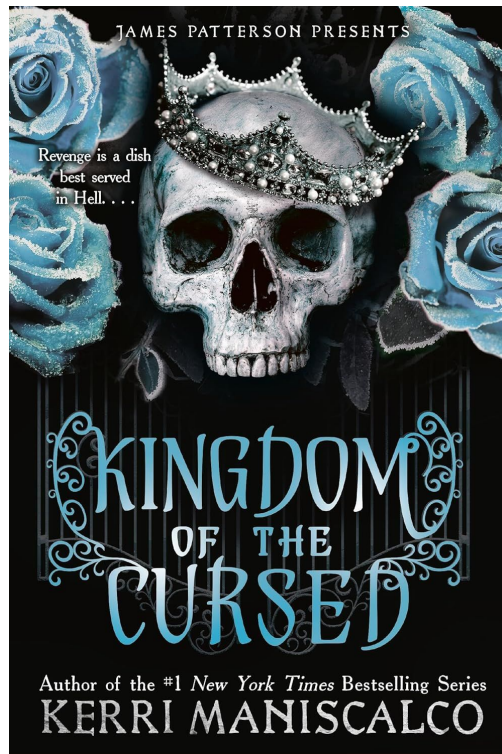


Kingdom of the Cursed



Book Summary

A young woman travels to Hell to become queen and seek revenge for her sister's murder, navigating a world of deception, danger, and supernatural intrigue.

Summary of Concerns

This book contains; alcohol, animal cruelty, assassinations/murder, BDSM/Orgies, dark content, death/grief, deception, drug use/drugging, dubious consent, explicit/obscene sexual activities/sexual nudity, gore, potentially patently torture scenes, potentially patently violent scenes, potentially prurient behavior, profanity, rape/sexual assault (mentioned), self-harm (minor), sexism, and voyeurism.

Young Adult / New Adult

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5 / 5

Deviant Content

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39	<p>Wrath finally slipped his fingers beneath the band of my skirt, brushing the soft skin between my hips, his touch featherlight. Goddess curse me. At the moment I didn't care about his lies or betrayal. Nothing mattered except the feeling of his hands on my body.</p> <p>"Please." I tugged him close. Soft lips brushed against mine. "Kiss me." "Say it once." He gently pulled my backside to him, offering a wicked taste of what was to come. His throbbing arousal fanned the flames of my own passions. I wished he'd do that without our clothes on. I rubbed against the hard length of him, and whatever control he'd had vanished. He captured my mouth with his, kissing me possessively, hungrily.</p> <p>One of his hands remained locked on my hip and the other went under my skirts, sliding up my ankle, past my calf, then traveled between my thighs as his kiss deepened and his tongue claimed mine. His fingers were almost to the slick, aching center.</p>
111	<p>"I'm fairly confident what I'm sensing has nothing to do with nerves." A flush crept up my neck. I had no idea he could sense... arousal. Goddess curse me. This realm would be the death of me yet. I forced my thoughts back to the reason I'd come to this world. It had not been seduction or wanting that made me sign my soul away. It was vengeance. Fury. And those emotions were more powerful than any sinful magic. Or any sinfully alluring prince. I placed my lips to his ear. "Are you sensing the knife I'm now considering stabbing you with, your highness?" "If this is an attempt to change the topic, you're failing miserably." His hand dropped beneath the table, landing gently on my knee. There was little doubt it was a nonverbal acknowledgment of my most recent lie. "I am even more interested in where this may lead, my lady. You forget what sin I rule over. I am rather fond of a bit of knife-play."</p>
136	<p>Apparently, he received my message loud and clear. His hand slid between my legs and he touched his tongue to mine the precise moment he stroked against that aching part of me. I gasped into his mouth, but it was cut off as he drew me tighter to him. His arousal pressed against my body. Hard and enticing. Just like him. "Is this better, my lady?" Oh, goddess, yes. Much better. He slowly circled that wicked finger around my apex, all the while kissing me senseless. Heat exploded in my veins with each taunting stroke. I'd made a few poor choices in my life, but taking Wrath as a lover would not be one of them. He'd be just as unrestrained as I'd imagined, and that primal part of me welcomed this new battle of wills. I lifted my hips, urging him to continue his exploration as I wound my arms around his neck, pulling him in for a deeper kiss. His finger partially plunged inside and I bit down on a moan. He withdrew it, his focus entirely on my body's reaction to the motion; the slight, shuddering exhalation, the way I reflexively moved against him, and held on tighter. He was learning what gave me the most pleasure, varying it a little and repeating it. Goddess help me. The demon of war was a strategist on all levels. He gently rubbed against that throbbing part of me with a second finger before turning his attention back to his slow, drugging kisses. Fire. Through no magic except for the exquisite power of his touch, he was turning my body into a million tiny flames of desire. And he knew it. All of the teasing was driving me wild. "Will you take me to your bedchamber?" My voice was like smoke. "Now." "Is that what you want?" "Yes." More than anything. I managed to nod and his clever fingers rewarded me with another loving stroke. "Hurry." He nipped at my lower lip. "Does my queen command it?" "Yes." Oh, goddess yes. "Am I your humble servant now?"</p>
137	<p>The Wicked creature took his time kissing me, all the while his fingers kept exploring, teasing, wringing pleasure in ways I didn't know were possible. He'd promised I would not mistake reality with an illusion when he touched me. He hadn't been lying. The Sin Corridor, this realm, nothing could compare to the magic of him. The next time he touched me, I involuntarily rocked my hips forward and he finally answered my silent plea. His fingers slid all the way in, and he gently bit down on my lip to quiet my gasp. Which only succeeded in driving me wilder. "Take your pleasure, my lady." I tentatively repeated the rocking motion.</p>

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137	<p>He watched me, his gaze burning. “Just like that.” He captured my moan with his next kiss and I buried my hands in his hair, needing to feel more of him. Somehow I’d leapt up and wrapped my legs around his hips. His free arm easily secured me in place. The sensation of the warm bubbling water and the friction of his calloused fingers was enough to drive me over the edge with raw need. Instinct took over. Our bodies pressed together, our tongues and teeth and mutual hunger pumping through my veins. I realized the magic of the world wasn’t creating this longing; it was enhancing what I already felt. And I felt more than I’d ever allowed myself to admit. I rolled my hips in time with each of his deep strokes. No longer timid in chasing the pleasure he was giving me. In my fervor to experience all sensations, I slid down his body, accidentally brushing against his hardness. He moaned, the sound deep and rumbling. My grin was pure wicked delight. I repeated the motion and air hissed through his teeth. His kisses turned ravenous. I steadily rocked up and down on his hand, against him. Heat was building to a crescendo within me, searching for release. His eyes were glazed from his own mounting lust, his fingers still buried inside me. I’d never seen him look out of control before. It only added to my pleasure. “Emilia—” I silenced him with a kiss. Forget his room. I’d take him here. Now. My hand closed around his arousal and he groaned. “Demon blood, I need to—” “Take me to bed. Now.”</p>
139	<p>Wrath’s fingers were still buried between my legs as he leaned us up against the door of his chamber, his breathing coming hard and fast. He’d missed the bedroom. With good reason. My hand remained wrapped around his impressive length. I kept caressing his silky-smooth skin, marveling at the way each stroke had him coming further undone.</p> <p>It felt a little wrong to feel prideful at the moment, but I certainly adored the fact I was the reason the tight leash he kept on himself had finally snapped.</p> <p>There was no other reason I could imagine he’d transport us into the public corridor connecting our suites. At least the gate closing off this wing was still down, and no one could travel near enough to see us. Nor would</p>
140	<p>they glimpse much of me with Wrath’s massive body covering mine. Not that it mattered if they could see me.</p> <p>I was too lost to the waves of pleasure building and cresting inside me to care where we were, or who was around. I wanted him right here.</p> <p>Wrath kept kissing me, kept pumping those fingers while rocking against my unwavering grip on him, and I wanted nothing more than to bring this mighty creature to his knees with unrelenting ecstasy. This untethered, wild part of him was almost as intoxicating as his touch. I’d never experienced something like this, so powerful and right. He was right. And I knew, with unending certainty, we were on the precipice of discovering how good we were together. Maybe we were always meant to end up here, lost in each other’s passion.</p> <p>The sound of his pleasure mingling with mine was creating its own spell, and I was so close to shattering, so close to that power that was building and breaking and...</p>
153	<p>We were in Wrath’s bed, hundreds of candles flickering across the glossy surface of his silken sheets, his dark colored walls, and the sheen of sweat coating his bare chest.</p> <p>I was astride the demon prince, my thighs spread wide to accommodate the breadth of him. He watched me with a primal sort of possession, his half-lidded gaze drinking in every inch of my body while my hips undulated, seeking pleasure but not fully. I teased us both by not quite closing the slight distance between our bodies.</p> <p>He reached for me, but I pinned him to the mattress, nipping playfully at his mouth before losing myself in his slow kisses. Soon he was no longer content with being a spectator; his hands clasped on to my sides, guiding me down onto his fierce arousal. With a whispered word of endearment and a quick upward thrust, we were joined in all ways. For eternity.</p> <p>I managed to draw in a deep, ragged breath, banishing the vision. Some denial slipped back in. “We are still betrothed.”</p> <p>Wrath’s eyes momentarily glazed, as if he’d been in that seductive illusion with me and still felt the tremors of pleasure rocking through him. His cool tone did not match the heat lingering in his gaze.</p>

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256	<p>"Allow me the honor of making that up to you now."</p> <p>He didn't move right away, and I realized he was waiting for my consent. Wrath would never take without permission. "Please."</p> <p>"With pleasure."</p> <p>He slipped one hand beneath the silk gown and his light touch slid over my calf, against my inner thigh, then slowly traced circular patterns there, roving a bit higher with each daring stroke, until I could no longer stand it. I stopped pressing my knees together and he dragged a finger across the apex of my body. It felt better than the Sin Corridor and Crescent Shallows combined. Wrath pressed me forward until I was nearly bent over him, then trailed kisses down my spine. My skin tingled with each pass of his lips. All the while his fingers teased and danced across my body, driving me into a frenzy.</p> <p>Once I was convinced I'd perish from the pleasure, he slipped them inside me. I stilled, getting accustomed to the feel of it as he slowly began moving them.</p> <p>Unable to handle how good each sensation was, I sat up and pushed against him, his arousal hard and welcome against my backside. He paused his kisses and gently bit my neck.</p> <p>My breathing quickened. I was chasing a feeling, almost familiar and not quite. It was magnificent. Ecstasy unlike any other. Sensing my growing need, Wrath's fingers moved faster and that ache turned into the most</p>
257	<p>glorious tidal wave of euphoria.</p> <p>I stopped being self-conscious and shut out thoughts of everything except that incredible feeling. I moved against him, chasing the rapture, realizing Wrath was now letting me take my own pleasure. I was setting the pace and moving as fast or slow as I wished. That I was in command of my own body, my own desires, that no mortal rules would bind me...</p> <p>... I came undone.</p> <p>I cried out as pleasure broke through my body, in one marvelous tingling wave after another, then finally slumped against his chest, breathing as if I'd just run for my life.</p>
272	<p>His hand cupped my breast over my bodice, his kisses plundering and possessive. My passion burned as intensely as his. I nipped at his lip, daring him to do the same. He did one better. He tugged the top of my gown down, replacing his daring hand with his mouth.</p> <p>I slipped inside his trousers, finding him hard and wanting, then smiled as he cursed at the first stroke I made. I brought my mouth to his ear. "Shhh. They'll hear us."</p> <p>I took him in hand as if it had been something I'd done hundreds of times. I knew exactly what he liked and how to elicit the most pleasure. His body, his heart; I knew them as well as my own. I used that knowledge to my advantage now.</p> <p>He did not seem to mind.</p> <p>Several moments later, he shuddered against me, his breathing ragged and hard. Once his trembling ceased, I rolled up onto my toes and kissed him, long and deep. "Meet me in the garden at the witching hour tonight. You know where."</p> <p>He'd barely managed to refasten his trousers when I ran off, glancing over my shoulder one last time before I slipped from the darkened room.</p>
280	<p>"Prepare yourself." Wrath escorted me up a small flight of stairs and stopped just outside the castle's grand entrance. "My brother's debauchery knows no limits." Words failed me as we walked inside House Gluttony. The prince of this circle did not hide his namesake sin or vices. Immediately upon entering the palatial receiving foyer, we were greeted by the most scandalous scene I'd ever borne witness to. A table the size of four oversized mattresses was prominently on display, forcing guests to squeeze around it if they were to enter the castle beyond.</p>

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280	The table was not covered in food or wine. It was covered in lovers. Some were engaged in acts I'd never dreamed of. On one end, a woman lay naked, her legs spread wide as a man poured a trail of chocolate sauce over her breasts, down her stomach, and across the apex of her body. He tossed the jug aside, dropped to his knees and began feasting. There was no romance, no seduction. Only pure, animalistic hunger. Not that the woman seemed to mind. My attention darted to the opposite end of the table, where a young man lay with an arm bent behind his head, watching as his partner sucked whipped cream from his arousal, and another lover entered her from where she was bent over. My face flamed at the erotic scene. Before I'd learned that Pride wasn't my intended, Wrath had mentioned his brother inviting lovers into our bed. I now understood what he meant.
281	<p>"My brother enjoys shocking guests upon their arrival." Wrath's low voice at my ear sent a shiver skittering along my spine. "His subjects are all too happy to participate in his favorite vices. The lovers here want to be seen. They desire for us to overindulge in their pleasure. Our attention feeds them as their trysts feed us. It will not be this way throughout the entire House."</p> <p>My focus drifted back to where the man knelt between the woman's thighs. He worked her now with mouth and hand. A female lover moved to her chest, adding more whipped cream and licking her skin clean before adding another dollop.</p>
282	Nakedness, people seeking sexual pleasure, no matter how much I kept trying to move past it, the mortal way of thinking of them as wrong and shameful kept creeping back in. They kept shocking and embarrassing me because deep down, I still worried about being ruined by human notions of scandal. Most of all, I kept worrying about what others would think. Enough. I'd had enough of falling back into old fears. I strode over to the table and dipped my finger into a bowl of whipped cream, then slowly turned to Wrath as I licked it off. There wasn't anything in his expression now that spoke of boredom or disinterest. He tracked each movement as if committing it to memory. A waiter appeared, holding a tray of champagne flutes. I gave Wrath a small, devious smile and snagged a glass of sparkling demonberry wine. "Cheers to being scandalized."
286	Unsurprisingly, Gluttony's idea of a pleasure garden was quite literal. We walked past lovers barely hidden in the shadows, the sounds of their bare skin slapping against each other and breathy moans created a strangely haunting symphony. I did my best to keep my attention fixed on the torchlit path in front of us, not daring to seek out writhing shadows near the hedges.
321	<p>He slipped the straps from one shoulder, trailing open-mouthed kisses as he went. Then the other strap slid off, his tongue and teeth following the path. He carefully tugged the top down, halting only when he'd freed my breasts.</p> <p>"You are so godsdamn beautiful." He looked like a man who'd been offered the finest meal money could purchase after nearly starving. But instead of feasting, he planned to enjoy every bite, savoring it. One thumb slowly passed over my nipple, causing it to tighten with pleasure. Heat pooled low in my belly.</p> <p>"What else would you like, my lady?"</p> <p>"Pleasure. Seduction." I gathered up my courage. "I want you to stay. All night. With me. And if you even think of bowing afterward and leaving like you did last time you touched me, I will hunt you down and make you regret it."</p> <p>"Threaten me again."</p> <p>His raw tone indicated he liked it very much. "Twisted heathen."</p> <p>"Only the best for you."</p> <p>He took possession of my mouth with his. His kiss dominated, owned. I was only too happy to submit. For a moment. I ran my tongue over his bottom lip, sighing as he took advantage and swept his into my mouth. Conquering, seducing. Just as I'd requested.</p> <p>I pulled him in closer, tighter, nearer. I missed this. Missed him. The way he felt, the sound of his breath catching as he touched me, unleashing his desires and giving in to our connection. His clever fingers cupped my breasts, fondling with maddeningly light caresses that left me desiring more. My gown remained wrapped around my waist. I wanted it off. I</p>

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322	<p>wanted his bare skin on mine, his hands free to explore every inch of my body.</p> <p>I tugged him through the little sitting chamber toward the bedroom, wanting to feel the weight of him pressing me into the mattress. In this, he allowed me to lead, never breaking from his slow exploration of my mouth. He followed me down onto the bed, slowly pulling my gown the rest of the way off. I lifted my hips, helping to shimmy it over them as he tossed it aside.</p> <p>His jacket and shirt hit the ground next. The only thing left between us were my scandalously thin undergarments and his trousers.</p> <p>Wrath eyed the ribbons at my sides, looking eager to unwrap the present they offered. And, goddess curse me, I wanted him to tear them to shreds. A slow, triumphant smile spread across his face as he probably sensed my arousal.</p> <p>He fitted himself between my thighs and bent forward, tugging the ribbons with his teeth. I squirmed beneath him, unsure exactly what it was I wanted him to do next, but knowing his current position was very tantalizing.</p> <p>He halted his movements. "Is this all right?"</p> <p>"Yes." I cupped his face and caressed his cheek. "Please, don't stop."</p> <p>It was the permission he'd been waiting for. Without delay, he finished the task he'd started. Once my undergarments were gone, he admired me for a long moment, his focus searing with its intensity. I fought the urge to close my legs or cover myself.</p> <p>As if he'd plucked that fear from my head, he glanced at me sharply. "Don't ever hide yourself from me. Unless you want me to stop, or I'm not pleasuring you the way you like. You are beautiful. And I want nothing more than to do this," he dragged a finger down the center of my body and I almost saw stars.</p> <p>"With my tongue."</p> <p>He gazed deep into my eyes, making sure I saw the truth in his, then he brought his mouth to me. The first stroke of his tongue was a shock of pleasure, electrifying my whole system. I arched up from the bed, body tingling with anticipation of the next touch.</p> <p>Wrath hooked his arms around my legs and lowered his mouth once more. This time he held me in place, angling my hips up to allow for the most pleasure. Blood rushed through my head. Oh, goddess, every touch</p>
323	<p>was sweet torture. Just when I thought it couldn't feel any better, he plunged a finger inside me, his mouth moving harder against me.</p> <p>I writhed beneath him, hands searching for something to grasp desperate to ground myself in the swirling storm of pleasure lifting me up and away. I gripped the sheets as his openmouthed kisses continued in that intimate place, his fingers pumping in time with each beat of my heart. was coming undone, chasing that line of fire streaking through me.</p> <p>My fingers dove into his soft hair, my breath coming in shallow bursts my pulse pounding through every glorious inch of my body. I was so close</p> <p>Wrath's strokes turned demanding, the demon of war commanding my body to obey his wish and shatter against his mouth. Because he willed it Desired it.</p> <p>I rolled my hips forward and he growled in approval, the sound and vibration of it nearly unleashing me. Before I could call out his name, he moved up my body, pressing his own arousal against me, his mouth crashing into mine. He rocked his hips, the force gloriously rough as our bodies slammed together. He withdrew and moved against me again. And again.</p> <p>I dug my nails into his shoulders and greedily met his movements with my own.</p> <p>Each thrust pushed me closer to that edge. The hard length of him sliding against me created friction that heightened my pleasure. His cursed trousers were still on, still preventing us from fully connecting, but it did not stop me from finally shattering beneath his massive body.</p> <p>With a groan so powerful it damn near shook the bed, Wrath followed me over the edge.</p>

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325	<p>I rolled over to face him. "Take off your pants."</p> <p>He arched a brow. I swept an arm to indicate my naked body.</p> <p>"I refuse to be the only one completely nude."</p> <p>"If I remove my trousers, I cannot guarantee there will be much sleeping."</p> <p>I mimicked his arched brow and waited. I'd never said anything about sleeping. Bold of him to assume he'd figured out my plans. With a sigh, his pants vanished. He tucked me against him and I grinned as I shimmied closer and heard his sharp intake of breath.</p> <p>"Emilia."</p> <p>"Yes?" My tone was innocence sprinkled with sugar. "Is there a problem?"</p> <p>I should have known better than to taunt the general of war. Wrath did not play fairly; he played to win. From behind, he situated himself right at the entrance of my body, causing my breath to hitch. I went tight and loose at once, ready for him to press himself deeper.</p> <p>"Tell me, fiancée. Are you certain you want me as your husband?" He gripped my hip in one hand and slid the other under me, pulling me closer. The tenuous hold on my self-control was slipping. I arched into him. "You're ready and willing to spend eternity here, with me?"</p> <p>My mind was still deciding but my body was slick and willing. This time when he rocked his hips, his strokes were deliberately slow, tantalizing. Without his trousers on, his velvet skin slid over mine, the sensation pure bliss.</p>

Profanity & Sexual or Derogatory Terms	Count
Ass / Jackass / Asshole etc.	6
Bastard	2
Breast / Tit	10
Cock	5
Dick (Arousal/ength-in this book this word is used in replace of the word "dick/penis")	13
Fuck	6
Piss	2
Shit / Bullshit etc.	3
Sacrilegious & other offensive language usage	Count
Damn	19
God / God damn etc.	5
Hell	108