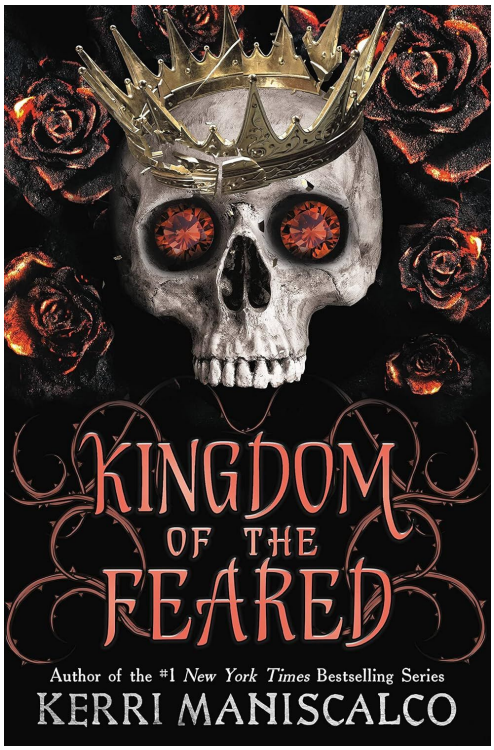
Pending Final Report

Kingdom of the Feared



New Adult / Young Adult

Book Summary

Emilia and Wrath play a game of deception to solve a murder and stop unrest between witches, demons, shape-shifters, and feared.

Summary of Concerns

This book contains: alcohol, alternate gender/sexual ideologies (minor), animal cruelty, anxiety/depression, assassination, body horror, controversial gender commentary, dark content, death/grief, deception, derogatory terms, drugs/drugging, emotional abuse, explicit sexual activities/sexual nudity, gore, hate, kidnapping, physical abuse, potentially patently offensive content, potentially prurient content, profanity, self-injury, sexism, sexual harassment, torture, violence and war.

By Kerri Maniscalco

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5/5 Deviant Content

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23	Wrath unbuttoned his trousers, his gaze locked onto mine. A challenge in its own right to see if I was truly ready for what was to come. His pants hit the ground, and his hard length sprang free, intimidating and tantalizing, and just as eager to claim me. I bit my lower lip, nearly overcome with want as I drank him in. Goddess above he was glorious. My attention slowly moved from his proud arousal and traveled along the rest of his body. Over six feet of pure muscle with bronze skin that seemed to glow with vitality filled my vision. He was a study of masculine power crossed with rugged beauty. He stepped forward, and my focus shifted from the metallic snake inked onto his arm to the tattoo on his left thigh—a downward-facing dagger with roses etched onto its surface. I couldn't quite make out the geometric designs on its hilt, and as Wrath took himself in his tattooed hand and slowly pumped his fist, my mind emptied. The demon gave me a smug look, like he knew exactly what his seductive taunting was doing. Goddess curse him. I wanted to replace his hand with my own. Better yet, I wanted to use my…
47	Without breaking his stare, I removed my gloves, then stood, gently rocking the boat with the motion, and went to my knees before him. Power, unlike any magic I'd summoned before, filled me as something dark and dangerous glittered in his eyes. "What are you doing?" A coy smile curved my lips as I unfastened his trousers. "Conquering, your majesty." "Emilia—" Before he could remind me why this wasn't a good idea, as if I weren't already aware of that, I pulled his hard length free and slowly licked him from tip to base. "Demon's blood," he growled as I closed my mouth around him and sucked a little harder, testing the action. His hands fisted at his sides. "You're going to destroy me." Recalling what I'd seen at Gluttony's House of Sin during the Feast of the Wolf, I gripped him in hand and repeated the motion using my mouth and tongue to work him, moving a little faster and holding him a little tighter with each pump, adoring the rasp of his breath. Wrath sat still, allowing me to set the pace, but from the way his thighs tensed, I could tell he was holding himself back. And I wanted no part in that. This moment was meant for unleashing ourselves. I glanced up, silently commanding him to give in to his own dark passion. To show me just how wicked he could be. Because I wanted it. And so did he. When he still didn't move, I grew bolder. "Stand up, your majesty." Understanding flared in his eyes. With an impressive curse, he obeyed my order, then sank his fingers into my hair, guiding himself deeper. The boat rocked dangerously, but the flat bottom ensured we wouldn't tip over. Perhaps that was why they were used here. I doubted we were the first travelers to give in to the greedy desire pumping through our veins. I grasped onto Wrath's hips, loving that this mighty demon was finally losing control. I might be the one on my knees, but I owned him in this moment. And he well knew it. His grip tightened in my hair, possessive and an edge shy of painful, yet

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48	it made my knees clench together from the pleasure steadily building in me. It did not matter that we were in a rival demon House. That at any moment someone might spy us in a compromising position. Only pleasure mattered. And maybe it was greed fueling me, or maybe I didn't mind the thought of others greedily watching us from the shadows. In fact, that scandalous thought made the honeyed heat in my belly spread, made me grow bolder still, hungrier for as much pleasure as I could get. I tugged him closer, urging him to thrust deeper, to not deny me my greed-fueled desire to taste him. I wanted him to mark me in every way, just as I intended to mark him. "Fuck." He needed no further encouragement. Wrath pumped into my mouth as if he were pounding that slick junction of my body, claiming me with the same fervor I'd soon claim him. That very area throbbed at the thought of him being there now, dominating because I wished him to, but only in that one instance. His awareness of my growing arousal must have finally sent him careening over the edge. With one last thrust and a groan that was more animal than human, he came undone. He gently stroked my hair back, massaging my skull tenderly as if he'd just realized how tightly he'd been holding on. I swallowed him down, then gave one final, slow lick, grinning as he twitched from the aftershocks of pleasure. "Godsdamn, Emilia."
71	The Duke of Devon didn't notice. His greedy attention had finally been captured in its entirety. He undid the stays on his trousers and yanked himself free, then stroked his length as the remaining players at our table turned to him, indulging in his sin. My attention remained fixed on his, though I was truly focused on the massive presence behind us.
75	He gently stroked my breasts over the pearl top until they grew heavy and ached for more. "This top." His fingers curled around a strand, his warm, bare skin almost brushing mine. I never hated a piece of clothing more. "Needs to go." The prince's grip tightened on the strand, and he yanked, the pearls bouncing across the floor as my top broke apart. He allowed his gaze to slowly peruse my eyes, my lips, and every inch of my body until he'd reached the floor and dragged it back up. I loved when he looked at me like that. Like I was the beginning and end of each of his fantasies. He certainly was mine. "You are absolutely devastating." He dipped his head, kissing his way down my neck, not stopping until he'd cupped one of my breasts and sucked it into his mouth, his teeth scraping ever so lightly. I leaned against the wall, my hands traveling down his powerful arms, holding him close as

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76	he lathed his tongue over the sensitive peak. “Wrath.” I writhed against him, unable to stand the slow, expert flicking of his tongue. My body was drenched and ready. “I want you. So bad I can’t think straight.” He pressed openmouthed kisses to my other breast, laughing quietly as I gripped his hair and held on. “When I saw you on that idiot’s lap, soaking wet and nearly coming, I wanted to fuck you right there. In front of the whole damned court.” The way he growled, low and rough like his very un-princelike words, set my blood on fire. I pressed against him, needing to feel him as I went up on my toes and whispered, “I would have let you.” Wrath’s lips crashed against mine, the kiss neither sweet nor tender. It was animalistic and wild. A claiming and battle for domination. Tonight, we’d complete the physical part of our marriage bond, and Wrath did not want a submissive queen. He longed for an equal. Just as I did. I broke away from our kiss, then licked up the column of his throat, pleased when he released a string of curses and roughly ground his hips against mine again, his length as hard as granite. He buried his face in my neck, kissing and sucking until a breath hissed out of me. He drew back and brushed a loose strand of hair away from my face, like he was checking to make sure this was real. “I spent that whole time thinking about what I’d like to do.” One large, calloused hand traveled along my left side, slowly sliding over my hip, down my thigh, until he reached the back of my knee and hoisted me up against him. “Imagining how you’d feel. The sounds you’d make. When I murdered that bastard, spread your legs, and pounded into you. Right there on that fucking table.” His tantalizing words, the heat and desire in his eyes. It was too much. “Please. I need you inside me. Now.” I ripped at the stays of his trousers, slipped my hand inside the material, and began to play. “Emilia.” My name on his lips, the reverence of his tone—it awakened something in me. A feeling so strong I could only express it with action. I sucked his bottom lip between my teeth, biting down gently, and stroked him faster. His skin was as soft as silk, but his arousal was stronger than steel. This magnificent, deadly creature was mine. I would commit ugly, savage acts if anyone interrupted me from claiming him right here, right
77	now. “Emilia, demon’s blood.” He thrusted a few times into my grip before tearing his pants off, his shirt following in rapid succession. Wrath spun me around, placing my hands against the wall. “Keep your legs close together and lean forward.” “Yes, General.” I did as he commanded, my body already slick and ready.

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77	“Smart ass.” I grinned at him over my shoulder as he grabbed a handful of my bottom, the move pure possession as he playfully squeezed it. “Perhaps you should punish me.” “Is that a request?” His eyes flared with desire as I nodded. “Tell me when you’ve had enough, my lady.” He parted the strands of pearls and gripped my hips, angling me up. He pressed himself against my entrance, and my body went hot and tight from the erotic feel of it. He teased me, sliding his length back and forth across my slickness. I arched against him, silently pleading. He rubbed against me harder, pressed a little deeper, but only nudged the tip in. I swore roundly and went to push myself onto him, but he pulled back, sliding across my core again. And again. And again. Until I was practically panting and crawling up the wall with need. “Wrath. Please. Fuck me.” “As my queen commands.” With a single, fierce thrust, the demon was fully seated inside me. He gave me a moment to adjust to the feeling of him, my body stretching not unpleasantly. He leaned his weight against me, kissing the back of my neck, nipping at my earlobe as he slid out, then in, going deeper. And deeper. “Tell me now.” “What?” The breathless, sultry voice barely sounded like mine. Wrath repeated the motion, no longer for me to adjust to his size, but to slowly torture me to death from the pleasure. On his next deliciously slow thrust, he hit a bundle of nerves that drew a moan from me. He brushed his lips against my ear. “That I am your favorite sin.” He pulled my backside toward him, pushing me down a little more, finding the perfect angles to elicit the most ecstasy. It was a little rough, a bit wild, and intensely primal. I couldn’t imagine a more perfect joining. “Tell me you’re mine.” Wrath’s passion burned hotter than his sin, and I
78	burned for him. My body tightened around his, my core throbbing, and fire seared my veins. I was his. Forever. Just as he was mine. “You are my favorite everything.” I leaned against the wall, pressing back against him, working my hips in time with his deep thrusts. To give as good as I was getting. “You’re mine.” “Fuck, Emilia.” Wrath groaned, one hand now locked on to my hip so he could tug me against him, while the other hand found the front of my body, his fingers playing me like an instrument he was proficient in. It was almost too much, and yet I never wanted the feeling to stop. “You feel like heaven.” “Goddess curse me. Harder.”

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78	Wrath obliged. He unleashed all of himself, pounding against me so hard the light fixtures began to shake. The painting I'd barely noticed crashed to the floor. And then it happened, the past slammed into the present, and a vision overtook me. In a different demon House, Wrath pressed me against the wall in a darkened corridor, wringing pleasure from my body as he thrusted into me. We'd both torn my clothing entirely off but kept his trousers on. And the idea of him half-clothed drove me wild. My attention was riveted to the hand with the serpent tattoo as it worked my body, bringing me to the brink of climax then slowing down until I was mad with want. He liked to tease, to draw out my pleasure until I took it on my own. I could hear the sounds of others just outside our secret corridor. At any moment, someone might come upon us. Neither one of us wanted an audience, but balancing on that knife's edge of discovery, the slight bite of fear that came with it, suddenly heightened the experience. As I came closer to the edge, I noticed a faint glow coming from my hand; a tattoo was beginning to appear along my left ring finger. Wrath thrusted again, deeper and faster—my mind and body were both on the brink of giving in to the pleasure he was demanding. He bent me over. "Keep your legs together. Closer." His command and the friction the new position created had me calling his name despite our need for silence. I arched my back, and the demon hit a spot deep within that had me seeing stars. I breathed hard, my attention
79	fixed on the large hand that held my hip. A tattoo had appeared there, too, on Wrath's same ring finger. I smiled, thinking of the words he'd spoken earlier. The eternal vow. I covered his hand with mine, braiding our fingers as he slammed our bodies together one last time, shuddering and cursing as we both came. The vision abruptly disappeared, and I was once again in the present. It must not have lasted for long, or else my prince would have noticed. Wrath pulled out, then pushed in, his breathing ragged against my neck. We were both close, our skin damp and hot. I was nearing my release… but I still swore I felt the aftershocks from the climax in my vision, which only heightened my experience now. "Goddess above. Don't stop." "Never." His words were spoken with the promise of a vow. Wrath rubbed my clit in wicked circles, right where he still thrusted into me, and I came violently. A moment later, he joined me with a harsh curse. My legs trembled as he leaned forward and gently kissed my neck.
140	Heat pooled low in my belly, stirring my desires as it slowly spread. Soon all I could focus on were his hands as they lazily moved from my waist to my ribs, his thumbs

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140	brushing the underside of my breasts. He palmed one as he moved his mouth to my throat, the sensation causing the little bud to harden as a shiver of pleasure went through me. Roughened hands glided up and down my spine, his caress light and gentle and maddening in the best of ways. He was touching me like I was precious, like each embrace was a moment to cherish, to indulge in and savor. And it was. For him, he knew what it was like to have this end, to have me wrenched away. It had been a mercy that I couldn't recall that. I touched him back as languidly, exploring every inch of his warrior's body like it was uncharted territory that belonged only to me. I would never allow someone to rip us apart again. And I'd fight with everything I had to remember him and what we'd shared. He broke away from the kiss, his gaze darkening as he dragged it from my eyes downward, watching as I touched his sides and powerful back, my inquisitive hands searching for a way to evoke ecstasy for him. They dipped beneath the water again, skirting over his sex to play with the toned muscle of his thighs before I curled my hand around his thick length and pumped. Wrath's breathing turned sharp as I stroked him, his mouth parting on a groan. I tightened my grip, feeling his sex respond enthusiastically as it twitched against my palm. When I slowly ran my hands back up to his chest, he drew me against him and began kissing and biting along my neck with ravenous hunger. "I want to be inside you." His hands drifted down, cupping the swell of my bottom and squeezing. I melted into the feeling of the fizzing water and his sizzling touches. His rock-hard length pressed between us, causing my own flesh to pulse with need. "I missed you." "I missed you, too." I sank my fingers into his hair as Wrath brought his mouth to my breasts, licking and suckling the peaks in a rhythm that had me
141	arching against him, seeking the feeling of him between my thighs. "I was about to destroy the realm to find you," I admitted. Wrath suddenly dipped below the water, then wrapped his arms around my waist, standing up with me perched on his shoulders. "Samael!" I grabbed onto his head from the swift movement, earning a deep chuckle from the prince. With me secured in his strong grip, he waded over to a cave wall that had a group of stalactites hanging close to it. I braced my back against the smooth stone wall, still holding on to Wrath. "Grab onto them." His voice was husky, low. Desire rolled through me. With my thighs wrapped around his shoulders and his mouth tantalizingly close to my apex, I did as he commanded. I'd just grabbed the stalactites and anchored myself when he hooked his arms around me and spread my legs a little

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141	wider. My breath caught from being on display, and a flash of lingering mortal modesty had my legs automatically trying to close. Wrath flashed a sly grin, then licked my core with long, soft strokes. It was so delicate, so intimate, I had to bite my lip to keep from moaning while he worshipped me. I forgot all about any embarrassment; Wrath made me feel wholly comfortable. Our last joining had been explosive; the first time he'd tasted me had been fueled by unbridled passion. This… this was a true religious experience. Wrath devoted himself to my pleasure, and I fully surrendered to him. I tilted my head back, breathing hard as he continued his slow, tantalizing tasting. He didn't rush, didn't roughly suck or tease. He made love to me with his warm, wet tongue, allowing it to say everything he couldn't or wouldn't as it dipped inside me. When I got close to falling over the edge of pleasure, he pressed openmouthed kisses along my inner thighs, and it was the best sort of torture as I waited for him to return to that aching spot, to the swollen bundle of nerves that would soon have me calling his true name. "Touch yourself, my lady." His voice was an erotic purr, and his request… Without breaking his stare, I trailed one hand down my own body, teasing him before slipping a finger inside. Wrath's mouth was on me again in an instant, licking my sex and my fingers while I continued to touch myself, and in seconds I was calling out his name again.
142	I repeated it like a whispered prayer, and he continued his own faithful worshipping until the last of my climax rolled through me, leaving my legs shaking and my chest heaving. And craving more. Goddess curse me. I couldn't get enough of him. Wrath kissed his way up my body as he slowly lowered me back down, our slick skin sliding against each other its own euphoric experience. Wrath ran a finger over his lips, then he lifted my hand as if he were about to press a gentlemanly kiss to it. His gaze turned molten as he brought my finger to his mouth and sucked. I cursed, and he flashed a grin that was all masculine smugness. The mighty hunter just conquered his prey, and I hadn't even put up a fight. "You're about to start whispering all sorts of filthy curses, my lady." He moved until he'd caged my body between him and the smooth stone at my back. Impossibly, my desire for the demon grew. "This time, Emilia, I'm going to go slow." Wrath kissed me lightly, then moved his mouth across my jaw in another whisper-soft caress. He pressed the blunt end of his arousal against my swollen entrance and slid it back and forth until I whimpered from pleasure. "Oh, goddess above." My seductive prince ran one calloused hand down my side, slowly hoisting my leg up. With his other hand, he continued his delightful torture, driving us both wild. What

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142	started as a way to get me closer to that glorious edge now seemed to have the same effect on him. Wrath sheathed himself with one magnificent thrust. He drew back to look me in the eye as he pulled out, then slid in. Each movement and joining of our bodies was slow, languid. The damned demon was right; I started cursing, the filthy words encouraging him to continue. His hand cupped my jaw as he covered my mouth with his and deepened our kiss. My fingers dug into his shoulders as I clenched around him. Wrath brought those wicked lips to my ear. “You’re close?” “Yes.” “Thank fuck.” His hand slid between our bodies, and he placed his thumb against my sex, increasing the timing on his thrusts, adding more pressure to that spot that sent a hot ripple through me.
143	I climaxed again, his true name flying from my tongue. He withdrew and thrust in deeper, a little faster this time, my own name slipping from his lips. Before I had time to come down from the soaring heights of my last release, Wrath had me climbing that same pleasure peak again. Soon we were both panting, our lips and breath mingling. “You’re mine.” His voice was rough, deep. “Just as you are mine. Forever.” Wrath hitched my leg a little higher, and I gripped his shoulders, a moan escaping me. My responses had him working even harder. He thrusted again and again, pleasure steadily building until I thought I’d combust. My body throbbed, and I could no longer hold myself back from the tidal wave of pleasure that broke. “Samael!” He rode me through my orgasm, then joined me, my name shouted into the cave, bouncing back at us. We caught our breath, hearts pounding as he kissed me gently and lowered my leg. It prickled a little; I’d been so caught up in pleasure I hadn’t noticed it had gone numb.
256	“Thank fuck.” He lowered me so that my knees were on either side of his head, his thumbs rubbing lazy circles on my hips. Wrath lifted my skirts and parted my lacy undergarments, slowly dragging a finger over the slickness waiting for him. “Is this a new lesson in conquering or surrender?” I managed to ask as his finger dipped inside, then curled ever so gently. I swore as he repeated the motion with a second finger, stretching me. He withdrew his fingers, then pushed them back in, pumping slowly. “You tell me, my lady.” “I—goddess curse me.” Wrath ripped my undergarments off, then brought his mouth to my body, licking hard and deep. I jerked forward, gripping the chair as each flick of his tongue threatened to topple

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256	me over. He pulled my hips forward, then pushed back, never once removing his mouth from me. Holding my gaze, he repeated the action, and I knew what he was requesting without words. And who was I to deny him or myself the pleasure? I rocked forward, and the demon rewarded me with a satisfied growl that vibrated over my most sensitive area. My cursed skirts fell over him, hiding him from view. I slowly released the chair and ripped off the lower portion of the gown, earning an amused look from my husband. I braced one hand behind me on his thigh, and the other I tangled into his hair, pulling it until he was angled just right. With my gown out of the way, I could see him and his wicked gaze much better. Unadulterated hunger crossed his features. “Tug it harder, my lady.” “Heathen.” “My dark angel.” Wrath wrapped his arms around me and feasted as I set the pace. His tongue plundered, making my body clench around it until I thought I’d go mad from the feeling. I yanked his hair even harder and rocked against him, my head thrown back. Wrath plunged a finger in with his clever tongue and set a rhythm that had me seeing stars. I came with reckless abandon, moaning his true name as a shock of pleasure bolted through me. Before I’d fully come down, I broke apart again, calling his name like a plea or a curse. Only when my legs started trembling from the aftershocks did the demon press a chaste kiss to my inner thigh. The light
257	caress set my blood on fire again. What we shared wasn’t nearly enough. But time was our enemy at the moment, and I’d already lost too much. My husband saw the indecision in my face, and I saw the yearning in his. We needed this. Even if it meant I had less time to get the blade, I’d make it work. I moved down his body and guided his thick length into me. Wrath laced his hands with mine, and together we soon fell over that glorious edge, reminding ourselves what we were fighting so hard for. Love.
276	Heat pulsed between my thighs. Wrath’s magic was as soft as velvet as it gently stroked me, waiting for an answer. Taking a dagger to the chest rapidly faded from my mind, thanks in part to the quick healing of my immortality and the exquisite caresses from my prince. Instead of dwelling on the loss of my magic, I focused on my husband and the wicked gleam in his eyes, the seductive privacy his curtain of wings provided, and all the things we could do right here. My attention dropped to his full lips while I vividly imagined the interesting places we might make love, the positions. Losing my magic hurt deeply, but suddenly picturing Wrath and me joining high above our realm, among the moon and stars, took some of the sting away. If I searched hard enough, I would still find magic in everyday things. And making love to

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276	the king of demons among the stars was hardly average. The curse was broken, and there were no limits to what we could achieve together. I eyed the manacles hanging from the ceiling in the alcove, and new, devious thoughts flooded in. “I can’t tell exactly what you’re thinking, but I can sense what you’re feeling now.” He kissed up the column of my throat, and my eyes fluttered shut. Wrath knew exactly where to touch to drive me wild with need. “If you want me, say the words, my lady.” He traced the bare flesh along my
277	bodice, his caress a seduction of its own. “My queen.” He dipped his head, and where his clever fingers had just touched, he now used his tongue. “My love.” His mouth closed over my breast, and my breath caught from his words and the way he drew on my flesh, sucking and teasing over my clothing. “I want you, Samael.” I’d only just finished whispering my consent when Wrath’s heated magic unleashed itself. That soft, decadent, featherlike stroking moved across my sex, teasing my flesh until I chased the sensation building inside me. Another feather of heat licked my breasts, replacing Wrath’s mouth as my husband leisurely kissed me. With my hands still pinned above my head and Wrath’s tongue in my mouth, his magic caressed me everywhere at once. Pleasure rocketed through me, electrifying each nerve as the demon intensified his magic, feeding more of his power to those phantom fingers of ecstasy. Wrath had called himself His Royal Highness of Undeniable Desire, and I’d thought I’d tasted that level of seduction before. But nothing, nothing, compared with this. Not Lust’s magic or Greed’s. Gluttony’s sinful party and witnessing couples lost in the throes of pure rapture—none of it held a candle to the magnitude of Wrath’s… love. It wasn’t simply the magic he was using to enhance my pleasure, nor was it the immense power he had. It was the attention and care he used, the unending desire to please me, to satisfy the person he loved in every way imaginable, that heightened the experience. Wrath’s desire to show his love for me far outweighed any baser wanting of my body. He wanted that, too, but it was my heart he yearned for above all else. My mind and my soul. Just as I wanted his. Wrath’s magic slipped inside me, the sensation a glorious mixture of hot kisses and deep thrusts that filled and stretched me, perfectly synchronized to each flick of his tongue against mine. All the while that magic heat lathed my breasts until they grew heavy with need. Wrath kissed me harder, grinding his hips against mine, his erection hitting all the right places. I writhed against him, searching for release. “Wrath.” I didn’t have to elaborate. In a thrilling motion, my husband banded an
278	arm around me and flew us the short distance to his desk. With one wing, he cleared journals and pots of ink from the surface before laying me down on it. A beat later, his

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278	trousers were off, and he towered above me, looking like a brutally handsome god. The demon prince didn't rip off my gown like his expression hinted he wished to; he slid it up my body as he moved over me. He drank in each inch of my skin as if it were all he needed in life. A flash of something unreadable crossed his features, but he crushed whatever doubt or worry he'd felt. When he pressed the blunt head of his erection to my entrance and slowly pushed in, he brought his mouth close to mine and whispered, "I love you." Tears pricked my eyes. I held him tightly, committing this moment to memory. Even though he'd shown me he loved me, hearing it… it made the bad parts we'd endured somehow more bearable. The last time he'd said those fateful words, I'd immediately forgotten them. "I love you." I cupped his face and kissed him chastely, savoring the bliss of the moment as we fully joined. Wrath pulled back, his gaze locked onto mine. For a moment, he didn't move. His fists were planted on either side of me, hard against the desk, his body just as tense. He was bracing himself for the curse to exact its revenge once again. To wrench me away, except this time it would be for an eternity. Devil curse, Sursea. I'd be damned if I would allow her to ruin this moment. I did not give up my magic to see the haunted look in his eyes, the flicker of uncertainty when he finally admitted how he felt and didn't dull his emotions with a tonic. Nor would I allow any doubts to surface each time he said those three cherished words. I rocked my hips upward, drawing him to the present, and drawing him deeper inside me. We were here. Together. And nothing would change that. Unless we decided to murder each other, he was mine. And I was his. For eternity. "Please say that again." I ran my hands up and down his arms, soothing, pleading. His wings flared out to either side like weapons, the heat making the air around us shimmer. Wrath, the king of demons, afraid of nothing—except losing me—hesitated. "I'm still here. We're all right." He traced my features with his gaze. "I love you."
279	"I love you, too. Demon." I reached over and stroked a warm feather, marveling at the full body tingles I suddenly felt. I stopped playing with his wings and pulled him in for a long kiss. It took only a moment for him to respond, his mouth moving over mine hungrily. Thank the goddess his mind was finally on more pleasant things. "Now that that's settled, show me all your new tricks. I want you to take me on every surface and every damn wall in this chamber." The last vestiges of stress left him and were quickly replaced by a roguish glint in his eyes. "Let's try half the surfaces for now, my love. Even with your immortal body, I doubt you can handle the full might of my… power."

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279	Cocky prince of Hell. I thrusted upward, earning a surprised curse from the demon followed by a groan of pleasure as I repeated the motion. “Try me, demon.” “Remember, I warned you, wife.” The demon’s wings glowed a brilliant silver as he brought them around us. The magical heat returned and moved down my body like warmed honey, sliding around where Wrath and I were already joined. The heat pulsed there for a minute, strumming my body until it hummed with need. Then my husband began waging the best sort of war on me—he slowly pulled out and thrusted in, the magical heat tingling so intensely I came before he’d even truly begun. “Fuck,” I swore. Repeatedly. The only words or coherent thought I was capable of. Wrath’s low chuckle, combined with his continued deep thrusts, had me writhing up from the desk, my back arched high as my body exploded from the sensation again and again. “Pace yourself, my love,” he said. “We haven’t even left the desk yet.” “I hate you,” I cried out, the sound proving I felt the very opposite as it quickly devolved to a moan of pleasure. “I hate you in the darkest of ways.” “You’ve told me that before.” Wrath tugged my bodice apart and nuzzled against my heart before turning his attention to my heaving breasts. “Let’s see how badly you hate me now.” My husband unleashed himself and his magic, and soon he didn’t even need his wings to bring us both to soaring heights. We came together, murmuring the words that had been stolen from us, over and over until we
280	flew higher and plummeted over the edge once, twice, then half a dozen times more.

Profanity & Sexual or Derogatory Terms	Count
Ass / Jackass / Asshole etc.	3
Bastard	3
Bitch	1
Breast / Tit	5
Clit	1
Cock	6
Fuck, Fucked, Fucking etc.	20
Shit / Bullshit etc.	7
Whore	1

Sacrilegious & other offensive language usage	Count
Damn	4
God / God damn etc.	1
Hell	30