Demon Kings Mate

san_2045

STORYPDF

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Chapter 1

I let out a sigh staring at the glass window. It was a stupid decision to skip work just because I was not in a mood to flip more burgers. Just that day I needed to do something and not breathe in the grease. The thought of putting on the same uniform every day along with the stained apron made my nose scrunch.

From the past hour, I tried to watch some TV but there was nothing good. I did not pay for Netflix so there was no way I could distract myself with something else. Maybe I should have taken the offer about sharing with Jaxson when he asked. Then again I knew that he would be the only one to do all the paying and it would make me incredibly guilty later. The perks of having millionaire best friend.

Jaxon has been my best friend since forever. His family moved to Amsterdam when he was in first grade, next door to our house. They were incredibly friendly and always inviting us to dinner parties. My mother loved doing those things and used to take me along with her. That's how I met the blonde hair, blue-eyed tiny Jaxon running around with his train. When he noticed me he asked me if I owned any train and I said no. So he dragged me along with him and we played till we were called for dinner.

I thought that everything would be just like that moment, happy but it changed after I lost my mother to cancer. She was everything to me and my father. He couldn't bear the loss of her and drove himself to drink. We lost our house because of that and had to move to a smaller place. Over the years he became abusive and never stopped drinking.

It got out of hand too many times and I could not tolerate anymore. Jaxon was the only friend who helped me during those difficult times because he knew all too well about the situation I was going through. He refused to leave my side and was always there when I needed to talk to someone.

Jaxon was the reason I was able to muster enough courage and leave that house. He helped me get a nice apartment at a cheaper rate a few streets away from my college. I have to pay for the rent so that's the reason I took up two jobs.

My phone rang making me groan and sit up. Moving forward I picked it up only to notice it was another best friend, Mira. We met in the last year of high school. It's a long story.

"Hello" I rumbled slumping back against the old bean bag.

"Hiya! Are you busy?"

At her, over chirpy voice, I cringed, "No. Why are you so happy?"

"Can't a gal be happy?"

"Gal can you cannot" I snickered

"Oh you just jealous that I am capable of being happy on weekdays" She giggled and there was some rustling on the other side. I could imagine it being the sound of her study table. That's where she usually sits because it overlooks the lake.

"Oh you got me" I dryly said

"I knew it"

Did I also mention she can never get my sarcasm? It's cute sometimes.

"Why are you calling me?"

"Because I'm happy"

"Okay then bye"

"No no I have something to tell you" She shrieked loudly to which I sighed and held the phone back against my ear.

"You remember Sean?"

I racked my brain trying to remember the name when it clicked me that it was the guy she went on a date with. The same guy she almost thought was made for her but the next day realised that it was the wine talking. That's a surprise because I thought she had stopped seeing him.

"Yes, the love of your life. What about him?"

She screamed, "He's not!"

"Sure he's not"

"That's what I said dummy" She giggled before continuing, "Anyways he invited us to the club his friend owns. It'll be fun"

"No" I sighed

Mira's idea of the club is never nice. She always gets drunk by the second hour and then makes a scene. As if that isn't enough she drags herself across the floor and obnoxiously dances. By the end of the night, she has male dogs lined up to take her room but she leaves alone. Its because I have to physically drag her before those dogs do something.

"But you are not doing anything today" She whined and I could already imagine Mira rolling her lips in between her teeth and running her fingers along with the table.

"How do you know that?" I asked daringly fully aware that I did not tell her anything about my plan to skip work. Only Jaxon knows that.

"You answered your call duh"

I facepalmed myself. Sometimes she really does use logic. My eyes moved around the living room hoping to find something that would make the sound of the grill. Maybe that will convince her that I'm working.

"So what? I'm still in the cafe"

"Oh shush! You're not. Now be ready by seven"

"Mira" I moaned

"Talia" She mimicked my voice. That's definitely not how I sound but instead of arguing about that, I let out a sigh.

"You and Sean can go together"

"It's your off day granny what are you going to do? Knit at home?"

My mouth slacked opened at that, "That is incredibly offensive-"

"I don't care. You are coming and that's final."

"But-"

"Blah blah can't hear you. Be ready by seven" My eyes flickered towards the clock and it was six in the evening. Maybe I can still make it to the cafe and apologies for lying about taking a leave. It made me shiver just to imagine Ms Smith towering over me when I confess to her about my life. She's very scary.

"I hate you" I mumbled loudly, my grip tightening on the phone when she laughed.

"Love you too"

***

My mother was a huge fashionista and owned clothes from several boutiques. So when I left the house I packed most of her dresses. There was no way I could afford spending money on clothes. Mira and Jaxon were filthy rich, just like my family were a few years ago but I couldn't take their money.

It was difficult for me to leave my father behind but I didn't know him anymore. He changed drastically after my mother passed away. When she was in the last stage she made him promise that he will look after me but he did the complete opposite of that. Most nights I had to clean up his puke and make breakfast for his hungover self the next day. Jaxon often caught me sleeping in the middle of class and that's how he understood what was going on.

Even though we moved on from the neighbourhood his parents were nice to me. Maybe because my mother always made them feel welcome. But I rarely went by to see our old place. It had too many memories.

Pulling a peach sequin knee-length dress I threw it on the bed. It was from my mother's favourite boutique in Italy but she was never able to wear it. Shaking my head I dialled Jaxon.

"Hello" He whispered, his voice muffled and hoarse.

"Hello, Jaxon. Are you fine?"

"Just a bit under weather today. Maybe I ate something at that business party yesterday"

My face fell at that. I was hoping that he could join us at the club so that I would have someone to distract myself and talk to. He grew out of his chubby cheeks and had a muscular body and washboard abs something girls were crazy for. So whenever he accompanied us he was asked for dance but he never left my side.

"I'm sorry about that. Do you want me to bring you some chicken soup?"

Jaxon whimpered, "No no don't waste your night. Mira called and told me you were going clubbing with her. I don't want you to cancel that because of me"

"It's not that important" I huffed. He was unwell. How can going to the club be my priority?

"Don't be ridiculous. It's your night out after a decade. Go live your life"

I smiled against the phone. He knew how difficult it was for me to work daily. I skipped several gatherings because of work.

"Fine but if you need something you are going to call me. Yeah?"

He laughed, "Of course I will. Now go drink on my behalf too"

I shook my head because there was no way I was going to drink scotch on rocks. That's what Jaxon liked the most. It was so bitter that I almost gagged the first time I tried it.

"I will. Take care"

He hummed softly, "Will do. Bye"

I hung up the phone after biding him goodbye and stared at the dress on the bed. Looked like I was going to club with Mira and her boyfriend Sean.

***

Chapter 2

I spotted my best friend waiting for me as soon as I stepped out of the apartment. A tall guy was standing beside her with a frown on his face. For a second I thought that he was angry about me cock blocking him. As I got closer I noticed that it was just the way he stood.

"We are going to have so much fun!" Mira exclaimed, arms around my neck and pulling me closer in a hug. My nose scrunched at the way her nails were digging into me. Also, did I mention she was a hugger?

"Yeah sure," I forcefully smiled while pulling away from her.

"Hi, I'm Sean" The tall guy grinned, flashing his pearly whites. He was holding the door of the posh sleek car open for both of us. It made me want to roll my eyes because no wonder Mira was interested in going out with him.

"Hey I'm Talia"

He hummed, "Yeah I know. Mira told me all about you"

Hiding my grimace I gave him a friendly smile and slid next to Mira. There was no way that I was going to ask him the stuff she might have told him. My best friend has the ability to blabber nonsense stuff to strangers so no wonder she might have told my entire story to Sean.

Mira patted my arm, "I'm so ready to let loose you know. It has been a stressful week"

My mouth slacked open, blinking my eyes, "You just got back from vacation on Wednesday"

Last week her father was invited to Italy for wine tasting so she tagged along with him. The only reason she might be stressful was that she did not get to attend enough parties. As she was in the circle it was compulsory for her to attend parties at least three times a week.

"So? My mother made me shop along with her and it's stressful you know"

"Oh I can imagine"

"She asked me about you" Mira nudged my shoulders and I let out a sigh. Her mother was lovely and always wanted to take me along with her for shopping trips. According to her, I have exquisite taste in picking clothes, unlike her own daughter.

The only thing but did not sit right with me as she insisted on paying for everything. It made me feel like a charity case most of the time and yearn for items I could not afford with my bare minimum salary.

"Yeah? What did you tell her?"

She shrugged, "You were busy with work. She wants you to join us for the brunch this weekend though. We got some wine back from Italy and that is going to open the bottle"

"I will think about it"

"Okay," She smiled and before she could say something more her phone buzzed. Excusing herself she got busy texting someone else on the phone and I stared out of the window.

My eyes twinkled staring at the huge buildings. They intrigued me, the buildings in the city. Staying in the cosy apartment among the crowded city must be so fun. That was my only aim after getting a decent job.

"We are here" Sean's voice interrupted my chain of thoughts. He stumbled out of the car and held out the door for us again.

"Thanks, darling" Mira softly brushed his arm as he forwarded his hand towards me.

Stepping out of the car I noticed the long line outside the club. How are we supposed to get in? The was no way that I was going to stand in my heels till our turn.

"Talia!" Mira called out and I blinked my eyes at her. She was already standing at the doorstep but on the other side of the entrance.

"We don't have to wait in the line?" I questioned, my eyebrows knitted together.

Sean laughed, "This is my friend's club. Let's go"

My cheeks reddened at that. I had almost forgotten about that. the people from the other side were glaring at us as we easily entered inside the club.

The harsh bright lighting followed by the loud noise immediately made me take a step back. Clubs were not my scene. I would rather sit back home and enjoy reading something or working on my thesis. Maybe I should have lead with that excuse.

"This is so loud!" I yelled over the music. Mira had a wide smile on her face as she moves her eyes around.

Sean was hugging someone and they were whispering something in each other's ears. He might be the friend who owns the club I thought. My eyes widened when I noticed people openly stripping in the corner but before it could get wild the bounces interrupted them. What was that about? Also, who does that in the crowd?

Mira giggled, throwing her head back and pulling me closer, "This is so fun. I am already loving this"

"Figured"

Sean pulled Mira towards him and I flushed turning around. That was not a sight I would like to see. He whispered something in her right ear and then placed a kiss.

"See you soon!"

I frowned when I noticed that he was striding along with his friend to some other room. Was there something shady going on in that room? What if they got caught? What if we all got caught? I could get expelled for that. No way! The university classes were the only hope I had for my future. I cannot get suspended.

"Let's go!" Mira yelled tugging me forward and cutting off my chain of thoughts. I felt my breath caught in my throat noticing the dance floor ahead of us. There was no way that I was going to dance and make fool of myself in front of everyone. I should have listened to my mother when she asked me to take dance classes instead I was to focus on doing calligraphy. And where did that lead me?

"Where are we going?"

Mira looked over her shoulder, "Free drinks!"

"What? How?"

"Sean talked to his friend" She whispered as we slid on the barstools together. The wide array of bottles stacked up on the shelf made me dizzy. I had no idea what to choose.

"Let's order two martinis"

"Sure" I hummed. Someone slid beside Mira but she ignored him and focused on me.

We tried to talk over the loud noise, mostly about what we were going to do next. I was against the idea of dancing on the floor while she was ready to let loose as soon as she had a sip of her martini. It was funny how we were best friends but so stark opposite to each other. Most of them don't understand how she ended up being my friend and I think the same. There was so much difference in our thoughts but we are friends.

"Are you sure you don't wanna join?" Mira said taking a huge gulp of her drink. I shook my head and sat back.

"You know I don't like dancing"

"How can anyone not like dancing?" She exclaimed taking another sip. I threw a tissue at her to which she blushed and dabbed the corner of her mouth.

Suddenly my neck started stinging and I arched my back. Scratching at my skin I tried to ignore the sudden twinge. What was happening to me? Was there something in the drink?

"I can't state other reasons"

Sean patted at her shoulder softly, "May I have a dance milady?"

She giggled and nodded her head. He pecked her lips and forwarded his hand towards her.

"How can I refuse this?"

She stared back at me as if waiting for my approval. I shook my head and waved at her. Sean bowed in my direction and I could see his pupils were dilated a bit. Was he high? The thought sent shivers down my spine.

"You're the best. Will be back soon" She kissed my cheek and placed her Martini on the counter. It was boring to sit all by myself but I was trying to focus on my drink.

The guy who was sitting beside Mira moved a seat closer. It made me uncomfortable so I tried to look somewhere else. Somehow due to the dark light, I had lost the sight of Mira in the crowd.

"Are you here all alone pretty girl?"

His voice made me fist my hands by my side. Why was he talking to me of all people? The music was slow and quiet so I could hear his every breath clearly.

"Do you want me to buy you something?" He tried again but I scoffed, taking a sip of my martini. Suddenly I felt his arm tugging at my wrist.

"I don't like when people ignore me, darling"

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" I yelled, trying to break free as he towered over me.

The stinging in my neck got intense as a voice echoed, "Is there a problem?"

I blinked my eyes at the guy standing in front of me. His brown hair was falling over his forehead, his eyes grey and sharp. He was staring at my hands.

"Who are you?" The guy holding my hand sneered, glaring at the attractive stranger.

"I'm her boyfriend"

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Chapter 3

/Lukas POV/

I stared at my reflection for a few seconds, tugging at the tight expensive leather jacket. Sometimes it made me want to strangle the person who invented leather jackets. I could never move my arms without straining. Also whenever I wear the black jacket my back felt sweatier than usual.

It was a necessity so that I could easily blend with the crowd. One would argue that I was just being modest because wherever I go people gathered around. As if I was some kind of magnet. I never got the appeal about it but will never complain because I enjoyed the attention.

"Master" A voice made him blink. My eyes looked over my shoulders only to notice it was my personal caretaker, Beau with wings defenceless by his sides. With his hands folded together, he was staring at the floor, too afraid to make eye contact.

I snarled, "What?"

"Your ride is here, Master. The driver is Anns son so there won't be any problem"

Nodding my head my hands went towards the jacket. The buttons were still jumbling so I had given up on trying. The heavy Rolex watch on my wrist and sleek Berluti boots made me take a sharp breath. It felt too much for a club but I rarely get out of the place so it was a nice change.

"I'll be out in a minute"

Beau hummed softly, his head bent down, "Is there anything else you need, Master?"

"Nothing just get out of here"

The voice was enough to send him scrambling out of the room. It was something I enjoyed, barking orders at the staff and letting them do every single work. Maybe those twinkies were right about me needing to go out and socialize more. A guy needs to balance his anger somehow.

The cab ride was as usual as smooth sailing. Most of the staff thought that I was out for the party but it was to collect my money. The owner promised day to send my share every month but he never did that. Usually, this kind of stuff was below my pay grade but I decided to teach him a lesson myself. Show him the real guy he was messing with.

"Master where do you want me to wait?"

I blinked at the driver, unable to remember his name. Well, it's not my fault that he had such an unforgettable name.

"In the parking lot and Ann's son...behave" Flashing my eyes at him I turned around. When the bouncers noticed me they immediately opened the other side of the gate and ushered me inside. They all had a fair idea of what I was known for. Or maybe they simply saw me the last time I was in the club.

Stepping inside the club I made a face. What kind of song was that? No wonder the owner was not earning anything. If he was going to open a club as grand as this he could at least play some nasty songs. Who even comes to the club to dance to the romantic songs? He desperately needed my attention now more than ever.

With that thought in my mind, I pushed through the sweaty bodies. My throat was parched and I needed something strong. It was useless anyway, to drink because I could never get fully intoxicated. The taste, however, entices me and leaves me wanting for more. That's the only reason I drink not because I want to get drunk.

My palms started stinging more like an itch as soon as I moved towards the bar. The sudden pain made me narrow my eyes at my hand. Was I allergic to something? I thought. It made no sense why I felt the sudden tingling in my hands and unable to breathe. Truly made me feel like someone was sitting on my chest and holding my breath.

Someone crashed into me and I winced, the tingling feeling getting stronger as I walked forward. Maybe I was dreaming. Blinking my eyes several times I tried to make my way without stumbling into anyone. Even if I don't get intoxicated maybe I can distract myself from the sudden pain.

As I neared the bar my eyes shifted around until it landed on a girl. The pain was forgotten when I noticed that she was clearly uncomfortable. Before she could stand up the guy beside her held her wrist tightly, almost making her lose her balance. White-hot rage bubbled inside my stomach at the sight. Seeing her so trapped and vulnerable flared something inside. With my jaw clenched tightly I narrowed my eyes at her wrist.

My feet automatically moved in her direction and before I could make sense of what was going on I was standing right behind the guy. Clearing my throat I poked him.

"Is there a problem?"

The girl blinked at me. For a second I almost forgot how to breathe. She was the prettiest creature ever. Her long brown hair was loose, few bangs on her forehead. With her doe eyes, she gawked at me. My eyes shifted to her red plump lips and I immediately thought of kissing her. She had an hourglass figure, all curves in right places and I couldn't help but imagine holding her waist while dragging her along, pinning her against the wall.

"Who are you?" The guy sneered, glaring at me which was enough to snap me in reality. I turned my head around, trying to come up with a reason. She had no rings on any of her fingers so there was no way I could spin the old marriage story. Besides who would buy that?

"I'm her boyfriend" I grinned, standing beside her. She gasped lowly, her eyes shifting in between both of us. He wouldn't be able to take me.

"Okay, buddy move it! I have heard it enough" The guy laughed, his grip tightening on her skin. The pretty girl winced trying to break free which made my eyes red. How dare he disrespect me? And on top of that, he was fully convinced that whatever I said was a lie. This is why I cannot stand humans. They are the biggest selfish hypocrites on the planet who cannot love anyone but themselves.

"I'm serious"

He made a face, "Haha okay then. You can have her after my chance is over"

At that I lost it. No way I was going to let him get away with that. Thrusting my hand I wrapped two fingers around his wrist and easily lifted his entire hand. It weighed nothing to me.

He moaned, his eyes widened and trying to free his hand but I made no attempt to let it go. If he thought doing something like that to the pretty girl was okay he had another thing coming. From the corner of my eyes, I noticed that she was shaken up, sitting on the barstool and clutching her bruised wrist.

"Leave me" The guy yelled pushing at my chest with his other hand but I didn't even move an inch. His eyes grew wide and he was trying harder than before.

"Why don't you pick on someone your size asshole?" I spat, finally letting go of his hand as it was turning green. He could easily die in the middle of the club but that's not what I wanted.

"You're a freak"

"Yeah, I've been called worse" I rolled my eyes and pulled back as he tried to make a run.

"If I see you doing this again it's over for you" I yelled at his retreating form while the girl sat on the stool made a noise.

"Hey, are you alright?" My voice went softer, breathing normal as I started at her. It was strange but I didn't focus on it.

She hummed, raising her head and showed me her wrist, "It's just light bruising. I'm fine"

The skin was slightly red and it reminded me of that asshole holding her. I should've killed him instead of letting him run away.

She cleared her throat, "Thank you so much for saving me"

"I was just doing what needed to be done. Humans are not very decent beings. They tend to let their desires take over and this is the result of that"

At my words, her lips twitched a bit and it made me worried that I might have said something wrong.

"They are not."

"Are you here alone?" I changed the topic

She shook her head and turned her head towards the dance floor, "With my best friend and her boyfriend. They are dancing"

"They left you all alone?" I frowned

"It's all right. By the way, I'm Talia" She softly said, her smile blinding and bright.

"I'm Lukas" I gave her a forced smile, purposely not mentioning the part about me being a demon.

***

Chapter 4

/Talia POV/

I cried out as he moved his lips relentlessly against my ones. His hand moved from my arm just to grab at my jaw, fingers long enough to cup it entirely and open it. My eyes automatically shut tight as his tongue met mine.

I brought my arms up to circle his neck, letting out a whimper as his tongue caressed mine. I could feel his hot breath against my lips as if he was enjoying seeing me writhe under him. He pressed harder suddenly, pinning me effectively against the wall. I flinched at the cold touch and bit his lip.

"I want to fuck you" He whispered hotly.

My eyes rolled back and before I could reply I felt his teeth nipping at my skin. My head was fuzzy, and I could feel sweat dripping down my back and it felt way too hot under all the clothes.

Lukas abruptly pulled back and I peered at him through my thick lashes.

"Please" I begged, my eyes blinking at him. My body was eager for his touch and that's all I could think about.

"Okay baby" He murmured and we rushed towards the bed hastily.

I held my breath as he leaned forward on the bed, right under the pillows. He surged forward and kissed me, pushing me until I was on my back. I moaned as his soft lips cradled mine and before I could open my mouth he pulled back.

"You're driving me crazy," He said, breathing shaky and my reply died on the tongue as his fingers hooked on either side of my dress.

He inhaled sharply as the dress was discarded on the floor and my breast spilt out. Lukas licked his lips before he hovered over the perky nipple, blowing his hot breath before clasping his mouth over my nipple.

My back arched as he lightly bit down on the pink nub. His hands immediately tugged on my other nipple, rolling the bud in between his fingers. My fingers found its way to his lush dark hair, tugging on it as he started suckling.

Few more seconds of biting and sucking on the nipple he moved away, kissing his way to the other nipple. I whined as he started much harsher on the other nipple, biting it sharply. My back arched and I fastened my legs around his hips, pulling him down.

My lower backside tingled and abdomen pinched with his every lick. I tried to push his face away feeling the need to get him naked as well. He was still wearing the shirt, his coat lying somewhere on the couch.

"Shh baby," He cooed, lifting his head up from my nipple.

I bit on my lip, "Lukas, please, I need-"

"So demanding baby" He lowered his head, planting kisses down my tummy till he reached the hem of my panties. My breath hitched as he hooked his fingers at the edges and pulled down the panties.

"Lukas," I whispered, my voice broken.

He nodded his head and rushed to take off his shirt, his abs flexing as he brought it over his head. After he was finally freed of all clothes except his boxers, I coyly smiled at him. The tent in his boxers making me hesitant cause he looked huge. I could clearly see every detail through it. As his hand palmed through the boxers it made me realise that maybe I had been staring a bit too long and licking my lips a bit too obviously.

He sat up in the middle of the bed. Lukas bent down as he reached my knees, stroking my flushed cheek. Our lips met again, slow and deliberate this time, our tongues meeting in the middle. His hand reached down and parted my thighs, easing it back on the bed with pressure on my inner thigh. Then, it inched lower and lower, on my clit.

I bit my lip as he slowly circled my nub, circling it with his thumb. He maintained eye contact as he pushed two fingers into his mouth, licking the thumb as well.

A shudder racked through my body as he slowly pushed his index finger. I whined, my back arching as he eased inside and swore under his breath.

"So tight" I cried as he started pushing in and out. But it wasn't enough and I needed more.

"Please more"

"You want one more finger?" Lukas asked, slowly easing his middle finger inside. The stretch made it burn and curled my toes at the sensation.

After giving me a second to adjust he started thrusting his fingers in and out. The second finger was more painful already, but the glide was smooth. The squelching sound of his fingers made my eyes shut tight and strings of moan left my mouth. After a few minutes, I could feel the foreign sensation in my stomach.

"I-I think I am going to come"

He raised his head, his eyes dark, almost purple. How was that possible? Maybe I was just imagining things. "Come on my fingers"

With that he roughly started pushing in and out, his fingers hitting the spot and I threw my head back. My thighs trembled and I felt shivers running through my body as waves and waves of pleasure washed over me. I gasped, trying to breathe after letting go on his hand.

"Fuck"

I was aware that I was covered in spit and sweat and come. Maybe I should move. But I was heaving, the entire lower area was tingling as if the pleasure was actually bubbling in there again. He wrapped one hand around my waist and slowly eased himself on his knees. I frowned but then he breathed on my wet pussy.

"I can't wait to fuck you" He grunted as his warm breath hit the inside of my thighs.

"Please," My voice cracked.

He finally jutted his tongue out and licked at the centre teasingly. I squirmed as he started lapping up, trying to push his tongue inside and it was difficult to hold back a cry. My head pushed back as he parted my folds using his two fingers and started swiping his tongue inside.

"Mmh you taste so good, baby"

I cried as he continued sucking on the folds, occasionally giving a playful lick over my clit. The feeling of his tongue against my heat was getting intense and then he pulled back. My eyes widened taking into his appearance. His lips looked red and plump and his chin was glistening, dripping with my cum.

My eyes shifted towards his cock and it looked painfully erect, pushing against his boxers. There was a tiny spot of precome soiling his boxers. So I leaned down and slid my hand on his dick. A moan ripped out of his chest, prompting me to stroke him through the layer of clothes.

I pushed his boxers down, gasping as the shiny red tip slapped against his stomach. Staring at the cock that stood straight after being freed, a breath rushed from my mouth, I opened my mouth without even realising it. I could feel saliva pool under my tongue, and his cock was so close, could just lean down and get a taste.

"Baby" He hushed, but he sounded rougher, so I got even closer, my lips almost touching his cock.

"Would love to put your pretty mouth to use, but…" His other hand came up to my cheek, thumb stretching my lip and I immediately licked at its underside. "But baby I really want to fuck you tonight."

His eyes looked down as if he were in a trance as if he didn't realise he made that move. I didn't wait for a second, brought my head back down and actually went through. As I held his cock in my palm it twitched. My mouth hesitantly wrapped around the tip, the weight of his dick on my tongue made me close my eyes shut. I suckled on what little I had in my mouth.

"Yes, baby just like that" He grunted, his head tilted back as I started pumping his dick. I mouthed at the tip for a while, sucking for a while. My cheeks hollowed as I started to take him deeper. He cursed under his breath as his fingers tangled in my hair.

"Holy..."He yelled as I could feel the tip of his dick hitting my throat. Tears formed in my eyes as I gargled around his dick, my fingers stroking the edge of his cock. My nose was hitting the base of his dick when I pulled back. Saliva spluttered down my chin and I coughed.

"Fuck, fuck, okay enough," He ordered and moved me away by pulling at my hair.

He wiped my chin, his fingers holding my cheek as he pressed a kiss to my lips. I breathed into his lips as he softly licked my mouth.

"Are you ready?" He panted against my lips.

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Chapter 5

I winced trying to turn around the covers slipping down. As the harsh sunlight hit my face I scrunched my nose and tried to hide my face inside the covers. Shifting around in the bed I let out a yawn.

Rubbing my eyes I tried to sit up only to feel the heaviness in my head. When I glanced at the other side of the bed it was empty. A frown settled on my featured as I tried to think of the plausible explanation of his sudden disappearance.

Pushing the covers off my body my cheeks reddened realising that I was naked. My neck was lightly throbbing and I could feel bright light in front of my eyes. The heaviness in my chest increased as I tried to move out of the bed. A whimper slipped out of my lips when my feet touched the cold harsh floor of the bedroom. Slipping on the flip flops nearby I tied the robe around my bare body.

"He might be in the bathroom" I wondered to myself navigating my way out of the bedroom. I knocked on the brown door few times, leaning against the wall but I did not hear any sound from inside the bathroom.

"Lukas?" I quietly called, my voice caught up. Why did he leave so suddenly? I thought we really clicked the previous night and he was so generous and kind.

The pounding in my head increased tenfold as I walked back to the bedroom. Holding my hair I tugged at them hoping to get some kind of relief. Maybe there was a note on something that I missed. As I searched for the note, racking through the sheets almost aggressively, tears slipping out of my eyes. Sniffling I forcefully wiped at them and slumped down on the bed. Why can't I find anybody? Was there something wrong with me? Did I drive people away?

With all those thoughts in my head, I lied down and closed my eyes because that's the only thing which would make me forget. Tears slipped down my eyes the entire time for the pain in my head, heart and chest.

***

When I woke up the heaviness in my head felt at ease. That was no way that I could take another leave from my work so I made a quick breakfast and ate a few almonds to get rid of the hangover. Apparently does wonders as Mira said the last time we were at her house nursing our hangovers. As always I regretted drinking and promised myself to never do that again.

As I was about to head towards the kitchen I heard the sound of a bell going off. Maybe it was Lukas I thought, slamming the blades down the kitchen counter hastily and rushing towards the door. Adjusting my robe I patted my cheeks a few times and peeked through the tiny peephole of the door. My face fell when I noticed that it was my best friend. Jaxon.

"Hey" I greeted him trying to seem cheerful. It was not his fault so I should not be angry with him.

Besides, why was I so concerned about one nightstand? It shouldn't matter to me, right? He was just a guy I met but for some reason, I could not get him out of my head. There was no way for me to reach him as he did not even mention his full name.

"Hello" He chirped leaning forward to hug. I stilled when his fingers touched my neck and he slid back.

"Someone had a rough night" He wriggled his eyebrows, a sly smirk at the corner of his lips. My lips pursed at that and I walked inside.

"Let's not talk about it" I murmured sitting down on the couch nearby. He slid in beside me and stared at me for a few seconds. It should feel weird but I was kind of used to it. Jaxon always thought that I was hiding things from him and will he was right but only because I did not want him to take everything seriously. He was overprotective and possessive so it scared me to confess to him. The last time I did that he beat up that guy.

His eyes drifted towards my hand clasped together and he softly asked, "Is everything alright?"

"Yes, why wouldn't it be? In fact, I was just getting ready for my work"

He hummed, "I called in the morning. Four times. You were not in university then I remembered that you were last night with Mira. She told me you must be hungover from all that drinking and dancing."

I nodded my head but stopped when I recalled his words. Dancing? What? Me and dancing? There was no way it happened. Mira saw that happen so I should call her later and ask about it.

"Dancing? Me?"

Jaxon chuckled, "Trust me I was shocked too"

"Gee thanks"

"Can you blame me? I can't lie for these many years okay?" He grinned

Rolling my eyes I slapped at his arm to which he didn't even move. "You're a terrible liar"

"I know"

Jaxon did not have his bag with him which meant that he was not going to work. Or that he left it in the car. There was no way to actually tell.

"Are you going to work?"

Jaxon sighed, "No I have a luncheon with some clients"

I stared at the clock on the wall. It was a quarter to twelve and I had to leave in a few minutes or the librarian will eat me. Standing up I motioned him towards the table.

"There's an extra sandwich if you want. I have to get ready for work"

"The library?" He questioned

"Yep. I can't be late today too"

"You were late yesterday?" He questioned, his eyebrows quirked and I nodded my head.

"The subways you know"

He twisted his lips, "Will you let me help you with that car thing atleast now? It's clearly affecting your work"

I made a face at that. Earlier I went to the garage with him to pick some second-hand car but the payment was too much. As always Jaxon insisted on paying for it but there was no way I could take his offer. He was pretty mad about it and made a scene but eventually forgot about it. There were not enough savings in my account to afford a car even after working overtime.

"We already had this conversation"

Jaxon took a breath, "That's what I'm saying. We don't need to keep on talking about it if you just buy the car"

Rolling my eyes I slipped in the bedroom because I had no interest in continuing the conversation. He can be pretty stubborn when he wants his way and I was getting late for work.

"Did you just walk away? Come on Talia!"

"I'm changing!" I yelled from inside the room. He huffed and muttered something under his breath but I was unable to hear it.

After taking a quick shower I threw all the sheets and clothes in the bucket. I did not need any kind of reminder about the guy that left the next day after sleeping with me.

***

Jaxon waited till I got out, a frown on his face. He gave me the silent treatment entire ride to the library and it was funny like that. I did not talk because that would only rile him up and make him continue with his ridiculous thing.

My cell rang as I was about to step inside the library. Taking a look at the screen I let out a breath. Why was Mira calling at this time?

"Hello?"

"Hello? Is that all you are going to say, young lady?" She raised her voice

"Mira, what do you want?"

"To talk to you about that handsome stranger you went home with. What was his name? Luke-Luka?"

"Lukas" I sighed, my other hand clenched in a fist as I remembered the morning incident.

She made loud whistles, "Ahh, of course, you remember his name. He was just that good!"

"Mira I'm about to enter the library. Can we not talk about this now?"

"No, because you promised me that you were going to bring him to my mom's dinner party" She whined.

Clutching the phone tighter I breathed, "I did what?"

"Par favour! Now, don't you play innocent!"

"I cannot bring him, Mira"

"Why? I already told my mother that you were bringing someone"

I slapped my forehead, "Why did you do that? Just why?"

"Because you promised!"

"I can't bring him, Mira! Try to understand" I whispered under my breath trying to remain discreet. People were starting to notice because of the way I was roaming around the library gate.

"Why? Just give me one valid reason and I'll shut up about it" She breathed and I gritted my teeth together, finally leaning against the wall.

"I can't fucking bring him to your dinner party because he took my virginity and left me the next morning"

***

Chapter 6

I held my breath as he sat upon his knees. A big hand landed on my cheek, lightly tracing it and he had a weird look on his face. Like he could almost not believe it was happening. How was I letting him take my virginity? Did I trust him that much?

"Hey" Lukas whispered, his voice rough as he stroked my cheek. My eyes immediately travelled towards him and I hummed.

"You okay?"

"I am"

At my answer, he leant down to kiss me on my lips again. This time I got so lost in our breaths mingling and tongues colliding that I forgot about everything else. I stayed plaint and still in his arms as he started licking into my mouth but I felt something hard against my entrance. My body jolted and I looked up to see his face.

He had a twinkle in his eyes, at least that's how he was looking at me. As I stared at him it felt so familiar like I knew him. How can that be possible? We met at the club but he felt so familiar and known that it was impossible to ignore the pull towards him. Maybe there was just something about him.

"Do you still want to do this?" Lukas slurred as if he could feel the way my heart was beating, loud and frantic. As I peered at him I couldn't help but feel a sudden wave of sudden lust. Blinking my eyes I nodded my head. It was just sex. Why was I overthinking about it?

"Yes, been waiting too long now, almost forever" I replied and bit on my lips.

He shook his head, his fingers trailing towards my swollen lips, "Ahh so cheesy"

"You have that effect on me" I moaned taking his finger in my mouth. His eyes darkened.

"Tell me you are on something."

I hummed along with his fingers when he pulled them away. My nose scrunched at that but they trailed towards his cock and he pressed forward. Gripping his cock he pushed in, ever so slowly, breaching inch by inch. My eyes shut tightly as I took deep breaths, trying my best to relax no matter how painful it was.

"You're a virgin," He said, almost too awed and I nodded my head, too lost in the feeling.

He pushed himself deeper and pressed his lips against mine, meshing them together as he penetrated deeper and deeper. It was too much and not enough at the same time. Breathing felt like an impossible task. I could only open my mouth and bring air in.

He hotly whispered in my mouth, "So tight baby. You're so good, taking me so well, being all lovely just for me"

I licked and bit messily at his jaw, making my way down as best I could. His skin was so smooth like he was crafted by God himself. My eyes rolled back as he was slowly rocking inside me, almost hesitantly.

"Faster..." I breathed against his neck.

He picked up his pace, hitting my spot and I yelped, unable to hold back and hid my face in his neck. His fingers trailed down towards my breast, squeezing and pulling my nipple as he stayed still inside of me.

Tears flowed down my cheeks as I mouthed at the pulse point. He was so big and thick that I felt overwhelmed.

"Fuck...please move" I cried with my lips still attached to his neck, and bit down. He winced, pulling out slowly and pushed in. It was so agonising as I could feel the drag of his cock against my walls.

All the moves from his part were slow but deep, making me feel every inch of his dick. I was growing absolutely crazy, had tried bringing my legs up to push him down forcefully. Lukas grabbed them and put them over his broad shoulders. He had also moved his hand to the back of my neck, the hold firm enough for me to not to move my head.

The pressure in my belly was building up, that's when I felt his index and middle fingers rubbing up and down with the same amount of pressure as before on my clit. I was hiccupping on every upward move, couldn't help all the awkward noises escaping my lips.

"Please..." I cried out as Lukas pulled out suddenly and I whimpered at the loss. The cold air nipped at my skin when he bent down and took my nipple in his mouth. I felt my vision blur, my entire body shaking as he pushed me back on the bed with his mouth still attached to my nipple.

I had an urge to tangle my fingers in the mop of his hair so I did. He made a guttural sound back in his throat, staring up at me as he suckled on my nipple. He pushed his cock inside with one swift move and I yelled.

"O-oh my go-" I screamed but before I could complete my sentence he pushed his hand over my lips. He did not break the eye contact as his dick disappeared in my hole. My head rolled back as I felt the heating coil in my stomach with his cock pushing in and out. It felt as if my entire body was on fire.

He pushed his other hand towards my wet cunt, teasing my nub and then bought it to my mouth. I closed my lips around his fingers, maintaining eye contact as I slurped loudly. His

pupils were blown like never before, and he thrust his fingers in deep right as his dick hit my spot.

I cried out at the sensation, the sound muffled by his fingers. My toes curled around as I gave in and started to come.

His eyes widened but he didn't stop, carried on with his movements. They got sharper, forcing every thrust to hit my spot. Lukas felt like a beast, chasing his orgasm as he kept pounding into my hole. His eyes were shut tight and brows knitted together. I wanted to make this pleasurable for him as well, make him come so I sharply tugged at his hair and clenched my pussy around him.

"F-Fuck" He screamed still inside of me and dropped his head on my neck. His breath felt cool against his skin, and I could feel our hearts beating in sync. With a grunt, he came inside me and I clenched around him.

My mouth dropped open as I felt his seed splutter inside me, wave after wave. I licked my lips, feeling them dry but I also felt absolutely sated.

He began to stir soon after, pulling his soft cock out when I winced. It was messy and I could feel his come inside me, hot and sticky as he pulled out. He sighed as he sat up and looked at the mess he made. As I tried to clamp my legs tight he pulled them apart.

"You are something else,Talia" He breathed, his eyes glowing even in the darkroom. I moved closer to him but he pulled back.

He stood up from the bed and my gut twisted as he shuffled towards the washroom. I suddenly became terrified that he would get up and leave. After all, that was probably the most logical conclusion, right?

I tried to blink back my tears as the door was pulled open but then he came forward with a washcloth. A smile lit up my lips as he cleaned me up instead of walking out. Everything in me froze when I felt his wet kisses on my throat, trailing up to my jaw, my chin, and finally, I felt his breath on my lips.

My eyes fluttered open as he grinned at me. Then he leaned down and pressed his lips against mine. Somehow the kiss felt chaste. Why was he holding back suddenly? Before I could overthink about it he slipped by my side, pulling me closer to his chest. His weight was crushing me and I could feel the full ache in my lower back but nothing mattered at the moment. I brought my hands on top of his as he pushed his face in the hollow of my neck.

"You're like a dream" He rasped pulling away and I laughed, unable to hold back. My eyes felt droopy but I matched his stare, looking over my shoulder.

"And you called me cheesy earlier" I laughed but he just blinked his eyes at me

"I am just being truthful. You're just..."

"Hmm?" I asked as he stopped at that, feeling his breath on my neck.

"I am sure you are sleepy. We can talk about it tomorrow"

At that, I perked up. My eyes were dropping since earlier but I was trying to stay awake for him in the fear that he might leave.

"Will you be here tomorrow?"

"Yes"

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Chapter 7

/Lukas POV/

The red room was almost blinding as I stepped in. My eyes narrowed when I noticed my friend, Leo sitting on the couch. What was he doing here? Not that I did not appreciate the company in the castle but most of them wear assigned a certain task. It pisses me off if they are not completed on time.

"Leo? Fancy seeing you here" I hummed, walking towards the huge chair. Sometimes the entire house felt like over the top but it was something I had to do for establishing my rule over the castle. To let the servants and other demons know that I was the real King of Hell.

Leo let out a breath, "What did you do?"

I frowned at his question. It was so vague! Pulling the chair closer I stared at him hoping to read something off his face. Years of practice made it easy for me to guess what others were thinking. Maybe that's why I had an upper hand on most of the battles and emerged victoriously.

The demons had no real age more like there was nothing which would define their age. I met Leo when I was doing my measly duties. Usually, the low ranking demons had to prove their worth by training themselves to be strong enough to control human minds.

At first, it was Lucifer, our original master of Hell's simple rule because he wanted to rile up his father. The easiest thing would be to control the toys he made, the humans of course. Even after he was caged the tradition sort of continued.

All the demons had to go through basic training to have a place up in hell. The ones who failed thrown away in the Purgatory to guard the place. That's one of the harshest punishment anyone could receive.

Leo was almost failing in his low levels, too scared and fragile for someone who was supposed to be a demon. Naturally, no one had encouraged him to do better because that would mean they would lose their spot. So I forwarded my hand towards him and together we raised our levels. The rest was history.

Leo moved back, an annoyed look crossing his face, "Are you doing your face reading thing again?"

For most upper-level demons, it is important to have a special power, something that made him or her different from the helpless, weak human beings. Leo was a skilled runner. He could make grown demons hide away in shame.

Leaning back I sighed, "I was trying before you rudely interrupted"

"Be serious Lukas it's not funny"

"Fine!" I exclaimed, "What got your knickers in a twist?"

"Those ridiculous fairies summoned you"

At that, my face changed. They were really pushing their luck. The three fairies- Gia, Sia, Mia were the guardians of Fate. It was in their hands to look upon the fates of others, humans mostly. As a tradition, I had to pay my visit to him on my coronation. Ever since that day they were annoying about everything.

"Do they not know that I'm the King of Hell, bloody hell!" I gritted my teeth together looking around the room.

Red fascinated me. There was just something about the colour. Blood, fire and everything lethal was red so I summoned the demons to take over the bodies of dead artists from the past and help me rebuild the place. It was against the law but it was my place.

Every wall in the room was painted red and even the light in the rooms where bright red bulbs. Most of my faithful friends, I can count them on my hand gathers in the very red room for our meetings.

Leo sighed, "You know them! They do not care about others status."

Everything about that was true. It was ridiculous how they had everyone in the palm of their hands. Even death was a slave to their whimsical demands. As they were in control of everyone's fate they informed death about the decisions which would cause an ultimate end to humans life. In the beginning, I used to think that they would just sit around and discuss it like some game. It was different than I had imagined though.

"What do they want with me?"

"You fucked up Lukas" Leo whispered, his voice so low and quiet that I had to strain my ears to catch it. What was he talking about?

The last time I went on a killing spree was because those losers had it coming. They were about to plant bombs in the entire city and as always The almighty does nothing but sit on his throne and whine about humans being wise. It was months ago and I had to endure a long lecture because of that which almost made me rethink my decision of ending them.

"Fucked up? What did I do now?"

He folded his arms together and raised his eyebrows at me, "Did you go on earth recently?"

I avoided his eyes. Most of the time visiting the earth was one of the pleasures I enjoyed. There were so many things to do and I could forget about all the duties for once. My ears would be free of those cries begging for mercy. The air I breathe would feel fresh and not something

made of ash and blood. Years of torturing people should have made me habitual by now but it didn't.

"Yes for a drink" I lied

Leo snorted, "Seriously? For a drink? You have an entire bar downstairs."

"I wanted to feel alive for once. Fuck you're making it sound like I did something wrong"

"You know it's wrong. The celestial creatures are not allowed to contaminate the earth." Leo sighed.

I stood up, angrily stalking towards the mini bar, "We are neither of those Leo! Can't you see that? Besides what's the problem if I go up there for one night? Everything was taken care of"

"Then why did the fairies tell me it's important? It must be something you are forgetting"

With my breathing hitched in my throat, my hands stilled on the bottle. My eyes clenched tight as I thought about the previous night. How stupid I could be to let someone lure me like that? Something took over me the moment I stepped into that club because there was no way that I felt something for a human.

Talia. That name. Her eyes. It was so familiar yet I couldn't place it somehow. When she asked me to come back to a place I should have said no but my mouth was not functioning. Like an idiot, I followed back home and promised to stay. She was doing something to me. That was the only explanation I could come up with. Maybe she was a witch of some kind because I could not read her thoughts.

Whenever I tried to stare at her for too long my head was clouded with different thoughts. All of them leading back to her. As her warm body laid next to mine I felt alive. Like it was a memory. How could that be possible if I was meeting her for the first time?

"Lukas" Leo cleared his throat and I blinked back.

"I don't know what you want to know" I shrugged, focused on opening the new bottle of the whiskey.

Demons had no real stomach for hunger. It did not matter if they eat or not. The drinks and food were sort of an accessory, something to make ourselves feel like a privilege. Most of them use the very reason to throw parties.

"I just want to know if there's something you are not telling me."

I could feel Leo's stare digging into me. That's the other thing I could never get rid of. He was very perspective for his own good. In the hundreds of years of friendship we had, he is sure that he knows everything about me.

"Here" I handed him a glass of whiskey to which he made a face. He was not particularly fond of whiskey. His drinks always were fruity and colourful. Sometimes fooled you into thinking he has a sense of taste and was a human.

"Thanks" He cringed, placing the glass on the table beside him. As I sat down facing him he made a face.

"Are you going to tell me?"

Taking a sip, I swirled the glass around, "Fine. I may have slept with a girl"

"Lukas"

"What? Don't act like you don't do that. I know all about your love for Anna" I huffed.

He got flustered, his cheeks tinting but shook his head, "It's different"

"How so?"

"It is. We are not talking about that"

I rolled my eyes at his defensive stance. Anna was someone he was seeing and she's a human on earth. As he's an upper-level demon he enters into Anna's husband's body and plays house with her. It's been going on for a few years.

"Fine"

"You know that you need to see them, right?" Leo questioned. He was referring to the fairies.

"Yeah"

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Chapter 8

It had been two days since I was trying to forget about Lukas. So far it wasn't working and all I could think was what went wrong. There were still fragments of that night I can recall but not the entire night. It was like a blurred memory.

Staring at the reflection of my dress in the mirror I sighed to myself. It made me feel good, dressing up and distracted from the thought I was having. With one final look, I was out of my room and messaged Jaxon. He was going to pick me up.

Locking the door of the flat was always annoying because the key jammed one too many times. After a few seconds, I was able to do it.

The reason I was so ready and nervous was that Mira's mother had insisted me to join their family for dinner. Simply because they were going to open new wine specially imported from Italy. In spite of denying several times, she wouldn't let it go. Mira was also stubborn like her mother so in the end, she was able to convince me.

I felt like I needed to get out of my house more often and not stay cooped in, thinking about him. Wasn't healthy exactly.

Jaxon was going to pick me up because of course I didn't have a car and he had to put a good argument about it. He had some work around the corner so it won't take him long to be in the parking lot. With that thought in my mind, I headed towards the hallway leading to the elevator.

It was eerily calm. Maybe because it was Sunday and most of them were out. My neck started itching as I neared the elevator. The same strange sensation I was having in the club. Was it because of Lukas? But that stuff happens only in movies. Something was wrong with me maybe I thought to try to scratch at the skin. It didn't do much.

As I tried to press the button of the lift it dinged open. I stood back when my eyes widened staring at weird looking people exiting the elevators.

I blinked twice, hoping that it was just a stupid dream but when I stared back at the three of them in identical costumes but the different colour I knew it wasn't. They seemed like some kind of triplets and had long nails which were strange. The scariest Chapter was that they had a glow around them, yellowish colour. Trying to ignore them proved to be a difficult task as I inched towards the lift door.

I had never seen them before in the building which made it even more suspicious. Maybe they were relatives of my neighbour, Mrs Smith. She was always quirky and weird like that, throwing ridiculous fashion parties as she likes to call them.

"Talia" The three of them bowed down in sync which made me take a step back. My breath hitched in my throat when I realised that they knew my name. How was that possible? I never saw them before.

Licking my lips together, I breathed, my voice quiet, "Umm...who are you all? And how do you know my name?"

The first one of them, wearing a green gown and was almost half of my height, inched forward. She had red curly hair, reaching till her shoulders. Her eyes were green like her dress and she had dark brown lips.

"Don't be scared love"

Her voice was calm, almost soothing which made it even scarier. I inched back involuntarily and crashed against the wall.

My hands gripped at the edges of my teal knee-length sheath dress. With ragged breath and blurred vision, I stayed rooted on spot. It felt like a nightmare. Why was it happening to me? I questioned myself trying to bring back the tears in my eyes. My throat feels clogged up and I could not say anything. The first I was holding was sliding down my arm and I made no effort whatsoever to pull it back up. A Chapter of me was aware that I had my phone in the purse and I could call Jaxon but my body refused to do anything out of fear.

The other standing back were whispering something among themselves. The second one with blue dress came forward and held the green dress hand.

"Gia we should leave. She clearly does not remember anything"

"I can see that" Gia snarled, her nails digging into her dress. My eyes shifted in between both of them as they were having some sort of silent communication. It was difficult to figure out what they were saying.

I peeked at the third one, standing quietly near the elevator. Unlike both of them, she had bright yellow colour eyes, sharp and piercing. The colour of her eyes matched her gown which seems to be a common factor between three of them.

"Mia this is our only chance before he tells her everything" Gia barked back to the blue dress one which I'm thinking is called Mia.

The theory I had of them being sisters was slowly being confirmed.

Who was he? What were they talking about?

The last one quietly whispered, "We cannot mess with fate. It was wrong to think that we can do something. Let's go"

"It was your idea, Sia!" Gia barked, looking over her shoulder. Her face was almost red, nose flaring and nails sharply digging into her skin.

Mia placed a hand on her shoulder, "Maybe she realised that she was wrong. We cannot stay here any longer"

Gia who was angry deflated, a loud sigh echoing around the hallways. It made me scrunch my face. That women sure did have some issues. My eyes pinned at the elevator button. It was still on the same floor. There might be a way that I could slip away without them noticing.

"What about Talia?" Gia focused attention back on me. I tried to move further back away only to realise that there was a wall.

Mia inched closer towards me and I breathed deeply. Was she going to hurt me in any way? I did not have anything to defend myself. This is why I should have carried the pepper spray. Mentally cursing myself I held my breath as she finally stood in front of me. A bleak look on her face.

"Do not worry Miss Talia we won't hurt you?" She said her voice gentle and soft which made my shoulders slump down a bit.

She smiled at that, "Do you believe us now?"

I shook my head because they still seemed strange and scary to me. There was no chance in hell I was going to trust them. What if it was some kind of trap to lure me into believing them? Who knows what kind of people were they?

Her face turned down and she sadly nodded her head. I held my breath as she walked away back to her sisters. My eyes narrowed as she gripped their hands.

"You were right. She does not remember us so there is no way we can tell anything without endangering everyone"

Sia sighed, "Exactly! We need to get away from here"

Mia hummed softly and the three of them joined hands and formed a circle. My eyebrows raised in confusion when they all turned their heads at me. What did they want?

"Talia you will remember. Don't worry you will"

"What?" I whispered but they all smiled in unison which made me feel shivers down my spine.

"See you soon Talia"

They softly said and chanted something under their breath which formed a glowing circle around them. I felt blinded for a few moments and then the light was gone. Just like that. I rushed towards the exact same spot they were standing and looked around. Where did they disappear? How was that possible to vanish in the thin air? Running inside the elevator I tried to look around. Maybe there was some secret compartment inside that I was not aware of. They must be hiding there to give me a scare.

My thoughts were interrupted at the loud ringing of my phone. I almost jumped at the sound and looked around before realising that it was my phone. With a sigh, I tried to steady my hand and pick it up from the purse. I noticed it was Jaxons number.

"Hello"

"H-Hi" I mumbled, my throat feeling dry all of a sudden. My fingers were still shaking.

"Talia, what's wrong? Are you fine?"

My eyes flickered towards my back and front and I nodded my head. Words refused to leave my mouth. Was I still dreaming? There was one way to prove it. Bringing my hand towards my cheek I pinched them. A wince slipped out of my lips.

"Talia, what's going on? Do you need me to come up?"

I shook my head, closing my eyes, "No no I'll be fine...I'm fine"

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Chapter 9

/Lukas POV/

Fates lived in a faraway land which was neither on heaven or hell. A made-up land just for the three of them. Most of them feared to go there because of those notorious fairies. As the three of them lived together in the entire land they always have something mischievous planned upon their sleeves.

'Bloody twinkies' I cringed just at the thought of them. The first time I made them was at the Coronation. Having heard of them I was ready to get my leg pulled but they did not do anything instead looked at me weirdly through the entire night. It spooked me. Yes, they spoked the demon. Imagine that.

I had no idea why I was going to meet them. They should be the one to come back to hell and tell whatever they wanted to. Leo, however, was pretty insistent that something was important if they were calling.

Hell ranks the demons according to their power. As the King of Hell I was above everyone, then came my First Hand, the very person I trust with my throne, Dean. He was one of my trusted soldiers not only because he saved my life. I made him my first in command as a reward for that.

As I was leaving Hell for a few hours I needed someone to guard. It would be surprising to know that people were always plotting something in their cages, mostly the ways to escape their punishment. Humans are funny that way. If they would have behaved maybe they would be up in heaven. Silly creatures.

"My King" Dean bowed in front of me as I straightened the edges of my jacket. Not that I was trying to impress someone but I had a reputation to maintain. The people in Hell seriously need someone to give them a piece of fashion advice so it might as well be me.

He was holding the spear in his one hand while his other hand was lying by his side. Most of them mistake him for being helpless, but his other hand was made of the strongest metal in Hell. The metal nearly gets heated up for two thousand years before turning into something beatable. I offered him the metal because he lost his arm in the fight saving me.

"Ahh...Dean just the person I was looking for" I gave a slight tilt to my head. He never met my eyes, always staring at the floor as if to show respect. It got mundane after a while, getting that kind of respect. People feared me that's why was difficult to talk with anyone of them. They simply thought it as an order and followed it.

"What do you need, my King?"

"I'm going to see Fates so I need to look after the place for a while. Can you do that?" I raised my eyebrow, staring at him through the mirror. He hummed.

"Of course my king"

"Good"

"Is there anything else you need me to do?" Dean asked as I pocketed the watch. It had a long chain to it and for some reason, I always carried it along with me.

"Yes. The three-floor needs some upgrade, don't you think?" I smirked, enjoying the way he raised his head up and grinned.

They were not suffering enough. Blood-curdling cries of those while they are punished for the sins they committed was something I enjoyed a lot. It may sound sadistic but they deserve it and to see them experience it every day was a true pleasure.

"I'll get right away to it" Dean tightened his grip on the spear. The electricity sizzling out of the tip.

His spear had high voltage electricity thrumming inside that's why he carried it along with him. It made him look very old fashioned and stereotypical for a demon but he enjoyed it.

I shook my head, my lips twitching, "No no I want you to send Leena to handle it. She's been driving me crazy for extra duty"

"As you please" He bowed again and stood there for few seconds, still not looking at me.

"Out" I moved my eyes towards the entrance of the door.

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The buzzing sound in my ears was annoying but it was something I had to endure. The harsh wind blowing across my face made me grit my teeth together. For a second I thought that it was their doing, those twinkies making my journey even more difficult than it has to be. Looking over my shoulder I let out a sigh.

The portal was still open and I could slide back to the hell anytime. At least they did not have control over that. My eyes moved around, noticing the different colour flowers everywhere. In the middle of the garden was their cottage.

"Let's do it" I muttered under my breath and pushed at the brown door.

When I entered inside, silence greeted me. The cottage looked huge from the inside, like mansion huge. How bored are they?

Trying not to get annoyance best of me I trudged towards the stairs, keeping my eyes open. They were tricky little pests and I was in no mood to ruin my suit. Of course, nothing would

happen to me physically because I could easily overpower them. Still, it was better to be cautious.

"King" One of them squeaked, opening the door before I could climb the stairs. It was Sia. Oh, the shy, nervous one. Great!

"Why did you call me?" I got straight to the point. There was no way I was going to entertain them for a long time. She motioned for me to follow her inside the room.

"What is going on?" I asked as the door closed behind me.

My eyes widened when I noticed the room I was standing in. The Fates room. Everything happens in the exact same room. After they receive the news of new life on earth, they visit and decide it's fate. Weave a new thread of life. I swallowed the lump formed in my throat as I stared at the huge display of threads with colours and shine on them.

Mia smiled, "My King. You got our message?"

I dryly laughed, "That's why I'm here"

Gia was standing near the round pool, chanting something which made me frown. Where they also witches? I stood there quietly observing her and trying to figure out exactly what she was doing. Demons usually don't get proper education like those angel twats upstairs. The upper-level demons, although try to learn about the spells and incantation often find it difficult.

"What is she doing?" I asked Mia who was mixing something in a bowl.

"You'll find out soon"

My nose flared at that and I glared in her direction, "Listen I know you all think that I sit on my throne all day and do nothing but it's exactly opposite. Shocking I know. If you are not going to answer any of my questions I won't hesitate to step out of here"

Sia coughed, shaking her head, "Please this is important. We would have not called you if it's not. There is something you need to know"

I rolled my eyes, "Alright but make it quick"

Mia hummed, "Just a minute. This thing," She raised the bowl she was holding towards me, "As soon as it is done we will be done"

"What is that anyway?" I asked, casually leaning against one of their pillars. From the corner of my eyes, I noticed that the display of the threads when few of them went dim. What was that about?

"We can tell you. You have to trust us on this"

"Right!" I snorted but Mia smiled in my direction. She was too cheery like that. Made me irk.

"Why are some of them turning dim?" I questioned, my eyes focused on the display. They felt like fairy lights but in different colours and shapes.

Gia turned around, "They are dying"

I blinked at her, "What? You have the authority to know about it?"

From what I knew about Fates I thought they only controlled life. Even the people from Hell did not know about human deaths. Death and his followers collected the souls and bought it for us. That's how discreet the information was.

"Yes, we control life and death" Sia softly said, delicately touching at the thread and ripping it off.

I winced, "Wow"

"It's ready," Gia said patting my arm and I raised my eyebrows at her.

"What?"

"The water. Just dip your head in and you'll find out the reason you are here"

I looked hesitantly at the water, "Okay fine but if I die I am going to haunt the three of you"

Mia giggled, "It'll be fun though"

"Unbelievable" I rolled my eyes and stepped towards the pool. Staring at the water for a few seconds I took a deep breath and dipped my head in.

Nothing mattered anymore as memories flashed in front of my eyes. Different colours and people went by. Gasping I stood up, trying to inhale.

"Talia is having my baby" I spluttered, coughing the water off my lungs.

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Chapter 10

The room felt like it was spinning the moment I sat down. Trying to blink my eyes I looked around and everything was still blurry. What was happening to me? My head felt heavy as I try to open my mouth. The beads of sweat rolled down my forehead. As I tried to bring my hands to my face I noticed they were clammy and cold.

With my head tilted up, I tried not to stay at anything in particular. Clutching the bedpost I tried to slowly stand on my feet, the intensity of the pain increased. Swallowing the bitter taste in my mouth I could feel nausea rushing to my throat. Unable to hold myself any longer I ran towards the bathroom, not caring if I slip in between and land on my face.

As my fingers closed at the handle of the door I was successful. Pushing the door open I stumbled inside and emptied all the contents of my stomach. The heaving sounds made my earring so I clutched them tightly.

"Oh...god..." I moaned wiping at my mouth. The heaviness in my chest felt a little better as I pushed my face up. Staring in the mirror a gasp slipped out of my lips. The person standing in front of me was almost unrecognisable. My shirt was stained with my stomach contents which gross. I sighed noticing my lips. They were red and swollen just like my eyes. I could feel my nose running and my cheeks were blotched. The sweat was everywhere on my face, making my hair cling on to the side. What was happening to me?

It must be those shrimps I ate in Mira's house. But it was almost two weeks ago. How would that affect me now? I grimly thought dabbing at my tears. Sometimes I felt like crying for no reason at all. This was one of those moments.

Sniffing I splashed some cold water on my face, scrubbing my cheeks to get rid of the puffiness.

"Maybe I need to lie down," I thought to myself and walked towards the bedroom. The ticking sound of the clock made me aware that I have to get to work soon. My legs felt jelly as I tried to walk, the weakness taking over my body and making each step wobbly.

There was no one to take care of me really. At the age of twenty-three I should accept that fact and get on with life but it was difficult. My dad did not try to contact me ever since I left the house. It's like he forgot he had a daughter which should be good for me. He was never there for anything anyways. The moments where I felt sick was always haunting because I remembered my past and could not help but miss my parents. Those were some of the days I could never forget because we were a happy family.

Shaking my head I pulled the covers over my body and deeply sighed. Atleast I had a warm bed, something I should be thankful for.

***

My eyes fluttered open when I heard the sound from the kitchen. The heaviness in my head was completely gone and I felt better than before. As the clattering sound echoed around my eyes widened. Did someone break into my house? The thought made me sit up immediately. Maybe I was imagining things again as I did with those three of them.

Still, my eyes wandered around the room looking for my phone. There was a good chance that I was not hallucinating because the smell of something cooking hit my nose. It was coming from my kitchen which was concerning.

As I did not find my phone nearby I slowly slid out of the bed and picked the alarm clock in my hand. It was tiny but quite heavy which will do enough harm for that thief.

Raising on my hunches I tried to make no sound, quietly inching toward the kitchen. I was aware that I was risking myself but I did not have a phone nearby so it was the only way.

When I peeked inside the kitchen, the fight left my shoulders noticing that it was Jackson. Why was he making so much noise?

Jackson yelped as he turned around, clutching his chest when he noticed me. I shushed him.

"What the fuck?"

"I should say that" I grumbled making my way inside the kitchen. When I noticed the huge bowl on the side along with some crackers my face broke out in a smile. He was making chicken soup for me.

"Did you make that?"

Jackson hummed, "I was until you scared me with that alarm clock"

I sheepishly smiled, placing the clock on the counter and rested my back against the counter. He was even wearing an apron which made me shake my head.

"Seriously though alarm clock?" He questioned again, his eyes shifting towards the clock and me. I shrugged in response because that's the only thing I had nearby which could cause serious harm.

"How did you know that I was sick?" I questioned, picking a cracker from the plate. He pushed it away from my hand which made my nose scrunch. Didn't he bring those for me?

When I tried to reach for another he handed me a glass of water, "You need to drink water first"

I huffed, taking a long sip.

"Happy?"

"Very"

Rolling my eyes I asked him again, "How did you know I was sick?"

"When you lifted the call earlier you mumbled something I couldn't understand so I came here to check on you. Then I noticed your stained shirt on the floor so I figured"

My cheeks claimed as I forgot to throw the shirt in the machine.

"Sorry"

He scoffed, "What are you sorry for? People get sick you know."

I rolled my eyes at his tone, lips pressed together, "Fine I won't apologize ever"

"Oh, how will I live without your infamous apologies?"

"Idiot" I hid a smile behind the glass.

***

After having my lunch which was made by my best friend I decided to take a day off from work. He talked with the manager and explained to him the condition I was in. The librarian huffed something under her breath for a few seconds but decided to grant me the leave.

There was no way I was going to lie down in the bed all day so I decided to watch Netflix. He used his account on my TV but made no comment about it which was a relief.

A few hours later I threw up again which made Jackson concerned enough to book an appointment with the clinic. He would not take my word for it.

"Don't worry about it"

"I am worried because you are making such a big deal out of it"

He made a face, "That's what you are worried about? Talia, you have been throwing up non stop since morning. We need to get you to the hospital"

"Not nonstop" I grumbled under my breath. Okay maybe he was right about going to the hospital but I did not want to spend money on unnecessary medicines.

"Eight times is non stop for me"

"You're so annoying"

Jackson grinned, "Thank you. Now let's go"

When we entered inside the clinic, the lady was kind enough to rush us before anyone else because of course Jackson's influence. It felt wrong to do that.

The doctor asked me for the blood and urine samples while Jackson waited outside the entire time. He was sweet that way. For some reason, I was nervous about the entire thing because hospitals scared me. They have never been kind to me.

"We are done here" The doctor smiled as she forwarded me her hand to step down.

"Umm...so? Is everything fine?"

She hummed, "Don't worry it's just nausea. Happens sometimes but I still got your samples for checking."

"Great! Does that mean I can leave now?"

She laughed, "You don't seem too fond of this place"

My lips pursed at that and I shrugged, "Well can you blame me?"

"No"

"Thanks again"

"No problem. You'll receive a message tomorrow of the results. Till then make sure you are following the medication"

I tightly clenched my fingers on the file and nodded my head, "Sure"

***

Jackson was kind enough to drop me off after the trip back from the hospital. My stomach was in knots, waiting for the result but I manage to distract myself by watching the Netflix series all by myself. Jackson had made some bread toast and tomato soup for dinner so I heated that up.

The next morning I woke up and searched for my phone. It was tangled in between the sheets. As I noticed the message symbol on the screen with the hospital number I sighed.

Opening the message my eyes widened at the particular words staring back at me.

Congratulations Miss Talia! You are pregnant.

***

Chapter 11

I was proper freaked out over that text. Just when I thought that I could put that night behind and start new it happened. How was I going to forget Lukas if I carried his baby in my stomach? Everything happening to me felt like a weird nightmare. Something I wish never happened.

After my mother passed away the only priority I had in my mind was to complete my education. Thinking about a child of my own was the last thing on my mind. But now that I was pregnant I had no option but to think about the consequences. How was I going to contact Lukas?

With my two struggling jobs I could hardly get the luxuries for myself how will I afford it for one more? The extra one being a newborn baby. I had no experience with kids maybe a little since I used to visit my neighbour kids but that's the extent of it. As I did not have any younger brother or sister there was no one to teach me about the basics. That was not even my big problem.

Lukas was my biggest concern. He was just a stranger I met in a club and bought him back home. Maybe it was just my memory but I could not even recall his last name. Hell, I can barely remember anything from that night apart from the deed we did in my bed.

The librarian was kind enough to agree about me coming late to work. It's because of the way I had been sweating the entire time that while talking on the phone I threw up. The sounds were enough for her to confirm that I was not lying about my condition.

After that, I made herbal tea for myself and sat on the loveseat in the living room. The first thing I did was book an appointment for my checkup but sort of pushed it in the corner of my mind. The most important thing I needed to do was decide whether I wanted to keep his baby or not.

"What am I even thinking?" I sighed, rubbing my face. There was no way I could manage my education and a newborn baby at the same time. Also, it's not like I hated babies.

"This is getting nowhere" I stood up from my bed and walked towards the desk. As I landed on my feet, my head felt heavy and dizzy at the sudden action. Another thing that I had to suffer was nausea.

Mira was the only one I could confide in about the baby. Jackson, on the other hand, would most likely think about killing Lukas and then start talking. He must know for sure but not this way.

Mira picked up on the first ring and I bit back my smile. It's no surprise since she always has the phone in her hand. I was fully aware that she must be in the university because of her class but it didn't hurt to try so I did.

"Hello" She chirped, her voice extra sweet and loud. How was she so cheerful in the morning?

"Are you in class?"

"No, it's criticism lecture. I would rather do anything but attend that one"

I shook my head at that. For someone who was interested in English literature, she swore not to attend the criticism class. The professor was a headass, her words not mine, and always picked up on her.

"I know"

"So are you at work? Maybe I can swing by and we can get breakfast? My treat"

I let out a breath, "I'm not in the library. There is something I need to tell you and I need your honest opinion about it"

"Okay..."

Clenching my eyes shut I took a deep breath. There was no easy way to tell so I had to do it like ripping off the bandage.

"I'm pregnant"

There was silence on the other side and for a second I thought that she might have hung up the phone before hearing the news. When I heard her sharp inhale I sighed.

"Are you joking?"

"No" I shook my head

"Fuck! Are you crazy then? Why would you tell me this over the phone? Wait a minute I'm coming over"

The line went dead and I huffed, throwing the phone back on the couch. Patience was never my strongest virtue so it was going to be difficult. With that thought, I switched on the television and started the Teen Wolf episode again. Obviously, I was rewatching it since it's been a while and I missed Stiles.

***

After a few minutes when the doorbell rang my eyes roamed around the living room. It was messy as I did not bother to clean up the pizza boxes from three days ago. The Chinese menu was lying somewhere around the foot of the table. Mira was going to be so annoyed by it. Due to my sickness and lack of energy, I did not have it in me to clean up. Besides Mira can shut up for a while and listen to real problems and give me the solution.

With a sigh I stood up and marched towards the door, taking a look over at my appearance through the mirror on the basin. It was not my best but the black boy shorts and sleeves grey tank top matching my worn-out flip flops was okay.

Opening the door my mouth opened in shock when I noticed the person standing in front of me. It was not Mira.

"Miss Talia?" The guy gruffed, bending down in some sort of greeting. My eyes widened when he stood like that for a few seconds. Then it clicked me. How did he know my name?

"Umm...that's me"

He was dressed in a long black shirt and flared black pants. The red crystal around his neck was what caught my attention along with the huge spear-like thing he was had in his left hand. Was he dress up for some fancy dress competition? I thought.

"Dean from the darkness of the universe, bows before you" He bowed again and I didn't know how to react. His accent was thick, like something from ages ago.

"Okay, who are you? How do you know my name?"

He raised his head up, "Everyone knows your name now miss. You are our Kings mate"

I blinked at him, his words going over my head, "A what to what now?"

His nose flared but instead of barking at me like I thought he would, his lips twitched, "If you come along with me you will understand everything. My King is waiting for you"

I took a step back, my hand immediately going towards the handle of the door. He seemed like a psychopath on the run who might have guessed my name somehow. I was not going anywhere with him at least not when he speaks like that.

"Okay, buddy this has gone too far now. Find someone else to play a prank on" I forced a chuckle while trying to shut the door on his face but he stopped it with the force of his palm.

My eyes widened, heart pounding as he shook his head. He must be truly insane. Swallowing the lump formed in my throat, I tried to play it cool.

"Dean is it?" He nodded his head, "You seem like a nice guy alright so just let me go back inside. I will not tell anyone about this, yeah?"

He grunted, slamming the spear on the ground, "No. I cannot leave without taking you along with me"

My face fell at his tone. Fear churned inside my stomach but I tried not to let it show on my face. If he won then he could easily drag me out of my own apartment.

"Dean listen to me..."

"Let's go" He shook his head while eyeing the hallway. It was empty which made tears well up in my eyes. Everyone was off to work so the entire floor was empty. Where was Mira?

"I'm not..." I gritted my teeth while trying to force the door shut but his palm was strong enough to resist it. Sweat started forming in the back of my neck and I was aware that with one

push I could go stumbling back, harming the baby in the process. My hand immediately went to my stomach.

"The child needs to be protected. We need to leave now!" Dean said as I tried to run back inside the house. Before I could it make it further steps there was a palm around my mouth and my head lolled back.

A spark of some sort clouded my vision and I fell back, fully hoping to be on the floor but someone held my body. My eyes tried to fight back the darkness but all I could do was twitch.

"I am sorry Miss Talia...We need to get you back like this" That's the last thing I heard before fully giving in to the darkness.

***

Chapter 12

/Lukas POV/

I couldn't think straight. Atleast not till I was fully convinced that Talia was safe. There were unknown dangers lurking in the shadows on the earth. She was innocent and probably had no idea of what's going to come or what was happening to her. Before anything happens I should do something about it.

The three fairies looked elated as I tried to think about something. Why were they so happy about it? I thought while staring at them.

"Why are you so happy about it?"

They shared a look. Were they talking among themselves again? I held my breath until one of them turned towards me.

"Do you not realise King that you are going to create history?" Mia giggled, her arms stretched in a dramatic manner.

My eyebrows furrowed together, "History? How?"

Gia took a deep breath as she dragged me towards the thread display. I made a face at her touch but followed anyways. As I noticed the display closely there was some kind of inscription on them. How intricate were they?

Gia went around the corner as I stood there watching the thread dim and fall by. It was so shocking to see so many threads hanging loose at the same times. It might be the number of people hanging on a thread for life. No pun intended of course.

My eyebrows raised in curiosity when I noticed the golden box in her hand. It looked heavy as she cradled it in between her hands. What was she holding?

"Here" Gia softly said forwarding the box towards me. I glanced at Mia and Sia who were staring at the box with twinkles in their eyes.

"What is it?" I questioned, still hesitant to touch that box.

"Open it my king"

"Uh..." I drawled while leaning toward and opening the box. The sudden glow from inside blindsided me for a while. Moving back I squinted my eyes.

"What is it?"

Gia picked the thread from the box and held it in her pale white hands. It glowed on her skin.

"You see this thread?

"Yeah"

"It is the fate of your child. We weaved it together"

My mouth fell open at that. I was looking at my child's fate. An unknown emotion fluttered in my chest.

Mia hummed while standing beside her sister, "It's only glowing because Miss Talia is carrying it."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Your child will be half demon, my King..."

"And demons don't have fate" I completed the sentence for her. The thought didn't sit right with me. Before I had no idea that I was capable of being a father. But Talia was pregnant with my demon child who was going to create history somehow.

Gia hummed, "Your child does. Notice the colour of thread?"

I peeked at the thread again. It was half black and half white which was strange. The other threads were of different colours.

"It's made of two colours" I wondered out loud.

"Because in the end the person is determined by his choices, not by his fate. You child can either choose either."

Gia walked towards the display, bent down and weaved my child's thread beside a white glowing one. It must be Talia's. My chest felt at ease with her words. Maybe it won't be that bad after all if my child chooses wisely. If my child wishes to be human it can and that's something I would never oppose.

"My King, are you going to get Miss Talia?" Mia asked, her voice high pitched and a huge smile on her face. I narrowed my eyes for a while before nodding my head. There has to be some kind of way to get her in Hell.

"She can still be in Hell without dying" Sia mumbled, her voice pointed as she stared in my direction. How did she know what I was thinking?

Gia shrugged, "The room reflects your thoughts"

Creepy. I thought staring around the room. For someone who claimed to be righteous and God sent they were really something. Anyways the important thing was getting Talia in Hell.

No living souls have been able to survive the wrath of Hell. It's just not in their nature to sustain the vivid visuals and live with it. That's why only the soles are bought and kept in the chamber for torture. They don't have any human functions in them, kind of lifeless souls.

Besides I never had the opportunity to bring someone personally to Hell. It was going to be tricky if I was going to do something like that.

"How can I bring her then?" I questioned, my hands clenched behind my back. This is why I hated being a demon. We will always be shorthanded in terms of knowledge and have to rely on the godly creatures.

Gia scoffed, "You cannot do that but someone else can"

I frowned at that. Being a Demon King should at least get me something. What was fun in that if I couldn't do anything? My lips pursed together.

"Who?"

Sia turned towards me, "Your first in command"

My mouth parted at that, "Dean?"'

Did they not know that he was merely one of my soldiers? How can he do that? I laughed at the thought. They must be mistaken for sure.

"He is my first in command. I don't think he can do anything about it"

"You'll be surprised my King at what others are capable of" Sia hummed, her eyes focused on the pool. It was kind of embarrassing to admit but out of three of them, Sia made me question the most. She was different than the two of them and too creepy for my liking.

"He's just a demon!"

"We know but you don't know that he's more than that" Mia forwarded me what look like in ancient parchment. Staring at her for a few seconds I looked at the writing. It was in Latin of course but lucky for me I took up Latin while in high school.

My eyes widened when I noticed that Dean was one of the devotees of God. He fought from their side during the great war but after losing his family he lost faith. Even though he was one of the loyal no one batted an eye at his grief and asked him to move on. That's why he committed suicide and ended up in Hell.

"Wow" I blinked several times. It was a shame that I did not know anything about his past and he had been working for me from several decades now. Why did not he say anything about it?

"I had no idea"

"It's funny isn't it?"

"What is?" I snapped, glaring at Sia. It pissed me off when she acted like know it all which was most of the times. That's the reason I detested being in their company. If I heard Leo suggesting me to go to them again I was going to kill him.

"That we think we know everything about everyone," Sia said cooly

Kill him. Seriously kill him multiple times.

Scoffing at her tone I rolled my eyes and walked out of there. Stupid twinkies and their stupid philosophical words.

***

Dean was guarding the arms room. He didn't have to actually but it's something he likes doing because of all the weapons inside. Most of the time he's messing around with them and I just let him.

"Dean" I cleared my throat standing outside the room. At my voice, he instantly dropped the weapon in his hand and walked outside. To think he served to God was still mind-blogging to me.

"Yes, my King" He bowed down in a greeting. I walked along and asked him to follow me.

"I want you to do something important for me"

He nodded his head, softly humming, "Anything you want my master"

"Recently I found out that you have the power of bringing people in Hell without having to kill them..." I drawled finally standing against the wall. His cheeks were bright red as he ducked his head down and nodded.

"I am sorry my lord"

"Don't be" I shook my head

"Hmm?"

"You are helpful after all so I wouldn't apologise if I were you"

He still looked confused at my words. The parchment was still sitting in my pocket so I ripped it to shreds in front of me.

"I won't kick you out of Hell if that's what you are worried about"

His eyes brightened at that, "Really?"

"Yes I'm going to forget about this betrayal if you do something for me Dean"

"Anything my king"

I made a flash in the air and showed him the picture of Talia. The exact memory of her I had in my mind. It was of that night we met in the club. I pointed at her.

"Talia here is carrying my baby so I want you to bring her back to my castle. Safe and secure."

"As you please" He bowed down and was gone before I could blink.

***

Chapter 13

I blinked my eyes, squinting them instantly at the harsh lighting on my face. When I looked around the room my eyes wide under the unfamiliar walls. It took me a few seconds to get the sleep out of my eyes. I winced as I tried to sit up, my head throbbing.

"Where am I?" I mumbled to myself, my eyes focused on my hands. They were slightly trembling. What was happening to me?

I glanced around the room, trying to figure out where I was. The last thing I remember I was waiting on my couch and grumbling about Mira being late. How did I walk out of my apartment without my knowledge?

As I squinted my eyes at the window a low gasp slipped my lips. There was a huge water body beyond the window, surrounded by trees everywhere. I pushed the covers off my body and trudged towards the gallery, wincing with each step. It was cold everywhere so I wrapped an arm around myself.

A cold gust of wind hit me and I shivered, tightening the grip around my body. The air smelled warm and crisp which was shocking since it was cold.

"Miss Talia" I jumped at the sudden tone, turning around and hitting my head in the process.

There was a woman, slender and tall, bowing her head down. She had a black long gown on her body, fully covering her arms. Her hair was tied in a bun along with a red ribbon on top.

Rubbing my head I pushed the door shut behind me. My eyes watered at the pain but I blinked them back.

"How do you know my name?"

"Your lunch is on the table, Miss. Is there anything specific you want to eat?" I narrowed my eyes at her as she refused to raise her head up.

"I'm asking you something"

She was quiet. For a second I doubted that she might be a robot that's why she was not responding. When I tried to slide closer towards her she seemed on edge so I sighed. The last thing I wanted was to scare someone.

My eyes widened when I noticed chicken tikka with macaroni and diet coke. How did she know my favourite dish? It was impossible to even guess because it was such an absurd combination.

"How did you know about my favourite dish?" I questioned again but there was silence from her side. Frustrated I kicked at the edge of the bed, only injuring my foot in the process. A cry tore out of my throat as I tried to sit down on the bed, my leg throbbing from the impact.

She bought me the first aid box from the drawer, "Do you want me to apply this for you miss?"

I gritted my teeth, pulling the box away from her forcefully. It may not be her fault but I was getting incredibly frustrated to not know about anything. She ducked her head at my action.

"Get out of here"

As she walked out of the room I threw the box on the other side of the bed. The smell of chicken wafted throughout the room but I refused to take another peek at the plate. What if someone poisoned the food? I cannot take a risk not when I could be enjoying my unborn baby.

My hand went towards my stomach and a sob ripped out of me. What was I going to do? If I don't find any way to get out of wherever I was they could kill me. Who were these people? Was it the doing of that creepy man in the bar? The thought terrified me and I cried some more till my tears dried and I let my head fall on the side.

***

I jerked awake from my sleep at the sound of the knock. Rubbing my eyes I blinked at the entrance of door only to notice another woman. She was dressed in a similar manner as the one who came in to give me food.

"What do you want?" I rasped, my voice still groggy and low. Swallowing the lump down my throat I tried to sit up on the bed.

"My King has requested your presence in the red room"

A shiver ran through my body at her tone. Who was this person? He must be incredibly rich to have so many servants. What kind of person asks others to call him King? I scoffed at the thought.

Whoever he was I did not care because I was going to give him a piece of mind. My hand immediately when towards my jeans pocket but then I noticed I did not have the pepper spray along with me. I frowned at that. There has to be some way to injure the King guy and escape. I thought.

"What is the red room?"

The maid softly said, "Can you please hurry up Miss Talia? My King is not the most patient man"

"Well I don't give a fuck about your King"

The maid just shook her head and approached me. She took a look at the plate on the table and let out a sigh. It was untouched because there was no way I was going to believe them.

"Is the food not to your liking Miss?"

Annoyed at her tone, I twisted my lips, "Can you stop calling me that? My name is Talia"

"And no I don't want to eat this shit food and get killed"

"We assure you miss that's the last thing we want. Please eat something."

I rolled my eyes, "Yeah right like I'm going to believe whatever comes out of your mouth."

She opened her mouth as if to say something but shook her head and clasped her hands together. My eyebrows furrowed at that. What was she playing at?

"Are you ready to go Miss?"

"Go where?" I gritted my teeth, my eyes still searching for something that could do serious harm.

"To meet My King"

***

I couldn't stop staring at the walls as we walked through a long hallway. There were inscriptions everywhere, mostly it was Latin but as I strode further the language was different. Did it translate to something? The symbols and letters were too tiny and stretched till the ceiling. Even if I was capable of reading Latin there was no way that I could reach that high. Besides who paints their walls in that way? A crazy person that's who.

Also as I trailed behind the maid I couldn't help but notice how dark the hallway was in spite of having light bulbs on both sides of the walls. It's like they were focusing the light on something else.

"What is this place?" I asked, unable to control myself, turning my head towards Kira. That was her name. The only thing she answered.

Kira stared in my direction, long and hard before her eyes shifted towards the front, "You will find out soon enough"

"That's not creepy at all"

Her lips twitched at sides. It was good to know that she was capable of feeling something. As the red door appeared in front of us, Kira motioned for me to stop.

"Is this the room?" I questioned, looking on either side. It was dark everywhere. All the light from the bulbs on the wall was focused on the red door which gives it an eerie look. If the King guy was going for that look then he completely succeeded.

She hummed, "This is where I leave you, Miss."

"What do you mean by that?" I questioned, turning my head towards her but she was gone. Vanished just like that. My eyes widened and I gulped loudly. Was I dreaming again? How can a person vanish just like that?

Taking a deep breath I pushed open the door and stepped inside. It closed automatically behind my back. I blinked my eyes at the bright red light everywhere. No wonder it was called the red room.

"Hello?" I whispered, my voice barely audible as I tried to walk further.

The room was huge, furniture everywhere. I don't know if it was the lighting but even the furniture appeared to be red. This guy was clearly obsessed with the colour and had some issues if he was able to create a room like that. It seemed like something an insane person would do.

I caught a glimpse of a person standing towards the window. His back was towards me.

"Hi, Talia. Miss me?" He questioned, his voice sultry and dark. I knew that voice. As I lifted my head to look at him it felt like my breath was knocked out of my lungs. Lukas.

My eyes were impossibly wide, hands cold and clammy as I was trying to control my erratic breathing. The sound of my blood rushing echoed in my ears.

"Lukas?" I whispered, my eyes digging into him. He inched closer, taking my hand in his.

"Can you please sit down? There's something I need to tell you"

***

Chapter 14

It was not possible. I thought to myself while staring at Lukas. Why would he abduct me after leaving the very next day? My hands were shaking as I lost my footing, trying to hold steady on my feet. The need to get out of there was intensifying.

Seeing his face after trying to forget it was difficult. No wonder that he send someone to abduct me in that way. He knew my address. I should have connected the dots earlier it would have saved me a lot of shocks.

Taking a deep breath I looked around, "Why am I here?"

His face tightened as he sat on the couch opposite me. The silence in the room was deafening and made me hear every little sound, like the clock ticking, the wind blowing past us and creaking of the door.

"Because there is something important you need to know"

My face changed at that. He had the audacity to say those words when he left me behind like I did not even matter. Not even a single explanation. It has been weeks since that incident. Why couldn't he let me forget about it? Was he suddenly having some kind of revelation and wanted to apologize for his stupid behaviour?

I snorted, my eyes into slits, digging into him, voice raised, "And you couldn't tell this at my home? You send some airhead to kidnap me and drug me so that you can talk to me? Do you realise how fucked up that is?"

At my tone, he flinched visibly but tried to hide it. I tried not to focus on the way he was sitting, all-powerful and dominant. For a moment it would be difficult to even recognise him with the three-piece suit he was wearing. What happened to that Lukas I met in the bar?

"I know that you are angry-"

Raising from my seat, I stumbled, my eyes feeling heavy. My hands immediately went towards the couch, holding it to steady myself. His eyes immediately shot top, narrowed at my hands gripping the couch. I noticed that his breathing got still.

"You don't even know the half of it. I am fucking furious" I yelled at the top of my voice. The louder I got the more I was experiencing dizziness. It did not matter. He had to know how angry I was.

He got on his feet and paced towards me. I took a step back, my eyes widened. The thought of him hurting me crossed my mind but when he sat on his knees in front of me I breathed. What was he trying to do? As his hands wrapped around my wrist I inhaled sharply. He gripped my wrist and made me sit back on the couch. It was almost too tender and unlike him.

I nervously looked around as he took my hand in his. A sudden shiver passed through my body, thrumming till my toes that I had to blink my eyes.

He cleared his throat, his eyes on our entangled hands, "I sent Dean because I would not be able to bring you back from the earth"

I gaped at his words, my eyes blinking several times in the hope that he would laugh any moment. Why was he talking as we were not on earth? My teeth clenched together when he did not say anything for several minutes. It may be a possibility that he was trying to cheer me up and joking about it. If that was the case then he was the absolute worst person ever.

I pulled my hand away, "This is not the time for jokes Lukas. I don't care what you want to say you can say it back at my place. Mira is going to be worried sick if she doesn't find me there"

He shook his head, his face almost painful as he tilted his head up. My breath hitched in my throat when I noticed the colour colour of his eyes. They were blue. How is that possible? From what I remembered he had different colour eyes. Maybe he was just wearing contacts back at the club.

"That's- I am not joking. You are not on earth anymore"

I laughed nervously, shaking my head, "Okay it's funny. Will you stop it now? I need to go back"

He winced, "You cannot. I cannot let you go back"

At his voice, my heart started beating rapidly. There was something wrong. If he was playing a prank it could be seen in his eyes but he sounded honest. How is that possible?

Swallowing the lump in my throat, I sniffled, "Lukas please let me go. I promise I won't tell anyone about this"

He took a deep breath, pinching at the bridge of his nose, "Why can't you understand that I can't let you go?"

I yelled, "Because I don't know!"

Tears trickled down my eyes. Nothing that was happening made sense to me. My head was hurting and I could feel the pain in my stomach from starvation. The father of my baby was a psycho who kidnapped me and convinced himself that we were not on earth. I did not have any plan to get out of the place he trapped me in, the pepper spray I carried along was probably lying somewhere in my apartment. No one knew about Lukas and probably they won't ever find me.

He lifted my head, noticing the tears falling on my lap. His hand gently came up to my cheek and I flinched.

"Just let me..." He whispered as he wiped the tears from the corner of my eyes.

My voice was scratchy as I questioned, "Why are you doing this to me?"

"Because you are carrying my child"

A gasp slipped out of my lips. How did he find out about it? There was no way that someone might have told him beforehand. No one but Mira knew him and probably she was too drunk to even remember his face.

"How do you know?" I whispered quietly.

He sighed loudly, staring at the carpet for a few seconds before he met my eyes. As the colour of his eyes started changing I scooted back, my lips trembling. My eyes were wide, breaths loud and erratic at the sight in front of me. Something was wrong with him.

"Lukas" I abruptly called, slapping at his shoulder. The action did not even cause him to move.

His eyes fully turned bright red and lethal, the dark grey fog surrounding him as he rose on his feet. Black pointed sharp claws jutted out of his fingers. His skin appeared paler than usual as he stared right into my soul.

"W-What are...you?" I questioned, my lips trembling in fear.

"Daemonuim rex" He hissed, his claws disappearing. I froze in my seat as those words echoed in my ears. I know what he meant.

Demon King.

My vision faltered as I tried to slur out the words I was thinking. Suddenly my head felt too heavy, Lukas standing in front of me getting blurry. I inhaled sharply, trying to keep my eyes open, waving my arms around but the fuzzy feeling took over and I let myself slip.

***

Blinking my eyes open I looked around only to see Lukas sitting on the foot of the bed. He sat up when he noticed me trying to lean against the headrest. As his hand inched forward to help me I moved back. Everything he told me in that right room came rushing back. He was a Demon. Sorry, a Demon King. And I was carrying his child.

He let his hands fall when he noticed the look on my face.

"You fainted"

I rolled my eyes, "Geez thanks for informing"

"Why did you not eat the macaroni? I thought you liked them"

My eyes narrowed at that and I sharply turned towards him. He remembered. No wonder he sent the exact same thing for me to eat.

I pulled my lips together, huffed, "Why do you care?"

His jaw clenched. He opened and closed his mouth several times as if thinking of a proper response.

"I care because you are carrying my firstborn. That child is everything to me"

My face fell at that but I quickly recovered. What did I expect from him? It's not like he cared about me. After all, it was just because I was carrying his child.

"Glad to know that"

"Kira will bring you meals every day and I want you to eat them"

I looked out of the window, staring at the dark water, "I'll try"

"This is serious Talia"

"I know" I mumbled, still not meeting his eyes. They scared me. All these days I was waiting for a Demon to come back to me.

He frowned, his voice sharp and loud, "I don't think you know. You can cry about how much you hate me all you want. I don't care but you are not going to take it out on my child. Do you get that?"

Finally meeting his eyes I nodded, "Loud and clear"

***

Chapter 15

/Lukas POV/

"Thanks again Lukas" She smiled, her eyes twinkling. For a flash second, they seemed familiar. Too familiar but I shook my head. I must be imagining things again. She seemed out of place and I had never seen her in the club before so there is no way for us to have met.

"It is alright" I grind my teeth together, my eyes into slits as I tried to find that creep. How dare he try to do something like that? Humans are not aware that the actions like these are the reason they wind up in hell. And then they cry and regret while being tortured. Silly creatures really. They commit sin and expect not to be punished for that.

"I am so sorry for the boyfriend thing. I just thought that he would back off after hearing that"

There were much worse ways to handle the situation. I could have easily him and take him down but that's something I was avoiding to do in the club full of people. Not like I would lose my control but it did not seem like the risk worth taking.

"You don't have to be..."

"Glad to know?" I grinned, my lips stretched in a wide smile. Most of the girls fall for that. It's actually sad how they don't realise that I'm some demon who would leave the very next day. They don't seem to mind that as they look for the exact same thing. Not having to commit to someone.

Shakespeare would roll in his grave if he thought that this was the condition of the modern people. No one cares about love anymore. It was just a quick fulfilment of desires. The guy was in heaven though or we would be having conversations by now.

Talia moved her eyes around as if she was searching for someone. But she said she came with only two friends and according to her they were dancing on the floor. Like typical horny couples.

"Are you trying to find someone?" I questioned, moving closer as she did not hear my question. As I repeated the question she shook her head, her cheeks flushed.

"I'm sorry..."

Her voice was so soft. Almost angelic. I grimaced at the word. It held another meaning to me. As she shifted in her seat I cleared my throat, "I can leave if you want"

Please say no. Please say no. I thought while staring at her. There was just something about her that I could not pinpoint. Another weird thing was I could not find out what she was thinking. It was very unusual for someone who can read minds.

There was a possibility that she may be a creature and not a human. Maybe that's why I could not read anything that going on in her mind. Usually, I have a good grip on reading the supernaturals because most of them have greed and hunger on their minds. They are very predictable like that. When it comes to humans, all they think about are four things, money, sex, lust and food.

Talia, however, did not have anything on her mind which was strange. I doubted myself that maybe it was me. Somehow I might have lost the ability to read others minds on the way down from hell.

She made a noise, "No...no. Please don't leave"

I smirked, pulling the barstool closer to her and slumping down. My eyes automatically shifted towards her drink and noticed that she had barely drunk it.

"Are you with someone?" She squeaked, her voice loud and flustered.

"Do you see me with someone?"

She shook her head, eyes narrowing around me like she was trying to figure out. Her nose scrunched adorably. There was seriously something wrong with me if I was using adorable to describe her. I don't find humans adorable. Never. They are a waste of spaces we are designed to punish.

"Oh"

"Actually I am here for some business"

She raised her eyebrows, "Meeting?"

Well not meeting per se because it was more of threatening and less of meeting. I could not reveal that to though so I nodded my head, shrugging.

"Kind of. Don't worry it won't start for a while"

She blushed, messing around with her drink again. Somehow I got a feeling that she was not really enjoying her drink.

"Do you want to try something new?"

"Huh?"

I motioned towards her glass, "I can see that you don't like your drink so maybe you can try something new"

She giggled, raising her glass towards me, "I don't like this. Mira ordered it for me"

With my two fingers, I called the bartender towards us. He had seen me several times in the club to easily inch towards me. I could easily read his thoughts and desires. Money. That's what we wanted. It meant that I was not the problem but Talia was.

My eyes wandered at the menu of drinks and I sighed. They were seriously underpriced. What was he doing with the business? I thought bitterly.

"Keep the shots coming"

Talia's eyes widened, "S-Shots?"

"You never tried before?" I snorted, my tone high. She looked like a college girl and for someone her age, she should know this by now. At least that's what I thought most of the college girls do. Party all night. The ones I've met did that and worse. Besides taking shots are like the basic learning to drinking.

Her cheeks tinted at that and she looked at her heels. I clenched my eyes tightly, feeling angry at myself for making her feel doubt and embarrassment. She didn't deserve that.

"Sorry" I mumbled

She shook her head, "Don't be. I am just more of a wine girl"

"Really?"

"Yeah. You have to blame Mira's mother for that. She has this incredible collection of wine in her cellar downstairs. We broke into it when we were in high school. That's the first time I had wine and it was Chateau Bourgneuf, not very expensive fortunately but we got grounded for sneaking into the cellar"

There was a fond smile on her face as if she was recalling the incident.

"Wow, you two were really handful, huh?"

She laughed, staring at the dancefloor. Mira must be the same friend then.

"We were. Everyone was surprised at how well we fit together and got away with everything" She giggled.

The bartender placed two shots on the table. Talia looked hesitant at them, rolling her lips in between her teeth. It was not some poison. I thought rolling my eyes.

"It's fine. You'll feel the burn in your throat and stomach. Drinking water after that helps."

She was still staring at the glasses.

"I can go first if that's what you want"

She shook her head, "Can we do it together?"

"Sure" I raised the glass and waited for her to follow my lead. We clinked the glasses together and she took a deep breath.

I licked my lips before downing the entire shot of liquid. My eyes rolled back as it hit my throat and burning sensation thrummed through my body. It vanished before I could savour it

though. That's the downfall of being a demon. You can never be intoxicated or feel the rush of alcohol in your blood.

I turned to peek at Talia and noticed that she had her face scrunched, still gripping the glass. Only that it was empty. It meant that she downed the liquid.

"So what do you think?"

She laughed, pushing the glass on the table, "I feel like doing one more"

"That's my girl!" I yelled while asking for another round to the bartender.

"My King?" A voice pulled me out of the thoughts and I jolted, staring at the person on the door. Blinking my eyes I realised that I was in the red room. The books were strewn on the table in front of me. I must have fallen asleep while reading them. Most of them were in Hebrew so that should explain it.

Rubbing my eyes I blinked at the help, standing at the entrance. My jaw clenched because she pulled me out of the memory I was reliving. Talia and I had shared an incredible night, something no matter what I always replayed it in my mind. I just couldn't stop thinking about it for some reason. There has to be a reasonable explanation for that, right? That's why I was trying to read the ancient myths about memory and what triggers them and how they work. It didn't prove to be of much help.

"What is it?" I grunted, sitting up in my seat, leaning my head back.

"The fairies are here"

I sat right up and blinked at her, several times, "What?"

They cannot be here. Talia had enough shocks for the day.

"Yes my lord. They have requested your presence in the hall"

I gulped, standing up and tightening my hands around the lapels of my coat, "Did you ask them what they want?"

"The fairies said that they are here to talk with Miss Talia"

***

Chapter 16

I refused to cry no matter what. There were so many things going wrong and unpredictable but I still refused to cry. Not because it was a sign of weakness but because I was tired of feeling like I couldn't do anything. If Lukas wanted to be an asshole then so be it. I can find my way out of the hell hole all by myself.

When I went back to my room I realised that the sea view outside the window was artificial, something created by the demon himself to make the place look lively. Ironic actually. But that did not stop me from sitting on the ledge of the gallery and admiring the view.

Even though I was allowed to explore the huge mansion I was stuck in my room. There was a strong possibility of seeing Lukas outside which would make me angry enough to resort to punching. He could have explained it better, instead of making me feel like I was just some useless creature.

His words hurt. I thought that we had something but hearing those words from his mouth stung a lot. After that night I tried to find him like a fool I was, thinking that maybe he was doing the same. That even after leaving me the very next day, he might be searching for me.

Kira bought me food three times a day because I asked specially for her. She seemed like the only one who did not function like a robot. My days were a friend looking out of the window and marking each day on the wall so I could keep the track of time.

A week had passed since I was locked up in the room. There was a huge shelf of books right beside the bed and a plasma TV with every streaming site installed. For a flicker of a moment, I was actually grateful that he did not throw me in some dark cellar.

It turned into resentment soon when I thought about how he basically lured me with his charm answer those words to my face.

A knock on the door startled me. Closing the book I turned my attention towards the door only to notice Kira. That's odd. Even though I asked her multiple times to stay back or come back later she always avoids it. Apparently, the workers have to follow the strict schedule assigned to them.

"Good afternoon miss"

"Good afternoon" I hummed noticing that her lips were pressed together, eyes wide.

"Is something the matter?"

She nodded her head, "Your presence is requested in the living hall."

My eyes rolled at that. He ignored me for almost a week what did he want now? Okay fine, I was hoping for him to come to visit so that I can ask him some more questions. It took a while

to realise that everything happening to me was not a dream. A place like Hell actually exists and Lukas, the stranger I met in the bar and got knocked up by is the ruler of Hell.

"What does your King wants?" I snarled, my hands gripping tightly at the copy of Paradise Lost. Funny how I was reading that while lounging in Hell.

She shook her head, "It's not the King. There is someone else who wants to meet you"

The book slipped away from my hands at that. Who would want to meet me? Unless someone dead. My breathing heightened as I tried to collect my thoughts and figure out about the person who wanted to meet me. Was it someone from my past? Maybe someone ended up in Hell.

There was not much information in the books about the functioning of Hell. I had no one to ask except Kira. She really answered my questions because they have some kind of obligations regarding the information. It's not like I can force the answers out of her.

From what I could manage to dig out, everyone who's in Hell are given specific cabins. They are not allowed to wander out because the cabin is sealed upon their entry. Only demons who are assigned for torture could go in. Also, the people who ended up in hell were chained to a memory, something that is very torturous to them and relives it every single day. It's stage one of the torture. Just thinking about it made me shiver in fear.

I couldn't even say that I did not want to end up there because I was actually living in Hell. Lukas did not even give me an option. That's why I was waiting for the perfect opportunity to sneak out and find someone who can help me get back. Probably the guy who carried me to Hell.

"Who?"

"The three fairies," Kira said to which I jumped out of my bed. They can help me.

***

I actually regret the way I spoke to those three fairies. They finally came to my rescue. Does that mean God exists as well? If someone like Lukas does then there should be something heavenly as well. Maybe those three fairies who tried to warn me that day must be God sent.

A grin spread across my lips at the thought of being out of Hell. I can finally go back to earth. My friends must be so worried, especially Mira who was on her way from her college. I couldn't even imagine the feelings she must be going through.

Kira stared at me, confused at the sudden change in my behaviour. From past few days I have been nothing but depressed and crying myself to sleep. And also stress eating. The amount of food I have consumed in the last week was ridiculous. As Kira said that they were equipped with all kinds of cuisine chefs I got greedy and curious. Not the best combination.

"Miss you seem..."

"Happy?" I cut her off

She cleared her throat, pushing open the grand door to the living room, "Hopeful. You look hopeful"

"Oh you have no idea"

***

My eyes lighted up when I noticed that the three of them sitting on the couch were the same fairies who visited me. As I tilted my head my mouth parted in surprise noticing Lukas sitting beside them. They did not look like rivals. Instead, Gia was awfully chummy with Lukas.

"Miss Talia" Sia bowed down, her wings slightly fluttering as she raised her head. That's insane I thought, my mouth closing.

The two greeted in the same manner and I felt Lukas attention on me. Why was he still in the living room? Shouldn't he be somewhere else so that it would be easy for me to escape?

"How are you?" I cheerfully asked.

Lukas made a noise, his eyes narrowed, "You know them?"

I blinked my eyes at that and stared towards the fairies. Should I just tell him the truth? The three of them looked unbothered by the question. I was trying to communicate with them without talking, motioning my eyes towards Lukas but they seemed clueless. For someone who was talking in the code language the first time, I met them seemed like fools standing in front of me.

Mia giggled, "Yes we had the chance to meet her. Actually, Sia thought-"

Sia elbowed her sister and muttered an apology. My eyes kept shifting between both of them. Something was seriously wrong between them.

Sia coughed, "Let's not get into it, Mia. We are here to do something important and let's just do that"

Lukas shook his head, "Not until you tell me how Talia knows about you"

Gia scoffed while walking towards Lukas and I held my breath. Yes, she was going to punch him finally and break me out of here! I internally grinned at the thought. He was towering over her but still, she did not seem to mind that.

"We had to warn her about the dangers of being on earth but miss Talia had no idea about it. That's all. Now can we do it?"

Do what? I thought, disappointed. I had high hopes on Gia that somehow she will break me free.

Lukas gritted his teeth together, "I don't want you to see her without my permission"

Sia rolled her eyes, "Good thing we don't need permission then"

"Huh?"

"Your child is a half-demon My King and it's better if you let us help with it. There are a lot of creatures out to get both of you and you can only rely on a handful of them. We are on your side " Gia said, her voice serious.

My eyes widened at that. I was on the target along with my baby. My hands went towards my stomach as an instinct. Sia came forward and took my hand.

"We are not healers Miss Talia but we have to determine life first"

My eyebrows raised, "What do you mean by that?"

"The baby had no moment from the past week so we want to check up on it"

***

Chapter 17

A huge sigh of relief slipped out of my lips the moment I found out the baby was safe. There was nothing more I was invested in than my baby and the health of my child. It's so weird feeling that I cannot explain but the thought of something happening made me dizzy with fear. A sense of protection and affection developed over the fetus in my stomach. It did not matter that it was the result of a one-night stand and not something I had planned. The only thing I care about was looking after the health of the baby.

From past these days while I was locked up in my room the only thing I did besides read talked to my stomach. It gave me some kind of relief just knowing that someone was hearing me. Someone who would look exactly like me.

Lukas's eyes were red. The moment I sat down on the couch they turned red. Bright red with black at the edges. I had never seen someone with that eye colour. Obviously, it must be because he was the Demon King of Hell. They made me wanted to reach out and comfort him like I knew that he wasn't some kind of stress.

"Why didn't you tell me that?" He growled, staring at Gia. She was sitting beside me after I cleaned off the colour from my stomach. They had applied some sort of green gel on my skin.

Sia bowed down her head, "We did not want to worry you, my King."

Lukas snorted, his nails threatening to come out, "Yeah well you succeeded then!"

It made me realise that the only reason his inner demon was threatening to come out must be his anger. That's why his eyes were red and he was burning up. The room was warmer than before and it prickled my skin.

Mia nervously giggled, as if trying to ease the tension in the room. I blinked my eyes at her. She was always the mediator in between her sisters as well. No wonder she was trying to do her best to control the tension.

"Lukas" I softly whispered, staring at him. His eyes were still red as he whipped his head towards me. My breath hitched in my throat. Instead of staying away, I was indulging myself into helping him.

It was silly because I had the perfect opportunity to slip out of there while he was angry on the fairies but I did not take that way out. I rose from the couch and took hesitant steps towards him.

"Miss Talia don't" Mia shook her head, trying to pull me back with the hem of my dress.

"Yeah, I don't think that's such a good idea" Kira mumbled while staring at Lukas and then back at me. I was not scared of him. Sure at first his eyes terrified me but they were also fascinating to me and I had this serene knowledge that he would never hurt me.

Sia softly mumbled, "Let her do it"

Lukas felt like a wounded puppy, standing in the middle of the hall. The four of them was staring at him like he was an animal who would hurt them. I sharply breathed as I stepped towards him. His breathing was harsh, head ducked down and I wanted to see those eyes again.

"Lukas" I called out as my hands went towards his shoulders. He jerked at my touch at first and I pulled back. Maybe it was a bad idea but when his shoulders sagged down in defeat I tried again. That time however he responded by tilting his head up.

I froze, staring at his face. His true face. He had fierce red eyes, black ashes at the corners, almost terrifying to stare at them in the night. The light from the hall cast on his face which made me take a step back. A flash cast before my eyes and I blinked several times. In that time I could see that his true face was burned, coal-black and entire body on fire. His entire body was black and he was on fire without even flinching. What was he? How could he do that? My body was paralyzed with shock and fear as my eyes were stuck on him.

He stormed out of there without even turning back. I stayed there, rooted, staring at his retreating form. It took me a while to get back to normal but I felt something inside me shift.

***

Kira was trying to talk to me. Mostly trying to know what I saw which made me numb for a few minutes. I couldn't even describe it because it was that terrifying. I knew that Lukas was something unimaginable but seeing his true form even for a flicker of a second terrified me.

"Miss Talia?" Kira cleared her throat and I realised that she was still in the room.

"What do you want?"

"I think it is better if you take a walk outside"

I laughed, my hollow laughter echoing around my room. How was walking around the halls of hell going to make me feel any better? Funny enough those words did not sound as crazy as they would before. If someone would have said that I would be giving birth to a child of demon I would have slapped them on their face but after laughing at them of course.

"Sure let's go"

I pushed the covers off my body. Sitting idle in my room was even more haunting anyways. We started to walk from the other side of the hall which was actually bright and painted.

"What is this wall painted?" I questioned Kira, my fingers tracing the flowers painting on the wall.

Kira stared at the wall before blinking at me, "Miss Lauren lives in this side of quarters. She was a painter in the 19th century so that's why the fascination with flowers and all this post-impressionism art"

My mouth opened and closed that. How is that possible? As much as I knew all the dead souls were in the chambers on the other side of the bridge.

Kira cleared her throat, "The only reason Miss Lauren is still alive is because of her ability to sculpt. All the statues you have seen at the entrance are her creation."

I shook my head, "I did not see the entrance"

Kira flustered at that, "I'm sorry I forgot about that"

She had no reason to apologize for Lukas cavemen behaviour. He had someone kidnap me from the earth so obviously, I ended up in one of the rooms rather than travel through the front door. Now that she mentioned it I was interested in taking the tour of the entire place.

"Can you show me the entrance please?" I made puppy eyes at her because they worked every time.

Atleast that's what Jackson used to say. His name bought a bittersweet smile on my face. Only if I had the chance to say goodbye I would make everything right. Even though he had many friends to rely on Jackson always came back to me. I could not even imagine the things he must be going through to search for me.

Kira worked her bottom lip in between her teeth, her fingers wrung together. I knew the answer before she could answer. Of course, she might have the order form above to not take me outside. Did Lukas already know what was going in my mind?

"Maybe if you ask my King he will allow you"

I rolled my eyes, "That's never happening"

"Well, then you would never see those sculptures" Kira mumbled pushing the door as I gaped at her. Since when did she become so confident and bold enough to drag me? It reminded me of Mira.

Kira looked over her shoulder, "Just a warning you should be a bit cautious of Miss Lauren"

I was sceptical at that. What would a sculpture do to me? Rolling my eyes I stepped through the door and entered the room. My eyes widened staring at the huge display of statues everywhere. It must be the biggest room in the mansion.

"Wow did she do these?" I wondered, my fingers tracing the grey statue of the lion. The details were interesting.

Kira hummed, "She has been here for over two centuries now so yeah this is all her work"

My feet crunched against the floor as I walked ahead. Suddenly I felt a huge force come through front and arms wrapping around my body. I made a sound, staggering back at the impact of sudden weight.

I looked at Kira, "Is this why you warned me?"

Kira made a face and grimly nodded her head. I pulled back from the hug and crossed my arms against my chest.

"Did the King finally grant me my wish?" Lauren giggled staring at me. I turned towards Kira because I had no idea what she was talking about.

"No" Kira started, "This is Miss Talia, Demon Kings Mate"

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Chapter 18

My eyes widened at Kira's words. What did she mean by Demon Kings Mate? As much as I was aware no one mention that detail to me before. Laurens's eyes were the size of a saucer at that and she bowed down in front of me.

"What are you doing?" I asked her, my voice hoarse. My head turned towards Kira, trying to make sense. I needed to know if whatever she said was true. Was there something Lukas was hiding from me?

"Bowing to the future Queen" Lauren made a funny face as she pulled back and straightened her back. I shook my head at her. Nuh-uh I was not the future Queen. Atleast I hoped I was not.

The thought of being near souls made me shiver in fear. Is that what everyone was thinking? That I was going to rule beside Lukas? How can it be possible when he hates me and the only reason he kidnapped me was for his child?

"I'm not..." I took a deep breath, "I am not a Queen of anything. Just call me Talia please"

Lauren stared at Kira like I had said something she could not even comprehend. My eyes were trained towards her so she quickly nodded her head.

Kira nervously giggled, "Miss Lauren why don't you show us your creations? Perhaps something you have been working on lately"

My eyes flickered towards Kira at her tone. It felt like she was purposefully avoiding the topic but I had to find out no matter what. Lauren's face lighted up like a child on a Christmas as soon as she heard those words.

I felt a pull on my hand when I realised that she was dragging me towards her latest sculptures. But I thought she was a painter. Before I could open my mouth to ask the question Lauren beat me to it.

"Painting is something I do only on requests. It feels more like work and less fun" She stared at the wall and I followed her eyes.

Staring back at her I asked, "Who requests you?"

"Mostly I get requests from my King so that he can gift to my paintings to the guests. Sometimes there are special orders from other Kings but they should be approved by my King"

I hummed, taking the information in. It was amazing actually that she had people appreciating her talent. Lukas did not seem like the one to be interested in art but hearing her words made me doubt my own assumption.

"Do you enjoy living here?" I questioned, noticing that Kira was way behind us. I need to know that because Kira would have a biased opinion. Also, she is a demon so it would be natural for her to take Lukas side.

Lauren laughed, nodding her head, "Some may think that it's stupid that I took the deal but I like it here. My King is very generous, I get to have this entire quarter to myself, any kind of food and drink I want. Also, I'm allowed to travel around for a few days if he likes my art. What more could you want?"

Freedom. I quietly thought in my mind. She may be happy doing her work and enjoying food and everything but I was not. And the thought terrified me. It made me think that something might be wrong with me. What if I can never be happy?

The question revolved around my mind the entire time I was with Lauren. She showed me most of her art but I still could not stop thinking about that question.

***

The next morning I decided that I was not going to stay in my room anymore. As in I would try to get out as much as possible. Feeling cooped up in the same place was one of the reasons I felt on edge. To get rid of that feeling I had to get out of my room.

The first time I saw the wardrobe in my room my eyes were wide with shock. It was completely filled with all the designer brands on earth. Every single item I had seen on the billboards and in the malls, on the models behind display glass. As much as I felt like trying on everything they were a lot. Also, I was having this anger about Lukas bringing me against my will so I never tried anything flashy or expensive, sticking to the plain tees in the bottom.

However, after talking with Lauren, I decided to change a few things about myself. I was not going to sit in that room and feel sorry for myself every single day for unknowingly sleeping with a demon. He was at fault as much as I was.

"Let's see..." I licked my lips while pulling out a white crop top which had 'not heartbroken' written on the left pocket. As the writing was in grey I picked a grey knee-length skirt to go along with the leather ankle boots.

Also, I decided that I was going to ask Lukas for my phone. It was stupid since I did not even know if it worked from Hell. But Lukas carried a cherry red iPhone with him every time. That meant something.

"Let's do this" I breathed, staring at the vanity mirror in front of me. There was an unusual glow on my face and I felt different. Maybe it was because of my curls or the makeup on my skin.

Whatever it was I wanted it to be that way.

***

When I stepped out of the room I had no idea which way to go. Kira was the one who bought me breakfast every day and I never saw the direction she came from. But I knew that one side leads to Lauren's chamber and the other side to the red room. Taking a deep breath I took the third hallway, hoping that I would reach the dining hall.

"Good morning" I smiled when I noticed a huge dining table in the centre of the room.

"Talia!" Lauren waved her hand, sitting on the right side of the table. My eyebrows lifted in surprise. I thought that she would be the one to get her orders in the chamber. Anyways it was a win for me as I knew her and maybe she can help me with my argument. Then again she seemed too loyal to Lukas.

"Morning Miss Talia" A deep voice grunted, his head turning over his shoulder and I blinked at the person sitting opposite Lauren. Of course. It was Dean. The guy who abducted me from the earth.

"Dean?"

Lauren's face fell as she peeked at me, "Do you know each other?"

I glared at the back of Dean's head. There was no one I despised at the moment except for Lukas of course than I did Dean. He was the reason I was not on earth. Clenching my fist by my side I walked towards the dining table. It was huge with almost twenty chairs on each side even though the staff was less in number. Or maybe it was just me. I only met a few of them, Kira is the only one I recognised from that bunch.

"Unfortunately I do" I snarled, pulling the chair beside the grand seat.

Dean's lips twitched by his side as he took a bite of his waffle. My eyebrows furrowed at him. I had no idea that demons had an appetite. They are dead after all.

"Huh?"

Dean stared at Lauren, his lips pulled in a smirk. At that moment I was angry enough to lift the fork nearby and stab his face. Multiple times. The thought made me disgust, a few seconds later. Hell was starting to affect my thoughts and in a bad way.

"Actually I had the privilege to bring Miss Talia to Hell."

Lauren bobbed her head taking a bite of her chicken. My nose scrunched at that. It was too early for fried chicken.

"Are you trying to affect your health?" I questioned, unable to hold back. Lauren blinked at me for few seconds before realising that I was talking to her. She giggled.

"This?" She lifted her fork and stuffed mouthful of chicken. I made a face and shook my head.

"Don't worry Talia I already died a few centuries ago. Nothing can affect my health"

Dean chuckled along with Lauren as I felt my cheeks turn red. How did I forget that information?

The maids from around started rushing around, arranging the table once more. I noticed that Dean was still now, Lauren following his lead.

"What's going on?" I questioned as Lauren quickly gulped the water from the glass and wiped her face.

"My King is arriving at the table"

My brows furrowed in confusion.

"How do you know that?"

Dean cleared his throat, "Master always has his breakfast at eight in the morning."

I glanced back at the big clock in centre of the room and it was eight in the morning. Footsteps echoed towards the table and I ducked my head down. From the corner of my eyes I noticed Lukas and his feet stopping an inch away from my chair.

"Good morning Talia"

***

Chapter 19

/Lukas POV/

I could feel that something was different from the moment I woke up. Sleep was something that never came easy, with demons being powerful at night but I still tried. After a while, it proved to be useless so I took out my favourite Dante Rosetti collection. There was just something about the way he writes that always fascinated me. After reading the love letter sonnet I managed to close my eyes for a few hours.

As soon as I stepped down the stairs I noticed her. It was impossible not to. In a room full of people my eyes always found, just like they did at the club. Straightening my jacket I stepped down with poise.

"My lord" The lower demons bowed me, waiting by the stairs. I barely gave them a glance, my attention solely focused on her as she was standing along with everyone.

My eyes widened in surprise when I noticed that she was wearing new clothes. From the moment she stepped inside the mansion, she was a completely different person. Gone was the girl I met in the club. I had an idea that it was all because of me. But I never bothered to mull it over.

Dean gave me a smile as his attention shifted towards Talia. Rolling my eyes I gripped the centre chair. Talia's eyes were on me the entire time and it made impossible for me to focus on other things. She was just that distracting without even knowing.

"Good morning" I cleared my throat as all eyes were on me. It did not matter if the people were not sitting along with me for breakfast but they had to stand up and be quiet. A new tradition you can say.

There was no real discipline in Hell before I took over. The past King was well the Prince of Hell, Lucifer who unfortunately was caged by his brother. Ever since that, it was complete chaos everywhere in Hell, with Lucifer's loyals fighting against each other for the throne.

"Thank you, everyone, for joining me" My eyes sharply turned towards Talia but she did not get affected by that. Let's see how much longer she can hold before she breaks. It's not easy for a human, especially someone who is not dead to survive under the conditions of Hell.

"You may be seated"

One of the servers helped me adjust the chair as I sat down and lay the napkin on my lap. As the plate was placed in front of me I noticed that Talia was still standing, her eyes narrowed at me. When I heard soft whispers from my side I turned around only to notice Lauren, motioning Talia to sit down. Dean seemed like he was trying to say something as well. I had no idea that they met Talia and were actively trying to look out for her.

I could understand Lauren being supportive because she is human after all even though dead.

I arched my brow towards her, "We'll sit down princess, we don't have all day."

She flinched. Finally. Her eyes turned into slits as she glared at me. There was the glint of amusement in my eyes, however, to see her finally react. Her fists curled in and she tried to control herself as he sat on one end of the table.

There was no real reason to consume food rather than to show off and have a sense of normalcy. Demons did not need food to sustain themselves, they get that from human emotions. Sadness mostly. That's why demons possess the souls of the people who are weak and sad, easily manipulated so that they can be fed off them. After a while, the person loses his identity and it becomes easy for a demon to take control or simply leave that body.

I licked my lips as I stared at the different types of food that would put human buffets to shame. Everything from juices to meat and bread.

"Bacon, my lord?" The server questioned and I stared at the strips. Perhaps Talia would like them. My eyes shifted towards her only to notice that her plate was empty and she was simply staring at the reflection in her plate. I stared at Kira who looked fearful and shrugged in defeat. How was Talia going to care for my child if she did not feed herself? It was incredibly selfish that sometimes she does things out of spite and doesn't think about the baby inside her.

"Talia needs them"

"Huh"

"Bacon" I grinned, pointing towards the strips. She shook her head and made a face.

"Not going to eat anything?"

She shook his head, teeth-gritting.

I shrugged in response. If she was going to be difficult then so be it.

"I'll just have to feed you, then." That sentence alone made her snatch the plate from the server and push all the stripes in her plate. She picked her fork and knife from the table and started digging into her food.

I couldn't help but chuckle in amusement as she cut into his food with a sharp knife in a hurry. Lauren who was enjoying the entire scene also joined me, giggling softly as to not offend her new friend but Talia refused to lift her head up. It made me shake my head at her. She was really something else.

I couldn't help but stare at her as she cut into her food precisely and into perfect small parts, almost stalling before pushing them past her lips and chewing with her mouth closed. I almost thought that she hated it if not for a sigh that escaped her lips.

The silence in the room was ringing, the scraping of knife and forks the only sound echoing around the room. Usually, that's something I enjoyed as my entire day is filled with crying humans. But I wanted to talk to her. Listen her soft voice.

"Do you like your room, Talia? Or do you want to move into something bigger?"

At my question she gripped her fork hardly, eyes going sharp and glaring at me.

"If you think that a room with a nice view is going to make me hate this place any less then you are mistaken. I still want to get out of here"

I raised my eyebrow at her, "Always so hateful and here I was thinking that you would appreciate the effort I put into creating your room. Humans are truly ungrateful"

"Shut up...shut the fuck up!" She yelled, her teeth gritted together. Tears were building in her eyes.

My nose flared in anger as I let the knife drop on the table. She had no right to talk with me in that manner. Atleast not in a room full of demons who work for me. Everyone was quiet, the silence creeping upon me.

"How dare you say that to me? This is Hell, and I am the King here in case you forgot Miss Talia. I don't care if you like being here or not you have to stay here for my child." I snarled

My eyes flashed red and the tears she was holding back fell down her cheeks.

"Why me?!" She exclaimed, throwing her hands up in the air.

"Trust me, sweetheart, I ask the same question to myself daily. Why a weak human like you?"

Something inside her shifted at those words and she stood up from her chair, the chair screeching on the marble floor and she grabbed a knife. My eyes narrowed as she aimed to throw it to my face.

Dean sat up tight, ready to pull his spear as Talia threw the knife in my direction but I simply caught it with two fingers. I pulled my lips together as everyone around the table gasped.

"Back to work!" I yelled at them before standing up and grabbing Talia.

Slamming her against the wall, she arched her back.

"Let.me.go!" She cried out in anger, trying to push at my chest. How silly!

She tried to squirm away as I shifted my face closer. My breath caught up in my throat as I noticed the distance between our bodies. I could sense the heat coursing through her skin as I was holding her back. She was aroused. The thought made my nose flare.

I pushed myself more closer as she tried to get away. As she gulped loudly my eyes shifted towards her pale white neck, the vein prominent. Her skin began to prickle as my eyes shifted

towards the hollow of her neck. Unable to hold myself back I pushed my face closer, the tip of my nose brushing against her pulse.

She made a sound at that, her hands clenching at her skirt. As she closed her eyes and tilted her head up I pulled away.

Talia opened her eyes to stare at me.

"Next time there will be consequences Talia and trust me you won't like them"

***

Chapter 20

As soon as Lukas left the dining hall I fell back against the wall. My cheeks burned at how easy I was affected by the closeness. I gritted my teeth to remind myself that he was Demon King and I should not feel any kind of attraction towards someone like him.

Shaking my head I slowly walked back to the table, noticing Lauren's eyes on me.

"Do you have a death wish?"

"Huh?" I asked, lifting up my fork.

"Why did you do that? He's our King" Lauren clenched her jaw, her eyes glaring at me. I pressed my lips together at her tone.

"Exactly he's your King. Not mine. I don't care"

Dean who had been quiet for a while cleared his throat. My eyes flew toward him.

"You should. My King will not be forgiving the second time. You should learn to behave"

I gave him a pointed look, "I don't need to learn anything. Thanks"

Lauren sighed beside him. Why were they on his side? Right because he's their King. But it didn't matter. I will never respect him in that way. He kidnapped me and is caging me like some animal and expects me to be grateful about it.

"Talia you were out of line today. Sorry to say that but you were. He's the King of Hell and you cannot disrespect him like that"

"Whatever"

At her words I was dumbstruck. I thought out of all she would be the one on my side. How did I forget that she's alive because of him? Of course, she'll think he's right. I needed better friends.

My eyes widened at that. That's the reason I was sitting in the dining hall. I had to ask Lukas for a phone but I probably ruined it by trying to kill him. It was not my fault that he was that annoying.

"Dean" I called out slowly.

He stared at me, his eyebrows lifted up in shocked that I was talking to him, "What?"

"I need to talk to Lukas. Can you please take me to him"

Dean blinked his eyes at me like he couldn't believe I asked him that. It was not that ridiculous as it sounded. I can behave when he is not annoying.

"Why?"

"I want to ask him something"

Dean looked at Lauren for a few seconds like he wanted someone to speak on his behalf. My mouth twisted at that.

"Are you going to take me or not?"

Dean sighed, "Fine but after you finish your breakfast"

"Okay!"

***

Apparently, Lukas was already in Hell. It was beyond the mansion. So naturally, I was terrified of crossing the bridge so Lauren decided to keep me company.

I took a deep breath, holding Lauren's hand and partially closing my eyes when we stepped on the bridge. It smelled foul when we walked through the bridge. Like someone was burning something. My skin was flushed with the amount of heat I felt while crossing the bridge. Sweat clung to my shirt and it irked me.

As we stepped further I heard them. The screams. They sounded so painful and ear-shattering that it made me still in my path. I did not dare to stare down in the fear of finding something I didn't want to see.

"Are the screams coming from down?" She questioned, her eyes automatically shifting towards Dean. Naturally, he was in front, completely unaffected as he walked. He must be used to it by now and also because he's a demon.

Lauren gripped my hand tighter instead of saying something and that was the confirmation I needed.

I ignored the cries of people, the sound echoing around.

"Don't look down. It's the Pit"

"The Pit?" I asked, my mouth parted in surprise. I heard stories in my childhood about how people are burned in the Pit for their sins. But I thought those were just stories!

Dean chuckled, turning his head over his shoulder, "I guess you know about it then"

"I heard the stories"

Instinctively I looked down and my eyes widened, staring at the flames, scorching hot and bright. People were burning in the fire. Souls that had created enough havoc on Earth were punished this way.

"Then you must know that they deserve it"

I nodded my head, still unsure how to respond to that. There was nothing worse than that. Burning even after you are dead.

"Is everyone punished this way?"

Dean shook his head, "No. This is the first stage of punishment, umm...how do you say that? Beginners level. The ones who have committed minor sins. Others are tortured with different means"

Lauren tugged at my arm, "Trust me you wouldn't want to know about it"

Dean's mouth twitched and he hummed softly, "Yeah if I were you I would take her word"

I stayed quiet the entire way. Everything from the past week was feeling real at that moment. I was really in Hell.

Lauren was mumbling about something but I really wasn't in the mood to listen. All my thoughts were focused on one thing. Getting away from there. And as soon as possible. There was no way I was letting my child be in a toxic place as such. How was I going to escape from a place like this?

"We should be careful now," Dean said something but I didn't bother to ask him anything, letting Lauren drag me.

As soon as we reached the other side of the breath I took a huge breath. The air on that side was much better and slightly cold than on bridge.

Something caught my eyes and a gasp escaped my lips. There was a pure white stallion, charging towards us out of nowhere.

"Sit down"

I cleared my throat, "Come on boy! Back"

The white stallion dropped down, eyeing me for a while. As soon as it took a step back I took a step forward. I was sure that it won't hurt me. The stallion followed suit and neighed. I slowly reached my hand towards the stallion and Lauren tugged me back. My body stilled and I pulled my hand out of Lauren's hold.

I raised my hand and the stallion moved closer. For a second it felt like it was grinning at me as the stallion placed the muzzle on my hand. At the steady breathing of the horse, I ran my fingers gently over its muzzle.

Dean pulled my hand back, "Are you crazy?"

"Why?"

"Its a Hellhound! You know it can easily kill you, right?"

A hell hound? I gaped staring at the white stallion in front of me. How can someone so pure be the guardian of the Hell? It didn't make any sense.

"It's a white stallion"

"Huh?" Dean raised his eyebrows

"I saw a white stallion march towards us so I calmed it down."

I was able to do that because of my uncle. He had a stable on his farm and every summer he let me go horseriding. It was the only reason why I looked forward to summer.

"But how? All we can see is a terrifying black hound with bloody white teeth." Lauren frowned.

Dean made a sound, "I think I know why. She's the only one who's alive, has a soul maybe that's why she is unable to see the true form"

"That makes sense"

***

When we stepped inside I stood in the corner as Lukas was yelling at someone. I gulped as I noticed his red eyes flashing towards the man on his knees.

The man shook, wrapping his arms around himself and shaking. I noticed that he looked old and fragile, almost too good to be in Hell.

"Killed nine innocent children and stabbed your own wife for fun. Tried to blow up the school van but escaped as the police caught on your plan. Do you think you deserve any sympathy?"

I gasped at that. Never judge a book by its cover.

The man shook violently, "Please my lord. Don't send me down there!"

Lukas chuckled, "Don't worry Mason. You are going to get something worse than that."

The old man stood up and ran towards me, I flinched. He begged me to help him. As soon as he gripped at my arm, Lukas growled.

"Unhand her or you'll suffer worse than you are going to."

As those words boomed throughout the hall the old man fell on his knees. The guards nearby held him and took him as he was trying to get away. I looked away.

Lukas stood up and walked towards me, his eyes falling on my stomach before taking my arm in his. I was almost touched by his gesture. Everyone in the hall was staring at me with a weird look in their eyes. It made me want to pull my hand away from his.

"Did he hurt you?" He asked, his voice concerning.

I shook my head, "I'm fine"

He held my hand and looked in my eyes, "You shouldn't have come here. It's dangerous here cara"

"I came here to ask you for a phone"

***

Chapter 21

"What?" Lukas blinked at me several times. My cheeks reddened at his stare and I realised how silly I sounded for crossing the bridge and coming all the way from mansion just for a phone. No wonder demons were staring at me. Maybe they knew how stupid I was.

I rubbed my neck awkwardly at all the stares directed at me. Should I just ask him and get it done with? What if he laughs at me in front of everyone?

"Do you all work here to stare at Miss Talia?" Lukas voice boomed throughout the hall and the demons scrambled out, their eyes away from me. I let out a huge breath I did not realise I was holding.

"You want a phone?"

I hummed, my cheeks still red, "I want to talk to my friends. Mira and Jackson, they must be worried sick about me"

Lukas shook his head, "They are not"

I glared at him. How could he assume something like that? He was already aware of Mira and how we are best of friends. They are definitely worried about me. I can't even imagine what they are going through just to find me.

"How do you know that? My friends care about me"

Lukas pressed his lips together, "I know that. Trust me when I say that you are not even their last thought at the moment"

Dean cleared his throat, his voice almost warning, "My King..."

Lukas sharply gave a look to which Dean leaned back. What was going on? I shifted my eyes between both of them trying to figure out what they were thinking. Lukas was nearly impossible to read, always had a poker face which made it difficult to even guess what he was thinking. Maybe that's what being a Demon King is all about. Try to appear as cold as possible. Judgemental and appear nonchalant. If there will ever be a contest of such then Lukas will be the winner.

"It's about time she knows"

My nose scrunched, "Know what?"

"Your friends don't remember you. Actually, no one on earth remembers you. It's the effect Dean created when he brought you here-"

My eyes widened as those words sank in. Does no one remember me? It felt like my heart was in my throat. Everything felt blur around me as I was trying to make sense of those words. It

meant that no one would try to find me. The stark realisation that I was in no one made me stagger back. Jackson and Mira would never even try to look for me because I don't exist for them.

Lauren tried to comfort me by holding my hand but I freed myself.

"Of course...of course, you did that..." I laughed, no humour in my voice. My eyes felt wet and I realised that I was on the verge of a breakdown. All this time I had some kind of hope inside me that I would get to go back home. Knowing that they don't even remember me it would be a futile attempt. Who should I go back? No one was waiting for me.

My existence did not matter anymore.

"Talia-" Dean started but I shook my head. No amount of sympathy or explanation was going to cure the hollow I felt. I did not want to hear anything anymore.

"Please take me back to the mansion" I swallowed the lump in my throat. Lauren tried to say something but I shook my head.

Lukas had his eyes on me the entire time. I could feel them as I tried to talk with Dean. He must be enjoying the agony I felt because that's what demons feed on. Pain.

"Allow me" Lukas cleared his throat and I snapped my head towards him. Why would you want to come along with me when I was trying to get away from? Can he just leave me alone for a while? Is that too much to ask?

"Dean can take me"

Lukas cleared his throat, "I don't think so. He has some work to get done here"

I pointedly stared at me. Again no emotion on his face. Why would he lie to me? If Dean had some work then he would never bring me along. My gaze flickered to Dean who was avoiding meeting my eyes.

"Don't you Dean?"

"My lord?" Dean raised his eyebrows, confusion written on his face.

Lukas gritted his teeth together, "Your work Dean. You have to go fix the third floor, don't you?"

I looked over my shoulder to stare at Dean who had a blank face before he frantically nodded his head. His spear-like thing, creating a huge hole in the room. I stepped back.

"Yes, I almost forgot about it. Thank you, lord. If I may take your leave?"

Lukas nodded his head, "After that work is done, hold back these rest of the sinners. It'll take me a while to get back"

Dean bowed down before he slipped inside the hole he created and disappeared. My mouth parted in shock because that was the first time I saw something like that.

"Lauren" I cleared my throat, "I can go back with her I am sure she knows the way back"

Lukas made a sound before staring at Lauren. She suddenly gripped my hand.

"Oh, I almost forgot that I have to finish one of the statues in the darkroom."

Why did she not say that before? Lauren did not mention anything about the statue while we were having breakfast. Was she lying to me?

"But you-"

She cut me off with a high pitched giggle, "I would love to chat but work time! See you at lunch"

"Lauren!" I yelled as she disappeared behind the room leaving me all alone with Lukas.

He smirked, "Now do you want me to take you back Miss Talia?"

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I was quiet the entire time they walked back to the mansion. Even though I was terrified to cross the bridge again my thoughts were occupied with something else. Besides I had the King of Hell with me no one could think of doing any harm.

"You're the first person other than me to tame him." Lukas started, his voice deep. I blinked my eyes. A few seconds later I realised that he was talking about the Hellhound.

I kept my head down, willing myself not to respond to him.

"Fang normally attacks anyone who is unfamiliar"

Fang? It must be the name of that Hellhound. Fitting. I quietened as the King stepped closer.

His fingers tipped my head up, eliciting a gasp from my lips. I could inhale his scent from being pressed against him. It reminded me of the night we danced together.

"It makes you that special cara. There's just something about you that makes people like you, hmm?" He murmured and I felt his fingers trail down towards my throat. I gulped underneath his touch. The pads of his fingers were the only things I could feel in that moment. It was as if they burned my skin. As I tilted my head to meet his eyes I noticed that he was staring at my lips.

My breath hitched in the throat and I was sure it could be heard from miles away. My heart was beating hard and fast in his chest. For a second I was reminded of that night, kissing him but it vanished away soon. The memory got replaced with him saying ugly things in the red room.

I shoved his chest with all the strength I could muster and he only took a step back, doing it off of his own accord, like it did not even hurt him. It pissed me off.

I shrieked, "Get away from me!"

My eyes cast towards the ground, teeth gritting in anger. How dare he try to kiss me after putting me through Hell? Pun intended. He made my entire life a joke and after all that had the audacity to think I would ever kiss him.

"Aww, this is so funny cara. Do you really want me to go away? Because you were the one who couldn't stop laughing at my jokes and took me to bed" His eyes trailed towards my stomach and I felt tears well up in my eyes. He was such an asshole!

"How do you think we got into this mess? You were so eager, trying to get me in your bed so that-"

"Shut up!" I growled, tears slipping out of my eyes.

He grinned, "I was just trying to relive our memory"

"You are disgusting and I fucking hate you"

He flinched visibly at the sentence but did not say anything for a few seconds.

"Yet you slept with me and are going to have my child. What does that say about you, Talia?" He walked back towards the bridge leaving me all alone.

I wiped the tears away from my eyes as I rounded the corner of the mansion. The painting in the main entrance caught my eyes again but I avoided looking at Lukas face. How could someone so beautiful be so cruel? I thought, leaning against the wall.

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Chapter 22

/Lukas POV/

Leo was waiting in the red room. I was actually surprised that he remembered he had other duties than to wander on earth for his love, Anna. Sometimes I felt utter pity for him because he truly deserved to be happy. After he told me about his life story I was overwhelmed with sadness. He lost his life on the day of his marriage which left everyone around him with grief and sorrow.

Even after he became a demon with immense powers it was clear that he was not satisfied. There was no way he could go back to his life because everything was changed. His family was up in heaven along with his bride. He had no chance of meeting them again.

But ever since he saw Anna, the woman he has been in love with his entire existence changed. He started to be his cheerful self again and so I never asked him to stop visiting earth. That was the source of his happiness and being his friend I had to make him happy.

He was obliged to visit Hell at least four times in a month. As he was a senior demon I could not say anything to that condition. He wanted no responsibility from the hell but it was not possible. I had to pull some strange but I was finally able to grant him that wish. The only thing he had to do was look after the beginners on earth and make sure they don't cause any trouble. It is difficult than it sounds.

"Hello, my dear friend!" I pushed the door of the red room. Leo was already helping himself to drink. He looked over his shoulder as I closed the door behind me.

The entire day had been a little mulish. Talia was upset with me as always so she was hiding with Lauren. As if she could hide without me finding out about it. Kira took her meals to the room and it made me feel like we were back to square one. Why did she have to be so difficult? It's like she cannot understand the concept of letting go. Her friends were better off without knowing anything. Including them or letting them know about her would cause even more trouble than we could handle.

In spite of that, I asked Dean to get a brand new phone from Earth. The latest one so that she think about forgiving me.

Leo grumbled, "Hello"

"What's with that tone?" I asked perching on the chair. My body instantly felt at ease.

He handed me my drink and slumped on the couch in front of her. It was very unusual of him to show up without notice. His notice being spamming me with WhatsApp messages. Ridiculous.

Yes, demons used phones. It's not as shocking as it should be. The good thing about being a demon was learning. As there are no needs to satisfy the body, the power of learning is intensified. Most of the demons were familiar with technology because the angels used them as well. In the beginning, it was found in heaven according to the rumours but they learned to use it as to keep up with the trends.

The thought made us all laugh and sometimes we recall it and laugh in the group chat. Group chat of all the Demons from various religions. We mostly bond over the punishments and stupidity of humans. The length humans go to commit crimes and escape from punishment makes a good Sunday chat.

"It's nothing"

"Doesn't look like nothing" I eyed him carefully. He had dark circles under his eyes and his cheeks looked hollowed.

"Leo?"

He sighed, "Anna...she's divorcing her husband"

"What?" I narrowed my eyes together. Leo has been her husband as far as I knew because he was always playing that part and also possessed her husband's body. It still amazes me that he did not take full control of the body. Leo sometimes slips away, mostly to visit Hell and let her husband's soul come back to life.

Leo rubbed his face, leaning back on the couch, "She said that he is a different person most of the times and it's confusing her. I don't know what to do"

I sighed. How did he think that it was going to end well for him? Not to say that I told him so but I exactly told him that it won't work out in his way. Anyone would be suspicious if he keeps on leaving and returning.

"What are you going to do now?"

He raised his head, down the entire content of the whiskey before wiping his mouth, "I don't want to confuse her anymore or cause any kind of fight so I think it's better if I stay away for few days"

I hummed, "Alright that may work. You can stay here for a few days. I'm sure you miss Hell"

Leo chuckled, shaking his head, "Yeah right! You don't have to make jokes to cheer me up"

I gave him a flat look, "That was not a joke"

He blinked, "Too bad cause it was funny"

I shook my head and took a sip of my drink. It was useless arguing with him. At least when he was in one of those moods.

"What about those twinkies?"

My teeth gritted at the mention of those fairies. They were cruel and downright vindictive when they wanted to be. It was annoying that somehow they had the upper hand in this situation and are the only one we can rely for help.

"Don't even remind me of those"

Leo wriggled his eyebrows, "Looks like they got under your skin again"

Leo did not know the entire story. I told him that the girl I slept with was pregnant to which his reaction was sending me shocking gifs for an entire hour. That's why omitted half of the story because my phone could not take any more buzzing.

"They do that every time" I grind my teeth together. Based on the limited interactions I had with those twinkies I could say they were truly annoying.

"Godly creatures huh?!"

He stepped up to refill his glass and I laid back. It was not like he could get drunk on the alcohol so I had no reason to stop him.

"Yeah, you can't avoid them" I sighed.

They are everywhere. Literally. Few of the angels are on earth in the disguise of normal people so that they could sense a demonic activity and try to stop it. They are not as fond of humans as demons are so they often switch their duties. Can't stand being in the company of humans for a long time.

"True that" Leo exclaimed while stumbling towards the couch again. This time however he had a bottle in his hand and I was sure that he was actually drinking to forget his misery.

"Leo maybe you should stop"

He scoffed, "Oh come on! It's not like I am going to be drunk. This is barely gonna do anything"

I stayed quiet and leaned back. There was a buzzing outside the red room and I could hear Dean's footsteps approaching the room. Leo sat up straight. After all, reputation was everything.

At the sound of the knock, I stared at Leo who was now well settled in the couch. I signalled Dean to enter inside.

"My King" He bowed down before turning to nod at Leo. They were kind of friends which was strange to me since they did not have anything in common.

"What is it?"

He handed me a letter. I stared at the golden envelope and flicked it on the table. My hands were clammy from holding the glass and also I had no desire to read anything.

"Who sent it?"

"Lord Yama"

I inhaled sharply at that. Lord Yama was the demon of Hindu mythology. According to their religion, he was the guardian of naarak (known as hell). During one of the Balls, we hit it off and managed to know each other. Sometimes he had the reputation of being overdramatic and annoy people around him.

Leo chuckled quickly covering it up with a laugh. He knew about the love-hate relationship I shared with Yama.

"What did he want?"

Dean cleared his throat, "My lord he wants to visit Hell"

I blinked a few times hoping that Dean would laugh and call it a joke. Dean never did that but I was hoping he would do it this time. There was no way I was ready to have some guest when I was already dealing with my own problems and Talia.

"How many days until he visits?" I asked, running a hand down my face.

"Four days from today"

That's so close! I sighed, eyes wide. Dean retreated back and I stared at the door for a few seconds.

"You're dead, Lukas." Leo chuckled.

"But, my dear..." I purred, a cynical smirk on my face to which Leo looked alarmed.

"You're going to stay here for a few days so good luck with looking after our guest"

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Chapter 23

I was hiding from Lukas. I had no desire to entertain the demon any longer. He was downright rude and vile. There was no way we would find a common ground so it was better if I stayed away. I felt like it was the right decision at that moment.

Spending an entire day inside Lauren's room wasn't exactly a good hiding spot but I had no option. It was not like I knew about the edges and corners of the mansion. Even if I did Lukas would easily find me because he owns the place. I did not want to give him that opportunity. He was already cocky enough.

"You really are the best subject I've had so far" Lauren gushed as she finally patted at the paper. I eyed her carefully because she has been doing the same sketch since the last few hours. It started from me volunteering to be her muse for some statue she was displaying, gradually progressing to being a subject for her painting. As I had nowhere to be I decided to agree. It's not like people recognised me in Hell.

I blushed, waving my arm, "You flatter me too much"

"It's the truth!" She exclaimed as she clipped the two sides of the paper. I was never a student of art but it fascinated me. So when I agreed to be her subject I was interested in seeing myself on the paper.

"As if!"

Lauren shook her head, "You have no idea that kind of people I have painted for. They do not understand art and have absolutely no respect for the skill. During my time people used to think that it was crazy for a woman to be interested in arts and literature."

I hummed softly. I could not even imagine what it must be like for her. She was not from a progressive age so she had no idea how much people have changed. It is impossible to imagine arts and literature without women being the centre of it.

"Times have changed Lauren. If you were a painter on earth at this age I'm sure you would be famous"

Lauren giggled, "Now who's being a flatterer!"

"It's the truth" I smiled.

She peeked at me before staring back at the paper. I stood up from the stool, suddenly feeling and ache in my lower back. No wonder people did not like sitting for paintings. It was truly a pain to experience. But if the end results were satisfactory I won't even complain about the pain.

"Can I see it?" I asked softly, dusting the invisible lint off my leggings. Lauren frowned as I neared the paper and quickly covered it up.

"It is not done yet. I have to give some final strokes after it dries"

I hummed, "I'll just take a quick peek"

She shook her head and moved the canvas away from me. I twisted my lips at her but it did not work as she got a new Canvas. She sat on the stool and stared at the blank canvas.

"Are you going to paint again?" I questioned, eyeing her as she lifted the zero brush.

"Obviously. Don't worry we'll talk during dinner"

That meant I had to leave. She doesn't like being disturbed during her session of painting. I had to stay quiet the entire time I was sitting on the stool and it was tedious.

"Okay I'll see you later"

***

When I opened the door of my room, a gasp slipped my lips noticing Lukas lounging on my bed. What did he want? After the last encounter, I was unable to look at him in the eye. I thought that being away from him would make him suffer. Then again it had been only a few hours so probably he did not even notice that I was trying to punish him.

I crossed my arms in front of my torso as Lukas seemed calm at my presence. He did not even move from my bed. I have to ask Kira to burn the sheets as soon as leaves. I thought to stare at him.

"What are you doing here?" I asked as much, glaring at the sinful smirk on his face. He always had that smirk on his face like he knows everything which pissed me off. Who did he think you were? The Demon King of course.

"Why are you so hateful? I was just warming the bed for you"

My cheeks burned red at those words and I huffed, turning towards him. If only there was a way I could wipe off the smirk on his face. Sometimes he was so crude without even realising or maybe he did it purposefully knowing that how much it affected me. I was not going to back away easily and let him walk over me again. After all, he was at fault as much as I was.

Clenching my fist I gritted my teeth together, "Can you please leave?"

"You're so cute to even think that you can hide from me."

My blood turned cold at those words. So he did notice that I was trying to hide from him. As he stood up I took a step back.

He flashed his pearly whites, "So did you have fun with Lauren?"

My mouth parted open in shock. There was one thing in knowing that I was purposefully hiding but how did he find out about me and Lauren? Was someone feeding information to him? I wouldn't be surprised if it was Lauren herself because she was very loyal to him.

"How did you-"

The words died on my lips as he strode closer. For a moment, all I could hear was his rapid breathing and the almost deafening click of his shoes against the floor. The air rushed out of my lungs when I felt the wall touch my back. Again I was trapped.

The King grabbed my arm as I was trying to look around and find a way to escape. When I raised my head towards him I noticed that he was close. Very close. I couldn't breathe. All that was running through my head was 'This is it. He's going to definitely try something'

I suddenly remembered the time when he dragged his fingertips across my throat earlier, across the bridge. The thought of being close to him again bought back so many memories. That night in the club flashed to me. It was very terrifying.

When I felt a hand on the side of his neck I was dragged him back down to reality. I immediately tried to break out of his hold but it was no use, he only managed to tug me closer.

A gasp slipped out of my lips as Lukas buried his face into my neck. I shivered as I felt his breathing in between the hollow of my neck. The cold tip of his nose brushed against my pulse and I shuddered, breathing stuck in my throat.

"Lukas..." I sighed, trying to wriggle from his grasp. It angered me that even though I was trapped because of him I wasn't able to push him back. My body was betraying me into wanting him.

"Shh," He pressed his nose deeper, sniffing at my scent. My body felt hot all over again. I was aware that I could easily duck him and set myself free but I was numb.

I rolled my eyes back, trying to remember the first time I saw him and how enchanted I felt. The stranger who rescued me from the bad guy. My knight in shining armour. Then the bitter memory replaced that, bile rose in my throat as I thought of how he sent Dean to capture me and said those hurtful words in the red room.

"Get away!" I pushed at his chest.

He went cold, no emotions on his face. It made me remind of the article I read in one of the books. Demons, atleast the ones who are upper class can easily conceal their emotions. Those books were the only thing helping me understand Lukas.

"Don't flatter yourself, Talia." He murmured, a scoff in his tone.

I felt offended at that. He didn't need to remind me that he no longer fancied me.

Licking his lips, his eyes finally met mine, "The only reason I came here is to ask you to join us for dinner"

Before I could question he continued, "My friend-Leo he is joining us today and I want him to meet you. Is that clear?"

I hummed, wrapping my arms around myself, "Okay"

"Uhh...is Leo a demon?"

He chuckled his hands in his pocket, "Of course. Do you really think I'm going to let myself have a filthy human friend"

I shivered at his tone. He despised humans so much that it was unsettling. Why did he sleep with me then?

"Fine I'll be there" I mumbled, looking towards the door. With a huff, he walked out.

***

Chapter 24

My leg hooked around his waist as his hand came to my hips, slowly trailing down until they reached the back of my other thigh and he pulled it up, making me wrap both of my legs around him. A small grunt drowned in his lips when he pushed himself further into me, my back pinned against the wall by his body.

"B-baby" Lukas whispered, pulling away from the kiss.

My fingers had found the way to the front of his shirt and I tried to fiddle with them

His lips felt soft against mine, plump and expert in the kiss. I arched my back as his hands cupped my ass. My fingers entangled in his hair, the other hand holding on his shoulders as he started to walk backwards.

My hands travelled down his body when he finally slumped on the bed, letting me straddle him as he continued to knead my ass with rough fingers. The King's tongue was exploring mine, softly nipping at my bottom lip.

Rocking my hips softly, I pulled away from his lips, trailing kisses on his chiselled jaw. Lukas grunted, tilting his head to the side. A little sigh escaped his chest when I found his pulse point, lapping my tongue across the strip of skin.

Using my fingers I undid his buttons down and traced my fingertips over his washboard abs. My breathing quickened, unable to contain the excitement.

Raising my head I stared deep into his eyes, he took my face in between his hands and kissed me roughly, his fingers tangling in my hair.

With a wet pop, I pulled back before he could deepen the kiss and went down on my knees, between his legs and started trailing kisses down his stomach. He had a bulge in his shorts which made me blush.

"What are you doing?" The King questioned and I blinked my eyes at him for a few seconds.

"Uh..."

"It's all about you" He chuckled, pulling me abruptly on the bed. I squealed when Lukas pushed my hips down on the bed, settling his own body between my legs. I finally calmed down, looking at him with a curious and intense stare. He was so eternal it felt unreal to look at him.

With my thumb, I traced the outline of his lips. He sharply inhaled as I leaned up, crushing my lips against his. His tongue slipped past my lips, exploring my mouth as his body leaned to the side a little bit and he sneaked his hands down my shirt, his fingers brushing on my skin. Goosebumps prickled all over my arms.

I hooked one of my legs behind him and made him roll to his back, a huffed breath coming out of his mouth.

He huffed, "Aren't you eager today?"

"You can say that"

His hands went up from my hips towards my waist, pushing the fabric of my shirt up. I blinked my eyes at him as he stared at my bra.

"Fuck!" He mumbled under his breath, pushing my arms off my chest.

"You're a vision baby"

With that he buried his face in my neck, the touch slowly turning more intense as he travelled his hands down to my hips. I moaned, my head thrown back and slowly grind against him.

My fingers went to the side of his face, brushing on his jaw as he nipped on the skin of my neck. Lukas was relentless with his hands, digging them into the flesh of my soft skin just for seconds before kneading roughly.

His brushed down my stomach to which I sharply sucked a breath. He stared at me as if asking for permission as he neared the buttons of my jeans.

When I hummed he pushed the pants down snapping my panties on my skin.

I mewled into his mouth as his fingers made their way under the fabric of my panties, his middle finger barely brushing my slit before pulling away. I parted my lips, my eyes digging into him. Everything around felt too quiet, the only sound echoing was the breathing of us.

A small, low whimper escaped my throat as he flicked the tip of his finger against my clit, teasingly.

"Please..." I whimpered and that was all he needed.

His fingers started circling around my clit, enough to get me to roll my eyes. Lukas moved his fingers on the little bud, my legs shaking slightly at the feeling inside my stomach. I leaned into him, unable to hold back and kissed him softly, almost breathing into his scent.

My head started feeling dizzy with the motion of his fingers, the way he moved almost slowly and erotically like he was enjoying torturing me.

Suddenly he stopped and pulled me up to my feet. I whined staring at him. What was he doing? He let me lean against the headrest of the bed as he slowly unclasped my bra and threw it on the floor.

As the cold air nipped at my exposed nubs I straddled his lap, kissing him hard and hungrily, both of us moaning and grunting into the kiss. His hands went to my waist, gripping it tightly before he pushed me on my back.

Lukas had a mischievous expression over his face when he looked at me, causing shivers to rack over my body. I closed my eyes and sighed when he started to pepper my neck with open mouth kisses. His fingers trailed down my body, tracing the curve of my breast.

His hand brushed over my hips, pushing my legs up to hook around his waist.

A moan ripped from my throat as he enclosed his mouth over my nipple. I shuddered, pushing his face as he suckled the pink bud into his mouth, swirling and rolling his tongue around.

After a few seconds, he pulled away from my nipple, doing the same to the other one.

Later he sat knees, leaving me exposed to him as my legs fell from his body. His fingers ran down my inner thighs and he blinked at me.

"Can I taste you, baby?"

Taking my lip in between my teeth I nodded my head.

"Use your words please"

I breathed, "Yes, my lord"

As he gave me a nod my stomach filled with butterflies. I propped myself up on my elbows just to see him settle himself in between my legs. A shaky breath left my lips when he leaned down and blew a cold breath on my sensitive folds.

With his fingers, he spread the folds apart, his tongue running a slow lap over my clit before he raised his head to look at me. I slapped a hand over my mouth to stop myself from screaming.

"Don't hold back baby" He mumbled before wrapping his lips around it. He started to suck on my clit, his cheeks hollowing and his tongue flicking over it. My body tingled, toes curling with his every lick. I threw my head back, my fingers clutching at the fabric of the bedsheets.

Lukas pressed his hand to the back of my thigh, pushing my leg up as he pulled his mouth away. I scrunched my face but he quickly gave me an assuring smile. His nose nudged against my inner, his lips trailing kisses down the sensitive skin.

I clutched the sheets in my fists as his tongue ran up my folds again, taking a long stripe from my entrance to my clit. His hands were firm on my hips pulling my body down, keeping me at his mercy.

Lukas slowly trailed his hands up, clutching on the globe of my ass. My mouth parted open as went faster, this time fully focusing on my clit and bringing his finger to my entrance.

"Mine" He growled, pushing the finger inside at the same time I pushed my hips down.

It felt incredible, his long finger entering me at a slow pace, as they started to pump in and out of me. I blinked back the tears as he continued to fuck me with his fingers and his tongue.

I tangled my fingers in his hair, pulling on it as I tried to pull him closer to me. His tongue ran down my clit and he pulled away from it, looking intently at the way his finger disappeared inside of me. Without stopping his movements, he managed to hover over me, quickly lying by my side.

He crashed his lips against mine while continuing to push his fingers inside me. I could feel my abdomen clench painfully, tears escaping from the corner of my eyes.

"I-I'm going to...come"

"Talia" I jolted at the sound of my name and looked around only to realise that I was in my room. Kira was standing beside my bed with a confused look on her face.

My cheeks flushed, "What are you doing here Kira?"

"Its dinner time Miss Talia"

I avoided her eyes, feeling embarrassed all of a sudden. I had a wet dream about a demon of Hell! What's the lowest that can happen?

"I'll be down in a few seconds"

As soon as Kira left, I pushed my face into the pillow and let out a scream.

***

Chapter 25

As I was trying to forget about the dream, the knock on the door startled me. It was Myra. One of the demon. She was the one who arranged my wardrobe and had good knowledge about the clothes to fit. Calling her a fashion designer would be a bit of a stretch. Like Kira, she was also not scared of me. But also not very talkative.

Sometimes I think that should resent me for being a human. It wouldn't be surprising because their own King has a grudge against humans.

As she entered the room I stood up from the bed. My eyes automatically shifted towards the clock and I sighed. Only an hour till the dinner. No wonder Lukas sent Kira to invite me.

I dragged my feet towards the closet and pulled open the door. Myra was already rushing towards the gowns, browsing each one and feeling them in between her fingers. The surprising thing about her was she did not stay in the mansion.

According to Kira most of them prefer to stay alone than in the close confined mansion. But they had to be on the other side of the bridge, closer to the Hall. I can never understand why anyone would want that. The screams alone were so deafening but they must be used to it by now.

Just like humans, demons loved to be a show-off. They had a class divide between them, the upper, middle and lower. It was no different than the human system, only that upper demons could also be punished. Only if humans had that decency.

Myra cleared her throat as if to get my attention, "What piece have you decided on Miss Talia"

I nervously shook my head, "Actually I didn't decide on anything"

It was a shame that I could not decide on anything. They were so many of them and I did not want to pick. Besides my mind was still occupied with those thoughts from the dream. It felt so real that I had to check my neck for hickeys.

Myra pressed her lips tight and glanced back at the closet. I felt bad for her because she had to deal with me.

"So which one do you like better? This is lace one, the other is silk"

I blinked my eyes at her hands. How was holding two of the heavy gowns just like that? My eyes narrowed at both of the gowns. They looked pretty that it was confusing to choose between them.

I sighed, "I can't choose. Please can you just decide for me?"

Myra nodded her head. She stared at both of the clothing pieces, holding them for a while and inspecting them by smoothening her fingers over them. I thought that she was going to cast some sort of spell on them to automatically make a decision.

"The pink satin would look great on you Miss Talia. It's darker so there won't be any stain"

I made a humming sound, staring at the clothing before pulling it from her hand.

"Thank you. I'll go get ready now"

***

By the time I stepped down, I could hear the faint sound of music. I could recognise that sound. It was Bach. With a giddy smile on my face, I hurried down the stairs with Myra in tow.

Lukas was standing at the edge of the stairs as if he was waiting for me. When he forwarded his hand towards me I blushed, suddenly remembering the dream I had. My cheeks felt hot as he clasped my hand in his and walked me towards the table.

I looked over my shoulder towards the grand piano at the corner of the dining room. A person clad in a tuxedo was playing it. He must be a skilled demon to play something so powerful.

I glanced back towards the table. Lauren waved at me childishly while Dean rolled his eyes at her. My eyes fell on the stranger in front of Lauren. He must be Leo. When we stepped closer they all stood, waiting for Lukas to address them.

"Thank you, everyone, for joining me and my mate for this dinner" Lukas cleared his throat and my eyes widened in surprise. Did he call me his mate? What does that mean? I need to talk to him because Kira said the same thing while we wear in Lauren's room.

He pulled the seat for me and I narrowed my eyes in a suspicious manner. Since when did he become a gentleman? I thanked him as I sat on the chair beside him.

The table was huge for five of them. My head felt dizzy just staring at all the different kinds of salad on the table. A wine glass was placed beside every plate which was squeaky clean. You can see your reflection in that kind of clean. I was too scared to touch anything because everything looked expensive.

How did they manage to arrange everything in such a short span of time? They must have been working non-stop to put something so elegant like this. I thought.

"Leo..." Lukas started as he stared back at his friend. I lifted my head up, staring at the stranger. He was attractive not like Lukas but still had a charm. and here I was thinking that demons were supposed to be ugly.

"This is my mate and mother of my child, Talia." Leo smiled in my direction. Wow. Demons can smile. Judging from the faces of Dean and Lukas it was difficult to predict anything about demons. They both carried themself with a stoic expression on their faces.

"And Talia..." His eyes dug into my skin. A shiver ran down my spine at the way my name rolled out of his lips.

"This is my best friend, Leo. He will be staying in this mansion for a few days"

Oh. I had no idea that Lukas had a best friend.

"You are saying that as if you don't like it, Lukas!" Leo chuckled, picking up his napkin. She followed suit, noticing that everyone had already tucked the napkin.

Lukas shrugged, "Glad you understand me"

Leo shook his head, staring at me, "I'm sorry you have to deal with this daily"

I bit back my smile. I already liked Leo. He was honest about Lukas and unlike others didn't purr at everything Demon King said.

"Fate" I shrugged, resting back as the chicken was served on the plate. My mouth watered at the smell.

Leo laughed, agreeing with me while Lukas grumbled.

"You both know that I can hear you, right?"

"And what about it?" Leo challenged, digging into his steak. He was the only one who skipped appetisers. Then again demons don't actually need food.

Lukas gritted his teeth, "Oh nothing just reminding you"

The server bought back the bottle of wine. I stared hesitantly at the glass because I had no idea if I should drink. My lips rolled in between my teeth as the server inched towards me.

"Don't" Lukas voice jerked me back to reality.

I blinked his eyes at him as he glared at the server, a glint in his eyes.

"She's pregnant so bring her sparkling cider or something else. No alcoholic drinks are allowed"

My breath hitched in my throat because I was not expecting him to pay attention or know anything about pregnancy. After all, I thought that this was just an heir to his throne and not someone he cared about.

Lauren nudged at me and pointed at the chicken, "Is it good?"

I noticed that she did not touch anything on her plate. My eyes shifted towards Lukas who was saying something to Leo.

"You don't like chicken?"

Lauren shook her head, "I do but I don't like coriander"

I stared at the green chicken pieces. She should have said something earlier while they were serving.

"Don't eat it then" I shrugged

Leo exhaled as he stared behind me, his eyes narrowed, "Who is this guy? You should have at least put something with lyrics. It's boring"

"It's art" Lukas mumbled softly, wiping his mouth with the napkin. He surely had the manners of royals for someone who is supposed to be the devil. I did not know anything about his previous life but maybe he was somehow connected to the family of royals.

"That shit?!"

Lukas scoffed, "It's Bach. Too sophisticated for people like you to understand"

"Yeah sure. I think you are just making things up"

Lukas shook his head, "I am not. This is one of Bach's famous composition, a collab with Lang or something. I can't remember the name"

I cleared my throat, "Lang Lang. It's called The Well-Tempered Clavier."

Lukas stared at me, his mouth parted in shock. When I was younger I had a dream of making it big in the music industry. It was silly but my mother entertained the thought and made me join piano classes.

"You know Bach?!" Lukas exclaimed.

I shyly smiled, "Yeah...I learned a few of his compositions when I was young"

Leo whistled lowly, staring at Lukas, "No wonder she is your mate"

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Chapter 26

/Lukas POV/

I stared at the portal, anxiety crawling inside me. Finally, it was the day of Yama's visit. The past few days have been a blur. Talia kept to herself occasionally joining us for dinner as she indulged herself in the decorations with Leo. I should have known those two would hit it off. Not that I was jealous, okay maybe a little bit, fine I was extremely jealous to the point I decided to send Leo back to earth. He was better there moping for his love.

As both of them were busy with all the planning I had to pay extra attention to the duties of Hell. Ever since I saw those fairies and the pool my mind was occupied with various things. Talia was in danger but I had no idea how to tell her that without making her worry. She was the first of being to ever birth a half-human demon, Nephilim. These kinds of kids never see the light of day due to various reasons which scared me even more. I did want anything to happen to either of them. Just the thought of someone hurting them made me angry with rage.

"My King, it's time" Dean's voice made me snap back to reality. I stared at the bright light emitting from the portal. Why was Lord Yama so late? Then again he had a flair for making a dramatic entrance.

The reason I built my mention on the other side of the portal was for safety. Previously there were so many attacks on the building nearby that it was difficult for the demons living there. When I found out about it I had to do something. I recruited the best of best engineers and architectures from the Hell so that they could work on the mansion. You could say that it was my pride and joy. Mostly because it was equipped with the strongest metal around the edges which was not at all easy to break. Even for Leviathans.

"I hope he is alone this time" I sighed, staring at the light getting brighter. Few more seconds. The last time he was at the party he bought few beauties from his palace which created a ruckus. It was to the extreme even for Hell with their pole dancing and clothes everywhere. His idea of the party was truly terrifying and something I wish no one should ever experience.

Leo was intimidated by him although he never actually talked to him. So when I asked him early in the morning to join me he swiftly avoided with the lamest excuse possible for demons. Eventually, he will have to meet Yama so I let it slide. Dean and I were good enough to receive our guest.

A loud sound like that of buzzing echoed around. My eyes squinted as I noticed two figures emerging from the light. Two? I narrowed my eyes trying to focus. Dean banged his spear against the floor and managed to close the portal.

"My friend!" Yama chuckled, his voice loud enough to down the sound of buzzing.

I gawked at him as he was in one of his crazy suits which were too blinding for my eyes. He was the only demon who inherited the throne without having to fight for it. The longest-running Demon King. Most of them admired him for that quality and feared him at the same time. Then again he looked like the kind of person who cannot even hurt a fly. With his tall slender body, gangly arms and brown chocolate eyes he looked like the boy next door.

He had a bag along with him which meant he was definitely staying for a few days. I motioned towards the other demons to carry out the bag. Two of them rushed to take the bag from his hand.

I was still amazed that he did not bring his commander. Most of the Kings are scarred for life and have someone along with them for protection. The attacks on Kings are brutal and unpredictable. Must be because he was travelling from his own portal.

Spreading my arms I patted on his back.

"How are you?"

My focus shifted on the kid standing beside him, eyes wide. Why would he bring a child along with him? Also, was the boy his son? The last time I saw Yama, he was still searching for someone suitable. After his wife left him, Yama was in despair for a while, partying and having all sorts of fun with women and men alike. He was hopeless, trying to find someone to settle down with.

"I'm fine. What about you? How was your journey?" I questioned, noticing that Dean was also staring at the childlike he was an alien.

Usually, the portals work just fine while you are travelling to the earth or some lands nearby. Even though Hells of all religion are connected it takes quite some time to get from one place to another. The only reason it was made that way was to avoid the fights among each other. Earlier the Kings who controlled Hell were greedy and wanted everything for themselves. Now most of them were of the opinion that they should be satisfied with what they have and enjoy their own lives. Very mature for demons.

Yama waved his hand, "Eh you know the portal stations. They are always busy."

Portal stations were like common railways for the demons. The special portals were strictly limited to the Kings of their own Hell. Again it was to avoid wars.

"What happened to your portal?"

Yama huffed, "It's a long story involving my ex-wife so I would rather tell it after I am fully drunk"

My lips twitched, "Sure! What about this boy? Is he your kid?"

As if Yama realised that he was with someone, he shook his head and pulled the boy towards him. He must not be older than four years.

"This is my younger brother, stepbrother actually. I don't want him taking over naarak while I'm away. Too risky you know?"

I gawked at the kid who was too adorable with his pale white skin and bright green eyes. How can someone his age would even think about taking over Hell?

"He's a kid" I deadpanned, blinking at Yama.

Yama shrugged, flicking at his fringe, "Can't trust anyone these days."

I was fish mouthed, unable to find correct words to say in response. That's the exact reason I was so unsure about Yama visiting. He always leaves me in shock.

Dean cleared his throat which made me realise that I was silent for quite some time.

"Let's go!"

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I did not expect that he would bring a guest along with him but knowing him I should have guessed it. Leo was nowhere in sight so how was I supposed to ask someone to look after the kid?

"Did you renovate this place?" Yama hummed, walking along towards the living room. His brother was clinging onto him, holding his pinky finger. Hard to wrap my head around the fact that Yama really thought someone like him would overtake.

I shook my head, "No. It's same as the last time"

"Oh...looks almost new" Yama made a sound, looking around. All thanks to Leo and Talia who worked day and night to make the place absolutely flawless.

"You are too kind Yama"

"Thanks. If you don't mind I would like to rest for some time" Yama stared at me, his hand stuffed in his jacket pocket. The younger boy huffed at that.

"Where is Leo?" I asked the nearest servant. Leo was the one assigned to take care of the booking of the room. I had no idea which room was empty.

The maid bowed down, "I'll look for him, my King"

"Yama why don't you take a seat? The luggage will be in your room in a minute"

He sighed but followed me towards the couch with his brother in trail. The boy politely sat on the couch, with his hands folded together in his lap. Usually, the children his age are creating mischief, jumping around but he was too quiet and well mannered.

"So..." I cleared my throat

"Is everything okay?"

Yama laughed, shaking his head, "Oh don't worry I am just visiting for fun. It's nothing serious"

I let out a breath I didn't realise I was holding. Most of the times I get visits from Kings for my help to fight in the war. Or atleast they demand me to send my army. It's ridiculous and something I never indulge myself in. They do that for fun while I go on earth for fun.

"That's good to know. You are welcome to stay as long as you want"

"Thank you, my kind friend. I was going out of my mind in naarak now that my missus is back." Yama huffed, leaning his body back. The kid beside him bite back a smile.

The footsteps echoed around the living room and I let out a breath noticing Talia.

"Miss Talia?" Yama stood up, staring at her with wide eyes. How did he know her?

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Chapter 27

Leo was probably the only person who understood my humour. He was also a proud member of the Tom Hanks fan club and loved to watch Spanish dramas even though he did not understand anything. As we started to spend more time together I understood about his love story. It was tragic because it seemed like he really loved her. I tried to help him understand why she was finding it difficult to reciprocate his love but he was tired to talk about it.

Lukas was busy managing the affairs of the Hell so Leo kept me company. He had the responsibility of handling everything from room to the decorations for the guest, Yama. Apparently, he was also a demon of Hindu mythology and King of Hell. At first, I was confused so Leo made me read their mythology. It was long but worth it.

"Do you think he will appreciate lavender in his room?" I asked, chewing my lower lip in between my teeth. Leo was very happy when I insisted on helping him. He had no idea about the decorations which were needed to brighten up the room. Kira helped me pick flowers from the garden. I did not even know that there was a huge garden behind the mansion.

Leo bobbed his head, a serious look on his face, "He has to. You really worked hard to arrange those in the vase"

I hummed, smiling at the white vase, "I really did"

When he did not reply for a few seconds I realised that he was making fun of me. He has his lips pressed together as if to hold back his laughter. I nudged at his arm, trying hard to not slap his face.

"You're so annoying. Good luck trying to decorate the rest of it"

Leo screeched, "No! No, I'm sorry. I promise I won't do it again"

I hid my smile and nodded my head. Everything was done. We were just making a double-check so that nothing gets messed up in the last minute. Lukas asked Leo to go along with him but he declined to say that he had to shine his shoes. That had to be the lamest excuse he ever made up but I defended him saying that they needed polishing.

"I just hope he isn't like Oni. The last time they were here they made a mess. But Lukas is good friends with their King so we let it slide"

I frowned, "What is Oni?"

Leo sighed, "They are like Japanese ogre-like creatures. Kinda scary because of their horns"

I parted my lips in shock. There was so much I needed to learn. Lukas was annoying and obnoxious so I refuse to take help from him. But maybe Leo can help me understand all the creatures. I was still reeling from Hindu mythology.

"How am I supposed to know about everyone?"

"You need to learn," Leo said in a duh tone as he pushed his hands in his pants pocket, admiring the painting on the wall. Obviously, Lauren did that.

"Who's going to teach me?" I made a face.

"Lukas of course" Leo stated, staring at the side of my head. As they were the best of friends I could not exactly bad-mouth about Lukas. Also, Leo respected him too much and admired because he was their King. It would be wrong on so many levels if I talk behind his back with his own best friend.

"He hates me" I sighed.

Leo scoffed, shaking his head, "Who told you that?"

"No one has to tell me that. He shows it enough"

"Talia he doesn't hate you. Trust me when I say this you are the last person he would hate." Leo exhaled softly.

The statement alone causes me to have butterflies in my stomach. I was so used to people being annoyed by me that it was impossible to believe. I shrugged.

"Do you really believe that?"

I took a deep breath, "I don't want to but it's just...I kinda think that I ruined his life by being pregnant. He had no responsibility before me but now he has to worry about me and our child who is going to be the first Nephilim."

That was the first time I said it out loud to someone other than myself. Having a kid was one thing but having a half-demon kid who had dangers from everywhere was difficult. Lukas had to look after Hell so I felt guilty knowing that he had to care for me and our child. Even though he was trying to hide the fact that I may be in some kind of difficulty I had an idea about it. I overhead a few workers talking about our child being a miracle but also dangerous to Hell.

Leo stared at me, his eyes focused, "Are you forgetting the fact that he's King of Hell? He will always have to be responsible. I think this is something he's really excited about. Do you know how much demons love to have a child? It is often difficult for lower ranks to be pregnant, the only way they can be is if their child is mixed. Any other creature."

"The situation might be difficult as of now but I don't think that he regrets anything. If anything he's going to make history. Why would he be unhappy about it?"

I thought about it for a while. Let those words sunk in. It was true that the situation was not ideal but Lukas never said that he didn't want a child. He could have simply asked me to get rid of it but he was protecting me. How can I doubt him? Maybe he does not see me as his ideal

partner but he will definitely love our child. That's something I would never have to worry about.

"Thank you Lukas" I patted at his shoulder to which he shook his head.

Before he could say something there was a knock on the door. I looked over my shoulder only to notice a maid.

"My King is waiting downstairs with the guest. And he has asked for you"

Leo motioned towards me and we walked out of the room together. I held my breath as we were walking downstairs, my eyes narrowing at two strangers sitting on the couch. One of them was a kid so my lips pulled in a smile. I had no idea that King Yama had a kid. There was no mention of it in the book.

"Miss Talia?" The guy in a colourful suit stood up, walking towards me. How did he know my name? Lukas might have told him.

Lukas was by my side before I could shake his hand.

"Yama how do you know about my mate?"

My eyes widened at that. Lukas didn't tell him? Then who did? Lukas wrapped his arms around my waist and I leaned into his side, fear gripping me. His face was tight, eyes turned into slits. I could feel his loud breathing falling on my shoulder.

Yama let out a burst of nervous laughter, shaking his head, "Please don't think otherwise. Death and I are close so he mentioned about you in passing. That's all I know"

Lukas let out a breath at that, relaxing immediately.

"Oh! You almost gave me a scare" Lukas parted away and I instantly missed the warmth of his arms. What are you saying?! I gritted my teeth together for even thinking about it. He shouldn't be affecting me like that. Lukas was just the father of my kid. That's all.

Yama chuckled lightly and the boy his behind him. I waved at him to which he shyly waved back. So cute! I gushed staring at him.

"Good morning, King Yama" I greeted to Yama realising that I was quiet ever since he greeted me.

"Good morning"

"Is that your son?" I asked softly, my eyes focused on the kid beside him.

Yama burst out laughing, "Everyone seems to be thinking the same thing. Do we look that alike?"

I stared at both of them. They both had the same colour hair and Roman pointed nose. Anyone would easily mistake them for father and son.

"He's my stepbrother, Yuri." Yama patted at his shoulder. The kid whined but still held on to his hand.

"Oh he's very cute"

Yama smiled, tugging at his brother's hand, "Yuri what do you say?"

"Thank you miss" Yuri shyly smiled, his cheeks puffed. I felt my chest tighten just thinking about my own child. If he had half of the cuteness of Yuri we will be blessed.

"Sorry for bringing him along without notice."

I waved my hand around, crouching towards the kid, "No worries we can arrange the room for this cutie."

Yama laughed, "You're natural at this. I'm sure you will be an excellent mother"

I gasped, standing up on my feet. How did he know that?

Lukas glared at him, "How much do you know about us?"

"You wouldn't like the answer to that"

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Chapter 28

Apparently, our story was very popular and hot gossip at the moment. It was surprising that others knew about it. I thought that Lukas was going to keep it a secret to protect our child. Yama was a funny guy. He was ancient according to his own words but still loved to keep up with everything. That's why his new attire. After his wife left him he had to make some drastic changes one of them being replacing his entire wardrobe with funky suits.

By the time we sort out the room for his stepbrother, it was time for dinner. At first, we thought Yuri was shy and wouldn't be picky about anything but boy we were in for a surprise. My feet hurt by the time I walked along with him through the entire mention, trying to find a suitable room.

A few hours passed by I realised how huge the place was. There were several wings in one mansion with more than five hundred rooms. It was insane. Most of them are occupied by the demons however the lower floor ones are empty for guests. It made me think about Lukas friends circle. He must know a lot of people to have so many rooms.

Yuri, however, was supernatural so he did not feel any pain while walking through different floors. He was still bouncing with energy after we reached the second floor.

Finally, he settled on the farthest room from the stairs, but it was closer to the common balcony. He was picky about the room because he didn't want to be disturbed. I almost wanted to pull his cheeks at that.

The dinner was served but Yama did not attend because he was tired. I really wanted to talk to him more and learn about all the rumours and gossips going around about me and my unborn child. It was very unsettling to know that people were talking behind your back even without knowing the complete story. But that's what being pregnant with Demon King's child is all about.

Yuri stood up, bowed down, "Thank you for this meal. Good night"

"Good night love. Sleep tight" I waved at him as he scrambled towards the chair as fast as he could. Lauren sighed staring at his retreating form.

"For someone who is four, he sure is a menace"

Dean huffed something under his breath and continued with his soup. Lukas was busy with his steak and did not even pay attention to whatever Lauren was talking about. Everyone was in a mood.

I hummed, "Why do you say that?"

"He asked me to teach him to paint and I thought he would be happy with crayons. But no the boy wanted acrylics. He took one hour to perfect the painting of flower pot" Lauren exhaled, stabbing at her mashed potatoes a little too hard.

I instantly regretted asking her because I thought that she was the only one who was not in the mood. The day, in particular, was draining for everyone with new guests. Even the servants were on feet all day with Yamas demands for dinner. He wanted to eat biryani, the Hyderabadi style so the cooks were slaving all evening to perfect that meal. While Yuri was annoying the rest of them with his whimsical yet polite demands.

"That is awful," I remarked as Lauren was staring at me. The kid was too cute to be angry on.

Lukas hummed softly when Lauren stared at him like he had been listening all along. It felt like he was hiding something and I wanted to know.

Lauren placed her fork in her plate and huffed, "You should see my art room. It's a mess"

I gave her a sympathetic smile and focused on eating the greens on my plate. It was like Lukas had made it a mission to purposely ask the servers to put greens on my plate. Even though he would never admit to doing that it was a cute gesture.

Lukas stood up, followed by others. I held my breath as he walked closer to me.

"You worked very hard today cara. You should get some rest because you like you're about to pass out any second now." I hummed, rubbing my eyes.

He walked along with me to my room in silence. The soft sounds of our footsteps echoed around the quiet hallways. Lukas was too close to me that I could feel the heat of his body. My breath was caught in my throat, fear gripping me. We were never alone in the hallways at night so it made me think about the time he cornered me outside the mansion. This time I was all alone and nowhere to run.

"Sleep well." Lukas softly whispered. My eyes widened, a bit surprised. I nodded my head and walked back to my room.

***

The next morning as I woke up my stomach was in a twist. It felt like something bad was going to happen. Ignoring that feeling I got up from the bed and slid inside the bathroom. I was sure that Yama was going to be there for breakfast so it would give me an opportunity to talk to him.

It was nothing particular really but I wanted to know how the gossip originated about us. For a second I thought about those fairies but then again they seemed like reclusive. Why would the leak about it to demons of other dimensions?

Locking my room I walked out when I heard the breathing. It was too loud for it to be a human sound. My head turned around only to notice a hellhound. How is that possible? Lukas told me that only dead people can see hellhound.

My gut clenched as I stared at the hellhound, saliva dripping on the floor from the corner of its mouth. The creature in front of me was something I had never imagined. With a large head and almost dog-like the body, it was giant and feral with sharp white teeth poking out.

He was such a pure white stallion. How did he turn into something so ugly and terrifying? An idea popped into my mind. If I could tame the white stallion then maybe I could also try it with the hellhound.

"Down boy...shh" I calmly said trying to step back. The Hellhound growled, breathing fire through its nostrils and pounced on me.

A sharp cry escaped my lips as I landed on my side, my arm immediately going to my stomach. Tears escaped my eyes at the sharp pain shooting through my stomach. The thought of something happening to make child made me twist in fear.

As I tried to get up and move, the hellhound neared me and shook its head. Fang doesn't do this! I thought internally.

My eyes screwed shut, mentally praying that it would be all over soon. As Fang let out a long, terrifying howl my teeth grind together. I thought about everything that happened which lead me to the very moment I was experiencing. Even though I was angry at Lukas for several things I did not regret the night we spent together. Not at all.

A low whine made me open my eyes. I blinked back the tears when I noticed that Fang was lying on the ground. He tried to attack Lukas but he was wrestled easily by the Demon King, pinned on the ground.

I felt pain shoot through my stomach as I tried to stand up on my feet. With the help of the pillar, I managed to slide against it, clutching my arm against my belly. A sob racked through my body when I noticed crimson liquid on my palm. I needed help.

"Fang!" Lukas growled as he ducked another attack of his Hellhound. He managed to finally overpower him. I let out a shuddering breath as I noticed the red colour in Lukas's eyes. They were glowing.

"Lu-" I tried to call out his name, my vision getting blurry as I tried to hold on.

"Down! Now!" Lukas growled which made Fang whimper and hide in the corner. My breathing turned erratic as I tried to keep my eyes open.

"Lukas-" I exhaled, my body lurching forward.

"Talia" He breathed, wrapping his arm around my waist. His eyes widened when he noticed blood in my hands. He pulled me into his bare chest and I was trying to look into his eyes. Fang was quiet, making no sound at all.

"Please look at me-" He whispered, patting at my cheeks. I hummed, trying to look at him as he let me collapse into his arms. He felt warm.

"Am I going to die?"

He sniffled, his voice hoarse, "Nothing is going to happen to you...I cannot lose you...Talia"

I hazily blinked at him as I noticed tears pooling in his eyes. Was he crying for me?

"I don't want to lose you again Talia please..."

"Save...save our baby" I whispered before darkness consumed me and I closed my eyes.

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Chapter 29

/Lukas POV/

I couldn't stop staring at her, lying still on the bed. She was going to die if she did not get help soon. My eyes were red, tears forming in them. It was the first time that I was feeling immense sadness inside me. There was no way I could afford to lose her. Not again.

Leo patted at my arm, trying to reassure me but nothing would work unless I saw her sit up. The fairies were on the way because they were the only person who knew about Nephilim birth. No one I knew was able to help me.

Fang was tied up in chains so that he could calm down. His reaction was still unexpected. The reason I picked him was because of his brutality but I never thought it would make me regret. Fang never acted in that way before, it felt like someone was controlling him. My right arm was broken because of the way he pounced on me. That was not my major concern.

My hands were still drenched in blood from holding her limp body. I couldn't stop staring at them for the first few minutes, imagining the worst thing possible. It felt like I was rooted on the floor, crying for help when Leo found me. They alerted the fairies and asked them to visit the mansion.

Leo tried to distract me but it was not working. Nothing seemed to be working. I couldn't stop thinking about her last words as she closed her eyes. I knew that she was still alive but her breathing slowed down from the last few minutes.

Yama was stalling the demons so that no one would enter the room. Everyone was interested in what was happening to my mate.

"Where are they?" I gritted my teeth, staring at the door. Usually, they show up on time without having to use any portal. What was taking them so long?

Leo softly sighed, "You need to calm down Lukas. They will be here soon"

Dean was already searching for them in their dimension. There was no update from his side which was worrying. Where could they be?

"Calm down?!" I screeched, my eyes narrowing at Leo. He did not even flinch.

"My mate is going to die Leo. How the fuck do I calm down? I am unable to do anything but sit here, helplessly." I rubbed my face, breathing harshly as I stared at her. Her body was paler than before which made me look away.

Before Leo could say anything there was a bright glow in the room. I squinted my eyes, as the circle formed around the room and the fairies fluttered their wings. A sigh of relief escaped my lips. Finally!

"What took you so long?" I growled, inching towards them.

Sia rolled her eyes, walking towards Talia, "We had to find something to make the bleeding stop."

"We are not healers my lord" Gia mumbled, as she pulled a pouch from her bag. I sighed, pushing myself back against the couch. Even though they said that several times I always forget that they are the Fate and not some kind of healers.

Finding healers is always difficult because they are scared to work for a demon. They are rare and always in the presence of godly creatures. Most of them are in faraway land which is difficult to get through for demonic creatures like me. No one tried to do that before that's why we don't have any healers in Hell. At most people, I pulled the souls of doctors from Hell and asked them for treatment.

Mia hummed, "It's about time you get one healer, my King. You are mate will need help while giving birth"

I sighed, nodding my head. As it was a necessity I had to find a way to get a healer. Convince him or her to stay until the birth of my child.

"Will she be okay?"

Sia applied some kind of green lotion on Talia's stomach, mumbling something under her breath. I sat on the couch, staring at my mate. Gia was rubbing her feet with the same green lotion.

"This is very powerful medicine we got from the Dryads"

Leo narrowed his eyes, "From what?"

Mia giggled, shaking her head, "Dryads are wood nymphs. They have knowledge about every herb and wood in the forest"

"You went to Olympus?" I question, my mouth parted in surprise. The entire mountain was sacred and only for Greek gods. No one was allowed there unless it was an official business or the Ball hosted by them. They don't entertain guests because Hera made a strict policy about it. Just because her husband can't keep it in his pants everyone else has to suffer the rules.

Gia nodded her head, "When we saw the light of Miss Talia getting dim we knew that something was going to happen"

I opened and closed my mouth. And here I was cursing them and blaming them for not arriving on time while they were trying to find a way to save my mate.

"Thank you..." I breathed as I noticed Talia shift in her sleep. The blood on her stomach was healed, like magically disappeared. No wonder other demons tried to get inside Olympus. Their remedies were always successful.

Sia stared at me for a few seconds like she couldn't believe that I was thanking her. Most of the times I despised them for being them but they were helpful and saved my mate.

"It's our pleasure" Gia mumbled as she put the pouch on the nightstand.

"She was bleeding because of the injury to her stomach. Don't worry she is completely alright now. Just make sure to apply this lotion after every two hours. It will help her regain consciousness" Gia pointed at the pouch resting on the nightstand.

Leo raised his eyebrows, "Do you know the reason she was attacked?"

Gia looked hesitant to answer but when I nodded my head at her she shrugged.

"We are not sure about it but as we said earlier no one wants a Nephilim to be born. At least not from these both"

I stared at Talia. She looked so innocent and pure in her sleep that it made me regret having to pull her into this mess. Why does it have to be her? She was happy on earth with her friends and I destroyed it. No wonder she resented me for taking everything away from her.

"What does that mean?" Leo frowned and Gia went on to explain him in detail. It was everything I saw in the pool so I did not pay any attention to whatever she was saying.

Yama entered the room after a few minutes. I noticed that he was wearing something casual which was shocking. The fairies greeted him with a smile on their faces. Of course, they all knew each other. It was nothing new.

"Yama, my lord how have you been?" The three of them asked in unison.

He shrugged, "I am good. Did you pay a visit to my naraak?"

"Yes sir. We were there early in the morning and everything is running smoothly. You do not have to worry about anything" Mia smiled.

I scrunched my nose at that. Why would they check on naraak for Yama? Their relation seemed to be a lot close than I anticipated. Maybe that's why he knew everything about Talia and me. The fairies might have snitched.

"Will his missus be okay?" Yama asked with a forlorn expression on his face.

"Of course! We have treated her with herbs from Olympus"

"Then there's no need to worry"

Yama cleared his throat, "Are you three staying?"

The three of them turned to look at me. As if I did not have enough things to worry about they decided to add. But then again they helped me and it would be less stressful if they were around for a while. Atleast they can look after Talia.

"Please I insist. The rooms are always available for you three"

Mia giggled, "That's very generous of you, my King."

"Okay then I'll see you for dinner" Yama exited the room and Mia followed him go ask about something. Leo was sat by my side, still confused about the entire thing.

"It's not your fault" Sia mumbled staring at me. My eyes widened at the look on her face. I thought she was only able to read my thoughts when I was in her place.

"I wish I could believe that"

"You have to my King," Gia said while Leo nodded his head, agreeing with her.

Sia sat on the bed in front of me, "My King this was the decision of the destiny for you two to meet again. There was no way you both could have not anticipated or avoided it. You are meant to be together"

I stared at Talia, her chest rising and falling, "Then why don't I feel like that?"

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Chapter 30

I squinted my eyes at the harsh lighting. Blinking my eyes open I looked around. My vision felt blurry as I tried to narrow my eyes. I clutched my head as if felt heavy when I tried to sit up.

"You're awake?" Lukas voice rang in my ears. I snapped my attention towards him, eyes widening when I noticed that he was sitting on the floor near the nightstand. How is that possible?

It felt weird to see him like that, a blank look on his face and yet so calm. The bags under his eyes along with the five o'clock shadow on his face made me narrow my eyes. His usual coat was wrinkled by the side, the top three buttons open, giving the view of his bare chest. My lips pressed together. Did something happen which kept him up all night? There has to be a reason why he was sitting on the floor like that.

I groaned, shaking my head, as thinking about it hurt, "What happened to me?"

He sat up, pulling the pillow behind my back so that I could sit up. A sigh left my lips. I could feel the dryness in my throat as I tried to speak. I motioned towards the glass. Lukas handed it to me before I could lean down.

"Thanks" I croaked accepting the glass from his hand.

As I sipped the water I could feel his intense gaze on me like he was trying to figure out something. My hands felt clammy as I tried to hand him the glass back. I clutched my head as the memory suddenly flashed in my mind. The vision of me being attacked and lying on the floor in a pool of blood made me gasp.

My hands immediately flew towards my stomach and I noticed that there were no traces of blood whatsoever. Did I imagine that? I thought staring at my palm.

"You are awake" Lukas cleared his throat.

'You think?' I coughed under my breath.

"Why are you in my room?" I asked, my hands folded in my lap. His jaw clenched at the question.

"Do you remember anything from yesterday?"

I twisted, "If by anything you mean getting attacked by your pet hellhound and almost dying then yes"

"Our baby" He corrected

I wanted to roll my eyes at that but held back because he was the only one who could answer the questions going in my mind.

"So it was not a dream? What happened?"

Lukas took a sharp breath, "Fang- he never does that. There must be someone behind that but don't worry he's locked up for now. I couldn't deal with him at the moment"

I bobbed my head. The thought of that Hellhound made me shiver. It was so vicious and huge. For a moment it felt like I was going to die.

"How long was I out?"

"Two days"

My mouth parted in shock.

"And what about my-our baby?" I corrected myself to which his lips twitched. He caught my slip up.

His eyes shifted towards my stomach which made me squirm. Why was he staring at me like that? I thought.

"It's fine...the fairies they got you herbs from Mount Olympus"

My eyes widened at the name, "The place where Greek Gods live?"

Lukas hummed. I thought that no one was allowed to step thereafter the harsh rule of Hera. I did not know much about it but only a few details which Leo shared with me. He loved that place because everyone was too heavenly and pretty. Also, they did not see him as a demon.

"Wow... I should thank them"

Lukas huffed, "Don't worry you will get the opportunity to do that sooner than you think as they are staying here"

"Huh?" I arched my eyebrow.

"Yama thought it would be a good idea to let them stay as gratitude. Besides, they did save your life so I agreed"

I nodded my head, not knowing what to say. I still could not write my head around the fact that I was attacked by something I thought was precious. Not only that but Lukas was being too civil and kind which did not sit right with me. Something was definitely up with him.

"Are you feeling well?"

I actually felt better after drinking that water. My vision was clear than before and the aching in my head was very dull, almost gone.

"I am"

He stared at me for a few seconds before standing up. I eyed him as he hovered over the bed, his hands stuffed in his pants pocket awkwardly. He never acted that way. What happened to that cool and calm King?

"Good. You should not have a problem to attend tonight's party then"

"A what?" I squeaked.

He looked painful as he uttered the next words.

"Lord Yama thought it would make you feel better if you mix with people and party. He's our guest so I..." Lukas looked down, his lips folded together.

My heart flutter when he used the word our. I was not expecting him to do that. One thing I learned about Lukas was he extremely leaned towards pleasing people and being polite no matter what.

"I'll be there" I softly said

His eyes widened, "Are you sure? You could say no and I'll understand"

I shook my head. It was getting pretty tiring to be inside the room.

"I am sure. I'll be there"

***

Kira was happy to see me, almost happy to give me a hug but she refrained. It was funny to see how she was bouncing with excitement but holding back at the same time. The demons working in the mansion had to be strictly professional no matter what so that's why she was behaving that way.

I specifically asked for her help to pick my outfit. Mira was there in the mansion but I had no intention of entertaining her hot and cold mood.

"Is it a huge party?" I asked while sitting on the edge of the bed. Kira was busy trying to pick an outfit I would like. So far I already rejected twenty of them. They were too short.

She hummed, her face towards the wardrobe, "Yeah it's Lord Yama after all. He has connections all over the realms"

"I don't even know him that well for him to throw me a party" I huffed, crossing my arms.

Kira laughed, "Miss Talia that's how he is. Lord always finds a way to throw a party. I was surprised that he was quiet on the first today"

"Really?"

"Yeah, the last time he visited during the Ball most of them stayed back as they were tired. Lord Yama, on the other hand, was planning a party for the next"

My lips parted in shock, "Wow he really is something"

Kira was quiet at that. She never really commented or agreed with my offensive statements against the demons. But from the look on her face, it was clear that she was agreeing with me.

"What about this one?" She turned around a green colour long gown in her hand.

My face scrunched at the colour, "It looks too green"

"Miss Talia you are very difficult to please"

I laughed, staring at the green dress being tossed on the other side of the bed, "Why thank you"

She sighed before turning back and rifling through the outfits again.

I leaned back, folding my legs, my thoughts going back to Lukas. There was something going on with him and it felt unsettling to not know about it. Maybe I should ask Kira.

"Kira..." I drawled out her name

"Hmm?"

"Is something wrong with Lukas? He looked very tired today"

Kira turned around, showing another outfit. A white boat-neck bodycon. I tugged it in my lap and raised my head at her, waiting for her reply.

"My King has not slept a wink from two days and did not leave this room at all. That's why he looks tired"

"What?" My eyes flew open at those words. Lukas was by my side for two days? Why would he do that when he said I don't mean anything to him?

Kira nodded her head, "The fairies said that you would only wake up if someone applied the herbs on your stomach and feet every two hours. My master was doing that for two days"

I felt my breath hitch in my throat as the words sunk in. I had no idea that he was saving me again. Why would he not say anything about it? He simply walked away without a word.

I licked my lips, my eyes on the dress in my lap, "I thought the demons do not need sleep or food. Why was he tired?"

"We don't but we need human emotions to function. Unlike us, my King gets his energy from Hell. Punishing the corrupted soul is what keeps him alive."

I gaped, "So he didn't leave my side at all?"

"Not even for a second Miss Talia"

***

Chapter 31

After hearing Kira talk about Lukas not leaving my side it caused a weird feeling in the pit of my stomach. Was he really concerned for me or the baby? But it did not matter because he stayed by my side and did not even take credit for it. Earlier when I thought about attending the party it was just to keep this word but after hearing what he did I was excited to see him.

It was difficult to decide on one outfit so I just went with my gut and picked A-line V neck, lace white dress with peach stilettos. My hair was curled at the edges and I let Kira do my make up.

For the first time in a while, I felt truly pretty.

"Thanks, Kira. I'll see you downstairs" I patted at her arm.

The party was in the living hall but on the other end of the wing. Apparently, the wing I was currently staying was Lukas family section. He only entertained parties on the other side so that nothing would be tainted or touched in his family section. Again it made me feel butterflies in my stomach at the thought. Why was I feeling in that way?

Shaking my head I pressed the button of the elevator. I really wasn't expecting anything about the party. But as soon as the doors of the elevator opened my mouth parted in shock. The entire living hall was lit up like a club. Anyone who did not see it before would be pulled into thinking that its a dancing club.

I squinted at the bright lights of the disco ball everywhere. People were dancing around me, their bodies pressed together. There was a jacuzzi in the corner with people inside. How many people did Yama invite? I thought. Are they all demons?

My smile widened when I noticed Leo waving at me from the bar. He was sitting all alone. I rushed towards him, my shoulder accidentally brushing into someone on the way.

I flinched at the harsh blow and stepped back, "I'm so-"

"Humans... Pathetic" The girl snarled as she huffed. My words died in my mouth as I raised my head to look at the person. I couldn't stop staring at the way she held herself with so much grace. My eyes were stuck on her face but she did not even glance at me and walked away.

What was that about? I thought shaking my head.

"Leo! Hi," I gave him a side hug. The glass in his hand wavered so he kept it on the counter before wrapping his arm around me. He laughed, patting at my back and pulled a stool for me.

"Thanks my kind sir" I giggled, adjusting myself. My feet ached from walking in heels. How did that girl walk so gracefully?

"Always a pleasure milady"

He slipped in the seat beside me and pulled his glass back. I looked over his shoulder, trying to find that women.

"Who are you searching for?"

I jerked at his question and roamed my eyes around. I spotted her near the dance floor.

"That one... Do you know who she is?"

Leo turned his head around to follow the line of my vision. He shuddered, shaking his head and took a gulp of his drink.

"That's the princess of Diyu, Li Changying."

I blinked my eyes several times trying to understand his words. The only thing I got from that was she is a Princess and her name.

"Princess of what?"

Leo gulped, "Princess of Chinese Hell"

My eyes widened. I accidentally crashed into the Princess of Chinese Hell? What has my life become? I thought.

I turned back to stare at her only to noticed Lukas. My breath hitched in my throat. He looked charming in his red velvet suit and bowtie. I parted my lips when I noticed that he had his hair slicked back, few strands escaping his gelled hair. My legs pressed together as I felt the pull in my abdomen. Why did he have to look like that? It is the hormones talking! I convinced myself.

I narrowed my eyes when I noticed Li Changying make a move towards him. She wrapped her arms loosely around his neck, pulling him close. My nose flared staring at them. Is something going on between them? Did Lukas lie to me on that night? He said he was with no one. I gritted my teeth together, my fingers fisting the material of my dress. How could he lie to me?!

As if Leo sensed the anger in me he touched my arm. I glared back at him.

"Whoa calm down!"

"I can't. How would you like to me about being single and do something like this behind my back?"

Leo shook his head, "He did not lie. They are not in a relationship even though Li Changying wants them to be. It's complicated"

With a huff, I turned my head towards Leo, "Tell me I want to know"

"Okay but you did not hear this from me"

"Yeah yeah"

He took a deep breath, his hands clasped together on the counter, "A few decades ago we went to the Chinese Ball. That's when we met Li Changying. Their place was attacked by some army's who wanted to take over but Lukas managed to fight them off and come to a proper solution. She was so impressed by that she proposed to him. Her father decided if they get married he would merge the realms, as in make Lukas the King of both Hells and let his daughter be the Queen. Lukas declined that offer and we never went back there"

My eyes widened and I took a peek at them. Now that I noticed again Lukas seemed stiff and hesitant like you would be anywhere than stand in front of her.

"And she is hurt by that?"'

Leo snorted, "More like obsessed. She was so impressed by his bravery that she still keeps trying. Her brother is going to take over soon so she is desperate even more than before. With her brother taking the throne she would not have a chance to reign over Hell that's why she keeps on showing up to places Lukas would be"

"She's stalking him?" I gasped, my hand tightening around the material. How could anyone do such a thing? She could find someone else, right? Stupid Princess going after my-

No what the fuck am I thinking? I shook my head. My face went red just at the thoughts going in my mind. How did I suddenly become so possessive about him? It was not like we are dating. But he was going to be the father of my child so maybe that's why.

Leo grimaced, refilling taking another shot glass, "Yeah you could say that"

"Why doesn't he do anything about it?"

"I think he doesn't want to embarrass her in front of everyone so he keeps quiet. She only does these in things in public."

I huffed, shaking my head. There were too many thoughts going in my head and I was not ready to focus on them. I need to drink something.

"Excuse me?" I called out the bartender. He pretended not to hear but when Leo cleared his throat he stood in front of me with a charming smile on his face.

"What can I get you, madam?"

I faltered at his words. It sort of felt like a deja vu situation only Lukas was missing.

"Orange juice" I jolted at Lukas voice. He slipped in beside me, his face tight. How did he escape from that demon women?

"Are you sure madam?"

Lukas narrowed his eyes at the bartender, "Did you not hear me the first time? Go get her an orange juice"

"S-sure sir" The bartender cowered towards the other side.

I turned my head towards Lukas, "What do you think you are doing?"

He met my eyes, they were pitch black. What did that mean? Why do his eyes keep on changing? He leaned closer and I felt the hair on my neck stand up. I inhaled sharply. What was he doing?

"What are you doing? Did you forget that you are pregnant and you cannot drink?"

My cheeks blazed at that. It completely slipped my mind that I could not consume any alcoholic beverage while being pregnant. My head ducked down, unable to meet his eyes. How could I forget something so simple? He must be thinking that I would be a terrible mother.

"It's okay. You probably have a lot on your mind right now"

My head raised in surprise. Huh? Since when did he become so mature? I hummed instead of answering.

Just then I heard the clinking sound of footsteps from behind me. It was Li Changying. She stood beside Lukas, her delicate hand on his shoulder as she leaned closer to his ear.

"Do I have a competition, Wǒ de ài (my love)?"

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Chapter 32

/Lukas POV/

The moment I stepped down I could sense that Li Changying was in the room. I tried not to slam my head to the wall. Who would invite someone like her? The first time I met her I thought that we could be friends but everything changed after that one night.

For some weird reason, she was obsessed with me and wanted to get married as soon as possible. I was not a kind of guy who was readily available for commitment and most of them knew about it. So it made me wonder what made her ask me to court her in front of everyone?

I thought that people steered clear of her just because she was the daughter of the Demon King but that was not the case. Not only was she ill-tempered but she had no respect for people above over or under her. That's why no one associated with her kind and did not invite her anywhere. But still, she shows up.

I nodded my head when I noticed a familiar demon on the way. Lord Yama clearly outdid himself judging by the loud music and the rowdy crowd. The last time he threw a party this loud was to celebrate his girlfriends birthday and it was an orgy. I took off as soon as I could.

A shiver went through my body imagining that day. Shaking my head I work for the only to notice

Li Changying inching towards me. She was stunning. There was no doubt about the beauty and grace she had. Her nails were long and painted in red as if to match her dress.

"Hi handsome" She purred, wrapping her arms around my neck and pulling me closer. I inhaled sharply at the scent, rolling my eyes back. The scent was to lure me but I was too familiar with the smell that it did not affect me anymore.

"It's been a while" I cringed as soon as the words left my mouth. I hope that she did not take anything else from.

A smile stretched across her lips, her nails scraping against my neck, "We can change that"

"That's not what I meant"

She twisted her lips, blinking her eyes innocently, "Aww too bad that's exactly what I had in mind"

There was something about her I could not pinpoint. Something different and I truly hope that it was not going to be dangerous. Why was she here? Did she find out about Talia? The thought made me still. I knew the length she would go just to prove that she is the one for me. How did I not think about it before? Like a fool I am, I asked Talia to join the party. I had to find her and make sure she is safe.

It was still bugging me that my pet tried to kill her and our baby. Even though I was trying to find the person behind it proved to be difficult. Anyone who had access to the mansion could have done it and that was a long list of the demons. If I started suspecting my own kind it would be a disaster.

Pulling away I plastered a polite smile on my face, "Li Changying will you excuse me for a moment?"

Her lips pressed together, frown on her face but still, she nodded her head. I immediately walked away from her, determined to find Talia among the crowd.

Just then I spotted her near the bar, sitting on the stool beside Leo. They both seemed intense, discussing something important. I thought that introducing both of them would make them civil towards each other. I never expected them to be best friends! Why can't she behave like that with me? Whenever I say something it's always twisted and we have a fight somehow. It's frustrating.

I grind my teeth together. It was so silly of me to think over it. And on top of that, I was jealous of my own best friend? The lowest is what? As a Demon King, these stupid thoughts should be the last thing on my mind. Shaking my head I schooled my expression and approached them.

***

As I was in the middle of the conversation with Talia I sensed Li Changying approach us. She stood beside me, idly resting her hand on my shoulder and leaned closer to my ear.

"Do I have a competition, Wǒ de ài (my love)?"

Talia narrowed her eyes. Only if looks could kill Li Changying would be buried. My eyes shifted towards Leo who was obviously pretending not to hear her. I should have expected that from him since he was always annoyed with her.

At my silence, Li Changying giggled and pulled a stool beside me. Why was she not taking a hint? But then again I rejected her decades ago and she was still rooting for me. I shouldn't be even questioning that.

"So silly of me! Hi, I am Li Changying." She forwarded her hand to Talia who looked taken back at the sudden shift in her manners.

Talia licked her lips before shaking her hand, "Nice to meet you. I'm Talia"

"Oh trust me I know. I have heard stories about you"

Talia's face scrunched at that. I shifted in my seat, trying to think of something that would let me escape along with Talia. But Li Changying had her hand on my thigh as if she was staking some kind of claim.

Li Changying giggled, waving her hand, "Don't worry. I only heard the good ones"

Talia nodded her head before turning towards her juice. I could sense how uncomfortable she was. Her hand moved towards her belly even though there was no bump. It made me hide a smile. In the beginning, Talia was very angry about everything but eventually, she came around the idea of having my child. That's the kind of progress I was looking forward to.

Li Changying inched forward, her hand going towards the bump and Talia slapped it away. Her eyes narrowed towards Li Changying, fierce and wide. For a flicker of the second, I thought that her eyes colour changed but it was too difficult to say with all the lighting in the room.

"Oh I was just curious" Li Changying shyly mumbled, pulling her hand away.

"Don't touch me without my permission" Talia snapped, raising her voice. Leo beamed beside her. It was like he was her personal cheerleader.

"I don't mean any harm" Li Changying raised her two hands in the air.

"Still don't care. Just don't touch me"

Li Changying grinned, nudging at my shoulder, "I can see why you fucked her"

My jaw clenched at that. How dare she utter those words about Talia? I stood up from the barstool and turned to face her. She parted her lips in shock.

"I have been nothing but polite the entire time so I would expect the same from you as well. You don't get to talk like that to the mother of my child. To my mate."

"Mate?" Li Changying scoffed, meeting my eyes.

"I don't see any mark on her. Who are you kidding Lukas?"

I swallowed at the question. There were so many things that Talia need to know before I marked her. It was important that she consented to everything before we proceed so I was holding back. Most of the demons in the mansion knew that she was my mate. That's the only reason she was able to bear my child.

Talia cleared her throat, crossing her arms against her chest, "I don't see why it's any of your business. We are taking our own time."

My chest flared in pride at those words. I never really thought that Talia would be able to talk back Li Changying. No one usually messed with the Chinese demon because of her vicious and cruel she was.

Li Changying clenched her fists by side and her jaw was set. Instead of doing anything, she blinked her eyes, "Aww really? Because last time I heard that you wanted to escape from this place"

I felt my breath caught in my truth. That was true and it was shocking that Li Changying knew about it. Who was telling her all these things? There was a mole in the mansion and I have to find out that is.

Talia matched her glare, "I don't know who is feeding this wrong information but I have never been this happy before"

"That's nice to hear" Li Changying mumbled under her breath.

It was better if I did not let it continue. The both of them seemed pretty insistent on getting into a fight. I shifted towards Talia, standing in front of her and forwarded my hand.

"Will you dance with me?"

Her eyes widened, cheeks flushed as she met my eyes. I thought that you would reject my advance but she took my hand and nodded her head.

"Always"

***

Chapter 33

My vision was hazy but I could still see my best friend getting her groove on the dance floor. I puckered my lips at that. She was such an elegant dancer even without trying but I couldn't even move two steps without falling on my face.

Lukas nudged at me, probing to take it down with my drinks. He has been saying that the entire night without even slurring. How was he not affected by the alcohol? Maybe it is just me. I thought to myself. Being lightweight sucks.

He pulled the shot glass from my hand making me frown.

"Why..." I slurred, adjusting my vision to the harsh lighting. He shook his head and held my arm. Goosebumps pricked my skin at his touch. Why did I feel that way whenever he touched me? It was the third time now. The first two times we bumped hands together accidentally.

He had an amused look on his face, "I think you had enough"

"Nope," I said popping the p sound just for fun. A giggle burst out of my mouth at how funny it sounded. Maybe I should just give up everything and become a stand-up comedian. They do earn a lot than my two jobs combined.

"You're really drunk huh" Lukas sighed as he tried to pull me back on the stool. I freed my arm from his grip, making a face at him.

"I don't-" I wetted my lips suddenly feeling the dryness in my throat. Maybe I should have drank water as he suggested earlier.

"Let's dance" I burped, slapping a hand on my mouth. He chuckled, standing up from his seat and I gawked at him. How was he so flawlessly perfect? I thought it was impossible for such people to exist. Lukas is an exception.

"Are you sure you can dance?"

I frowned, crossing my arms against each other, "Why? Are you doubting my dancing abilities? I'll let you know that my neighbour is a dancer"

"And?" He blinked his eyes.

"I have seen him dance occasionally pretty sure it rubbed on me. Living in close quarters and all"

He burst out laughing, "I don't think it works that way"

"Hmph it does"'

"But no I was not referring to your dancing abilities but that you are drunk. What if you fall down?"

I shrugged, "Then you'll catch me. Simple"

He stilled like I said something out of ordinary. Before he could change his mind I tugged him towards the dance floor. The sweaty bodies were pushing against us but it didn't matter because I wanted to dance.

Lukas held my arm as we were pushed in the middle, people dancing around us. I stood on my tiptoes and wrapped an arm around his neck, pulling his head down.

"Hold me by my waist"

Lukas scoffed, "You're bossy even while you are drunk"

"That's 'cause I'm the queen"

"You sure are"

He wrapped his arms around my waist and pulled me closer. Shivers ran down my spine at the way his fingers dug into my skin. The song changed into something slow and Spanish which I had never heard before.

"What does this song mean?" I scrunched my face as most of the couples were gushing and embracing each other.

"This brings back memories" Lukas voice snapped me back to reality. I looked around and a flushed realising that we were in Hell.

Also, why did I agree to dance with him so readily? Yeah because of that Chinese demon. But it felt nice, pressed against him and soaking up all the warmth.

"Yeah" I breathed as his hands went towards my waist. My face was red. I could feel it.

The dance floor unlike before was barely filled. We were allowed to move gracefully without bumping into anyone else. It was freeing. For some reason, I felt lighter than before, like floating on the air. Maybe it was because of the long nap I had earlier.

Lukas pulled me closer, our chests colliding against each other. I widened my eyes feeling his breath on my cheeks. He dipped me down, his hair falling on his face which made it unable to see his eyes. I held my breath as he twirled me around, holding my wrist in between his fingers.

"Luk-" The word died on my lips as I was facing him again. He pushed his face in the hollow of my neck, gripping my waist in between his hands. I let my eyes roll back, trying not to think about anything else but the feeling of his arms. His touch and his breath.

I parted my lips as he nudged his nose, the cold tip brushing against my pulse. My cheeks reddened as I caught Li Changyang eyes from across the dance floor. She was glaring at us, her

fingers tightening on the glass she was holding. I gasped as the glass broke in her fingers, the shards piercing her skin but she didn't take her eyes off us.

"Lukas" I whispered softly trying to move away but he tightened his grip.

"She hurt her hand"

He pulled back and blinked his eyes at me. I pointed at the demon standing on the other side as her maids were attending to her hand. Lukas followed my vision and shook his head.

"Ignore her. She does that for attention"

"But the blood-"

"Talia... she's dead. It doesn't matter."

"Oh," I sighed. It still is new to me. The demon thing. Even though it's been a few weeks I am living in Hell.

"Don't pay her attention. Look at me, yeah?" Lukas cooed and it made me remember that night again. He sounded exactly like the one I met in the club. So sweet and caring.

Shaking my head I snaked my arms around his neck and let myself get lost in the music. As the song changed I inhaled sharply. It was the same song.

He mouthed the words mi enamoré de ti and swayed me along.

"What does it mean?" He hid a knowing smile and shook his head.

***

I couldn't hold my bladder after gulping the orange juice non-stop. It started after Lukas was abruptly pulled by Yama. He introduced him to his ex-girlfriends and they began gushing over Lukas.

I didn't like that one bit. It made me want to rip those demons hands-off but instead, I sat beside Leo and drank orange juice in rage.

After doing my business I washed my hands and was about to open the door when Li Changyang entered. I noticed the deep cut on her palm. Why didn't she bandage it?

"You think you won huh?"

I blinked at her, "What are you talking about?"

"Just because you have the strongest demon on your side doesn't mean anything. You are still a pathetic human" She spat, her eyes wide and pitch black. It made me almost take a step back.

"He's not going to love someone like you."

I huffed, "And you think he'll love you?"

She cackled like a madwoman, "He has to. After you die he won't have anyone but me"

A shudder racked through my body at the thought. It affected me more than I thought. He would still have Leo and...our baby of course.

"You're wrong" I sniffled

"He would still have our baby"

Li Changyang giggled, her finger inching towards my cheek. I recoiled at her cold touch.

"It's cute that you think this child will survive"

Dread settled in my stomach at her words. Was she planning to do something with my child? My hand instinctively went towards my belly. Noticing my action she shook her head.

"Awe don't worry I won't be the one to kill your child but your mate will do it"

"Lukas will never do something like that"

"Hmm so naive" She walked towards the basin and thrust her hand below the tap.

"No wonder he fell for this act. After all, he does have a soft spot for innocent creatures"

"Why would Lukas harm our baby?" I asked, ignoring her previous comment. The reason he bought me to Hell was because of the baby. Why would kill his own child? The first one at that.

She made a sound, turning off the tap, "If I tell you everything where's the fun in that? Anyways enjoy this as much as you want because it won't last for long"

I froze in my spot, as she casually picked the tissues and cleaned her hand. What if she's lying? After all, Lukas did say she wants attention and would do anything for it.

"I'm sure you are wondering if I'm lying or not"

I stuttered, "I-"

"Don't stress that pretty brain of yours-" she inched towards me and tucked the loose strand of my air behind my ear, "-Because this isn't over Talia."

"It is" I stepped back, my face tight.

"I'll see you soon and trust me you won't be able to stop me that time" With that she walked out.

***

Chapter 34

I felt shortness of breath. Talking with Li Changying caused the feeling of dread to settle in my stomach. Over the past few weeks, I've grown quite fond of my baby and the thought of losing it made my insides clench. But what if it turns out to be true? What if Lukas kills our child?

'No. What the hell are you thinking? He would never do something like that'

I let out a sigh. He was a demon after all but it was impossible to believe that he would kill his own next of kin. If he really did want to kill the baby he would have let me die instead of calling the fairies and sitting by my side.

After that, I could not join the party. Lukas seemed to be in a kind of mood because he did not object to my decision. I retreated back to my room and let my body rest for a while.

Closing my eyes I let myself lull to the pitless darkness.

***

"Ahh" I groaned, feeling my head throb as I tried to open my eyes. It felt like a hangover even though I did not have a sip of alcohol. Maybe it was all the stress. Slowly I tried to sit up and blink my eyes open, squinting at the harsh sunlight streaming from the window.

My eyes stung from the brightness and I turned around, hiding my face in between my hands.

I licked my lips at the dryness I felt in my mouth and throat. My eyes darted towards the nightstand to look for water but the bottle was empty. A sigh left my lips as I remembered waking up in the middle of the night and gulping all the liquid. It seemed like the party was still going on because I could still hear the noise in the middle of the night.

Slipping on my robe I walked downstairs. Even though I knew that no one would be allowed to stay in the mansion because of Lukas it was still better to be prepared.

Entering the dining hall I noticed that everyone was rushing to make breakfast. No wonder Kira was busy and did not wake me up. I padded towards the living room only to notice Fang.

What was he doing here? My eyes widened at the creature. Unlike before I did not see a hellhound. But it did not soothe me. It was still the same creature that attacked me and wanted me dead.

Dean was the one handling it, more like struggling with the leash. I sometimes forget that he can see the hellhound instead of a stallion.

As soon Fang saw me he started whimpering, his head bent down as if he was communicating a form of apology. It made me reconsider my decision. Lukas did say that he was manipulated

somehow because there was no way Fang would attack without being provoked. I worked my lips in between my teeth. Maybe I should go and pet him.

With that thought, I neared Fang only to have Dean tug him back.

"Talia" He breathed, trying to hold back the stallion.

"You shouldn't be here"

"I just want to pet him"

Dean made a sound, "Are you crazy? Did you forget what happened the last time he was near you?"

I stilled. That was something no one would never forget. Because of Fang, I was laying lifeless thinking that I would lose my baby. Everything felt a blur and the only thing I could see was Lukas. And me telling him to save my baby.

I crossed my arms, my lips pressed tight "Then why did you bring him to the mansion?"

"Lukas wants to... You know what I shouldn't be telling you this" Dean shook his head while trying to hold the creature who was trying to inch closer towards my stomach. But he did not look like he wanted to hurt my child.

I pouted, "Oh come! Like I'll be trying telling this to anyone."

Dean went back to his stoic mode and shook his head. He really is a stickler for rules so I should have known it was useless to ask him for insider info.

"Talia" Lukas voice made me still. I shivered the footsteps behind me got closer and I could feel his presence.

My breath hitched in my throat as he stood in front of me. He did not look like he was partying the night before. His black blazer was well fitted and made him look even more gorgeous if that was possible. He had his hair slicked back. What was wrong with me? Am I seriously calling a demon gorgeous? Shaking my head I stared back at him.

"I thought you would be asleep" He frowned, staring at the huge clock behind me. I followed his line of vision and noticed that it was still early in the morning. That's why breakfast was not made yet.

I hummed, "I was but then I got thirsty"

"Oh. I'll send someone with the bottle"

It felt all to domestic. Talking to him was always a task but I think something changed after I got injured. He was more lenient and soft-spoken than before. It seemed like Lukas was trying to make an effort. Or maybe I was just imagining things.

"Where are you going? And are you taking Fang?"

Lukas clenched his jaw, glaring at Dean over his shoulder, "I told you to take him directly to the portal room."

Fang let out a painful sound, trying to nudge at Lukas but he slid away from the creature. Lukas was still punishing him.

Dean let out a frustrated sound, "I'm trying but you know how stubborn you can be. He is not budging from the room."

Lukas sneered, turning towards Fang, "Go along with Dean. Now"

Fang whimpered and tugged at the leash as if pulling Dean along. His mane was ruffled and all over the place which made me want to pet him even more. Fand had his neck bent down as he trudged out of the living room.

Lukas shook his head and turned towards me, "You shouldn't be here."

"You sound exactly like Dean" I snorted, crossing my arms against my chest.

Lukas lips twitched, "Did he say that?"

"The first thing he said when I entered the living room"

"You know he is right"

I sighed, "Maybe. But Fang seems so down I just want to pet him"

"You shouldn't. It's very dangerous cara. I have no idea what came over him and neither does Yama so I am taking him someplace else."

"But he seems fine" I argued, staring at the door from which he left.

"Yeah for now. I don't want him to attack you again or anyone else. Even though I caged him for days it's still dangerous. I need to know what happened to him so that it doesn't repeat again"

I hummed. Those were valid concerns and Lukas was very fond of Fang according to what Kira said. So it was difficult for him to go through it.

"So where are you taking him?"

Lukas let out an amused chuckle, "Always so curious"

"Can you blame me? This is all new to me and I need to know"

"And demanding" He added

"Please. I promise I won't ask you again"

He exhaled loudly, "Alright. There is a place where hellions live. It's called Caligo which means darkness. The people who are not fit for any hell or the traitors are banished there. They do dark magic for a living. And I am sure they will know what went wrong with Fang"

A shiver racked through my body at those words. I knew some of the stuff because of the books I read while being stuck in the room. There were no specific details but they did say that a place exists where darkness is worshipped. Hearing it from Lukas made it even more real.

Panic settled in my stomach knowing that Lukas was going there alone. What if something happens to him on the way back? That place is filled with darkness and what if those people attack him for pure pleasure?

"No" I squeaked suddenly.

Lukas came closer to me, his breath hitting my face as he took my arm, "Hey hey...Are you alright?"

"That place sounds so scary. What if they do something to you?"

Lukas smirked, "Are you worried about me?"

I frowned, "I'm serious Lukas. I don't want you to go alone"

He looked taken back at my sudden hold but held my wrist. I narrowed my eyes at him as he was quiet for a few seconds.

"No one can harm me in that place. The Kings and Queens of Hell have the power to destroy Caligo so they won't even think about harming any of us. We are safe there. Besides, they don't have any power other than the dark magic which is useless on demons like us"

"Oh," I flushed feeling a blush crawl on my cheeks.

"I'm touched cara"

I pushed my lips, "Why?"

"Because you care about me"

***

Chapter 35

/this chapter contains mature scene proceed with caution/

My heart rate quickened as I stepped towards the other side of the floor. Everything was too bright and shiny. Suddenly I was sitting on the bar stool with a bottle of water between my fingers.

From across the room, his eyes met mine, or at least I thought they did. He stood out from the crowd, his eyes red and glowing in the dark.

Lukas smirked as he pulled a stool beside me, "Hi"

My legs felt wobbly at the look on his face. Was he always this handsome?

"Hey," I breathed, pressing my legs together.

"Wanna dance?" He asked and didn't give me the time to actually answer. I gasped as his hand found mine, he wrapped his fingers around it.

I let him guide me to the floor, passing by the dancing people and going a little further until we found a dimly lighted place. It was exactly the same place we met before. The club.

I peered at him, following his every movement. My breathing stuttered at how close he was standing to me, his chest almost pressed to mine. I could feel his hot breath fanning my face. His hand left my hand and made its way to my waist, pulling me closer.

A smile touched my face. For some reason, I wasn't hesitant about his touch. I snaked my arms around his shoulder, raising on my tiptoes.

The same Spanish song began playing in the background and I let myself sway along with him.

"Do you like this?" Lukas broke the silence, his eyes digging into mine. I had no idea what he was referring to so I just nodded my head.

"Does that mean you'll stay?"

I blinked my eyes at the question. Why was he asking this question? Besides how can I leave him all alone after he saved me? It was my turn to save him.

"Yes I'll stay"

He smiled widely, leaning towards me and brushed his lips to my ear. That's the first time I saw him smile so wide, the crinkles around his eyes will forever be etched in my memories.

"Can I kiss you cara?"

My stomach fluttered at his question. I let my eyes wander to his lips. They looked incredibly pink and kissable. How can I deny him?

"Please"

Lukas pressed his lips to mine, in a slow soft kiss. His hands ran down my waist, pressing his fingers to my hips and pulling me impossibly close to him. His tongue swiped across my bottom lip and a moan left my lips.

I bit his lip softly, making him groan and open his mouth. His hands went towards my face, cupping my cheeks as he pushed his tongue inside my mouth. I sighed into his mouth, tasting the bitter vodka on his tongue.

His leg came between mine, parting them as he grabbed the back of my neck. I squealed into his mouth at the sudden pull.

My fingers went to his hair, feeling the silky strands before I tugged on them. Lukas made a whimpering sound. Lukas pulled away a little to start trailing kisses over my jaw. I tilted my neck up, letting him take control. My fingers knotted a little harder on his hair.

His lips smashed against mine once again. I felt the burn in my chest like I was running out of air. Bunching his shirt between my fingers, I tried to pull away.

I gasped, trying to breathe through my mouth as his hands came towards my hips. I peeked at him. He looked dishevelled, his hair all mushed up and lips swollen. The first two buttons of his shirt were open.

"I think we should leave"

"Huh?" I asked only to realise that we were now standing in my room. How did we get there so quick?

Before I could ask him anything he was on to me again. He leaned a little more and pressed our lips together. I felt a weird sensation settling in my stomach as his hand trailed up my thigh.

Goosebumps pricked at my skin, running up to my arm and settling there. Slowly, his fingers made their way under my skirt, his thumb grazing circles over the skin of my inner thigh.

I felt dizzy at his touch and the way he was pressed against me. The sound of my heart beating was loud and echoed around the room. From the look on his face, I knew that he could hear it.

Tilting my head, I let him suck and bite on my neck, leaving a visible trail of marks on my skin. I shivered when his hands came down towards the curve of my ass, only to squeeze them.

My hands flew to his chest, tracing my fingers over the bare skin that was peaking because of those opened buttons.

"You drive me crazy" He muttered and pushed his lips towards mine.

His cold fingers ran up my thighs and he pushed the skirt down my legs.

"Off off" I whispered, trying to tug at his shirt. He pushed me towards the bed, hovering above me.

"After this..." He trailed and his fingers ran down my skin. A shiver ran down my spine when his fingers hooked around the waistband of my panties. He raised his head to meet my eyes as if asking for permission. I nodded my head.

I bunched my fingers around the bedsheet, as his hands parted my legs, spreading them open. I felt my eyes clench shut as Lukas pushed himself on his knees, bending down.

His finger hooked on the hem of my panties. I met his eyes as he teasingly tugged at them, sliding them off my legs before throwing on the nightstand. I shivered as the cold air hit my bare legs and the exposed mound.

Lukas inhaled sharply as I tried to press my legs together. He parted them open and I rolled my eyes back as his breath hit my centre. His fingers parted the folds and I let out a squeak.

"That...feels so good."

"I haven't even started yet" He rasped, his lips sucking a mark on my inner thigh.

I let my eyes peek down. I could see the top of his head, his hair messy and a little sweaty.

His hands came to my hips and he dug his fingers roughly on my hips, pulling me up so he could bury his face between my legs. As the tip of his nose brushed against my folds I jolted a bit, squirming. He held me down with his one arm, licking a fat stripe before latching his lips on my clit.

I tugged a little harder on his hair, prompting him to quicken his pace. He shook his head, a smirk on his lips as if he knew what I was asking. My lips twisted, a frown settling on my face and before I could say anything he trailed down, kissing his way to my entrance.

His tongue jutted out, slowly circling my clit before he replaced it with his thumb moving in soft, easy circles.

"Lukas!" I cried out loud as I felt his tongue dip inside me, lapping at the juices as he used his finger to press against my clit.

He moved his other hand to the back of my thigh, lifting my leg and wrapping it around his shoulders. My face heated up at how that made me even more exposed than before.

Using his thumb Lukas rubbed circles on my clit making tears drip down my eyes.

"Ahh-" I yelped, my eyes shut tight and my lips rolled in between my teeth. My legs were trembling, almost closing around his head. The intense feeling in my abdomen was increasing.

His finger slid inside me, pumping it slowly while I felt his nose budge at my clit. I tried to bite on my lips to not scream as he hooked the tip of his finger inside and started to thrust.

I felt myself writhing and moaning, my walls clenching around his fingers in such a quick pace trying to chase my impending orgasm.

"Baby..." He grunted, his voice raw and raised his head to meet my eyes, "Come on my fingers"

The vibrations of his voice were enough to send me over the edge. With my back arched I clenched my eyes shut, feeling my abdomen clench before I let myself go.

Lukas groaned as he pulled his fingers out, pushing them towards his lips. My cheeks flushed as he lapped on them, licking them almost erotically with soft hums.

"Talia" I jolted as the sound echoed around the room followed by the nudge to my shoulder. Blinking my eyes open I looked around. I felt my cheeks redden. I was in my bed.

Kira was standing near the edge of the bed with a confused look on her face.

"Are you fine?"

I hummed, hiding my face in my hands. That felt too real to be a dream.

***

Chapter 36

Trigger warning: pain, mentions of animal foul play

/Lukas POV/

I inhaled sharply as soon as I stepped in the dark soil of Caligo. Every time I am visiting the hellions my power intensifies. As the land was built your only for containing the chaos and by the strongest of all demons it caused the surge of power.

They were already aware of my visit because it was a matter of urgency. I could not avoid Fang any longer and let him sit alone in the dark cellar all by himself. If something was wrong with him I need to know so that I can help him get better.

Fang was still down. I could feel his sadness, it was very dark and powerful. Even more, as we were in Caligo. The supernatural creature also feels the same whenever they are in the land of darkness.

"My Lord" A hellion bowed down, his hands folded together.

Fang squealed, trying to sniff at him but I tugged him back. He always does that to strangers thinking that they would attack me. As if. At my tight hold, Fang slid back and bowed his head down again.

I focused my attention back on the Hellion. His clothes were ragged and worn out, a tight band secured around his forehead. My eyes went towards his nails which were overgrown. He did not have any slippers on, walking bare feet on the hot coal soil.

His body was shabby, drenched in the ash.

It's not like they don't have facilities to maintain themselves but they choose not. That's another part of their punishment. Most of them do not pay attention but those who truly want to repent stay true to themselves and try to experience every part of the punishment.

"Good evening. I am here to meet Virgil."

The hellion hummed, "Virgil is expecting you, my master. I am here to escort you"

"Lead the way," I said while trailing behind him. Fang was beside me, quietly following the hellion.

After five minutes of walking, we reached the caves. Caligo did not have any houses or mansions as the punishment was not meant to be luxurious. No one dared to think about building them. That's why most of them take shelter in the caves.

Virgil was one of the oldest people in the Caligo. He was a traitor who tried to overthrow the King of Hell. That's why he was still serving his punishment and redeeming for his act.

"Hello Virgil" I greeted as soon as I entered the cave. Three hellions were sitting beside him, shaping the iron wires which I'm sure they use in their dark magic. The cave was bright with blue coloured lights everywhere.

Fang was standing at the entrance, refusing to step inside.

He bowed down to me, "Apology my King for not noticing earlier."

"No problem"

"So what can I do for you, my Lord?"

I stared at Fang before meeting Virgil's eyes. There were so many things I could not explain over the letter. I went into detail about everything that occurred back in the mansion including the condition of Talia. His eyes widened with each sentence but he let me continue with the story.

"Is that Fang?" He asked while peeking at my pet.

I nodded my head, "He's a Hellhound now but was a stallion before"

"I am seeing Hellhound now"

"Oh yeah, the demons can see his true form" I explained almost biting my tongue. Why was I explaining this to him? Already know about considering he was one of the oldest demons of the Hell.

Virgil just nodded his head instead of calling me out on the mistake.

"He didn't follow you inside?" Virgil quirked his brow, his eyes on Fang. That was actually weird. Usually, Fang is always beside me it's his way of protecting me.

"That's weird, right?"

Virgil hummed, motioning towards the hellions so that they can try to get Fang inside. It was going to be an impossible task because he was really strong for a Hellhound. Most of the times Dean has trouble controlling him.

"I smell acid on him"

"Huh?"

Virgil cleared his throat, "Foul play. Someone did a number on him that is the reason he is scared to step inside. The walls around are engraved with the spells. The affected aren't able to step in. It makes their skin burn"

I looked around the walls and noticed the spells carved on them. They are almost impossible to recognise because of how tiny they are.

"That's what I want to find out. Who did this to him? I know that you can trace the person"

Fang growled as he was being pulled inside, his head thrown back and trying to escape. The hellions managed to drag him in but he was struggling.

"I can. But what do I get in return?" Virgil blinked at me innocently. Of course, I should have expected that from him. He always did this petty sort of deals from you ever wanted his help.

"A century. I'll sign it"

Basically, I was offering him to cut off his century punishment. He still had few centuries to serve before he would be allowed in Hell. That is if I agree with it.

Virgil brightened and stood up in a hurry.

"I will never forget your kindness my King"

I rolled my eyes, "Whatever. Now tell me who did this to him"

Virgil lifted his hand and stroked it down Fang's back. I held my breath as Fang whimpered in agony, thrashing around. Virgil mouthed something in Latin with his eyes closed. The hellions were holding Fang as the process went on.

"The spell is very powerful my lord. I can't figure it out"

I glared at him, "I thought you were expert in these things"'

Virgil made a sound, "I am my lord but I can't give you a name"

I grind my teeth together. He was my last hope in finding out what went wrong.

"But I can tell you where this came from"

I blinked back at him, "Where?"

"Mouth Olympus. It's a powerful spell. A goddess spell"

***

After he was done with Fang, Virgil made sure to cleanse Fangs energy and get rid of all the residue from the foul play. In the time I thought about Mount Olympus.

Why would anyone want to harm Talia from Olympus? It made no sense because the last time I visited them was ages ago. There was no rivalry between my Kingdom and Underworld. In fact, Hades and I were drinking buddies. Maybe I should take his help.

Everything felt too much. As much as I wanted people to not know about Talia and her pregnancy it felt impossible. Yama knows, Li Changying knows and most of the demons in that party eyed Talia. There has to be a way I can stop this.

"All done my King" Virgil cleared his throat. I nodded my head and signed off his sheet so that everyone knew he was going to be let out a century early.

Fang no longer seemed gloomy and sad. In fact, he was in a fresh mood, sniffing everything around and walking beside me.

I decided to go back to Hell as Talia seemed worried earlier. It felt nice to know that she cared enough to panic and stop me. Maybe I should take her something on the way back home. Calico isn't an ideal place for shopping and besides that, I have no idea what she likes. Apart from her favourite food.

Dejected I went back to Hell. I decided to tell the cook to make Talia's favourite food instead. With that thought, I hurried back to Hell with Fang beside me.

When I stepped in the kitchen everyone went quiet. I frowned trying to avoid meeting my eyes which was strange. Did something happen while I was gone?

"Is everything alright?"

Silence. No one answered but had their head bent down.

I clenched my jaw, trying not to panic at their silence, "Is someone going to answer me?"

Kira stuttered, taking a step towards me, "It's about Miss Talia King"

Dread settled in my stomach as those words rang in my ear. I should have known better than to leave her all alone. But Dean was staying back just to look after her.

"Where is Talia?" I growled and Kira flinched at my voice.

She lifted her head up, blinking back the tears in her eyes, "She left to take a walk outside the mansion but we cannot find her anywhere. Dean is searching for her"

I swallowed harshly, "When did she leave?"

Kira squeaked, "T-Two hours ago"

I balled my hands into fists and tried not to punch the nearest wall. How can she wander away like that? I took a deep breath, the vein in my forehead prominent.

"Okay, I'll find her. If Dean finds her tell him to come to me"

Kira nodded her head, "Okay my King"

I strode out of the kitchen, trying to think of the places she could be. Hoping that she's safe.

***

Chapter 37

There were a few instances in my life which I'll deeply regret. And this is one of them. I should have known better than to wander off in the place which was unknown to me. Every turn I took led me deeper into the trees and I had no idea how to turn away. There was no way I could scream for help because the trees were so tall that my voice would echo in between them.

I felt like crying because according to my watch I was wandering from the past two hours. My feet ached and I felt my throat dry with each step I took. There was no water nearby.

Even though I could not see the sun, the heat was causing me to sweat, drenching the mid-region of my belly.

Breathing had become a task. But I still continued to walk in the hope that I would find a way out.

On the turn I stumbled in the door and gasped, taking a step back. The sound from the bushes rang in my ears and I held my breath. Someone came out from the bushes, their clothes are worn out and holding spears in their hands. They were different than that of Dean's but equally terrifying.

My lips parted, eyes widening at their demeanour. They were three of them. They all had yellow eyes and blue pale skin.

One of them inched closed, a creepy smile on his face, dark and angry, "Who are you?"

I trembled, wrapping my arms around myself, "Uhh...I'm with the King"

I thought it was better to play it safe. Lukas owned Hell so maybe they'll let me pass through or better help me back to the mansion.

The other one chuckled from behind, "And where is our loyal King?"

A bead of sweat rolled down my forehead. Lukas was not in the hell so there was no way he would estimate the danger I was when. I felt small all of a sudden. Instead of wandering on my own, I should have waited for him to come back.

I held my scraped arm, lips trembling, "Uh...he's-"

"Not here" The yellow-eyed demon stopped smiling, eyes running over me. I shivered at his stare. How did they know that?

The demon took a step towards me and I gulped loudly in fear. What was he going to do?

"Has the King bonded you yet? Made you immortal?"

I licked my lips, "Yes"

The demon roared, "Do not lie you, filthy mortal"

I took a step back in fear but maintained his stare. Even though it was a lie I wanted to make it as convincing as possible.

"He did!"

"Show the mark"

I shook my head, tongue feeling heavy in my mouth, vision blurry. They had to be a way where I escape the situation. My eyes fell on the branch lying in the heaps of leaves. Maybe I could use that to escape.

As I took a step back the demon paused, sniffing the air, "You are bearing a child? Did the King lose his mind letting you out in this condition?"

At the mention of Lukas, my eyes filled. He would be so disappointed once he finds out that I went outside without informing him. Just when I thought that things were getting better between us this would throw off everything.

I sniffled, "He doesn't know...I-I was just wandering! Please!"

The demon cackled, his voice echoing around the trees, "Wandering?"

"You seem smart enough to do something stupid like this!"

The demon stalked closer, his arms touching mine and I flinched at the touch. He smirked at my reaction and traced his hand down my cheeks. I clenched my eyes shut, suppressing the shiver that ran through me. My breath caught in my throat as he smiled, his breath hitting my face.

"Such a pretty thing! He should have kept you locked"

"Let her go!" Lukas's voice boomed throughout the woods.

A sigh of relief escaped my lips as I opened my eyes. He stood there, tall and commanding, his jaw set tight and hands balled into fists. The demon who was holding my face dropped, backing away.

He turned towards Lukas, a snarl leaving his mouth, "She's in our land. All alone."

Lukas growled, "She doesn't know"

The demon growled, tugging at my arm and pushing me towards Lukas harshly, "Then I suggest you take her and leave before we decide to do something"

Lukas inhaled sharply as he managed to hold me in his arms, his hand supporting my waist. I hid my face in his chest, sniffing at his chest to calm my racing heartbeat.

"Did you just throw her?" Lukas's voice rumbled, the vibrations made me jerk a little. He was really scary when angry.

The demon growled back, "You have no authority on this land my King"

Lukas gritted his teeth, "I have very little authority but I do. Don't forget we share boundaries, Lasik."

"Cara" Lukas whispered as he pulled me away from his arms. I scrunched my face at the sudden loss of his warmth.

I hiccuped, "P-Please take me back"

Lukas hummed as he checked at the tiny marks from the branches on my arms. He tilted his head and his nose flared at the injuries, "Did he hurt you?"

I shook my head, "No. These are from the trees"

Lukas stroked the back of my neck, bending down to press a kiss at the side of my head. My stomach fluttered at his action.

Lukas stared back at the demon, his eyes narrowed, "You know there is a penalty for attacking Royals"

The demon scoffed, "She's just carrying your child, my King. I do not see a mark on her"

Lukas went quiet at that. I had no idea that it was necessary to have a mark. Maybe I should ask Lukas to just do it. There are so many situations which could be avoided if I bear his mark. Even that Li Changying will have nothing to say.

"I don't care. Don't touch her again"

"We are going to do far worse if she wanders in these woods without mark"

Lukas grind his teeth together, "Is that a threat Lasik?"

"Consider it friendly advice my King" The demon sweetly smiled and disappeared back into bushes.

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Lukas was seething. I should have known that because he has been quiet the entire way back to mention. Even though I tried to explain the reason he did not hear a single word of it. It stung.

"Miss Talia!" Kira was the first one to hug me as soon as I stepped inside the mansion. I patted at her back, hiding my smile.

Lukas cleared his throat, staring at Kira, "Inform Dean that Talia is found. I need to have a word with her"

"Yes my lord"

The maids scrambled back to the kitchen and Kira walked out in search of Dean. I followed Lukas into the red, with each step dread feeling my stomach. I should have known that it was stupid to wander around and I might have cut his trip short which made me feel guilty.

Lukas closed the door behind him and turned to face me.

"Have you lost your mind?" He groaned.

I opened my mouth to reply but he cut me off.

"Do you realise how risky it is to wander off like that? I thought you would be responsible enough to look after my child. How can you put yourself in danger? What is if I didn't find you in time? Do you even know what would have happened? To you?! To our child?!"

I bent my head down, trying not to cry. It was embarrassing how much effect his words had on me. Not only that but Lukas must be thinking I'm irresponsible.

He paced around the room, tugging at his locks and pulling the buttons of his shirt. I inhaled sharply as he came to stand in front of me.

"I seriously don't understand why you can't listen to me for once. It was very careless and irresponsible to wander away without informing anyone. You always get into trouble like it's your second nature!"

I snapped my head at him. What did he mean by that?! The only reason I get into trouble is that I am a human stranded on a fucking Hell just because of him.

"This isn't earth. People here are dangerous and you are a mortal. Did you forget that?"

I shook my head, chewing on my lips.

Lukas massaged his forehead, "Why did you leave? Huh?! What was so important that it couldn't wait till I came back?"

I licked my lips, my throat parched as I met his eyes, "I wanted to make you a flower arrangement. That's why I went out to pick flowers but I had no idea those woods were dangerous because you don't tell me any fucking thing. I am sorry that it's my fault I am stranded here with your child which again is my mistake. I'm sorry that I don't know anything about this place! I am sorry that you have issues and you don't tell me anything unless I ask you to!"

With that, I stormed out of the room. Sometimes speaking out is better than locking up everything inside.

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Chapter 38

As soon as I stepped inside my room, I slumped on the bed, facing the window. The one thing Lukas did right was get me the sea view. Even in anger, I was thinking about him. I groaned,d pushing my face into the pillow.

The words he said still echoed in my ears, and it made me grit my teeth. How can he say those things as if it was entirely my fault? He should have warned me that I'm unsafe even in his kingdom.

At the knock on the door, I curled up, refusing to respond. I didn't have any energy to talk to him or Kira. Anger was still bubbling in my stomach, and I couldn't answer any of them without snapping. If it's Kira, that's the last thing I want to do.

"Talia" As his voice echoed in my ears I huffed, hiding my face in the pillow. Why was he here? Did he have anything more left to say? As if that wasn't enough.

His footsteps echoed towards the bed, and that's when I smelled it. Macaroni. Was he trying to bride me with my favourite comfort food? I was hungry because I was busy wandering and didn't have breakfast earlier. But I won't give so easily.

His voice was softer as he mumbled, "I bought your favourite food."

I scoffed, "Go away."

I could imagine him shaking his head, but there was silence from the other side. Did he give up so easily? I thought trying to take a peek when he appeared in front of me. A yelp tore from my lips, and I fell back.

Raising on my back, I glared at him, "Why would you do that?!"

He shook his head, "I had no idea you were going to turn so suddenly."

"Ugh, whatever. Get out"

He forwarded the tray her was holding, "But it's your favourite."

I haughtily raised my head in the air and rolled my eyes, "I'm not hungry."

As in on cue, my stomach growled, the sound making my cheeks blush. He raised his eyebrows at that, and I wanted the ground to open up and swallow me. It was so embarrassing.

"That doesn't prove anything" I huffed, crossing my arms and pressing on my chest, pushing my back against the headrest. Why won't he go away? I didn't want to embarrass myself even more.

Lukas took a sharp breath, "Please, I'm sorry for saying those things. I was just so angry that I wasn't thinking straight-"

I interrupted up, glaring at him as I repeated the same words he said earlier, "Why did you leave? Huh?! What was so important that it couldn't wait till I came back?"

Lukas cringed, his lips pressed together as he shook his head.

"This isn't earth. People here are dangerous, and you are a mortal. Did you forget that?" I made a face, imitating his words back to him. He clenched his eyes shut, scrunching his face as the words echoed around the room.

"Do I sound like that?"

I snorted, waving my hand, "Worse than this"

He took my hand in his, and I stopped breathing for a second, my eyes widening. His hands were so huge, almost covering mine as he pressed it against his chest. I couldn't feel his heartbeat just a cooling sensation which made me still. It made me realise that he was not human.

"I'm sorry. I seriously regret saying those words to you. You can punish me as you please, but please don't punish yourself. Kira told me you didn't eat anything."

My stomach swooped at those words. Before I could feel happy about it, I held myself. What if he was just concerned for the child? Maybe that's why he was trying to apologise. The thought made my nose flare. It's not like we were dating anyway.

I abruptly pulled my hand back to which he frowned.

"I won't punish you, but you have to answer my questions."

He bobbed his head, earnestly staring at me "I'll be honest with whatever you ask."

At that moment, he didn't seem like a scary demon. I was not scared of him, but it felt like I was talking to Lukas from the club.

"Who were those people- err demons?"

His lips twitched at my error, "They are outcasts. As in people from different Hell who don't want to follow the royalty and system. They are free to do whatever they want in the land we, Kings or Queens give them. That's why we don't have much authority over them."

"Even though we share boundaries, they don't have any respect for us. In a way, you can call them radicals."

I licked my lips, "So they are like people on earth who hate the government"

Lukas grinned, "Exactly but in this case these are demons, and they don't have any demands. They just want to live on their own without rules."

"But that's so chaotic. Living without rules," I mused.

A system was something which ran things smoothly. Imagine having no one to look after you or punish you for the wrong deeds. That would be the utter chaos and end of the world.

"It is. But we cannot do anything because that's their choice. Most of the demons who are radicals are peaceful, mind their own business" Lukas shrugged.

"So these radicals are everywhere?"

Lukas hummed, "Yes, in most of the Hells. They occupy a small share of land."

"Wow," I breathed.

"Any more questions?" Lukas asked as he stared at me. I thought about it for a while when it made me remember about the mark. If I was going to ask him about anything might as well go on.

"What did he mean when he said that he wanted to see my mark?"

Lukas frowned, "When did he say that?"

"Before you came he asked me if I was marked and I said yes because I had no idea, so he asked me to show my mark."

Lukas was quiet as I said those things, his jaw set. Now that I noticed whenever the mark or mate thing was mentioned, he went silent. Why was that? Did the idea repulse him?

"Lukas!" I nudged at his hand and he blinked back at me.

"Huh?"

"What is that?"

He tugged at his hair, meeting my eyes, "Do you really want to know?"

"Duh. That's why I asked"

"Every demon has a mate. Someone to stay by their side and you are my mate. That's the reason you can bear my child. Marking is a way of showing that they are claimed."

Lukas stared out of the window, a sad look on his face, "Mates need to mark each other. Marriage is not something our kind believes in, but the marking is exactly like that. You stay true to your mate."

I opened and closed my mouth for several seconds. I had no idea that I was his mate. How is that possible? I was not a demon.

"But I'm not a demon."

He turned to look at me, "It doesn't matter. Demons can have human mates. Why do you think Leo is always around Anna?"

I gasped, "Are they, mates?"

"Hmm. They are, but she doesn't know because he's scared she will reject him after seeing his true form. That's why he does what he does."

I quirked my eyebrow, "Is it possible? For humans to reject their mates?"

Lukas nodded his head, "Most of the times demons don't want to settle in. So they reject to the mating. But it's excruciating for both of them, like ripping a piece of your body."

I shuddered at that. Hearing these things was so unreal. A few weeks ago, I was crying in front of my television because I had no Netflix. Now I was sitting in Hell and listening about mates.

"That sounds painful."

He bitterly laughed, "It is. Most of them don't survive from the pain."

I frowned, "But I thought demons were immortal."

"They are in a way, but the pain of rejection and of course, the Gods can kill us. We live a long life, but also we can die"

"So if a God attacks you, you'll die?"

Lukas chuckled, staring back at me, "Why? Will you be praying to God for it?"

I shook my head. Just the thought of someone hurting Lukas didn't sit right with me. It felt like someone was twisting a knife inside me. I blinked back at the image.

"No...no I am just curious."

He hummed, staring at the ceiling for few seconds, "Yes I can die."

"I don't want you to" I whispered softly, barely audible as I stared at him.

At my voice, he tilted his head towards me and raised his eyebrows, "What?"

"I don't want you to die. Just thinking about it scares me"

He gave me a dopey smile, his hand cupping my cheek, his thumb brushing the corner of my mouth,"Well then its settled. I won't ever die."

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Chapter 39

I stared at him, without blinking my eyes, scared that I will ruin the moment between them. For some reason, I could hear my heart beating loud against my chest. My breathing accelerated like I just ran a marathon. My hands were clammy. What was happening to me? I thought while staring at him. Was it just because of his touch?

I leaned more into his touch, noticing how his eyes turned into a darker shade. I never got the opportunity to see the real colour of the eyes because they always keep changing colours. Maybe they are chocolate brown just like his hair, deep and dark. I wondered.

"Cara" He whispered inching closer. I could feel his breath on my face, which made me shiver. With each passing second, he closed the distance between us, and I was aware of the creaking sound of the bed.

I clenched my eyes shut, letting myself get lost in the moment, my hands by my side. I was scared of doing anything even if it meant moving by an inch.

Chapter

Just as he was about to press his lips against mine, I heard a loud knock on the door. I squeaked, pushing him a and whipped my head towards the door. Kira was standing there with her head bent down.

Lukas gritted his teeth together, pushing himself away and adjusting his demeanour. I felt my cheeks redden at the thought of Kira seeing us in that position. It was pretty evident on what was going on before she interrupted.

I tucked my hair behind my ear, shyly staring at the floor. Was he going to kiss me if Kira hadn't come in? The thought caused me to widen my eyes. And the most shocking thing was I would have let him. Why did I do that? Why didn't I stop him? All these kinds of questions were going in my head when I felt Lukas slid away from the bed.

"What is it?" He sighed, staring at Kira who had her fingers clasped together, still not looking up. I always forget that the demons working in the mansion are scared of him.

Kira coughed, "Sorry to interrupt my King, but it's Lord Yama."

Lukas knitted his eyebrows together, "What happened to him?"

Kira shook her head, "Nothing my King. He has requested your presence in the living room. Dean is also looking for you. It is urgent."

Lukas muttered something under his breath and turned towards me. I quickly averted my eyes, focusing on the tray he bought in—macaroni with garlic bread.

"That's my cue to leave" I nodded my head, still not looking at him. How could I? I almost let him kiss me, forgetting everything he had done to me. It was embarrassing.

He tilted my head towards him to which I parted my mouth in surprise. His eyes were red, not as bright as they are when he's angry but still red. A blank look on his face, so I had no idea what he was thinking.

"Don't forget to eat that. I'll see you soon."

"Okay," I croaked, pulling myself away from him. He stared at me for a while before walking out of the room. Kira was standing outside till he left, but as soon as he was gone, she stepped inside the room.

"I'm so sorry, miss Talia. I had no idea that you two were-"

I squealed, "Stop it! Don't complete that sentence."

My cheeks were bright red, already imaging the thing that happened. Kissing him when I didn't know he was a Demon King was another thing. After knowing that he reigned over Hell and the most feared demon, it was different.

Kira sat down in front of me. She was that comfortable now. It's funny how before she wouldn't even address me, but now she was freely talking to me. I liked that changed. Now that Lauren disappeared somewhere Kira was the only one I could rely on. The others were either too fearful or simply hated me to carry a conversation.

"Why are you so flustered?"

At her question, I gawked at her, "How are you not finding this weird? I almost kissed him."

"So what? Our King is very handsome. I wouldn't blame you."

A hot surge of feelings rushed inside me at that statement. I didn't like the way she was talking about Lukas even though it was true. He was too handsome.

"Do you like him?" I questioned, my eyes narrowed at her.

Kira scrunched her nose, pointedly meeting my eyes, "Of course he is our King. Everyone likes him; that's why he's still the King."

I shook my head, "Not in that way. Do you like him?"

Kira pressed her lips together, twisting them in confusion but then she got it. Her eyes widened, and a gasp escaped from her lips.

"Oh, no! No, I don't like him that way, Talia. He's very handsome for sure but way out of my reach."

I smiled at the expression on her face. Suddenly she was pink and flustered. Now that she talked about others demons liking Lukas, I was interested in knowing more about it.

"What about others? Do they like him like that?"

Kira went quiet, looking outside the door before she leaned in closer towards me.

"Please don't tell anyone that I told you this."

I rolled my eyes at her, "Yeah like I talk to anyone besides you."

She bobbed her head as a look of realisation crossed her face, sheepishly smiling at me, "Sorry. Some maids are just waiting for the right opportunity to make a move, you know. No one can blame them though, but our King has never crossed that line. He never bedded anyone from this mansion even though they love to spread rumours about it."

A shiver ran through me in the last part of the sentence. Most of them are always whispering among themselves. But whenever I enter they go quiet and give me snide glances. I have ignored them, of course.

I licked my lips, "What about Li Changyang?"

Kira shuddered at the name, "That miss is always trying to cling to our King. She used to make lame excuses to stay over, but that was decades ago. Our King doesn't entertain her here anymore."

"Oh," I let out a sigh. It still meant that she knew Lukas better than anyone. The thought made my insides clench.

I didn't want to pry anymore because I didn't want to hear something that would make me mad.

Kira touched my knee and motioned towards the tray, "You should eat it before it turns cold. Our King has worked very hard to make it."

My eyebrows shot up, "Lukas made this?"

Kira giggled, slapping her hand over her mouth as if realising that she laughed out loud. It was very amusing to see her hold herself.

She hummed, composing herself, "They are from the packaged box. But still, our King made an effort to put the bread in the oven and boil the macaroni. The maids were shocked because that's the first time we have seen our master in the kitchen."

My mouth opened at that, "Wait you mean he never stepped inside the kitchen? Not even once?"

Kira shook her head, "Not near the cooking area. Never"

"Wow" I blurted out, picking the tray from the desk and placing it on my lap. Suddenly I couldn't wait to try it. I lifted the fork and dug it in the bowl.

Kira stood up from the bed, a gleaming look on her face as she stared at me, "I knew you were special to him, Miss Talia."

With that, she left my room making me wonder if I mean that much to him. Does he care about me?

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After finishing my lunch, I took a nap.

A few hours later, as the sky turned dark blue, I was awake. Instead of being cooped up in my room, I decided to go downstairs. Lukas promised that he would be back, but he wasn't, which made me worry.

As I stepped down the voices got louder. Lukas was sitting on the other side of the couch, arguing with Yama about something. Leo and Dean were there as well.

As soon as he saw me, a smile touched his lips. I blushed at the change in his demeanour.

Yama waved at me, and I waved back. He was something. Even indoor he had a three-piece suit on.

"Had a good nap?" Leo questioned, as I wiggled my way towards the couch.

I grinned, "The best..." Turning towards Lukas, I licked my lips, "Macaroni was delicious."

Leo made a face, his lips jutting out, "You had macaroni and didn't invite me? I think we need to terminate our friendship."

Lukas pushed at his arm, "Ignore him. There's something important I need to talk with you."

At that, I turned towards him, "Sure."

"I know I'm asking too much, but I want you to accompany me to the Ball," Lukas said with a serious look on his face.

"The Ball?"

"Yes. Hades of the Underworld organising it this year. We have to leave tomorrow."

***

Chapter 40

/Lukas POV/

Lord Yama wanted to talk. It was never pleasant to hear that. He can be very persuasive, so I have to be cautious. In the party, he asked me to meet his gang, which was mainly the women he bedded. As much as I wanted to get rid of them, it was nearly impossible, and I lost the trail of Talia on that night. She did seem jealous by the attention I was getting.

Shaking my head, I walked down the stairs only to notice Dean and Leo sitting with Yama. By the look on their faces, it was something important.

"Hello" I greeted as I sat on the opposite couch. Yama was drinking his smoothie. It was always funny how we don't need anything to sustain, yet the food items are still lying around.

Yama sat up and motioned towards green who was holding a scroll in his hand. The outstanding invitations or news from the other world are written on the scroll and safeguarded in case someone tries to break them. A scroll can't be opened by anyone else except for the person it is addressed to.

I took it from Dean's hand, "When did you get this?"

Dean cleared his throat, "A few minutes ago. Lord Yama got his sent here as well."

My eyes went towards the scrolling on Lord Yama's lap. I flicked my attention back to the one in my hand and noticed the seal on the top. It was from Mount Olympus. My mouth twitched at that. Earlier today, I was just thinking about paying a visit there.

Yama groaned, "Open it already."

I gave him a look, "Didn't you read yours already?"

He made a face and took a large sip of his creamy smoothie. I almost forgot how much he loves to consume sugar. Trying to suppress my disgust at the drink, I broke the seal.

It was from Underworld. Hades specifically. A grin stretched across my lips when I read the content. This year's annual Ball was going to be organised in the Underworld.

"This is interesting" I mused, closing the scroll. It completely slipped my mind that it was that time of the year. Annual Balls are like meetup, where everyone has to attend and stay at the host place for atleast a week. Various games and fun activities are organised at night along with heated debates in the day. Most of them have only one motive, to get their problems solved with the advice of others.

Yama hummed, "I almost forgot about it."

"Me too."

"When should we leave?" Yama asked wiping the corner of his mouth, the tissue landing precisely in the bin. He patted himself at the aim.

I stared back at the scroll because I had almost forgotten to glance at the date and timing. My eyes flew wide as I noticed that we have to be there by the next day. Most of the times the invites are sent at least a week early.

"It's tomorrow" I mumbled, dumbfounded.

"I think he forgot about it as well."

I nodded my head when it occurred to me that Talia would be all alone for a week. There was no way I was going to let her be all alone again. She always gets in trouble somehow, and I cannot always rush back from the underworld. A sigh escaped my lips.

"I don't think I can attend this one."

Yama raised his eyebrows, "Huh? What are you saying?"

"My mate is pregnant. I can't leave her here all alone. It's too dangerous, and I'm not willing to risk it."

Even though the fan was better now, I could not trust him to guard Talia all on his own. Most of the staff are busy with their work so they won't be able to look after her as well.

Yama shrugged, "Then let's take Talia along with us. You don't have to worry about it."

My teeth grind together at his suggestion. It was the most stupid thing I had ever heard. Underworld is dangerous, and there someone from Mount Olympus who wants to hurt her. How can I knowingly put her in danger?

I scoffed, "Are you even listening to yourself? She is a mortal."

Yama kept a straight face, not even blinking when he met my eyes, "So? You don't know that I have the power to carry mortals across portals, right?"

His face broke out in a grin, "Ha that rhymed!"

I narrowed my eyes at him, my voice dangerously low. If he was trying to make me angry, somehow, it was working. That was not the problem but taking her along and letting her stay in the same place was. Someone can use this as an opportunity to attack her again, and I don't want her to go through something like that back.

I took a deep breath, my hands balled into a fist, "Yama that is not the reason I'm worried. It is an unknown place, and someone tried to kill her before."

"So you want to leave her here all alone?"

I gaped at him. Did he even hear a word I said?

Yama motioned towards Dean, "No one was able to save her in your absence. Not even this guy!"

"That's why I'm staying."

"But this is an important event. You know you cannot miss it."

I huffed, "And so is my mates life. I cannot risk by taking her along with me."

Yama was quiet. I felt relieved that I was able to convince him with proper reasoning. Dean politely excused himself, and I felt guilty for not defending him. He was still upset about not finding Talia in my absence. Then again, it was not his fault for her tendency to wander off without thinking. Even though he did not have to apologise for it, he did and promised to get better. Both of those things were unnecessary because he was the best demon in hell.

Yama cleared his throat, "Well done think of it in this way. If you go to Underworld and someone does try to attack your mate you can catch them red-handed. How does that sound?"

"But-"

"Just give it a thought" Yama waved his arm.

I pondered over it for a moment. He did have a point. Using this excuse, I can trap the person who was trying to harm Talia and my unborn child. Without a valid reason, it is challenging to get into Mount Olympus, but now I was getting a great opportunity handed over to me.

Before I could answer him, footsteps echoed around the living room. It was Talia.

I pulled her towards me after she was done greeting Yama and Leo.

"I know I'm asking too much, but I want you to accompany me to the Ball," I said

"The Ball?" She scrunched her nose.

"Yes. Hades of the Underworld organising it this year. We have to leave tomorrow."

She rolled her lips between her teeth, "For how long?"

Even though I found out the information about her attacker, I did not indulge her. She would be easily scared to know someone was actively trying to go after her. That's the last thing I needed.

"One week"

She parted her lips, "A week?!"

I nodded my head, "It will be fun, I promise. You will get to experience whatever you read in those books."

Her face broke out in a smile. I knew that she was reading up on mythology so that she kept up to date with everything. Even though most of the facts written in the books are in the past, she did understand a thing or two.

She blushed, inching closer to me. I raised my head at her sudden shift in behaviour.

"There is one problem, though."

"What is it?" I questioned

She ducked her head down, her eyes staring at the floor. It was so unusual for her to be embarrassed. Most of the time, she is actively trying not to be embarrassing.

"Icsntdabxe"

"Huh?"

She raised her head, "I can't dance in heels."

"Oh," I breathed. I thought it was going to be terrible. But how can she say that when she danced in that club as she owned it? I was truly blown away by her confidence. Besides, she was fine with me at the party as well.

"Then don't wear them" I shrugged.

She shook her head, twisting her lips, sheepishly smiling, "I read in that book during the Ball the females have to twirl around in the middle. And I can't do that."

Lord Yama cackled, shaking his head, "Where do you get these books?"

"From the library?" She mumbled in confusion. It was cute that she did not understand he was teasing her.

I took her hand in mine, which made her eyes widen. She sucked in a sharp breath. Every time I touch her, she has this kind of reaction.

"You don't have to dance if you don't want to. Trust me; it'll be fine."

She looked unsure for few seconds before bobbing her head, "Umm...then okay. I'll go with you."

***

Chapter 41

The moment I stepped near the portal I held on to Lukas. I had no memory of the time I was bought to Hell by Dean because I was unconscious for most of it.

When Lukas said that I should go along with him to Underworld, I had no idea that Lord Yama will be joining us. He was invited to the Ball. I tried to read or find any articles about the mentions of Annual Ball. Unfortunately, all I could see where invitations sent to Lukas from different Hell.

Leo was able to attend a few of them with Lukas, so he told me about what goes on. They hold various contests and games to bring harmony and develop friendship among Kings and Queens. The duration of the Ball usually depends on the host, but mostly it is around one week.

Hearing all those things made me excited because I was going to encounter all kinds of demons. If there anything like Yama or Lukas, then I had nothing to fear. Also, it reminded me that the Chinese demon would also be there. Li Changying. She would try to ruin my mood with some stupid bull shit, but I decided to steer clear of her.

Lukas tightened his grip on my hand and whispered in my ear, "It won't hurt. All we have to do is walk through the tunnel."

I bobbed my head even though my nerves were all over the place. It was my first time saying something like that. If someone had told me that the demons travel through a portal like it's a train station, I would have laughed on their faces. It's just to systematic and organised for someone like them.

Yama chuckled, "Don't worry, you won't find any ugly creatures in there."

Lukas rolled his eyes.

"I'm just telling the truth! The tunnels on earth are filthy and house rats."

I suppressed my smile at the disgusted look on his face. From the limited interactions I had with the lord, I knew that he despised a few things about earth and was vocal about it. It was amusing to me because most of the people on earth don't even care about those things.

"Let's just go" Lukas breathed as he urged me to step beside him. I refused to leave his hand, no matter what.

"Talia" Yama breathed, forwarding his hand towards me.

I raised my eyebrow in my direction. It was sweet that he noticed I was terrified, but he was still a stranger to me. Besides, I was comfortable holding onto Lukas than him.

"Uhh...I'm fine. Thank you"

Lukas chuckled, shaking his head, "Cara you have to hold onto him so that you can pass the tunnel. It's difficult for a mortal to get through one without guidance."

I felt my cheeks redden at that and simply placed my hand in his. The tunnel was silver in colour, but as soon as Lord Yama stepped into the block, it shone. My eyes squinted at the sudden brightness.

"It's okay. Just walk" I heard someone mutter, but it was unclear with the sudden light and wind.

I had my eyes closed the entire time we walked through it, just holding onto the both of them.

"You can open your eyes. We are safe" Lukas mumbled, his voice breathy.

I turned around only to notice that the tunnel was silver again. With that, I left Yama's hand and shifted towards Lukas. He wrapped his arm around my waist, and I didn't protest, hiding my face in his chest.

Yama quirked his brow, "That's strange. It never happened before."

Lukas hummed, "Maybe because of our combined power?"

"But we travelled through tunnels together before, but this never happened."

I raised my eyebrow at that. How did it happen then? It was so sudden and blinding that I could not focus on anything but getting past it. There was a sudden surge of energy I could feel brushing past me.

Lukas stared at my stomach, "Could it be because of our child?"

Yama flicked his eyes towards my stomach, and I unconsciously felt my cheeks hot. It was always overwhelming when people stared at my stomach for too long.

"Oh yeah, I almost forgot. It totally might be!"

Lukas sighed, "I was worried over nothing."

"Your child is going to be quite powerful" Yama laughed patting at Lukas back.

My stomach was in knots at that. Sometimes it was nice to know that I was giving birth to someone significant. But also it terrified me that the child was going to have immense power and no one to look after him. Maybe it was just me being overdramatic, but it always haunted me.

Lukas proudly smiled and gripped at my waist as if to assure me.

***

Underworld was beyond my expectations. I thought it would be darkness everywhere and gloomy scenes with Greek antiquities everywhere. But it was different.

The whole place was lighted up, busting with people everywhere or maybe they were demons I couldn't tell the difference. In the centre was a huge mansion just like one in Hell and surrounding the palace were small stalls and the usual residences.

"Is this it?" I nudged at Lukas as we stepped towards the mansion.

He hummed, "Yes. This is the main entrance for us."

"There are other ways to enter?"

Calmly Lukas nodded his head,"Just like our place back home even Underworld has locals. They have separate entries for them."

I hid my smile at his words. He referred to the mansion in Hell as our home, which strangely made my stomach flutter. Home.

"Wow"

Yama turned towards me, "You're very curious, Miss Talia."

I pressed my lips together, my cheeks flushing at his comment. I was indeed asking too many questions since the moment we stepped in Underworld. But I wanted to know as much as possible because it was all new to me.

"As she should Yama. This is all new to her after all" Lukas defended.

I stared at him for a few seconds, my eyes wide. Did he just defend me? That was new. Whatever it was, I was enjoying the new side of him. After the meltdown I had, he was very open about all the questions I had. Maybe he understood my point of view.

Yama nodded his head, "True true! She needs to know all these things, after all."

Lukas hummed as we were welcomed inside. Two of them stood at the entrance with garlands in their hands. As soon as we stepped near the door, they sprinkled rose-scented water and put the wreaths over us.

Yama rolled his eyes, "Hades is surely overcompensating for forgetting about the Ball."

"Give him a break!" Lukas scoffed.

I smiled at the guards, but they were cold and curt, not even blinking their eyes in our way. Lukas tugged me inside. That's when I noticed the couple. They were difficult to miss with the way they held themselves.

Lukas leaned in and breathed in my ear, "They are Hades and his mate, Persephone."

I felt my breath hitch. Even though I guessed it but knowing it was true made it feel real. Hades was clad in all-white suit with a rose on his lapel. I was expecting him to have a long white beard, but he looked youthful with his brunette hair slicked back and clean-shaven face.

Persephone, on the other hand, was breathtaking with her white lace gown and her long blonde hair parted in one side.

"Ahh, Lukas!" Hades cried out, wrapping his arms around Lukas and tugging him closer.

"It's been so long, my friend!"

Lukas sighed, "Well if you did pick your phone once in a while."

"Sorry I was busy with this stupid Ball thing" Hades muttered pulling away when Persephone swatted at his arm.

"Agapi mou, we have guests."

Her accent was thick precisely like I thought. Hades snickered but fondly nodded his head and moved to embrace Yama. I stood by on the side when Persephone neared me with a bright smile on her face.

"Oh, polýtimos! Is this your mate King Lukas?"

I blushed at the sudden eyes of the couple on me. Persephone held my hand and breathed deeply when her eyes fell on my stomach. I should have known that it was impossible to hide my pregnancy with these god-like demons.

"You're expecting?"

Lukas hummed, "I thought everyone might have known it by now. Yama sure did!"

Hades snickered, nudging at Yama, "Yeah well are we surprised about that? He always knows all the gossip."

"I do not!" Yama gasped, shaking his head, offended at the implication.

Persephone turned towards me, "You'll get used to them and learn to ignore one day. Let's go I will show you the room."

"She's so rude, how do you keep up with her?" Yama scowled staring at Persephone, but Hades simply rolled his eyes. From the looks of it, they seemed used to his banter. Lukas stood with them as I followed Persephone.

"You and Lukas can stay on the first floor. I had no idea that you were pregnant mou. If I had known I would have arranged something on the ground floor."

Umm, what? Was I going to share a room with Lukas?

"Do I have to share my room with Lukas?"

Persephone raised her eyebrows, "You two are mates, no?"

"Yes"

"And you are expecting a child together. What is the problem?"

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Chapter 42

Persephone's question put me on the spot. Lukas did say that we cannot reveal the nature of a relationship to anyone because we were a gossip already. He was right as most of them couldn't stop staring at me the moment I walked inside with Persephone. They were all fascinated by the thought of a Demon King having a kid with a human.

Before I could formulate my answers, someone interrupted the Queen of Underworld.

"Persephone!" I backed away as the two of them hugged, twirling each other around.

The person or demon embracing Persephone was equally gorgeous. If not even more. She had straight long brunette hair, falling to her hips and wore a white gown. Was that an ongoing theme? Wearing white?

"Hestia! It's been so long. I thought you wouldn't come"

Persephone gasped, parting away from the hug and I gawked at both of them.

Hestia? Like the Greek Goddess? The older sister? What has my life come to? If someone had told me I would be standing in the presence of two Greek goddess, I would have laughed on their faces. I suddenly felt inferior standing in front of them.

"Oh, I didn't want to endure Hades another annoying voicemail."

Persephone sighed, "Trust me, I know how you feel. Lately, he has been annoying with that earthly device."

Hestia rolled her eyes when suddenly she noticed me standing in the corner with my arms crossed together. She stared at me for a few seconds before turning towards Persephone.

"And who might this creature be?"

Should I be offended that he referred to me as a creature? I had no idea what's considered to be friendly or offensive because most of the times they are accents were so thick that it was difficult.

Persephone smiled, "Talia. She is Lukas mate."

Hestia widened her eyes, "The Demon Kings Mate? Have me met before? I feel like I saw you somewhere."

Will that ever get old? I thought to myself and inched towards them. It felt weird because I did not know how to respond to that—also overwhelmed as not to say something stupid in response.

But also wants to talk to me was she thought we met before. How was that possible when it was the first time I was meeting her? Did she mistake me for someone else? But Lukas told me there is only one mate for everyone.

"Hi, I don't think we've met before" I croaked, awkwardly waving at her.

The Greek Goddess warmly smiled, her eyes shifting towards my stomach. Hestia is the virgin goddess of the hearth, the right ordering of domesticity, the family, the home, and the state. So it was natural she would find out about my pregnancy. But she didn't make a move to touch my stomach or anything which I felt relieved at.

"Congratulations Queen"

"Oh, thank you."

"The child is the lucky one" She wriggled her eyebrows but before I could ask her what she meant her phone rang. It was still so weird—a goddess with the phone.

Persephone turned towards me, "Are you comfortable walking to the room? It's the first one on the right."

"Sure no problem" I perked

She groaned, tilting her head towards the entrance, "I have some guests to greet. See you at dinner."

I hummed as he walked away, holding the gown and a smile plastered on her face. Seriously how does she do that? I thought to myself. I can never imagine greeting over a thousand demons and still being happy as she was. Maybe it was all the experience.

Whatever it was, I wanted to talk to her about it later. When I first thought that I would be meeting the Queen of Underworld, I expected that person to be uptight and snobby. But Persephone was rather easy to talk and very kind in all.

I managed to locate the room. A gasp escaped my lips at the size of the room. It was more like a one-room flat. There was a living room leading to the very own kitchen and couple dining set. A short hallway followed by the master bedroom and attached washroom.A little flat.Wow.

It was no competition, but the rooms in Lukas mansion wouldn't be able to compete. But then again he had seven-star quality rooms.

I noticed the luggage in the room, which was surprising since Dean told us he would send after we reach. That was quick.

A sigh tore from my lips when I noticed the massive bed in the middle of the room. Maybe I can sneak a nap before dinner time.

***

The sound of someone opening and closing the cupboard doors made me stir in the sleep. I blinked my eyes open only to notice Lukas. He was arranging his clothes neatly in the drawer. I sleepily smiled at his form, staring at his back as he moved his arms around.

It was impossible not to gawk at him. Kira was right. Lukas was handsome and no wonder so many of them were staring at him as we entered. He had this aura around himself that he carried so confidently it was impossible not to be driven to him.

My mind automatically drifted towards the night we shared after that club. How was he so dominant and willing to satisfy me? I felt my cheeks heat up at the memory.

"Had a good nap?" He asked, staring at me, and I let out a squeak. How did he know that I was awake?

I avoided his eyes, hoping that he did not read the thoughts going through my mind. They were so filthy and embarrassing. How was I going to survive to live in the same room with him? The idea almost made me sit up. I will have to sleep in the same bed as him. It completely slipped my mind that we were going to share one room for an entire week. Even more, if some of the demons makes a scene.

Lukas dropped his clothes and turned towards me, "Do you need anything to drink? A snack? There is a fridge in the kitchen."

I hummed. I noticed that as soon as I entered the kitchen. It was huge and had an automated voice feature.

"Yeah about that... These rooms are like a mini flat."

Lukas snorted, "Hades is always over the top like that. It was not like this a century ago."

"I love this place."

"Of course anyone would. It's designed by the most famous architecture and their workers. The ones that build Didyma. He minimised their sentence for making this possible."

"Wow," I breathed.

It was quiet after that. I slipped out of bed and walked towards the kitchen to get some cold water. My eyes fell on the clock, and I let out a sigh noticing that it was two hours till dinner.

Lukas entered the kitchen, "Umm... Do you have everything ready for dinner?"

"Huh? What more do I need?"

Lukas's lips twitched, "I apologise I meant your attire. Is everything okay? We are having dinner with all the Kings and Queens today. It's kind of an opening ceremony to get together thing."

I inhaled loudly at that, nervously nodding my head. I could not even think about the prospect of sitting together with all the Kings and Queens. What if they judge me? What if they hate the idea of dining with a mortal? I did not want to embarrass Lukas in front of others, but there was nothing I could do. I was born like this!

As if Lukas noticed the various emotions flickering across my face, he inched closer to me. I held my breath as his perfume invaded my nostrils. My lips folded together as I felt his breath on the top of my head.

He tucked his hand below my chin and tilted my head towards him, "Are you nervous?"

With the way he was staring at me, I was even more nervous than before. Swallowing the lump formed in my throat I nodded my head, words unable to leave my mouth. My hands felt clammy at my side.

"It's okay to be nervous. Don't worry, I will be there with you the entire time. Yeah?" His eyes dug into mine, and for the first time I didn't see the red colour in them.

I licked my lips, "Yeah."

His eyes moved towards my lips, staring at the sheen wetness on my lips. I felt his thumb across my cheeks, stroking it tenderly as he met my eyes. Nothing matter at the moment and all I could think was about the look in his eyes. It was something I had never seen before.

"Cara" He breathed, his voice husky. I felt shivers run down my spine. My legs felt like jelly, and I was leaning against him for support.

His thumb slowly moved towards the corner of my lips, stroking it softly before he pressed it against my lips. I inhaled sharply, clenching my eyes shut. I wanted him to kiss me.

As if he read my mind pulled his thumb back, holding my cheek and leaned in.

The sound of bell ringing echoed against the room, and I jumped back, almost hitting him in the face. Just my damn luck!

***

Chapter 43

/Lukas POV/

It was frustrating how always someone or the other interrupts. There was a guard outside the room who was reminding us to get ready for the dinner. I sighed but nodded my head and shut the door.

Even though I wanted to talk it out with Talia, we had no time. I noticed that she was busy picking her clothes for the event. With that, I turned out and got my clothes. I needed to make an impression.

Most of the demons love to show off even though they don't have much. These kinds of Balls are appropriate for this kind of silly things. I never noticed or cared for it, but now that I had Talia with me, I had to make sure that I was outstanding.

I specifically ordered a handmade tailored suit. A sigh escaped my lips as I stared at the outfit. It didn't take me long to slip on the three-piece suit. The blazer was cinched at my waist just like they used to do in England. I patted at the pocket, checking for my phone.

I took a quick peek inside the bedroom only to notice that Talia was still inside the bathroom. Women. As it was safe, I walked towards the dressing table and checked at my attire. I stared at my hair as it was unruly when I noticed the gel on the stand. Using my fingers, I styled it back, a single strand escaping and falling on my forehead.

"Cara" I knocked on the bathroom door. If she was going to take a while, I can atleast go down and save us a seat. Most of the times, they are reserved, but I hated the sitting arrangement.

I knew that Li Changying was also going to be there for dinner, so I didn't want to sit anywhere near her. That's the last thing I wanted. Talia would be annoyed as well. We were already too famous for bringing the first demon child to the world.

"Hmm?"

"Is it going to take long?"

I heard the shuffling sound from inside and shower was turned off, "Why? Are we late?"

I almost hid my smile at the way she was so panicked about it. Like anyone could do better than her. She was handling it well considering how everything was suddenly thrown over her shoulders.

"No...don't worry. But I want to reserve a seat for us. So I'll just go down. After you are done, come downstairs."

Her voice was breathy, "In the living room, right?"

I shook my head. Why would the dinner be in the living room? She didn't know that. So I bit my tongue.

"No...it's in the dining hall. You know what just come downstairs they'll show you the way."

"Oh okay" She mumbled, and I heard her footsteps retracting and the sound of the shower being turned on. I stilled as the soft humming sound echoed from inside.

Shaking my head, I walked out of there. It was better for my sanity.

***

Hades was already seated at the head table, and the entire dining hall was busting with demons. Why can't they be late? I sighed.

As soon as I stepped near the chair, Hades waved over at me. I glanced to my side, making sure he was calling me. Walking towards him, I noticed Li Changying in the corner, arguing with someone. I was not even surprised to see that. She never gets along with others which are quite weird.

"Looking for someone?" Hades raised his eyebrows, swirling the drink in his glass. Trust him to start drinking before dinner.

I bobbed my head, my eyes going towards the table. The dining room was gigantic. It could easily fit five hundred guests. Mostly there were only twenty-eight of Kings and Queens, the original rulers of Hell. But due to ongoing war in some Hells, the figure is unknown. As a tradition, the original twenty-eight Kings or Queens of their Hell along with their family were invited.

"A decent table."

Hades snickered, patting at the seat beside him, "Don't worry. I asked your seat to be beside mine."

"How generous of you!" I rolled my eyes while pulling a chair beside him. He could have told me earlier and saved a lot of trouble. But then again, Hades has always been a bit of sadist, enjoying seeing people troubled.

"I try" He bowed down mockingly and raised his glass.

"Why did you start drinking already? Did Persephone threaten to take your phone again?"

Hades gave me a dry look, "Hilarious. That's not it. I'm just so done with this! I remembered it was my turn last week and since then it's been a wreck city here." He took a deep breathtaking a sip of his drink, "Persephone is mad at me for not calling her back home soon. We both haven't slept a wink for a week"

"Wow, that sounds stressful."

"You have no idea!" He exclaimed

I looked around and noticed that the dining hall was lighted up. Even for someone who knew about the Ball a week ago, he did well. There's usually gossip about it, but no one was saying anything. Or maybe they are all scared of Hades.

"Enough about me. I can't believe you! How come you never mentioned to me you had a mate?"'

I sighed softly. I should have known he would ask that. He was one of my closest friends and drinking buddy. Leo was jealous of him for that.

"It's a long story."

"We'll talk it over drinks then."

I hummed, "Sure."

That's when the bell rang. Persephone stepped beside Hades, and they both stood up. It was time for their speech.

Where are you, Talia? I thought, staring at the stairs. Just as I was about to turn my head away, I noticed her. For a while, I forgot to breathe. She was a vision with her long peach gown, her hands holding them on sides. Everyone was gawking at her, and I couldn't blame them.

She shyly slid by my side, and I smirked at the fallen looks on some of their faces. Take that!

"You look gorgeous" I whispered leaning closer. Her cheeks went red.

Persephone smiled at Talia, and then they began their speech. It was too long for my liking, but I tried to keep my eyes open. First, they went on about their vision, contribution of Greece and then the theme of the Ball.

"Now we begin" Hades raised his glass in the air. Everyone followed his lead as our glasses were filled with wine.

Just as we were about to start, the loud banging sound made my ears ring. I followed the audio only to notice a man stumbling his way to the dining hall. He was drunk, his face drenched with sweat.

"Brother?!"

"Brother!"

Hades stood up. Persephone narrowed her eyes at the intruder.

I stared back at the person again and squinted at the brunette curls. Of course, it was Zeus. He was difficult to recognise at first sight. But why was he drunk? He managed to make his way towards Hades, bumping into chairs a few times and apologising several times.

"Hades...I'm so drunk" Zeus giggled, falling over his brother's shoulder. Persephone made a face.

Talia shifted closer to me as Zeus was reeking of alcohol. She had lately become sensitive to certain smells. I noticed that she was trying to figure out the scene in front of her.

"Lukas" She nudged at my elbow. I turned towards her.

"Who is he?"

"Zeus"

She squealed, "What? The Zeus?"

At her voice, Zeus turned towards her and his eyes widened. He was quiet for a while, blinking his eyes at her. Talia shifted in her seat, suddenly aware of his attention.

"I know you..." He slurred, pointing his finger at her to which Talia frowned. She stared back at me.

I raised my head at Hades, "Is he going to be okay?"

"I apologise for this. If you all, please excuse me" Hades lowly said while trying to balance his brother. Few of them were trying to help, but Zeus slapped them away and frankly no one messed with him after that.

Zeus shook his head, "But I don't wanna leave."

"Brother, you can rest in the guest room. I won't send you back."

Zeus stared back at Talia, mumbling under his breath, "I know- I know you."

Why would he say those words? There was no way he would know Talia because she was just a mortal.

Hades gave me a pleading look, "I'm sorry about him. He just needs to sleep it off."

"But-"

Hades grunted, "Enough brother, we need to get you to the room. Let's go."

After a few seconds, Hades managed to wrap his arm around his brother and drag him towards the room. Persephone sighed at them and turned towards Talia.

"Don't take him seriously. He's going through a hard time with Hera. He'll be fine."

I stared back at Zeus, highly doubting that.

***

Chapter 44

I could feel the dampness in my palms, slippery with sweat. After dinner, Hades concluded it with a thank you speech and asked everyone to retire back to their rooms. It was clear that he was going to do damage control.

Persephone trudged towards me, an apologetic smile on her face. It was marvellous to see how she handled the situation and calmed everyone. After Zeus retired to the room, she managed to bring back the spirit in everyone.

"Hey" She whispered, standing in front of me.

"Hi. The dinner was wonderful."

"Well, I tried my best."

I shook my head, "No, it was. I loved the duck, especially."

"Thanks, I needed to hear it. Trust me; it's not always like this. Hades will handle the situation, and you won't have any trouble from now on" Her lips twitched.

I knew that she was referring to the incident earlier. Why did Zeus say that to me? I was equally confused because even his sister earlier said the same thing. How could they recognise me when I have seen them for the first time?

"It's fine."

Persephone grinned, "Besides the real fun begins tomorrow. Go and rest plenty. We will announce the schedule for the week and play some games."

I tensed at that. Even though I assured Lukas, I was terrified. The demons I dined were powerful, and there was no way I stood a chance against them. But I wanted to win for Lukas. He deserved it.

"Sounds fun."

Persephone sighed as if she understood the emotions I was feeling.

"I know you feel like you don't fit in, but you'll realise along the way that this is where you belong. I'm saying this because I have been there."

Her words touched me. I was freaking out so much, but I almost forgot that Persephone went through the same thing. She must have a difficult time adjusting to the Underworld, being the Queen of Dead.

"Thank you so much. It's just new to me. All of it"

She patted my shoulder, "You'll come around. Have faith in yourself."

I hummed, and she bid me good night. She had to make sure everything was for the next day. My eyes were hurting by seeing her walk-in those pointed heels.

Lukas came by my side and cleared his throat, "Shall we?"

"Yes"

***

I felt exhaustion seep in my bones by the time we got back to our room. After I woke up from the nap I felt exhausted, but now it was worse, tiredness creeping up over every pore.

As soon as I noticed the room in the bed, I stopped abruptly, letting Lukas crash into my back. He held on to my arm.

"What's wrong?"

I gestured towards the bed in the room, "We have to share the bed, I think."

There was a couch in the living room, but it was too tiny to sleep. Besides I can't ask him that. From the look on his face, he was drained out as well.

He arched his brow, "I noticed. What is the problem?"

Hello! We will be sharing one bed. Is he not hearing himself? I tried to bite my tongue. The last thing I wanted was to argue with him. I could feel a slight throbbing in my bed already.

"Nothing..." I trailed and threw the clutch on the nearby chair.

Lukas stared at me for a few seconds before bobbing his head. Did he know what I was thinking? Of course not. I held my breath as he took off the suit and neatly put it back in the closet.

"You can go ahead and change I'll dust the blanket."

It felt too domestic. Words did not leave my mouth, so I nodded my head. Hastily grabbed my pyjamas. I rushed to the washroom.

Lukas also changed by the time I was out.

"I will take the right side of the bed" He announced, slumping on the right side.

Did I have a choice? I bobbed my head and deposited my dress in the closet. The demon scrunched his nose at the way I stuffed it inside. I was half expecting him to comment, but he didn't say anything.

As he was peacefully leaning against the headrest, I bounced onto the bed beside Lukas as hard as I possibly can. It was enough to send the phone clattering from his hand. Score.

He let out a sigh and turned towards me, "Why did you do that?"

I innocently blinked my eyes, "I am just going to sleep."

He rolled his eyes.

"Sure, you are."

I switched off the lamp on my side and lied down on my back. From the corner of my eyes I noticed that he retrieved his phone. Why did he need it anyway?

"Are you not going to sleep?"

He shook his head, "I rarely sleep."

"What do you mean?"

"Demon King doesn't need to sleep like human beings."

I scoffed, "Have fun staying up then."

"I will. Good night" He dismissed

After a while of tossing and turning, I couldn't sleep. I looked over my shoulder.

"Lukas I am cold."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Turn off the air conditioner."

"No"

I made a face, and purposely pulled the entire blanket. He said he wasn't going to sleep anyways.

***

I squinted my eyes open, trying to shield from the morning rays. As I tried to shift around, I felt an arm around my middle. My breath caught in my throat because I was aware of the loud breathing. Lukas said he wouldn't be sleeping then what happened? I thought.

It felt strange being snuggled by him. The first time we slept together, he left. This is what I was expecting back then. I shook my head at the memory. When I think about it feels like ages ago.

I had no idea about Lukas sleeping patterns, but he is always on time for breakfast. Maybe because we are in Underworld, he was enjoying himself.

But I wanted to get up because of my bladder.

"Lukas" I mumbled, squeezing the back of his hand as it was lying on my belly.

He made some sort of noise, which meant that he's listening, so I continued, "I want to get up."

He grunted in response but made no effort to move. I wanted to punch his hand just to see if I can elicit another response. Even though it felt nice to have his arms around, I had to pee.

"Mmh"

"Are you even listening?" I sighed, trying to turn around but his arms were tight against my body. I looked over my shoulders, straining my neck in the process.

"Eggs and toast" He mumbled back, unmoving. I could feel his hot breath and the vibration of his voice against my back. It made me feel weak in my knees.

"What are you even talking about?" I sighed and blinked at him, but his eyes were shut tight. Why was he punishing me like this? I thought to myself.

I held my breath, waiting so that he can finally open his eyes and let me slip away. The sound of clock ticking made rang in my ears, and I stilled. Finally, I concluded that he was not going to get up any time soon.

Grumbling loudly under my breath, I slowly managed to pull my hand. I rolled my body out of bed, landing awkwardly on my knees. As the bed was closer to the ground, I didn't hurt myself.

I stumbled towards the washroom and did my business. After washing my hands and face, I walked back across the room only to notice Lukas squirming under the blankets. His hand was moving around as if he was trying to search for me. I held back a giggle at that.

As a little payback, I shut the door harder than necessary, making him jolt on the bed. He sat upright, tangled in between the sheets. Unable to hold myself, I snickered, my feet padding towards the bed.

"Wha-What was that for?" He groaned, rubbing at his face.

"For not letting me pee."

"Huh?" He raised his brow, still tugging at his messy locks. I admired him for a while, staring at his black satin pyjamas and messy hair. His face had pillow marks on the side from being smushed the entire night.

My stomach tightened as I kept staring at him. A few days ago, I thought it would be impossible to see him again.

"I am sorry I don't know how I slept like that" He murmured, brushing his hair off his forehead.

"It's alright."

He licked his lips and tilted his head towards me, "Anyways, we should go downstairs for breakfast."

I chewed on my lips. I didn't want a repeat of the previous night. "Is there any chance we don't have to? I thought maybe we could eat in bed."

He thought about it for a while before he leaned forward and picked the phone, "Sure let's order in."

I sighed. We decided to have an excellent warm breakfast in the room and go downstairs, pretend to be a couple in front of everyone again. Should be easy enough.

***

Chapter 45

/Lukas POV/

After the drama by Zeus, I had no intention of staying behind. Most of them were going to drink with Hades in his secret room. As much as I wanted to tell him what was going on, I had to take care of Talia. It was not safe to send her back to the room all alone.

Yama patted on my shoulder, "So ready to drink and let loose?"

I winced at his tone. Just then my eyes shifted towards Talia only to see she was talking with

Persephone. I knew the moment they meet; it would be easy for them to connect. Hades wife had to go through tough times to establish herself as the Queen of Underworld. Even though she was a Greek Goddess herself, she did not have it easy. Maybe Talia can learn a thing or two from her.

"About that..." I cleared my throat, unsure how to break it to him.

Yama was the biggest party animal, and he would never let go of the opportunity to have free drinks. Bailing out on him was going to be something I regret, but I didn't have a choice. I can't ask someone else to look after Talia. It was my duty.

"What about it? Like every time we are going to drink and party in Hades secret room."

I pressed my lips together, "Uhh... I won't be joining you guys today. I will go to bed with my mate."

Yama made a face like he couldn't believe I was saying no to him. He shook his head and dragged Hades along with him. I blinked as both of them stood before me, their eyes narrowed.

"Is it true?" Hades questioned, his arms crossed against his chest.

What was he talking about? Did Yama snitch on me? He was gone for a second.

"About what? I am afraid you have to be more specific."

Hades rolled his eyes, "The thing Yama said. Are you not going to be joining us tonight?"

I let out a sigh. Why were they making such a big deal out of it? It's not like I was going to miss anything. Besides the drinking party in the secret room is every single day. The only thing Hades does is change the decor of the room.

"Afraid so. I have to look after Talia."

Yama nudged at Hades, probing him to say something. They can get annoying sometimes. I almost forgot about that.

Hades had a smile on his face as he stared back at me. I arched my brow. Why was he suddenly so happy? Was he plotting something in his mind? I should have bought Leo along with me so that they could take him instead. It's not like I did not enjoy their company, but my priority was to look after Talia and our unborn baby. Someone was after their lives.

"Why are you doing that weird thing with your face?" I questioned, my eyes narrowed on his face.

"You mean, smiling?"

"Yes...why are you doing that? It's creepy."

Hades made a sound, "I should be offended at that"

"You should be" I nodded my head, making Yama snicker beside him.

"I'm just happy for you."

"Huh?"

Hades patted my shoulder, his lips stretching in a broad smile, "I never thought I would see this day. The big bad demon falling for a human."

I flinched at those words. What did he mean by that?

"I don't-"

Yama cackled, "Right? It will be about the time he will be soft and in love."

My face hardened at that. Why would they say something like that? It did not matter if I had any feelings for anyone. The nature of my being should never change. That is the reason why I was the King of Hell.

"That is not true. I will not change."

Hades snickered, shaking his head, "That's what everyone says, buddy. You had no idea how much I changed ever since Persephone came into my life. It happens all the time."

Yama hummed, "What he said. I can agree with that. You won't believe how much I changed after my marriage."

"The first one?" I teased trying to lighten the mood.

"Not funny."

"It is" Hades agreed with me, and we shared a laugh.

Hades patted on my shoulder, "Anyways think about it. You know the way to the room."

I nodded my head. It was sort of imprinted in my brain. I could easily find it. But that was not the issue. Something else gnawed at me. I did not want to change just because Talia was in my life.

"I do."

"Have fun taking care of the missus" Yama snickered and waved as he disappeared with Hades.

I stood there for few seconds trying to think about my choices. Eventually, I walked towards Talia.

***

The next morning Talia asked me to get breakfast as she showered and got ready. After I placed the order, I thought about Hade's words. They were still going in my head, and I snapped at Talia twice on the previous night. She didn't take that to heart, but it made me feel guilty.

It was not her fault that I did not know how to process my feelings. Was I changing because of her? What if I lose my powers and abilities just because I'm too blinded by love? I cannot let that affect who I am.

Being a demon and King of Hell is everything to me. I was chosen for a reason, and no matter what I cannot let anyone be disappointed. As for my feelings that I was having towards Talia would have to take its course.

As much as I tried to run away from them, they hit me with double force. I cannot stop thinking about kissing her whenever she's around. Maybe if I hadn't been interrupted, I would have already kissed her. There was no doubt about it in my mind.

Not only because she was my soul mate, but I truly wanted her. It was even before I knew that Talia was my mate. The first time we shared the night together, it was difficult for me to leave her bed. Maybe that's when the connection began.

"Lukas?" I jolted at the sudden voice. Following the direction of the sound, I noticed Talia standing in the bathrobe.

My mouth felt dry as I stared at her. The water from her hair was dripping on her neck, soaked by the bathrobe. I tried not to avert my eyes towards her legs.

Swallowing the lump in my throat, I blinked, "Hmm?"

"Today is the first event, right?"

"Yeah. We have to be down in an hour."

"Okay" With that, she disappeared into the washroom, and I slumped down on my back.

***

The entire event was being filmed. It's traditional ever since one of the Kings decided that it's better to do it. Not only it helps to keep the memory alive but also monitors if someone was cheating.

There were a bunch of challenges and sports, for individuals, couples and teams. For the Kings and Queens, it was encouraged to participate in as many events as they can. I signed us up for a bunch of pair events to sell our relationship. Also, because there were some problematic tasks that Talia shouldn't be doing.

The first event was a sprint race for a couple. The only catch was our leg will be tied to each other sort of like three-legged race.

I was excited to be a part of it because I used to race with Leo when we were messing around during our training.

Just as I stood at the line, Talia emerged from the juice centre. She was hydrating herself so that she can run better.

Talia stood beside me, "This is going to end so badly."

I held on to her as the volunteer sat on his knees in front of us. The demon was tying out legs together.

I shook my head, "Stop being negative, cara."

I wrapped my arm around her back, hand resting on her hip. She made a face.

"What if I accidentally trip and loose?"

"You won't; I'll catch you."

The volunteer stood up and gave us a thumbs up before walking away without a word.

"What if you trip? I cannot balance you."

"Trust me I will not" I sweetly said, dragging her over to the start line. She grumbled to herself, mocking my tone.

"I am serious, Lukas," She took a deep breath and stared at me, "If you kill me, I am going to be so mad."

I let out a sigh. So much for having a trusting partner.

"Or worse break up with you in front of all of these demons. That will teach you."

As I wouldn't risk everything to save her. Besides, it doesn't matter what others think. They won't even remember it after the event.

"You know you can trust me a little. I have earned that"

She stared at me long and hard before nodding her head, "Fine let's do it."

***

Chapter 46

This was my chance to prove that I can fit in, as well. As much as Persephone talked to me about being confident, I was still nervous. I was not undermining her struggle in any way, but she had an advantage on her side. Unlike me, she was a Greek goddess. The demons are wise enough to not mess with them.

It was not the same for me because I was just a mortal being for them. Most of them hated my kind, so it was difficult. No matter how hard I try to bond with them they will always consider me their enemy. If winning this tournament was a way to go, I had to prove myself. So when I noticed the number of games and contests I did not hesitate to enrol in almost half of them.

Lukas was hesitant about some of them considering my situation, but I was against it.

Some of them were extreme, which I would never be able to do so I let them slide. But the ones which were my thing I enrolled in them.

I took a sharp breath, my eyes shifting around the ground. The host was allowed to participate, but Hades chose not to because of his wife. I tried not the smile as they were sitting under huge umbrella fanning themselves with the notepad. It was so funny to me because I never thought Greek Gods would be judging my running skills.

As if on cue, the sound of the gun going off echoed around the ground. Lukas and I started as soon as it went off, our legs working together naturally, effortlessly. A smile stretched across my lips as wind blew past us. Winning was always my goal but beating everyone else felt even more amazing.

For a second, my eyes averted towards the other players, and I noticed that we were in the lead. Was it pretty impressive for a human and demon couple, huh?

They won't even know what hit them after we win. Not that I was going to celebrate my victory in front of them, but my shiny trophy would be enough. My eyes widened when I spotted the finish line. We were close.

I could feel the burn in my lungs as I let my legs work faster. Sweat dripped down the side of my face, but I blinked it away, the line being my only focus.

Just as I thought we were about to cross the line things took a turn. Lukas staggered back, fumbling over something which made me flail. I tried not to lose my footing, but he was heavy enough and took me down along with him. I squeaked, expecting to crash onto the ground but landed on Lukas side instead, his arm under my waist.

I huffed, slapping his arm, "I told you not to trip. I told you I wouldn't be able to balance you!"

Lukas laughed.

I did not care that I was screaming at this point. All I wanted to do was win that race and do a victory dance with the trophy. Was it too much to ask? Besides, Lukas was the demon for hell's sake! How could he lose like that?

Thinking about it made my cheeks go warm. They probably recorded our fall because everything was being filmed. It was my first year, and I managed to embarrass myself in front of everyone. Just when I thought I had hope into turning things around.

I hit my fists against Luka's chest, trying to pound the laughter out of him.

"Cara" He softly said, still laughing, as his arms came around my side. I felt my breath hitch in my throat as he grabbed my waist. Why was he so happy about losing?

When his dirty fingers dug into my waist, I shrieked loudly and hit him harder.

"I am so sorry but are you okay?"

I was not. Can't he see that from the look on my face? I was going to give him a piece of his mind the second we were back in the room. As we were still on the ground, sprawled out awkwardly, people were staring at us. I tilted my head only to see Hades and Persephone rushing towards us. They might have seen everything.

As I tried to stand up, I fell back in Lukas's arms. He pointed towards our legs. They were still tied together - the only thing we can do is watch as literally everyone raced past us. Someone might have already won the race.

I moved closer to him, sunrays burning my skin. He won't get a sunburn, so I hid my face in his arm.

"I feel so embarrassed" I quietly mumbled into his shirt. He was staring down at me, listening intently. I got more comfortable at his attention and continued, "The one thing I wanted was to win this race, and now you've destroyed that. They are going to laugh on me for eternity."

Lukas was quiet for a while, his fingers softly running down my waist. If that was his way of soothing me, I was going to prank him as soon as we go back to the room. The least he could do was apologise for falling over.

Lukas let out a breath, "I am sorry about that but trust me no one will remember this. Besides this is just part of the game. Have fun"

"I am not having fun like this" I pointed to the way our sweaty backs were pressed against the wet, muddy ground.

"We will get out of here. Just wait"

I made a face, staring back at him, "How did you fall?"

"There was a rock" He shrugged, chewing on his lips.

As if that was going to make me feel better. Before I could say anything, I felt a shadow hovering above us. Hades freed our legs and helped us back on feet. I winced while standing back up so suddenly. My leg had gone numb.

Persephone came by my side, "Are you okay? That was one heck of a fall."

I pressed my lips together while getting the mud off my hair. It felt sticky and gross. I wanted to kill Lukas just for that.

"Don't remind me" Lukas huffed, rubbing his arms.

Hades helped him clean up, "How did you trip?"

Lukas pointed at the rock in the corner. I narrowed my eyes at the direction only to notice nothing. Maybe it was my eyesight.

Lukas chuckled, "Guess you can say we are off to a rocky start."

I shot him an unimpressed look.

"No? It was punny!"

"Not at all" I rolled my eyes and walked towards the washroom. Hades and his wife had to return so that they can announce the winner.

My clothes were fine because I landed on Lukas, but my hair was a bit messy, so I washed them. It was easy because the bathroom had everything. After drying my hair, I washed my face once again and exited.

The minute I stepped near the bleachers stand, Lukas was sitting on the height. Hades saved us both some space. I dragged myself to the top and slumped down beside Lukas.

He turned to me, "Hey I'm sorry about the race"

I thought about it for a while. Maybe I was overreacting about it because no one was laughing on me yet. They were not as bad as I imagined them to be. It was a good thing because I was ready to participate in the next contest.

"Don't worry, it's fine."

Lukas narrowed his eyes at me for a few seconds before he turned towards the game. The winners were going to be crowned in front of everyone. It was a whole thing.

"I can redeem myself in the next event" I mumbled to him.

He turned towards me and shook his head, "I don't think you should participate in the next one."

"Why? What is it?"

He forwarded the notepad Hades was holding, and I blinked at the bold text. Why was he freaking out about that? It's not like a challenging game or something.

"It's just a hot dog contest."

Hades looked over his shoulder in my direction. Did I say something wrong? Why was he giving me a weird look?

"It's not just a contest, Miss Talia."

"Uhh..." I trailed, waiting for him to continue. Was he building suspense? Besides, I could eat. Maybe it was because of my pregnancy, but my appetite was increased by tenfold. It's some dumb hotdogs I could quickly eat them.

"You didn't tell her?" Hades stared at Lukas, who shook his head. It wasn't funny at all.

"Tell me what?" I crossed my arms together against my chest. All this build-up and for whom? I was curious to know.

Hades took a sharp breath, "Lord Yama is participating in the contest and let me tell you something. He doesn't like to lose."

"Well, he is about to lose this year" I sweetly said and made my way to enrol my name.

***

Chapter 47

I felt nervous with all the stares on me. They were all staring at me simply because I was registering in a contest against Lord Yama. It made me feel on edge and like I was doing something I shouldn't be doing.

"Are you sure about it, Miss?" One of the volunteers asked, her voice meek.

I straightened my back, "Yes. Can you please hurry up?"

The two volunteers sitting in the booth stared at each other before nodding their heads. Why were they so worried? I leaned forward as they filled my details on the computer. Just as I was about to turn, my body crashed against Lukas.

I stumbled back and pointed towards my name on the screen, "I registered my name."

Before he could reply, one of the volunteers called out my name. I excused myself and went towards her. She gave me the badge number and asked me to sign the consent form. It felt all too real. Was it such a big deal? Maybe I should have listened to Hades and Lukas. I cannot back out last minute after making such a huge show of myself. This was kind of a golden chance to prove myself.

Taking a deep breath, I patted my badge number on the left side of my chest and walked back. Lukas was still strolling near the bleachers.

"Hey..." I tried to act nonchalant, my stomach already in knots. I could feel sweat beads rolling off my forehead. My hands were clammy, so I hid them behind my back.

Lukas inhaled sharply, "Are you sure you want to do this? No one would say anything if you back out now."

"They would" I softly whispered, my eyes narrowing at the demons staring at us. They were all waiting for me to make a fool of myself.

He tried to take hold of my wrist, but I moved back. He did not have to know that I was just as nervous as him. That would convince him to withdraw my name.

Lukas furrowed his brows.

"My hands are wet from that cold bottle."

He didn't say anything, but he didn't look convinced either. I still counted it as my win.

"You don't have to prove anything to these people. I know how strong you are."

A smile broke out of my lips, "Thank you, but I do want to prove myself."

"Okay if that's what you want. I'll support you."

"Thank you" I leaned forward and hugged him, awkwardly patting his hand with my one arm. My eyes rolled back as he hid his face in my neck.

"Wow your hands are freezing" Lukas whispered, tightening his grip around my waist.

I felt my cheeks turn red as he suddenly pulled back. Why can't I keep up my lies for longer?

I nervously giggled, "Yeah the cold water-"

"Its okay. I'm sure you'll do fine" He cut me off with a knowing look on his face. It made me feel like I could actually pull it off.

I slid away from him as the announcer called my name. He walked along with me to the other side of bleachers. Most of them were already seated, cheering on for other players.

My eyes shifted towards the massive line for the contest. They were a lot of demons participating than I expected. Lukas moved closer to me.

"Talia..."

"I will be fine" I assured him.

The volunteer stepped towards me and asked me to follow her. I waved at Lukas, but he was insistent on standing in the front. As he was a King, no one said anything.

I pulled the chair right beside some demon who was doing breathing exercises for some reason. Should I be worried? The volunteers place a jug of water in front of each participant.

The chair on my right side was pulled, and I looked up only to see Lord Yama. He had an amused grin on my face as he slumped down.

"I had no idea that you would participate in this, Miss Talia."

I made a face, "I'm tougher than I look."

He chuckled, "I have no doubt about that, but you can't keep up with me on this. It's kind of my thing."

"Guess you would need to find a new thing now" I sweetly smiled at him.

With an amused smile on his face, he shook his head. The volunteers handed us the napkins. I narrowed my eyes as they placed the sauce and mustard bottle in front of us. How are we supposed to use them in the middle of completion?

"What are these for?"

Yama laughed as he noticed my expression, "The hotdogs have no flavour, so most of them dress it before shoving it down."

"Yum," I shivered. The least they could do is put some pickles on them atleast.

"Good luck" Yama mumbled, but it felt like he was mocking me even though he smiling. It was all in my head.

Hades and Persephone stood in front of us with the notepads. As they were the hosts, they were also the judges of all the competitions. I let out a breath because I thoughts it would be handed over to some demon.

"The rules are simple and clear to follow. Keep in mind that the cameras on you from every side so no foul play will be encouraged" Hades pointed out at the cameras on the sides and also the mini cameras flying above us.

The rules were read out again. I nodded along because they were not many of them, to begin with.

"Here are your hotdogs" Hades motioned towards the curtain. I held my breath as demons stepped out, holding huge bowls.

My eyes flew towards Lukas, who was still giving me a thumbs up. I can do this! I convinced myself. Hades and his wife smiled at me before they went to take their places.

"And the competitive begins" The gunshot went off, and everyone had already picked their pace.

As the buns were already filled with the sausages, I had no problem picking them. I took a massive bite of them and shuddered at the bland taste. Yama was right. They had no flavour. But I had no time to uncap the mustard and ketchup.

From the corner of my eyes, I noticed that Lord Yama was already done with his first hotdog. Lukas cheered for me. I hastily dipped the hotdog in water, drenching for it to be comfortable the swallow.

"Talia are you okay?" Lukas inched towards me.

I muffled, shooting my hands up while chewing on the bun, "We-wetting the bun makes it easy."

He didn't say anything just stood there. One by one, the demons started giving up, which was surprising. I was halfway done with my pile when I peeked at Yama. He was red-faced, stuffing the two of them at the same time. His bowl was almost empty.

The sound of whistle rang in my ears, but I continued eating. I noticed that the volunteers were cleaning up other demons and asking them to leave. It went on a while till we were only five of them on the stage.

"Come on, Talia!" Lukas cheered when Yama raised his head and showed middle finger.

"I'm your friend Lukas!"

Lukas rolled his eyes, "She's my mate."

The crowd cooed around us. If that wasn't going to sell our relationship, I didn't know what will. I spluttered around the bun but tried not to throw up. Even though I ate so much, I could still go on.

"The last four!" Another whistle went off, and I gasped, tears sliding down my eyes.

Wiping them, I picked another one from the few ones left and dipped it in the water. Just as I was about to put it in my mouth, Lukas roar stopped me.

"No! Talia!"

I moved my eyes towards him, the hotdog in midway. He slapped my arm, the bun falling on the floor. What was wrong with him? Before I could ask him to be pulled me up from the chair.

"The water..." He grunted, pointing at the jug of water. I followed his vision only to see purple water. My eyes widened at that. The four contestants dropped their hotdogs and stood up and got away from the table.

Hades and Persephone stood up, rushing by my side.

"Is it-" I gasped, trying to find right words. My throat felt dry all of a sudden.

Lukas gritted his teeth, "Your hotdogs are poisoned."

I slapped a hand over my mouth. What did I do? The whispers and murmurs of the crowd got too much around me. I felt Lukas's hand come around my waist. He was glaring at Yama and the rest of the contestants.

Hades spluttered, "You need to get her checked. I'll handle this."

Yama coughed, coming to our side, "I swear I had nothing to do with this"

I was too far in shock to care about anything.

"We need to go" Lukas cleared his throat, his hands tight around my wrist as he dragged me out of there.

***

Chapter 48 (actual one)

/Lukas POV/

The moment we entered into the medical room, everyone was rushing to make way. Two of the nurses rushed outside with the stretcher. My stomach knotted at the sight of that. Never did I think that I would be back in between those white walls and stench of disinfectant.

"I'm so sorry" She whispered, her head falling on the chest.

I shook my head, "Don't say anything. Nothing is going to happen to you."

"I just wanted to impress..." Her words slurred as she was trying to hold on to my shirt. I tightened my grip around her.

"You did...You impress me every single day."

"Really?"

I sniffled, "Yes I am amazed by you every single day."

She giggled, rubbing her nose, "Why didn't you tell this sooner? Now that I'm dyi-"

"Shut up. Nothing is going to happen to you" I furiously yelled at her. She stared at me for a few seconds before bringing her hand towards my face. I leaned down.

"I'll be fine and so will our baby" She whispered, her hand on my cheek.

Her hands were not cold anymore, which was a relief. They were soft and tiny, softly stroking my cheek.

My eyes fell on her face, which was getting pale, sweat rolling down her forehead. She felt light in my arms as the nurses were trying to get hold of her. I could see tears pooling in her eyes. When was she going to stop being brave all the time? I knew that she was scared just like me.

My gut clenched as those words echoed in my ears. I did not want to lose her again. Not in this life.

"Promise me" I gritted, tightening my hold on her. My voice felt hoarse and caught up in my throat.

Why did I let her participate in that damn thing? I should have known better. Maybe it was my fault, after all. She just wanted to prove herself to others because of my status. All this could have been avoided if I was extra careful and assured her from time to time that she was the one who mattered.

She breathed, "I promise."

Just then, the nurses tugged at her, and she was stumbling her way. They carefully lifted her off the ground and laid on the stretcher bed. My breath hitched in my throat as they pulled her towards the room. I couldn't let her go, so I tried to follow, but one of them stopped me.

I was asked to wait outside because the doctor would like the whole ordeal to be in private. As much as I tried to deny it they wouldn't budge so I had no choice. Stupid, stubborn Greeks.

Yama and Hades joined me as I started pacing outside the room. Nothing was making sense anymore. Who would try to attack Talia in the middle of the competition?

"Hey, she will be fine" Yama patted my shoulder as I leaned against the wall. I hummed, too distracted to reply.

Hades mumbled something in response, but my eyes were focused on the closed room. A few seconds later I heard the squeaking of the door. I rushed towards the doctor, my feet wobbling.

"Is she okay? Tell me she's okay-"

The doctor gripped my arm, "My lord, you need to calm down. Take a deep breath for me."

Deep breaths? What the fuck was he on about? I was worried sick about my mate, and he was preaching to me to be calm. What did I look like to him?

I narrowed my eyes at him, "I'll kill you if you don't tell me if she's fine."

Hades pulled me back before I could lift my arm, "Okay easy there bud."

The doctor slithered back and adjusted his coat, "My lord...I didn't mean to offend you."

"Milos then hurry up with it," Hades said.

"Yeah okay. Miss Talia is safe. We have given a sedative to calm her down. Fortunately, the poison did not affect her."

I let out a sigh.

"And what about our baby? Is it fine?"

Milos licked his lips, "Yes, both of them are healthy. Just give it an hour before you visit them."

"Was the poison in the hotdog?" Yama asked, a worried look on his face.

"That's what surprising. We did not find any of it in those hotdogs. I am sure it's not a poison but a spell."

My mouth fell open. I should have known. No one would risk with the poison.

I thanked him, while Hades patted my arm. He had never seen me so shaken and out of my wits. The entire time I was pacing, so many thoughts went on my mind.

"I told you she's a strong one" Yama softly mumbled as he stood in front of me.

"Yeah, I know" I exhaled, staring at the close doors again. There was nothing more I wanted to do than visit her. But as she was resting, I knew what I had to do.

I turned towards Hades. He was sitting on the couch beside Lord Yama discussing about the spell.

"Hades I need your help."

***

If someone tried to poison Talia, then they had to be on the ground. And as the cameras recorded the competition, it was my only hope. The person had to be captured on that camera. I knew that all the footage went into the editing room so that they could make a final DVD at the end and distribute it to everyone. At first, I thought of that tradition as cheesy and corny, but now I was getting the hang of it.

"This way!" Hades motioned towards the other hallway.

As Talia was resting in the room, I did not want to leave her alone, so Yama was guarding her. There was a chance that whoever was behind the attack might be responsible for manipulating Fang.

I pushed the doors. There were computer screens everywhere. Two demons were sitting on the chairs, monitoring the entire thing.

"Pull the footage of the hot dog contest" I tapped on the demons chair. He stared at Hades, who gave him a nod.

He tapped something on the keyboard before motioning towards the screen. I narrowed my eyes at the players, scrutinising each and every one. But they were all regular, and I knew most of them.

"It's like finding a needle in a haystack Lukas. All these demons have tricks up their sleeves" Hades sighed, plopping on the chair nearby.

I bobbed my head, my eyes still focused on the screen, "But this is my only opportunity of finding that person. I cannot let that person get away again."

Hades raised his brow, "Again?"

I told him the entire story about Fang and his attempt to kill my wife. He was wide-eyed the whole time. I was going to tell him everything over the drinks, but we did not have a chance.

"Are you crazy?" He squeaked, pushing his chair beside me

"Huh?"

"You know that someone is trying to attack your mate, but you still bought her here?"

I folded my lips together, staring at him from the corner of my eyes, "This is my only clue, Hades. I can't exactly go barging into Mount Olympus and ask the culprit to reveal their self. As most of the demons would be here at the ball, I thought that I would be able to figure them out."

"Well that is valid but still"

I shrugged while flipping the screen to another camera. Just then it clicked me that maybe that's why someone tried to trip us during the race.

"Can you pull the race footage? Few minutes before it started"

The demon nodded and started typing away at the camera. Hades poked my hand.

"Hmm?"

"Do you think your Chinese lover is behind all this? Li Changying has been quiet since she got here."

I thought about it for a while. There was a strong possibility, but why would she ask someone from Mount Olympus to help her. The spells and incantations from their world were just as powerful.

"I don't think so. Besides, she has lost interest in me."

Hades snorted, "Please! I think the only reason she showed up here is because of you. They did not RSVP until the last moment, so what do you think of that?"

I blinked at him, "I think that demons are busy and not waiting for your invitation."

"You'll see I'm right" Hades made a face and sat back. I shook my head and focused my attention again on the screen.

The demon zoomed in all the images for me. That's when I noticed that there was no rock on the ground anywhere. Someone purposely made me trip, but fortunately, I was able to hold my ground and catch Talia.

"There is not a single rock in the footage anywhere" I exclaimed, nudging Hades.

"Yeah, I asked the grounds to be cleaned and smoothed."

"Whoever is trying to harm Talia is in between us," I concluded while asking the demon to pull the hotdog footage again.

As I was trying to flip the screen, my eyes fell on the shadows on the bridge. It was long and narrow, connecting both the buildings of the Underworld. No one was allowed there since the competitions were on the ground.

"I found something."

***

Chapter 49

I felt the heaviness behind my eyes as I tried to open them. My throat felt like sandpaper. Taking a deep breath, I decided to blink my eyes open. My eyes shifted to every corner of the unfamiliar room. Why was I here?

Just then, I heard the door being pushed open. Lukas walked in along with Yama. I winced trying to sit up right on the bed. He came by my side and helped by fluffing the pillows, setting them against my back.

"Thanks" I whispered, leaning back.

"Do you need anything?" Lukas questioned plopping himself on the barstool in front of me. I hummed, staring at the water on the coffee table. It was out of my reach.

"Water please."

Yama cleared his throat, "I'll get it."

I arched my brow but kept quiet as Lord Yama retrieved water for me. He handed me the glass of cold water. I did not care about anyone else in the room and gulped the contents in one go. The coolness in my stomach made me sigh.

"What happened to me?"

Lukas and Yama stared at each other for a few seconds. What was going on? Why were they staring at each other in that manner? Before I could ask him any questions, Lukas leaned towards me.

I squeaked as he placed his hand on top of mine. Then I remembered that Yama was in the room and he might be putting on a show for him. Either way, his touch was comforting.

"How much do you remember?"

I thought about it. The incidents from the early morning flashed in my mind. I remembered having fun with Lukas on the three-legged race till we fell on our faces. Why was Lukas asking me that though?

"The hot dog competition?" I drawled, chewing on my bottom lip.

"Good. That's good" Lukas stuttered, looking over his shoulder. He had disbelief etched all over his face.

"What happened to me?" I questioned again. The journey to the very room I was sitting in was lost. I had no recollection of how or why I got there.

Lukas sighed, "You had too many hotdogs to eat and fainted"

I slapped a hand over my mouth. Did I do that? It was so embarrassing. All I wanted was to impress the demons but instead keep on making fun of myself. My face felt red just at the thought of facing any of them again.

"Why didn't you stop me?!" I hid my face in my palms. Hades tried to warn me that it was going to be difficult with Yama being there. It was all my fault. I should have listened to him.

Lukas pressed his lips together, a frown on his face, "I tried"

Yama chuckled, "Don't worry. I think you beat my score this year!"

I snorted, still not looking up. Was he lying to make me feel better? How in the world is it possible for me to beat a demon? A demon King at that?

Lukas hummed, "I don't know about that, but you were impressive."

Sniffling, I lifted my head to stare at both of them.

"Are you both lying to make me feel better?"

"No," They both said in unison.

"Okay"

The silence stretched in the room for a few seconds before Yama excused himself. He was needed in the games. I waved at him as he softly closed the door behind him.

"I was scared" Lukas admitted, his eyes boring into my skin.

My breath hitched in the throat at the intensity of his words. How can he be scared of being the Demon King and all? Before I could say anything, he cleared his throat.

"You were blabbing so much nonsense, and I feared that it would be your last words."

I snickered, "As if I'm ever going to leave you that easily."

"It's not funny."

"It is a little. I would have found a way to annoy you even if I was gone" I teased him, but he did not seem amused at all. What happened to that fun, devil?

"Don't joke about that."

"Lukas come on!"

"You need to stop taking risks. It's very dangerous for both of you."

My face fell as those words echoed in my ears. He was right. I was not thinking about the baby at all. Guilt swarmed me instantly. What if he thinks that I'm not a good mother? I did put our baby and me at risk just to prove the bunch of nobodies that I was capable of being healthy. It resulted in me being hospitalised and worrying Lukas to death. That's the last thing I wanted.

"I'm sorry...It will not happen again" I timidly said, averting my eyes towards the fluffy blanket on top of me. Where did that come from?

Lukas tightened his grip on my hand, "Okay."

***

The doctor gave me the green signal, and I left the bed. Lukas hid his smile at my excitement. As he had some work to do, I had no choice but to return back to the games. Persephone still had to judge one more contest, so I went by her side.

As soon as I stepped near bleachers, everyone started whispering. I knew it just because of my fainting incident, so I ignored them. They should not matter to me that much.

Persephone patted the seat next to her. It was the highest seat in the stadium. I smiled, slumping down as I noticed the game. Arm wrestling competition was going on at the moment. The demons were gathered on the either side, cheering for their player.

"Are you okay? Is the baby doing okay?" She asked, eyeing my belly.

I hummed, "I'm alright. The doctor said I have nothing to worry about. It was a minor thing."

"That's good news."

"Hmm"

"Also congratulations!" She shrieked near my ear, making me flinch. I winced, rubbing my ears.

"What for?" I asked

Persephone grinned, a mischievous glint in her eyes as she met my stare, "You beat Lord Yama."

My mouth fell open at that. How was that possible? He was a Demon King! Does that mean Yama was not lying to me? I opened and closed my mouth, not knowing what to say. It was a huge thing, indeed. Maybe that's why everyone was whispering the moment they saw me. I did the impossible.

"Really?!" I asked

"Mmh! You beat him by one hotdog."

"Wow, I can't believe it" I stuttered, staring at my fingers. For a second, I thought that Persephone would burst out laughing and tell me she's kidding. Nothing of that sort happened.

"We will announce your trophy after this competition."

"Thank you" I gushed, a broad smile stretched across my lips. I proved myself to these demons. My eyes searched for Lukas to tell him the good news when I realised that he left earlier. As I looked at the empty chair beside

Persephone I frowned. Hades was missing as well.

I nudged at her, "Where is Hades?"

"His brother is going back to Mount Olympus, so he's seeing him off."

I gaped at the information. Was Zeus going back? I thought he would stay for a while so that I can ask him a few questions. He seemed like he had all the answers by the way he reacted during the dinner.

"Oh, but I thought he would be staying for a while."

Persephone sighed, "You and me both. He's unpredictable that way, so I'm not surprised. Even his sister is going back with him do I think it's urgent."

Was Hestia going back? I had not seen her since dinner. That was strange. Both of them felt like they had seen me before.

"But I wanted to talk to Zeus."

"Oh? Why?"

Before I could answer her, she cut me off.

"Is it because of what he said during dinner? He's drunk, so don't let that bother you. Zeus has said some weird stuff when he's drunk."

I hummed, nodding my head even though it did not sit right with me. As much as I tried to ignore and brush it off as nothing, it was something. I had a gut feeling about that. With him gone, there was no way of me finding out about it. Maybe it was for the best.

"Besides you should worry about tonight" Hades wife smiled.

I arched my brow, "Why?"

"Its ballrooms evening. Everyone will be present there, and it's your debut night!"

I gulped at her excitement. Should I tell her that I had no idea how to dance?

"I have been looking forward to this night since last month."

"Yeah?" I breathed, my stomach in knots.

"Yes. It's my first time hosting the ball, and I want it to be perfect. But apart from that, there's this dress I have been meaning to wear."

I nervously giggled, "Yay for you then!"

"Why do you seem nervous?"

"No, I'm not."

She rolled her eyes, "Don't lie to me. Its nothing! You beat Lord Yama at the competition. You got it!"

"Sure"

What if I lose all the respect I gained at the ball?

***

Chapter 50

As I stood on the stage for receiving an award, I couldn't stop smiling. It felt like a massive thing for me. The murmurs and whispers had stopped as I stood on the podium next to Yama. He was beaming at me for beating him.

Persephone was waiting for Hades. They both need to announce the winners. Even Lukas was nowhere to be found. I thought that hearing the announcement he would come back. I shifted on my feet, feeling all eyes on me.

The shuffling sound from the gate made me lookup. Hades and Lukas were walking together. I let out a sigh. What took them so long?

"Finally" Yama snickered beside me.

Persephone whispered something to Hades as soon as he stood next to her. It sounded like a threat from the look on her face. Lukas stood in the front row, waving at me.

The Queen of Underworld gave an ending speech and all the highlights. I was holding my breath, waiting for the award to be announced. Lukas was grinning at me as if he knew exactly what I was thinking.

"The hot dog competition is always tough when you have Yama on the seat!" Everyone laughed at that.

"But soon to be Queen Miss Talia beat him!" Lukas cheered as soon as my name was announced.

I held my head high as Yama walked towards me with the trophy. As soon as I touched the golden trophy, I knew it was worth it. My eyes searched for Lukas.

"I'm proud of you" Lukas mouthed to me.

***

The Ball was a few hours away, and I was a nervous wreck, thinking about everything that could go wrong. It's natural, alright. Was anything terrible going to happen? I had so many thoughts in my head that I didn't even register the fact that Persephone entered the room.

"You are nervous, aren't you?" She nudged my arm.

I tried to stare in her direction, but it would mess up my hair. I simply hummed.

"I told you it's nothing. All you have to do is walk in high heels and not trip."

"That doesn't sound easy."

"It is. Besides, my hairdresser will be at your side as a chaperone."

"But I'm too old for a chaperone."

Persephone laughed, pulling a chair in front of me, "It's a formality. Everyone gets a chaperone."

I felt my face flame. How did I not know that? It's Lukas fault for not telling me anything.

"Finished." The hairdresser pulled back, and I breathed out a sigh of relief. Finally.

"No wonder Lukas is always staring at you." I blushed at Persephone's comment.

"Shut up." I rolled my eyes, checking my hair in the mirror. Nothing can be out of sorts Because it was my debut ball.

A low whistle escaped my lips as I stared at my hair. The hairdresser had pulled my hair into a low hairdo which sat on the right side of the neck.

Persephone thought it would be a good idea for me to pin fresh blooms to the bun. That's why she sent some of them in advance.

I walked away from the mirror and smiled at the hairdresser, "It's wonderful. Thank you so much!"

Persephone giggled, "See I told you! My girl has magic in her fingers."

The hairdresser blushed and shook her head. I stared at Persephone.

"Seriously, how do I look?"

She stared at me for a few seconds before nodding her head.

"Wonderful!"

"You didn't have to pause like that" I twisted my lips. It almost made me think that I might have messed up.

Just then, my eyes fell on the plastic box she was holding. How come I did not see that before?

"What are you holding?"

Persephone widened her eyes, "Oh! I almost forgot. It's for you."

She handed me the corsage. My mouth parted open at the bright flower staring back at me. Did she bring that solely for me, or was it another tradition?

"It's from your mate," She said, an amused smile on her face.

"What?"

"Lukas said he got it this afternoon. He was going to come inside, but I sent him back to the ballroom."

"You're evil" I shook my head as I ripped the plastic box.

"I'm trying to do you a favour."

"How so?"

"Imagine the look on his face when he'll see you walking down the stairs in this gown."

She had a point, though.

"Whatever" I handed the corsage to her so that she can pin it on my wrist.

***

Persephone exited my room because she had to be the first one in the ballroom.

I walked down the stairs with the hairdresser silently. Whispers echoed around the hall, but I did not lift my head.

The demons were arriving through the entrance. I tried not to stare at everyone who passed through the doorway. But I couldn't help but worry about Lukas. Where was he?

From the corner of my eyes, I noticed Li Changying. She was a beauty. She was adorned in different types of jewels; her entire body was covered in glitter on top of that. I suddenly felt conscious of my attire, ran my palms through the gown.

The sound of the door creaking averted my eyes. Lukas stepped inside the ballroom.

Lukas was gorgeous. I could feel the breath in my throat quickly dry out at the sight of him. His suit was beautiful, a giant golden dragon embroidered on the left side. The design stood out in the lighting of the ballroom.

He stood next to me.

I noticed that it was time for another of Hade's speech. His booming voice caught the attention of every demon. As soon as he finished with his address, applause rang out from the ballroom. I tuned out half of it because I was thinking of a thousand different things.

"You wore it" Lukas suddenly hummed, breaking me out of my thoughts. Before I could ask him, he wrapped his hands around mine. He placed a kiss onto the back of my hand.

I blushed, "Yeah. It's beautiful."

He cooed over my hand, sending soft vibrations through it. I noticed that Hades and Persephone slipped on the dance floor together. Everyone was joining them.

"May I have a dance?" Lukas stared at me, stretching his left hand out slightly. I bit my lip.

"I am wearing extra high heels today; you will have broken toes by the end of it."

He chuckled, "I don't mind."

I slipped my hand in his.

***

"You are the most beautiful person in this room tonight, Cara" I heard him whisper in my ear before dipping me down.

I scoffed, my folding my lips together, "You don't have to lie."

"Why do I have to lie?" He narrowed his eyes as he pulled me back up. His hands tightened on my waist.

"I don't know."

Lukas made a face, "And yet you accuse me of lying"

I bit on my lips, my eyes roaming around the ballroom only to see everyone dancing around us. Hades and Persephone were in the centre of it all of course.

"Because everyone looks so pretty here."

"Not to me. You are the only prettiest one here."

My eyes met his, and I knew it was a losing battle to fight, so I gave up.

"Thank you," I whispered, my cheeks reddened. Whenever Lukas complimented me, which was more often, it made my stomach swoon. He's always staring at me, with a glint in his eyes.

I stared at our moving feet, noticing how they quickly fell into a rhythm. As the song changed into something slower, Lukas pulled me closer. It felt impossible for me to breath at the way our chests were pressed against each other.

He met my eyes, swaying us lightly, and I parted my mouth open. Suddenly the air around us felt hot. Goosebumps prickled my skin, and I couldn't look away from his face.

His breathing flared, and he leaned forward. I shivered as his cold lips touched my earlobe. My hands clenched against the lapels of his jacket.

"I want to kiss you" Lukas hummed in my ears, his arms still wrapped around me. They were loose, and I could easily break free, but I did not want to.

I wanted to feel his lips moving against mine. No matter how much I tried to deny the undeniable attraction between us, I was weak to his charms. There was nothing that was stopping me for willingly submitting to my desires. No one was going to judge us because they already think we are mates.

I swallowed the lump formed in my throat, "I won't stop you."

He stilled at my words. Was he expecting me to stop him? As he raised his head towards me, I licked my lips.

"Talia..."

"Are you sure about it?"

"Yes more than anything" I breathed, snaking my arms around his neck.

Lukas softly stroked my cheek, his thumb cold than usual. I leaned into his touch, clenching my eyes shut. He inched forward, closing the distance between us. As I felt his breath on my face, I froze.

With his hand cradling my face, he crashed his lips against mine.

***

Chapter 51

/Lukas POV/

Talia went pliant the moment I licked into her mouth, urging her to step closer. It did not matter that we were standing in a room full of hells elites. The moment my eyes fell on her, that's all I wanted to do. Kiss her senseless. I was so lost in moving my lips against her that it didn't register; she was gripping the lapels of my coat.

The kiss was slick and urgent, as we both were putting all our passion and longing. It was filled with shiny quivering lips and little whimpers that spilt from our lips despite our best efforts to stay concealed.

I used my right hand to cradle her delicate face, my thumb lightly tracing at her cheekbone, while the other slid down her neck. She felt warm and soft under my touch, writhing for more. As my hand slid towards her waist, a light growl tore my lips.

My hand was giant and warm on her waist, fingers encompassing most of her stomach. Knowing that she was carrying my child inside her made me smile into the kiss. I tried not to tighten my grip as I bit down hard on her bottom lip, swallowing the cry it elicited. She fell lax against my arms.

Pulling away I trailed my over her jaw and down her neck, inhaling the sweet scent of vanilla and something flowery. My head felt light, eyes rolling back as I mouthed wetly over her pulse—the desire to sink my teeth intensified.

Without giving it further thought, I bit down on the area connecting her neck and shoulder. She yelped, tugging at my sleeves and tilting her head.

The sound was enough to cause arousal burn through my veins. I clenched my eyes and sucked a mark onto her throat, dark and intentional. My lips moved towards the exposed skin of her skin, trailing wet kisses across. Talia was pale, her skin easily marred and bloomed bright red with each kiss. It drove me crazy and the desperation to mark her all over increased.

It took me a few seconds to reach her collarbone; her gown was deep enough to show the curves of her breast. My fingers dug at her sides as I nibbled over her collarbone. A groan slipped out of my lips when she used her hand to tangle them in my hair and tugged at my curls.

"Baby" I rasped, my voice gritty and out of breath.

Talia was a dark shade of red. Her chest rising and falling from the impact of the kiss. Her once slicked back locks falling at the side of her face. My eyes trailed towards her lips which were proper swollen and red. I let them roam over her exposed skin greedily; my pupils were blown wide with lust.

"Our room" She whined, lifting her head.

"Please."

I looked around. We had so much to get through before calling it a night. From the glazed look in Talia's eyes, I could tell she was not going to like that.

"Wait by the door. I'll meet you in a second" I placed a quick peck on her forehead.

There was no compulsion to stay back late because I was the King. Sometimes the privileges outweigh the cons. As soon as she was out of my sight, I strode towards the happy couple.

"Hades" I coughed to get his attention.

He frowned, while slowly moving to the rhythm with his wife, "What?"

"We are leaving."

"What? Why? Is everything alright?" Hades furiously whispered, causing Persephone to turn around.

I gritted my teeth, "Yes. Nothing to worry."

Persephone gave me a look before searching for Talia. They shared eye contact, and that was it. She whispered something into Hades ear, and he did not question me any further.

***

The moment we were on our floor I hauled Talia up. She locked her legs around my waist, preening. She pushed her lips against mine, sighing in pleasure when I moved my lips.

Her fingers dug into my shoulders, dizzy with disbelief and giddiness. We stumbled into the bedroom after I secured my arms around her middle. I lowered her gently on the bed before crawling and hovering above her.

"Off" She whined, pushing at her gown.

As I took off her the material from her body, she pulled the corsage and placed it by the desk, a deep flush on her face. After discarding the gown, I stared at her close to naked form.

I noticed that I was still in my suit, my clothed bulge pressing into her thigh. The moment she felt it, her hips subconsciously bucked up, whining again.

I leaned forward and quickly sucked her nipple into my mouth. She arched her back, moaning and her fingers entangling in my hair, pulling on them. Her nipple was red by the time I slid away with a wet pop. My hand tweaked at the other bud, rolling and pulling at the erect nipple with two fingers.

I did the same with the other nipple.

She pulled my face towards her, pressing another searing kiss to my mouth.

"Fuck me…like I'm your mate."

I froze, limbs going rigid as those words sank in. We had never discussed that topic because it was not as casual as it sounds. My eyes met hers. She was in a daze, her lips parted.

Talia breathed heavily, staring up at my face with glassy eyes. I growled at the look on her face. The pure want and desire swimming in her eyes were driving me crazy. She wanted it as much as I, even more, if that was possible.

As I pushed my lips against her, she moaned into the kiss. My hands went around her neck while the other gripped her thigh.

She sighed as I bit down on the juncture again before pulling away. I pressed tender kisses down her body, lingering on her stomach for a few seconds. She was not yet showing, but I pretended to see a tiny bulge.

Pressing the last kiss, I reach towards her lace panties.

She spread her legs teasingly, arching up. I made a sound as my hands clamped around to pin her down. My throat felt dry as I stared at the only piece of clothing on her body.

"Bet you taste sweet," I mumbled into her skin before looping my fingers at the edges of her panties. With a quick slid, I threw them into the discarded clothes pile.

After wetting my fingers, I slid in my middle finger first, slow but unyielding. Her mouth parted open at the feeling. As it had been a while, I started slowly, my brows creased.

I kept my eyes locked intensely onto her face, as tears slid down her eyes. Little needy whimpers and gasps fell from her lips as she bunched the bedsheets under her fingers.

"Baby" I whispered.

"The first time I saw you, I wanted to bend you over that bar stool immediately."

She moaned, her eyes widening and shock clouding her features. It was true. She was the only one who could grab my attention in that filthy, crowded bar.

I added another finger, scissoring them fervently. She keened, legs spreading further apart.

My eyes parted at her desperation. For a second, I was mesmerised by the expressions of bliss on her face. My fingers crooked, nudging that bundle of nerves. It made Talia jolt, mouth opening widely.

I licked a stripe up her cunt, and she shuddered, throwing her head back in ecstasy.

Using my hands I curled them around the back of her legs. My hands immediately went towards her inner thighs, parting them open.

"So pretty" I grunted, my voice hoarse and thick. She hid her face as I blew a cold breath over her exposed mound.

I pressed a kiss to her weeping hole, and she shuddered. I licked a huge stripe from her hole to the clit while she whined, pushing back into the touch.

"Lukas...Please" She sobbed

Humming I dipped my tongue into her wet hole. She nearly cried from relief. I smirked against her skin, lazily fucking in with my tongue. I could feel the slick with saliva mixed on my tongue and jaw as she grind her hips against my tongue.

Talia was uncontrollable. She moaned, her legs jerking with each swipe of my tongue. I nipped at the outer lips before circling her clit. I made a loud, squelching sound that was enough to make her legs clam around my head. Using my one hand, I pushed them apart and continued lapping at her.

I met her watery eyes. Her cheeks were blotched, and lips were trembling.

"So gorgeous, baby. You are so good to me. My perfect mate."

That was the final straw. Talia mewled in response, flushing all over as her toes curled. She came all over my mouth.

By the time I pulled back, Talia was panting, too overwhelmed to respond. I leaned back and got rid of my shirt, exposing my bare muscled chest. Getting off the bed, I pulled the pants along with the boxers and threw them towards her gown.

I sat on my knees in front of her.

"Are you ready, baby?"

***

Chapter 52

I whimpered, staring at him. For a few seconds, I stared at him without blinking my eyes. He felt like a dream. The disco lights streaming from the crack of the window made it seem like he was glowing. All his features were illuminated.

My eyes shifted towards his large hands, softly stroking the side of my thighs. I lifted my head and met his eyes, a glint in them.

"Please give it to me."

Lukas was easy to nod his head and sit back on his heels. My eyes automatically shut as I heard his elevated breathing. Suddenly everything felt too real, and my breath hitched in my throat. I let out a loud exhale, my heart racing as I anticipated his next move.

The Demon King was the first one to move, easily settling in between my legs. At that, I blinked my eyes open, staring at him as he brushed his cock against my opening. My lips parted open as he slowly almost teasingly pushed in.

A moan ripped out of me as he sank each inch in bit by bit. My toes automatically curled and I tightened my hold on bedsheets, trying not to rip them to shreds.

Lukas halted as soon as he was all the way in. His large hands came to rest on the smooth pudge of my tummy, tenderly stroking the skin. I knew that he pretends that it's a bump.

"Breathe, baby," He crooned, his voice raspy almost soothing.

I tried to focus on the sound of his breathing, exhaling slowly, wanting to be good.

"You're doing so good" I preened at his tone.

My eyes shifted towards Lukas, and I could see that his cock was entirely nestled inside of me. All the thoughts I had earlier disappeared, and I just wanted us to be like that forever. Even though I vowed that I will never give in to his desires, I failed. It was impossible to stay away from a walking temptation.

"Please move," I softly sighed, meeting his eyes.

He nodded his head, grunting as he pulled back. A cry slipped out of my lips when he leaned forward and wrapped a hand around my ankle. Lukas threw my legs over his shoulder and slammed back into me.

After giving me some time, he sped up, falling under some sort of feral trance. My hands gripped at the sheets, nails digging into them as he rammed into me. It felt deliberate and languid at the way he was thrusting, drawing out every inch.

I let out a whine as he pulled back but then changed angels, pushing his hips harder. As his thrust hit my spot, I felt my vision getting blurry and unfocused. The familiar clench in my abdomen intensified and my breathing elevated.

"Lukas please..." I sniffled, not even realising the tears streaming down my face.

His eyes darkened. The Demon King nodded his head as his hand came to rest on my neck, the towering palm almost encompassing around my throat. He let his fingers trail above till they rested on the corner of my lips.

"Good, so good for me, baby" Lukas murmured as he fucked in faster. I could feel that his thrusts were getting sloppier but still incredibly powerful.

As he leaned into me, I clenched my eyes shut. My body shivered as the pressure in my abdomen increased.

"I...I-I am going to..." I slurred before arching my back and coming around his shaft, gushing. For a second, I was clouded with darkness behind my eyes. Lukas made a sound at that, wrapping his hand around my waist. My cheeks flushed as I slumped on my back, feeling his intense stare on me.

He stared at me for a few seconds before pushing his lips against mine. I moaned into his lips, opening my mouth and letting him dive his tongue inside.

"Always so good to me" Lukas mumbled, running a finger around my lips. When I parted my mouth open, he slid in easily. My cheeks reddened as he met my eyes, but I wrapped my lips around, suckling on his finger.

"Perfect mate."

I let out a mewl in response, flushing. My legs were shaking, almost jelly from being wound around his shoulders for too long, hands clutching desperately at the sheets. He picked up his pace abruptly.

I tried to squirm at the intense pleasure.

"You belong to me" He grunted with an almost animalistic tone as he slammed back. "Only me"

"Only you," I slurred, almost breathless. My vision was going fuzzy with pleasure coursing through my veins. The only thing I could focus was that he hovered on top of me, his hard cock nestled inside me.

Lukas grunted, and with a final thrust, he came hard. I let out a gasp as he buried his face in my neck, breathing hard. He doesn't pull out, his cold breath falling on my neck.

My head arched up as he sucked at the area between neck and shoulder messily, mouthing at it. I shuddered while tugging at his hair, tears slipping down my eyes.

"Everyone will be able to see it, baby. They will immediately know who you belong to. No one will dare to take you because they will know you are mine."

A shiver ran through my spine at his words, stunned at his possessiveness. I did have a faint idea that he was always territorial but hearing him say those words made me chew on my lips.

As I was deep in thought, Lukas pulled out of me. I hissed as the oversensitivity and clamped my legs shut at the sudden empty feeling.

Lukas turned on the other side and stood up. Panic bubbled in my chest. Was he leaving?

"Are you going somewhere?" I stuttered, my voice caught up in my throat.

"To get you a washcloth baby."

I mulled over it for a few seconds. Before I could say something, he patted my side.

"I'll be right back, sweetheart" I instantly relaxed at his soft tone.

I stared at the ceiling, the sound of his footsteps playing in the background. Lukas returned from the washroom with a small cloth and handed it over to me. I thanked him because there was no way I could walk back without my knees giving out.

After I slid on the other side of the bed, Lukas managed to pull out the damp sheets and throw them at the side. He dropped the cloth back on the floor and joined me on the bed.

As soon as he was behind me, his arms came around my waist. I turned around and tucked myself in his chest. He smelled like sweat and warmth, which made me snuggle even closer.

"Lukas" I whispered, pressing my ear to his side, his breathing fanning my face.

He grunted, "We will talk tomorrow."

With that, he closed his eyes, and I let out a hump sound under my breath. I let the steady vibrations of his breathing lull me to sleep. Even though I had no idea how the next day will turn out, I was hopeful. Something did shift in our relationship, and it felt like we were connected.

Hopefully, that was for the best.

***

The next morning I woke up with a sudden jolt. Scrunching my nose I tried to look around, my hands searching for Lukas but he was nowhere to be found. Opening my eyes, I stared at the empty side of the bed and frowned. My face fell. Why did it feel like a deja vu?

Taking a deep breath, I shook my head and pushed the sheets off. As the cold air hit my bare body, I shivered, wrapping my arms around myself. I slipped my feet into the fuzzy slip on and pulled out a loose shirt and shorts from the wardrobe.

Even though I had plenty of questions in my mind, I tried not to dwell on them. Maybe I was just overreacting, and Lukas was not in danger. Just as I turned around the doorknob jiggled.

I leaned forward only to see Lukas shuffling inside the room with two coffee cups in his hand. A sigh slipped out of my lips. So much for thinking he might have abandoned me again.

"Good morning."

I gave him a curt nod. He sounded way too cheerful. Was it because of the previous night? Just thinking about it made my cheeks heat up.

Lukas grinned, sliding on the couch nearby, "I called the service, but all the phone lines were busy. Guess everyone is hungover from last night party."

I hummed, inhaling the coffee in my hand. My eyes rolled back at the warm smell. Lukas stared at me as I stood in front of him before patting the seat next to him. I shyly slid in beside him, trying not to spill the hot liquid in the process.

"I know you thought that I might have left again."

***

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Chapter 53

I couldn't stop thinking about the previous night. Lukas fell asleep even though he doesn't need sleep. Was he trying to avoid talking to me? The question made my stomach clench.

I gripped the cup tighter, not bothering to take another sip. Suddenly I didn't feel like drinking it all. Anxiety bubbled in my stomach, and I could feel the clamminess in my hands. My breathing elevated as I stared at Lukas from the corner of my eyes. He was in blissful ignorance, enjoying the warm liquid. Was I the only one overthinking about it? It was just sex!

Then again, it wasn't. We should not have slept together because it cannot be just physical. I was having his baby. If something happened between us, then everything would fall apart, and I didn't want my baby to live without either of us. I endured that pain, and it isn't pleasant.

"Lukas" I faintly whispered, placing the cup back on the table.

He turned towards me, raising his eyebrows, "Is the coffee not sweet enough?"

A smile twitched at the corner of my lips as he remembered the exact way I take my coffee. With two spoonfuls of sugar. Did I tell him that? He might have seen me do it.

"No, that's not it."

He bobbed his head, turning his body towards me. "Then, what it is?"

I took a deep breath. It was now or never. Avoiding talking to Lukas will do nothing useful. He needs to know the turmoil I was experiencing.

Licking my lips, I cleared my throat and met his eyes. "It's about last night. We didn't get the chance to talk..."

"Oh," He opened and closed his mouth before sliding the cup on the table. I noticed that his hair was damp at the end. Did he also take a shower? How long was I sleeping? I thought to myself.

"I don't want it to complicate things between us. We are having a baby soon-"

"It won't" He sharply cut me off before I couldn't finish my sentence.

I glared at him, "You don't know that"

His nose flared, jaw clenched as he raised his head, "What is it about exactly Talia? Do you regret last night?"

"No!" I squeaked. How can he even think that? If anything, I was the one who asked him to take me. As I remembered my wanton behaviour, my cheeks flamed. What was going on in my mind?!

"That's not the issue. I thought you would regret it the next morning so I wanted to talk to you last night-" I let out a sigh. "-but you fell asleep. I thought demons don't need sleep."

I pointedly stared at him. He squirmed in his seat before averting his eyes. Was I missing something?

He awkwardly scratched at the nape of his neck, "Umm...it's a soulmate thing. I should have told you earlier. When I am with you, I'm more human if that makes sense. That's why I fell asleep the first time we slept together."

"Oh" I parted my lips. That was unexpected.

"Wow I didn't know that"

Lukas shrugged. It was not like he asked me to sit down and explained everything. There were a lot of things I was unaware of. Even though I had a lot of time to learn them, I was impatient.

The silence blanketed the room for a few seconds before Lukas took my hand in his. I gaped at him, cheeks flushing as his large hands enclosed around me. They were giant and rough against my dainty ones.

"I don't regret it...Not a single bit of it. When Dean bought you to the Hell, I thought you would hate me forever. I thought that I had no chance with you. It was better to stay away from you" He stared into my eyes. His black eyes dug into my skin, and a shiver ran down my spine.

Lukas continued, "I was wrong. No matter how hard I tried, I was weak. I kept coming back to you, hoping for more, wanting more. It may sound selfish, but now that I have you, I don't ever want to let you go."

My eyes widened as those words sank in. It felt like a dream. Lukas was saying the exact thing I felt all those months ago. I couldn't imagine a future with him, but now that I got to spend some time with him, I can't stay away.

He inched closer, his voice gritty and rough, " I guess what I am trying to say is that I like you, Talia. A lot. I can't imagine spending a day in Hell without you by my side. So will you please allow me the honour to court you?"

I stared at him, my lips parted open. It was happening! My breathing elevated, heartbeat rising at his intense gaze. Suddenly the air in the room shifted, and I felt warm all over.

When he kept staring at me, his eyes hopeful I remembered his question.

"Yes! Umm...I would love that" He chuckled at my response, letting my hand go and pulled me in a hug.

I jolted at his sudden movement, letting myself snuggle against his arms. My eyes rolled back as his hands came around my waist, his face pressed against my neck. The sharp tip of his nose brushed against the juncture between my shoulder, and I winced.

"Sorry" He whispered in my ear.

"It's okay."

Who needed heaven anyway when I was with him right where I wanted?

"Thank you so much, baby. You don't know how happy this makes me" He rumbled into my skin, the vibration sending a delicious chill down my spine. I nodded my head in response too lost in the feel of his arms.

He pulled back, cupping my cheeks and tilting my head up. His eyes focused on my lips as he licked his own. "Can I kiss you?"

I nodded my head, nearly sighing in pleasure as he leaned in to lick the seam of my lips. He kissed me deeply. His movements were slow and deliberate and thorough as if he was scared, I would slip away. Lukas hand came up to cup my jaw, tilting my head back for better access. I made a sound at the back of my throat as he bit down on my lip.

"Can I ask you a question?" I shyly said, tucking my loose strands behind my ear.

"Anything, baby" He smirked, a smug look on his face.

"What is courting?"

Lukas stared at me for a few seconds before bursting out in laughter.

***

After Lukas laughed for what seemed like infinity, he explained to me about courting. It sounded something right out of English society. I refrained from making that comment though.

Demons court their soulmates in hopes of bonding them. It is a development towards an intimate relationship in which both of them get to know each other and decide if there will be a bonding ceremony. During this period, the demons do everything to impress their mates, take them on dates, get to know each other and try to woo them. In short, it was like dating.

I was excited by the prospect of being courted. It sounded exciting and knowing Lukas; he had something up his sleeves.

We had to prepare for upcoming games, so I asked Lukas to call for breakfast. In the meantime, I decided to take a long hot shower. Even though it was bright in the morning, I felt tired.

"What do you want to eat?" Lukas shouted from the other side of the door.

I made a face. Why did he not ask me while I was out sitting in front of him?

"Pancakes" I yelled back while turning off the shower. He mumbled something, but I was unable to hear. With a sigh, I turned towards the shower. Breakfast can wait.

***

The moment I wrapped a robe around myself and stepped out, I let out a short gasp. There was a large tray sitting in the middle of the room with more than enough breakfast for ten people.

I blinked at Lukas, "What is this?"

He chuckled, signalling towards the dish, "Your special breakfast. I asked them to bring all flavours of pancakes they make."

My mouth parted open at his words. Shaking my head, I trudged towards him, stepping in front of him.

"You didn't have to."

He wrapped his arms around my waist, a warm smile on his face, "I know, but I wanted to. Consider this as my first step to our courtship."

"Then I am not complaining" I giggled.

"Very creative by the way."

"It was nothing!"

"Well, it's sweet for sure."

"Wait here" He quickly slid back and sat on his knees.

Lukas pulled the flowers from the down deck of the tray. He handed me the arrangement. I lowly whistled at the yellow flowers.

"I love them!"

"I picked these from the garden this morning. That's why I was gone before you woke up. Daffodils symbolise-"

"New beginnings," I finished his sentence softly, glancing at the soft yellow buds.

I smiled at Lukas, "I know."

***

Chapter 54

I felt Lukas eyes on me as we sat down for breakfast, a curious look on his face, "I thought you didn't like peaches."

My face flamed at the mixed peach jam all around my mouth. I nodded my head, wiping the sticky substance from my top lip before responding. "I don't. But I think the baby likes it."

I didn't even realise that I had picked the jar and scooped a dollop on my pancake. Was it my pregnancy brain? I questioned. Fortunately, Lukas didn't say anything and just smiled at me. He was so sweet to me.

I lifted my head to stare at him. He was busy chewing on his pancake, the bob of his Adam's apple was obscene. I tried to look away, but it felt nearly impossible.

As if he felt my eyes on him, Lukas tilted his head, a grin playing on his lips, "We should order a buffet more often. Especially the strawberry flavoured ones-love those."

I tried to remain engaged and retain everything my mate was saying to while also eating my pancakes. I didn't care for anything else except for the blueberries.

With each passing minute, I was getting antsy at the proximity, especially as Lukas's knees were touching mine. Whenever he leaned forward to take a bite, it pressed more into me. For some reason, I was feeling breathless, his every touch electric, making my skin tingle.

What was happening to me? Maybe because I was in the eleventh week of pregnancy. Whatever, it was worrying me and making me sweat all over.

The moment Lukas leaned into my space to pick the plate, I felt his fingers brush against mine. It was all so distracting. I squirmed in my seat with desperation tugging inside my stomach. And Lukas wasn't helping me one bit.

It felt like he was purposely putting on a show, obscenely taking a bite from the fork, licking at the edge. Taking my eyes off, I picked the glass of water from the table, forcing myself to not focus on how Lukas was closer than before. I tried not to think about the night before, his hands roaming around my waist, gripping my thighs open.

With my face red, I stuffed a large bite of pancake.

Lukas blinked at me, halting his fork midway, "Baby are you okay? You look a little red."

I nervously laughed, "I-Uhh-I am fine. Don't worry about it."

He nodded his head, still not convinced but didn't push it further. I was thankful for that. With my eyes focused on the plate, I scooped a huge dollop of jam and shoved it in my mouth.

"Is it that good?" Lukas raised his brow; his eyes focused on my plate.

Unable to speak anything, I made a small sound of acknowledgement, my heart pounding. As if that wasn't enough Lukas hummed, leaning towards me. He took the spoon from my hand and licked it.

A shiver ran down my spine; my body feeling overheated all of a sudden, eyes glazing over as Lukas made a throaty sound. I noticed that his lips were shiny and stained with jam. My thighs clenched as I remembered his mouth being stained from my come.

"Tangy" He rumbled, the vibrations caused me to exhale shakily. Why couldn't I stop thinking perverse thoughts about him? It was so mortifying, and for the first time, I was thankful that Lukas wasn't paying attention to me.

It was short-lived because his head snapped to mine, eyes dark.

"Talia" He breathed, his voice deep and strained.

I met his eyes, heart stuttering when I saw the raw look in his eyes.

"I'm-" I whined, moving and keeping distance between us.

Lukas cut me off before I could finish my sentence, his hand clasped around my wrist. His grip was firm and deliberate, his large hands encompassing mine. The action caused me to bite my lips despite my best effort not to react.

"Let's get you to the bed, baby."

We didn't leave the room for a few hours.

***

Apparently, we missed two competitions in the morning. I would have been upset, but after being eaten out by Lukas, I was floating. They were silly, to begin with, so I had no interest anyways.

I was in a blissful state; my arm wrapped Lukas as we walked towards the main living room. Hades invited us to join him and his wife for lunch.

Just as I tilted my head, I noticed Li Changying walking towards us, a glint in her eyes. My grip tightened on Lukas. It was extraordinary how quiet she has been for a while. Maybe she was plotting something. You can never tell with the demons. Especially her.

Lukas sighed beside me.

"Lukas!" She exclaimed, already throwing herself in his arms. The action causes me to stumble back. I gritted my teeth, rubbing my elbow as she purposely bumped into me.

"Hello." Lukas cringed, awkwardly pulling away. It was clear that he had no interest to entertain her. He was a King, after all, so he had to.

"Miss Talia?" She turned towards me, a malicious look on my face.

"I didn't notice you there."

I made a face but quickly smiled at her, "It must be your sight then. You should get it checked Miss Li Changying."

She giggled, throwing her head back, "Always so funny."

I dryly snorted, "I try."

"Anyways are you both also heading towards the lunchroom?"

Lukas nodded his head. Why were we talking to her again? I thought with my lips pressed together.

"Great! We can all sit together. I was hoping to catch up with you both sooner." She slid towards Lukas, wrapping her arm around his side. My nose flared at the action. Was there a polite way to send her away? I could only think of using the f word, and that would not be appreciated.

Lukas gave me a pleading look. It was also about his reputation, so I stayed quiet and walked along with them.

"I didn't see you both at the dance yesterday. Did you not like it, Lukas?" She innocently asked, tilting her head.

"I liked it" He curtly replied, not adding anything to it.

"Aren't you a little chatty today?" Li Changying snorted, shaking her head. Before I could say something, we reached the edge of the lunchroom. The Kings and Queens were gathered there, talking to each other.

Swallowing the lump down my throat I turned towards Li Changying, "You should go ahead. We will be joining you in a minute."

Her face fell, but she quickly nodded her head, "Okay, I'll reserve a seat for you both."

"Sure"

As soon as she was out, I turned towards Lukas, a frown on my face, "Did you see the way she talks to me? Why can't she leave us alone? I hate her"

He wrapped his arms around my waist and pulled me closer, "Baby, you can't get upset because of her. She is jealous that it's you instead of her. I wish we could say something to her, but that's what she is looking for. I don't want to give her that satisfaction."

I pouted, tugging at the lapels of his coat, "I know, but it's so difficult to ignore her. She keeps on touching you, and I want to break her fingers."

He chuckled, "That's very violent."

"What can I say? She brings the best out of me."

He smothered a laugh and shook his head. I noticed the everyone was shuffling towards the table. Sliding away from Lukas, I nudged him.

"I think we should go."

Lukas hummed, arching his brow, "Who's going to sit beside her, though?"

I squeaked, "Not it!"

"That's not fair!"

"Everything is fair in love and war. Now let's go" I giggled, dragging him towards the table.

***

Hades was sitting on the huge chair that overlooked others. When he noticed that we were stranded with Li Changying, he sent us a sympathetic look.

The Chinese demon was sitting in the middle of us. I had no idea how she did that. But only two seats were empty, and she settled in the middle. We didn't want to create a scene, so we kept quiet and slid in beside her.

I felt my stomach clench as the dishes were bought out and arranged on the table. Nausea bubbled in my throat, but I gulped water instead.

Li Changying stared at me, "You look a little green. Are you okay?"

I gritted my teeth, blinking my eyes open, "Peachy."

Maybe it was because of those pancakes I had in the morning. I should have stopped after the third one, but instead, I hastily chewed on them. Sweat trickled down the side of the forehead, and my hands felt clammy.

I gripped the napkin on my lap and waited for my meal to be served.

"Here. Try this" Li Changying pushed the tray of fried fish, and that was it.

I couldn't stop the tick in my throat and rushed towards the washroom, slapping a hand over my mouth. I fell on my knees and emptied all the contents of my stomach.

Lukas was behind me, rubbing my back, soothingly, "Baby, what happened?"

***

Chapter 55

/Lukas POV/

The moment Talia got up, I stood up. She looked green in the face. Before I could turn around, Li Changying wrapped her arm around my wrist and tugged me. I stared at her, my eyebrows raised.

"Hmm?"

"She can take care of herself" The Chinese demon rolled her eyes. I scoffed, pulling my hand away from her grip. Her lips parted at the action; she glared at me. Did she think that I would abandon my pregnant mate?

"It doesn't matter. She's my mate" I grunted back at her and stared at Hades who nodded his head at me.

Giving him one last look, I walked out of there. I pushed the washroom door only to see Talia hunched over the toilet, puking her guts out. My stomach clenched at her. I leaned down and rubbed her back.

I sympathetically sighed, "Baby, what happened?"

"I don't know..." She gasped, wiping her mouth before making a sound and puking even more. I scrunched my nose. Was it the morning sickness? But I thought her pregnancy was abnormal to have those kinds of stages.

"Let's just go to the hospital."

She breathed, coughing few times before wobbling to stand up. I immediately held her hand and wrapped an arm around her waist. Talia looked pale, her cheeks flushed and lips were glistening with saliva.

"I want to sleep."

As much as I wanted her to take to the hospital, Talia needed to sleep it off. If it doesn't stop, I'll call the doctor. With that thought, I hummed and bent down to pick her up.

She squeaked, "Lukas! What are you doing?"

"Carrying you to our room."

"Everyone will see."

I scoffed, "I don't care about others. You are in no position to climb all those stairs."

She chewed on her lips and peeked out of the washroom. I had no idea why she cared about others. They were not the one suffering at the moment.

"I think I can manage" She scooted away.

"Don't fight me on it, baby."

"But-"

I cut her off, "Shush. Let me take care of you."

She let out a whine as I scooped her in my arms, her hands immediately going around my neck. I held her carefully, letting her hide her face in my chest. When she clutched on the lapels of my suit and buried her face in it, I let out a chuckle.

"It's not funny" She pouted.

"You're cute."

"Hmph"

I walked out of there, feeling several eyes on us. Hades gave me a knowing look. Persephone didn't hesitate to stride towards us, a worried look on her face. When she closed the distance between us, Talia lifted her head.

"Talia?! My goodness, you look pale! Do you want me to send you some of my special herbs?"

Talia blushed, shaking her head, "I will be fine. I need to sleep it off."

"Okay but if you still feel queasy, you know where to find me."

Talia hummed and hid her face again. I met Persephone's eyes. She gave me a warning look; her hips cocked at side.

"Take care of her."

"I will."

***

I sat patiently beside Talia, taking her hand in mine and noticed it was warmer. My face turned at that. What might have caused her to vomit all of a sudden? She gripped my hand, not letting me out of her sight.

Just as I was about to tuck her, I heard a knock on the door. It was Li Changying. She was carrying a tray in her hands. I pressed my lips together. What was she going here? I thought to myself. Talia didn't like her one bit, and there was no way she would talk to her.

"Hey" She whispered, still standing at the doorstep.

I tried to stand up, but my hand was pulled back. Talia was asleep, but her grip was still tight. My lips twitched at that. I pressed a kiss on her forehead.

"Just a second baby."

I pulled my hand away and walked towards Li Changying, my nose flaring, "What are you doing here?"

"I come in peace. I bought some chicken soup, and warm bread for your mate" Li Changying sweetly said, pointing in the direction of sleeping, Talia.

"I appreciate it, but I don't think she wants to eat anything."

"But I worked so hard on it" She pouted, batting her eyelashes.

I tried not to roll my eyes at her lies. There was no way she made it for Talia. Instead of calling her out, I accepted the tray. It was better than prolonging my conversation with her.

"Thanks. But you need to leave now."

Li Changying pressed her lips together, a frown on her face, "What's your problem, Lukas? I am struggling here, but you are treating me like nobody!"

My jaw clenched as her words sank in.

Tightening my grip around the tray, I met her eyes, my teeth gritted together, "My problem is you can't accept that we are not a couple. There's nothing between us! You are degrading yourself and your reputation by following me around."

She gasped, "How dare you?-"

"I'm not done yet! You need to get through your head that I have a mate, and we are expecting a child together. Talia is my equal and my Queen, so I expect you to treat her the same. If not, then we are going to have serious problems, Miss Li Changying."

Her face fell. Obviously, she didn't want to spoil our relations. The King, her father, respected me and our relationship between the two kingdoms. He wouldn't appreciate her behaviour, and she knew that as well.

The Chinese demon nervously giggled, tucking her hair behind her ear, "It was not my intention at all Lukas. I'm happy for both of you."

"Good. Maybe say that daily so you can convince yourself and behave in that manner" I gave her a look before shutting the door on her face. She was not worth it.

***

Talia was getting worse. She did not eat anything substantial from the past two days. I tried to feed her, but she puked two times and finally gave up eating anything solid. My heart twisted at that. If anything I know how much she loves food.

Due to her condition, we were not able to attend any competitions. Hades and his mate were cooperative and provided everything we need. Persephone even bought her herbs, but nothing

worked so I decided we should consult the fairies. They seemed to know enough then all of us combined.

They refused to step into Underworld for some reason, so we were leaving. Lord Yama decided it was enough vacation for him. So Talia and I were the only ones going back to Hell. I informed Dean through text message so that he can prepare for our arrival.

"I feel so guilty" Talia mouthed as I stuffed our clothes in the luggage.

"Why is that baby?"

She made a face, pulling a pillow over her lap, "I thought we would spend a nice vacation here. You were so excited to court me and I ruined it"

Fortunately, she was able to sit up. Her nose was still stuffy, and she still heaved at the sight of food.

"Stop that! Nothing is ruined. I can court you back at our palace." I mumbled.

She made a content sound, her cheeks bright red, "I love it when you say that"

"Our palace?" I mused.

"Mmh makes it feel real."

"Give it few more days baby I'll make you fully believe it."

"I can't wait" She fondly smiled.

***

Hades and Persephone stood out of our room, ready to bid us goodbye.

After Li Changying showed up to our room, I did not see her after that. Small wins honestly. Maybe she finally took a hint. Either way, I was happy about it.

As Talia was sick, I stayed by her side and did not bother to meet anyone else. My mate needed me the most.

"I am going to miss you Talia" Persephone softly sighed, wrapping her arms around my petite mate.

Talia giggled, "You are welcome to come along with us."

"Then, I'll miss her!" Hades chimed in. I rolled my eyes at him. He was such a sap when it came to his mate. But then again I was the same way with Talia so I can't tease him about that.

"Maybe you both can visit us someday" I turned towards Hades.

"We will! As soon as we get everything sorted out here." Persephone pointed at all the decorations in the room. The Ball ended the night before, and the after-party is always wild. Everything was messy in the hallways.

Talia hummed, "I'll hold on to that!"

"Sure! Take care, and don't hesitate to call me. Lukas has my number" Persephone said, turning towards me.

"I will take it from him" Talia perked up.

My lips twitched as I remembered how she fought me to have a phone. Good times.

"Goodbye brother" Hades hugged me one last time before we disappeared into the portal.

***

Chapter 56

I blinked my eyes as soon as we were on the other side of the portal. That was quicker than I anticipated. Did Lukas use some kind of trick? I will ask him later. My body felt light, entire leaning against him for support.

"Talia" He breathed when I tried to close my eyes.

"Hmm?"

"I called fairies. They will help us out."

I nodded my head, a pitiful sigh escaping my lips. As much I tried to act like it didn't affect me; I was scared. What if the baby was not okay? Should I not have put myself in risk?

"Let's get you to your room" Lukas softly smiled, his grip firm on my waist. I let him lead me towards the room, resting my head on his shoulder.

I met Dean on the way to my room. He was holding onto his spear. He gave me a curt nod which was more than enough for him. Kira was already rushing towards the door, scurrying to open the door for me. My lips twitched at that.

Lukas helped me get in the bed. I let out a soft sigh as soon as my body hit the familiar thick mattress. The familiar scent made me feel better already.

"Miss Talia do you want me to get something? Water?" Kira questioned, her hands folded together and chewing on her lips. She looked pale.

"Water will be fine" I croaked, trying to sit up. Lukas was on my side instantly, gripping my hand.

Kira nodded her head and exited the room in a hurry. I tilted my head towards Lukas, smiling at the look on his face. He was so nervous about his right grip on my hand as if that would break me.

"Don't worry. I will be fine."

"I know" He breathed.

***

Mia, Sia and Gia entered the room with Kira on their tow. They had a pouch around their waist. I cocked my brow. That was new! I had never seen them carry anything before.

"Hello Miss Talia"

I tried to muster a smile their way but failed. From the corner of my eyes, I noticed Lukas standing near the wall. He flashed an encouraging smile my way.

"You don't look too well" Gia cringed, her eyes raking over my body. I tried not to roll my eyes because that's obvious—the entire point of inviting them to Hell.

"I'm thinking she caught something while we were in Underworld" Lukas mumbled, a thoughtful look on his face.

I thought about it. Was it the pancakes? Maybe I should not have overdone it. With a sigh, I turned towards the pixies.

Mia twisted her lips, her nose held high, "I don't think it's that. But I can smell it."

Sia sniffed the air, "It's strong."

"I can smell it too" Gia hummed, taking my hand in hers. I narrowed my eyes at her, biting back a wince as her clammy hands. Why was her hand so cold?

"What is it?" Lukas frowned, trying to sniff the air, his head held high.

"I don't think you can smell it, my Lord."

I cleared my throat, "What is it?"

"A peppermint powder churned with strong synthetic fragments. It triggered your stomach reflux, causing you to puke."

My lips parted at that. Before I could ask them anything, Lukas beat me to it.

"What can cause that?"

"Someone might have blown that on your mate. It easily affects pregnant women because of their sensitivity to smell." Gia mumbled, opening her pouch. I peeked in only to see the sage and few herbs wrapped in.

Lukas gritted his teeth, "I should have been able to sense that"

"It's not your fault" I narrowed my eyes at him.

"I should have been more careful."

Mia shook her head, "No, my Lord. Miss Talia is right. You cannot blame yourself."

Lukas made a sound like he was still not convinced about it. He tugged at his loose strands.

"Can you treat her?"

Sia hummed, "Yes, we will, but you both need to be extra careful. Next week Miss Talia will start showing. Normally that's a good sign for human pregnancy, but we don't know what to expect."

I wrapped my arms around my stomach, suddenly feeling nervous and excited at the same time. Lukas would be elated at the thought of touching my belly, but then again, we have to be

careful. Why could it be easy for us? After all the things we have been through, it should be enough.

"Thanks. I'll never let her out of my sight" Lukas grunted, his eyes on my stomach. He had a determined look on his face. Mia suppressed her giggled, and pointedly stared at me.

I tried not to scoff at him. He was already overprotective, so it was going to be a ride for sure. I hope it turns out to be the fun kind.

"Miss Talia you need to chew on this. Don't swallow without completing chewing on it." Gia handed out the leaves wrapped around a clove. I blinked at her before taking it. It was not appealing at all, but with the four-set of eyes narrowing at me, I had no choice but to push it in my mouth. A shiver ran through my body at the taste.

Lukas lips twitched.

"I hate you" I mumbled at him while leaning back against the headboard.

"No, you don't."

"Eh," I rolled my eyes, a sly smile tugging at my lips.

"You can sleep now, Miss Talia" Mia softly smiled.

"Okay"

***

When I woke up, I felt much better than in a few hours ago. Blinking my eyes, I sat up, pushing the pillows behind my back. The heavy feeling in my gut was no longer there, and I didn't have an urge to puke anymore. My eyes immediately searched for Lukas, but he was nowhere to be found. My lips turned at that. Where did he go?

Someone knocked on the door. I turned my head only to notice Kira holding the tray. Her lips curled up as soon as she saw me.

"I bought you some soup and lukewarm water."

I wetted my lips, "Thanks. Where is Lukas?"

"My master had to be present in the hall today."

"Oh" I parted my lips. It completely slipped my mind that Lukas had taken leave from his duties for almost a week. He must be busy handling unfinished business.

"Thanks for the soup, Kira."

She blushed, "No problem. I hope you are feeling better. We were all worried for you and the baby."

"I am doing fine now. All thanks to those fairies."

"They are always helpful." Kira hummed.

Kira placed the makeshift table on the bed and put the tray on it. I smiled at her before digging into the soup, moaning as the warm liquid touched my tongue.

***

One week slipped away from my hand like sand. I was cooped up in my room while Lukas was busy with his work and rarely had time for doing anything except cuddle me at night. We had worse days, so I brushed it off. As the Demon King was perceptive, he knew that I was hiding how upset and ignored I felt about the whole ordeal. He promised me it would get better. I know that his work was vital to him; he was a King after all, so I did not pressure him further.

One morning I woke up to the warm smell of waffles and noticed a note on my bedside. Stifling my smile, I eyed the glitter hearts. Did Lukas do all of that? Without further ado, I sat up and looked at the note.

Good morning baby! I know that I've been ignoring you for the past few days, but I hope this will make up. This is a special breakfast for my mate. After you are done with breakfast, meet me in the lawn outside.

~Lukas

Blushing at the words, I tucked it in my pillow and pulled the tray towards me. The fried chicken on the side made my mouth water. He knew me so well it was scary. I cut up the pieces and shoved them in my mouth hurriedly, excited to explore the next part of the note.

***

Slipping on a dress robe, I stepped out of the room. The mansion was silent; everyone occupied with their work. Also, Leo was on earth, so no one to make noise.

As I walked towards the lawn, I heard a whooshing sound behind me. Looking over my shoulder, my eyes widened at the sparks turning up in the air. I fully turned over only to notice a hole tearing through the air.

I slid back, my mouth hanging open in shock. My feet refused to move from that place.

A dark figure emerged out of the hole, and I felt blinded for a few seconds. Then I heard it. Someone was calling my name. When I looked up, my mouth parted open at sight in front of me. How was that possible? Was I dreaming again?

"Jaxon?"

***

Chapter 57

I blinked several times just to confirm if it was my best friend, Jaxon. What was he doing here? I strode towards him, hesitantly while holding onto my belly. Yes, there was a slight pudge, evident enough for the outsiders.

He opened his mouth as if to say something, but I stood in front of him. Jaxon harshly swallowed the lump in his throat, his eyes glistening. When he tried to reach out, I slowly took a step back, making him flinch. A look of hurt crossed his face, and he gritted his teeth together.

"Talia" He breathed, drawling out.

I gulped, my lips parting, "Jaxon...What-What are you doing here?"

I couldn't tear my eyes off him. Was he for real?

Jaxon smiled softly, "I am here to take you back home."

His words echoed in my ears, sharp and loud. Home. It felt so foreign as he uttered those words. The thought of going back home almost made me recoil. Along the way, the idea of going back home never occurred to me. When did that happen?

When I thought of home, it always came back to Lukas. My mate, my soulmate. His grand mansion and the room we spend all the nights together. Never did I think that Hell would be my home someday.

I forgot about people back home, my best friends. Did that make me a horrible person? Maybe it did, but I didn't care because I was excited about welcoming my baby with Lukas. Starting a family with him. As I thought it out loud, it sounded absurd because we never had that talk. But deep down I know that we will get there soon.

"Home?" I questioned, nervously blinking my eyes at my best friend. The word felt so alien in my mouth.

He frowned, raising his brows, "Talia? What are you thinking? Let's go!"

I noticed his stretched out a hand towards me. Tearing my eyes away, I met his eyes. He had a hopeful look on his face. Did he think that I would go back with him?

I chewed on my lips, my eyes moving in the direction leading to lawn. Lukas was waiting for me. It was already too late. The one who made my heart flutter. My demon mate. My lips curled at the last part.

What would going back home entail? If anything I won't be able to see Lukas again. Just thinking about never seeing him, hearing those sly remarks and smirks, his pitch-black eyes twisted my gut. I folded my lips together at the thought of never having his arms around me,

his large hands almost encompassing and his passionate mouth whispering dirty things in my ear as I fell apart. The last part almost made my toes curl, face flaming red.

"I can't" I shuddered, taking another step back.

Jason's nose flared, his eyes turning into slits, "What are you talking about?! Do you realise how difficult it was for me to get here? Let's go!"

Then it clicked me that Jaxon was in Hell. Like he stepped in through the portal. Humans couldn't do that. How did he do it? My eyebrows furrowed.

"How did you get here? Who helped you?"

Jaxon stuttered, opening and closing his mouth like a fish out of water. Why was he not answering me? I stared at him expectantly.

"That's not important right now."

I glared at him, "It is to me!"

"Talia you don't know what you are talking about. Let's get you out of here, and we can talk"

I shook my head. There was no way I was going anywhere with him. Suppose anything Jaxon needs to leave before anyone else spots him. Lukas would have a fit, and I don't want to imagine how Dean will react.

"Jaxon please leave."

He took a step towards me, "Why is that?"

I tightened my hold on my stomach. His eyes went towards my hands. Jaxon clenched his jaw, his nostrils flaring.

"I can take care of both of you. You don't have to stay here anymore. Just come away with me."

I made an affronted sound at that. Why would he do that? I had a mate who can ideally take care of my baby and me. That's what he has been doing for the past few weeks.

"You are not my mate." I blurted out, almost slapping my mouth only if I learned to bite my tongue.

"So what? I'm still more of a man than he is!"

My eyes narrowed at him, hand on my hip, "Don't talk about Lukas that way! You don't know anything about him."

He may be a Demon King, ruthless ruler and all that but deep down he was the softest person I had ever met. Not only he cared for me, and the baby deeply but always made sure to keep us safe. Every time I was in danger, he was there for me, looked after me and sat by my side through everything. How can anyone talk against it?

Jaxon exhaled a breath, scoffing under his breath, "Are you seriously defending that scumbag who left you the next morning? You cried because of him! Are you in love with him now?"

I sucked a deep breath at that. Did I love him? I thought about it.

My day started and ended by thinking about him. As corny as that sounded, it was true. He made me feel special in a way no one had. I did not care how fate bought us together, but we were meant to be. Despite everything thrown at our way, he was still by my side and wasn't that enough? I think I fell for his smile, the way he joked around or his sly remarks. Maybe everything about him. The realisation made me gasp out loud.

"I do...I am in love with Lukas" I admitted that out loud.

Jaxon flinched, absolutely repulsed by that. With his eyes narrowed together, he inhaled sharply.

"You don't know what you are talking about. He's a King of Hell. He's everything evil and someone you should stay far away from."

I groaned, "He's a punisher. He punishes evil people. There's a huge difference."

"I can't believe that you are vouching for someone like that!"

"He's my mate, Jaxon! Of course, I am going to defend him."

Jaxon was quiet for a few seconds. He pinched the bridge of his nose before turning towards me.

"Why can't you understand Talia? I'm offering you everything. Why can't you choose me this time? It's not fair! I met you first!"

I scrunched my nose as his words sank in. What was he talking about? Why would I choose him? There was never a choice. Jaxon was always a friend to me, and that's all. There was nothing romantic between us at all. Did he misunderstand our friendship?

"What do you mean by that? Umm...do you have feelings for me?"

Jaxon turned red. He rattled for a few seconds before nodding his head. "I couldn't be more obvious! I thought after your graduation I will propose to you. I had everything planned but..." His eyes moved toward my stomach.

"Clearly things didn't work out the way I wanted them to. But I promise that if you come away with me, I will keep you happy." He earnestly said, flashing his puppy eyes at me.

My mouth parted open, eyes widening at his words. Jaxon had feelings for me?! How do I respond to that? Why didn't he tell me sooner? I had so many questions in my mind.

"Jaxon..."

"I am sorry, but I can't come away with you. I have always thought of our relationship as friendship and nothing more. It was never my intention to lead you on."

He kicked on the stone nearby, shaking his head, "No! I don't want your apology!"

I winced. My eyes focused on his leg. That was so unlike him. I had never seen Jaxon get so mad that he would kick something. This was not the person I know and have been friends with. It felt like this was a different version of him.

I shrugged, "I don't know what you want me to say"

"Nothing. I just want you to come along with me."

I made a face, "I think you already know my answer to that."

"What will it take for you to change the answer? Huh?" He asked, his mouth curled together.

"Jaxon why can't you understand? I am not going to come back with you. You need to leave now" I hurriedly said, my eyes moving towards the lawn. What if Lukas came back?

He whooshed a breath, opening his mouth when I heard the shuffling from the other side. My heart thudded against my chest. Taking his hand, I pushed him towards the pitch-black hole.

"Go. Now!"

"I'll come back for you, Talia. This isn't over!" Jaxon yelled back as the orbit started closing, swallowing him whole.

***

Chapter 58

/Lukas POV/

I frowned, staring at the entrance of the lawn. There was no moment from anywhere. The silence surrounding the garden was defending. Where is Talia? I thought to myself. She should be here by now. Did she even read my note? What if she didn't get it? It was impossible to miss, but there was a possibility.

My stomach twisted at the thought of her still being angry and refusing to see me. Was I reading too much into it? Even though she told me she understood it felt forced. I did not want her to lie to me.

This is stupid! I muttered under my breath. I should have stayed back and woken her up instead. That way, I would have known if she got my message. With that thought in my mind, I took a step further only to see a tiny figure at the door. Blinking my eyes, I squinted trying to get the clear picture of the sight in front of me.

With her each step, I felt my breathing accelerate. Why was I so nervous? It was just my mate! Maybe because of all the things I planned for her. She was too sweet to say anything harsh, though.

Talia gasped for breath, "Sorry!"

"What took you so long?" I frowned, narrowing my eyes at her. Her pregnancy was the reason I chose to continue my surprise in the lawn. Knowing her, she would take her sweet time in picking dresses if I called her somewhere else.

I noticed the sweat on her forehead. How was that possible? It was barely three minutes walk from the room to the lawn. Did she stop somewhere on the way?

Talia nervously chuckled, her fingers wrung together, "I ate all the waffles."

"They were not that many! I measured everything." I defended myself.

Maybe I might have gone overboard while mixing the batter. Also, the sound of chicken frying in the pan was exciting to me. It might be because I have not cooked for a while now. I'm talking centuries here.

Her eyes widened, "You made them?"

I felt red in the face at her high pitched voice. In the beginning, I thought that I would call a chef but later scrapped that idea. If I was going to make an effort better start with breakfast.

"Yeah," I let out an embarrassed chuckled, ducking my head down.

I noticed her inching towards me, her steps steady. Suddenly I felt her dainty hands wrapped around my side, and I looked up. She had a bright smile on her face, eyes twinkling.

"Thank you so much. I love-" She coughed, quickly pulling away.

"I loved waffles." Talia rubbed at the back of her neck, nervously, avoiding my eyes. Was she okay?

I narrowed my eyes at her, "Okay..."

She whined, "Are you going to make me stand here all day?"

I huffed. As if that's possible. She would throw a fit in the middle of it. Talia was impatient at times, but it always worked in my favour, so I wasn't complaining.

"Of course not, baby. Come on"

"Finally! I can't wait anymore." She dramatically sighed and took my hand in hers. I jerked at her cold, clammy hands. That was so unlike her.

"Why are your hands so cold?"

"I don't know!" She squeaked and pulled me forward. I sighed. Maybe it was just me overthinking about things.

***

"Alright atleast tell me where are we going?" Talia demanded, back out in the open with her arms folded across her chest, challenging. I tried not to roll my eyes at her. It's not even a minute since we started walking.

I kept quiet, gripping her hand tighter.

"Lukas!" She nudged my side.

I halted in the middle, turning towards her. She had a furrow in between her brows and lips pinched together. Before she could ask anything, I shushed her, my arm sliding around her waist.

"You need to relax," I softly whispered into her ear, my fingers digging into her skin. She let out a squeak and pulled away.

"I will after you tell me!"

I stared at her for a full two seconds before giving up, "We are going to swim on the beach for a few hours until you are all pruny and relaxed."

"There's a beach here?!" She squealed.

I winced, nodding my head, "Yes. Come on now!"

***

"I thought this was fake like a scenic background" Talia breathed as she stared at the sea. It's the view of her bedroom. Why would she even think that? Also didn't I already tell her it was real?

"It's not"

"Wow. It's beautiful."

I hummed. It was not much actually. The sea stretched till the edge of the hell. After that, there's an invisible wall which no one can cross. Dean had the idea to make a water body so that no one would try to go on the other side. I didn't oppose that.

The land was barren and filled with rocks when I was crowned as the King. To enhance it, I decided to make it a beach.

She looked at herself before turning towards me, "But I didn't bring any swimsuit with me."

I laughed, "You don't have to worry about that."

I pointed at the paper bag on the deck. She went inside the small shower room to get changed. I undressed in the meantime, already wearing swimming trunks under my pants.

Talia emerged from the room, awkwardly sliding her hands down her sides, "This is so soft."

"You should let me pick out your clothes all the time," I grunted, my eyes trailing down the lavender lace mini dress. It showed off her long legs and delicate hands. The hem of the dress clung to her thighs, making it difficult for me to tear my eyes off her.

She giggled, "I will think about it."

We dipped in the water. My immediate instinct was to grab on to her because the sea was deep. She slapped a handful of water into my chest before pulling away from my grip.

"Thought you brought me here so I could relax."

"I did," I nodded my head.

"Just wanted to feel your outfit."

She bashfully shook her head and shuffled towards me, her eyes fixed on my face.

"This is nice."

I took her face in between my hands; my breath was fanning her. Her lips trembled at my touch. Without thinking further, I leaned down and pressed my lips against her. She let out a soft moan, her head tilting at the impact.

Her hand slid towards my chest, slowly inching towards my hard cock. Before she could touch it, I pulled back, breathless.

She blinked her eyes in a daze, her lips swollen and red.

"Baby," I said, slow and thoughtless.

"We cannot. Not here"

The beach was open to everyone in Hell. Also, anyone in the mansion can see us. Even though I told everyone to stay away from the beach for a while, I didn't want to risk anyone seeing my mate naked.

She twisted her lips, hand on her hip, "You're the one who kissed me!"

"Sorry baby. I'll make up for it."

"How?"

"You will find out soon."

***

Two hours later Talia and I got out of the water, smelling like salt. We quickly changed into more comfortable outfits as I had another surprise planned for her.

"We are going back to the mansion?" She frowned.

"Yes but to the hotel side of it."

She parted her lips, "Oh, I have never been there."

"Yeah, that's why I planned it there."

I already had the key to the room, so we didn't have to wait anywhere. I tilted my head towards Talia only to notice her twisting her lips.

"Are you nervous?"

"Yeah, a little." She blushed.

"It's nothing really."

We entered the room. Candles were scattered everywhere, soft light flickering and illuminating the room. They had a faint smell of lavender and vanilla mixed together. All the actual lights in the room were turned off, so the candles have a soft glow.

"Did you do this?" Talia turned towards me.

"Yeah"

She chewed on her lips, "Are you going to sacrifice me or something?"

I burst out laughing. Sometimes she does say the most bizarre things ever. Why would I ever do that?

"Baby," I murmured, sliding both my hands around her waist, gripping lightly. "This is my way of courting you."

"Oh," She blushed, nodding her head. How does she do that? My chest was filled with so many emotions just by staring at her.

"I need to tell you something."

"What?" She questioned, quirking her brow. A look of suspicion crossed her face.

I pulled one hand away from her and slid it underneath my jacket pocket, feeling the box. I took it out and heard a gasp from her.

"Lukas..."

"I want you to accept my pin" I mumbled, sitting on my knees in front of her.

***

Chapter 59

I parted my mouth open as Lukas sat on his knees. My hands immediately flew towards my mouth, slapping over it. Was he going to propose to me? But it was too soon. We did not go through the entire courting thing yet or whatever that is.

"I want you to accept my pin."

I blinked at that. My eyes immediately fell on the shiny crystal object he was holding in his hand. It was a brooch with a huge black stud surrounded by tiny diamonds. The light from it was almost blinding. Was that his pin?

"Uhh...your pin?"

He nodded his head, meeting my eyes, "Consider this my promise. With this pin, I vow to protect you and our baby no matter what. You both will always come first and be my priority. Last few days have been tough for both of us, but I promise they are behind. I won't let it happen again and will always attain to you, and our baby's every need."

Tears pooled in my eyes. The speech was so beautiful. I had no idea that Lukas had planned something so special. Then again, I should have known he can be very sneaky.

"Lukas..." I choked back a sob.

He smiled at me, "Will you accept my pin?"

I nodded my head, a tear sliding down my chin. He stood on his feet, pinning the brooch on the left side of my chest. I held on to his biceps, letting him do the task.

"I want you to be mine. Only mine."

I exhaled sharply at that, swaying forward almost subconsciously. His hands came up to wipe the stray tear from the corner of my eyes.

"Yes, I am yours. Only yours." I sniffed.

Lukas kissed me.

He swallowed my moan, tilting my head up. I parted my mouth as he licked at the seam of my lips. The distance between our bodies was almost non-existent. I could feel his warm, smooth skin pressed against mine. My toes curled as I inhaled deeply, his scent almost intoxication. There was a harsh pull in my abdomen as I felt his bulge pressing against my stomach.

Kissing, Lukas was one of my favourite thing to do. Maybe because he always held me so close, delicately as if I was a porcelain doll and he was afraid to break me. As he licked into my mouth, I whimpered, clutching at his collar.

Lukas slotted his leg in between my parted legs, making me grind against his thigh.

"Lukas" I gasped, my fingers digging into his shoulder.

"Please"

He hummed, trailing his lips to my chest, making shudder beneath him. I held my breath as he helped me get rid of my clothes, discarding them carelessly on the floor. After that, he came up to immediately, his lips brushing up on my throat.

"You're amazing," he murmured against my lips, tugging me closer.

I wrapped my arms around his neck, my legs coming to lock around his waist when I felt him hoist me up. He quickly picked me up, slotting our lips together again and carefully walked towards the bed. I loosened my grip on him as he pushed me back on the bed, spreading my legs wide open.

Lukas sat on his knees in between my parted legs, his fingers trailing down my thigh before it finally looped around the panties. With one quick pull, he managed to pull the material off my legs. Blush sat on my lips as I was lying completely naked.

"You're so pretty, baby. And so good for me," Lukas murmured against my skin, carefully pinning my wrists above my head with one hand.

His eyes stayed on me as he unbuckled his pants and slowly but firmly slid in me. It was so intimate and tender that goosebumps prickled down my skin.

I felt his large cradling my jaw as he crushed his lips against mine, licking into my mouth slowly. I tried to squirm on the bed as he stilled inside me. He let out a throaty groan as I clenched around his cock.

"Please move" I whimpered.

Lukas picked up his pace. My wrists were still restrained in his hand, my legs twitching as he changed his angle to ram into me.

He slid a hand down my chest, pausing to flick at my nipples teasingly. I arched my back at his touch and cried out when he closed his mouth around the bus. I tried to tangle my fingers in his hair, but they were restrained.

As Lukas used his teeth to tug at the sensitive bud my head lolled back in bliss, my eyes fluttering shut. It was enough to send my entire body in a frenzy, falling slack against him as I came. Lukas didn't let me go, thrusting his length in through it while whispering in my ear.

I tremble as his hand came around my sides, holding me down as he raised his head. He placed his lips against mine, lazily moving them while thrusting.

After a few minutes, Lukas sped up, as if chasing his orgasm. I felt the clench in my abdomen at his thrust. He reluctantly breaks their kiss in favour of stuffing his cock with one push.

My lips parted in shock as he hitched one of my legs higher so he can slide in deeper and deeper.

"Suck," He said with a guttural sound, his eyes pitch black.

I choked around his digits, my throat contracting against his fingertips. I felt my eyes fill with tears and saliva dripping down my chin, drenching his fingers. With his eyes on me, I arched my back and consulved again.

***

It's been almost two weeks since Lukas gave me that pin. Ever since that it's been smooth sailing for both of us. I was blissfully unaware of everything but my mate and our baby.

Along the way, it slipped my mind that Jaxon came to visit me. It felt like a fevered dream, so I did not mention it to Lukas. He had no idea about it. Besides, why did it even matter? I asked him to leave.

I smoothed my skirt, ready to step out in the living room. Kira promised that she would help me understand the duties of the Queen. Before that, I had to learn the necessary steps and meet all the staff members, guests of the hotel and know every nook and corner of the mansion.

At the moment Kira was teaching me about the cutlery and the different uses of them. As if I don't know that already. Earlier when she asked me for a soup spoon, I handed her a teaspoon, so maybe that's why. But atleast I can use a steak knife, so there's that.

When I entered the dining hall, I noticed Dean laughing about something. I thought he was incapable of smiling. My eyes averted only to see Lauren sitting beside him, her cheeks red. I perked up at that. When did she come back? I hastily walked towards them, forgetting all about the posture talk Kira gave me two days ago.

"Lauren? What a surprise!"

Her eyes widened at my voice, and she immediately stood up, "Talia! Hey!"

She ran towards me and immediately sat on her hunches in front of my belly. I rolled my eyes, which was also not a polite thing to do.

"This is huge progress," She emphasised on the huge part with a giggle. I slapped her hand away.

"Tell me something I don't know."

She stood up, "You look radiant as well."

I bashfully smiled, "Flaterrer."

Lauren patted the seat in front of her, "I heard you won the hotdog contest against Yama. How did that feel?"

I leaned back, my eyes narrowed together, "How do you know that? Did Dean tell you this?"

I stared back at Dean, who raised his arms in the air. Ever since I came back and told Kira about my achievement, everyone started talking about it. Sometimes Kira did have a big mouth.

"No. I found out about it in Asura land. They are very excited to meet you."

I raised my brow, "Huh? Who?"

"Asura land. It's a land of semi demons. I stayed there for a few weeks to complete my job."

Oh. I nodded my head. Asura land came under the Hell realm, but I did not much about it. The book also did not have anything specific written about them.

Before I could ask any questions, Kira stepped in the living room, her arms behind her back.

"Ready for your class Miss Talia?"

***

We were cuddling at night when I heard the sound of metal; the door clanged hard against the floor. Lukas jerked at the sound and immediately got out of the bed. I blinked my eyes at him.

He put on a coat and checked his phone, but it was dead. I looked at mine, and it was the same. So strange!

"Lukas..."

"Don't worry. Stay behind me."

He did turn on the light because that would alert whoever was standing out. I tightened the robe around my body and followed Lukas out of the room, trying to breathe through my mouth.

As soon as we stepped out, a gasp slipped out of my mouth.

***

Chapter 60

There was darkness everywhere, almost pitch black. Lukas tightened his grip around my wrist, a loud breath escaping his mouth. We couldn't walk out from there because the door was sealed. Who would do that? I opened my mouth to say something but halted midway when I saw them.

A faceless army appeared in front of the door, silver swords in their hand which was crossed against their chest. They were like five of them, standing in a row. I squinted my eyes to take a better look at them, but all I could see was a faceless dark fog and baggy red robes.

Fear gripped me; my hands suddenly clammy as I looked at them. My throat felt dry all of a sudden, and it took me a lot of effort to pull my eyes away from their gaze.

"The Inferus" Lukas breathed, his hands clenching into fists by the side.

I whipped my head towards him, raising my brow, "The Faceless?"

He nodded his head, his face blank.

"They don't have any facial features and are like shadows—only much worse. I used to have an army of those before...They do not die."

I stuttered, "What?"

"They are the evilest creatures of the universe. Chaotic. Whenever they go, they create trouble. That's how they thrive. Most of them live freely and on their own but the others travel in a pack. Usually, the entire pack is hired to kill the enemy."

I froze as those words sank in. Did someone hire an entire pack to kill us? My hands tightened around my belly. No wonder our phones were switched off and everything was dark. They might have done that for fun. My stomach curdled at the thought. What more were they capable of?

"Lukas I'm scared."

He turned towards me, his eyes soft, "I'll never let anything happen to you or our baby. I will try to hold them off while you escape from here."

I scoffed, shaking my head. The idea of leaving anywhere without Lukas brought tears to my eyes. No. I cannot leave him behind. No matter what. I gripped his fingers tighter.

"Please don't make me leave you, Lukas."

He swallowed thickly, cradling my face between his hands, "They don't spare anyone, Talia. I can't-I can't lose you again. Think about our baby. Please go"

A tear slid down my eye, and I looked over his shoulder, the shadows were still standing at the entrance. How was I supposed to cross them? They were five of them, and Lukas was only one. My throat felt clogged up as I thought more and more about it.

"There must be a way-" I exclaimed, turning towards Lukas. "-something that can hold them off while you come away with me. I don't want to go alone, Lukas."

"This is the only way. Go back to our room and draw a portal. You can pass through it because of our baby." He sadly smiled, his eyes gleaming.

Suddenly I heard a door crash which made me jump. Lukas stood in front of me and examined the sound echoing from the downstairs. His eyes widened when Dean stepped out of the door with a spear in his hand. I felt my mouth slack at that. How did he find us?

Dean raised his head, "My lord, I saw the barriers were broken, so I came to check with my guards."

I followed his trail only to see four guards with their daggers. My shoulders sagged at that. Lukas moved away from me.

There was a twitch in his lips, "Let's show them they are not welcome here."

Dean nodded his head, a smug smirk on his lips as he twisted the spear in his hand, slicing the air through it and slamming it against the ground. I marvelled at the sight. He was a natural.

Lukas turned towards me and cupped my face, "I want you to go away now. We will all try to hold them off. Go to Underworld. Hades will help you."

"But Dean is here-" I frowned in confusion, staring at Dean and his guards. Won't they be enough to fight those shadows?

Lukas cut me off, "We will try our best, but they are too many of them. Just go!"

"Okay, I will. But promise me you will come back for me."

He nodded his head, "Always, baby. Be careful"

I sighed as he pressed a firm kiss on my mouth before walking downstairs. My arms went around his neck, and I cried a little in the kiss. It felt like a goodbye. For real this time.

***

It took me a few minutes to find the room because the door kept disappearing. They were purposely doing that. As I did another turn, a low gasp slipped my lips, the hair on my neck stood up. I blinked my eyes repeatedly to make sure that it was real. I tried to force out a sound as I saw someone creep up behind Lukas, a sinister smile on their face. No. I wanted to scream. Why couldn't I speak?

I looked around, hoping to get attention, but everyone was busy fighting the shadows. With each passing second, my heart thudded loudly against my chest. That shadow was going to cause serious harm to Lukas. I had to prevent it somehow. I reached my hand out, motioning for help. My vision started to get blurry, but despite that, I tried to run towards Lukas. I knew that I wouldn't be able to make it as he was downstairs.

My knees buckled as I took a step further, and I held onto the wall for support. Suddenly my body felt too heavy, and I could barely keep my vision. From the corner of my eyes, I noticed Dean. He has been fighting from the floor to help me reach the door swiftly.

In that process, he suffered a massive gash on the side of his shoulder, but that didn't stop him. As if he felt my eyes on him, he turned towards me. I motioned towards Lukas, mouthing the words, 'Save him!'. Dean tried to race towards me, but I shook my head, pulling back until I crashed into someone and collided painfully against the ground.

The last thing I heard was the sound of Lukas voice tearing through the room.

***

When I came back into consciousness, what I saw was something not unexpected. It was bright everywhere. My head felt heavy as I sat back against the headboard. I felt my eyes widen when I noticed the huge fluffy bed I was sitting on. My fingers smoothed across the material. Where am I? I thought to myself, folding my lips together.

The room was unfamiliar. I had never seen anything like that before. Everything was bright and glowing. My hands felt light as I lifted them to push the covers off my body. They immediately went towards my stomach. A sigh left my lips when I felt the bump. That's the thing I feared the most while closing my eyes. Just the thought of losing my baby made my heart clench.

I noticed a glass along with catnip leaves. Who would place that nearby bed? That herb is used to cure headaches. Did someone know that I was going to wake up with a massive head? How is that possible?

My eyes focused on the herb for a few seconds before I tore my eyes away. It could be a trap. There was no way I was putting that thing in my mouth. Hiding under my breath, I turned around only to see the huge painting hanging in the corner of the wall. It was covered in glass. I gasped, my eyes widening horrifically at sight. It was so disturbing yet real that I felt shivers down my spine. Why would anyone paint that willingly?

A holy spear was going through the mid-section of the wings of a demon, black and huge wings. They were so majestic and beautiful, but that rod was impaling through the flesh and bone. The demon's head was hung down as if in pain, the black fog surrounding him everywhere. I stared at the rod which was tied to a metal pole by chains with no chances of escaping it. If the demon tried to pull or tug at the rod, it will only hurt him, tear more at his

flesh. My eyes slipped down and found the surface which was painted in black. A sea of black blood flowing down. Was it supposed to represent evil going away from his body? Is that why the rod was pierced through him?

Choking back a breath I averted my eyes away because I couldn't look at it anymore.

I grew frantic with each passing second, trying to step out of the room, but something was holding me back.

Footsteps echoed towards my room, and I held my breath, wrapping my arms around the middle and peeked at the door. My mouth parted in surprise when I noticed him walk inside—a white shawl covering his upper half and a blank look on his face.

"Hi, Talia. You are in Olympus now. How are you feeling?" Zeus softly asked as he sat down in front of me.

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Chapter 61

/Lukas POV/

My grip tightened on the dagger, the cold metal burning through my skin. If someone had said that I would be battling the Inferus in the middle of the night with no army, I would have laughed at their faces. There was no way we were going to emerge victoriously. It was four of us versus them. That didn't deter me because all I could think was keeping them away from Talia till she gets on the other side of the portal.

As I murmured a silent chant in the air, a sharp metallic dagger appeared in my hand. I sliced the wind through the dagger, admiring the sharp silver blade winking at me. The dagger was sort of my gift for a job well done, something I got right after fighting the previous King of the throne. It can kill any demonic spirit, even the faceless shadows, but they did not die easy.

The Inferus were agile, swift with their movements and above all could teleport from one place to other. That's why no one has lived to tell the tale of defeating their kind. No one lived that long. I took a shaky breath and looked over my shoulder. Talia was trying to navigate the way to our room. She had her arm clutching her belly protectively, eyes shifting around as she tentatively took each step.

My eyes automatically shifted towards Dean, he was indulged with one of the shadows, but I had no other option. Two of them were on me. I couldn't drive them towards Talia. That would beat the entire purpose. Besides, Dean was closer to her.

"Dean" I furiously whispered, holding the dagger in front of me. I know that those shadows won't attack while I'm distracted.

"My lord?" He gritted, a sheen of sweat over his forehead and eyes narrowed dangerously. He was frustrated at them. In a fight, you would expect the opponent to do something, but if they don't, it makes you lose your mind.

That's what the Inferus thrive on. I was very familiar with their strategy. They stand in front and dodge the blows aimed at them but never take the lead. It's to annoy and tire their enemy when the enemy is no longer reliable and lose their energy that's when they attack—just one sharp blow to the gut and its enough to send us to knees. I was nervous about that happening. Even though I had an immortal life, I could be killed.

"Cover Talia!"

"Okay," He yelled back and turned towards the hallway. As soon as he inched towards Talia, I let out a sigh of relief.

The shadows cackled at my attempt, shaking their heads. My nose flared at their action. I could feel the anger burning in my stomach.

"Who sent you?!" I growled at them, my hands tightening around the dagger. One slash to their faces, and it would be over. I thought to myself while trying to take a quiet step in their direction.

They threw their head back, laughter ringing around the room. Losers. I muttered under my breath, feeling confident. I chose that exact moment to saunter forward, raising the dagger in the air but before I could bring it down, they slid back. A groan slipped out of my mouth. How did they see that?!

"You can't kill us, King Lukas."

"Not again" Another one murmured, dragging his cloak higher and covering his face.

I froze as I heard those words. That's when it clicked me that I killed them before. I saw that in the pond. One of them was lying on the ground in the form of ashes. Why couldn't I remember how I did that?

Before I could say something, I heard Dean yelp; my head immediately turned towards him. He had a deep gash running through his shoulder, the ripped material laying on the ground. My eyes widened as he wobbled suddenly. The sudden panic settled in. Will he make it?

Dean stood his foot, brushing it off and swiftly moved his spear, swinging in their direction, but as always they ducked it. I let out a sigh. There had to be a way of defeating them. But what was it? I thought to myself, looking around.

"Are you giving up already, King?" The mocking sound pricked my skin. Swallowing harshly I met their taunting eyes and masked smirks. That was all the push I needed to raise my dagger and swing back at them with full force when I felt someone behind me.

My breathing hitched in my throat as I felt harsh cold breath fanning my neck. Before I could turn around, I felt something tearing through my neck. A cry ripped from my throat, and my vision faltered, black liquid gushing out of me. Choking on my saliva, I gurgled turning around only to see a malicious smile on the masked persons face.

I felt my body turn cold and my eyes turn bright red, anger coursing through my body. Just then I noticed Talia on the floor, unmoving. A cold sweat broke out of my body as I tried to stagger in her direction, my knees weak.

Something appeared out of thin air and stood beside her, throwing a smirk in my direction. My hands loosened around the dagger and clattered on the floor, the noise echoing around the room.

"Talia!" I screamed as that thing picked her off the ground. Before I could take a step, black dots danced across my vision, and I succumbed to the darkness.

***

When I blinked my eyes open a wince slipped out of my lips. The cold air brushed against my body, and I shuddered, realising that they stripped me bare, save for the boxers. I felt a rod in my back and the sharp object still lodged in the side of my neck. As I tried to use my hand, I realised that they were pulled back behind me and cuffed together, suspended high in the air in a gruellingly uncomfortable position. I clenched my jaw at that. Someone had a death wish.

My body was littered with marks and wounds, from my face to the knees. Thick black liquid spurted out from the side of my neck almost methodically and dripped on the ground. My hair was pulled back, drenched in blood and sticking to the side of my face. My lips stung as I tried to lick them because of the various cuts. What did they do to me? I internally shuddered.

My eyes roamed around the room. It was bare, nothing in sight. The plain walls stared back at me and the closed oak door. Where am I? I thought to myself.

When I heard the footsteps from outside, I stilled, trying not to make any noise. My hair was tugged, and head tilted harshly. A slow whistle escaped my lips when I came face to face with the person I detested the most. Ajaxson. The one who wanted to take Talia away from me.

"Phaeton" He sneered, blinking at me.

"It's King Lukas to you, Ajaxson" I spat back, recoiled at the use of that name. It brought back memories. Not the good kind.

He laughed, throwing his head in the air, "It's Jaxon now. Surprised Talia didn't tell you about me."

At the mention of my soulmate, I froze. Talia. Someone had taken her away. That's the last thing I remember. I couldn't even see the person who managed to disappear in the thin air. My throat closed as I thought about the possibility of never seeing her or our child. The thought made my heart clench. I always promised to protect her, and our child, the brooch on her chest as a reminder of that, but I failed. Shame overtook my features, and I let my head hung low. What kind of King was I?

Jaxon cooed, gripping my jaw tightly, "Aww don't worry that pretty little head of yours. Talia is with me as she should be. I am going to mate her this time after I get rid of that bastard inside her"

My eyes turned red at the mention of our child. I growled, my chest aching at the impact and staggered forward to rip his head off, but my hands were tightly bound.

"Funny how fate works! I was feeling the same last time, and you can feel it now."

I curled my lips in disgust, "She will hate you again!"

"Not if I hold you captive. She has no choice but to be nice to me."

I growled, stomping my foot at the chains which only made me bleed more. The action amused Jaxson as he threw his head back and laughed, a smirk on his face, "I love this! You cannot do anything with your hands tied back."

"I will kill you!"

"Yeah you can try, but you won't succeed" Jaxon brushed off the invisible lint off his shoulder, motioning towards the guards on the door.

"Enjoy rotting here forever" With that he was gone.

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Chapter 62

I blinked at Zeus. Was he for real? Lukas was somewhere far away while I was trapped in an unknown place with no means to escape. How would anyone feel in my situation?

"How am I feeling?" I echoed his question, trying hard not to do something impulsive like punch his face. He is a God of Thunder for crying out loud. That will be the last of me if I attempt to harm him in any way.

Zeus softly hummed, tilting his head to meet my eyes. "I know that Ingrid can cause headaches. He is too powerful for your human body."

"Why am I here?! Where is Lukas? Did he ask you to bring me here?" I questioned, hope brimming in my eyes.

"You are all alone here. Ingrid bought you here."

That name again! I felt my eyes widen at that. For a mere second, I thought that Lukas must have sorted it out and asked Zeus to help me out. Where was he? My blood went cold as I remembered the last time I saw him he screamed for me. Also, those bloody shadows that tried to kill us. What happened to them? Did Lukas scare them away? I had so many questions in my mind.

"Who the fuck is Ingrid?"

Zeus winced at my sharp tone but quickly composed himself. I pressed my lips together, regretting my tone the instant I blurted out. Who can blame me? I was pregnant and away from my mate—solid reasons to burst out on a God.

"He is umm...my guard. Gets all the work done."

"Your dirty work?" I snorted, crossing my arms together. What was going on with me? With each passing second, I felt angry, the vein visible on my forehead and head throbbing. It felt like a thousand elephants stomping on my head at once. For once I was not exaggerating.

The Greek God softened. His eyes immediately shifted towards the nightstand, and he let out a sigh, "You are in pain, gliko mou. Take those herbs. It will help you"

"Yeah like I'm gonna believe you" I scoffed, rolling my eyes and slumping back with a humph. My eyes watered from the amount of pain, but I refused to cry, holding my stand in front of Zeus. He did not need to see that.

"I have no intention of harming you. Trust me on this."

I gaped at him, "Trust you? You abducted me! Why would I do that?"

Zeus rubbed his temples, "I did not-I promise you after your rest we will talk. Just take that herb. Your pain won't reduce without it."

I stared at him. From the look on his face, it was difficult to tell if he was lying. The throbbing in my forehead was intensifying, so I did not have any choice but to believe him. Tearing my eyes away, I blinked at the leaves for a few seconds before picking them up. I brought to my nose and sniffed for a few seconds, feeling Zeus eyes on me.

"Take it" He gently persuaded.

Sucking a sharp breath, I pushed the leaves in my mouth, shuddering at the bitter taste. Zeus instantly handed me the glass of water. As the cold liquid entered my throat, I felt heavy, my eyes barely open and darkness consumed me again.

***

When I woke up, I noticed a tall figure in my room. I immediately jolted from my bed, sitting up and wrapping a hand around my belly. A sigh escaped my lips when I noticed that it was a maid.

"What are you doing here?"

She jumped at my voice, immediately folding her hands behind her back, head bent down. "Prinkipissa I'm sorry to have alarmed you. My Lord asked me to check up on you."

My eyes widened at that, "Lukas? Did he send you here?"

She shook her head, "Lord Zeus. He sent me here."

Oh. I thought clamping my mouth shut. So much for thinking that Lukas was here. Where was he? I thought with a frown. My heart thudded loudly against my chest at his mention. Wherever he was, I hoped that he would come back for me—our pup. We needed him the most.

"What does he want?" I spat, my jaw clenched at the mention of the God. He was so vague and managed to dodge all my questions so effectively. It irked me.

"He wants me to escort you to the painting hall."

My brows quirked at that. What's the painting hall? Besides, why does he want me to meet him there? A change of scenery perhaps! I snorted to myself. Whatever it was an opportunity for me to get out of the room and maybe I will find a portal in-process and escape from whatever this place.

"Give me a minute."

She curtly bowed down and exited the room. I took the time to get out of the bed and walk towards a huge vanity mirror. I felt my eyes widen as I stared at my reflection in the mirror. For

a moment, I thought that a stranger was staring back at me. I touched my cheeks, amazed at the pink tint on them. My eyes looked well-rested, and there was a strange glow on my face. Strangely enough, my hair was set even though I slept for what seemed like infinity. How was that possible?

Shaking my head, I stepped out of the room only to find the maid standing in the corner. My heart twinged as I recalled the way I behaved with her. It was not her fault that Zeus abducted me.

"Shall we go?"

She politely nodded her head and walked by my side.

I stared at the golden pillars on the side with awe. White lace curtains were tied in the middle, almost like knots, making them look heavenly. The roof was curved, white glittery paint shining in the dark. The pillars had intricate designs on them and a strange glow to them even though it was a few hours past daytime. There was no way out of the pillars, not that I can see because of their height. Nothing but the dark sky was visible to me.

I turned towards the maid because she was the only hope I had.

"Sorry I didn't get your name?"

The maid stuttered, "Nefelie."

"That's a beautiful name."

She blushed, "Thank you, prinkipissa"

I ignored that strange term, focusing on the marble tiles. They were so shiny and bright that I could see my reflection in them. What was this place?

"Nefelie can I ask you something?"

She nodded her head.

"What is this place? I have never seen this before."

Her face scrunched at my question. She opened and closed her mouth before answering, "Mount Olympus."

***

I was freaking out. How did I end up in Mount Olympus of all places? What had my life become? A few months ago, I was struggling to pay my rent and juggle in between jobs, but now I was worrying about Gods and demons. How did it come to this?

With a sigh, I smoothed my skirt and ignored the thousands of questions going in my brain. Nefelie left me at the door and swiftly took her exit. Her work was done. I had half a mind to flee the scene and find the portal instead, but that would not be easy, especially with all the

guards at the end of the hallway. They can easily catch up with me because I can never run in my current outfit and probably fall on my face because of the shiny marble floor.

I pushed the door and stepped inside; my mouth fell open at the sheer size of the room. As the door clicked shut behind me, I jumped a bit. My eyes roamed around the room, taking in all the paintings adorning the walls. No wonder it's called a painting room. There were portraits everywhere.

"Talia" Zeus breathed, turning over his shoulder.

I wrapped my arms around myself, "Hi?"

"Come here. I want to show you something."

I cocked my brow at him as he stood at the other end of the room. He was standing in front of a wall; his front covered the entire portrait, so I had no choice but to drag myself in his direction. So much walking! Did he secretly hate me?

After a few huffs and curses, I made it to the exact spot and stood beside him.

"What is it?"

"Look at this" He pointed at the painting in front of him.

With a sigh, I followed his eyes only to feel my breath caught in my throat. I couldn't believe my eyes. Was I dreaming? There was no way something like that was possible! I thought to myself repeatedly blinking at the picture. My throat felt dry.

"How-What? What is this?" I stuttered, raising my head to look at him.

Zeus fondly sighed, "This is a picture of our family...when you were a moon princess, and your mother was still alive."

***

Chapter 63

I blinked several times at the family portrait in front of me. I was Zeus, daughter! How was that possible? My hand automatically moved towards my face, touching my cheeks to make sure that I was real. The image staring back at me looked exactly like me. My breathing became shallow as I moved back.

"No!" I croaked, shaking my head.

"It-It must be a...a mistake! That's-" "-not possible! No!" My legs crashed against the wall behind me as I tried to find a place. Zeus was by my side, holding on go my arm and making me steady.

"Breathe prinkipissa. You can't stress out like this with a more in your belly." He softly whispered, stroking my arm. We moved back until there was a platform for me to sit.

The moment I sat down, I took a sharp breath, inhaling an ample amount of oxygen. The action caused my lungs to burn a bit. Blinking back I stared at Zeus who sat beside me, a concerned look on his face. I scooted a bit away from him, hearing him flinch at my action. My arms wrapped around my torso as I met his eyes.

"Is this real?" I blurted out.

He nodded his head, "Yes. You were my daughter in your previous birth."

I opened and closed my mouth at that. What should I say to that? What would anyone say to something like that? It felt so surreal sitting in front of a Greek God knowing he's my father. What about the drunkard father I had on earth? I had so many questions.

"When did you find out?" I asked; instead, my voice caught up in my throat.

Zeus cleared his throat, "When I came to visit my brother Hades I saw you for the first time. You looked so familiar, but I couldn't place you because I was drunk out of my mind. I wanted to ask you so many things, but Hades dragged me away. The next day I was sober and ready to meet you again."

I inhaled sharply at his words. I should've known that when he disrupted our lunch and talked to me. Only one in front of all those guests. Why did I let it slide?

"I found out that you and Lukas are mates so and you were busy with the competition."

I interrupted him, my arm around my belly, "It was my first Ball with Lukas."

Thinking about it made me feel like years ago. I had the time of my life in Underworld because that's where Lukas confessed his feelings for me. It was our new beginning. Or we were supposed to be the beginning of the relationship. A sad smile settled on my face as I thought

about it. He was nowhere around me. We were supposed to be together, happy and spend time with each other. How cruel was fate to both of us? What did we do to deserve any of this? After so many trials and tribulations, I thought it was my chance to be happy with him.

The Greek God cleared his throat, "Talia?"

"I'm sorry. Please continue"

He licked his lips, "So yeah, you both took part in some race I reckon. I wanted to be there, but I was too embarrassed to show up because of the incident earlier..."

I know that he was referring to the stunt he pulled during lunch and embarrassed himself in front of all the Kings and Queens. No one would want to show up in public after that.

"I decided to stand on the bridge. It overlooked everything. That's when I saw my sister, Hestia. She was eyeing you both close, and that's when you slipped and fell. I thought she was the one behind it. When I confronted her, she confessed that she figured out you are my daughter."

I arched my brow at that, "If I am your daughter, how did you not remember me?"

Zeus bitterly chuckled, the hollow sound of his laughter almost making me shiver, "That would be my wife's doing. She...she is not fond of my other affairs and often does these things to annoy me. That's why she made me forget about you."

My mouth parted at that, "You mean your wife, Hera?"

He pressed his lips together, "Yes. She is jealous, insecure and possessive. She changed as soon as we got married. She did not love me anymore, but the throne and power that came with me. That's the reason why I choose your mother. We loved each other deeply. Hera knew that I was going to marry your mother, make her my Queen, and she couldn't digest that. So she made your mother kill herself."

Even though I had no memory of any of that, it infuriated me, how could she do that? Make a person kill themselves out of jealousy? My blood boiled at the thought.

"You are a God! You could have done something!"

Zeus shook his head, "Believe me, I tried. But it was too late for that."

"After your mother's death, Hera promised me she would stop doing these things because of how much it affected me. And like a fool, I trusted her!"

"Not anymore! Not after the things she did to you" Zeus growled, shaking his head.

My brows furrowed at that. What was he talking about? I did not even meet Hera, so why would she do anything to me?

"What do you mean? What did she do?"

He frowned, "You don't know?"

I rolled my eyes, "No. This is the first time I hear of it. I don't even know what she looks like!"

"It must be because your memories are wiped out. Don't worry; you'll slowly start to remember now that you are back home."

I cringed at the last part. The home was Hell. The home was where Lukas was, not Mount Olympus. Instead of correcting him, I nodded along.

The Greek God exhaled a deep breath, "When I cornered Hestia into confessing everything she told me that there was a shadow around you. She believed it was because Hera wanted to kill you."

My mouth fell open at that. Why would she do that?!

"Kill me?" My voice echoed around the hall. I slapped a hand around my mouth and looked around.

"Don't worry; she is not here. This is my palace. No one is here except for few maids and guards."

I exhaled a breath I didn't know I was holding. If it was only Zeus and I then I can easily plan my escape that is if he doesn't let me go away.

"Why does she want to kill me of all people? I don't even know her!"

"But she knows you. She thinks that you will be next in line, robbing all her children of opportunity. Or maybe it's something more. She managed to avoid talking to me from a few weeks now" He let out a sigh, scratching at his beard. Even though he was like centuries-old, he still managed to look young and fit. Maybe it was that Greek magic.

The more I thought about it, the more it became clear. Was she the one to make Lukas dog attack me? Or the reason the hot dogs poisoned me? Or the time when I got sick because of the food in front of me. It had to be her. Who else would be doing all these things?

"Hestia told me that there is someone in the Hades castle doing the dirty work for her. I couldn't believe it at first because Hera promised me she would change. My sister showed me all the visuals of you in danger and how my wife did that on her own. But she was unsuccessful every time. Lukas always managed to save you."

My heart tightened at the mention of his name. He indeed saved me every single time.

"Because Hades doesn't entertain Hera and her antics, she couldn't show up in Underworld. She had someone else do all the dirty work for her. I saw that person in the vision. It was a Chinese demon. She was doing all the work for Hera. Wait I know her name...it's something Li-Li..."

"Li Changying?" I instantly said, feeling my stomach in knots.

"Yes! Li Changying. The daughter of a Chinese Demon. I still don't know why she would help my wife to kill you."

The breath knocked out of my lungs at the mention of Li Changying. I thought that she hated me because I took her place, but I had no idea that she wanted me dead. No wonder she was quiet and didn't do anything for the first two days of the Ball. It must be because she was plotting all those things behind my back. She was the one sitting beside me on the table and might have done something to make me puke my guts out. All the information was making my head spin. So many of them were out to get me.

I turned to Zeus, stuttering, "I need to be alone for some time."

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Chapter 64

/Lukas POV/

The fog around me was almost nauseating. I couldn't breathe through my nose anymore. My energy was being drained from my body as I was still bound in shackles. A whimper escaped my lips as I tried to move my hand. They were tightly bound. What was Jaxon's plan? Why was he keeping me in the darkest place I had ever seen? My dungeons in hell are far more luxurious than the rat hole I was in.

There was no clock anywhere, so I had no way of knowing the exact time. However, there was a tiny glass window, and from there, I could tell that it has been two days. Two agonisingly slow days. No one came to see me. The sound of rats was the only thing I could hear. I tried to break free several times, but it only resulted in cutting my wrist even deeper.

The air was chilly at night, biting my exposed skin. I trembled all night, feeling no warmth at all. Maybe it was because my blood was draining through the exposed wound that I felt more human. The cold never bothered to me before. As I did not get any frostbite on my exposed toes, so the guards didn't think it was necessary to seal the air vents. What was this place? I often felt at night as the air filtered through it.

My authority didn't work in the room at all. It almost made me weak as I tried to stay up, thinking about my mate and our child. There were two buff guards on the outside just to keep an eye out on me. If I make even a peep, they immediately turn their heads in and inspect my room. In short, life has been hell. I almost snorted at the implication behind it.

Jaxon did not come to see me, which scared me. If he was not visiting me, it meant that he was with Talia. That possibility scared me. I would rather have him torture me than breath near Talia. She did not deserve all this.

As if on cue, the door pushed open, and I stilled, leaning forward to hear the sound of footsteps rushing inside. I stared at the black shiny expensive boots and immediately realised that it was none other than Jaxson himself. What did he want now?

I decided not to make any sound, letting my eyes stare at his feet.

"I'm enjoying this view. You should be on your knees more often" Jaxon chuckled, his voice making my skin prickle. His voice was annoying, shrill and everything I hated.

I met his eyes, "What do you want?"

"Mmh so that stinky attitude is still there. I'm impressed!" Jaxon gleed, a huge grin plastered on his face. I had half a mind to swing my head in his groin. He was close enough, but that was not worth the discomfort it would cause me.

"Fuck off" I weakly slurred, averting my eyes away.

"Who pissed in your breakfast this morning?" Jaxon snorted then as if remembered something he started laughing.

"Oh, never mind."

My stomach growled at the mention of food. Even though I had no appetite, I was hungry from the past two days. But there was no way I will accept something from Jaxon. He would use that opportunity to poison me. Dying from starvation sounded much better.

"Don't worry I won't stay here longer" Jaxon looked around, pressing his lips together and shaking his head distastefully.

"It's not my kind of place, really. The reason I came to see you were to say goodbye. I am going to see my bride. I mean Talia and bring her back with me. Exciting, right?"

At the mention of Talia, I growled, inching forward actually to headbutt him but he swiftly took a step back, cackling loudly. How dare he call her his bride? She's my soulmate. Mine. My soulmate and having our child. No one has any right over her but me. Just thinking about Jaxon putting his filthy hands over her made bile rise in my mouth.

"Not that easy!" Jaxon tsked, shaking his head.

"She'll never be your bride!" I spat at him, meeting his eyes.

Jaxon scoffed, his lips pulled in a smirk. "Who says that? You? A demon who can never escape this place?"

A guttural sound tore my lips at that. Even though he was right, I couldn't believe it. There had to be a way for me to escape the hellhole.

"There's no way for you to escape" Jaxon sweetly said as if he read my exact thoughts. That can't be it! How did he do that? My eyes narrowed at him, but he swiftly moved back, masking his expression.

"Keep rotting here till I come back. Bye" With that, he turned around and exited the room. I slumped my head down, trying not to scream because no one would hear it anyway.

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A few hours later, I heard a hissing sound from the corner. My eyes widened in shock. As I felt more human, there was a possibility that a snake bite could kill me. I shifted around, the action only causing the shackles to dig into my skin deeper. My heart was beating loudly in my chest as I held my breath.

The sound grew louder, and finally, a bright light tore into the air. I squinted my eyes at the sudden brightness and blinked them several times.

A tall figure stepped out of the portal, and my mouth fell open. I blinked my eyes several times to make sure if it was a dream. Dean was standing in front of me with his spear, unharmed. How did he survive those shadows? Did he find me on his own? I had so many questions for him.

"Dean" I breathed, my throat clogged up with strange emotion. His loyalty towards me was always something I deeply admired. He never left me behind, and I should have known this situation was no different.

"My lord" He bowed in front of me.

I almost forgot about my kingdom in these two days because thinking about Hell made me even sadder. There were too many enemies after my throne, so I figured that someone might have already taken my seat and made Dean their pet.

He immediately released me of the shackles, his eyes almost red at the bloody marks on my skin. Before I could say anything, he handed me some clothes. My eyes grew wide at that. Where did he get that from?

"How did you find me?" I asked him after I put on the clothes.

Dean gulped, folding his hands together. "I found you yesterday night. The fairies...they helped me track your location."

"Jaxon...he has more security during night time, so I waited before opening the portal here. The guards are not on duty now."

Was he scared that I would be angry at him for not finding me sooner? That was the last thing on my mind. If anything, I was thankful that he saw me atleast.

I hummed, "Thank you, Dean."

He cleared his throat, avoiding meeting my eyes, "Anything for you, my Lord."

"What happened after they took me? Did you defeat them?"

He shook his head, "No, my King. They are too powerful. When they took you, they disappeared. I tried to search for you everywhere in Hell but couldn't find you. I called Leo for help."

"We managed to keep the news of attack under wraps. No one in the Hell suspects anything. We told them that you are with your mate on an impromptu trip. Leo is holding the fort for you so that no one can doubt it."

A sigh of relief escaped my lips at that. Without Hell, I was nothing. Even though I didn't have the most glamorous job in the world, I loved it. I couldn't imagine living without it.

"You both did well" I patted at his back. He tried not to preen but failed.

"And what about Talia? Did the fairies find her?" I shakily asked, hope blooming in my chest. If Dean found me through fairies, they might also have something on Talia. Perhaps a location we should trace and get a hold of her.

His face fell at her mention. He stared at the ground for a few seconds before raising his head, "No, my Lord. They are trying to find her thread, but it's detached from you, so it's difficult."

I swallowed noisily, "Not impossible, though, right ?"

"No. We will try our hardest" Dean asserted, his eyes are determined. That's what I needed. With his help

I can find my mate. He brought her to me before, and he can do it again.

I nodded my head at him and stared at the sky through the glass window, hoping that my mate was fine, holding on and being strong for us. Only for a while and then I will bring her back home.

"I will find you, my Queen. Keep holding on" I breathed.

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Chapter 65

It took me an entire day in my room to realise how my life had turned into some book—a book without a happy ending.

Zeus is my father and his wife wants me dead, not only that but Li Changying hates me and is helping Hera with her plans. Now that I thought it out loud, I felt my head spin. Lukas was missing, and I had no idea of him, which made it even worse.

My "father" respected my wish and left me alone for an entire day. I was hopeful that I could also convince him to let me go to Lukas. There has to be a reason he bought me to his place. My heart gripped in fear as I thought about those shadows. Who might have sent them to attack us? Did Zeus do that? I should ask him.

The door of my room was suddenly pushed open, and I sat up, brushing the loose strands of hair away from my face.

“Nefelie” I breathed.

“What do you want?”

“My King wants you to get dressed for lunch. You can pick out anything from the wardrobe, and the maids will be here to dress you up” Nefelie softly mumbled, pointing towards the sleek wooden wardrobe. I did not even bother to look inside, busy wallowing in self-pity on my bed the entire time.

Lunch? I thought with a grimace. Why would I want to dress up when I heartbroken and away from my home? What is Zeus playing at?

“Why?”

Nefelie was taken back by my rude tone and question. She meekly shrugged.

“I have no idea prinkipissa.”

I huffed, petulantly crossing my arms against my chest, “Why do you call me that? What does it mean?”

“It means princess in Greek.”

My mouth parted open at that. I had no idea that Zeus was calling me a princess. Should I worry about that? Even though he told me about my previous birth which I have no recollection whatsoever I didn’t want to accept it. What was the need for it anyway? He had more sons and daughters than I could even count. Why did he particularly bring me back from Hell? Why me?

Agitated, I stood up, “I want to talk to him first. Where is he?”

She wrapped arms around herself, staring at me for a few seconds with her eyes wide.

“I don’t-”

“Nefelie it’s urgent. I need to talk to my father” I cringed at the last part. If I had to put on a show to get to him, I would gladly do it.

She held back her smile, secretly elated that I referred to Zeus as my father. What is with them? Why does it even matter? I had so many questions from the moment I woke up but no one to answer them. You can imagine how frustrating that can be.

“My King is resting in his chamber. I can take you there if you want.”

“Yes, please. Lead the way.”

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When Nefelie said Zeus was resting, I thought he would sleeping, but my dear father was getting his feet rubbed by two maids. That image burned in my head. I cleared my throat, knocking on the door as Nefelie immediately fled the scene.

The Greek God’s arm was resting over his eyes, his chest rising and falling at a steady pace. He was wearing a white shawl with golden plated clutch holding it together. The moment he heard my voice, he dismissed the maids and sat up, folding his hands together.

“Hello, Prinkipissa. Please sit” He pointed at the plush settee across his bed.

I collapsed on the cushion, pulling my legs together, taking the decor of the room.

“Can I help you with something?”

I turned to meet his eyes, “Yes, actually. Why did you ask me to dress up for lunch? Who are we having lunch with? Why am I still caged in my room?”

“Wow, that’s a lot of questions!” Zeus mused, a grin tugging at the corner of his lips. I was not at all amused, so I narrowed my eyes at him, my lips pressed in a firm line.

“Alright,” He took a deep breath.

“There is someone who wants to meet you.”

My brows quirked at that, “Meet me?”

He slightly hummed, still not meeting my eyes. Who would want to meet me? Why was Zeus not looking at me while talking? Was he hiding something again?

“Who is it?”

He blinked at that, his brows furrowed.

I sighed, “Who wants to meet me?”

He nervously licked his lips, shifting in his seat before he met my eyes, "Ajaxson. He sent a letter yesterday announcing that he will be here by noon. You need to get ready by then."

"Who is he?" I questioned, crossing my arms.

Why does that Ajaxson person want to meet me of all people? Nothing made sense at all. Was he another Greek God? A demon perhaps? Whatever I was not in mood to meet anyone else.

Zeus made a sound, "Huh? Don't you remember him? Ajaxson"

"No" I bluntly said.

Was he expecting me to remember each and everyone from my previous birth magically? So far, I have remembered nothing! Not even a single thing.

Zeus folded his lips in between his teeth, "He's your best friend, I suppose...Jaxon! Yes, that's what he said he goes by now."

My blood went cold at the mention of my best friend. What did Jaxon have to do with all of this? After the stunt, he pulled last time I was disappointed in him because he wouldn't take no for an answer. But how did he, a mortal meet Zeus?

"But he's a human. I mean...how can he be this Ajaxson person?" I frowned, chewing on my lips.

Zeus shook his head, "He is a human-like you in this life, but he was a God in his previous life. I thought he might have told you this."

"No" I gasped, "He didn't tell me anything."

Now that I thought about Jaxon, it all made sense. That's why he was able to travel through the portal and enter Hell. He also confessed that he is in love with me. The last thing made my cheeks burn. I had no feelings for him other than friendly love. Is that even a thing? Whatever. I already made my intentions clear to him, so why was he trying to talk to me again? Also, if he knew about us already, why did he keep quiet for so many years. We were best friends, practically all our lives.

"That's very strange," Zeus mumbled out loud, a frown etched on his face.

"He told me that he met you in Hell and saw how unhappy you were. Also, that confessed his love for you, and you accepted it-"

"No, I did not!" I screamed abruptly, shaking my head. Why would he lie to Zeus? My jaw clenched.

Zeus took a deep breath, "Prinkipissa he told me that. He also said that Lukas is forcing you to have his baby and you are unhappy with him. That's why I helped him. That's why you are here, and Lukas is locked up somewhere."

Locked up somewhere. Those words kept echoing in my ears. Tears burned my eyes as I thought about my mate being tortured and locked up in some dungeons.

Why would Jaxon lie about us? Thinking about it made my stomach turn up in disgust. I stared at my father, a glint in my eyes.

“Is that why you sent those shadows? To attack us and take me away?”

Zeus nodded his head, “I thought...they would be the only one who would help you get away from Lukas.”

My eyes widened in shock, and a sob tore through my lips.“Oh my god! What did you do? What did you do?!”

His face fell, and he immediately rushed towards me, sitting by my side. I slapped his hand away, wiping my tears. How can someone be so dense? Why did he not realise that Jaxon was playing a sick game to separate me from Lukas?

“Prinkipissa please talk to me. Please”

“He lied to you!” I hiccuped in between my sobs, wiping my tears.

“What?”

“Jaxon lied to you so that you can separate me from Lukas. I am not trapped with Lukas. Sure he brought me to Hell, but I love him. I’m in love with him” I sniffed, shaking my head, aware of my nose running down.

Zeus faltered, opening and closing his mouth like a fish out of water.

“I don’t-I had no idea.”

“I’m so sorry...”

I shook my head. Nothing matters now. Why would Jaxon do that? Why did he separate Lukas and me? There was only one way to know.

“I want to know everything about my previous life.”

Zeus folded his lips together, “That can be arranged.”

“How?”

He stood up and marched towards his bookshelves. I held my breath as he retrieved something from the top shelf and handed it to me.

“Read this book. You will know all about your previous life.”

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The End of Book One