see. Behind Orion. And my mother would be

most upset if you denied her existence. Come to think of it." His voice filled with humor. "I don't think my father would be overly impressed either."

Livvy waited for more.

Instead, he closed the distance she'd put between them and began to nuzzle her neck. Tingles and spirals of heat radiated out from where he touched, and her clit clenched in an effort to direct the erotic stings towards it.

"Right," she said. "Let's stop bugging about." She giggled at the speculative look that came into his eyes. "No, we're not even going to go there—argh, that so doesn't sound right." *Damn, I've forgotten the Sirring bit again.*

Sael laughed openly, and even though she felt ready to thump him again, and was worried about what was might happen, and—*Oh shit*. To her dismay, her knickers were more than damp—how many times could that happen before they were wrecked?—and her clit throbbed in time to the tiny erratic pulse in her neck. A wave of heat suffused her body, and the muscles in her pussy sent a new gush of arousal to coat her thighs. However Livvy found herself able to laugh with him, as the tears streamed down her face.

"Oh, Livvy-love, let's go there. Anytime," he said, as his eyes twinkled, and blue and silver lights shot from them. Sparks of fire glowed in their

depths, and she'd swear she saw a rainbow flash overhead.

"Stop it." She wiped her eyes and sobered up. "No, thank you, Sir. No appeal to me." *Liar, liar...* She blocked that thought out, just in case he'd tuned into her like he said he could. "So, you have parents? Who come from a planet behind Orion? And?"

"You don't mean it, you know, about the bugging. You love it, really."

She lifted her hand, and the fire in his eyes seemed to reach out to her. Livvy lowered it hastily, and he rewarded her with a smile.

"Good girl. Be warned, though. I *will* remember that, and you *will* pay for it later. Now, where was I? Yes, okay,

explanations now and fucking later. I get you. Well, it's a story that is so familiar to me, I forget I need to spell it out. And to be honest, I thought you'd realized what was going on from our activities this last year."

"No." She was going to make him explain everything. "Start at the beginning, and don't stop until the end."

He raised one eyebrow.

"Um, please, Sir." She'd get the hang of this Sirring if it killed her.

"If you don't it'll more than likely kill me, pet. Yes, I read your mind. Deal with it. Remember who's in charge, my love. You can say what you want, but each infraction will be remembered and recorded in here." He tapped his head.



"And we'll resolve them as is right and proper later. Okay."

He stared. Livvy looked away first. The idea of resolution intrigued, excited, and scared her.

"Yes, Sir." Every time she said it, it got easier.

His tone changed from seductive and commanding to brisk and businesslike.

"My name is Sael De Laphouresse. In human age, I'm thirty-five. On Saffaul? Add thousands. I come from a long line of Saffaulian Rulers. We control the Devils within the recess of a person's soul. Each of us has a soul we take care of, cherish, nurture, and eventually live within. Once, many eons

ago, we ruled all Devils, both the Devils Within and the Inner Devils. Two types of Devils, light and dark, good and bad. Sadly, not everyone chooses to have a good Devil within them. For centuries of your world's time, we tempered the good with the bad. Managed to keep peace and harmony both on Saffaul and Earth. Now, until we reach the age of Saffaulian maturity, we guard our chosen soul from afar. The elders will do all that is necessary if any human needs Saffaulian help. This is our way. Once we are mature, we begin our life's work. If the rulers decide that both our soul and we are ready, we move in. Then, after we show our human how we need to interact, we appear. Take charge—"

"By fucking?" She interrupted him with a sweet—and innocent—grin.

"I distrust that look, love. And be warned, if you don't stop butting in, I'll show you how effective a ball gag is. Remember? You shouted blue heaven, and I had to explain the traffic light system. Red, 'no not now', orange, 'hold on let's talk about this', and green is 'go, go, go, all is gooooood'. Then well, after I knew I had to slow down, I sort of made you forget all that. Now we need to get up to speed, so it's traffic lights, okay? And we can always try the gag again."

Livvy was darned sure she was the color of the walls, and they were pale grey. That was something she hadn't

remembered. "Er no, thank you. Red then."

He laughed. "Oh Livvy-love, you're so transparent. How can you call red when your cream coats your legs and you're so wet you want to make yourself come? Oh, and you're not to do that, unless I say so. Accept it."

Sael waited until at last she gave a brief nod. Then he smiled, damn him. He knew she'd do as she agreed.

"Thank you, pet. To continue then this has worked for all time. We are born, lead Saffaulian lives, learn our history and our future. Always, humans are given the choice between good and bad. Most choose good, and this caused problems." His eyes darkened, and

Livvy could see how troubled he was.

She almost leaned over and kissed him. Almost. "Carry on."

"The Inner Devils rebelled. Left Saffaul and began to do The Devil's work here on Earth, and for more time than any human could comprehend, there was war between the Inner Devils and the Devils Within. Yes I know it sounds complicated. That's half the problem. When some people choose, they get our names mixed up. The Inner Devils wanted to use their souls for evil, while we wanted to protect ours. For we, you understand, do not make pacts with The Devil. We bring peace of mind, happiness, and sexual satiation. If allowed. The downside is that to allow

us to live in the body that belongs to us, the owner of that body has to totally and utterly give themselves to their Devil. Knowingly. If they refuse, after it has been offered to that person openly, with all facets explained, it gives an Inner Devil a chance to take over and rule. Which is so not good news, believe me!"

*No, and neither is his stupid thought that my body belongs to him. And as for coming in my ass? He can bugger off, not in. What? Never, ever, ever. Not there.*

"Oh, yes, there. You have such a sweet ass, perfect for me, and you love that sweet sting. Your cries of arousal are perfect. However, that's for later. Oh, yes, it is."

He stopped her with an imperative wave of his hand, as she was about to rush into speech. She shut her mouth and glared at him.

"You might need to temper those icy stares a bit. No one will believe I'm all and everything to you, if you keep freezing me out like that. However, when you remember your sweet subservient 'yes, Sirs' it's a start. Saffaul demands instant obedience. I'm not quite so dictatorial, although, I confess, I can have my moments. However, when it comes to sex, I *am* in charge."

Livvy stayed silent. It was either that or commit major, painful violence. He seemed to interpret her silence as agreement. "Good girl."

*Patronizing git.* She still stayed silent, though.

As he'd talked, he'd paced the room. Now, he nodded and sat down in a seat near—but not too near, fortunately—her. When she'd decorated this room, she hadn't realized just how erotic it could be. The swirls of grey, mauve, and silver in the curtains shimmered in a rich, silky splendor. The cushions were big and squashy, perfect to sit, or put your head on. The carpet, thick and soft, invited you to stretch out on it. The bed had metal ornately carved head and footboards, and the seat, now occupied by the man from her dreams, was deep, and wide enough for two people to squash into. Looking at it now, she



suddenly thought how perfect the carved arms would be for tying something, or someone to.

*Where did that come from?* With a sinking feeling, Livvy thought that chair seemed designed with him in mind.

"So, let me try to get this straight," she said. "Last year, I somehow unleashed my Inner Devil?" *Humor him.* She smiled in what she hoped was a reassuring, "Oh, I believe all you're saying" manner.

"No." His fangs appeared again.

"No? And put your fangs away. It's rude to flash in public."

He growled, but to Liv's relief, the fangs began to disappear.

"So?" She prompted. "If I didn't do

that, what did I do?"

"Released the Devil Within. Like I've told you, that's something quite different. You have either-or, not both. Be glad you have me. I'm one of the good guys. That's why you need to save me. And incidentally, save yourself."

He seemed to be waiting for her to answer. She obliged. After all if she needed to make a report to the authorities she had to know just what she was reporting.

*There's a man who says he's my good devil wanting me to do all sorts of weird and wonderful things. He say's he's from another planet. Yeah, sounds about right, eh?*

"Now, in words of one syllable,

what else are you going to hit me with? And not your hand on my ass, either." *However much I like the idea of that.* "I've had the name, address, and occupation. Reality and dreams. Is that everything? Tell me. So at the end, I know whether to lock myself in the loo and ring for the police, and say there's a nutter here, give you a glass of water and a chance to cool down, or run screaming to my mum. Or realize I'm as crazy as you are, and I believe everything you're saying."

"None of the above. Accept we're both sane, and this is our destiny."

Livvy shook her head. "You make me accept our sanity, and not by coercion, either. Words, not actions."

Tell, not show."

"Spoilsport." He seemed to have found his humor again. "I was always told actions speak louder than words." He winked and grinned. The words "wicked, evil grin" must have been coined especially for him.

"Not in this case, buster. Spill." His eyes widened. Livvy groaned. How the hell could he read innuendo into everything she said? "The beans. Tell me everything else."

"So, are you sitting comfortably?" The oft-spoken words of childhood made her smile. She nodded. *Well, as best I can with a sore ass.* He chose to ignore that thought, she decided.

"So, I'll begin." He beckoned to

her and grinned. "Well, continue, but hey, I have to keep those words. Reminds me of my childhood. Human tales before bed. You get fairy tales. We had human ones. Now, I need you beside me. Come here."

*Was that a command or a request?*

"Either or, as long as you do it."

"Stop reading my mind," Livvy said indignantly.

"Stop making me," he said unrepentantly. "Or you'll have an even sorer ass. One you won't want to sit on for a week. Just do as I comm—er, ask without the arguments, verbal or not."

Livvy stared at him.

He sighed. "Livvy, accept this

now, or we stop. Take it as an order, a demand, command, whatever. Just do it. Or I'll think you want your sweet ass red and glowing for me. Believe me now. I'm happy to oblige you. So?"

She smiled at him, and tried to keep her face blank and her mind empty. *Let him wonder.* Slowly, she stood up and walked over to where he sat. When she reached him, he pulled her down onto his lap. Livvy let him settle her, interestingly with no hard cock pressed against her, demanding entrance.

"That's for later. No, you didn't think it. I felt your wriggle," Sael murmured into her ear. "I have pledged my oath to my elders that I won't use sex to bind you. So, are you ready?"

In spite of herself, Livvy was interested. So was her body, dammit. Her pussy clenched, getting damp and hot. "Right, so why then? That night, last year of—er—"

"Hot, sweaty, and bloody good sex?" he said. "It happened because your body was ready. Unknown to you, you'd been sending me messages for ages. You were bored, unfulfilled, and ripe for something else. So, you were ready for me, for our beginning. Our council told me it was time for me to be in you, and show myself to you. On our very first night together, as I watched you come for me, and you watched my cum drip and spurt all over you, I knew. Our time was about to begin. My chance of life was

there if I could show you what we could be."

*Chance of life? Melodramatic or what?*

"So, all these dreams I've had?"

She suspected she knew the answer.

"Weren't dreams. They were our reality, Liv. You and me. Our chance to be. My chance to live. Each semen stain, each mine-mark represented one more step toward your acceptance of me, of us. The sticking point is I am allowed only one year to demonstrate to you what can be. Thirteen Devil moons, and then, we need to show."

"Eh?" Did he mean what she thought he meant? "Elucidate. Slowly."



## Chapter Three

"Oh, come on, Liv." His fangs ran out briefly before they retracted. "You know what the fuck I mean."

"I'm scared I do." Liv said faintly. *Shit, what next?* "Can we forget the Sir stuff for a sec, and you spell it out for me anyway?"

His face closed up, and he sighed. "Okay, you asked for it." He tightened his arms around her. It was as if the very air was holding its breath. "Look at the wall." He put his hands on her cheeks and directed her face in the direction of the long wall.

"What do you see?"

Livvy looked. It was her wall. Prepared, primed, and painted all by her. But just a plain, light grey wall, not even a picture on it. Hold on, there *had* been a picture. A scene of the mountains from her window. Where the hell was it?

"I took it down. We need a blank canvas. Look." His arm tightened around her again, and Livvy leaned back into his warmth. "Watch, and ask questions later."

The wall changed color, and a flickering appeared, then slowly steadied.

*Oh my God! Am I really seeing this?*

"You are," Sael said. He hugged

her closely to him. "Not us, but what is expected of us. Can you? Will you?"

That was the question. She closed her eyes for a second, and then looked away, to stare at the carpet. *The million dollar, over the top question.* "I don't know," she said shakily. "That's baring more than your soul. With a vengeance."

She gulped as Sael stroked her cheek, and lifted her head to look at the wall once more and watch a story of sex, love, and acceptance unfold. In front of an audience. That might be all well and good when it wasn't her in the spotlight, Livvy thought as she watched an unknown woman accept a man in every way possible.

*Well, actually, no, it's not all well*

*and good. It's not acceptable no matter who it is. Not to me, anyway. I can't think of anything worse. Hell, I don't even like wearing a bikini on the beach. And that woman is happy to let other people see her like that. What is she, for God's sake?*

"My mother," Sael said softly.

"She said if anyone had to do the 'how to' video, it had to be her. Although she is not human, but a pure Saffaulian, she said no human should go through what a Saffaulian had not experienced. She is with my father, her love since she was but sixteen years of age."

"So, how come some of you choose humans and others don't?" Livvy said, interested in his explanation and

trying not to look at the wall.

Sael smiled, flicked his hand, and paused the video. "We do not choose; you choose. Humans make their unconscious demand, and we are picked by our council to be part of someone they think we fit. Then we appear to you, and you have to decide what happens next."

Livvy was appalled. "So in effect, they are maybe condemning you to death?"

He shook his head. "No, our human is the one who does that. Now watch." The action on the wall started again.

Livvy watched the scenes unfold. How she wished she could turn away,

demand it turned off. But she knew she owed it to Sael to watch. Apart from the fact that with each scene, each act, she felt herself grow hotter, wetter, and more ready. It both worried her and embarrassed her.

*What the hell does that make me? Feeling like this as I watch something like that? I'm wet and wanting, and not just Freddie either.*

When the woman—*shit, that's his mother I'm looking at*—opened her ass and welcomed a hot, hard cock into it, Livvy winced. *Never, never in a hundred years.*

"Oh yes, my love." Sael watched at her. "Many, many times. Give me leave to remind you, to show you."

*Oh no, not now, maybe not ever.*

This was one area she was sure he wasn't telling the truth about. He had to be lying again when the picture moved to the woman sucking a very impressive cock, and he said, "You love doing that."

*No, not ever.* Livvy shuddered. So not her thing.

"It is, you know." Sael nipped her ear. "You told me, that until this year, you never knew why people liked caviar. Now you understand, and it's your favorite appetizer."

Livvy closed her eyes and shuddered. Oh shit, that was so true. Until this last year, the thought of caviar made her want to throw up. Now? That strange, fishy, and yes, semen taste,

made her hot, horny, and ready for sex. Was that why she ordered caviar at every opportunity?

Sael nipped her ear again. "Of course it is. When you eat caviar, it reminds you of eating me, drinking my cum. Now watch. You need to see this."

Obediently Livvy opened her eyes, looked back at the screen, and knew she went white. The man opened his mouth to show his impressive fangs and incisors, moved to the woman's breast, and bit.

\*\*\*\*

Sael watched as Livvy curled her hand over her breast. Did she not realize just how much too late that gesture was? Already his marks grew. Each time he



sucked and nipped it went a little deeper, until now she was ready for that final bite. If she damn well cooperated. He kept his eyes on her face. He knew quite well what she was about to see might well send her screaming from the room, and doing all those dire things she had thought of earlier. His role as her Dom might end before it really got started, and that would be a pity. Sael could never damn his heritage, but at times—such as now—he could wish it wasn't so different from hers.

She swayed, and he held her close. Livvy moved restlessly, and his cock, never patient at the best of times, started to show its annoyance at being ignored and began to swell. He clamped

ruthlessly down on his arousal and concentrated on Livvy. She looked aghast.

"If for one moment you think I'm going to stand in front of hundreds of people and let you do all that to me, then, *then*, offer myself up for them to have a taste, you've lost your marbles"

"I'm the only one who'd bite you love, right at the end. The Devil Bite cements us as a couple, puts the seal on our relationship." He lowered his voice. "Saves me."

"For the record? I hate blood. I'd be unconscious by that bit. But hear me, and hear me well," she said, as her voice demonstrated her determination. "Biting, fucking, anything, I'm yours."

Yours and only yours. Get it?"

Livvy jabbed him with her finger as she spoke. "As far as I'm concerned, I don't do oral, I don't do anal, and I sure as hell don't do others. Just you and me, no onlookers. Is that clear?"

"This time you do. All of it. But think positive, if you're unconscious by the time I bite you, you won't see the blood." Sael thought that would be a point in his favor. It seemed he was mistaken once more.

Livvy jumped off his lap and turned to stand in front of him, her back to the images on the wall. "That's your *mother* on there, opening her legs for whoever. Turn the bloody thing off. It's obscene. How can you watch your

*mother* degrade herself like that?"

Sael sighed. If Livvy hadn't been so incensed, she would have seen the secret look of satisfaction on his face. Not to mention how the film ended! With love and acceptance. Instead, she stood with her face as red as her hair, and glared at him.

"Think back over what you've said, Liv," he said. "Replay your words in your head. Then think on them."

"What do you mean? And turn the bloody film off. I've got an orgy all over my boobs." She'd looked down and seen the images as they moved across her sweatshirt. "Thank goodness it's all blurry. I can't cope with this."

"Liv, what did you say before you

listed what you think you don't do?  
No"— he put a hand up—"let me finish.  
You said, and I quote, 'I'm yours. Yours  
and only yours'. If you really mean that,  
are you ready to throw away everything  
we've got, everything we might have?  
Because that's what'll happen. And if  
you do, who knows if an Inner Devil  
will come and get you? Remember I'm  
your first choice—well your only  
positive choice really. Do this, let me  
free. Don't, let me die, and give an Inner  
Devil the chance to take you over. They  
as a race are not kind, not the sort of  
beings you want near you, let alone in  
you. You've heard of mass murderers?  
People who do unspeakable things?  
Most are driven by an Inner Devil. Shit,

I don't want to share you, but it's the Saffaulian way, and in that I have no choice. Once only."

"But that's just it, it *isn't* bloody once. Oh yeah one night maybe, but just what goes on in that night isn't a one thing only, is it now? And how do I know that nasty Devil will be defeated? Can't it come back and try again?"

He flicked his hand in the air, and the images died.

*Why can't she understand just how important this is? Am I so caught up in it, so close to it, that I haven't explained it all clearly?* He thought back quickly over what he had said, and silently groaned. *Oh shit, bad explanations there.*

"Right," he said in as even a voice as he could manage. "Let's take this point by point. Okay?"

He rose and walked across to her, before he stood so close her breasts brushed his chest. He heard her indrawn breath as her nipples made their presence known and peaked proudly under the top she wore. Now was the time to get sneaky. He flicked his wrist again.

Livvy gasped as she looked down at her now naked self.

"That's better," Sael said with satisfaction. "See how you react to me." One more flick, and he was as naked as she was. "See how I react to you?" His rigid cock begged for attention. Livvy

followed his gaze. She swiped her tongue over her lips and groaned.

That subtle, nervous gesture was such a turn-on. Already, his pre-cum gathered, and his fangs ached to be used. Time to take charge, show his dominant side, use it wisely, and move things forward.

"If you don't want me to pounce, show you everything you'd miss by denying us, then don't run your tongue over your lips like that. It makes me want to fuck you hot, hard, and furious in every which way. More than once. And that would be the end of us. I'd go up in flames, and not the sort of flames either of us are used to."

His smile was rueful. "I am honor-



bound not to coerce, push, or persuade you, or flames *will* appear. This has to be your decision. I can say categorically, if you choose this, and are prepared to go through with it, your Inner Devil won't ever get to you. That is our Saffaulian Promise. Still, hell, Liv, I know it's a lot to take in and just how much I'm asking you to step out of your comfort zone. But what *do* you think we've been doing this last year?"

Her laugh sounded nervous. "But that's just it, I don't *know*. You say we've been doing all manner of things. Things I didn't remember, things I thought I didn't like, and you're telling me I do." She bit her lip. "Okay, I accept that I like being spanked, which, by the way, is an

awfully stupid and silly sort of word—  
just saying—and I've—"

She blushed.

"Well, I've sucked your cock,  
made you come, and let you ... fuck my  
ass, and..." She drew a deep breath.  
"And now you're saying if I don't do *all*  
of them, in front of an audience, you'll  
die, and I might become a, a, well, I  
don't know what I might become. I don't  
want you to die. But I don't want to be  
next week's YouTube sensation either.  
Argh, why me? And why will you die?  
It's one thing me admitting to you I liked  
it all, another to be top of the bill of the  
Saffaul Sex Review. I don't understand  
any of this. And bloody hell, I keep  
forgetting to call you Sir."

Sael felt for her dilemma. Shit, he wished he could just feel *her*, show her, and that would be the end of it. However, by his oath and his creed, he had no option but to let her decide for herself, without swaying her in the manner he knew he could. No sex, no tenderness, just the facts.

"It's hard, I know," he said.

"But..." He got no further. She glared at him, and stunned him into silence.

"Not hard, just stupid. Tell me *why*. Tell me. Or how can I know exactly what's at stake?"

"My life." He looked at her face and sighed inwardly. Perhaps it was time to explain more. "You asked—okay, you didn't know you asked—but

you *did* ask for me. You needed me. Now you have me, and for some reason, deep in my people's past, my continued being is all down to you, my human. Our laws, our creeds say if my human is not assured I am the perfect Devil for her, her completion, then I die. If I fail, I am no longer worthy of my role, or indeed, my life."

He looked at her intently, and she looked shocked. "Time to make up your mind," he said.

"For fuck's sake, Sael. This is my life we're talking about, not a bloody quiz show." Livvy sounded exasperated.

*As well she might*, he thought ruefully.

"I hate the sight of blood, and

you're asking me to watch you bite me, apart from everything else. And I'll have a scar, right next to my nipple. I'll never want to go topless in public."

"You never *do* go topless," Sael said. *Talk about pointing out the obvious.* "You are the most uptight, prudish, hot, sexy woman I've ever known. You were made for me and for all we're going to do together. Then, as you say, after that it will all be for me, only me forever." He paused, then continued. "If we become one, take my word for it, you never *will* go topless in public, only in private. Our private. That sweet body will be for my view only."

"After we fuck to order?"

He nodded.

"I need to think. Alone." Livvy wound her hair around her finger, something he knew she did when she was agitated.

Well, he could give her that. Sort of.

"Okay, but here's the rub. Once I've revealed all this to you, we have to be on Saffaul, and ready, before the next Devil's moon."

Something in his tone must have alerted her. She lifted one hand into the air as if to stroke his cheek, changed her mind and lowered it again.

"I don't think I like the sound of this," Livvy said slowly. "Okay, tell me. When's that? How long have I got?"

This was it. In the next few

minutes, he'd know whether his life was over.

## Chapter Four

Sael tried to curb his impatience. He had *so* hoped it wouldn't come to this, although he'd known in his heart it had to. Livvy would not be his Livvy, his love, and he hoped his life, without questioning every little thing.

"Not long, pet." He decided to ignore her wince when he called her "pet". If it'd been acceptable before then it would damn well be acceptable now. "I've left it as long as I could."

"So, tell me then. How long until you need to know if I'm prepared to bare my all for love? *Sir*."

The snarky, bordering on insolent



tone pissed him off. Okay then, maybe he *would* just tell her the whole damn lot, and duck as the shoes flew through the air. He hoped to hell she was as bad a shot as his mum.

"That's the next bit," he said warily, as he kept one eye on her fingers. They, he had found out, were the gauges to her temper. The faster she twitched them, the more annoyed she was. He had a feeling they'd soon be a blur.

"Sorry? You've confused me good and proper."

"Um, bare."

"You already told me that." Livvy sounded puzzled. She looked down at his ever-eager cock, which predictably responded as enthusiastically as ever, as

his pre-cum became ever more present and glistened as it gathered.

He watched her clench her thighs together and laughed inwardly. Well, at least she still fancied him.

"No, love, bare as in, well, bare. No muff. And, er, bareback. No condom." He waited for the eruption. It came with a vengeance.

She didn't have a shoe handy. But two cushions hit him in quick succession. When she grabbed a vase and threw it, Sael decided it was time for action. He ducked, reached out, and imprisoned her hands and her mouth. His cock rubbed her pussy and demanded entrance. If he was honest, the thought of that beautiful pussy shaved and on full

view was almost enough to make him come there and then. So often, he had bitten his lip rather than demand it denuded of hair. He'd reckoned if it were her thing, she would have done it already. But now, well now, he had no option but to demand. Not ask—the time for that was well past, or in the future—not now. Or was it? He knew no matter how much she demurred, Livvy liked his dominance. Her subconscious reactions showed that.

Before she had time to blink, he moved one hand and used a finger to tease the entrance to her ass. Her groan was more a plea for "please more" than "please stop." Slowly he pushed against her ring of muscles.

"You like this, Livvy, just like you want me to warm your ass, tapping you harder and harder, with each sting more pleasurable than the last. Don't deny your enjoyment, or mine. When I release your hands, turn around, and put your hands on the wall."

He watched as she considered how to respond. Hell, she was so transparent at times. This perfect coupling seemed to scare her and make her ashamed of her feelings. Sael wanted to shout and rail, tell her she was a woman. A beautiful, aroused, responsive woman who turned him on with a look. And a woman he wanted to explore everything with.

"Livvy pet, this is right. Nothing to

be scared of or ashamed by. No one will judge you, *except* you. Like what we do, embrace what we do, and let's see how far we can go together. Please, my love, do as I say." *Oh by all of Saffaul, let her agree.*

Without any rush, and still teasing her ass with his finger, he loosened his grip on her hands. To his pleased surprise, she did as he asked and swiveled slowly as he moved to one side, allowing his finger to stay inside her.

He moved his other hand and tapped each cheek hard.

*Now the way those redden is perfect, just perfect.* So was her soft mewl and sigh.

"You like that, Livvy. It's nothing to be ashamed of. It's one way we can show our feelings. The way you give those beautiful little sighs and moans as your ass colors makes my cock beg to be included. Soon, we'll let it have its wish, both in your pussy and then in your ass."

"Not bloody bareback, you won't. Not in either of them. And if you think for one minute I'll have a Brazilian, well, you're more than deluded. And stop doing that." He'd bet his last Saffaulian cent she wished her voice wasn't so breathy and full of arousal.

He pushed into her ever farther. Not for the first time, he blessed the natural lubricant his skin produced when he needed it. He rubbed her rosy

buttocks and felt her push back into his hand.

"Livvy-love. Cool it. Listen to me, pet. No," he said firmly as her hands began to move off the wall. "Leave your hands there. Good girl."

He rubbed his palm gently over her ass and slowly began to pull his finger back. She winced. "Shh, relax. Take a deep breath. There, perfect."

His digit was out, and he rubbed his still-eager cock against her. "Now turn around, let me hold you and explain everything else you need to know. If you say no, well, I'll accept your decision. Reluctantly, and I can't promise not to try to change your mind, but on my word as a Saffaulian, I'll do it. Now, let me

explain." As surreptitiously as he could he used one of the hand sanitizers that he'd left around the apartment.

Livvy nodded slowly. "You can try. But for the life of me, I can't see how if I call you Sir, shave myself and let you in me without a condom, it will make a difference. Shit, surely if you put on this crappy peep show it does that?"

Sael felt like a shit. So much had to be undertaken and accepted without prior warning. Even he didn't know everything that might occur. Each acceptance ceremony could be different. The Elders were deliberately vague about that. They said it kept the couples working together.

"It is necessary. To show your



commitment. And as I'm throwing stuff at you—metaphorically—I mean," he said as he watched her blush from her breasts to her butt and back again. Hell, even her muff got into the act, and the hairs there seemed redder than usual. "You've got until Tuesday to make up your mind."

"Tuesday? Are you fucking mad?" She shook her head. "As in five days from now? In your dreams, mate. No chance."

"A chance is all I have, Liv. It gives us five days to practice and get to Saffaul. Wednesday is the Devil's moon. We act, or I die on that night. Not that I'm pressuring you in any way."

\*\*\*\*

Oh no, and she was a Dutchman.

He watched her warily. *As well he should*, she thought with grim satisfaction. "If, and I say if, I agree to this sordid stuff—" She didn't get a chance to say anything more.

Sael roared at her.

She stared at him, sure her mouth was wide open in astonishment. Shit, it was a wonder no fire and brimstone shot out of him and hit her. To her dismay, she felt herself grow wet, her *muff*, as he called it, get damper by the minute, her juices coat her pussy, her clit, and—*oh, shit*—the top of her legs.

"Sordid? *Sordid*? How dare you say what we have, what we need, is sordid? Different, taxing, difficult to essay, yes. But please, never sordid.

Sordid, indeed. Hah!" His voice rose. "No *way* is our love sordid. Or the way we need to reaffirm it. It may not be the human way, but it is the Saffaulian way. My way. Humans are so mundane."

He snorted.

Oh ho, she'd pissed him off royally. Something she hadn't thought was so easy to do. It seemed she was wrong. He surely had a quick fuse. He had hidden it well so far. But, seriously? Did he really think that? If so, she'd try to find a bridge to sell him. She wasn't that naïve. This was all a big con to get her to do things she never, ever would. Wasn't it? Livvy looked at the expression on Sael's face: solemn, strained, and *oh shit*.

"You're not joking, are you?" she asked with horror, as it dawned on her he meant everything he said.

He shook his head.

*Oh, bugger, bugger, shit.* "To save you, keep you alive, we need to, er, fuck in public, no condom, no covering, no anything?"

He nodded.

*I can't think of any swear words to describe how I feel now.*

"Oh, dear!"

It was enough to make Sael laugh. A deep, belly laugh that made his cock sway and his mouth look even more kissable than usual.

That was it. Livvy knew that whatever, however, she was going to do

as he said. Anything to save him. She had a sudden thought. Was her razor charged?

She made up her mind there and then and broke into speech before she had a chance to change it.

"Okay, right. I'll do it. Please, Sir, what, when, how, and where?"

An X-rated grin broke across his face and sent her pussy into overload. "You mean it?" He looked both incredulous and hopeful.

"Oh, for fuck's sake. I *never* say what I don't mean, Sir. No, I'm not totally easy with all this stuff, no, I don't like the idea of fucking in public, and no, I definitely am not sure I've either experienced all you say, want to

experience it, and very definitely not sure if you are trying it on. But"—she held her hand over his mouth to stop whatever he was going to say—"but I admit, I love you, don't want your death on my conscience, and er, I have wondered why I now like caviar."

He threw his head back and roared. With laughter. His skin shone red, and then blue, but before she had a chance to ask why, his fangs clicked into place.

"Lose the blades, buster."

"Yes, pet." He retracted them and grinned before those weird lights she'd seen so many times twinkled once more in his eyes, and he broke into laughter again.

Livvy stared at him. There she was, she offered her all, and he bloody laughed at her. Damn, she wished she had something hard in her hand. And a decent aim. Perhaps, if she tried to throw a book at the door, she might hit him, instead? Preferably somewhere vulnerable.

"Ah, love. I'm so, so, sorry. This is something over and above anything I'd ever want to ask of you. And to be honest? I would have still made you my sub first, known you were securely mine, but—but it's needed. And after? Well." He sounded as if he was brooding.

"Well, after? We'll see."

"That is just what we won't do. If I actually find myself going through with

all this, we won't see. Anything at all. Because that will be it. Nothing. Nada, niet, non, rein de tout. That. Will. Be. It. No us. No anything. I'll let you shave me, fuck my ass, make me suck your cock until you come. Do all those things I don't quite remember. I guess I'll even grit my teeth and pretend I'm not in *The Red Shoe Diaries*. Or that people may or may not be queuing up to take their turn with me. Or—"Her voice rose. "—that you'll stand back and let them. No way do I want your death on my conscience, be you real, in my imagination, human, or any sort of Devil. But no way do I want to be associated with anyone who willingly subjects me to this sort of humiliation. Oh, and don't



call me pet, or I'll miaow or bark at you." She paused. "Sir."

"I'm your Dom, and you're my pet. End of. And if you're being so bratty, I might as well add nipple clamps and a clit stud to the equation."

*What?* She had to be dreaming. Any minute now, she'd wake up, snug in her own bed. Not aching, not nude, and definitely not thinking of changing her appearance and preparing to fuck the living daylights out of her Devil.

"Oh, no." Livvy shook her head. "I've agreed to shave my pussy, bare myself for all and sundry, and it seems I'm up for a multi-fuck fest. Not to mention being bitten and bloodied. Me, who hates the sight of blood. Shit, I'm

even a vegetarian because of it. But I draw the line at those. If they're part of the deal, then it's no deal. Prepare to meet thy doom." She chose to ignore his Dom and pet taunt, the soft way he said it and how it made her go gooey and wet. She'd sort that out later.

Her nipples hardened, her pussy clenched, and her clit throbbed at the thought of those hitherto unknown delights. Not that she had any intention of telling Sael. He was way too sure of himself already. What was a clit stud, anyway?

He laughed. Livvy stared at the idiot in front of her. Shit, if his cock didn't rear up toward her when he laughed.

"Ah, Livvy-love, all I can say is wait and see, and watch and learn. We've a hell of a lot to do in such short a time, and believe me, when I show you how I'm going to use them on you, demonstrate the pleasures you're going to feel, you won't be saying no to anything. You'll be begging for more."

"Only if I get to use something similar on you," Livvy said with a snap in her voice. "Do you get cock studs?"

Sael looked at her. "If we get through all this, Liv, and if you need me to, then I'll consider it. But we need to get through this first. There's not a lot of time to get everything sorted."

"Well, why did you leave it so late to ask me then?" Livvy asked with

genuine interest. "If you have a moon every month, then surely, you've had a couple of weeks to ... oh." She blushed as the words "that time of the month" hit her.

Luckily, he didn't come back with any smart-ass comments, just pulled her in for a cuddle.

"This means more to me than you will ever know. Whatever the outcome." He held her closely, just letting his cock rub her entrance.

Livvy shivered. If she was going to do all this stuff, they might as well start practicing.

## Chapter Five

Sael almost fell over as Livvy wound one elegant leg around his waist. She snaked her hand between them, and he felt his cock grow even harder as she curled her fingers around it and guided him into her warm and welcoming pussy.

"Wha...?" He didn't manage anything else. All coherent thought left him as Livvy guided him ever deeper. Her other leg joined the first, and he grabbed her and held tightly onto her ass as she rode him.

"Hell, Liv, a warning would've been good." He smiled as he said it, and leaned back against the wall for more

leverage.

With each thrust, his arousal grew. With each thrust, he felt his fangs emerge. All his tiny incisors were sharp, ready, and aching to bite.

"Shit, Liv, I need to taste you. Just one tiny bite. It won't hurt." *Much.* "Look on it as the first step."

*Let me, or I'll show you I can make you.*

"Before we come. It'll hurt less and mean more."

*And I'm so close to coming, it's got to be now. So why aren't I telling her instead of asking?*

He saw her tiny nod, saw the way her mouth trembled, and the fear in her eyes, and felt a right shit. But it was

going to happen sooner or later; it had to. Better in the throes of passion, better to spill the blood before he spilled into her.

His fangs ran out, and he felt the power surge into him. This part of him—his own devilment—was the biggest turn-on ever. Not that he needed any more of a turn-on. If Livvy moved even half an inch the wrong way, his cock would snap in two.

Liv couldn't take her eyes off his fangs. With each thrust, he took them closer to her breasts. Nearly there—*Fuck, don't come.*

"You okay?" He gasped.

She half smiled. "Okay. I think, anyway. Just remember me and blood is

so not good."

He crooned and panted at the same time, which wasn't at all easy. "This will hurt a bit. I can't lie, love. But each time it'll get easier and better, and eventually..." Did he dare tell her she'd come as he bit? *Why not?*

"Just let yourself go. You'll see what I mean. Grip tight now, love, while I move my mouth. That's a girl. Beautiful. Fuck, you sure know how to grip a cock." Her internal muscles contracted and relaxed and drew something deeper and more soulful from him than he knew he possessed. He knew he needed to bite quickly. Sael leaned back to make sure he had her well impaled and bent his head. He



trembled with the thought of what was about to happen. He could almost feel his fangs vibrate, his incisors snap in anticipation of the taste of ripe, juicy flesh. All—well, nearly all, he amended silently—his fantasies rolled into one.

He made his first little graze.

Livvy flinched. Ah, better than he expected. All those little nips and grazes in the dark of night had prepared her well. For a second, he felt guilty about the way he had taken those delicious beginnings, but only for a second. He might not have followed human ethics, but he sure as hell had followed Devil's ones.

Now came the hard bit.

His fangs sank into her, and

opened the flesh. The incisors followed and extended the wound further. The blood began as a trickle and then became a gush. Ah, ecstasy. His body began to shake, and his cock to fill in anticipation of what he knew would be his best climax in an age.

He bit deeper, and enjoyed the metallic smell and taste of her blood with its own definable essence as he swallowed greedily. It was no wonder people got Devils and vampires mixed up!

*One more bite, for luck.*

Livvy screamed. "*Shit, shit, fuck, that bloody hurts. No, no, no more, please.*"

He lifted his mouth to speak and

licked the blood off his lips. "Nearly there, love, oh so nearly there." *Ah, gorgeous.* "Do you know how fucking amazing that looks? My mark on you for all to see. Now, one more tiny bite, and we'll fly together."

"No, no please, Sael. It hurts so much. Please, Sir, don't do it again. Crum ... *Argh. Oh yes, yes.*" She sobbed, he would guess not in pain anymore. Her body shook, sweat appeared on her brow, and her eyes glazed in ecstasy.

He took his last bite and felt himself swell, fill, and come.

She followed with a cry loud enough to shatter glass. He kept his mouth firmly on her breast, as he rode

through her climax with her and experienced her shudders surround him as they ran along his cock. Even then he was still hard and ready for another round.

*One benefit of being a Devil*, he thought as their breathing gradually slowed. He gave an experimental push, deep inside her. Livvy moaned. Not in a bad way, he felt.

He tried again. Livvy dropped her head to his shoulder.

"How can you want more when there's no more left to have?" Her words were slurred. "I'm drained, and you're still rock hard? But I'm sure you well..."

"I did." He confirmed it with a grin. "But hey, one of the best things

about being a good Devil is the rapid recovery time. Naught to full in five minutes flat. Sometimes less." He kissed the top of her head. "If we can do this, love, we can do anything. Now let me tidy you up before you drip onto the carpet."

"Me, drip?" She lifted her head and smiled, a smile full of sex, promise, and a whole lot more. "Ha, you're the one who'll ... oh, oh shit. Yeah."

She looked down at her breast, where blood still dripped slightly before it slowly congealed. Livvy blanched and swallowed. "Hell, Sael, I think I'm gonna..." Her eyes rolled, and her head fell back.

Fuck, she really *didn't* like the

sight of blood. Sael swore viciously in his own language as he held the limp woman in his arms, his cock still nestled deep inside her. He slowly began to pull back—or tried to. She may have fainted, but her inner muscles still worked on all cylinders and were clamped very firmly around him.

Sael considered his options, such as they were.

He leaned against the wall, with an unconscious woman in his arms and on his cock. Moreover, it seemed she had no intention—deliberately or not—of letting him move out of her. Carefully, he walked to the settee and sat down gently, Livvy still held in the same position, only now she rested over him.

He twisted his head and lifted her slightly to look at the semen-stain marks that stood out clearly on her stomach. Marks of pride, of hope, and longing. Marks of the hope of belonging. If, and only if, she gave herself to him freely, and as his race decreed, they would disappear. Until that time, they would stay, a reminder to both of them of the journey they were about to undertake.

Sael lifted her slightly to enable him to reach the sweet trickle of blood that made its leisurely way across her body. If she wasn't going to let him pull out, and it seemed she wasn't—hell, he was getting harder by the second—he'd clear the blood up in a much more pleasurable way. He licked. He couldn't

resist a quick suck on one hard, pointed nipple.

Swiftly, Sael finished his clean-up operations and sucked her nipple again. Just because he could. Then he moved to the other one for exactly the same reason.

"Mmm. Nice. I like that." Her lids flickered, and then Livvy opened her eyes. The color was gradually returning to her face. "Er, what happened? All I remember is the best orgasm of my life. Was it *the little death*? I've never experienced that before. If it was, um, I'm not sure I want it again."

Sael kissed the tip of her nose. "Nope, sadly. You fainted. Due to..." He didn't finish. Livvy went white again.



"It's okay," he said hastily. "All tidy. Look, look and see for yourself. I promise. It's all good."

She looked swiftly down at a neat scar, the only evidence of his earlier feast.

"The one thing about this marking is it heals within minutes of, well, of when I finish feasting, I guess is as good a way as any to put it. That's why you've never noticed any of the preparations." He waited to see if she would pick up and understand his words.

"Preparations? What do you mean by that?" Oh ho, her tone could chill his inferno.

"Well." He spoke cautiously, one eye making sure she couldn't reach

anything heavy to hit him with. She really did have a lot to learn about control and obedience. "Every time we've made love, I've made a little graze, just a little one to prepare your skin. You've always said it tickled."

"But then, as you've chosen to make me forget most of our encounters, I wouldn't know about that, would I?"

*Oh ho, Ms. Icicle is out in force.*

She hadn't finished. "Is that fair?"

"All's fair in love and war, so they say," Sael said in an equable manner. "I did what I felt necessary. I had to prepare you in case you said yes. It's a huge thing, this Devil bite. I have to know I can do it as expected. There's a traditional method to it."

She seemed to consider his words. "Okay, I'll go for that at the moment. Oh and this isn't Dom/sub, okay? Is there anything else you've been doing and conveniently let me forget?"

Sael shook his head.

"Nothing. Well, I don't know what you remember." He could look, but decided to hold off. Then he wasn't lying, exactly. Just bending the truth to suit himself. He rather thought she knew everything now. If she didn't, he wasn't going to jog her memory, not now she was reasonably happy. "But I don't think so. We'll find out soon enough.

Everything else we've done or will do, from now on, you'll be well aware of. Fully participating and, I hope, with

enjoyment."

"Hmm." She didn't sound too sure. "I'll reserve judgment. Will you need to do that biting and hacking thing again? Because remember, I go funny at the sight of blood."

Hacking? She called his carefully placed marks hacking? Ready to be incensed, Sael suddenly saw the funny side of the conversation. Here he was with his cock deep inside her, growing ever ready to come by the second, and she decried his heritage. Sod it, come first, and talk later. He kissed her full on the lips, thrust hard, set up a rhythm, and climaxed. The phrase "Crafty Devil" hadn't been coined for nothing.

He bent his head and set up a

steady nip and soothe on her nipples, first one, and then the other. Unrepentant at coming before her, he held her to him and with one hand firmly circling her anus slipped a fingertip in. Nothing too hard or too far. Similar to before, just a tiny preparation for when he had to venture farther. And make her aware of it. With a start, he remembered her saying she didn't remember that or oral sex. However, she had agreed to do everything he demanded, and no way would he let her renege. Still he felt uneasy.

*Oh, shit, grief due.* But instead of bringing it on, he enjoyed the feel of her milking him as he pushed her over the edge, and then he lost himself in her

shudders. He moved his hand from holding her close to give her ass a sharp tap just as she climaxed and making her cry out in sweet pain as she reached that pinnacle.

He watched her, enjoyed the play of emotions that crossed her face, and felt each shudder of her arousal flick through his cock. She was so receptive. It took all his willpower not to turn her over and fuck her ass there and then. By all the Devils, he was well ready for it. The feel of that snug sweet hole as it enclosed him and held him tight was one of his fondest memories. Her gasps of pleasure and pain as he stretched and filled her, and then their movements in tune and perfection, were enough to

make his mouth go dry. This was not the time, however. He stayed where he was and waited until she fell still and cuddled into him. Deliberately he calmed his cock, pulled out, and grabbed some tissues from the box beside them.

"I'll run you a bath. You'll be sore." He set her onto the settee regretfully. "And, Liv? It's to my shame, I think I've lied. Not on purpose, but lied nevertheless. I should have told you all this earlier. But you know? I was enjoying us so much that I didn't want to spoil it. A poor reason, but the truth nonetheless."

## Chapter Six

Livvy took a handful of tissues from Sael and watched as he walked naked, tall, straight-backed, and yes, darn right, sex on legs, out of the room. Hold on. She stared after the retreating figure. What could she see? Was it really? She shook her head to clear it. Whatever it was, was still there.

"My tail," he said as he walked away, and swished it provocatively. "Not always on show, but I thought you might like a small glimpse of it. After all, you'll become very intimately involved with it soon. You can't even begin to guess what I can do with it, but



I'll tell you now, you'll love every single thing."

"How come?" She called after him. *Does he mean I'll like what his tail does?* The thought of what he might do made her aroused, very aroused. The sound of a tap turned on full filtered into the room, followed by mood music, soft and ready to soothe. Oh, how she needed that bath. Every bone and muscle in her body ached. She'd be hard pressed to walk for a week without looking like John Wayne.

Livvy rested her head on the back of the settee, as she ran her mind over everything that had happened during the last few hours. So, those deeply erotic dreams weren't dreams, but reality. And

evidently, she'd turned from a prim and proper supply teacher to a ... a what? A swinger, by the sound of it.

"No way. No swinging, unless it's with me, from the chandelier." Sael had returned to the room as silent as ever.

"Okay, your bath's ready."

Livvy stood up, and without conscious thought walked straight into his arms.

"God, Sael, I do so love you. I'm scared. I don't know what I'm letting myself in for. I keep forgetting to say Sir, even though deep down I know it's what I want, and—" She remembered his earlier statement. "I want to know what you now realize you've lied about. You might as well tell me everything. Then I

can have one big sulk-fest in the bath and decide if I'm going to forgive you."

"Caviar?" He prompted her.

"Sucking me, devouring me? Taking me in your ass? Screaming with enjoyment, begging me not to stop? Shit, Liv, you're my everything. Anything we did, we both enjoyed. And we've done most things. I grazed, you nipped. Hell, even I've got a scar to show." He lifted his wrist.

"Remember what I said about no tattoo artist? These were us, you and me. So, truthfully? You choose not to remember. I condoned that, because I thought it would make things easier for you. It seems I was wrong. I feel dishonest because I let you forget the things we've done. Now you have a lot to decide and

very little time to decide in. All I can do is hope and let you decide. I could persuade you with sex—we're so good together—but like I said, that's a big no-no."

"But I've said yes. I'll do it." She was puzzled. "Did you not hear me?"

"Oh, I heard you, and I love you for it, but to agree and then find out just what you've agreed to, well, that's two different things. Starting tomorrow night, it'll be full on, no holds barred sex, sex, and more sex."

"No love?"

He smiled, lifted her into his arms, and walked toward the bathroom.

"Between us, there'll always be love. But I can't use it to persuade you to do

anything. So it's got to be full on factual, rehearsal if you like, until we get it right. Then, on with the show."

"That sounds so clinical." Livvy shuddered.

"So it is, love. It's called life saving." He put her gently into the softly scented bubbles, left the room, and closed the door behind him.

Liv sank down into the bathwater. She enjoyed the heat as it soothed her aches. In a strange way, it was as if she'd waited for this moment and it was her purpose in life. Maybe she truly had asked for him.

But why, she mused, did she accept him so readily? Say she loved him, when she hardly knew him? Okay,

she'd heard of love at first sight, but it was a load of crap. Just hormones. A way to ensure the survival of the species. But then, if he was telling the truth, Sael wasn't human, so what did that mean? Survival of two species, maybe? It was all way out of her sphere, so why was she so sure this was it? The real, happy ever after—well, if they got that chance—with roses round the door, two kids, and a Volvo?

*“You've known me, in more than the biblical sense, for over a year now. Thirteen moons. We've done everything possible a man and woman would ever want to. You've trusted me with your soul. And I trusted you with mine. Think on that. You are my love, as I've told*

*you in your dreams and in your reality. Am I yours? Only you know.”*

Livvy let the water trickle over her.

*How come I can hear him, as clearly as if he was in this bath with me? Now there's an interesting question.* As she lay back, her breasts bobbed gently in the soft swell her movements made. She picked the left one up and looked closely at the skin. There was the scar. Neat, clean, and, in the shape of an S?

*“For Sael, to show who has marked you. If you choose to stay and be mine, my scar will change to an L, and my wrist will bear your sign.”*

But what would her wrist show?

She checked the tiny lines. Was it an S? It just looked like a load of lines to her.

*“It will only change if you choose us. Otherwise, it will be just a tattoo. To remind you of what might have been.”*

Her eyes skimmed lower, to those marks she had agonized over. Those little freckles, scattered like drops of water. Now she knew better. Semen-stains, Sael had called them. His mine-marks. One mark for each drop he had spilled on her body. She looked at them closely. *Marks of honor*, she decided. She would wear them with pride. Whatever happened, she would, she resolved, be honorable and true to herself.



"Sael?" she shouted. "Sir, can we talk?" Silence answered her. She didn't bother to shout again. She could tell there was no one there to answer her.

*"You need time alone. Without me."*

"How will we succeed? How will I save your life, otherwise? I thought we had to"—she swallowed—"practice?"

Silence.

"How are you still in my head, you bastard? You bugger off, and only choose to answer what you want? How's that supposed to help me?"

*"I'll always be with you, love, in you, until it is decreed otherwise. But not with you. You need to think without me swaying you."*

"And how do I know you're not *swaying* me from inside, then? You know, making my mind up for me?"

Still silence. Livvy was sure she could feel his disappointment. Well, tough. She had questions she needed answered.

"Well, fuck you then." She muttered and stood up in the bath, as water streamed off her body. "Sir."

*"Yes, please."*

"Oh, fuck off. You don't deserve me," she said moodily as she reached for a towel.

A wolf whistle made her close her eyes. Damn him. *Go or stay, but hell, let me know which.*

Her new scar started to throb. *Oh*

*great, she thought as she dried herself on the big, fluffy bath sheet. I've got blood poisoning now. What did he put into me? I bet he'd been eating garlic. I'm allergic to garlic.*

*"No garlic. No poison. It's a reminder, I guess. Of us. Of what we may or may not achieve."*

*"Sael, you bugger. Get out of my head. Get your ass here and speak to me face to face." Why am I shouting to nothing? I really am away with the fairies here.*

She sensed his chuckle.

*"No fairies. Only Devils. One Devil, and sadly, you're not away with me at the moment, more's the pity. You need a day, my love. To think and*

*decide. Decide with your head and your heart what is right for you. Without my presence to, shall we say, distract you.”*

*Oh, well that's as clear as mud!*  
*Not!* Livvy brooded for a second. She knew he couldn't use sex to help her decide, but if she was honest, just seeing him next to her was such a turn-on, it did sway her to do as he asked.

*“One day. Then I'll be back. To hope you have chosen. You say you have done so, but you need to be sure. Very sure, because you can't leave it to the last minute to change your mind. The point of no return is when I return. I have to give you this time to reflect. It is demanded.”*

Well, that was all well and good, but how could she choose, make an informed choice, if she still had questions?

*Make a list. Okay, she thought. Number one ... how do I string a Devil up by his balls?*

*"Ouch!"*

Livvy smiled dourly. *Definitely ouch.*

"Don't worry, I'd cut you down and mouth you better. Though maybe that's another ouch as well."

She could sense his wince. *As well he might*, she thought grimly as she found clean underwear and jeans and a jumper. This sucked big time. How dare he bugger off and leave her? Time to

reflect?

*Ha!* More likely time for him to cop out. Well, he could go fly if he expected her to meekly sit at home and wonder what might happen. Sod him.

She had a thought.

"So, you're with me at all times? Won't leave me? Although I won't see you or hear you unless you choose, you *will* be there?" Livvy wanted to be sure exactly what he meant.

*"Of course, I'm yours. Until ... well, yes. I'm with you always."* She felt his amusement. *"Well at certain times, I'm not paying attention, of course."*

Livvy blushed. She was so glad her bathroom breaks were not invaded. She'd never even thought of that. "So, at

all times, eh?"

*"Always."*

Right. She smiled to herself. It was a shopping day! She was fairly sure she heard a groan.

## Chapter Seven

Shopping. The worst torture known to man. Unless it was a sex shop—with demonstrations. That, he could cope with. As long as Livvy was the demonstrator.

She wasn't. He suffered. As a spare part. One Livvy didn't pay much attention to. No way could he leave without knowing she was okay. Or as okay as possible, given the circumstances. By the end of the afternoon, he was convinced she'd had him in every clothes shop known to man.

*“Ah, Livvy-love, how many more?”* He wondered. This was it, the



last changing room, the last time he'd watch her shimmy in and out of tight tops and skimpy dresses. And watch her red-haired pussy glow through that skimpy excuse for a thong. Enough was enough. Time to regain control.

*“I'll willingly follow you to the ends of the Earth, fuck with you to oblivion, but this, this banal, mindless search for nothing is sending me demented, and you know it. Brat, I'll remember. Everything is torture. Oh, except for that red excuse for a nightgown. That was a real hint of things to come, I hope. Red is my favorite color. Everywhere.”*

She blushed. "Not everywhere, it seems. Seeing as you want me to remove

rather a lot of it. And get out of my head already. I'm shopping. If you don't like it, flick off. You're doing my nut in ... and make me want to do yours. Nuts in."

*"Oh, shit. There's no need for violence. It's not up to me. Although, I have to say, the thought of you, pressed hard against me, just you, nothing else, is a big turn-on. Hell, my cock is throbbing just talking about it. I love the fact that I'll be able to see all of you, see your clit grow large, see you pulse for me. Feel your juices as you grow wet and come. Well, just, oh well,"* he finished weakly. There was no way to describe how much the thought of her bare, shaved pussy turned him on. If only he could do the shaving. He damned

the fact he was inside her, and hoped she held off with the razor until he was with her in body.

"Yes. Well," Livvy said. "You can't, so, um, build a bridge and get over it."

*"That's it. I've had enough."* He appeared in front of her. She jumped, scowled at him, and promptly dropped the bottle of water she'd been about to drink from, and splashed his deep red, silk shirt.

"Do not do that. If I'd had a saucepan of hot water in my hands instead of a bottle of ice-cold water, you'd be scalded right now. Idiot!"

"I don't scald," he said complacently. "I'm a Devil, remember?"

And now we leave."

He put the water down on the chair, led her out, and passed an astonished saleswoman, who obviously wondered how he'd gotten in there.

"Home," he muttered. "Your home, and then I'll show you just who's in charge here. That's the last time you lead me into a day like this."

"Hell, was it?" Livvy asked him, and laughed at him as she meekly allowed him to drag her toward the car park.

"Oh, no, not hell. Hell is a picnic compared to this. Where's your car?"

Livvy pointed.

"Keys." He held out his hand. To his surprise, she handed him the car

keys, walked to the passenger side, and threw her bags onto the back seat.

"Take your thong off," he commanded as he watched her settle herself. "Take your thong off. Before I rip it off."

"Why?"

He didn't think she sounded pissed, merely curious.

"I could say it's because of the shitty day you've put me through, but I won't use that as an excuse." He paused, stared, and watched as her hands moved to the hem of her flirty little skirt. "I want to see you make yourself come, hear those delicious little moans and sighs you make as you start to come. And hear you roar and sob as you make

yourself go over the edge. But"—he started the engine and drove out of the car park—"you're not going to come until I tell you."

"Oh, yeah? Says who?"

Damn, she was really trying his patience. His fangs ran out, and his incisors began to show.

"I do, pet, and unless you want a red ass to go with your red pussy, get that thong off, and get your fingers working." He roared, and not because he was coming, either. Sometimes, she just didn't know when to stop. "So, the choice is yours."

"Some choice," she muttered.

"Remember just who you're talking to, pet."

As he slowed for a corner, he glanced over and saw her pull that black, sexy, lacy scrap down her legs.

"Give it here." He held a hand out.

"Why?"

"Just bloody well do as I say for once without arguing, Livvy. On Wednesday, we need to be together, no whys or says whom. I say, and we do. That's the end of it."

He plucked the lace from her and kissed it, and took in her scent, as he watched her eyes widen. Ah, it was all her, pure Livvy. Satisfied, he shoved the thong in his top pocket.

"Start," he said. The tone of voice demanded obedience. "Talk me through. Don't argue, sass me, or come up with

stupid excuses. Just do it."

"Are you ready for this, Sael? Don't crash my car or take your eyes off the road. How would you like to explain we ended up in a ditch because the sounds of me fingering myself turned you on so much you lost concentration?" She was purring. Purring, for the Devil's sake—he hoped.

"Oh, that won't happen." Swiftly, he turned the car into a lay-by. "Because you're going to come here. Outside."

He switched the engine off, got out, opened her door, undid her seat belt, and took her arm.

"Come on." He looked about the large, grassy area. A few picnic tables dotted the landscape, and the only



people there, other than themselves, were a couple with a child in a buggy and a large dog on a lead. Far enough away, he judged, to see nothing, but close enough to add a frisson of awareness to Livvy.

"Sael, Sir, I can't. Anyone might see."

"And your problem is? Come Wednesday, you're going to do a lot more than play with yourself in front of other people." He said it in as reasonable a tone as he could manage. "So, sit on that bench, bare ass on the top. Lift your skirt, spread your legs, and show me. But do not come until I say so."

He waited. If she did this, then

Wednesday was going to be so much easier. By then, she had to do as he said without even thinking about it.

He watched as she nervously checked the position of the other couple. Apparently satisfied they couldn't see, she sat cautiously on the wooden table, her skirt lifted from underneath her.

"If I get splinters," she began.

"I'll take them out. Lift the skirt. I can't see." She moved the skirt upward. "Higher, Livvy. Now, wet your fingers, put them deep inside you, and show me." Slowly, she moved her hand. Sael leaned forward and lifted the hem to her waist. Then he delivered a tap on top of those now damp, red curls.

Livvy gasped.

"Need to move faster, love. Every time you don't follow my directives, I need to remind you. The pussy-tap is said to be the biggest turn-on ever known. That was a reminder. I could get you to come by showing you."

She rubbed herself. "Er, no thanks. Shit, I'm getting so turned on, and I'm so scared here. What does that make me?" She looked up at him, and her eyes twinkled with amusement.

"Beautiful." He bent his head, kissed her where his hand had landed, and felt Livvy clench her thighs. He stopped her with his hand.

"Oh, no, you're open and you stay open. Or I'll use something to make you stay open. It seems you've forgotten,

you're supposed to be talking me through your feelings." Hell, his cock was so hard, he wasn't sure he'd manage not to stain his jeans with his pre-cum. She made him feel like a randy teenager with no control over his hormones.

"Now, tell me. How turned on are you? Is your pussy on fire, does your clit throb?"

"Oh, shit, Sael, more than that. I'm wet and wanting. I need to come. I want to come. Please, Sir."

She was almost crying. *Yes, I've made her feel.* Sael felt like punching the air. They'd make it. The sexy way she breathed "Sir" was the perfect addition.

"Okay, come for me. Now, hard

and fast. Scream as you do. Loudly, let the world know."

She did. Loudly. Was there ever a noise so sweet?

## Chapter Eight

Before they set off, Sael loved her as if it were the last time. Nothing different, nothing O.T.T. as she privately called it, just long, hot, lingering lovemaking. Afterward, she cried. It all seemed so final. He understood, and simply cuddled her into him until she stopped.

"Ah, Livvy love. It isn't too late to change your mind, you know. I wouldn't blame you."

"You'd have trouble blaming me if you'd snuffed it. Idiot." She didn't even think it through, before she bit him. A neat, no-skin-breaking nip. His skin was

hotter than she'd ever felt before. Almost to the point Livvy wondered if she'd have a scorch mark on her face.

Her touch brought his fangs out, and his tail swished in an arc. To her surprise, a neat but vicious set of horns appeared on either side of his head. Shiny and dark, they made her tremble. It wasn't pure fear, Livvy noticed, but tempered with excitement.

"You bring out my Devil Within. In a good way. You complete me. And it saves me explaining that these"—he touched his horns—"will appear."

Livvy stared. Then, as a credit to her own temerity, ran her fingers over them. *Velvet, rock hard velvet.*

"What do you do with them?" she

asked.

He'd shown her—almost. His head dipped toward her pussy. Then he stopped and rubbed one velvet tip over her clit.

"Show me." She stared up at him and hoped the trust and interest she had were obvious in her expression. "Show me what you use them for. I'm guessing it's not for hoopla or quoits."

Sael sniggered. "Not unless your kink goes that way. I er, well..." His voice trailed off. Livvy rolled her eyes.

"Argh for goodness' sake. Do I get out the vibrator, or do I get a horn? Though I guess it doesn't vibrate I bet it's good."

"You reckon? Let me show you."



His voice was gravelly, with added heat. "Ah now, pet, feel the heat." He got up onto his knees, lifted her legs to stretch out each side of him and bent his head. The fine, short, and curly hairs tickled her skin, and Livvy jumped. It didn't tickle, exactly, but it did heighten her arousal. Then Sael stroked her clit with the tip and let it slide over her soft skin toward the entrance to her channel. Livvy wriggled and gasped as a wave of fire swept through her.

"It's hot and heat, and it *throbs*." She stopped moving as he edged the horn oh so gently inside her. Her muscles tensed, and he paled. Did he think she might say red, or even worse, crumble? There was no chance. She'd

got this far, and Livvy didn't intention to renege.

She began a tiny clench and release move, over and over again. "I want more."

"Dammit, do you know how bloody difficult it is not to thrust, take, and force the pace?" He grunted the words. "You know the expression to the hilt?"

Why was he talking about stupid expressions and not filling her to the hilt? *Ah...*

"Yeah, so? Do it then."

He grinned. "Did you know the opposite end to the tip of a Devil's horn is called the hilt?" Then he pushed.

Tiny stings slid over the inner

walls of her pussy, as his horn slid “to the hilt” and back. Over and over those little stabs hit her and tingles spiraled from them. Wave after wave of fiery heat pulsed through her as he moved. Livvy opened her eyes a slit, and watched in awe as tiny shards of light pulsed around his head, dancing up and down in time to their sexual beat. The sensations were so different from when he fucked her with his cock or finger. Every so often a gush of her arousal slipped past his horn to coat her legs. Then he shuddered and groaned.

"Liv-love, I can't help this. Take a deep breath, and hold me tight inside. Because if my horn makes me come, my cock will spill all over us, and you'll

have to lick it off me and me off you. We'll defer on the sheets."

*What the hell is he rambling on about?* Being impaled on a hot throbbing horn didn't add to the ability to think coherently. She didn't bother to answer him or try to work out how his cock was so agile. She just clenched her inner muscles and refused to let him go.

The roar he gave should have been heard in the capital. With strength he hadn't shown before, Sael lifted her ass into the air—without taking his horn out—and his cock grazed her ass. His horn shuddered, his body shook, and he was right. Cum coated her.

Livvy floated, and saw bright colored lights. She was only dimly

aware of Seal slumping next to her before he gathered her into his arms and let his other horn stroke over her neck.

She snuggled into him, and pressed her lips to his nipple. He wriggled, and she giggled. "That's not an invitation for the next round. That's a thank you."

"Not for a few minutes anyway."

She looked up at him, and he laughed. "Ah, pet, you are so easy to read at times. Now rest there until I run a bath. Um you're not too sore, are you? I got a bit carried away and didn't temper my pulsars."

"Is that what it's called?"

He nodded.

"Er no, just all hot and well hot."

But having said that, I don't want to be impaled on a horn every time. Even if it does bring a new meaning to the expression I'm horny. Oh shit, you having such unusual thingies and all that. I can't come pregnant though a horn can I?"

"Thingies? Thingies, sheesh, woman." He laughed so hard he nearly fell off the bed. Livvy was oh so tempted to give him a helping hand. "No, I can only make babies with my semen."

"Enough now, let's hope it doesn't come to that. I'd love to love you just because." He sighed. "But, oh well let's just take it one small step at a time."

So would she like that sweet loving—just occasionally—but she had

creeping crawly sensations over her skin. So much was going on, and she didn't think nice, easy, non-baby-making vanilla was on the agenda.

"Sleep, love. We both need sleep." He kissed her on the nose, and shut his eyes.

Livvy didn't sleep. She simply held onto him tightly, as if by doing so, she could imprint every nuance, every fiber of his being onto her memory. She knew by the way Sael's breath was even and regimented, he didn't sleep either.

It seemed too soon before he kissed her and whispered in her ear.

"Time, love."

Livvy obediently left the bed, showered, and dressed simply in jeans

and a T-shirt. She noticed he did the same. She had a thought, one that had niggled her on and off for several days, one she hadn't dared, or wanted, to voice.

"How do we get to your home, Sael? I guess a 747 won't hack it, and I think the space shuttle is booked."

He laughed and kissed her until she was breathless and panting. His cock rubbed her, and she felt herself grow wet as she reached for him, to touch and tease, but he'd stopped her.

"No time. We need to go." Even his stance changed. He seemed taller, and more intimidating. Gone were the twinkling eyes and easy grin. This Sael looked harder, more serious.



He led her into the bathroom. Livvy stared. The big, ornate mirror hadn't been there before. Sael took her hand and walked toward it. The light shimmered, and the room blurred.

Livvy blinked.

"Where are we?" She looked around her, curious to see craggy rocks and a bright light that spilled through a natural arch.

"The portal," Sael said. "The mirror in your bathroom was your human end, and this cave is my Saffaul end."

"So we just flew here? No plane, just us? And I missed it, how?"

"I chose to bring you, without your conscious knowing. I felt it best."

She wasn't pleased. "Oh, and you

always know what's best, do you?"

"I try to. And in this case, yes."

The look on his face, one of complacency and something she daren't define—worry, maybe—kept her silent, and she let him take her hand and lead her out of the cave. She expected a beach, but they emerged into a clearing in the woods.

They walked noiselessly across soft, spongy grass toward a track in the trees. Maybe silence was best until she knew exactly what would happen and when, but it had an eerie and sinister feel to it. Livvy shivered, and Sael stroked her shoulder.

"That's my brave pet."

Livvy wasn't so sure, but kept her

mouth shut. If she tried to speak it would more than likely come out as a croak.

As they entered the wood, soft, green light filtered through the leaves, and sunlight dappled their surroundings. Livvy glanced around with interest.

"It looks pretty much like Earth," she said in surprise. "Trees, grass, streams."

They walked across a log bridge. Sael hugged her. "What did you expect? Little green men and pink bushes?"

Livvy hit him gently on his arm. "No, well, I guess I didn't know what to expect. But this looks like Scotland on our one day of summer."

"Of course. I asked for it to be so. You'll see more if, well, if. Anyway, this

is like Scotland. Other parts are different." He'd never spoken a truer word.

They left the wood and walked across a wide, open meadow, dotted with flowers she couldn't name. Sael seemed to withdraw into himself, walking faster, as he held onto her tightly, as if scared she'd run.

*Although, just where I'd run to,  
I've no idea.*

To Livvy's surprise, at the end of the meadow stood a house. Or what she assumed was a house. The building was like nothing she'd ever seen before. Large, tinted windows, with walls that jutted out into space, and a turret—*a turret, for goodness' sake, on*

*something that looks like it's off one of those weird design programs on TV*—and in the middle a normal, ordinary front door.

"My home," Sael said simply, as he ushered her into a tall, wood-paneled room with large windows and skylights.

"It's like living outdoors," Livvy said. "It's lovely."

He kissed her nose. "I wish we had time to stop for a while, but we don't. There's a bathroom there for you to freshen up, and the clothes you must wear are in the adjoining room."

She stared at him.

"Clothes? That's a relief. I thought we'd be naked."

"We will, but not at first. This is a

concession, you understand. A courtesy to you. I explained that dozens of cocks, horns, and tails might just be a bit much for you to take in all at once."

Livvy burst out laughing at the double entendre.

"That's a given. I'm sure I can only take one in at a time."

## Chapter Nine

As they stood in a beautiful meadow, brilliant blue sky overhead—it wasn't even dusk to hide her blushes—with a large, beautiful plantation house behind her, Livvy simply, silently repeated the essence of his words to her as her mantra. "I love him; I make him complete. I love him; I make him complete."

A tall, imposing man, his silver hair neatly cropped, walked out of the gathered crowd and toward them. He looked, Livvy realized, exactly as Sael would look in thirty odd years. Although dressed in the same, simple, loose, black

shirt and trousers as Sael and all the other men, he still oozed authority.

"My father, our leader, Saffaul," Sael said.

Livvy had already figured out who he was.

"How come he's called after your planet?" she asked quietly.

"All rulers take the name of our world. It is our way. Now, come, it's time."

Bedside his father stood a woman dressed in the same cerise shift as Livvy, only in this woman's case, it didn't clash with her hair. She had to be Sael's mother. She had the same shape of face.

Livvy swallowed convulsively



and gripped Sael's hand tightly. She bet if he bruised, there'd be a doozy on him later. Her heart beat twenty to the dozen, and perspiration collected in the corner of her eyes. Was she really going to do this? All those things they'd talked about and practiced these last few nights? With Sael and no one else, they were intimate, personal, and loving. Now, in front of what felt like hundreds, but she realized was really about thirty people, it was a different matter. It made everything seem so sordid.

She felt Sael's concern as he gave her hand a squeeze.

"Okay?" he asked softly. "There's still time to change your mind, you know. I won't hold it against you."

Livvy laughed, and it sounded harsh and forced. "You won't be able to. Because you'll be dead. And no way am I having that on my conscience. You'd probably haunt me for the rest of my life. No, Sir, let's get it over and done with. Then, can we just leave here and forget all about it?"

Not that she thought she would. It was all the stuff nightmares were made of.

The older man cleared his throat as the crowd moved closer.

"Sael De Laphouresse. You are here, thirteen moons after you released yourself as Olivia Martin's Devil Within. To show your mate-marks, your semen-stains, and your bites. To show

you come together in all ways possible, bare and open?"

"I am." Sael bowed his head.

\*\*\*\*

Saffaul turned to Livvy. Sael had never realized how icy and distant his father's eyes were. They seemed to bore into them both, cold and unrelenting.

"Olivia Martin? Do you accept and agree with all that will happen? You will do all those things decreed, here in front of our elders. Show how you open yourself to your Devil Within. Let him mount you, ride you, and fill you everywhere. Let his seed spill, let his semen mark you. Let him bite you and drink your blood. And then will you milk him, drink his seed, and leave him

drained and empty?"

Sael saw Liv swallow hard. "I, er." Her voice faltered, and a sheen of perspiration covered her skin.

"Liv, you don't have to," he whispered urgently. "We can finish it all now. I'll understand."

"Shut up," she whispered back. "Just shut the fuck up." She cleared her throat. "I will," she said firmly.

"Then we will proceed." Saffaul smiled, his fangs bared, and sharp looking. He flicked his wrists in the same manner Sael had done. A bed, softly covered, but with no fripperies to detract from the view of what was about to happen, appeared in front of them.

"You know what you need to do

and accept this diktat freely?" he asked again. "You know the consequences if you do not accede to this?"

"We do." Sael spoke for both of them. Livvy pulled at his arm.

"I can answer for myself." She looked at Saffaul and the others who now had gathered close by. "I agree. I love Sael. He makes me complete. I will do all you ask for him, so he can live."

"So be it." With a secret smile, Saffaul flicked his wrist again.

Liv gasped. There was a definite breeze.

Sael watched her look down and move to cover herself. She was very definitely bare. He could see shame in her eyes, and could have cried for her.

Why couldn't she see how perfect she was?

"No. Don't do that. You're beautiful. Stand tall and rejoice in it." Sael, as naked as she, tail swishing, horns out, fangs and incisors filling his mouth, kissed her gently on the lips.

*These extra teeth could be so interesting, if ... well...*

"This is it, Liv. This is our command performance. We'll do it, and we'll do it well." His full mouth made his speech difficult, but he saw she understood every word.

*I can do this, for Sael, for my love. His life is at stake. I can do it. Forget everyone. Think of Sael, just Sael.* He heard her thoughts as if she had

spoken aloud.

Liv straightened, put her hands on her hips, and smiled.

"Well?" She challenged. "What first?" Sael looked at her. She glowed.

His father's eyes grew speculative, and he spoke, his voice harsh and authoritative. "Open yourself for whomever so desires to take you." His hand flicked, and each and every person was naked.

Sael's heart seemed to stop. Suddenly, the enormity of what he asked of her, his Livvy, his heart, his love, hit him. She was his and his alone; no one else should touch her. Nothing should come between them. It was as if a light bulb went off in his head. How could

anyone willingly let their lover, their other heart, be given to others? He remembered all those times he had watched, and, he thought shamefully, taken part, and wanted to scream and cry how wrong it was. It might be his heritage, his culture, but it was wrong. He realized it had taken him being totally committed to Livvy, irrevocably in love with her, to understand that. Sael knew he would accept whatever punishment they meted out to him, even probable death, rather than continue this. He knew it was just mechanical in, thrust, come, and out, sex. No love. Worthless. He might not want to die—he sure as hell and Saffaul didn't want to—but for the first time in his life, he wasn't



going to be selfish and put himself first. At least, not yet. He'd make sure Livvy was safe, then think of himself.

*No! No, not that. No, I won't let you. Livvy is mine and mine alone. I will die rather than let this happen.*

Sael stood in front of her, and shielded her from all those eyes.

"Livvy, I can't do this to you. I can't share you. *You* are someone precious, someone so special. In fact, I won't even sully our love by taking you here, in front of witnesses. Our *love* is precious, not to be defiled by doing anything that means so much to us with an audience. Love. Not lust, a quick, convenient fuck. No, our love has meaning."

He realized he shook with the intensity of his emotions. "I may have accepted this, my heritage, in times now past. To my shame, I have taken part, fucked whoever was here, and thought it was okay. Now it's my time, and I think it's all wrong."

Couldn't she see how demeaning this all was? Consenting adults were all fine and dandy, but he wasn't one of them anymore.

Sael turned and faced her, and his tail flicked, showing how aroused he was. "You're mine, Liv, mine and no one else's. I love you, as you, not for what you can do for me, but because you are you, loyal, loving, and true. I can't do this to you; I can't do it to us. I won't.

What we have shouldn't be shared, never, ever. Ours and ours alone."

Tenderly, he picked up her wrist and touched that tiny tattoo to the one that matched it on his wrist. She looked as if she was about to cry, love and anguish in her eyes, mirroring all he felt. It was too much to bear.

"This is us, Liv," he said softly as he rubbed their wrists together. "When we took these, we made our vows, to be true to each other. To be as one. Well, I can't be true to you, be as one with you, if I let others taste you. In any way. So, I say, no more. Nothing. I love you; you are my completion, and I can go to whatever is chosen for me, and know we have had this perfect love. No!" He put a

finger over her lips. "This is the one true thing I can do for you, so no arguments. If you love me as you say, please accept this. Please, Livvy-love."

He looked at her and waited.

Predictably, she argued.

"But if I don't, we don't, then you'll die, and I'll have it on my conscience."

Her voice wavered. "I can't let it happen."

Then her voice grew stronger. "I won't let it happen. Sod you all, you stupid perverts."

She shrugged his arm off, and Sael watched her turn in a slow circle, taking her time to stare at each and every person in the eye. To his amazement, several elders could not look her in the

face, and some even reddened. She hadn't finished.

"This man is worth more than all of you put together. And to be honest? I agree with him. It is bloody demeaning, and goes against all I believe in. But because I love Sael, I was prepared to stand here and let myself be gang-banged. I still will, but believe me, you'll get no pleasure, and if I *ever*, ever get any powers of any kind, you'll all suffer. Once we've got this farce over, and Sael and I are together."

It seemed she'd conveniently forgotten she'd said once it was all over, so were they.

"So, just get on with it. Who's first?" She touched each breast in turn,

and wriggled her hips in a deliberate parody of what they had talked about in previous days.

His heart swelled. His Livvy. He was so proud of her, but he wasn't going to let it happen if he could stop it.

"But if they do, then the life inside you will be touched by evil. And I couldn't live with that." Sael tried to explain to her. Did she understand? Did she realize, as he did, a new life grew inside her? "Please, my love." Sael didn't give her any more chance to argue. With one last, deep, swift kiss, and a nip on her tongue, he stood proud and turned to the silent crowd.

"Please clothe her. I'm ready. This will not happen."

## Chapter Ten

Livvy watched, aghast, as Sael bowed to his father, dignified to the last, and allowed two men to take an arm each. She saw his father do that wrist flick thing again and found herself dressed in jeans and a T-shirt. If anything signified she was no longer part of what was happening, that was it. Sael was still naked.

"Please, please." Tears burned her cheeks as she watched them turn Sael away. But a moment later, her anguish turned to anger—an anger so fierce, she knew she could have committed murder if any weapon had been to hand.

"You bastards, you fucking ... in every way fucking and stupid bastards. How do you ever think you'll flourish and multiply with such crappy, bloody ideas? Kill the good guys, eh? Oh yeah, that's so sensible, isn't it? You deserve to die out. You've about as much sense as my cat. And I don't even have a cat. You kill him, you kill your future. Crazy."

Some of those present murmured angrily. One man moved toward her, with his cock jutting out. Livvy looked at it and then at his angry face.

"Oh, big man," she said in a mocking tone. "Want it bitten in half? My pleasure. Not yours, because I'll make sure you never come again. Hard to take



part in a gang-bang with no cock to bang with, eh?"

The man stopped and looked toward Saffaul, who she noticed, stood silently to one side, and watched her and Sael. A smile played over his face. She ignored him. As far as she was concerned he was no better than any of the others.

"And no lead in that stupid pencil either it, seems." *Hell, I'm on a roll now.* "No backbone, no spine, no bloody mind of your own, eh? Crap, all of you, pathetic and weak. Come on, who's next, eh?"

No one moved.

"Ah, like I said. Feeble, pathetic and ... ahh." She ran out of things to say.

Livvy turned and walked toward Sael. It was difficult, but she ignored the two Saffaulians who held him as she put her arms around him.

"I love you so much. You are my Sir. I'm your pet. Is there no other way? I'll do it, you know, for you, for us. And we won't be affected by it." She wondered if either of them actually believed that. "So, what next?" She kissed him, uncaring that the man on his left tried to pull her back.

"You move me away from him now, and I'll bite your balls off. You owe us this." Sael might be unable to hold her, but she could hold him tight, lean into him, feel his warmth and his love. And give him hers. His body was

icy, his breath cold, shallow, and harsh.

"What's happening to you?" Livvy whispered in his ear. She felt his breath warm on her throat for a second before it became frigid once more.

"It's time," he said softly. "Saffaul is harsh, and retribution is swift. I'm closing down."

"What?" Livvy stared at him. His skin was bluish and wrinkled. His eyes, once so bright, were now dull. "No. Not that. Why, for God's sake, why is it so ridiculous?"

"It's not considered ridiculous on Saffaul. It is the way, Liv. We can't change it. Look, my love, no more. Think of yourself. And what we have created. I love you. You've proved your love for

me. Remember what we had with love and pleasure. Keep our love safe and strong. And also remember—" In spite of the seriousness of his situation, Sael smiled. "If it's a boy, call him Nic."

Livvy watched, tears streaming down her face, as the men led Sael away, not in chains, exactly, but very definitely in custody. She'd done everything she could, and *what did he say? If it's a boy...* She touched her tummy, as if it would tell her if a life grew inside. He had to live. No way could she kill the father of her child. Her love.

"Hold on, you bastards. Don't I have say in all this? I've a mind of my own, you know. Can't I say let's just get

on with it?" *And we can be a family.*

How could she cope without him?

*"You will, love, for all of us you will."* Sael's voice filled her, but before she had a chance to formulate a reply, Saffaul shook his head.

"You must both agree and participate. You both know this. It is too late."

"Is it?" She looked at Sael, or, she thought, the shell of him.

"Livvy, if you love me, don't make me say no. Accept what we had, look forward to your future, and remember, now and forever, I'm part of you."

Livvy stared at Saffaul, who still stood and watched them. "Is he? None of this crap evil Devil stuff in me? Nothing

will move in when, when he's gone?"

"That I guarantee, no evil," he said carefully. She waited, but he was silent. "Nothing else, eh?" She turned back to Sael. "You really mean this, don't you?"

"This 'all is well lost for love' stuff?" Sael nodded. "I want to be with you more than anything in any world. And if it was me fucking all and sundry, then we'd do it. But not you. Yes, double standards, but that's how I feel. Please, please accept it, and let me go with my dignity intact. Yeah? And dream of me?" He smiled. "Let's face it. You've had plenty of practice."

Livvy knew then he wouldn't change his mind, knew she had no say in the matter. He thought he was doing the

right thing. But was he?

## Epilogue

*Seven months later*

How hard was it to negotiate a doorway when you were almost eight months pregnant and as big as a bus? Livvy entered the library with difficulty and smiled at the somewhat worried librarian who stared at her.

"Honestly, Suze, I'm not about to pop. Not now, at any rate. I feel fine."

"Yeah, so you say." Suze, her longtime friend, snorted. "Honestly, Liv? You look like snow warmed up. Go home, rest, and be thankful. And have those babies. Soon, please, or I'll go into overdrive."



Liv laughed. Okay, a fairly hollow laugh, but still, it could be construed as such.

"No overdrive needed. Nic and Cherie will come where they're good and ready. Which is not," she doubled over as a sudden pain gripped her stomach. "Argh, which may well be now. Oh, shit, shit, shit. It hurts. Er, no story time today. Oh, fuck. No, I did that."

Livvy babbled. No one had told her it would be so immediate. And so bloody painful.

"No more fucking. It ends in tears. Then and now." She began to cry. "It's so not fair, no Daddy to see them born. No Daddy to help them grow into

themselves. So. Bloody. Not. *Fair.*"

Livvy looked down at the bump that was her twins. *Sael was right. There is life inside me. Beautiful, beautiful life.*

Her stomach contracted again. *Shit, this hurts!* She thought she heard voices in the air. *Ours!*

"Sod off. No way are my children going anywhere." She declared it to the elements. "My children, my man."

*Well he was, until you decided otherwise, you bastards. Whoever you are.*

"Er, Liv?" Suze looked worried. "Are you having hallucinations again?"

For the umpteenth time, Livvy wondered why she had explained her

momentary bouts of blankness—times when she tried to feel Sael in her—as hallucinations.

"Ah—no, giving birth." She laughed weakly, and then groaned again as another contraction hit her.

*He should be here. I need him, only him. I can't do it alone.*

Even now, all these months later, she still couldn't believe how Sael had been marched away from her, and she'd been summarily taken to a portal—not the one she and Sael had entered by, but a tiny, nondescript, porta-cabin type building—and returned to Scotland.

Then nothing. Just long, lonely days, when even teaching couldn't lift her out of her dark moods. And even

longer, sleepless nights, when she'd prayed to have Sael in her dreams. But she never had.

So, there was nothing, apart from the knowledge she had been loved, well loved. And a lingering regret, tempered with relief, that things had not progressed any further on that fateful day.

When she'd had her pregnancy confirmed, she'd cried. For the fact her children would never know their father, but also for the happy fact she had part of Sael with her forever. The understanding midwife had checked her form, seen the words "father deceased" and given her a hug.

"We're all here for you, my pet.

And call me Doris." The midwife's soft Midlands accent and the nickname she used had brought forth a fresh flood of tears, and Livvy couldn't really tell her why.

She'd managed a weak, "he used to call me that," and got another hug. After that it had been "love" or "chick".

Then, as her body grew rounder, Livvy's mood lifted. Their children needed love and attention, and she had to give enough for two.

She felt a gush of liquid. *Oh fuck, no way can I be turned on now, not at this size and about to give birth. In public, unless we move from here sharpish.*

"Wow, Livvy, your waters have

broken. What do I do? Shut the library? Boil water? Tell me. I'm a novice here." Suze vacillated between looking worried and beaming. "Woo hoo to you. God, am I glad to be your birth partner. But *tell me!*"

*Yeah, and I know how?*

"Stay calm. Let's go home and pretend none of this has happened, and then we can do this where I want to." At home, in the bedroom where so many positive things had occurred.

"Okay, yeah, right, now, well good. Yeah." Suze babbled and bit her nails. "Let's go. Closing time, almost, anyway. So my watch is wrong. They need to put a clock in here. Okay, let's go."

Livvy bit her lip. She was glad she hadn't driven. It felt like someone was building a shed in her tummy. Though after five minutes of Suze's bunny jumping, she wasn't so sure driving wouldn't have been better.

"Suze," she said in the end. "For fuck's sake. You usually drive like you were in a Grand Prix and Jensen Button was after you. What's with the stop start, oh can I do it? And, oh fuck, can I?" *That is one acute pain.* "We need to get home, sharpish. Like now."

They made the ten-minute journey in six minutes. Within fifteen, Livvy was in her favorite nightshirt, the one Sael had whisked off her, with a "fetching but unnecessary" comment, stretched out on

the bed, and alternately swearing and asking for drugs.

"Anything, everything," she pleaded. "If I can't have Sael, I need the lot. C'mon, Suze, rub my back and tell me it's fine. Give me something."

"The midwife is on her way. Hold on and think of, er, Britain?"

Livvy remembered all the swear words she'd been forbidden to say. And said them. Twice.

"This is so not fun." She tried to breathe through a contraction. "I give up. I want gas, air, epidural, hell, a Cesarean. Or Sael."

The air shimmered. Livvy watched as a cloud appeared, formed into a mass of darkness, and then reformed into light



and...

*You've got me, love. I'm here.*

*Let's do it.*

*Sael? Okay, it has to be a dream.*

*But that's fine. If it means our babies will be born, dreaming will do. And I promise not to moan when my dream is over.*

That was easier said than done.

Especially when the midwife—who arrived just in time to catch twin number one—Nic—wide awake and bawling his head off at the indignity as he had slid out—pronounced the baby was a he, and urged her to get on with it and bring number two into the world.

Cherie arrived six minutes later.

Even if they were six weeks early.

"There, now, didn't we do well?"

Doris, the midwife, said complacently.

*We? We? What's with the we?*

*You just stood there. I did all the work.*

Livvy had never been so close to hitting someone. Especially as both the midwife—and Suze—had either not seen, or chosen to ignore Sael. Livvy chose to ignore their ignorance. To just say thank you and let Suze go to make a cup of tea, and Doris all the things she had to. To pronounce the twins fit and well, and depart, with the dire—to Livvy—threat that she'd be back the next day.

She'd face that when she had to.

Two hours later, clean, tidy, and tired, Livvy sat in bed, and looked at her

babies, one on each breast. Suze had gotten rid of the midwife as soon as it was decent. And the two of them had defiantly had a glass of champagne each.

To Livvy's sorrow, Sael—or his memory—had disappeared once Cherie, twin two, had been born. She could still feel his lingering kiss, hear his soft, "Thank you," and imagine his hug.

"Okay, time to sleep." Suze said in her best "do as I say" voice. The one she used when unruly children shouted and screamed in the library. "I've made my bed. Shout if you need me. And *do not* argue. I'm a very light sleeper. Shout and I'll hear you."

"Says the woman who slept through an earthquake," Livvy said, and

laughed. "Seriously, Suze, if I need you, I'll shout."

Not that she thought she would. Somehow, she knew she would be fine.

Suze departed into the spare bedroom, still reiterating the "call me and I'll come" rules. Livvy snuggled down, a baby on each side. None of this put in a crib stuff, not yet. She needed her babies close to her. It was almost as if she could feel Sael there, loving them all.

She dozed off. And woke with a jolt, and no babies.

"I have them, love." Sael stood by the bed, a babe on each arm and the biggest, smuggest grin she had ever seen on a face.

"You're dead. You're fucking dead," Livvy cried. Big fat harsh sobs, with tears that racked her body.

"No, love, you saved me. Because you showed what you were prepared to do for us, you saved me. Because I wouldn't let you, I was also saved, to eventually be allowed to be with you. My penance for my defiance was to wait until now to come to you openly."

*Sael is really here, eyes twinkling, that wicked grin on his face, looking at me, at the babies? He really is, no dream, no wish, just here?*

"But you were dying. I saw you."

He nodded. "Remember, I am Saffaulian. As long as I had some breath, my father could choose to allow me to

live. He did—eventually—but I'm sure he made certain I wondered for a while. I think the best way to describe it is I was in a coma. I was here. I could see you, but I couldn't reach you. My world chose to let me live, but it was many moons before I came back to, well, full life, I guess."

He smiled at her, a smile full of promise and love.

"My, didn't we do well." He pressed a kiss on her forehead, careful not to squash either baby as they nestled comfortably in his arms.

"Didn't we just?" Livvy said faintly. *Was* this a dream? Like the one she had prayed for, and never had her prayers answered about, whilst their

babies grew inside her? One she would wake from, feeling lost and bereft?

She felt the nip on her neck.

"No, no more. I'm here if you want me. To be us, you, me, and our children. Are you up for it? Weird kids, even weirder husband, but lots of love? Sir and sub; husband and wife. Will you go for it, Liv?"

She looked at his beloved face, touched it, lifted his wrist, and meshed their tattoos.

"Really?" Could she believe it? So many times, she'd dreamed he was there, only to wake up lost and lonely.

"Really. I've paid my dues. I'm with you forever. If you'll have me. The fact I put you above Saffaul, the fact you

were prepared to do all to save me? Well, evidently, that's what Saffaul needs. I'm now officially alive, and not due to die until any human would. Oh, and the leader elect. Can you stand that?"

His eyes were bright, the love shining out of them.

Oh, could she. She showed him just how much. Even with two babies hampering them. This was love.

The End

**[www.ravenmcallan.com](http://www.ravenmcallan.com)**



## **Other Books by Raven McAllan:**

[www.evernightpublishing.com/raven-mcallan](http://www.evernightpublishing.com/raven-mcallan)

**If you enjoyed this book, you may also like:**

A Riding Crop for Two by Karyn

Gerrard

Bound for Christmas by Sam Crescent

Lessons from the Professor by Shyla  
Colt



Evernight Publishing

[www.evernightpublishing.com](http://www.evernightpublishing.com)