

Under the Prince of Lust's Wiles

Julianne Mae F. Vera Cruz

STORYPDF

Complete English text · US Letter reading edition

Contents

Introduction	6
Prologue	7
Chapter 1 - Pleasure to Make Your Acquaintance	10
Chapter 2 - Your Mistress is Not Me	14
Chapter 3 - Just A Sausage	19
Chapter 4 - A Taste Of Fear	24
Chapter 5 - Behold the Prince	29
Chapter 6 - And So It Begins	35
Chapter 7 - Hands Down The Best 'O'	39
Chapter 8 - A Sudden Intrusion	44
Chapter 9 - Mr. Flogger and His Horses	49
Chapter 10 - A Tumble Under the Tree	55
Chapter 11 - Unstoppable Vibrations	61
Chapter 12 - Bound To Him	68
Chapter 13 - A Taste of the Past Oh Venerated One!	75
Chapter 14 - A Fallen Angel's Uniqueness	81
Chapter 15 - A Much Needed Space	87
Chapter 16 - Playing Hard-to-Get	93
Chapter 17 - Run To Him?	99
Chapter 18 - Tailing Her	105
Chapter 19 - Hold Me	111

Chapter 20 - Sleep It Is Dear Heart	117
Chapter 21 - A Night With Him	122
Chapter 22 - Taste and See the Goodness of the Prince	129
Chapter 23 - A Morning Kiss	135
Chapter 24 - A Trip Down Memory Lane	141
Chapter 25 - Enter the Prince's Rival	146
Chapter 26 - A Childhood Sweetheart To Remember	153
Chapter 27 - The Greatest Sin of a Fallen Angel	160
Chapter 28 - A Heart That Has No Respite	166
Chapter 29 - The Arrival of His Rival	173
Chapter 30 - Time to Take the Pressure Test	180
Chapter 31 - An Unexpected Development	188
Chapter 32 - When She Gets A Good Licking	195
Chapter 33 - My Lips Are Thirsty For You	201
Chapter 34 - A Hairsbreadth Away	207
Chapter 35 - Desire Untold	215
Chapter 36 - Act of Lust	223
Chapter 37 - Afflictions of the Heart	232
Chapter 38 - Dreaming of Black Wings	240
Chapter 39 - Absolute Sacrifice	247
Chapter 40 - Just A Glimpse of You	255
Chapter 41 - Remembering You My Love	262
Chapter 42 - Undying Adoration	269

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Introduction

UNDER THE PRINCE OF LUST'S WILES

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Genre: Supernatural, Romance, Erotic, Action, Mystery

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Blurb:

It had been a long time since I last visited my Aunt's house in Luxembourg. I couldn't help it. I was too engrossed with my volunteer work in a recently earthquake-devastated country. When finally I decided to visit her, all thoughts of relaxation and freedom flew out of the window.

I never thought that my daily stay in her mansion would turn out to be something more...more than unbearable, and it all stemmed to a certain man - the head butler - specifically too attentive of me and by that, I meant sleepless nights, moans and groans and a promise of an unconditional love.

Being personally served by someone sure spells heaven, but not when the person actually serving me was the Demon Prince of Lust himself.

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Prologue

*"Suck my d*ck."*

That sentence was the last thing I remembered when I woke up from a deep slumber.

Such vulgar words, I know, but I found it surprisingly arousing. Not that I could remember all about my dream in detail. What clung in the recesses of my brain was a blurry face of a man, standing in my front, his black slacks pulled halfway down his long legs. I was kneeling, my face meeting his erection.

Yes.

His *very* impressive erection.

No wonder it made me feel hot the moment I opened my eyes. Like *wet* hot.

It surprised me because I am what you would normally call, 'untouchable'.

Seriously. I am proudly a member of SNBTVM - the Society for Never-Been-Touched Virgin Maidens.

Yeah, like that group of people actually exists.

Anyway, guess I am *that* sexually frustrated in my mid-twenties age huh? Probably that's why I am having this kinky, weird dream.

I can't help it though. These past few months had been so busy.

The Mother Superior of St. Augustine, Sister Rhoda, asked me to volunteer for an outreach program that has an indefinite time frame of when it will be done.

I was glad to extend a helping hand though. The people in Nepal needed all the help they can get after the latest magnitude 7.8 earthquake hit them.

This would be my second month of stay here. The Sisters had a minicamp set up in a clearing near the destroyed Dharadara Tower. This area became our temporary residence. Our day-to-day routine consisted of cooking breakfast, lunch, and dinner for our immediate assigned families, setting up temporary classes for the Nepali children, and offer first aid for those with minor wounds.

It may sound mechanical and laborious but it is a fulfilling daily routine for me. I do believe this is my calling - to help those in need and to provide care and assistance for the sick and elderly. I may not be a nurse or a doctor, but at least I can do this much in my own little way.

Today is specially excluded from my daily routine.

After shoving the dream in the back of my mind, I then started preparing my travel bag. Halfway from finishing the task, my special iPhone ringtone rang. It was an international call from my mother, straight from Wisconsin.

"Yep?" I answered immediately without even checking the name registered on the phone screen.

"Andrea, are you already packing up?" she inquired in her usual intimidating voice.

Right. Here she goes again, another go-get-your-butt-off rant, but don't judge her quickly by the way. She is actually the best mother anyone can have. Sweet and caring, a very good cook, and overly supportive in all my endeavors in life. She even let me finish my college degree in Mass Communications even though she had hoped I had chosen Physical Therapy.

"Yes, Ma. I am. It is already eleven in the morning here. My flight is at one. I am just finishing everything here, making sure I don't miss out on anything."

"That's good to hear," she replied, relief was clear in her voice. I wonder what's making her so nervous.

"Why are you calling? Aren't you already asleep by now?" I asked, trying to fish out information. She is living together with my step-father, who owns a publishing company. I had a notion that her being nervous is all about her cookbook in the process of editing.

"Your Auntie Marcella has been bugging me constantly about you! I want to make sure that you are really leaving. I don't want to hear you say that you needed more time on your volunteer work there."

Guess my theory is wrong.

I heaved a sigh. The sudden hesitation crept inside me. I definitely do not want to abruptly end my volunteer work here. There's still so much to do!

"Actually, I was about to say that. The nuns in St. Augustine needed me and-"

"Okay stop. You know how much Marcella misses you. You really should clear up your mind and focus on your vacation."

I was fighting myself, resisting the urge to roll my eyes upwards. "Yes, Ma. I get it," I said in haste. "You don't need to sermon me *again*."

I know how much she would love me to visit her older sister in Luxembourg. It's not her fault anyway. Aunt Marcella has been constantly bugging me to go there too. It has been a while since I visited her.

The first time I visited the place was when I was fourteen years old. It was Aunt's ten-year anniversary wedded to a British movie director. The last time I visited was her husband's funeral two years ago. I guess she needed someone to talk to that's why she wanted me to visit. I didn't really mind it though. She is my favorite aunt in the first place. Anything for her, I would do - except of course her constant matchmaking endeavors for me. *That* - I simply am not focusing right now.

"Good that you understand. So, I expect to see postcards in my mailbox from your tour in Belgium ASAP alright?" Her jovial tone was finally evident. I bet she is the only woman - *if not the whole world, but the whole of Wisconsin* - who doesn't have a Facebook, Instagram, or Twitter account.

"You can expect a sack of them if you want," I lightly mocked, but I greatly have an inkling this was what she wants.

In the middle of biting my lip, I suddenly heard children shouting from the outside of my tent. Curious of what the commotion was all about, I briefly peeked and then the corners of my mouth curved.

"Haha, good joke dear." My attention returned to my phone when I heard my mother replied. "Call me when you arrive at Marcella's house okay? Take care. I love you."

"Yep, I sure will Ma. Love you too."

And with that, we ended our conversation. After shoving my iPhone inside my personal bag, I exited the tent and found that the commotion was indeed from my favorite group of children, playing a game of toss-the-can-baseball.

The Benlali Awesome-Brothers! That's what they have tagged themselves with. It made me smile remembering the youngest of the three brothers pronouncing it 'ooosum' - struggling with the words quite clearly. Apparently, that's one of the few English words they know of, but it was still cute though.

I took in a long deep breath hoping to calm myself down and ease my worries of leaving my work.

Yeah, I am definitely going to miss these three boys and the Augustinian Sisters too. They have become a family to me. I can only hope and pray that going to my Aunt's house would all be worth it.

Chapter 1 - Pleasure to Make Your Acquaintance

After a straight six-hour flight, my plane finally touched down the Luxembourg Fidel Airport at seven twenty-five in the evening.

Auntie Marcella had already informed me via email that she had charged someone to pick me up in the airport lounge area. She didn't specifically tell me if that person was a he or a she, so I was confused on who to look up to when I arrived in the lounge. There were so many people inside the room, mostly tourists I suppose, either waiting for their flight to be called or waiting for whoever would fetch them just like me.

I noticed a vacant seat in one corner of the room, so I went straight there. I got only two bags with me; one had my clothes inside, while the other smaller one contained my personal necessities like my cellphone, wallet, and passport. Good thing I wore simple jeans, a white blouse, and a coat today; at least with this, I wouldn't feel conscious of the way I sit together with all of these people.

It was a waiting game, but at least my time was well spent playing the new version of Plants-Versus-Zombies game app. I never really got to play this one since I started my volunteer work in Nepal.

Now, here I am, ten minutes later, so engrossed with the tenth level of the game.

One thing to note about me was that when I am serious, I *am* serious, but for no apparent reason, my eyes left the screen and shot straight up to a tall, handsome - really handsome - man standing a few feet in my front, looking down at me - glaring actually - with a big white cardboard in hand. Written in it was my name in **B.O.L.D.** letters, obviously screaming to be noticed.

Typical thing. Exactly what I would expect in my Auntie.

Mr. Tall-Dark-and-Brooding was wearing a black tuxedo, Cavalli I guess. His grey-violet eyes inspected me from head to foot, exactly like I am a delicious wedding cake, and he seemed to be calculating the expression on my face — or I think it was mainly my *face*. I gulped. His more-than-necessary inspection really did make me feel conscious and flushed.

My eyes widened the moment I appraised his looks too.

Really now, a tuxedo? In an airport? What is this? Is he like a James Bond star or something?

But Gods, such a fine man. He even has a ring piercing on his oh-so-luscious bottom lip.

It was giving off a menacing aura, yes, but I found that it didn't really scream caution for me. For starters, tuxedos and piercings don't go well together, but I somehow find the two *attractive* together. Well, he *is* attractive so...yeah...maybe it would only be right to give him the benefit of the doubt why he has a lip piercing.

I didn't have time to pause my game when his Christian Bale-like voice resounded in my ears. No. Not the Dark Knight Rises-deep rich voice, but the Howl's Moving Castle-velvety voice.

"Andrea Anthoni?" he said. My name escaping his mouth was like a sleep spell cast over me. It made me feel drowsy. It was weird. But well, it's either that or the six-hour God-forsaken flight I just had.

"Ye—yes, it's me," I replied, my voice faltering for a moment. I don't really need to affirm myself that this James Bond-wannabe was who my Auntie had sent to fetch me. Basically, he had my huge nameplate in hand and the family crest of the Winner family was stitched neatly on his coat. These two were already a dead giveaway.

"Madame Winner is waiting for you. Come with me please," he stated again and stooped low to get my bigger bag. This time I successfully pulled myself out of my near-state of drowsiness.

In a quick move, I exited the PVZ game, shoved my iPhone in my coat pocket, and stood up only to find that Mr. Wannabe had already covered a long distance away from me.

What? Just like that? No introduction on his name or a simple how do you do?

I frowned.

Quick. Definitely quick.

He was like a floating corpse in a black suit. So, I did what had to do. I matched his pace of walking despite how taxing it was.

We were in the basement parking lot of the airport minutes after. He was already revving the BMW new model car, while I sat silently in the front seat. I saw a picture of my Auntie in the car screen before the GPS system popped right in and it left me dumbstruck.

Gods, Aunt Marcella really knows her luxury well.

I say the car fetches billions of dollars, but this fact wasn't the reason why I am nervous right now.

Yes. Nervous.

That's the first thing I felt the moment I slid inside the sleek automobile. It had dawned on me that not only was Mr. Tall-Dark-and-Brooding here as my temporary babysitter, but he was also my personal driver and that's for another two hours worth of travel going to my Auntie's house.

Could I really pass this kind of awkwardness for that amount of time? He hasn't said another word since we left the lounge area other than '*your seat belt*' and the oracle in me prophesied that he won't be releasing any other words anytime soon.

I could judge him as an impassive man; cold, calculating, and domineering. Not the chitty-chat kind of person. But you know what they say, '*don't judge the book by its cover*', so maybe it would be proper of me not to do that. Not like he *is* a book, but...oh well...he is still a human, I guess.

I wondered why Aunt Marcella has this kind of a man though. Is he her bodyguard or something? Maybe he is one of her late husband's film agents or possibly her attorney?

Three of those are plausible, but the last two are unlikely. I mean, com'n! He sure looked just like my age, or maybe five years older than me. Film agents and attorneys are expected to look older. Plus, attorneys aren't supposed to wear a piercing.

Glancing at him again as he focused driving us out of the parking lot, I say he could pass out definitely as a James Bond actor. The younger, sexier copy of him though.

I diverted my attention outside the car's window and crossed my arms in my chest. I guess I'll just have to wait until then to know the truth about this man.

"Why just now?"

My eyes bulged as I slowly dragged my head to face him, stunned.

Goodness me! The mute man actually spoke!

Seriously though. It has been almost two hours already. Our travel had become quite a silent war. I never really expected that he would speak now and rather sudden at that.

"Huh?" I replied, obviously confused about his not-so-clear question.

His eyes never left the road, but I did notice his mouth twitch a bit. Maybe he found my innocence irritating?

He cleared his throat and I saw him grip the steering wheel tightly. He does seem to be having trouble over something.

"What I mean is, what took you so long to visit your Aunt?" he finally said. I was relieved that this time, it was a question my IQ can process.

I bent my head and smiled to myself. "I am a busy person, my Auntie knows that. I simply can't find the right time to visit her. Luxembourg is quite far away from where I live."

"Where do you live?" he quickly butt in. The richness of his voice made me feel drowsy again which was more than weird.

"Wisconsin." Although I found his question a bit uncomfortable, I answered still. "I have my own apartment there. But I consider myself a traveler. Whenever there is an outreach program from my charity groups, I volunteer. To where it will be is not important, as long as I get to help, that's what matters."

"I see." I heard him say, but there was no smile, no trace of expression on his face for me to read as a good sign of approval from my thought sharing.

Feeling courageous, I shifted on my seat to face him and asked the question that had me bugging for hours. "I'm sorry. You didn't actually introduce yourself to me awhile ago. May I ask your name, please? I was wondering how you are connected with my Auntie."

This time, I saw his lips curve into a half-smile. This made my heart skip a frantic beat. *Goodness. He looked criminal! I tell you, CRIMINAL!*

"My name is Eriol, Milady Andrea," he stated and gave me a once-over, his eyes were like wildfire sending me aflame, "And I am the Winner family's head butler. It is a pleasure to *finally* meet you."

Frozen.

That's what I became when he answered me straight in a formal fashion. In an instant, I recognized it as a butler's Victorian way of addressing monarchs.

Yes. *Butler.*

I never expected that he *is* actually a butler. That my slightly-eccentric Auntie employed a damn hot man like him!

Being a MasCom graduate, I would have answered him in a formal fashion too, but I suddenly felt the car engine stop. I soon realized that we had reached our destination.

Chapter 2 - Your Mistress is Not Me

Aunt Marcella's house can be called a boast if you ask me. The big - no - *huge* fancy house looks just like those you normally see in Beverly Hills complete with a swimming pool. This one however has a touch of old Renaissance taste, all elements of it including the building, the main facade, and the interior. They were all designed into perfection. The marbled floors, the high ceilings, even the furniture were eye-popping. It doesn't fail to surprise me though considering that her late husband, my Uncle, was a filthy rich man.

When I visited here for the first time, I remembered playing house on my own, treating myself as a princess inside a big castle. I enjoyed it very much, especially when my Auntie plays with me, acting like the queen of the castle. They also had a ranch located a kilometer away from the main house. This was where I learned to ride a horse, taught by Uncle Michael Winner himself.

By the time Aunt Marcella saw me in the foyer, she immediately fell in tears.

Gods, such a theater drama queen.

I did mention she acts as an eccentric right? But eccentric in a good way. She wears mostly flashy clothes - ones that involve neon colors and sequins - but at least on my arrival, she has tuned it down a bit, wearing just maroon flare pants and a bolero knitted blouse.

"Oh, Andrea! It is so nice to see you again!" she exclaimed, giving me her famous well-endowed embrace. Yeah. For a fifty-eight-year-old woman, she sure looks younger - I guess from using Botox cream?

"Auntie! How have you been?" I asked, resigning myself to be embraced tighter.

Once satisfied, she dabbed the small water beads in her eyes with a handkerchief and stared cheerfully at me.

"I'm good! A bit bored but I'm good!" she replied.

Yeah. Bored-my-ass Aunt Marcella. I know you won't be when you have a freak'n hot butler near you always! That's what my crazy little side was saying. I lightly shook my head, dismissing the thought away.

Speaking of butler, I happen to glance at that particular man-in-suit crossing our way towards an awaiting young woman wearing a French maid outfit. He handed my stuffed bag to her to which she dutifully accepted. When he whirled around to face us, I was already smothered by my Aunt's second embrace. I noticed, was it just my imagination, or was he really directing his eyes only on me?

"Come, Andi, let's head to the dining room. I'm sure you're hungry. Oh! I get the chef to cook your favorite carbonara spaghetti a la Marcella!" she squealed delightfully, then hooked her arms in mine, pulling me to where the dining room stood. I smiled again, happy to see her rambunctious personality. It felt good to know that she has finally accepted her husband's untimely death due to pneumonia.

Yes. You could say that I am very much famished. I was actually ready to devour what awesome feast readied for me, but before we stepped inside the dining room, my Aunt unexpectedly paused, her face showed a slight frown as if she had forgotten something. Her head turned to where Mr. Hot Butler stood and ordered, "Oh Eriol! Could you get it in my room, please? I forgot to bring it with me."

My brows rose. I am totally not sure what *it* meant, but it did make me curious. I glanced fleetingly at him and saw that he was already climbing up the staircase towards the second floor exactly like an obedient lapdog would do.

"You seriously have a butler Auntie?" I commented as we headed our way to the table.

"Oh, he had already introduced himself to you it seems," she replied.

I took a seat right next to her where there was already a dining set readied. She glanced at me and smiled some more. "Butlers are *in* nowadays. All of my friends have one in their houses although not as young as Eriol. I am even surprised he is an elite butler who graduated with high honors in the International Academy for Butlers in Sardinia, Italy."

"Seriously?" I batted my eyelashes many times. "How old is he anyway?"

I hope I didn't sound too intrigued about him, and I hope my Auntie failed to notice it if I did.

"He's twenty-eight, Andi. Handsome right? I was actually surprised when he applied for the job when I posted an ad in the newspaper. I never thought that he is a butler. Being a model is what suits him more."

"And you actually accepted him then," I said. I made a sign of the cross in my chest before ravaging the food in the table.

"Of course I would! Mainly because I seriously needed additional manpower on the refurbishment of the west wing rooms. You know in my old age now, Andi. I can't possibly run everything around here without my back aching," she said, running her hand up and down her waist at the same time as if to prove her point.

"I see," I nodded in agreement, but suddenly dipped my eyes in my full plate, remembering a certain someone. "Uhm, what about Lorde, Auntie? He hasn't returned yet since that..." I trailed off.

Reminiscing the memories with my Auntie's step-son just wasn't in my vacation plan, but since I hadn't seen him since I arrived in the house, it made me wonder. Although being a few years older than me, Lorde and I are good childhood friends mainly because we share a love for horses among other things.

"He is in Mexico, Andi, still busy with his business," Aunt Marcella answered with a fleeting sad spark in her eyes. "But well, uhm, the last time we spoke he expressed that he is looking forward to meeting you again. He said he would try to fix his schedule so that he can come back home while you are still staying here."

"Oh, how-how kind of him to do that," I said, suddenly feeling a slight anxiety inside me. That would have persisted if not for Auntie's abrupt intentional change of better and happier subject discussions.

Our chit-chat was off the hook. We had so many things to update about ourselves and our family that we didn't notice the time passing away. I didn't even notice that I haven't filled my stomach thoroughly yet.

By the time Eriol arrived in the dining area, I was already halfway from finishing my plate. I happen to have the pasta's white sauce smeared in the corner of my mouth so I intentionally licked it. He eyed me for a second before handling the rectangular box to my Aunt and I swear I saw him hide a smirk. This made me frown in response. *Just what is up with this Lapdog anyway?*

"Andi dear," Aunt Marcella called my attention. I gave her a smile quickly. She has been accustomed to calling me that since I was young. I wasn't bothered by the nickname though. I do think it cute.

She reached across the table and handed me the rectangular box. I eyed it for a second, confused about her gesture. "Take it, it is my welcome gift to you," she said with pleased eyes. The gift was wrapped in silk paper, tied with a red ribbon. I immediately wondered what it held.

"Thanks, Auntie," I expressed and then unwrapped the box carefully, already seeing the hint of excitement in her face.

Goodness gracious!

I almost choked on the corn kernels I was chewing when I stared, awestruck, on two rather lacy, sexy, provocative, ultimately revealing apparels inside the box - a lingerie set - winking in welcome at me. *This is a welcome gift alright - that much my Aunt is right.* I suddenly felt hot, exactly similar to what I felt when I woke up from that particular dream.

"Huh, tha-thanks Auntie," I uttered, trying to hide my most awkward virginal smile.

I didn't need to raise the items for a closer inspection. Nope. I am not giving Mr. Wannabe here a chance to ogle on the lingerie. Not a chance. Anyway, just by looking at them this way, I could already see how sheer they were. I wonder what has gotten in her mind why she gave me this. She knows I am without any boyfriend. The only and last one I had was my childhood friend who was away...so far away from Luxembourg.

"You're welcome, Andi. I expect you to wear that on your first night with your husband."

Again, I nearly choked. Seriously?!!

"Well, uhm...that sounds weird coming from you Auntie. You know I am not into that kind of relationship right now," I stressed out, already beads of sweat slowly trickled down my nape.

"That's fine, but sooner or later you will, and I will be rooting on that. You are a beautiful woman. You really should consider settling down already."

"You mean to say you want my children running around your house, right Aunt?" I countered teasingly. This was a bulls-eye because I saw her clear her throat in response.

After a moment of silence, we then both broke into a silly laugh, exactly like we used to after a continuous tickling in the ribs.

Eriol just stood a few feet from the dining table looking blank.

I don't know. It was either he was oblivious of our cherished moments or he was just plain unfeeling of our happiness. Maybe, butlers were supposed to pose like that; never really showing any hint of emotion in front of their master and their guests.

Luckily, my Aunt gave me this night to settle down comfortably in my room. I still had jet lag, of course, so she understood why I wanted to retire early.

Once again, I should say that the house looked huge. It was already accepted that it contained numerous guest rooms. Aunt Marcella had informed me that I am now assigned to a bedroom that befitted my age. The last room I had was in the south wing of the house, namely the pink room. It was stylishly designed for teens and considering that I am no teen now meant that she had to consider putting me in a much chic room. Of course, with that in mind, she specifically ordered Eriol to guide me to it for I did not know where it was located.

My room was apparently one of the specialty guest rooms at the north wing, together with the master's chamber which my Aunt uses.

Silence presented itself again as we both strolled in the corridor of the second floor; my arms embracing my coat and the disquieting gift box. He didn't initiate any conversation, so normally I

didn't. I was trailing behind him - an advantageous position it seems because I am able to view his wide back without being wary of his gaze.

Goodness. He really is a lip-smacking man. I bet, in the past, he was asked by an agent to model Guess, Gucci, Cartier, Armani, Boss, and many other famous brands. I wonder why he ended up being a butler.

We finally stopped in front of a wide mahogany door. It was located at the farthest part of the corridor; the edge of it boasted a small balcony. He gestured his hand onto the closed door looking at me with dark eyes.

I felt my skin hairs raise when our eyes met. *Is this a butler's style too? Looking at their guests like he was stripping them naked?* Then I noticed his eyes dipped briefly down. Enough experiences with men made me realize that he was checking out the lift of my breasts. I immediately felt conscious then with the blouse I was wearing.

"Your bedroom, Milady Andrea," he said, super formally.

I raised the box higher to cover my cleavage, frowning. "Please don't address me like that," I requested. "We are not in the Middle Ages you know."

"I know," he agreed, but without showing any hint of concern. "But still, I love to call you that. You are after all my Mistress."

My mouth fell open. For whatever reason, I felt a cold chill run down my bones. This man. THIS MAN was certainly toying with me, ridiculously calling me a Mistress?!

"No, your Mistress is my Aunt, not me," I innocently corrected before I stepped to open the door of my room. Before I could twist the knob though, I felt his hand on my waist. I immediately stiffened.

Warm was his breath next to my ear when he drawled, "Very well then, An-dre-ahhh... Have sweet dreams tonight."

I whirled around to shot him a scornful look, but he was quick to walk leaving me in the corridor tongue-tied.

Chapter 3 - Just A Sausage

When Eriol said *sweet dreams*, I honestly hoped to have one. But, it definitely didn't cross my mind that this was what it would bring me.

I woke up in the middle of the night gasping... desperately inhaling for some fresh air. Yes. I had another dream. A WET dream so to speak. Only this time, I felt it was a continuation from the one I had last night and it remained vividly inside my head.

*I was continuously sucking this man's d*ck; licking his G.I. Joe's head in a twirling motion. This alone elicited a groan from his throat. I couldn't fathom what kind of a sensation I was giving him for you know already - I am new at this. But even with this fact, here I am devouring his length like a wanton woman. His shaft was a lovely sight, complete with a web of veins and a head that saluted me with its central pearly white bead. Pre-ejaculation phenomenon I suppose, but who am I to presume? Again, I am new at the sight of a man's nail. Either way, it tasted creamy in my mouth when I licked it, and I obviously salivated, wanting to have more.*

*I withdrew, taking my time and then rubbed his length back and forth, slowly then vigorously. I thought I was giving him a good massaging considering he was groaning in pleasure still, but damn... he abruptly stopped me with a hand on my forehead and said, "F*ck no. Your mouth An..dre..ahhh. I want your mouth."*

I pouted, a little bit disappointed, but I was certainly most eager to return my attention back to his junior anyway.

And that was it. With a sharp intake of breath, I officially went back to reality, leaving my dream with another arousing feeling in the end.

Mornings in the Winner household were typical.

Breakfast with my Auntie invigorated me and sated my hunger. I immediately forked a Hungarian cheese-filled sausage off a plate and then bit on it in half.

Yep. You're right. Looking at the sausage, a certain memory immediately popped in my head. I don't understand why, but it kind of frustrated me, angered me even, that's why I suddenly wanted to castrate something *elongated and lengthy* - which probably explains my sausage attention.

I already felt Aunt Marcella's gaze on me, obviously surprised of my first choice of food, but I didn't care a darn thing what she would say.

"Somebody's really hungry this morning," she said, eyeing me at the same time. I continued munching the sausage when I glanced back at her, acting innocent.

"I really am hungry Auntie. It's been a while since I ate protein-rich foods. What we cook in the shelter are Nepalese cuisines which consisted of wheat and lentils. No meat usually," I reasoned.

"Of course, you are," she answered, not surprised. "That's why I had asked Eriol to tell the chef to cook these foods for you."

I silently scoffed. *Ahhh... such a lapdog he is.*

"You are quite generous Auntie, and really thoughtful. Thank you." I said, giving her a warm smile.

"Hush, anything for you Andi dear." She reached for a glass of orange juice and sipped on it before talking again. "Well, anyway, what are your plans for today? I would really love for you to accompany me in shopping this morning if that's okay with you."

"Oh, shopping!" My eyes lit up, but it wasn't the kind that you see in a shopaholic person. My avid attention to shopping stems directly from my mother. She did want me to send her some postcards literally, but my inner psychologist was telling me that postcards meant bring-home gifts for her and her hubby. "Of course, Auntie, I would love to shop with you," I said. "I am actually planning on buying some postcards for mom, but since you mentioned it, I think I can do both at the same time."

Aunt Marcella clasped her hands midair. She gave me a wide smile and said, "Great! That's good to hear Andi. Let's go to the famous shopping district here. You would certainly love to shop something for your own, I'm sure."

"Hmmm, yes. I have a feeling I would," I answered, drinking my glass of orange juice too.

My attention was caught when I saw Eriol finally showing himself, crossing the room to stand near a grandfather clock behind my Aunt. He actually didn't wear a starched black suit now. His ensemble consisted instead of black jeans and a white chambray shirt. His hair was still neatly brushed up, but it had a few strands escaping down his temple. Amidst his appearance, he still had the aura of a highborn butler.

"Eriol will accompany us today Andi. He'll do the heavy lifting for us, so don't hesitate on buying as much as you want," my Auntie informed.

So that is why he isn't in his butler outfit. He will accompany us!

"Yes, of course, Auntie," I answered, finishing up the remaining piece of my sausage.

An hour later, we left the house with Mr. Cool Guy - who is wearing shades now - driving us to our destination.

I want to smack myself for ogling at his lips in the front-view mirror.

Gods, I don't know why but his gesture yesterday night, with his lips close to my ear, made me feel like I want to kiss it. And plus, his lip piercing! Gods-dang-it! It had been winking at me to no end!

I wonder what's happening to me. I am normally not like this, but ever since I met *this* man, my long-shoved desires have now surfaced up.

Could it be that I am attracted to him? I know it sounds a bit cliché but goodness, I know you would be if you were in my shoes. He looked just too *devilishly* handsome not to be noticed.

My Aunt who was sitting beside me cupped my hand. She glanced at my way and then proceeded to say, "I have a charity event tonight dear. I need a new dress for that function that's why I am shopping right now."

"Oh, well then, I think we must make haste Auntie, you still need to wear your make up and set your hair!" I exclaimed like I was her best friend.

"I know." She giggled lightly. "By the way, can I invite you to go too? I need a companion with me."

By the word *companion*, my mind rested directly on Mr. Sexy Driver. Why bother asking me when he has Eriol to escort her? Surely, that would be better. A lot of women, I bet, would fawn over him in that charity event if he was to escort her. He sure doesn't look like a servant to me. As I've said before, he could pass on as a James Bond actor.

I gave my Aunt a slanted smile, together with creased brows as I hesitantly said, "I...I don't think that's a good idea Auntie. I don't fit in such places like that." I was hoping she could take the hint and also notice the shyness in my voice.

Honestly, I really don't. I wasn't cut-out to mingle with elite statuses, unlike my Auntie. Since her husband was a famous film director, their life consisted of parties, paparazzi, and cameras. I simply don't like that kind of lifestyle, so I shy myself away from all the limelight whenever I come to visit them.

"Nonsense Andi. I insist. Also, you wouldn't want poor me to go to the charity event alone?! You know how my backaches are. My fainting spells too! My goodness! And how about my peptic ulcer!" She waved her hands in the air, acting hysterical. And there she was again - the famous drama queen. "Sympathize with poor me will you?" she said, fluttering her eyelashes at me at the same time.

I bit my bottom lip. I began to believe this was the underlying reason why she wanted me to visit her.

"All right, I will, for you Auntie," I agreed in the end, and with that, she squealed in happiness. *Gods, what have I gotten myself into?*

My eyes happen to pass by the front-view mirror, and right then and there, I saw Mr. Sexy Driver making another smirk.

The famous shopping district in Luxembourg could be called crazy! It has everything! Stores upon stores of different brands lined up to catch customers. From different apparels, shoes, souvenirs, bags, housewares - everything! You name it!

Aunt Marcella didn't waste her time and headed straight to the most branded sections of stores. The House of Versace was where she immediately bought her yellow draped gown after countless of fittings. She chose this one because it hides mostly her aged flabs. Unfortunately, I wasn't spared of her attention too. She made me try on different gowns of different colors and styles. I almost thought that we were playing dolls again - well, with me as the doll.

After our time in the House of Versace, my Aunt decidedly wanted her nails done. This was exactly the kind of opportunity I was waiting for to buy the bring-home gifts for my mom, so I offered her a suggestion.

"Yes, you can do that while I wait for you in the salon Andi," she replied right after we slid inside the car. Eriol was just waiting for us there, being that he was off-limits in our Aunt-and-Niece bonding time. I noticed he wasn't wearing his shades now.

"Where to Madame?" said he, turning to where my Aunt sat.

"You can drop me off first in the Nail Bar Salon, Eriol. After that, accompany Andi here to wherever she wants to go. I am sure you know all of the places here right?" Aunt Marcella stated, looking at me, then to Eriol. I didn't have the energy to object her instructions. It would be my first time in the shopping district, so it was already understandable why Auntie wants me accompanied.

"Yes Madame, as you wish," he said reverently.

'As you wish.' Those words lingered in my head for a moment. *Huh! Goodness! What a major lapdog!*

He returned his attention back at the road and then started to drive, but that was after he eyed me briefly in the front-view mirror.

Jeez. Keep your eyes on the road, will you! my over battered brain shouted.

He should have better worn the sunglasses so that I wouldn't be able to notice... notice that he was stripping me naked with his eyes again. He has been doing that since we've met, and I tell you, it makes me dizzy.

I turned to face the window in my side to hide my deepening blush. *Great. This is going to be great.* Just the mere thought of him accompanying me to shop made my heartbeat skip again.

As what happened, Aunt Marcella was dropped off in her favorite salon, while Eriol and I went ahead to our destination. To where it was, I actually do not know. I let him guide me to wherever he wants me to go because he was the one who knows the stores in this district.

"I know exactly a good place," that's what he said when I told him I wanted to buy souvenirs and postcards for my mom.

In a large shopping mall, we went. It was three-storeys high, complete with restaurants and fast-food chains. He guided me to the second floor where all of the goods I had specified to him were located. Again, stores after stores were lined up for me to choose, but I decided to enter one where its window knickknacks caught my eyes. The store was named, Ann Summers.

Weird things. I most certainly hadn't seen objects like these in my entire life. The shapes were weird too; circular, elongated, heart-shaped in bold neon colors. There were even objects that looked like rods and cuffs of different sizes and colorful jelly rings with studs. My brain immediately registered *children's toys?*

However, the moment I stepped inside the store, my brain immediately scratched the word CHILDREN and replaced it with ADULT! My eyes widened as I took in every single detail that welcomed me.

Dildos, lingerie, dildos, collars, dildos, nipple clamps? - what's that? - dildos, vibrators! - my mouth dropped - dildos and more dildos! EVERYWHERE!!! Just what was this store all about!?

Eriol, who trailed behind me earlier, now stood right in my side. He gave a light tap on my shoulder to which I immediately jerked away. Our eyes met and I swear he looked at me with a twinkle of mischief.

"Funny, you seem to have lost your way directly into this place, Milady," he said and gave me a freaking roguish grin!

Chapter 4 - A Taste Of Fear

I immediately spun around to exit the store feeling partly infuriated, partly embarrassed.

Infuriated - with Eriol of course, because he didn't so much as warn me beforehand that it was a flipping pleasure shop! *What kind of a butler is he?!*

Embarrassed - with myself, because obviously it was my poor choice. How would I know? I am innocent of these kinds of erotica equipment. Never had I seen one before. But now, my eyes felt like it was being ripped out of its sockets and tossed into the holy water to be cleansed.

When I was some distance away from the store, I turned around and shot Mr. Hot Butler a cold glare.

"You want something Milady?" he smoothly asked. *Freaking smoothly asked!* The cover of my simmering pot immediately sky-rocketed in the air.

"I can't believe you just let me walk into that store!" I shouted but instantly regretted my move. I immediately looked around and found that some passers-by already stared at us. I'm pretty sure what was in their brains was a comment of us, two lovers, quarreling, but hell no, they are so wrong.

"My apologies, Milady. I thought it was what you wanted. You seemed to be so curious about the vibrators you were staring at in the window," he coolly said, bowing at the same time.

I felt most of my blood flooded in my face. It was so embarrassing to hear those words and to add fuel to the fire, he was so calm and so collected while telling me that. What a seriously insensitive, *hot*, apathetic, *sexy* lapdog he is!

"No! I wasn't!" I stressed out, painstakingly trying to mellow my voice down. "If anything, you should know that I am innocent in those kinds of stuff. I am a virg-"

I choked. I believe I should stop ranting now before I tell this man my precious hoard of secrets. He looked like he was waiting for me to continue though; no doubt already having a suspicion as to what I was about to say.

I avoided his gaze. "Anyway, we should...we should go. I still have some postcards to buy," I said after calming myself down. This time, I turned my attention to the department store of the mall. At least this area, I am sure, sells wholesome items to wholesome people.

Our morning went by the usual way. Luckily, I was able to buy postcards in a book store and some apparel for my mother and step-dad, which I am sure she will be thrilled.

Eriol mostly did all the hard work, hand-carrying all of my shopping bags like a normal butler would do. However, I did notice most of the women we pass by turn their heads on him.

Tsk. Women. They actually looked like drooling hyenas ready to fall prey on a mighty, meaty hotdog.

I wonder if I am also included, and I wonder if I sounded like a jealous woman? *Oh, hopefully NOT.*

By lunchtime, we headed back to the shopping district and fetched my Auntie in the salon. She looked all groomed up - fresh nail polish, hair already done in a classic updo, and heavy make-up fit for the event just exactly what I expected from her.

"Did you get everything you wanted dear?" she asked me inside the car.

I nodded. "Yeah, I did. Mother would be happy with the items I bought."

"Hmm, she sure would. Such a lucky mother she is for having you."

She then beamed a sweet smile on my way, to which I returned back with equal sweetness.

It was six o'clock in the evening when I finished preparing.

I haven't dressed this much fancy for a while now. The last time I did was when my younger brother got married three years ago. I was one of the bridesmaids then. The gown I wore that time wasn't revealing as compared to the one I am wearing now - a sleeveless gown.

I was made of white silk and the way it was sewn made it hug my curves perfectly. The neckline was seriously plunging though - picture out Jennifer Lopez in her Golden Globes 2015 amazing Zuhair Murad gown - YES! That kind of plunging! It was enough to make all men drool I am quite sure of it. The slit of the gown too pretty much gave a pleasing view of what my Auntie call's a well-toned *filly leg*, and I owe that name to her ranch full of high breed horses!

She chose the gown for me and I was like, '*Are you serious? We are going to a charity event, not the MTV Awards!*' But of course, being as eccentric as she was, she wanted me to wear it because, apparently, the party we are going was not the typical wholesome charity ball kind. I was adamant to decline it at first mainly because of the whooping five-digit price, but in the end, I acceded to her request. I can't help it. She was giving me the pouty-lips, have-mercy-on-me look again.

I was watching my reflection in the mirror when a knock came on my door. It was a soft knock, but it was enough to jerk me out of my thoughts. My head turned when the door opened and I tell you, my heart immediately leaped.

Eriol, in his Black-Butler inspired tuxedo, appraised me from head to toe and I noticed a quick smirk on him then.

Yeah, man. Pleased with the sight? Then stare away.

"You look beautiful, Milady," he said, complete with an obvious twinkle in his eyes. I knew I responded with a blush then because I felt my cheeks hot.

He stepped inside, bringing with him a small box in his right hand. I just stood in front of the vanity mirror, waiting, anticipating. The moment he was near me I could immediately whiff out a fresh smell of cologne or was it his natural scent? I am not sure, but I do know that it was that potent enough to make me close my eyes momentarily and bask on its heavenly aroma.

The box was apparently a jewelry box, engraved the brand, Buccellati, in the front. I gave him a questioning look. He opened it and I saw the most tantalizing diamond necklace I have ever seen up close.

"Madame Winner wants you to wear it Milady," he said, looking at me in the eye.

I raised my brows and dropped my eyes again to the jewelry.

"No, I can't...can't possibly." It was my weak response as I shook my head. "Why would she want me to wear it?"

They say *diamonds are a girl's best friend*, so yeah... I would be lying if I tell you I am not the least bit tempted to touch the sparkly thing.

I heard him chuckle a little and replied smoothly, "Your beauty is beyond measure, Milady Andrea. You don't need any jewelry to compliment you, but your Aunt wanted you to wear it because she thinks it would suit you better than her."

I wonder if my Auntie wanted to play 'house' again. She seriously doesn't need to lavish me like this.

Eriol then placed a hand on my bare shoulder - the contact of our skin felt like a branding iron *literally*. I immediately winced in the slight pain, but I wasn't able to move away because he was already quick to turn me around to face the mirror.

"May I?" he said, our eyes meeting in the reflection.

Feeling defeated, I only nodded back at him.

Oh, Gods, the diamond necklace really is a beautiful piece, worthy to be worn by a woman, I had that resolution when its chain slid my neck. The process of it however made me almost blue. Why? Because I had to freaking hold my breath when he did so, otherwise he would notice the distinct jump of my heart in my chest.

The diamond tear-drop pendant settled perfectly in my cleavage, exactly an alluring display for the eyes - and Mr. Hot Butler's eyes here were blessed to see it first.

I observed my appearance in the mirror, admiring the view, and briefly, then, my eyes shifted back at him and my breath hitched. The way he looked at me - his eyes basically - were searing with an uncontrollable desire. It was lust-filled.

Amidst this though, I noticed his lips pressed firmly together, struggling over something I suppose. I could have sworn I was saved at that moment, but then I felt it - his fingers running up my spine sensually.

My nerve endings instantly shot a thousand bolts of electricity all over my body. My knees weakened and it was a good thing that his free hand rested on my waist, otherwise, I would have staggered to the ground.

"An...dre...ahhh," he hummed, drawling the syllable's of my name exactly the same way as the man in my...dream!

My eyes widened. Paranoid? Am I going paranoid? Reality and dreams shouldn't mix, right? But here it was, my first clue that my dream 'suck-my-d*ck' man could be a reality.

I immediately felt lethargic, allowing me to believe that his voice really could cast a sleep spell.

"Eriol..." I uttered, hoping to reduce my near-unconsciousness and I was lucky enough to be able to do so.

"You are so tempting right now. You look like you're ready to be devoured...by me."

My mouth dropped.

He leaned closer, putting his lips near my ear. I gasped when his fingers lightly caressed my back.

"Is this your way of seducing your guests, Mr. Butler?" I asked with sarcasm dripping in my voice. I made it that way because I definitely don't want him to notice how seriously affected I was with his ministration.

He chuckled again really, *really* sexily.

"No Andrea. I only do this to you."

What happened to the term 'Milady Andrea'? Thrown out of the window?

"Huh." I was mocking his remark but in truth, I honestly felt afraid of it.

Yes. Afraid. I actually felt like cowering under my bed cover and hide from him. This was the first time a man has openly expressed his desire for me. Not to mention this man was one hot specimen!

"I think we should go now," my voice squeaked. I yanked myself from his hold and strolled hastily out of the room. The trace of his fingers still felt hot in my back, but I was able to shove it out of my attention.

I could sense that he was following me as I walked in the corridor. I was hoping beyond hope that his words were just a joke, but I realized it wasn't the case when I came to stand at the top of the stairs.

My Auntie was already in the foyer, conversing with someone in the phone. She was so engrossed with it, she didn't notice me at all. I heaved a sigh, trying to calm the quick beating of my heart. Before I could take a step down though, I felt Eriol's hand on my waist again.

I froze.

"Very well then, Andrea. I will leave you for now, but let me tell you this. Prepare yourself, for before this night is through, I. Will. Taste. You," he said.

I felt my throat dry immediately.

Chapter 5 - Behold the Prince

~ Eriol ~

I couldn't contain myself anymore.

Having her near me was already *poisonous*, how much more if I touch her again? It would be the death of me. But what am I even saying? I am already dead. I am a demon. So what's the use restricting myself now? What's the use making myself suffer?

I have waited for her for a long time. Such a long, *long* time. The three Fates of Hell gave me a clue. They said that my *Sarah* will be reincarnated in the Anthoni Family, the sixth generation.

With that in mind, I set out to infiltrate myself into the Family. A butler would definitely be a good idea. I can gather clues and information about her while posing like that, but unfortunately, nothing happened. I waited and waited, almost beginning to become impatient until the faithful day came.

I felt the strong, undeniable connection when I saw her, *Andrea Anthoni* - *ahhh, such a lovely name*. She was sitting in the airport lounge area playing a silly game of the modern world.

The moment my eyes locked on her beautiful face, everything about the past came replaying in my head. The desperation. The hatred. The anger. The yearning. The desire. The pain. The love. Yes. The love. A demon like me actually knows how to love.

I can shamelessly say that I love her with all of my rotten heart and I will love her more. Even time won't stop me. Don't even say that it was all about the lust, because I *am* the Prince of Lust. I have the power to rule over that one single sinful emotion. I can pour it out in every human heart. Bring them to their knees and get them begging, begging to receive that kind of wonderful emotion. Begging for more.

I can't however use my power on her, at least not deliberately. But being an archdemon, it was somehow difficult to control it. Just like what happened to her in the airport lounge. My voice that could lull anyone to sleep affected her and that was even without my control. Another incident was when I touched her bare shoulder for the first time last night. I knew then she felt the scalding heat of my hand. It was a good thing I was able to control it immediately; otherwise, she would have turned to ashes in my front.

Being me *is* the very reason why I am staying a short distance away from her, but just like the past where I can't keep my hands off of her, I am the same now. My eyes could show it, my desire for

her, and I know she can see through it too, know it one hundred percent because I can actually read her mind.

If she says I am looking at her like I was stripping her naked, then she was exactly right. I *am* really stripping her naked. I *am* already fucking her through my eyes. I *am* already having lewd thoughts on her just by looking. Yes. I want to fuck her. Fuck her senseless. I am the demon of lust in the first place. It's my nature to be lustful. I am meant to be this way. You can't find fault in that.

And now, I have finally made my desires known to her. I will have her before this night will end, and no one will stop me from doing that.

I saw Andrea leave together with my current employer riding the Mercedes Benz. I couldn't help but notice her suddenly becoming nervous after I promised those words.

Hmmm... such a lovely thing, her still being a virgin. Untouched. Untainted. And it made me happy to think that only I can defile her. Only I can do anything and everything to her. Oh, yes, she doesn't even know what pleasures she can learn from me. She doesn't even know the sensations I can bestow on her. She will however know it gradually starting tonight. Yes, tonight. Just the thought of this immediately made me rock hard with anticipation.

I licked the protruding part of my lip-piercing and then snapped my fingers quickly. In just a split of a second, I found myself in another place - the convention building of DaisVita Corporation specifically where the charity event was being held. I stood at a small porch on the second floor while I waited for the Winner Mercedes Benz to arrive.

Teleportations of a demon always come in handy because I can go wherever I want to go without limits. Another skill of a demon would be invisibility. This was what I used in the past to be always beside *Sarah*, protecting her always, and this skill will be my advantage when protecting her again in this too flashy party where men ogle on her plunging neckline.

After minutes of waiting, the Winner automobile arrived in the receiving section, and then out came my precious flower.

Ahhh, such a pure soul she is, unlike those people ahead and around her. It is really amazing how humans are narcissistic. They make themselves beautiful and pleasing to the eyes when in fact all I can see in them are envious souls waiting to be barbecued in Hell.

My eyes never left her as she strolled slowly in the red carpet together with Marcella. They continued towards the entrance door of the convention hall looking like the elegant women that they are. However, as they neared the opening, a man as tall as me smoothly inched his way into their midst.

I saw Marcella talk to him comfortably and then, she introduced him to Andrea. My blood immediately boiled as the man, I think was of European descent, intently lifted her right hand, and placed a lingering kiss.

Touch her more and you will never see the light of day human! I shouted in my head like I was a lovesick fool, which of course I am. No denying that.

Good that Marcella hooked her elbow on the man thereafter. In that way, he won't be able to advance his attentions to Andrea.

I teleported myself inside, next to a refreshment table, still invisible. Here, I was able to observe the trio cross the hall and into a center table where there were vacant chairs reserved for them. This man actually had the gall to even settle himself right next to Andrea. He continued his conversation with her and then I saw her chuckle lightly like she enjoyed what he said.

My eyes then hardened. This was exactly what I felt back then when *Sarah* was wedded to her eighth husband, Tobias. He was her fated mate, her soul mate, her rightful husband. But even that fact didn't deter me from causing harm to him. It was just unfortunate, during that time, a certain stupid archangel thwarted my attempts, so I wasn't successful on it. However, now, I can certainly do well with my murderous hands. I can certainly make this man bleed without mercy.

So, go on man, touch her if you like. I fucking dare you.

My eyes began to glow a deadly red.

~ Andrea ~

Gods, I can't seem to keep myself calm. I tell you, I almost fell down the stairs after I heard Eriol say it. Good thing that I was able to keep my balance; otherwise, it would have been a grand descent to the foyer.

My Aunt never noticed my discomfort after she ended her phone call, and even when we were inside her second car, she didn't say anything other than her excitement at the party.

I don't know if I should take Eriol's words seriously, but I have a great feeling that it might be a threat. A threat for - you know - my *virginity* and just thinking about it made me more nervous inside. But whatever he was planning, I am sure as hell to avoid it. Maybe I will lock myself inside my room immediately after the party. Or maybe I will try and persuade my Auntie to let me stay in a hotel tonight. Or maybe...

Gods, I just don't know what to do!

But as of the moment, what I need to focus on was how to survive the charity event without tossing myself into the limelight with my stunning but showy dress.

As I said, Aunt Marcella hasn't said anything to me, but now that I think about it, she had been acting weird since we rode to the charity ball - like matchmaking-mode weird. And I immediately understood why the moment she introduced me to Mr. Enrique Rafael DaisVita, the son of the owner of the DaisVita Corporation, a major benefactor of the charity, American Cancer Society.

Apparently, Auntie has set her eyes on him as a good candidate for me on her matchmaking endeavors. I bet the phone call she had earlier was to inform the guy that I was attending.

Mr. Enrique was a handsome man, however. Very articulate, very well-mannered, and even though it had been just minutes since we started a sensible conversation, I found that he had a good sense of humor. I noticed a lot of women stared at our way, clearly looking at him, and clearly sending me death glares.

Huh! By all means hyenas! I won't even bother if you steal this man away from me!

But Mr. Enrique continued to stay with me, sitting in a reserved seat that was supposed to be for another guest.

"I'm sorry for staring at you too much, *mi amor*. You are just too beautiful not to look at," he said in a suave manner, but I was able to notice his eyes dipping ever-so-clearly in my cleavage. *Huh, typical!*

I just gave him a tight-lipped smile, not letting him show how uncomfortable I was. "Thank you for taking your time with me, Mr. DaisVita-"

"No, you can call me Enrique, Andrea," he butted in and then sandwiched my dainty hands in his bigger calloused ones. *He is probably working out. That would explain the calloused skin.* But this was not what made me feel uneasy. It was how he was touching my hand in a rather intimate way!

"I think that is not proper, Mr. DaisVita," I answered, giving my Aunt a fleeting help-me glance, but she seemed rather too suspiciously busy, watching the start of the program.

Then suddenly his eyes started to thin and almost immediately, he released my hand and cringed in pain.

"Mr. DaisVita, are you okay?" I asked, feeling worried just by looking at his contorted face. For a man like him, it definitely wasn't a normal sight to see, especially in public. He didn't answer; instead, he wrapped his arms tightly around his stomach and doubled over, slowly growling in pain at the same time.

Now, my Auntie finally gave her attention back at us. "What has happened?" she asked quickly.

I shot her a confused look. "I don't know Auntie. He suddenly became like this!"

"We should call somebody," she said sternly, then immediately raised her hand and signaled a waiter to come. A Caucasian waiter came to the rescue and was most eager to help the poor rich man, assisting him to stand.

"You should go with him, dear. He needs your assistance," my Auntie said while looking at me in the eye. I, of course, was taken aback. *She is seriously not asking me that right?! Right?!*

Although the lights of the hall were all turned off, I noticed the people in the nearby tables already looked at us. I felt a beginning feeling of embarrassment on the situation then. I wonder if this was what Mr. Enrique felt too - having his charms deduced to this because of a mere stomachache.

"Alright," I said, but I agreed not because I was worried of the man, but because I felt cognizant of the stares of the people. I wanted to extract myself out of this place ASAP before I turn myself into a tomato. Like I said before, I shy myself away from this kind of attention.

Aunt Marcella was obviously more than willing to let me go with Mr. DaisVita. After giving her a quick peck on the cheek, I followed the waiter from behind. We directly headed out of the hall and entered into a small corridor where there were three lounge rooms available.

Another waiter, who noticed us along the way, helped the first one ease the poor fellow into the couch. I was just standing outside of the threshold staring at them not knowing what to do. Then, I felt someone touch me from the back and I immediately turned around to see who it was. I was surprised to see that it was Mr. Hot Butler himself, his eyes giving off a spark of what looked like undeniable jealousy.

"Eriol!" I gasped, my heart doing a somersault of beats. Then, his *threat* earlier instantly resurfaced in my head. *Great! Just great!* I immediately felt a beginning fear inside me.

He swiftly grabbed my left arm and commanded - yes, a butler actually commanded - in a stern voice, "Come with me."

Oh, oh, oh... He pulled me immediately without waiting for my reply. It's not that I would even complain though. I was actually glad that someone pulled me out of that awkward situation with Mr. Stomachache Man.

Striding out of a corridor, my feet tried to match the quick pace of Eriol's walking but it was so hard for me considering that I was wearing five inches Jimmy Choo stilettos. He held me tightly like I was an important object he was afraid of letting go. I glanced at his profile and saw that he was frowning; lips pressed firmly and eyebrows knitted. *Gods, he still looked hot even with this expression.*

We headed straight to a secluded part of the convention hall. I didn't bother to ask why though but I did wonder if he was sent by my Aunt to accompany me. Yes. I think I had to ask him that just to make sure, but my answer actually came rather much, much sooner than I expected, and it was in a rather unorthodox way too.

In just the blink of an eye, I was back in my Aunt's house and not just that, it was even in my bed chamber!

Chapter 6 - And So It Begins

I blinked twice, thrice. Many times actually. Until my mind registered that I was truly back in my room. Eriol was still holding my arm, so I yanked it free quickly.

Lucky for me, he released it but I had the notion that he was hesitant to do so. He cast me a dark look, so intense, so burning that I began to believe that phase one of his threat was on the move. What else would I think? Of all the places we could go, why in my bedroom, right?

But wait, how did we get here in the first place anyway?

"Ho-how did we?" I sputtered, my voice laced with disbelief. I wasn't dumb not to notice that something supernatural had just happened. I certainly don't believe in vampires but I feel that this was the case. *Yeah, me and my brain*, and I owe it all to my True Blood and Twilight fangirling. How crazy was that?!

"Milady, could you so much as explain to me why you are babysitting that pathetic of a man?" he asked, ultimately disregarding my question. I stepped backward as he inched nearer. Still, he emitted the jealous aura. Why was he even jealous? He was just a butler, *not* my boyfriend!

"I wasn't babysitting him. Aunt Marcella asked me to accompany him because he just got a serious stomachache all of a sudden," I answered, slightly irritated. I don't think that it was compulsory explaining this to him, but it was kind of a reflex I did so.

He scoffed silently. "Serves him right, but maybe I should have used a heavier force. I would have delighted to see him unconscious."

Now that was cold. Even though I didn't understand what he was talking about, for some reason it raised the hairs in my skin, especially now that his eyes were gleaming murderously.

"What are you talking about Eriol? And more so, you haven't explained to me how we got our butts here in just a split of a second?"

Did I sound too calm? Too accepting of this weird sudden location change? I hope yes. Just so that he wouldn't find me weak. But I tell you, I am not even one slightest bit calm right now. My knees shook and my palms feel like they have just massaged a seriously gross, oily fat man in a spa.

His eyes turned soft. His *face* turned soft. Exactly not the same cold, I-fucking-don't-care facade. "Milady, it's complicated to tell you, but you should know that you are safe with me. Trust who I am."

"Yeah right." I rolled my eyes and crossed my arms in my chest. "Like I would feel safe with you after that threat in the stairs."

"Hmmm..." He smirked and chuckled. *He freaking smirked and chuckled!* My inner psychologist immediately told me that this wasn't good. So not good!

"I love it that you remembered my promise, Andrea," he continued, the soft expression he had earlier gone and replaced with that of a perverted, ready-to-fuck face.

Promise?

Oh... so *that* was a promise. Great. Now, I honestly feel like bolting out of the room just so I can get away from him. I can't believe that he was planning intimacy with me already. We have just known each other yesterday for Pete's sake!

"NO, you won't be able to get away from me, Andrea," he said it so casually as he had just read my mind.

Oh no. Edward Cullen? Are you in there? Can you hear my thoughts sweetheart? I know I am cracking up right now, but this was all I could do to lessen my fear.

"What are you...? Does Aunt Marcella know?" I made it sound soft, pleading and I was hoping he would get the gist. I seriously wanted to know who this man my Auntie has hired as a butler. And I also wanted to know if my Auntie knew about him. What a surprise would it be if that was the case.

A vampire - that was my first suspicion, but not that, please. I don't want the gory suck-my-blood system. I don't want a man-turned-bat with flipping black reptilian wings. But what else would I think? I have already confirmed that he ain't a member of the human race. Being a vampire was the closest to his damn sexy good looks.

He closed his eyes and took in a cleansing breath like he was calming himself. I wonder if he was feeling nervous too. But, then again, he could just be controlling his simmering temper directed towards me.

"You will know in due time," he stated, and then in just barely a second, he breached my personal space more than I could ask for and cupped my chin. I clenched my jaw and darted him a cold glare. I was ready to stand my ground if ever he would advance to phase two.

He looked unaffected with my fire though and that pissed me.

"What's important now is *you* and *me*." He stressed the pronouns like it had a damn soul.

"There is NO you and me," I spat, giving no meaning to it. I willed myself to distance from him by stepping back but his other hand captured my slim waist. He pressed his body to mine and Gods, I

could instantly feel something protruding down his abdomen, poking deliciously against my belly. This was uncharted territory for me obviously so it was no surprise I shifted a little to avoid IT.

My eyes unconsciously landed on his mouth - his parted, luscious, lip-pierced mouth. A bullet of sensations instantly fired inside me then. *I need to escape this temptation*, my sane brain planned, but for some reason, I actually anticipated the collision of our mouths.

He leaned his face closer and stated warmly near my cheek, "Andrea, I miss you so much. You don't know how many centuries I have waited for you."

Still... I did not understand what he was saying but *centuries*? He did say that right? Clue number one of him being a vampire. *Yheeyy! What a lovely day for me!*

Nope. I'm dead.

"You are not seriously going to rape me now are you?" I asked sternly, but my voice actually shook. Screaming now won't do any good in a big house. No one would hear me. And considering we - flew? teleported? used the Asgardian Bifrost? - our way here, no one knows I am back in the house.

"No, rape is certainly not the issue here Andrea. I don't do rape because I know you would willingly give yourself to me. You want me as much as I want you. You can't deny that. I can feel your desire."

Amidst how dreadful it would sound, I have to admit, he got it right on the spot. I would be lying if I say I didn't feel the attraction between us. I would be lying if I say that I am not affected by his charms or whatever that was called. He was a hot butler. A hot man in totality. Who wouldn't be attracted to him?

I am still a virgin. I should be cowering right now for a possible deflowering but hey, even the members of the Society for Never-Been-Touched Virgin Maidens dream of experiencing a crazy, hot, sweat-covered best sex of their life! I have a feeling that this man in front of me can deliver that. Why? Because of his kiss.

I was cut off from my thoughts when Eriol pressed his lips on mine. And then the bullet was shot. I felt lovely sensations run through every fiber of my being immediately. I was supposed to slap him of course and ran away, but this ultimately stoned me on the floor. His kiss was creating havoc in my brain. I couldn't process any other reflexive responses other than to part my lips more and give him a wider access of my mouth. It felt unusual at first to have the lip-piercing touch my lips but after a few seconds, I adjusted.

His right hand wandered into my head and threaded the locks of my long, auburn hair, while the other one, pulled me even closer so that I would be pinned in his body.

Oh. No. No. No. Not this again. I am feeling IT poking at my belly once again and this time, I can't deny that I want to poke it back!

"Yes, kiss me back An..dre..ahh..." he said ever so sensually when our lips briefly parted. I was already panting, feeling like I had run a marathon race while he looked like he was just in a casual walk around the park.

I noticed his smirk, no doubt reading my thoughts.

"I will make our first night slow for you, don't worry. I will fuck you like you are just sleeping," he explicitly declared whilst unzipping the back of my dress.

I unconsciously bit my bottom lip in response.

Chapter 7 - Hands Down The Best 'O'

"No. I...I don't think I can do this," I said, putting my hands in between us and pushing him lightly backward. *Huh! Finally! Some sense coming back to me.* But that didn't so much as linger. It was immediately tossed out of the door when Eriol cupped my butt and lifted me up effortlessly into the mattress.

As soon as I hit it, he launched himself on top of me and brought his lips back into mine. It was a slow kiss at first, but then it became hard when his tongue darted inside my mouth. *Oh Gods, I was actually eager to spar with it!*

He sucked my tongue. Made a tornado out of it. And then massaged it with heavenly grace. The twirling of his tongue was similar to a symphony of orchestra; playful and engaging, and I was certainly a captivated audience.

Eriol's hand moved down my thighs and then gathered the hem up to my abdomen with precision. I felt the coldness of the air pass in between my legs immediately, but his adept fingers pressed against the folds made me feel more conscious. Gently, he grazed a finger in my still-covered clit. In reaction, I gave out a low moan. *Damn, this happens to be my first intimate sensation and I feel that I am almost at my orgasm already.*

"I am your butler, Andrea. Give me the pleasure of pleasuring you," he said sluggishly in my ear and with that, he slid his fingers inside my black cotton underwear and rubbed my swelling bell with finesse.

I let out a loud gasp of 'ahhs' and closed my eyes. Closed it to feel the new sensation more. But Eriol, as dominating as he was, ordered me stiffly, "Open your eyes."

I didn't.

He rubbed my crevice from pole to pole VI.GO.RIOUS.LY and then smoothly inserted two fingers inside my slick cavern. That ultimately made me writhe in pleasure.

"Open your eyes I say. I want you to see who is finger-fucking you now," he grunted.

I did as he told, although half-liddedly. A smirk appeared on his lips. He retreated his fingers and inserted it again. Retreat, insert. Retreat, insert. Retreat, insert. *Oh, Gods. What a professional!* The slick pattern of it immediately gave me an explosion of sensations from my feet to my head.

It started with a numbing, ticklish feeling in my feet, then it crawled up to my legs, and into my breasts, ending with a million streaks of electricity in my nipples. My head then felt like it was

being dipped in water - minus the literal drowning of course - and being massaged with hands applied with jasmine-scented lotion.

Is this an orgasm? WOW. What a bliss, but I have a feeling this wasn't even the best part. I know this because that THING; that wonderful, muscle-packed, vein-engorged, fully-loaded erection of his was still under his black slacks. I was so ready to rip them out of him actually.

"Eriol..." I uttered weakly. Now that my orgasm had eased, a sense of reasoning finally returned to me. I couldn't say the word '*no more*' bluntly, but I shook my head. I had hoped that he understood my message, but he just looked at me with desire-filled eyes still.

"We are not done yet, An..dre..ahh," he said with so much promise, so much confidence it made my heart stop beating for a moment.

He straightened up, pulled out his shirt, and I could immediately see the finest, most-shaped, mouth-watering male physique in the entire world, and no, I am definitely not exaggerating. He even has a tattoo in his left bicep; in black ink, a mixture of an artsy sun and moon. I find it surprisingly sexy.

Looking at him like this, I thought: *This is just half of his body. How much more if he gets all naked in front of me? Maybe I would have a cardiac arrest for sure.*

I was still panting when he hoisted me up to sit. He reached for my back and continued to unzip my gown. Easy was it to be pulled out of my convulsing body and so fast it almost made me think that he used his whatever-power to make me naked quicker.

Again, I pleaded my case. Sense of reason coming on me again and this time, I was able to finally say a loud 'NO'. I know that I desire him, but I believe that this was just too fast. Everything was too fast. I have just known him yesterday. If anything, I would have wanted to date him first. Experience all the firsts at the same time and share our likes and dislikes exactly just like a normal couple would.

With what was happening, it made me feel like this was just a casual fling. That by the end of this night, Mr. Hot Butler here was just doing his job pleasing his guests during their stay. I don't want that to happen to me. I don't want a one-night stand - although I know it would be a mind-blowing sex - but no, still I am not taking any chances.

"No." This time it was he who said it. I covered my exposed breasts with one arm while I waited for him to continue, but he quickly pushed me back to lie in the mattress and pinned both of my hands on each side. Picture Kate Winslet on her Titanic nude sketch - that's exactly what I looked like top naked and with the tear-drop diamond necklace still clasped around my neck.

"I still want to hear you moan." With a lulling effect on his voice, I immediately felt drowsy, exactly the same thing that happened to me yesterday in the airport and inside the BMW car.

I wonder if this was part of his unearthly powers. I badly wanted to know the answer because I am in for a lot of sleeping if that was the case. *Huh! Talk about fucking me as if I am sleeping.*

Before I could react, he quickly interrupted me with another torpedoing tongue. When he withdrew, what came out from my mouth was another soft moan.

He trailed kisses down my neck, disregarding the necklace, and then proceeded to mouth one painfully erect nipple. He sucked and twirled his tongue like the maestro that he was in my mouth, and kneaded my breasts tenderly at the same time.

It made me deliciously dizzy the whole time.

After lingering a full heavenly minute on my breasts, he continued his attentions on my thighs, stroking and caressing my legs until he pulled my underwear swiftly. Without wasting a minute, he parted my legs and I know, my womanhood immediately said *hello*.

I made a gasp, a really loud gasp as I felt his divine tongue there. Exactly down there. How bold was that?!

If this was what he calls foreplay, then I am already an addict. Every flick of his tongue was perfect. Every wet contact was beyond imagination. The cold, hard metal that was his lip-piercing pressing my soft folds actually felt unfamiliar, but nevertheless, surprisingly arousing. I just closed my eyes and let out a series of moans.

At one time, it made me wonder if I could find something better than this, and then it hit me. YES, there's one. He still hasn't released his boa, and *that* boa, I am sure makes one hell of a constriction.

"You taste so good, Andreahh... You don't know how much I have craved for this," he stated, stopping temporarily from his licks.

"Eriol... please..."

I didn't know if my *please* meant to stop or continue, but hell, he didn't mind to confirm it at all because he continued anyway with his onslaught.

I felt blood pool in my belly then, coupled with a throbbing ache ready to explode. Three. Two. One. And explode it did when he nibbled on my central bell. *Was the roof torn apart? Because I can definitely see stars now.*

I stifled a whine through a bite in my forefinger. No. I will not give him the pleasure of hearing me moan again. But damn, it was so hard considering I just received the best oral any woman can have, virgin or not.

Yeah. Hands down, THE. BEST. ORAL.

I closed my eyes and felt my body convulse in maximum limit. *Second orgasm for me. Zero for Eriol.*

After a few measured breaths, I rose up slightly and dropped my gaze on him, on his sexy face in between my legs. Our eyes met and I saw his smoldering gaze, but then the corners of his mouth twitched - like *disappointed* twitch. I don't know why. I am not a mind reader. He *is*. I wonder if he had read something inside me that made him feel like that.

"You look good like this Andrea. I like it." He straightened and browsed me in my most vulnerable form, huffing and all heated up. He knew what I wanted. He knew what I ached. He knew what I was about to beg out of my mouth. Just by looking at his eager face, I could see that he wanted a share of a mind-blowing orgasm too but no, hell no. I realized, based on the brief twitch of his mouth, it wasn't going to happen.

He touched my clit again sensually. I jerked forward. With the super-sensitive state of my womanhood right now, anything foreign contacting it would be welcomed.

"You are so wet, so juicy..." He encircled his fingers on my opening.

I clenched my jaw, trying not to bite my lip.

"You look like you are so ready to be fucked by me Andrea, but no. No. I am not going to give it to you now," he said so sternly. "Until I feel your heart free of any hesitation, THIS is only what will be of us."

He brought his slick fingers near his mouth and smelled my aroma. Shock instantly registered my face. But it was not only that! He fucking licked his fingers and tasted my post-orgasm juice, looking at me at the same time with glowing red eyes. *Damn... Damn... Damn... SO HOT! SO HOT!*

I felt relieved with his words, yes, but did I just hear my mind shout out a disagreement?

He then stood up out of the bed, picked up his shirt from the floor, stared at me most pervertedly again, and suddenly disappeared in my front without a trace.

I fell stunned seeing his supernatural exit but I was dumbfounded more of my current state. Naked. Hot. Wet hot. In the throes of another orgasm. And he just freaking left! What a complete fool! I honestly thought he was going to go all the way with me and now, he suddenly holds back?

What the fuck!

But what am I even saying? I should be happy right now. I should be relieved. But... but then why do I feel suddenly so incomplete?

I pulled the blanket to cover my body and palmed my face with both of my hands. That was when I noticed, my eyes were already wet with tears. I didn't even have a clue I was crying. *Wait.* Was this the reason why he backed out? Were my tears really that compelling to halt him in his tracks?

Looking at a few angry kiss marks on my cleavage, I immediately realized three things.

One was that although a part of me longed for him, I was glad it never happened. That I am still an intact flower, thank the Gods. Two. I was beginning to feel that staying in this house for three weeks ain't going to be easy. Three. Because I feel that I am going to ache more of his touch from this point onward.

Chapter 8 - A Sudden Intrusion

I woke up in the morning trying to figure out what to do besides doing my routine morning care of course. I hoped to skip breakfast and just directly leave the house just so that I could avoid *him*, but when I checked on my iPhone in the bedside table, I found a message from my Auntie telling me that she wanted to see me first thing in the morning, and by that, she meant taking breakfast together.

I wasn't hungry though. Eriol, just as you would expect of a butler, sent a maid in my room to give me my tray of dinner. That was *after* he left me feeling - well -*full* in a different sense. I thought it was kind of him to do that. He knew that I wasn't able to eat at the charity ball because of Mr. DaisVita's apparent attention-grabbing stomachache.

When I opened the tray, it was full of specialized cuisines better than what I saw at the party. There was also a card in it with my name written on the front and it said, *"Thank you for the feast, Milady. Now, let me make it up to you. Eat up and enjoy. I cooked it myself."* And at the bottom of it, words were written complete with a wink and a smiley with tongue thrusting out, *"P.S. I didn't place poison in it. Only an aphrodisiac."*

Nice. Nice. Was this his way of teasing me? Because I seriously don't consider it funny. I never knew vampires can cook. Well, that's *if* he was truly a vampire.

Clue number two that I have was that he has a supernatural quickness of whipping up such delicious-looking grub. Clue number three - his way of transporting from one place to the other. Clue number four - although he seems to be unaffected by sunlight, he still wore sunglasses when he drove me and my Auntie in the shopping district. I am not even sure if that was even counted as a clue, but no bother. Everything counts if it was Eriol we are talking about. I am certainly curious of him, but it's better not to push my luck on these clues. I wouldn't want to end up being sucked dry if I turn out to be right.

The food he cooked was so good, I had to take second servings in order to sate my hunger. And that consequently *is* the reason why I am not hungry this morning. However, since my Auntie requested it, I might as well go downstairs and eat with her. A banana this morning would be good. I am actually craving for it right now.

When I arrived at the dining room an hour later, my Auntie was already there, sitting in her usual chair. What immediately caught my breath was her companion, standing a few feet away from her and talking. It was Eriol back in his butler suit.

He eyed me then even though I was as quiet as a mouse, hiding behind a Roman God bust.

Aunt Marcella turned around to look at my way and then joyfully stated, “Andi! What are you doing there? Come here, dear.”

I stepped out and slowly strode towards the table wearing a beaming smile. Eriol just stared at me, no nod of acknowledgment or a greeting of good morning.

After kissing my Auntie’s cheek in greeting, I sat on my chair. *Gosh. What an awkward situation. Aunt Marcella is in my front but all I am thinking now is Eriol’s lovely mouth in my...*

Shit. Shake it off! Shake it off!!!

I shook my head quickly. *Gods, has he entranced me or something?* All I could ever think of this morning was his lip-pierced mouth, how it made a feast on my clit, and how his cold piercing nudged at my flesh. Most likely, it was a contributory factor in my orgasms, but I do believe that with or without it, he was still one superb *entertainer*.

“So, how was your night?” Aunt Marcella asked. There was a hint of mischievousness in her eyes that I couldn’t disregard. I slightly choked on the banana I was eating then when I thought she was asking me about my *tryst* with her butler.

“Pardon Auntie?” I asked, clarifying her question.

“Ohhh, don’t you play dumb with me Andi. Mr. Enrique Rafael DaisVita? How was your night with him? I am pretty sure it went well judging from your look today.”

Look? What look? Does my face show that I just had the best oral of my life last night?

My Auntie really was a straightforward person. She didn’t waste time juicing me up with details on my night with Mr. Rich Man. Unfortunately, there was no *juice* with him, but with Mr. Hot Butler? *Overflowing with it. Hah!*

“You’re silly Auntie. Nothing happened between me and Mr. DaisVita,” I answered whilst glancing briefly at Eriol who fleetingly produced a smart grin. *I bet he enjoyed watching me undergo this interrogation. Good thing Aunt Marcella seemed oblivious of our actions.*

She raised her brows in disbelief, landing her attention on the business paper that Eriol held.

“Really? If so, then why do you look different today? You look more blooming and akin to a woman in the beginnings of falling in love.”

Again, I choked on my banana. *Sheesh, such a hopeless romantic she is.*

“Oh? Do I now?” I said crossing my arms on my chest and squinting my eyes on her way trying to look ugly. This got her laughing immediately.

"Goodness, Andi. You sure need more persuasion on the matters of the heart. I honestly thought you like Enrique. He is a handsome man, rich, has good sense of humor-"

"And a Casanova hound," I abruptly added. "Seriously Auntie. You are trying to hook me up with him? All I see in that man is his eagerness to get me laid right away!"

Then my eyes shot a glare on Eriol who still stood silently near us. *The nerve of him. Playing like an innocent angel.*

"Oh hush..." she rebuked. "He is just too besotted with you. You do realize you were wearing a plunging neckline. Any man who looks at you would desire you immediately."

I was shocked by her words. I do know the eccentricity of my Aunt, but I didn't realize she was this much open-minded with these kinds of issues; definitely unlike my mother who prefers the traditional way of how social relationships work. However, I guess Aunt Marcella has a point. Maybe Mr. DaisVita was captivated with me because of how I dressed last night. Maybe I criticized his actions way too much.

My eyes betrayed me and briefly glanced at Eriol again. I felt heat in my cheeks then when I saw his orbs flame with desire. I bet he understood my Auntie's point too. He is a man. He knows what exactly she was saying.

I would have commented on her statement, but as if right on cue, her new model BlackBerry cellphone rang. I directed my attention on a slice of California-raisin bread, lathered it with unsalted butter, and bit on it leisurely as I listened to her conversation with her caller. I didn't miss it when she mentioned Mr. DaisVita's name and something about *coming over*. As soon as she ended the call, all intentions were made known.

"It was Enrique dear, and you would be delighted to know that he is coming over here now. Isn't that lovely?"

Yeah. Right. Lovely for you. Not for me.

"He said he wants to apologize to you in person for his unusual behavior last night."

Having a stomachache really isn't unusual, that's what I thought. Unless it has something to do with a certain supernatural being which was in this case named Eriol. He did make it clear last night that he was the cause of Mr. DaisVita's predicament.

"I...I don't think that is a good idea, Auntie," I quickly stated, giving her a serious look whilst feeling worried about Mr. DaisVita. Whatever Eriol did to him, he might do that again later, possibly even worse. I don't even know why he did that though, but I have a feeling it has something to do with me and his obvious jealousy.

Again, I have to ask, why was he jealous in the first place anyway?

Aunt Marcella forked a piece of ham and then looked at me. "Why?" she asked and I immediately answered, "He doesn't really need to apologize. I honestly understood the situation last night. Coming here.." my voice faltered for a moment, "is too much."

"He did mention that that is not the only reason why he wanted to see you," my Aunt replied. I felt my hands sweat this time. "He wants to invite you to dinner, Andi. He had asked my permission to date you."

Talk about a quick approach. How about asking for my permission then? Doesn't that count?

"What? Seriously Auntie? That's all the more reason why he shouldn't come here!" I squeaked.

"I don't think that's a bad idea at all, Milady Andrea," Eriol suddenly butted in. The swiftness of his voice immediately raised my heartbeat. *What now? What is he seriously going to say now?* "Pardon my intrusion, but I say let Milord DaisVita come Milady. Your beauty is designed to be praised by your admirers."

He is taunting me, I tell you. He is taunting me!

"Oh Eriol!" My Auntie actually giggled and I saw her hand lightly pat his left elbow. "You are such a gentleman. Don't make Andi blush too much, she might end up having a fever."

Eriol's lips actually curled up into a tight grin and his eyes bore a dark, cold look when he stared at me. I was sure deep inside that perverted brain of his, he was planning on something sinister on the poor man.

Aunt Marcella turned to face me and stated, "Anyway, you should go back to your room now and start preparing yourself. He will be here in a few minutes from now dear. You should look your best."

I am at my best! My mind screamed. I don't use push-up bras in order to swell my breasts and I don't use heavy make-up in order to hide my normalcy. This is my definition of *best* - my normal me - and I don't need a man to change that, thank you!

I know I have lost my battle for freedom. Two votes versus one? How fair was that? But being a responsible guest and niece, I conceded. I nodded to her and said "alright" but before I could stand up, I heard Aunt Marcella instruct something to Eriol.

"I want you to send this together with the package in UPS after you drop me off in Alecsa. Make sure everything is on time," she said with authority, in her hand was the business paper I saw earlier.

My brows rose and gave her a questioning look. "You're going out Auntie?" I asked, curiosity peaked in me. I am relieved to know now that Eriol won't be in the house when Mr. DaisVita comes. At least, he will be safe.

"Yes, dear. Today is Tuesday. It is baccarat day with my friends," she answered plainly, knowing that I understood what she meant by *baccarat day*. It seems old habits are really hard to stop huh? I guess this milder form of gambling was her way of relieving her stress and loneliness. "I won't be here later so be sure to share everything to me tonight alright?" she added and winked at me.

Oh, dear. She really was in the peak of her matchmaking mode. I am quite sure she's taking advantage of my vacation.

A happy smile broke out from my lips, but I didn't show that to Eriol. However, he can read my thoughts so I know it was still a worthless move. I kissed my Auntie on the cheek and left the dining room hastily. I have something in plan when Mr. DaisVita comes and in order for that to happen, I had to wear my sassy cowboy boots first.

Chapter 9 - Mr. Flogger and His Horses

Humming, I changed my clothes and footwear in a much proper one.

As opposed to earlier, I felt pretty much confident now. Mr. DaisVita and his Casanova ways weren't my problem anymore. Well, by heart, I still believe that he'd endlessly pour words of delight to inflate my lungs and he'd try to get all touchy with me, but unlike last night, I am now prepared. The location I had in mind for our meeting would be the proper place for a civil talk: in my Auntie's ranch. I figured, what could go wrong in a place full of horses and manure right?

After changing, I walked out of my bedroom and into the outside porch. I leaned on the metal railing and waited. From this angle, I could see the whole of the front gate, the main garden, the driveway, and the parking lot. It was a beautiful view altogether. I actually enjoyed the time just scanning the place.

Fifteen minutes past, I saw the BMW leave the house. Ten minutes later, I saw a new flashy car enter the driveway. Inside it was Mr. Rich Man driving the sleek red Ferrari.

Although it was forced, I brought out a smile on my face.

Mr. DaisVita stepped out of his vehicle, eyed me, and waved a hand.

I waved back, smiling, but my teeth still didn't show.

"A lovely morning, *mi amor*," he greeted loudly, his head straining up to look at me on the second floor of the house. His thick brownish red hair complemented the red coating of his automobile.

Gods, that endearment again. I hate to be called that, or mostly I hate that *he* was the one who calls me that.

"Good morning Mr. DaisVita," I greeted back, leaning low on the marble balustrade.

"Please call me Enrique or Rafael, *mi amor*," he advised. "Won't you invite poor me inside your beautiful castle?"

Right on cue, I spotted the mini-golf cart of the ranch driving nearer us. This time, I grinned.

"Don't worry, just wait for me. I will go down there now. The golf cart has arrived."

"Golf cart?" he echoed, clearly confused. I didn't bother with answering him and just turned to leave the porch. After a minute, I was on the ground floor, exiting the house. His eyes immediately took in my appearance when I walked towards him.

"Wow, you look sexy in those boots," he commented, appraising me from head to foot with delight in his eyes.

I mouthed a 'thank you' in response.

Once again, he took my right hand and bestowed a kiss on it slowly. Despite myself, a small blush crept in my cheeks in response.

"I am happy that you accepted my sudden visit here, Andrea," he said when he withdrew.

No. I didn't accept it. My Aunt did. Those were in my thoughts, but to avoid being bitchy, I chose to answer this instead, "It is nothing Enrique. I have free time today anyway."

"Then, I am a very lucky man," he replied and then winked at me.

No. You wouldn't have been if Eriol is here. I rolled my eyes to the side and appeared to look like I was thinking. "Hmm... maybe you could say that," I said in the end.

My attention was caught when the golf cart arrived. He turned around and saw it too. "Oh, so this was what you were saying earlier," he said, smiling back at me.

"Yes. Auntie wants me to tour you in her ranch," I lied, but it was the only way for us to be in an open place and not in the house where anything can happen, like say...kiss me suddenly?

"I see. That explains you wearing boots too." He bobbed his head in understanding. "And here I am, wearing polished black shoes, slacks, and a long-sleeved shirt. Totally not fit for the location."

For a moment there, I thought he was complaining. He looked too formal for my taste though, but it wasn't his fault in the first place.

"It's fine. You don't need to ride a horse if you're worried about your attire," I assured, walking then to the cart that was now parked right in front of us. I climbed in, sat on the metal seat, and waited for his answer.

"I could make an exemption if it is with you," he finally stated and then cast me a sexy grin, standing near me with a hand on my lap. I wanted to smack it out actually but didn't in the end. "Especially... when you are the one riding me," he added to my apparent shock.

Seriously, was this his way of turning up his charm? He was already throwing sexual innuendos at me early in the morning and he hasn't even started apologizing yet!

I gave him a tight-lipped smile and then scooted to the right to give him space to sit in. "We should go. The sun is very precious," I said, avoiding his sticky gaze.

Our ride commenced, with me trying to lean away from him while he was throwing an arm on my back. For a bystander, it would really look like we are couples. We were silent the first few minutes

of the ride, admiring the garden and the landscape near and ahead of us, but then Enrique started to speak, clearly dying to make a conversation with me.

"I want to apologize to you for last night," he said, eyeing me. "Believe me, it wasn't what you think. I have a superb nutritional diet and I am a healthy, *virile* man."

I scoffed in my head. He actually stressed the word *virile*!

"Last night, I don't know why, but I suddenly felt like there was someone punching me thrice in the stomach. It was so painful. Like my insides were being crushed to death. I had to vomit in the lounge then. Good thing you weren't there to see it."

I wasn't able to focus on his words because I was preoccupied with my thoughts on Eriol. He actually did that much on him? But how? How was he able to inflict damage on this poor man without us even noticing? I guess this was clue number five of him being a vampire - the power of invisibility.

But wait. Do vampires actually have a power like that? I definitely don't think so. How about *persuasion*? I have read a lot of books that vampires can get an easy lay using that power. Eriol can persuade him to think that someone punched him. It was a possibility. Or maybe an *illusion*? Jane in the Twilight book used the same powers, right? Maybe Eriol has that ability too.

My mind was so messed up with the information that I didn't even notice Enrique already cinching his hand on my waist. *What a smooth move. From my shoulders to my waist. Great. I really should be more cautious of him.*

"You look sad, *mi amor*," he said as I met this gaze. He actually misread my apparent alarmed expression as a sad one. *Huh!* "I'm touched. It makes me think that you care for me."

I do care for you, you bastard! Your life that is! Eriol is seriously going to kill you and I don't even know why?!

He pulled me closer to him and I immediately pushed him back. "Let's... not get too comfortable, Mr. DaisVita," I said, smiling awkwardly and directing my glare on the cart driver's back.

"Please, how many times did I tell you to just call me by my first names," he pleaded with kitten eyes. *Huh! He doesn't even look cute!*

"If you insist," I said, crossing my arms once again. He awarded me with a pleased smile afterward.

Another couple of minutes later and we finally arrived at our destination. The Winner Family's ranch was the ultimate spa for purebred horses. They have state-of-the-art equipment and accessories, a spacious running field, and well-trained personnel. Not only did they have horses, but also herds of cattle and sheep located in different sections too. I could really say that this was a

haven for these animals and an advantage for the nearby community too for my Aunt's meat business was the most sought-after.

"Where are the horses, Mister Leo?" I asked the driver of the golf cart directly after we disembarked. It was weird that there weren't any horses in the yard this morning. They are supposed to be brought outside in order to be fed and exercised.

"Inside the stable Ms. Andrea," he said, regarding me and my companion conspicuously. I bet he was also thinking that we are couples.

"Oh, I see. Thank you, Sir," I said.

"You're welcome, Ms. Andrea. Enjoy your tour," he replied, tipping his cowboy hat that covered his graying hair.

As we headed our way, I had to distance myself from Enrique so that he wouldn't hook an arm on me again. I was glad that he got the message and refrained from doing it.

"This is my first time here," he started as we walked along the cobblestone pathway into the sterilized stable. "I had always wondered what is the commotion about regarding the Winner Family meat products and now I know why." He scanned the area from side to side, looking pleased with the sight and added, "This place is really good. I think the animals in my mini zoo at home would definitely love to migrate here."

For the first time since he arrived, I laughed freely. He really has a good sense of humor. I kinda find his statement funny and the way he looks, all fascinated by the sight, made me think he wasn't much of a spoiled rich man as I thought him to be.

"Well, if you are pleased with the place, wait until you see the horses. I bet your jaw would drop," I said, now entering the end-to-end stable.

As soon as we were inside, jaws really did drop. Only this time, it was mine and the horses in their box stalls because standing a few meters away from us, with a sprinkler hose in one hand and a leather cat o' nine tails flogger in the other was Mr. Hot Butler himself; sexy as hell with nothing but leather pants on and black boots. He looked like a shining apparition with the sunlight from the other end of the stable as his backdrop.

My eyes immediately popped out when I saw his abdominal muscles flex when he raised the sprinkler up to cover more body part on a silky black Arabian thoroughbred. I couldn't even possibly avoid looking at the intimidating flogger too.

Why was he even holding a flogger anyway? But more importantly, why was he here? Wasn't he supposed to be running an errand for my Auntie? Wasn't he supposed to be accompanying her? He was supposed to be away from the house now! Why the hell?!

Worry immediately crept inside me. I can bet Mr. DaisVita was no longer safe anymore. That much was sure.

He noticed our presence and immediately turned the sprinkler off. I had to quickly close my mouth before Enrique could see it hanging.

Eriol smoothly walked toward our way, the whole time sizing the man in my side and vice versa.

Their eyes were sparring I can quite clearly see. Enrique didn't look affected by Eriol's apparent shortage of dress, but I am. HECK, I am! I can feel my hands actually wanting to reach out and touch those heavenly slabs of his.

"Milady Andrea, Mr. DaisVita welcome to the ranch," Eriol said when he was but a few inches away from us, his head bowed low. He had his repertoire of butler gestures readily shown and Enrique could notice it. I bet he immediately deduced him as a mere servant of the Winner Family.

"Are the horses fit to be ridden?" Enrique asked in an academic voice. This surprised me. I would have asked Eriol why he was here, but Enrique took the initiative and asked first. Good thing his attention was on the horses.

"Yes, Mr. DaisVita. I have personally inspected them and I say they are fit to be ridden," Eriol replied, his attention on the man. He was still holding the flogger and damn, my mind wandered again to see visions of him holding that thing in front of my naked body.

Shit. Shake it off! Shake it off!

"So you are the caretaker here?" Enrique asked again, inspecting Eriol's overall appearance with a raised brow. His inspection also includes the flogger of course. If I am correct, he just briefly glanced at me with a hint of mischievousness. I may be a virgin but I bet the hint had something to do with the pleasure shop I had accidentally stumbled upon yesterday.

Great. Mr. Rich Man might as well be a Christian Grey-wannabe in the end. The thought of it immediately gave me the chills.

Eriol cleared his throat as if he had just read my mind. What an oaf. *Could you keep your powers to yourself, please?! I am not a freaking open book!*

"No, Mr. DaisVita. I am not the caretaker of the stable. I am the head butler of the Winner Family. I am Eriol," he replied with a well-mannered speech.

"Good! So that means, you can take care of our needs while we are here," Enrique said quickly, then he turned to me and asked, "You want to ride, *mi amor*?"

"Su-sure, I would love to." Although feeling nervous, I croaked a reply, quickly scanning the stable for a white stallion. I saw it immediately, next to the black Arabian thoroughbred's box stall.

This white stallion was my favorite of all the horses the Winner Family has. This was the horse I had been training together with Auntie's step-son, Lorde, while we were still fifteen. I call him, Trinitus - a handsome Andalusian horse.

With a click on his boots, Eriol strolled towards the wall where there were a couple other whips and crops hung upside down. He placed the flogger there too and then went back to our attention.

"We can choose our horses while you *wear your shirt* Eriol," I said, hinting him of my unspoken request.

"Yes, I think that's a good idea," Enrique butted in and then proceeded to walk in a nearby stall where a chocolate brown mustang was placed. He was so engrossed with examining the creature that it gave me a chance to give Eriol an intimidating glare, but he, in his usual cold demeanor, dismissed my concern and headed straight to Trinitus. I didn't even say it out loud yet that it was the horse I wanted to pick but considering he could read my mind, there was no doubt he already knew about it.

Chapter 10 - A Tumble Under the Tree

It has been years since I had my last horse ride with Trinitus so it was no wonder why I am partly having a difficult time now.

Grabbing the horn of the saddle, I poised in an awkward position. My left foot was neatly placed in the stirrup, ready, but for some reason, I can't freaking lift myself up to get to the seat. I remember being able to effortlessly flung myself into the horse but I was younger then, right now, I seriously have gained a bit of weight - and curves - to be unable to get this simple action right.

Enrique, posing as a gentleman of course, helped me up by putting both of his hands on my waist and lifted me to the seat. I immediately shot a glare towards Eriol's way who stood in front of the two horses holding the reins. My glare meant, *don't do anything stupid*, and by *stupid* meant, *don't hurt the man with your supernatural abilities!* He only responded with a cold grin on me with his lip-piercing winking at the same time. This definitely worried me more. *What is this lapdog scheming now?!*

But so far so good. Enrique didn't suddenly feel anything unusual.

I thanked him for helping me and then settled comfortably on Trinitus, smoothing its face with my palm. I saw Enrique help himself up with the mustang and I kinda admire how easily he did so. Maybe he had his own share of horse training too. For a rich man like him, it was no wonder.

"Have an enjoyable ride, Milady Andrea, Mr. DaisVita." As a typical well-wisher, Eriol said after releasing the reins. He glanced on my way and I swear I could see a spark of something naughty in his eyes.

"First one who gets to the top of the highest pine tree wins?" Enrique suddenly suggested. I tore my glare away from Eriol and gave Enrique a winsome smile.

"Sure. You're on!" I declared.

And with a light tap on my feet, Trinitus immediately moved, galloping at first and then gradually running out of the courtyard and into the open field of the ranch in high speed.

I love this feeling: the cold breeze hitting my face, the sunlight caressing my hair, and the united movement with my horse. I feel free. Free of any worries behind me. But this gnawing feeling I have in my gut wouldn't disappear. It wasn't worry for Enrique's safety this time, but for mine.

After covering a kilometer of land, I couldn't see Enrique or his horse anymore.

The only highest pine tree I could find was a few kilometers away from the ranch. It was waving 'hi' at me on top of a hill. The other trees around it were oak, Hackberry, and few other species I couldn't recognize.

With a winning grin on my face, I immediately set my eyes on the prize and guided my steed to that destination. However, Trinitus could really be stubborn sometimes. Instead of me controlling it, it had a mind of its own on where to go. I was doing my best to pull my reins up, trying to guide the horse back on the right track, but for some reason, it was more stubborn than ever before. It actually wanted to wander out of the clearing and into a river hidden by the thick sea of trees.

Thirsty already? That was my thought when I realized where the horse led me.

The place was beautiful. Different kinds of colorful trees welcomed me as Trinitus jogged along the grass clearing. I could hear birds chirping happily and I could distinguish the faint sound of the running water too.

This part of the forest, the sunlight didn't reach that much. The trees had thick leaves making an elegant colorful roof above my head. A smile broke out from my lips. It seems that my stallion really knows what it was doing. It actually read my mind that I do not want to mingle with Enrique anymore. That I wanted to have a peaceful time for myself.

I breathed in deeply, inviting more fresh air into my lungs.

"It seems you have outdone yourself this time Trinitus," I said as I carefully dismounted the animal when it stopped near a willow tree. "This place is beautiful! Thank you for leading me here!"

I turned to gaze at the awesome sight and my heart immediately warmed up. What a breathtaking beauty: the slow waves of the river, the crystal clear water, the fishes swimming, and the sun rays making a lovely reflection. Everything! Everything was just perfect!

I could actually relax here!

After securing the reins of my horse, I squatted on an even grassy ground under the willow tree. I chose this place because the hanging leaves caught my eyes. It was a mystical sight. Just looking at how it flowed low on the ground and coupled by its sweet eucalyptus-like aroma invigorated my senses. I truly feel I am in touch with nature now.

However, my relaxation was immediately disturbed when I suddenly heard the leaves rustle. Right then and there my eyes widened when a man stepped inside my hidden haven.

What luck. Great! Just great!

Standing in my front was Eriol, staring at me with delight in his eyes.

I had soon realized that this was his plan all along. He even used a horse to bring me to this place. Now that I think about it, this place actually looks more like a love den than a relaxation area with the romantic elements clearly visible.

Huh! Bastard. What an able tactician he is.

"Why are you here?" I asked, glaring at him again.

"You did say that I should stay away from that man, Andrea," he stated matter-of-a-factly. "So here I am now, trying my best."

"I did say that but that doesn't mean you would leech yourself to me," I answered, irritated by his unexpected presence. I do value what little relaxation I have in this fast-paced world.

"I prefer to guard my possessions, especially one that matters most to me which is you."

He stepped closer and I began to feel the panic in my lungs.

"I am not your possession!" I spat out, irritated this time not with his presence but with his absurd claim on me. I stood up quickly, not bothering to pat my butt with any sticking grass. I tried to leave, yes, but he held me by the arm and ordered pointblank, "Stay."

I clenched my teeth and frowned. "No, I won't." I knew he was trying to make me feel sleepy again and push his demands, but no, I will not yield this time. "You think that you can affect me with your...charms?" I said acidly, casting him a sharp look. "I don't, so go to Hell."

He scoffed lightly, which surprised me. He actually found my words fascinating?

"I have been to Hell before An..dre..ahhh and it wasn't fascinating," he answered sternly, holding me still in the arm with eyes glowing a faint red. "You are not affected with my...charms huh?" he added and then went to lean in and whisper in my ear, "Hmmm, I don't seem to sense it in you earlier in the stable. If I recall correctly, you wanted to touch me then."

He knew he had hit the jackpot because I furiously blushed in response. The memory of him topless immediately flooded back in my head, complete with the sprinkler hose and the flogger. YES! The freaking cat o'nine tails flogger!

In order to lessen the heat, I quickly diverted my attention and intentionally changed the topic.

"Why are you here anyway?" I asked, avoiding eye contact with him. "You are supposed to be with my Auntie."

I heard him chuckle like he found my question entertaining so I adjusted myself and chanced a look at him. I saw a brief curve in the edge of his lips then.

"I am quick Andrea. I am sure you know that already. And I do things differently. I can always leave my doppelgänger with your Aunt while I am with you."

Doppelgänger? The foreign word immediately escaped my mind. Can vampires actually have that?

"Please, let me go Eriol. I bet Enrique is waiting for me in the pine tree," I requested, straining to make it sound sincere.

He hissed with the mere mention of another man's name. "Like hell I would let you go to that buffoon. I could sense his desire on you Andrea. Very potent. Undeniably strong. He wants a piece of you in his bed as quickly as possible. Do you like that?"

No, I don't like that of course! I don't want to be someone's fuck toy. I don't want to be a casual fling!

I would have wanted to answer that, but him acting gallant now made me think of something too. "And I reckon you have better pure thoughts towards me? Seriously Eriol, you don't need to act like a saint. I am pretty sure you have the same idea as him," I criticized acidly, balling up my fists at the same time.

His hand quickly glided in my waist and pulled me closer to him. It was so close my breasts actually pressed against his chest! I caught my breath when he suddenly grazed his lips on my flushed cheek, the metal piercing sharing its glory too. *Gods. Even this simple gesture made my hormones jump!*

"You sound so sure of yourself and I would have seconded that, Andrea, because it is true," he stated tenderly. My heart immediately went tachycardic. "I desire you, just like last night. I have impure thoughts of you. I want to defile you. I want to *fuck* you and take away your most prized virginity." I gulped. *What a clear-cut confession.* "However, this feeling of desire is but a mere fraction of what I truly feel for you. You know what that is?"

HECK NO! Why ask me?!

"I don't know..." I answered, trying to control the quivering of my lips.

Great. Even my lips yearned to be tested!

"Kiss me and you will know," he answered sluggishly, cupping my face and lifting it up.

"NO," I said, but then again, I could actually take advantage of the situation right? "Not...not until you tell me who you are." *Wallah! I have done it!* Sometimes, you need just a little courage in order to know the truth.

"Hmmm, such an enticing proposition. You really are a temptress yourself." He grinned, pleased with me and here I am, finding it freaking rewarding.

"I just want to know Eriol, your true self. It is making me crazy thinking about it." *Yeah... crazy thinking about my blood being sucked dry.* "I had no more options left."

His eyes glowed bright red in its preternatural way again and this made me lean backward a bit, frightened by the show. "Don't worry. I am not a vampire," he answered after devilishly grinning. "I won't suck you dry after I fuck you." He snickered lightly.

"Then what the hell are you?" I intended to clarify it quickly. Better now than any other day right?

"Hmmm, you said so yourself. I came from Hell An..dre..ahh." He released his right hand on my waist and then stroked its thumb on my parted lips. He licked his own to wet it, no doubt desperate and eager to claim my mouth. And I happen to like seeing it.

"I am a *demon*," he said sternly and my world immediately shrunk.

What the HELL!?

No scratch that.

What the PICKLES!?

In haste, I shoved myself free from his hold, but he was too strong - obviously - to jail me in his embrace.

"I am the Prince of one of the seven deadly sins, An..dre..ahh," he added and my curiosity peaked. *Seven deadly sins?*

I actually thought about Greed, but out of whim, I asked, "And what pray tell is it?"

"LUST," he answered with a soft gravely voice and with that, he devoured my mouth.

His lips. His oh-so-fucking-wet lips adorned with a piercing molded with mine perfectly. It was hot. Really hot. And I say I have never ever been kissed like this before. *Not with my only ex-boyfriend that is.*

Despite myself, I reciprocated him. Well, who wouldn't be if he was this skillful, right?

We kissed in complete abandon for long lethargic minutes that I had to tilt my head in order to clear my breathing. I knew I would be breathless after this but I never knew I would be gasping at the same time when he suddenly crawled his hand under my sweater, unclasped the brassiere, and titillated my breasts.

"No..." I mumbled.

He disregarded my weak protest and proceeded to guide me to lie in the grassy ground. I actually let him. Being intoxicated like this with his kisses means that I am not in my own self again. Was it

because of his power? He did say that he is the Prince of Lust. Probably that explains why I am so willing and wanting right now.

So wanting that I didn't care anymore if he takes my virginity away from me.

Chapter 11 - Unstoppable Vibrations

Media, Ancient Northwestern Iran

House of Raguel

~ Sarah ~

Tick tock. Tick tock.

It was already nine in the evening. Damp was my pillow owing to the stream of tears I released since I shut myself inside my room this afternoon. My eyes swelled like a tomato. My throat felt so dry. My chest weighed like it was being loaded with heavy stone boulders.

Every strike of the clock hand inched me forward towards my goal: death. Yes, I had decided to kill myself.

People in my neighborhood had already called me many names: *murderer*, *witch*, *disease*, a *whore*. I am branded with their unending glares and reproaches. They had called me *cursed*. They had told me that my soul was already damned in Hell.

Why you ask?

Well, because I lost seven husbands. Before the consummation of our marriage, before they can even touch me, they all suddenly die and I don't even know why.

"Oh, merciful God! Almighty Lord! Why must I suffer like this? Please take me into your hands! I can't take it anymore. Give me the strength to end my life!" I shouted and raised my arms into the ceiling. In my front lay a kitchen knife I have procured early this morning from the kitchen.

I know killing myself was an absurd idea, but this was the only solution I can think of in order to relieve my family of my problem and save them from embarrassment. My family supports me but I feel that they are scared too. Well, who wouldn't be right? Seven men are dead and we have no culprit. Their fear was understandable.

My hands shook when I took the knife and held it up; the tip of the blade targeting my heart. Surely, the laundry maid wouldn't bother washing this beautiful white dress I am wearing when it will be covered with my blood. She will most likely throw it away or even burn it.

As expected, I did not get an answer from my prayer, but I feel a sense of determination come over me. If my life was worthless and my soul already damned in Hell, then I might as well do this.

"I'm sor...ry," I said with deep, deep, *deep* regret and sadness whilst looking up at the empty ceiling.

With one swift motion, I dipped the knife down - eyes closed, teeth gritted waiting for the inevitable - but before it would contact my heart, a sudden strong force stopped me, and then I felt large hands hold my wrists.

I opened my eyes expecting to see someone in front of me, but I saw no one. I am still alone. Surprise was what immediately registered in my face. *What on earth is this?!*

I pulled and shook my hand, but the invisible force continued to hold me down. In the middle of taking back control, I then suddenly heard a mystical voice say, *"Please don't, My Dear Heart. My Love. Please don't kill yourself. I need you."*

It was a man's voice; strong, firm, with a hint of supremacy, yet it was at the same time soft and tender. I was instantly mesmerized by it.

His words were pleading... asking me to spare my life. It was only natural for me to be frightened by the disembodied voice, but surprisingly, I felt no fear at all. The sincerity in his voice immediately ripped that feeling away.

My mind couldn't process his words at first, but the moment it did, I broke down and cried heavier than I had been doing since this afternoon; renewed tears flowed endlessly in my cheeks. I had been filled with so many continuous rejections these past few months that it overwhelmed me knowing that I am cared for. That I am needed. Whoever this entity was, he immediately made me feel accepted and loved. I didn't mind that instant if this was God's way of answering my plea.

"I'm sorry... so sorry... I had to. This is the only answer," I said in between sobs. I gasped when the knife was pulled from my hold and flew into the corner of my room, out of my reach. My hands consequently went limp after being relieved of the burden.

"No. I don't want you to kill yourself. Please... don't leave me to a place where I cannot follow you," the entity stated with a warm, lulling voice making me slightly drowsy.

"Who are you?" I asked, naturally curious. My suicidal ideations, I can safely say, was already forgotten because of his sudden presence.

I sat up, my wet eyes scanning the small area of my room trying to find a clue. A shadow, a mist, a butterfly, anything would do. I just want to assure myself that I am not hallucinating. That I am not crazy. I want to see him. I want to see the person behind the lovely voice.

"I am your Guardian Angel, Dear Heart," he answered and then I felt the foot of the bed dip slightly.

It was a good clue.

I wiped my tears using the back of my hands to make my vision clearer.

A Guardian Angel. Wow... My own Guardian Angel.

The reality of it made my heart jump with joy. Finally, I have someone I can turn to. Someone I can pour all my sadness away. With this revelation, I felt the heaviness in my chest lighten.

"Show yourself please. What is your name?" I asked, really hoping that he would oblige. I do not want to think that I am going crazy now, talking to someone who was invisible. I wanted concrete proof. If he was really my Guardian Angel, he could do this much right?

"I am Aeshma," he answered plainly and then I saw the depression of the bed disappear. It alarmed me for a moment thinking that he left but then I suddenly felt warm, powerful arms envelope me, followed by a hard chest pressing me from behind.

I whiffed out a lingering smell then, something between roses and spice. I would have turned around to see him but his arms tightened their hold, disabling me on the spot. My heartbeat, if it was already bounding like crazy earlier, even worsened.

"I want to see your face," I whispered while blushing, feeling sensitive to the way he held me. If he was truly an angel, I wonder if they are allowed to touch humans like this.

"If I show you, will you not scream? I am worried you will be scared of me," he asked, which by the way was a ridiculous idea. Who on Earth wouldn't want to see an angel? And who on Earth would be scared of them?

"I will not. I give you my word," I said calmly.

I waited for probably a full minute until I felt his arms loosen. After that, I turned my head to where a bright light appeared, just near my bed. My eyes widened as I behold the entity stand in all his holy glory. I expected myself to be in awe watching a divine beauty, but I didn't expect it to be this much. No words could ever describe how speechless I am.

He stood stiff, guarded, but he had soft, glowing golden eyes. His half-spread wings looked beautifully black which was odd because I honestly thought angels have white wings. He had a long black hair up to his knees and he wore what looked like leather armor and pants, in the same shade of shining black. If I can find a better word other than handsome, that would be it because his face... his face was more than ethereal.

I smiled. His expression changed from sad to surprised when he saw it.

"You're not scared of me?" he asked, obviously fascinated with my reaction.

"As a matter of fact, no. I am not scared of you. You look beautiful," I stated calmly. It was the most straightforward answer I could give. Then, I saw his eyes twitch a bit like he was disappointed. I soon realized that something was amiss with my Guardian Angel. Something felt different about him, but out of respect, I didn't ponder further.

"Promise me you won't attempt killing yourself again, Sarah?"

The way he asked it was a bit commanding, but it warmed my heart even more. I know it was already expected of my Guardian Angel to worry about me, but there was something behind his words that I couldn't put my finger on. Come to think of it, what did he mean when he said he *needed* me? He did call me *'My Love'* at the same time too. Do Guardian Angels actually use that kind of endearment?

"I promise. As long as you're here with me. Thank you for giving me hope, Aeshma."

He smiled a serene smile when I said that and my heart immediately leaped. He really was handsome. If he was a real human, I would have fallen in love with him right on the spot.

But I wonder, what if I can make an exception?

Present

Winner Estate Forest

Andrea

My mind left any reasoning behind when Eriol joined me in the grassy ground. I might probably be right that this was his perverted demon power overwhelming me, but heck, I want him badly now, so much that I can disregard the fact that we were not in a comfortable bed.

He kissed me again, doing his signature tongue swirls in my mouth. I opened it wide to give him more access and so that my tongue can do wonders on his mouth too.

I licked the tip of his piercing, instantly feeling its metal coldness. I have seen a lot of males wearing accessories like him but this was the first time ever I find it sexy.

He groaned under his breath when I grazed my hands on his male planes. Yes. He was indeed right when he said I wanted to touch them earlier. I am taking advantage of the situation now since my hands had been itching to do it.

He brought his kisses harder this time - sucking, biting, and thrusting it - all the while doing magical hand massages on my breast and waist with his right hand.

Gods. I had to admit that he really is one Prince of Lust because he definitely knows what he is doing.

I guided my hands down to his belly and traced my fingers in those beautifully-sculpted cracks of his waist. I know I am a virgin but I do have foreknowledge what this action could do to a man - even to a demon in disguise.

He immediately grabbed my left hand, stopping their sensual stroking, and then I heard him groan loudly.

"Tsk. Tsk. Tsk. You are so naughty Andrea. You're really testing my patience," he said in frustration.

I grinned in victory.

"Be patient. I still have to give you your favorite," he continued after withdrawing and sitting in my side. A twinkle of mischief was, for a moment, visible in his eyes.

"My favorite?" I echoed, confused about what he said. I saw him pull something out of his leather pants pocket and lifted it up for me to see. It was a pink jelly material, just half the size of his palms. It was flat, shaped like a curved triangle, with flaps on each side.

My mind couldn't register what it was, but I have a feeling it had something to do with his wicked smile.

He joined me once again and I immediately felt his weight on top me.

"It is a shame you are wearing jeans now, but no bother, I can still make it really good for you," he stated sexily, grazing his lips in the shell of my ear.

Ohhh... What a lovely feeling.

He kissed the plane of my neck, nibbled on my earlobe, and sucked on a skin in my jaw he had managed to capture with his mouth. I know my attention was all focused on these acts alone but it didn't prevent me to notice his hands slowly unzipping my jeans.

He effortlessly inserted two of his fingers in my underwear like I don't even have the jeans on. I yelped as I felt the cold, flat jelly object press into the pad of my pussy just above my clit. I didn't understand why he did so, but when it started to vibrate *that's* when I realized what it was.

"Ahhh!"

"Easy An..dre..ahh..." he stated when I immediately pushed myself up, surprised by the vibration. He didn't let me, jailing my arms on each side so that I would be lying on the ground still.

"A vibrator is not my favorite!" I cried when I saw him grin widely, obviously enjoying my little pleasure.

"You prefer a *dildo* then?" he clarified quickly.

Oh my goodness! He actually said it!

That infuriated me.

"Obviously NOT! But that's beside the point! Take it out Eriol please!"

I huffed, feeling gradually hot down there. I only realized that it was just the start when the freaking vibrator intensified. As in IN.TEN.SI.FIED!!!

"Ahhhh!" I screamed again when my clit responded. *Shit. So this is what it feels like to have this pleasure toy. No wonder women my age love this.*

"An..dre..ahh... Are you sure you want me to take it out?" Eriol asked huskily, still looking at me with those lustful eyes of his.

"YES!" I cried. Gods. I cried. But I don't even know if I was answering his question or I was praising the exquisite moment.

"Yes what Andrea? Tell me what you want."

Shit. Does he really need to hear me say it?!

I tried to stand again, shoving him out of my way, but he was adamant on rooting me in place.

"Eriol..." I uttered. I got the right response from him when I felt his hard erection nudge at the side of my leg.

"Accept it An..dre...ahh... Don't hold back. I can feel your arousal building up."

He kissed me again, not waiting for me to respond. I am not sure though what to even say to him.

Feeling defeated, I closed my eyes and did as he said, giving in to the new sensation and kissing him back. I couldn't deny it. It was wonderful actually. *Congratulations to the inventor who made this vibrator by the way; whoever he or she is.*

Minutes came to pass as I reveled with his kisses and the vibrations in my pussy. I tried to keep myself from moaning, but oh Lord, I just can't. It was actually impossible not to be vocal.

Eriol slowly pulled out and observed me. He gave me a delighted smile then. I am quite sure he was thoroughly entertained seeing me like this.

"Eriol, stop looking at me..." I ordered in a huff.

"You look beautiful Andrea, just as beautiful as you are back then. Don't tell me to stop looking at you. I would never do that."

His free hand then wormed its way inside my jeans and directly situated itself in my slit. Two fingers found my passage and started to caress it.

I gasped with the familiar feeling.

He gently massaged the rim of my pussy before finally inserting his immaculate fingers in an 'in and out' fashion. I can't even explain the sensation I felt then except that it was OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD!

"Moan for me An..dre..ahhh... Let me hear your perverted whimpers," he demanded huskily.

I bit my bottom lip. "Please... Eriol. Stop it. I can't - the vibrations. I can't take it anymo-"

He cut me off by molding his mouth on mine again and despite my complaints, I didn't waste time on returning back his zealous attention.

His tongue swirling against my tongue, the vibrations, and his divine fingers sliding in and out of my pussy were enough to make me forget my sense of reasoning again. I would have been finally lost, would have finally surrendered to my orgasm when one unholy moment later I heard the snapping of branches outside the willow tree and then Enrique's voice suddenly calling out my name.

"Andrea!"

Shit! It's Enrique! It's Enrique! my mind immediately snapped.

Chapter 12 - Bound To Him

~ Andrea ~

“Andrea!”

Enrique called out again and judging from his voice, I am sure he was just near the willow tree. I could also make out two horses whinnying; no doubt he had the reins of his mustang tied near my Trinitus.

I panicked and my mind immediately reacted by processing a boat-load of questions. What if he would see me and Eriol doing this...this lewd thing?! How would he react? What would he say? More importantly, what would he say to my Auntie?

I immediately stopped our kiss and pushed Eriol up, but he was quick to deflect my attempt. He covered my mouth with his free hand and went to lick my already sweating neck.

Does he really have to do that? I know it was unhygienic and the sweat would taste unpleasant too; definitely not what I want him to sample from me, but he kept on going and going like he wasn't bothered by it. I then felt him slide his fingers harder on my wet walls and I instantly moaned loudly because of that.

Through my half-lidded eyes, I saw him grin in satisfaction.

“Andrea!” I heard Enrique shout a lot louder this time.

I stiffened, sure as hell he heard my unladylike moan. I hoped that he didn't have bat-like hearing enough to zero in on my location, but I guess I was wrong because I then heard the sound of twigs breaking nearby meaning he was dangerously close.

“Shhhh...” Next to my ear, I heard Eriol say. “Lower your moans Milady or that pathetic man will hear you.”

You damn pervert! Rip that vibrator out of my erotic area and take off your fingers and I WILL be quiet!

I shot him a nice worry-mixed glare. I knew he could read my mind so my thoughts dared him to do that. He responded to me with a disappointed growl; a surefire answer that means he will not give in. However, I feel a bit relieved when he released his hand on my mouth.

“Eriol, please... stop this now!” I requested, painstakingly trying to keep my voice low.

"I don't think that you mean that Andrea. You are still quivering with pleasure, I can feel it," he stated. I had the instant notion that I am not the only one who was having fun here but also him. *Yeah... I could feel his erection quivering too!*

I quickly shook my head and bit my bottom lip. "But Enrique! He will- ahhhh!?"

Gods-dangit! He surely hit a GREAT spot right there!

This time, he hungrily captured my mouth and bit my bottom lip, no doubt envious of my action earlier. It was a sensual move like he was treating my lips like a honeyed peach. Add a slow, engaging suction near the end and wallahh! It was definitely erotic in its raw form. It made my brain cry out that I want the same attention in my nipples!

He slowly withdrew and I heard him chuckle happily before he positioned his face in my chest. *Huh! No surprise in that.* He was able to read my naughty thought right then and there.

"Don't say another man's name Andrea. I am a jealous lover," he said and then raised my sweater up, exposing my breasts.

"You're not my lover," I grounded but he neglected my answer by focusing on my two tensed globes.

I heard Eriol hum again as if he enjoyed my protest. "Not yet, but soon you will be. You are mine since the beginning. I will make you remember that," he reasoned before dipping the tip of his tongue in one of my already erect nub. The sensation of it immediately brought me spiraling in the sky or well, in the grassy ground.

"Ahhhhh!" I let out another gasp as my stimulus electrodes exploded. *Good Lord! My mind immediately realized. I freaking let out another loud gasp!*

"Shhhhh... qu...i...e...t do...wn," Eriol sternly commanded before ravaging my nipple.

"Andrea!!!" Enrique immediately yelled. "Where are you?!" I am quite certain he was on the verge of impatience.

"Eriol... please stop... mhm...m..." I tightly sealed my lips in order not to be vocal.

"Shhhhh..." he voiced again, still enjoying the feast in front of him. His tongue shot delicious tingles in my nipples and I could really say that *damn...* he was one maestro.

I knew I couldn't escape anymore so I just basked myself with the sensations he was giving me amidst having another man call out my name. I know it was twisted, but the excitement of being caught like this made me feel aroused even more. I could feel my orgasm almost at its nearest point. I could almost touch it. So close. So close!

I held on to his shirt and moved my hips in order to match his rhythmic finger penetrations in my slick passage. Even in my half state of disarray, I saw him grin in reaction.

I knew he sensed my imminent orgasm and being thoughtful of it, he drove down his fingers one last time and there... there... there!!! I came... came as my vaginal walls spasmed against his fingers. I would have held on to this moment longer. I would have sunbathed in its goodness more, but no, this day had other plans for me.

My orgasm became short-lived when I turned stiff as a rock. My mouth fell open when I saw the waterfall of leaves part slightly. I saw Enrique's hand first and then his nose, followed by his whole confused face peeking at the inside of the willow tree.

Shit! My mind stressed out. Shit! Shit! Shit! Busted. We are definitely busted and this is all thanks to my uncontrolled moans!

I gasped when Enrique's eyes rested on me, but it was weird because he actually didn't say any word. No reaction whatsoever. I don't know if he was just stunned speechless, but he seemed not to care about the obscene show right in front of him. I would have quickly apologized to him, probably shoving Eriol away in the process, but what happened next was beyond my comprehension.

Enrique, whose face still showed bafflement, spun around and left the willow tree without a word. Then, some distance away I heard him let out a disappointed groan and commented, "Tsk. Where is that woman?!"

I was dumbfounded. *What the?! What just happened?!*

"Relax Andrea, he can't see us," Eriol commented calmly, his face still showing gratification of what had occurred in less than seconds ago. "I am using my demon power to make us invisible. But he can still hear you, so you shouldn't make any noise."

And you tell that to me now!? What a complete waste of my orgasm!!!

He slightly rubbed my still sensitive clit and in reaction, I closed my eyes momentarily. Gods. *I could get well-accustomed to this!* He took out the vibrator easily and lifted it up midair. Half of it was slick with my juice, half of it was dry. It was a clear-cut evidence of how he had *blessed* me.

"So, tell me... isn't this toy your favorite now?" he asked, placing it near his mouth and licked the part where it was drenched.

My mind immediately screamed *lollipop!* A freaking cream-cheese coated lollipop!

"Eriol... Why are you tormenting me?" I asked, disregarding his erotic question. My cheeks felt hot. I wanted to cry but I willed myself not to cry. I am pretty much sure that he was just toying with me and my feelings.

"I am not," he answered whilst softening his face. I could see a hint of turmoil in his eyes, but he quickly hid it, returning back to a cold, hard stare.

"You are!" I snapped. I fixed myself quickly and went to stand up.

He tsked. "I don't think you know the definition between torment and pleasure, Andrea."

I hissed, instantly pissed by his comment. *Well, so sorry if I am a virgin!!! Obviously, I don't know anything about it, but I am sure as hell that you are playing with me!*

"You are right, I don't, and I don't plan on knowing the definition," I sternly answered, crossing my arms in my chest. "I want none of those two. This is supposed to be my peaceful vacation. Why do you have to suddenly insert yourself in my life and make a mess out of it! Stop using your power on me!"

I could sense his growing anger just by looking at the way he clenched his jaw. Why? Did my words hit the spot? I believe that my words were too caustic, but I think that it suits well for a demon like him.

"Andrea!" Enrique yelled again just a few meters away from us. Seriously. He was beginning to annoy me.

Eriol's face snapped to the voice's direction and his eyes suddenly glowed red. *Oh, no... This is not good!* I felt immediately worried for Enrique's safety.

"Now..." Eriol started, returning his attention to me. He hooked an arm around my waist swiftly that I wasn't able to protest. Our faces squared at each other. His expression was one of dominance; mine a mixture of surprise and irritation. "Let me make things clear, Andrea. I am not inserting myself into your life because I *am already* in your life. You are bound to me since the beginning. You are mine alone and you will learn that truth whether it is the hard or easy way. Pleasure is what I do best, so you will have to *suck* it up. It is easier, I assure you. You will want it, love it, and crave for it."

I glared at him once again. "I am not your fuck toy," I pointed out firmly, but my lips actually trembled. I don't know why but his words drove me to realize he was partly - no - entirely correct. At least only the last sentence, however.

I am no wanton woman. I am no prostitute. I am no nymphomaniac, but I am beginning to crave his touch. I know this was all shades of wrong. He might be using his powers again for all I know, but I feel complete, utterly complete when he was with me.

Maybe I am infatuated with him. Maybe I am just too relationship-deprived over the past eight years that I am jumping immediately on the first available opportunity. But-but there was something... something in my heart that screamed for him. Something I couldn't deny. I don't know what it was. I can't explain what it was. I am just hoping in the back of my head that it wasn't love because seriously, no one can love a demon right? No one, right?

"No, Andrea. You have never been my fuck toy. You are my everything," he whispered so softly in my ear I feel I was bungee-jumping from the sensation of it. "You are precious to me, put that in your pretty head."

He simply grazed his lips on my cheeks. I had to close my eyes to calm myself.

"You talk as if we have met before in the past," I announced. I know it was an absurd idea, but anything can happen when it was him right? He was a demon in the first place and demons live thousands of years. I don't believe in reincarnation, but it might be a possibility.

"Hmmm... we did," was the only thing that he said. No more, no less. I actually craved to hear more so I shifted my face up to give him a questioning look, but I found him already staring at me with sincere, loving eyes. *Huh. That was not expected. Totally not expected.* I cleared my throat. This man standing in front of me ain't the usual perverted man I know.

"Can I request something to you, Milady?" he said as he abruptly pulled himself away. I had to blink twice to recollect myself. *What is this feeling I am suddenly having?! What tension is this?!*

"What?" I snapped, successfully hiding the anxiety in my voice.

He sent me a pleased smirk then.

"Since that man is bugging on my nerves, I am beginning to feel impatient. I want you to tell your Aunt that you rejected him. Tell her you do not approve of the dinner date. If you do that, then I might as well consider sparing his life."

Oh... What a smooth way of changing the topic. I honestly felt disappointed with it.

"You will not kill him!" I immediately shouted, forgetting that Enrique was still nearby. Controlling my emotions was worthless when I know that someone was going to get killed. I don't want anyone harmed because of me.

Eriol looked as if he wasn't affected by my words, but he did turn his head to the side, looking as if he was waiting for something to happen.

And then it hit me, seconds later Enrique parted the wall of leaves again and emerged right in front of us.

He is not able to see us right? I asked that in my thoughts whilst staring at Eriol. He responded with a slight shake of his head and that crashed all of my confidence.

"Andrea?" Enrique said, looking directly at me. I am sure he can see me now. "You were here all this time?"

The look on Enrique's face was priceless. I bet he was treating himself as a blind dumb fool not to notice us inside the willow tree the whole time. But it's not his fault really. It was Eriol's and his so-called a-ma-zing demon powers.

"Yes. Why?" I choked an answer, the innocent me was the one who answered.

"Oh... really? But I swear I didn't see you here earlier," he said, raising his brows, clearly in disbelief. He stared at me and then moved his attention to Eriol.

"Maybe you were distracted by the thick leaves, Milord Enrique," Eriol calmly answered on my behalf.

I would have been relieved with it. I would have been able to expound his suggestion more but then I was stunned to see the next events unfold. Enrique didn't reply anymore. He just stood in our front like a mannequin. He then slowly closed his eyes and suddenly fell on the ground, head first. I yelped in horror.

"Eriol! What did you do?!" I shouted and ran to Enrique's aid, touching him in the head where I could see a small cut wound leaking with blood.

"Don't worry, he is fine," I heard Eriol say as he joined me. He lifted the poor man in one arm and dragged him out of the tree's shade.

"Where are you taking him?!" Asking that question was a must especially when this perverted butler threatened to kill a Casanova.

Eriol glanced at me and instead of darting a cold glare, his face softened again and smiled a serene smile. *What the heck! What is this man up to now?!*

"Why are you giving me the poker face?" Crossing my arms, I stiffly stood in his front, blocking his way towards the mustang.

"Relax Andrea. I am just going to bring him to the hospital. You can return back to the house and wait for me there. If your Auntie asks when she returns, tell her this man hit his head in a branch while horse riding."

Yeah, right. That would explain the wound in his forehead without any questions. But still...

"Promise me you won't kill him," I said, staring at him with intensity.

"I will if you stop worrying about him. It makes me jealous," he answered nonchalantly. He continued his way towards the mustang, swung the unconscious Enrique in the horse's back like he was just a sack of potatoes, and stood in front of the horse after untying the reins.

"Damn you Eriol." I gritted my teeth. I couldn't argue with him about that. I have to stop worrying about the poor man if I want him to live.

"See you later then?" he said, turning his face towards me with a ready wide grin.

"Not if I can help it." I scowled.

Chapter 13 - A Taste of the Past Oh Venerated One!

Media, Ancient Northwestern Iran

House of Raguel

~ Aeshma ~

I noted Sarah's reaction when she saw my black wings. I bet she wondered why I had this shade when in fact Guardian Angels do have white wings.

Well, I used to have one. My wings were beautifully glorious. They had a radiant whiteness unlike any other. Even Raphael and Michael used to tease me a lot about it. They said that I am a favorite of our Boss; that He gave me a special treatment with regards to my angel wings.

So why do I have these black appendages now? I know you had wondered too.

It all started when I took the life of Sarah's first husband when I happily dismembered the old schizophrenic fool with my own bare hands. I had to. Sarah was very afraid of him. She was cowering at the edge of the bed in the night of their marriage consummation with clear-cut fear in her eyes.

I thought that it was best for her to be wedded, but after seeing her like that, seeing the old man's dirty hands creeping on her beautiful porcelain skin, it boiled my blood in anger. He doesn't deserve her at all. He was better off a corpse.

The Heavenly Realm says that when an angel breaks the divine rules, he/she becomes a Fallen Angel. These rules were simple actually. Stay invisible to humans, refrain from touching them, guide them, report to our immediate assigned Saint, always be on guard against evil, fight against demons if it was a must, and the list goes on... There were two things however that was the most important of all these rules and that was to *never* get attached to humans and never use the divine powers to hurt them.

Yes. You are right. I had indeed broken almost all of these rules, especially the top two of them. It was so easy for me to get attached to Sarah, my assigned human, and this beating muscle inside my chest became the exact reason why.

Angels weren't supposed to have a heart, but I actually *have* one. One that was just as sensitive as a human's. Maybe God really did give me a special treatment when he created me. I don't know why, however. I am even baffled as to the reason.

One thing was for sure though; I do not appreciate what He did to me. I loathe the fact that I own a beating heart, because now... now, it was tying me down with this new feeling inside me.

Was this what the human's called *love*?

It feels warm and light, but at the same time burdensome and suffocating. Well, at least that's what I felt first when I tried my best to restrain the emotion, when I tried my best to fight it just so that I will not break any divine rules.

But the emotion was so potent, so strong that the moment I really did give in, I felt instantly free, free to do anything I want with Sarah. I can touch her without qualm. I can embrace her, ravish her lips, and feel her warm body next to mine when she sleeps. I am also able to protect her, shield her from every prying eyes, and from these men's polluted intentions, preserve her chastity and her purity, hence the first murder that I committed as a Guardian Angel.

When the man's blood splattered in my white wings, it became tainted and immediately turned midnight black. I realized then that I am officially a Fallen Angel. After my hideous crime, I felt no remorse. I actually felt happy. And that was the beginning of my many dark conquests - the killing of six more.

All men are unworthy for my Dear Heart. She is mine and I alone am worthy to touch her.

Call it possessive and obsessive, but I am giving all I am for her. She became the reason for everything. I even gave up my angelic status just for her. I don't care that I turned into a Fallen Angel. As long as she stayed always with me, as long as I can touch her, as long as I can give her the loving that she needs, I don't care if my soul goes to Hell.

"You seem in deep thought Aeshma." Her voice, *her lovely voice*, woke me from my musings. I was standing stiffly in the small porch of her bedroom, watching the beautiful early moon. I turned my head quickly and saw her coming in from the main door, just fresh from an evening bath in a river near their house.

She looks better now; a lot better after revealing myself to her seven days ago. Her depressive aura had lifted; her sadness, a thing of the past. She smiles more often now, showing her white teeth to her family, friends, and me.

When I said that she looked fresh, you can really imagine how fresh she looked like. Like damp-dress-sticking-in-her-curves kind of fresh. My loins instantly betrayed me for I felt it burn like Hell itself.

It's ironic really because I haven't been in Hell myself even though I am a Fallen Angel.

Watching her like this, I realized right then and there that I am actually aching for this woman, not by heart but damn physically. I want to taste her flesh. I want to hear her moan for me. I want to insert my already rigid cock inside her female sex.

Oh Venus Star, I really do want her.

She patted her wet auburn silky strands with a dry cloth that she pulled from a wooden cabinet and then gave me a questioning look.

I released a long sigh then. I had been controlling my urges successfully since she laid eyes on my supernatural appearance but damn, today may just be not the same.

I fully turned around to face her; my wings all tucked in and gave her a forced smile. Doing this was actually so much better than licking the corner of my lips when I happen to behold her pinkish nipple presenting itself under the wet yellow dress. *Yeah, for a supernatural like me, it was so easy to see this minute thing.*

"Nothing Dear Heart, I am just admiring the moon," I said, after which I heard her chuckle lightly.

Oh Venus Star, what a lovely sound!

"You do realize you look far better than the moon right? The moon is just a stone. It is cold, empty, without any life. It only glows only at night, but you, even though you have black wings, you still look magnificent. You are an angel. You are warm and full of life. So you stop showing that sad face and give me a real smile, Aeshma."

I was taken aback by her kind words. Truly, she doesn't even know what she was saying. But I can't deny that she did hit one mark and that was my sad face. I can't help it. She still thinks of me as an angel. She still thinks of me as a divine being full of righteousness and honor. She doesn't even know the whole truth that I am the main reason for her recent misfortunes.

"I know, but I am too humble to accept that," I said smugly, looking at her pulling a nightdress from her cabinet again. She simply giggled in response to my remark.

"You sure are Aeshma," she said and then winked at me before she entered the changing area.

It was just a small division using a foldable panel screen made of papyrus. Very simple, very functional. I am relieved that she has this private area for changing. With this, at least she was safe from my ogling eyes, but sooner when the lamp was lit from the inside, my distress became all too evident.

Her shadow immediately rewarded me with an enticing view of her curves. I was speechless watching her strip herself with the damp dress. Even with this, she moved with grace. When she turned to the side, my loins immediately reacted. Her hardened pink nipples were an attractive

shadow display. I had to clear my throat in order to calm myself. Truly, my mouth wanted to suckle on those beautiful peaks.

I clenched my fists tightly as my eyes glowed bright red.

I want her. I truly want her. Now... Now! My mind ultimately screamed.

She wore the nightdress and fixed her hair before exiting the changing area. I swear I am ready to pounce on her the moment she approached the bed, but I don't want to end it quickly. I wanted to be consumed by my lust, by her lust, by our lust, but I also wanted to make this precious moment last long. I don't want to simply penetrate my *angelic* genitalia inside her. I wanted to venerate every inch of her body. I wanted to praise her with lovely words. I wanted to make her feel ultimately like a Goddess of which she truly was.

While staring at her, I intentionally dematerialized my own wings, letting it dissolve together with the air hoping that she would notice how different I had turned myself into. Different as in - almost like a human being.

"Sarah," I called her attention when I noticed she was busily brushing her hair.

She paused and looked at me. Instantly, I saw her eyes widen with surprise.

"Aeshma! What happened to your wings?!" she exclaimed.

I neared to where she stood with painstaking slow strides. When I stopped a few feet away, I saw her cheeks flush a beautiful pink.

"I just temporarily willed it to disappear. It...it would be bothersome," I said simply, stopping with that vague word.

"Bothersome? In what sense?" Her brows rose, obviously confused. "I didn't expect angels would be bothered with their wings."

She really looked funny, so cute, so naive, so worked up with just this simple thing. I had to release a long sigh again in order to calm the beating of this excited muscle. I can actually feel it leaping against my chest in happiness.

"I can always will it to reappear if you want me to Sarah, but right now, I want you to look at me like this. Like I am just a-"

"Human," she finished in a soft hush. Her face softened and she appraised me from head to toe. Then, I saw her cheeks blush even further in deep reds and bit her bottom lip.

I wonder what she is thinking right now. I would greatly love to know.

In this kind of situation, having the power to read minds would be useful. Demons have that. I always envy that gift since I became a Fallen Angel. *I wonder... when can I have that kind of power too?*

I gave her a smile, just enough to show my appreciation for her observation. "Yes. Exactly like a man, Dear Heart."

"Why? Why would you want to look like one?" she asked again, but this time she averted looking at my eyes. I could feel a different emotion inside her now. It was something akin to excitement. I had to pull her close, embrace her and cup her chin in order to guide her face back to me and meet her eye-to-eye. I noticed her lips quivered then.

"Because I want to when I make love to you," I said, softly, surely whilst hoping that she would get the gist.

She didn't reply. She just stood, if I am not mistaken, ready... ready and wanting for what lies ahead.

Could it be that she has been feeling the tension too? Could it be that she sees me as something other than an angel? Her Guardian Angel?

My face inched closer to her wanting to taste the suppleness of her lips, but I paused millimeters away and hovered on that spot for a full painful minute. Our lips were parted and our warm breaths mixed.

"Let me kiss you, Sarah. Let me taste you," I whispered softly, asking for her permission.

I know my words sound kinda absurd. In truth, I had been tasting her ever since I gave in to this emotion. But she was unconscious then, sleeping soundly in bed.

"Are angels allowed to do this?" she asked me, likely having second thoughts, but I could feel her hands tightly clasping my leather armor as if she doesn't want to let me go.

"No, but I am sacrificing it all for you, Dear Heart. I want you. I can sense that you want me too."

I didn't wait for her to reply. I collided my lips into her shy red ones and molded it well with ease. When she responded with a few movements of her own, I immediately celebrated with a few flicks of my tongue inside her mouth.

Oh, Cosmos! This must be the reason why angels and humans were prohibited to mingle with each other. It makes angels weak and vulnerable with even this simple gesture alone.

"Aeshma..." She hummed my name like it was the Tree of Life. I knew without a doubt then that she already ached for me.

When had this begun? When had she felt something for me too? I do not know the answer, but I am contented now that we both share the same emotions.

My hands found their way inside her cotton nightdress and settled promptly in her aroused nipples. Upon contact, she released a melodious moan and this turned my fire on.

“Aeshma!”

I caressed her neck, tongued her pulsating jugular vein, and nibbled on her earlobe all the while guiding her down the ready mattress. The lamp’s fire flickered wildly rejoicing with me as I covered her mouth again. “My love. Will you yield yourself to me?” I asked when I stopped our kiss temporarily.

“Yes, my angel,” she said with half-lidded eyes, looking at me. “I want you to take me. Bring me in heaven’s gate.”

What lovely words. There was no hesitation, no sadness in it. My heart immediately cried out in joy. My erection too saluted its firm head understanding what she meant by *heaven’s gate*.

Soon... soon... my impatient member... you will be inside her soon. I announced in my head.

She was so beautiful lying underneath me. Her hair was a complete perfect mess. Her face, a splendid shade of red. Her breasts glistened from the lamp’s soft light when I finally tore off her nightdress.

“I will make it so that you will never forget what heaven feels like, Sarah,” I promised before I dove in and suckled on her anticipating breasts. This made her arch her back in reaction.

Chapter 14 - A Fallen Angel's Uniqueness

~ Aeshma ~

I don't know if angels and humans can procreate but right now, the only thing in my mind was to shower Sarah with infinite passion.

I continued to feast on her two quaking breasts like I am a hungry sex-deprived man. I can definitely compare myself to the men I had killed in the past. I understand their neurotic desire now for her, for I do believe I am the same. I had joined her in bed many times, just contended with embracing her until I fall asleep, but this would be the first time I am joining her in this blessed area for love-making purposes.

I am really surprised how she was so accepting of me; like she had been waiting for this to happen since my revelation. She was so compliant with my touch, so sensitive with my kisses, so open and wanting to everything I am doing. Probably because I am a supernatural being that was why she acted like this... or probably, she also desires this moment like me too. But whatever the reason, I am already set in making her feel sated in the end.

Just like my wings, I willed my leather armor and pants to disappear. When I was free of the restraining materials, I quickly pressed my lustrous body on her.

Ahhhh... What a splendid feeling. Our bodies in one, skin to skin, without any restrictions.

I moved to kiss her lips again and she most willingly accepted me. I felt her fingers stroke my short black hair which I have intentionally shortened to make me look more of a man. It felt good.

Her hands also managed to wander into my chest and I am quite sure she could feel the loud beating of my heart through it.

"Dear Heart, if you would allow me entry, I would take you to heaven's gate now," I asked thoughtfully; my muscle-packed c0ck already swollen for her. I am afraid that if I continue on like this without me inside her, I might embarrass myself with my premature ejaculation.

"Enter...please... Enter Aeshma!" she said it most erotically. I never thought she had this side of her.

My mind rejoiced. Yes. This was exactly what I want to hear from her lovely mouth, *my angel name*.

She granted me access by spreading her legs and without further ado, I focused on stimulating her down there.

I know she already aches for me; I can feel her blood pooling in her sex, but I still want to ready her in what lies ahead. My anticipating member was already at its best erection; so full, so big, so lengthy; that I needed to prepare her for my entrance.

My left hand stayed to administer arousing strokes in the rest of her body, while my other one busied with titillating her pinkish core.

Her virginity is mine for the taking. That's the thought that crossed my mind when I stared at her womanhood. My mouth immediately salivated. I want to ravish this one too with my tongue.

And so she gasped and loudly cried my name when I did swoop down and captured her slick crevice.

"Aeshma! No... not like that! It's embarrass...mhmm..." she whimpered in the end. I had to grin in satisfaction with this.

I continued licking. Pole to pole. Wet wall to wet wall. She bucked and lifted her hips in response.

I withdrew for a moment to give her a breather, but only because I readied my two fingers near her entrance.

"I did say I want to taste you, Sarah," I stated, "*This*," and then entered my two fingers inside, "included."

"Ahhhh!" she shouted and arched her back.

A little bit of foreplay in here and she will finally be ready.

Together with my finger thrusts, I nibbled on her clitoris and tongued her more and she moaned loudly again.

I love seeing her like this. I feel that I am the most blessed of all Fallen Angels to be able to feel this much passion.

"I will enter you now, Sarah," I said when I positioned myself and my c0ck close to her slick one.

"Yes! Oh yes, please Aeshma," she affirmed to which I am gratified again. I saw her face darken with lust just like mine and I know that this was it. There was no turning back. Screw the consequence thereafter, I just want us to be one.

I slowly guided myself inside her; the contact of my head in her opening left me breathless. I groaned an erotic sound. She, in the other hand, moaned a lovely impatient tune.

"Push it inside..." she softly coaxed to which I dutifully did. "Ahhhhh!"

Oh, Cosmos! Just by looking at her like this, I feel that I am already in heaven again. As a side note, it has been a while since I stepped in that realm actually. I never left Sarah's side ever since she was assigned to me.

My erection finally found its way inside, to the hilt, to the root, every inch of it not wasted. I was amazed that she could actually fit all of it in.

When I started moving, unsheathing it slowly halfway, I and she made a new erotic sound. It was a perfect duet. When I inserted myself again, it became clear that we had a whole orchestra to conduct.

"Do you feel it, Sarah?" I said as I decided a missionary position. My face met hers and I clearly saw how flushed she was.

"Yes..." she drawled, "a most splendid sensation." She cupped my face and guided me for a lingering kiss. "Aeshma, more... I am erupting inside," she demanded without hesitation and with that I savagely crushed my lips on hers as I started to rock up and down, thrusting myself in and out inside her. She moaned again but it was muffled with my kisses.

This would be the best minutes of my divine life. The sensation of being inside her felt so good, so tangible, so exotic for an entity like me who hasn't even tasted it.

"Ahhhh!!!" She freed her lips from mine and made herself vocal. "Aeshma!!! Aeshma!!! Ahhhh! Yes! Yes!"

"I know Love, I know. You like it like *this!*" I pushed my engorged muscle harder this time, forgetting that she was a virgin. But she didn't protest with it, instead, she wrapped her legs tightly around my waist. I immediately could feel her passage clamping down on my sheath.

"Argh! Sarah!" I grunted. "You feel so good. So delicious! For all the goodness in this world, you make me forget myself!"

"Aeshma, now! Release it now! Fill my womb!" she cried and it took me all the control not to break her pelvis from my continuous rocking and pumping.

We both shouted one syllable when we ascended into a greater height. I bet this was what humans call *orgasm*. It was a superb feeling actually and I am lucky I could lengthen this sensation in both mine and hers using my divine power.

When I said we ascended in a greater height, I am talking literally too. We floated... yes we did; high above the mattress without using my wings. I just used my power to cut the gravity that nailed us and easily, up we go. Her hair looked beautiful like this; strands after strands floating, covering our clashing faces.

She embraced me tightly as we kissed ourselves back down the mattress and back from our unspeakable orgasm.

Heaven's gate? I think we both have just been there.

Naked over naked body we lay sated, calming our breathing and our erratic heartbeats. I kissed her forehead when she snuggled in my chest. I had to smile with this lovely gesture then. *She trusts me... She lets herself be vulnerable with me.*

"Sleep Dear Heart, I will be right here," I said stroking her hair at the same time.

"Hmm... I know you will be," she replied softly after a short giggle and then closed her eyes.

Present

Winner Family Mansion

~ Andrea ~

Lunch was served with only me eating alone in the dining room. This was a good thing actually. *Finally peace and quiet.* No Eriol to bug me. No Auntie Marcella to dodge her questionings with.

My mind however refused to take a rest. It kept on thinking about Enrique; if he was safely in the hospital now. Eriol did promise that he would spare his life and I hope he really does keep his word. But he was still a demon in the first place, he could always change his mind if he wanted to.

Being this alone, I am able to evaluate myself and what has happened these past few days between me and Eriol.

I understand my attraction to him. I also understand his specialized attention to me, but this made me wonder why? I am no princess. Heck, I am just an ordinary woman - not to mention, human. Nothing was interesting about me, but why was it that he acts like I am the most special woman in this world? He says he's been waiting for me for centuries. He says I am already bound to him. He says that his life was weaved with mine. *Huh? Seriously. What's up with that?*

Another thing to take note of was that Eriol was one persuasive man, er demon. I have an inkling that sooner or later the inevitable will happen if I let myself get carried away again. If I let his temptation cloud my mind. I have to toughen myself up. I have to stand my ground if I want my chastity untouched. But who am I kidding? My recent trysts with him were already enough evidence of my sexual tension burning out of control. I am pretty sure this was not because of Eriol's demonic power. I feel that it was something more.

Oh... speaking of demonic power. This was also one thing that caught me off guard. For some twisted reason, demons are actually real! They actually exist! Huh! What a surprise! It was just unfortunate now that I have a demon prince *lollygagging* with me.

After my peaceful lunch, I headed to my room planning to take a quick nap, but my iPhone rang when I was halfway from opening my bedroom door. I smiled when I saw Aunt Marcella's name on the screen.

"Yes, Auntie?" I said, leaning on the door frame.

"Andrea, how's your day with Enrique there? Are you both having lunch now?"

Wow. She really is quick on fishing out any juicy information from me.

Before answering her, I stretched one leg across the opposite frame acting like I am not under intense interrogation. "Uhhh, actually I am alone here. Enrique is in the hospital as we speak." *Well, hopefully* - that's what my mind immediately commented.

"What?!" Her loud, surprised voice immediately followed. *"Why so?"*

"Well uhhh... he hit his head in a branch while we were horse riding," I replied, conscientiously remembering Eriol's instructions.

I heard her release a long sigh at the other line. *"Oh, that really happened huh? Now that's a shame. I thought you both are having a good time now."* Her voice sounded a wee bit disappointed.

Huh! I bet what she meant by *good time* included kissing and hugging.

I cleared my throat. "Yeah, it is an emergency because he lost consciousness. Erio --- er--- uhhh, one of your ranch staff took him to the hospital immediately." I almost forgot that my Auntie still believes that Eriol was with her. Good thing I am able to wittily save myself from a possible grave mistake.

"I hope he will be fine. His accident isn't serious right?" Aunt Marcella said, sounding sad and worried which by the way was natural for her. She has an over caring side actually, just like my mother.

"Yes, it isn't serious. It is just a minor accident. He will be fine Auntie, I can assure you," I quickly said, hoping she would buy it. After a few moments' pause, I heard her release a long sigh.

"Good. I guess you'll just have to spend your time alone in there."

"Not a problem Auntie. I'm actually heading for a nap now," I said as I stepped inside my room and closed the door.

"I see. Oh! By the way, my friend right here is inviting you to volunteer for a feeding program. It will be for tomorrow. I happen to share with my friends that you love joining activities like this."

"Really Auntie?" My eyes immediately lit up. *Great! Just what I really need! Thank the Gods!*

I heard my Auntie giggle then. *"Yes. So what do you think? Are you joining?"*

"You know I will!" I immediately exclaimed, unable to hide my excitement. She let out another giggle.

"Oh, Andi dear. It is so you. I haven't even told you the location of the feeding program yet you are already listing yourself to join and so enthusiastic at that!"

I can't help but smirk at her remark. Yes. This would be me. Like what I said to Eriol two days ago, I don't really mind where these outreach programs were held. Just so I can extend a helping hand, that was enough for me.

"Why? Will it be in the Amazon?" I asked, growing curious now.

Did I tell you that I don't like going to the Amazon? Particularly the Amazon River. I'm scared of piranhas, poisonous frogs aaannndd, your right, mosquito bites. Probably this was the reason why I am scared of vampires too. Lucky for me, Eriol's a demon. But come to think of it, I think a demon brings more danger than a vampire so...

"Haha, no dear. It will be at my friend's provincial house in Gutland Region. There is a native tribe living there. They will be your recipients." My attention returned to my Auntie's statement.

"That sounds great Auntie," I said and heaved a sigh of relief. "I have never been to the mountain regions here in Luxembourg! I am sure it will be a great experience!"

"Yes, I know you would be excited. So, when I get home, I will give you all the details. I suggest you pack one big bag immediately for your stay there will be for four days. The first two days will be for the program and the other two will be for your vacation. My friend also invited you to visit her vineyard and to go on hiking."

"Oh wow!" I exclaimed again, now sitting at the edge of the bed. I eyed the big closet half-full of my wardrobe and remembered that I luckily brought a pair of hiking boots and some comfortable jeans to wear in the mountain.

"Yes, yes, I know it's great news for you," my Auntie said, but also in the background, I heard a woman's voice say, *'that's good to hear Marcella,'* and it was no doubt her friend. *"See you later at dinner for the other details."*

"Yeah, see you later Auntie. I will wait for you," I said and after that, she ended her call.

Grinning, I immediately dropped in bed with my arms stretched widely to cover all of the space. Tomorrow will be a promising day for me and I am sure to make the most of it.

Chapter 15 - A Much Needed Space

~ Andrea ~

Aunt Marcella had given me all the details about my trip and the feeding program during our dinner. As usual, Eriol acted like an obedient *lapdog* - whoops - *ahemm*, I mean, a butler, waiting for whatever his master orders him to do.

We haven't talked since he arrived at sundown together with my Auntie. I would have wanted to confirm if he truly sent Enrique in the hospital and not some faraway island, but he seemed to act like a jerk the moment I saw him in the kitchen: all gloomy eyed and exhausting a do-not-mess-with-me aura, so I didn't dare start a conversation with him.

I wondered why though. There must be something that went wrong. But oh well, at least he had the commonsense to kick his doppelgänger out of the picture *at last* and present his true self in front of us.

The whole time Aunt Marcella explained the details, I could feel Eriol's endless flaming stare on me. I had to painfully control my urge to shot him a cold glare.

He was by the way standing behind my Auntie while I sat opposite her, so she would definitely notice something not right if I do that.

I am however able to steal a quick glance or two at him and goodness me, judging from his firm, thinly-pressed lips, I was pretty sure he didn't like my decision on the four-day trip. This must be the reason for his bitchiness right now.

The nerve of him... showing a silent tantrum as if he is my boyfriend!

Auntie would have loved to join the trip too but opted not to in the end.

I understood why though. With her age, she wouldn't stand a mountain hike going to the native tribe's location without shortness of breath and without her synovial joint pain acting up.

"Uhhh, can I request something from you, Auntie?" I asked after she was finally done enumerating me the four-day activity. She was about to get up from the dining table wanting to retire early for the night. I stopped her abruptly by placing a hand on her shoulder.

"Yes, Andi. What is it?" She gave me a raised well-drawn brow. I had to show a pretty sweet smile for her so that she would agree to my request.

"Well, ahh... since...you know...since I...I will be leaving tomorrow, can I request to have a sleep-over with you tonight? You know...just like old times," I shyly added.

I can't believe I am stuttering now. Thank you, Eriol! Thank you for sending me a judgmental look!

I honestly want to spend time with Auntie, probably have a heart-to-heart talk if need be, but deep inside - the nethermost part of me - the reason why I truly wanted to stay in her bedroom was so that I could keep away from this mansion's head butler. I don't know why, but I feel that I just *have* to avoid him as much as possible tonight. Being alone in my own room would obviously be detrimental. *Well, detrimental for my letter 'V' that is - no pun intended by the way.*

My Auntie was kinda taken aback, but in the end, awarded me a sweet smile of her own and said, "Of course you could, Andi! I would love to have a sleep-over with you. I just hope you wouldn't mind me snoring in the middle of the night." She winked at me.

"Haha, of course, Auntie. You know I am very much well acquainted with that since I was young," I answered, a fond memory seeping out from my younger days spending my vacation in this house with her, Mr. Willer, and Lorde.

"True, true. Then, let's go? I bet tonight is going to be a night full of stories!" she exclaimed loudly with beaming eyes that hinted anticipation. She sure likes to hear my stories about my inadequacy of love life.

I smiled and took a gray paper bag under the table. It was complete with my nightdress and my hygiene necessities that I had readied earlier.

To tell you the truth, I had been planning since lunch not to go back to my bedroom after dinner. I definitely do not want to be separated from my Auntie right now or else, her lapdog would pounce on me uninvited. And I know once that happens, it will be another *wet* predicament of mine. *Like I said, detrimental to my letter 'V'.*

I saw Eriol made an obviously frustrated look. He was listening in our conversation alright.

Auntie and I sped our way to the stairs and into the north wing of the house where her master bedroom was located. This used to be Uncle Michael's chamber too. I am happy to know that Auntie was thoughtful enough to stay in this particular room after his death. She does love him and I am proud of her for that.

Her chamber showed a magnificent interior, really full of bright cream colors, and her furniture was all custom-made. It was highly noticeable that the designs were adapted from the Renaissance period.

When we got inside, Auntie went straight to the changing room.

"Make yourself comfortable Andi. You can use the bathroom first if you like," she informed before leaving me alone in the receiving area.

"Yes, Auntie. I think I will use the bathroom first," I said, putting the paper bag in a coffee table. I took my silk chemise and my toothbrush out and then went inside the grand bathroom.

Yes. You heard it right. I said *grand*. Like a five-star hotel-style bathroom with a walk-in closet that was as big as my bedroom. There was a waterfall shower, a Jacuzzi tub and a vanity top that screamed *Hollywood*. She had a massive collection of body wash, creams, lotions, expensive soaps, and shampoos displayed in a big glass casing. *Huh! Talk about extensiveness*. I believe she had redesigned this part of the room because the last time I entered here two years ago, there wasn't a Jacuzzi tub yet.

Once I was in, I took off my knitted sweater, my denim shorts, and underwear. I took a partial bath in the shower and changed my clothes thereafter. My chemise was the most comfortable bed clothing I have. It was slightly sheer, but I didn't mind not wearing any brassiere under it. I am always comfortable sleeping without a bra on. Wearing panties was a necessity even in bed, but I can sometimes sleep without it as it feels refreshing for a change.

After brushing my teeth, I loosened my hair from my ponytail and rushed to ruffle it into a sexy mess. All of these I did it in just ten minutes.

Just in time, I saw Aunt Marcella walk inside the bathroom. When she saw me, she produced a pleased grin.

"You really are a big girl now, Andi. Just years ago, you used to be this BIG."

Haha. Really funny Auntie. For a moment there, I thought she was going all sentimental on me until she gestured her hands near her breasts and imitated how big mine was. *Really such an eccentric woman if you ask me*.

I gave her a shy smile, unable to contain myself from blushing. "You're so crazy Auntie," I said and kissed her cheeks. "You go on ahead, I'm done with my pre-sleep routine."

"Alright dear," answered she before I exited the bathroom and closed the door.

I eyed the queen-size bed like a small girl, wanting to try its softness, but suddenly an intruder appeared out of nowhere in my front. I quickly stepped backward and yelped in surprise of his unheralded presence.

"Eriol!" I exclaimed, wide-eyed.

"What are you trying to do Andrea?" Eriol stated without preamble, looking pissed. He pushed me to the side and pressed me against the wall near the bathroom door. As a reflex, I pushed his chest away, but he responded by jailing my arms in place.

"What. Are. You. Trying. To. Do.," he asked again, drawling the words in order for me to sieve.

"Try-try what? What are you sa-ying?" I clarified, trying to keep my stuttering to a minimum so that he wouldn't see how intimidated I was with his presence. I knew what he was talking about, but I choose to play innocent.

He tightened his grip on my arms and leaned closer, enough that our noses almost touched.

I dared to glare at him, acting courageous, but damn I began to feel weak, not because of his lulling voice but his scrutiny on me. I actually caught his eyes move to where my cleavage peeked. *Huh. Men. Demons. Typical!*

He silently hissed before saying, "Your actions are disappointing me, Andrea. I don't want you to go on that trip. Period." *Oh, so fast. He is not beating around the bush at all!*

I scoffed. "You are joking, right? Everything is already set up. I will be leaving first thing in the morning."

"Call it off," he said sternly. If we were having a staring contest, I am sure he will win the damn thing. His glowing red eyes were just too hot to stare. "You will stay here. That's final," he freaking concluded.

I would have wanted to laugh hysterically, but being that Auntie was still inside the bathroom, I chose not to and instead, shook my head.

"I don't think that's a good idea. You are not the boss of me Eriol. Please, just let me go," said I, hinting two things. One was for him to let me go so that I can do with my own plans come tomorrow and second was, for him to let his *hands* go, as in immediately. Seriously, I feel the inadequate blood flow of my arms already.

He did get my second point and luckily, he loosened his grip. However, he diverted them to another place, in my face and waist particularly. Now, *this* was far dangerous than earlier indeed.

"Such a stubborn woman you are. You know I will have to punish your persistence right?" he said huskily.

My lips immediately trembled, my nipples tingled and my pussy, seconded, by tightening its soft flesh which by the way is a surprising effect for me. I am not even sure what he meant by *punish*, but my body instantly had these reactions.

Damn. He really is a sex god.

"Yeah right. Threaten me as much as you want. I don't give a damn. Now, LET. ME. GO.," I answered, immediately shoving him away again. He, however, had a different plan in mind.

He didn't agree with my request and instead of backing away, he embraced me tighter and bam, that's it, our mouths became an explosion.

His lips were gluttonous, devouring mine like there's no freaking tomorrow which of course was the truth since I am leaving tomorrow. I wriggled out of it, but he damn pressed his face even more.

I felt his tongue insert easily. I was in the border between stopping and sparring with it, wanting to have a sample of his taste too, but I controlled myself as much as I could.

His free hand then moved to stroke my hardened nub against the silk cloth and I had to suppress a moan then. *Huh! Couldn't this get any worse?*

"Er--"

"Er--io--!"

"ERIOR!" He finally freed my mouth. "Please, don't! Auntie-Auntie is inside the bathroom!" I protested, half gasping for air.

"Hmmm, am I sensing anxiety in you An...dre...ahh?" He gave me a devilish grin as he cupped my chin up. With just that expression, I could see that he was toying with me once again.

Damn demon!

"You jerk. Get out!" I spat, any minute now, my dagger of a glare would become a sharp samurai, but I know, even with this, he would still be undaunted.

I was startled when the bathroom door opened and out came my Auntie, all fresh and - *what's that in her face? A mud mask?*

"Andrea? What's gotten into you?" she immediately asked, staring weirdly at me.

I realized then and there that Eriol had vanished. I am alone now and in an awkward position with my hands raised in a pushing manner and my face, painting a clear distress.

"Uhh, uhmm.. nothing..." I said ever so slowly, and lowering my hands ever so gently. "I was...I was just amazed by your bedroom's interior designs Auntie," I cleverly answered.

Gods. Eriol! I am so going to kill you!

"Mhhmm, lovely isn't it?" She smiled, looking at the entirety of the room. "This is your first time coming back here so I bet you are surprised to see the changes. Eriol helped me with the designs. Well, actually, almost all of the guest rooms are partly designed by him, including yours."

She strolled towards her vanity mirror and sat in the cushioned stool. I followed behind her, the whole time taking measured calming breaths. Then, a few seconds later, a knock on her main door sounded.

"Come in," she said.

The moment the door opened, I blinked many times. Why? Because Eriol stepped inside with a bowl of freshly-cut cucumbers. I immediately ran towards the mattress and covered myself up with the bedsheet.

"Here are your cucumbers Madame," he said in his butler voice when he neared my Auntie.

"Thanks, Eriol."

She took the bowl and placed it in front of the mirror.

"After this, you can take a rest. Andrea will be traveling together with Mrs. Dustrene's group early tomorrow morning for the feeding program. You will drive her to my friend's house, so you better sleep early too."

He bowed low again.

"Of course Madame, I will do as what you instructed," said he, completely ignoring me.

When he turned around and walked towards the door, I stared at him and Gods, it kinda hit my pride when he never even once glanced my way.

Chapter 16 - Playing Hard-to-Get

~ Eriol ~

It was amusing to note that Andrea thinks she can get away from me. Well, she will just have to try harder because I will not let a single chance for her to be out of my sight. I had waited for her for centuries and then worked as a butler in this house for two years to be exact just so that I can find her. I can't let her just slip away now.

There's no sanctum for her anywhere but only in my arms. That was the only reality that I should inculcate in her mind.

Yes. I am disappointed when I found out about the trip tomorrow. When I returned to my employer's side, the memories of my doppelganger told me that she and her friends were talking about some sort of program for the natives and Marcella was jovial enough to share that Andrea loves to volunteer in such activities. I was standing at Marcella's back when she called Andrea about it and imagine my disappointment when she accepted the invitation.

Damn. She was one hard woman to pin in one place. My mind debated whether I should stop her trip or just let her join.

It's not like I wouldn't be able to follow her into the mountains if she goes there, but I still would want for her to stay in the mansion.

Call it selfish of me, but I want to tie her down, lock her in my room, or keep her on a pedestal so that she would be safe.

Better yet, I can bring her to my penthouse in the city and jail her there so she wouldn't join the outreach activity.

Either way, whatever measures I choose, I am pretty sure she would hate me if I do at least one of those. Unfortunately, *hate* was something I am avoiding. She was already cautious of me. I don't want to complicate that. I prefer her bending to my will, wanting, craving, and loving me. *Not* hating me.

Huh. I guess living in the modern world really does have its cons. Women now are more outspoken and confident. Rather than being meek to a man's rule just like in the medieval age, the women of today are more willing to stand up and speak their minds. Humans call it *women empowerment*, but I call it being *stubborn*. Just like Andrea exactly.

Teasing her was fun. Making her moan for me was so much better. I am craving for that sound right now. I really am. I am blazing with lust because of my anger. I want to bed her now. I want to

impale my all-too-consuming angry erection inside her. But damn... Andrea was such a clever woman. Hindering me by sleeping in my employer's bedroom was a really good move. I guess I will just have to be patient for now. She will not hide there forever. After this idiotic four-day trip of hers, I am sure to own her then; by soul, by heart, and by body.

Back in Marcella's master bedroom, I deliberately ignored her. I didn't even so much as glance at her way. I wanted to show her that two can play this game. If she was acting stubborn, then so I will be. Let's just see who will win this game in the morning then.

As soon as the sun went up, I woke up to start the day. This has been a routine for me as the head butler of the house. The residents of the underworld would surely laugh at me for these insignificant domestic chores. I am a demon prince for crying out loud. I am not supposed to be under a human's command. But in order for me to be able to spend time with Andrea, to get her trust and to receive her love, I had to do this demon-discriminating job every day for as long as it takes.

I finished everything in one go; supervising the human maids and errand boys to do this and that, taking care of the menu for the day, checking the meat business accounting, and checking the overall well-being of the ranch and the main house.

It was easy for me to perform this as I have multiples of me ready to do anything. Actually, pieces of me are scattered all over the world to do my job. Being the Prince of Lust, I must maintain my duty as the propagator of sinful pleasures.

Lust is a basic instinct of every human. The feeling is already there. I just needed to ignite it, nurture it in order to mature. It is a human's decision what he/she does with it though. Whether to use it through r*pe, incest, adultery, casual sex, prost*tution, human traff*cking, phedoph*lia, cybersex, I do not care a damn thing. It is their own choosing, not mine. I am just the harbinger, acting as a bridge.

This is what I am. This is why God had purposely created me. This is why the Emperor of Hell had chosen me to do this special job. This is exactly why I still have a beating heart right now and this beating heart is exactly why I am still in love with Andrea, *my Sarah*, even though I have turned into a demon many, many centuries ago.

I was in the foyer when I saw a maid help Andrea carry her big black luggage down the stairs. I assume the luggage was for the trip. The maid faintly smiled when she noticed my presence standing at the bottom of the stairs, while Andrea, quickly changed her happy mood and turned into something that resembled anxiety.

As I had intended to do since last night, I deliberately avoided her; showing as if I am not acknowledging her presence and went on my way to the kitchen. I didn't miss when I heard her faintly hiss, no doubt from disappointment. *The feeling is mutual, Andrea. I am still not liking you going on that trip.*

Speaking of the trip, I didn't miss her wearing a stylish clothing; a pair of brown hiking boots, faded jeans, and a red checkered button-down ladies shirt. She almost looked like a cowgirl. The sexy version of it. I had to clench my fist tightly. It reminded me of yesterday; the way she rode Trinitus and the way she ached for me under the willow tree. *Shit.* I have to shake this memory out, for now, otherwise, my plans of ignoring her will be for nil. But she really does know how to make me insane, I'll credit her for that.

I readied their breakfast at exactly seven. When Marcella sat in the dining table, I greeted her a good morning as what a normal butler would do. Still, I ignored Andrea when she appeared and sat in her chair. *No good morning for you stubborn lady.* She gave me a weak glare and a frustrated pout.

I poised beside my employer, ready for my daily morning report. The minute I started, I noticed Andrea intently listened to me, amused by how I delivered the report, and how composed I am. It actually takes a lot of years to act as a perfect butler. But for me, it just came naturally. I reported about many things, business-related mostly. By the time I finished, I noticed her eyes soften and glanced at me in awe.

Hmmm... Got your attention now, have I? Maybe a few more ignoring would bring you begging for my attention.

I couldn't help but produce a slight smirk on my lips. Plan A - a success.

"Eriol, when you're done with driving Andrea to the Dustrene Residence, send that package to UPS. Make sure it is delivered on time," my employer stated as she pointed a medium box sitting across the room that contained chilled meat products.

"Yes, Madame," I answered, already mentally instructing my doppelganger to do the job. I have a job planned for myself and that's my topmost priority now. What it may be you ask? Well, obviously to follow this hardheaded woman in the mountains.

I bowed my head and excused myself leaving them finishing their breakfast. I took the box with me and directly went to the foyer and out the entrance door to the parked BMW car.

Andrea's luggage was placed next to the vehicle so I thoughtfully placed it in the trunk right after the box was secured. Then, I headed back to my chamber which was at the south wing of the mansion, on the second floor. I changed my butler outfit, preferring to wear leather black pants, a grey shirt, and a black coat.

This ensemble looked better than the previous one. I don't want to play charades in front of Andrea when I drive her to the Dustrene Residence. I can tease her when I am acting as a butler, but I think it better to stop the act now, especially that I will be leaving the mansion too. Teasing her as me, as a demon in love with her, would be so much better.

Inside the driver's seat, I waited for them. After a few minutes, they appeared together out of the foyer. Andrea was hooking an arm around my employer's elbow and the old lady, was patting her hand acting like this would be the last day she will see her niece.

For goodness' sake, it is just a four-day trip. Andrea will be back here again after that. I understand that they are women, but they don't need to be emotional, really.

And then a thought crossed my mind. I had to grin widely this time. After her trip, I will abduct her to my penthouse and I will make sure she will like it.

I guess Marcella really does need to worry after all.

"Call me when you arrive at the retreat house," I heard my employer say when Andrea slipped inside the car. Good thing she opted to sit in the front seat, next to me; otherwise, we would have argued about the sitting arrangement along the road.

I glanced at her way while holding the steering wheel. She glanced back and I saw apprehension in her eyes. I guess she wasn't that eager to be alone with me like I am to her.

"Yes, Auntie," she replied and then closed the door.

Marcella bent and peeped through the window. "Take care dear and have fun!"

"Yes, I will Auntie. See you in four days," Andrea stated and I had to smirk again thinking of what lies ahead of her words.

I revved the engine and in a couple of cycles, we drove smoothly out of the mansion's garden. It started with an awkward silence at first, not one of us making an attempt of a small talk. I am still firm on my decision to ignore her, but after ten minutes past, I noticed her fingers fidget. She seemed to be *dying* to make a conversation with me, so I gave her a questioning look.

"What?" I sternly asked. She was taken aback momentarily.

"No-nothing. I am just wondering if you truly dropped Rafael in the hospital yesterday," she said narrowing her eyes at me. I bet she doubted my clean intentions on the man so I decided to tease her a little, just so to see what her reaction would be.

"Hmmm, now that I think about it. Maybe I should have dropped him in the middle of the Grand Canyon surrounded by hungry wolves. I sense *care* in your voice, Andrea, I do not like it."

"Wait what?! No! I am not!" she vehemently protested, exactly just what I expected. So cute of her. So naive. So innocent. She doesn't even have a clue I am just messing with her.

Mhhmm... Oh, Cronos! Give me the strength not to smother this woman with my kisses!

"I just want to confirm it for Auntie's sake! I don't like the man! I believe you can sense that. But seriously Eriol, you did drop him in the hospital right?" I heard her add and clarify at the same time.

My eyes were focused on the road ahead, but my attention was on her. Oh, by the way, I am driving at least a hundred and twenty miles per hour on the highway right now. If anything, she should be freaking out, shouting and begging me to slow down, but I guess she got too engrossed with my joke that she didn't notice my *crafty* driving.

I smirked a little and answered her straight to the point, "Yes, I did. Don't worry about that Andrea. Expect also that he will not be bothering you again."

She fully shifted to face me, her face immediately showed that of curiosity when I glanced briefly at her.

"Why do you say so?" she asked. My answer, I am sure, would flip her out, but I promised myself to be honest with her always.

"Because I erased his memories," I said point-blank.

"What?!" she immediately shouted, her high-pitched voice almost scratched my tympanic membrane. Really. I so wanted to laugh right now, but I couldn't.

"Don't shout Andrea. I am a demon remember. I can do it," I reasoned, hoping she would get the gist. Well, she was a smart woman. I know she will, very quickly.

"Huh! Why am I not surprised," she mockingly said, resting her head in the headboard and massaging her temple. "So, you're telling me you can tweak people's minds?"

"Yes," was my scanty reply.

"And I am sure my Auntie and I are no exceptions," she announced whilst crossing her arms in her chest. I assume she felt disappointed with that thought. Better tell her now before she gets all kinds of idiotic ideas.

"Your Auntie is eccentric enough. She doesn't need any mind control, Andrea. You, on the other hand, differ a lot. You are *precious* to me. I prefer not to mess with your mind."

Her cheeks immediately blushed. *Ahhh... Another point for me.*

I am not teasing her by the way. This was what my rotten heart screams. Never would I want to control her mind. I don't want her to be catatonic into submitting herself.

"That is...relieving to hear," I heard her whisper softly while facing the window in her side. "But still, I am not taking any chances."

Damn. I can't help but clench my jaw. *What is this quick pang in my heart?* I know I needed time to make her understand, to make her open up to me, but hearing her say it made me remember about our past. A past I could never forget. The past that started it all.

I inhaled a good amount of air to calm myself and then said with utmost sincerity, "Be confident with me, Andrea. I have no intention of hurting you. You are a very important part of my life. The last thing I would ever want to do is to cause you pain."

I slowed the car down and stared at her. Our eyes met and I could instantly see how surprised she was hearing my words.

She batted her eyelashes more than necessary and turned her face away from me to the window. I hoped she would reply my almost raw confession of love, reply it with the same amount of zeal as my own, *I could feel her heart beating frantically right now*, but for some odd reason, she decided not to answer me. *Damn... I believe she is still confused about her feelings towards me.* She stayed silent for the remainder of our travel and continued directing her attention in the passing scenery.

Chapter 17 - Run To Him?

~ Andrea ~

Heart! Heart! Please! Please be calm! Please be calm!

I had to continuously chant these words in my head the moment I became silent. I know I just coldly broke my conversation with Eriol, but what am I to do? Him teasing me became a natural phenomenon. Even his blatant lustful desire for me I can say was within the usual basket. But him expressing his emotions?! I may have a heart attack with his words.

So, in order to avoid that, I decided to stay silent for the remainder of our drive. Luckily, he understood my silent plea. I am still new with these kinds of emotions. I don't know how to react when one confesses.

I am not even sure if I consider Eriol's words as a confession... But still... it made my heart leap.

Well, anyway, I only have one real relationship experience and it was with my childhood sweetheart, and other than that, *zero*. Nada. Absent. Nil. So I hope my quiet reaction was understandable.

Another thing was that my mind felt so overworked. I feel that if I think too much, my mushy brain would explode because unfortunately, I just found out another truth about demons. They can actually erase and tweak human memories.

I am beginning to think that wishing he wasn't a vampire was a wrong move. Actually, him being a vampire would be so much better than a demon. There are just too many possibilities that he could do. Doppelgangers, erasing minds, teleporting, quick reflexes, awesome *sex* appeal, awesome *tongue*, awesome *fingers*, and I am pretty sure he has an awesome *cock* too - *wait what? - where was I again?*

Great. My mind just wandered into more dangerous grounds without giving me a simple head's up.

Sheesh... This was because of what happened last night and what happened until this morning. Eriol's obvious indifference towards me made my mushy brain go crazy!

Thank you, Eriol! Thank you!

The feeling of his inattention on me was kinda refreshing, but I feel suddenly incomplete. I feel suddenly empty without his constant lovely treatment. I wonder... Have I become too attached to him in just this past three days for me to feel this way? I hope not, but I honestly feel that I am.

I actually don't want him to avoid me. I actually don't want him to stop staring at me. I actually don't want him to ignore and neglect me. I may sound crazy now, but I want his attention focused on me. *Alone.*

Back in the dining room, a little feeling of jealousy spiked in my heart when he only greeted my Auntie, when his eyes were only focused on her, and when he only talked to her.

I know I was being an ass-baby that time, but Gods, I want some attention too! Hell, I even wore a cute, sexy cowgirl outfit just to impress him (*I don't even understand myself why but I suddenly wanted to wear it, damn...*) but Eriol didn't even seem affected by my overall garb.

What was wrong with him? Was he really that angry with me for not doing what he asked? But I want to join the feeding program. I really do. This *is* my calling. I can't just let an opportunity pass by.

He still ignored me even though we were the only ones inside the car. A silent war again? My mind immediately remembered the first time we met and the first time we rode in this car going to my Auntie's house. This was exactly the same as that time.

Lucky for me, he noticed my anxiety ten minutes later and decided to break the silence. *Wheeww! What a relief!*

However, I think having a weird conversation with him about erasing minds and me being *precious* to him was so much more awkward than having a silent war.

I did feel something inside me though. It was something of delight, of giddiness. He called me *precious* for heaven's sake. I can't deny that a part of me - that *tiny* part of me - felt happy that he called me that.

If I could, I would have smiled all the way to our destination with that thought in mind, but I didn't want to inflate Eriol's ego so I settled on a neutral, bored-look face whilst looking at the scenery outside the window.

Our drive took us at least twenty minutes. When we arrived in the Dustrene residence's assembly area - in the heavily landscaped front garden - there was a large group of people already lining up to get on a big blue coach. Probably there were about twenty-five people all in all excluding me.

"Eriol!"

From a short distance, I heard a woman call out just as I stepped outside the car. Eriol was taking my luggage off the trunk when it happened.

When I turned to see who it was, I saw a young woman already jogging *happily? excitedly?* complete with puckered lips towards our way. She even had a lovely show of cleavage from a not-so-appropriate clothing going to a feeding program.

Really now?

My big guess was that this young woman has a crush on Eriol, but the thought of it immediately soured my mood and I produced a fake smile when she finally neared us.

"Hey! Are you coming with us too?" I heard her say when she directly went in front of Mr. Hotshot who was lifting my luggage.

"Clara, good morning to you," he freaking greeted complete with a sweet butler smile.

What?! The nerve of him greeting her. He didn't even do that to me this morning! Why the fuck is he calling me precious then?!

"No, I am just here to assist Madame Marcella's niece. I have a lot of errands to do, so I can't join the excursion," he continued.

I noticed him move to my side and extended his arm. The young woman, whose name was Clara, simply gave me a once-over and in a bitchy way sent me an obvious glower.

My mind immediately screamed *bitch!*

"This is Andrea Anthoni by the way. Madame Marcella's niece," he said to her.

It was obvious that she faked her smile too after she said *'hi'*. I smiled the same way and returned her cold gesture with a cold handshake.

Hmmm, two can play this game bitch.

"Andrea, this is Clara Dustrene, Madame Ivana Dustrene's only daughter. She is nineteen years old."

Oh! So she is a spoiled brat! My mind immediately yelled.

I didn't miss Eriol's fleeting stare at me as if he was sending me a message to go easy on the kid. But it was either that or he was amused by my sudden *emotional imbalance*. Please don't call it jealousy. *Please don't call it jealousy!*

"Pleased to meet you, Clara. You are joining the feeding program too?" I politely inquired, but to my apparent surprise, she gave me a high-drawn brow.

"Are you serious?" she said, rolling her eyes. "Of course not! I am not going to let myself get swarmed by those filthy creatures. The group is going to stay in our villa there which I intend to go on vacation. Of course, it is understandable that I should ride the bus too!"

I was taken aback by her crude answer. *Calm Andrea. Be calm...* But how could she call the natives filthy creatures?! What a bitchy mouth! I can't believe it!

"My apologies if I misunderstood it," I said but she gave me a cold shoulder and directed her attention back to Eriol, immediately producing a sweet smile.

Damn brat!

"Anyway, Eriol... you really should join us. You know we can do a lot of things in the villa, right? We can make the evening romantic there with you and me lying in the gazebo, a candlelight dinner, and my mother's special aged wine for you to drink. You would love that right?" Clara said whilst hooking her hands in Eriol's arm and obviously nudged her silicone breasts against it.

My mouth dropped. Oh my God! She was flaunting shamelessly in front of me!

I glanced at Eriol who smiled back at her and touched a few stray locks of her hair. I had to clench my teeth upon seeing the gesture.

"I'm sorry Clara, but I can't. You should however join Andrea with the feeding program. You would greatly enjoy the native's attention and you would gain a new perspective in life," he frankly said. I hid a chuckle after hearing it.

"Oh! Eriol! Such a tease," Clara answered, quite misunderstanding Mr. Butler's words. *Huh! She is not only spoiled, but a dumb brat it seems.*

"Clara dear!" Another woman called out, but this time, the voice had a more mature tone.

I looked past her and saw this woman coming our way wearing a scarf around her neck, a pencil skirt, and a lace blouse that complemented her lace wide-brimmed hat. She had blond hair, just like Clara's and I immediately assumed her to be *the* Madame Ivana Dustrene, my Auntie's baccarat friend.

"Madame, how do you do?" Eriol asked, bowing his head low in acknowledgment of her presence.

"Eriol, I am fine. Thank you for asking," Madame Ivana said with a soft giggle when he took her hand and kissed the back of it. I couldn't help but think she also has a thing for Eriol. They must have known him for quite some time if they act too openly in front of him.

Oh, come to think of it, I don't even know how many years he has been working as a butler for my Auntie. I should ask her when I return to the mansion after four days.

Watching their weird casual display of affection, my mind immediately delved on a more ridiculous idea. *Oh no! Don't tell me?!*

I immediately stared at Eriol with alarm in my eyes. Being a demon and a prince of lust so to speak, it could be that he had controlled their minds, making them fall for him and use them as his fuck toy. If that would be true, then it would be a devastating blow to my heart.

Eriol eyed me sharply then and shook his head as if he was saying a stern 'no'.

Oh, yeah. I almost forgot. He does read minds.

That little gesture alone calmed my heart and I instantly smiled towards Madame Ivana's way.

"So, this is the famous Andrea Anthoni I had been hearing about," she said while facing me.

"Good morning Madame. Thank you for inviting me." I extended my hand for an appropriate handshake, but instead of accepting it, she actually gave me a big hug and a kiss in the cheek.

I was surprised of course, but it made me feel warm, better than what I felt earlier with her bitchy daughter.

"No. No. No. The pleasure is mine Andrea," she said with a pat on my shoulder. "I need a lot of volunteers as much as possible. You don't know how much your presence makes a difference."

"Oh, really? Thank you for that Madame."

"No, just call me Auntie Ivana, will you? I have so many activities in store for you and the group in the villa. I am sure you will enjoy it."

She turned to the side and raised an eyebrow on her daughter. "Clara dear, stopped leeching yourself on Eriol's arm. You go to the coach now, we will be leaving minutes from now."

I saw Clara produce a frown but said 'yes' anyway. However, before she left, she unexpectedly pulled Eriol's face towards her and kissed him almost in the lips.

I felt my stomach knot upon seeing it.

Whoaah!!! Such a crude behavior!

But what made me disappointed even more was Eriol's response after it. He smiled on her way and gave a wave when she left.

Gods, can I strangle you now Eriol, please? She is just a kid! Why are you patronizing her actions?!

"I'm sorry for my daughter's behavior Andrea. You must be really surprised," Madame Ivana stated, looking at me and noticing my mouth agape.

"Ahhh, uhmm.. no, no. It's alright Madame, really. Don't you worry," I said in haste, waving my hands in the air and giving her a shy smile.

"Such an understanding niece you are." She awarded me a sweet smile. "Now come! We must leave now for we have a long day ahead of us."

I nodded and I let her guide me all the way to the coach. Eriol followed us with my luggage in hand.

When we neared the bus, Madame Ivana was the first one to climb up the vehicle, while I lingered in the opening for God knows why.

For some reason, I suddenly didn't want to leave. Stealing a look at Eriol who was loading my luggage in the side of the coach, I felt I wanted to talk to him before leaving - *although I honestly don't know what I would say.*

Maybe a quick thanks would suffice? Or maybe words like 'goodbye' or a 'see you later' would be appropriate? But the coach driver beeped the horn and bade me to enter the vehicle. I immediately nodded feeling slightly embarrassed for delaying our time and speedily climbed up the three-step stairs.

Once inside, I found a vacant seat near the window, so I sat there. I took a quick peek to where Eriol was and there I saw him, standing all handsome and delicious, but he was looking back at me with not a single sad expression on his face. He showed just the same unreadable expression: his signature blunt affect.

The hell! He could at least show that he wished me a happy and safe trip! He could at least wave at me like what he did to Clara! Tsk. Insensitive bastard demon!

I am not going to see him for four days. This would be a good thing. No more nuisances. No more fear in my sleep. No more teasing. No more touching without my permission.

I should be happy and relieved right? But why do I feel now that I want to stop the bus and run to him?

Chapter 18 - Tailing Her

~ Eriol ~

Being a demon in this kind of situation sure *is* advantageous.

Right after the coach left the residence, I purposefully left my double to do the remaining errands while I flew in the sky and followed the vehicle to its intended destination.

Oh, don't get me wrong. I may be a demon but my wings aren't like a bat's. I have glorious black angel wings I could use whenever I needed it. This was the only part of me left since I became a Fallen Angel and eventually a demon prince.

I am no UFO too.

I could make myself invisible to the naked eye and right now, I am using that power to tail the group without any intrusions.

I bet humans would overreact if they see a black angel flying in the sky. They could send a jet fighter airplane to ambush me or the Pentagon hot on my heels. I surely don't want that pathetic nuisance.

It was really funny watching Andrea control her temper in front of Clara. I could sense that she was jealous of the brat judging from the expression on her face and the way she acted, but I could hear her thoughts denying the feeling. *Com'n now Dear Heart. You are in denial. Just admit it.*

But I, trying to make her see sense, decided to play along with Clara's flirting.

I purposefully greeted her a warm good morning, touched the locks of her hair, returned a peck in the cheek, and waved her a heartfelt goodbye. I was doing all of these while observing what Andrea's reaction would be. And yes, my expectations exactly hit the spot. She really tried to contain her temper, and I gotta say she was damn good with hiding her emotions. I should give her a congratulatory kiss for it later.

She doesn't need to be jealous though. I am hers alone and she, mine. No woman would redirect my attention, and Clara was no exception.

The brat has been acting like a flirt since I met her when I first started working for my employer. I felt her potent attraction to me then. Her lust, her desire to have sex with me, her longing for my attention, everything!

I am not affected by all of these feelings though. I may be the Prince of Lust, but I am not one to sample each and every woman I meet in the human realm. I am not a panty-ripper. I am not a *Casanova hound* as what Andrea puts it.

The only woman I will ever want and will ever touch and make crazy sex with was her, my *Sarah*. The only woman that can ignite the fire in my loins and the only one who can make me go insane with just a simple touch.

During the whole travel, I got a glimpse of a different Andrea.

Her face was near the window and just by looking at her expression, she seemed to be enjoying looking at the scenery. She looked like a child with delighted eyes, taking in all of the sight: the breathtaking Luxembourg plains and mountains, the sunny weather, the springtime flowering plants abloom, the trees full of thick green leaves, and the clear blue sky.

The coach weaved its way through curves of roads in the mountain ranges; managed an almost roller-coaster drop in one nearing a cliff; and then passed by a long tunnel leading all the way to the Dustrene Villa.

Huh. No wonder this is a retreat house. This place is almost inaccessible!

I landed on the ground just a short distance away from where the coach parked. I tucked in my wings, willed for it to disappear temporarily and I sat down a metal bench while waiting for Andrea to disembark.

She did so after a few minutes, but it was together with a young man, probably four years younger than her, and talking as if he was a long-time friend.

Hmmm... another puppy I see... I pity him for he will surely taste my wrath if he gets too close to her.

For a human, I gotta say he was a handsome boy. His physique can be compared to an athlete's and was standing at least five feet eight inches tall. He had shaggy brown hair - the typical style you see in British models - and wearing baggy pants and a sweatshirt - definitely not an ensemble that I can call suave, but still an acceptable taste of fashion.

They were just talking and I could see Andrea nodding and smiling back at him while he offered to lift her luggage. At least he had some good use. *Go ahead boy, lift the luggage for me.*

They continued to walk towards the garden pathway to a large brick courtyard. I could see that one has to pass through a small entrance gate in order to access this part of the villa, so once Andrea and the young man entered, I teleported inside.

The place was wide. The group was scattered all over the place with their bags lying on the ground. It looked like they were waiting for Madame Ivana's welcome announcement and instructions.

Still invisible, I decided to situate myself exactly next to Andrea. Mr. British Boy stood on her right side, his attention focused on her when she started to ask, "Raver, is this your first time joining activities like this?"

He shook his head gently. "No. It's my second time joining Aunt Ivana's annual charity event, Ms. Andi. I have made a promise to join it for my mother's sake. She wants me to be able to get to know Clara more."

I could hear his reply very clearly and it made me realize something immediately, something that I could use to my advantage.

"Really? Why so?" Andrea asked quickly.

"She's my betrothed," Raver replied plainly to her.

"Huh? Wow, that's...that's surprising." I could see Andrea's astonished reaction then. It seems she didn't expect that such information like this would be laid in front of her so quickly.

I, on the other hand, was pleased with the revelation. *So here is my puppet.* I could use him in order to rid myself of Clara's attention. I am pretty sure Andrea would like it *very much*.

I saw Raver smile and tilted his head. "I know right? And to tell you why, it is just because of a silly card game."

Hmmm... Interesting.

Now that he mentioned it, it reminded me of a certain time when Madame Ivana and Madame Trina used their children as bets in a one-on-one game. The latter was the winner, so Clara gets to have an instant fiancée in the process. In this case, it was this boy, the son of Madame Trina Ashrow - the '*genius nerd-football player son*' as what she calls him.

I saw Andrea's eyes widen in surprise. "Seriously?" she said. "Goodness, that's just... wow, I can't believe they can do that."

"Yes, they are a bunch of crazy ladies if you ask me," Raver replied, scratching the back of his head.

I had to chuckle after hearing his statement.

Oh, you don't even know what are the topics they usually talk about boy but you are exactly right, they are a crazy bunch of old women.

For two years, I had been with my employer's baccarat games and I can vouch that they do quite talk about silly, insignificant things. Some of these topics were how to make a pie, how to shave the legs, talking about putting up a ski resort, asking about their beauty regimens, talking about the best spa, and many more.

"But, I don't mind being betrothed to her though," Raver added. "I...I actually like her."

Andrea cleared her throat. Their attention was briefly diverted when Madame Ivana stepped in a small elevation and waited for a wireless microphone to be handed.

"Ahh, she is...she is easy to be liked. I'm not surprised with your confession at all Raver," she subsequently commented and smiled, but her smile didn't reach her eyes. "Uhhh, I don't want to pry but can I ask how the wooing is going?"

I sensed the desperation in her voice and I have a feeling this was all because of me.

"Hmf," the boy scoffed. "Well, the wooing is going smoothly Ms. Andi, but Clara seems to be playing hard-to-get. I believe this is because of the butler Aunt Marcella is always with. She is so besotted with him. I can't seem to contend with the guy."

Oh, believe me boy, you won't, but by all means, please take that brat away from me.

"Oh no, no!" I heard Andrea express quickly. "You can contend with him! The man's not a God. He...uh... he's just a mere...human. Just do your best, alright?" she advised, patting his shoulder at the same time. Hearing her say those words made me want to rip that mouth of hers with kisses.

I'll show you how 'mere' I am in the penthouse Andrea, you'll see.

"Thanks for the encouragement, Ms. Andi," said Raver with an appreciative smile.

"Don't mention it," she replied with a wink.

Madame Ivana started her announcements with Clara on her side. I saw Raver's eyes twinkle whilst looking at her.

Hmmm... So he truly has feelings for her huh?

Well, I may not be able to change what they feel in their hearts but I do have the ability to augment their emotions. What demon am I then if I can't at least heighten Raver's confidence of wooing her? I guess, it seems I'll be doing some *Cupid* work during this excursion.

"Thank you everyone for volunteering in our program," Madame Ivana started. "We have all prepared the needed materials, food, and vehicles for our feeding program this afternoon. Once you have settled in your assigned bedrooms and have taken your lunch, you will come back here and after half an hour, we will leave for the Treveri Tribe high above that mountain top."

She pointed to a plateau just within sight, facing the villa. She smiled and nodded at the group. I sensed her genuine devotion to her vocation. I can actually see a little bit of her in Andrea and it was the sincere desire to help. It was a sad thing that Clara didn't inherit her mother's enthusiasm.

Everyone cheered and clapped their hands and that included Andrea and Raver.

Once done, he took her luggage and brought it inside the house. This part of the villa was what Marcella calls the retreat house. Rows upon rows of hotel-like rooms were located. In one of these was Andrea's and it seems that she was sharing it with three other women.

I was standing in the threshold when Raver left. This boy was truly useful and I shall reward him for it.

I heard the four women exchange greetings and introductions. Two of the women were older, about in the thirties age, while the other one was younger, mid-twenties I guess. She introduced herself as Janine, of Hispanic descent.

She and Andrea became instant friends and I am pleased that her company now wasn't of the opposite sex. I left them to their privacy and went to where Raver was, standing at the end of the hallway, watching Clara in a well garden texting her cellphone.

Well... well... well... I grinned at the quick opportunity laid in front of me. Time to work my demon magic then.

With a slight tap on Raver's shoulder, I gave him what he lacked the most: self-confidence. He may be a football player, but he was still a nerd. It was high time for him to use his British model looks to enchant this brat.

I watched him straighten and then started to approach Clara.

Good. She is your problem now boy. Use the burning sex appeal I have just bestowed on you and make good use of it.

It was one in the afternoon when the coach left with all of the volunteers. Tailing behind it was me and another personal vehicle, a range rover, with Madame Ivana and Clara riding.

I noticed Andrea smile openly once again. Her smile reached from ear to ear this time as she witnessed the untouched beauty of the mountains.

It seems that she remained to be a nature-loving gal, exactly like in the past. I remember *Sarah* used to swim in a river near their house. This simple act made her happy and I was enjoying watching her from afar.

After some time, the bus came to a halt in an underdeveloped road. I landed near the driver's window and I heard him say that they will have to go on foot from here onward. The volunteers didn't complain though, especially Andrea who most excitedly exited the bus and quickly surveyed the area.

I heard Clara complain but stopped when Raver neared her. He interlaced his hand on her and he pointed at the man-made pathway while whispering something in her ear. She giggled thereafter and nodded.

Hmmm... Looking at what had just taken place, it seems my magic was a success huh. Good!

The tribe compound was just located a short walk away from the bus. Once inside there, the tribesmen immediately welcomed the party warmly with drums and weird dancing.

I situated myself next to a coconut tree, leaning on the trunk as I watched the scene.

I noticed Andrea in awe of the spectacle then. The sun kissed her hair when she stood together with the other volunteers in front of the dancers. She looked interested in the complicated steps, staring at the feet of the natives like she was counting the stomps. She even swayed her hips right and left and clapped her hands. It was lovely to look at.

Their program immediately kicked off after a short introduction by Madame Ivana. Apparently, she had known this tribe since she was Clara's age. Their villa was considered as their ancestral house and being it that way means that she gets to visit the place every now and then, hence being well acquainted with the locals.

Big boxes full of packed meals were given out to each and every individual. They also handed out other interesting food items like canned goods, a loaf of bread, packs, and more packs of sweets for the young ones.

The whole time I witnessed it, I smiled to myself.

Wonderful was it to see this side of Andrea. Yes. She shines brighter than any volunteers. She didn't show any reservation with her actions. When almost all of the women used alcohol and washed their hands every now and then, Andrea didn't. She warmly greeted the natives and even embraced the children when they neared her. She smiled and talked to them like she was part of the family.

She really was of pure heart. So true. So unique. This rotten heart of mine just loves her even more.

Chapter 19 - Hold Me

~ Andrea ~

I sat alone in a wooden bench a couple of feet away from a bonfire set up by my co-volunteers. I just finished my dinner and decided to spend my early evening in the courtyard.

Wrapping myself with a small quilt while holding a mug of chocolate milk drink was what I believe to be a good idea to chase away the cold wind of the night. Well, we were in a mountainous area, so it was expected that the temperature would drop more than the usual. I wasn't bothered by the temperature though. Just seeing the sea of stars and the mystical full moon like this was just pure awesome.

My feet felt tired from standing up and handing out packs of lunch and playing with the native children, but these physical complaints were all worth it. I am happy that I get to do all of my duties properly.

My voice felt a bit hoarse too because apparently Madame Ivana gave me a task to set up a little program for the tribesmen. I was the emcee. She assigned me a group of five members; two men and two women mostly in my age, and we rapidly whipped out three dance and song numbers to entertain the locals.

I was right to accept Madame Ivana's invitation to join her feeding program. This was what I certainly call 'the best vacation ever.' Not only am I able to do my calling, but I get to also travel in another part of Luxembourg and get to see a different side of it that was pure nature at its finest. I have been to this tiny country many times in the past, but I have never set foot in another place other than Auntie Marcella's house, ranch, and the nearby shopping districts.

Sipping my mug again, I happen to notice Raver and Clara stand together in the small entrance gate. They were actually holding hands and it seemed that they had just been outside the courtyard. In the back of my head, I am assuming that they were making out in the darkness, hiding behind the towering brick walls around us.

Wow.

Never had I expected these turn of events. Just this morning, Raver doubted the progress of his courtship with Clara because of Eriol, but now, wow... wow! They are super-glued together.

I thought Clara only likes Eriol? But it seems this brat can be persuaded by other men too. I find it a good thing, but mmmm, I believe the circumstances were just so fast and so weird. I guess my words of encouragement hit him that much huh?

“Ayeeiiii!!”

Suddenly, I heard a woman scream in delight a couple of feet away from me.

My focus quickly diverted from the new couple to the Caucasian woman. She smiled widely and danced with two more females around the bonfire. They were copying the movements of the dance of the tribesmen, *whatever steps they had remembered that is*. Two male volunteers provided the same stream of drum beats with their modern bongos thereby making the dancing much livelier.

I had to smile too. I can't deny it. It was not exactly the same flow of steps I saw in the tribe compound but hey, at least they were having fun and I am entertained with their silly dancing.

Tomorrow will be another new experience. Madame Ivana says we will head to another village just a few kilometers away northwest of here. We will have the same routine distribution of food packs and another mini program for our beneficiaries. Obviously, I am to host the program again.

Looking at these volunteers tapping and hopping in front of me, an idea sparked in my head. I should ask them if they want to perform a dance like this tomorrow, or maybe similar to it complete with the bongo sounds of course.

I smiled widely, thinking that it was the best idea I have concocted so far. I placed my mug down, unwrapped myself from the quilt, and neatly folded it on the bench. *I should ask them now before my idea expires and I dearly hope they will accept my proposition.*

Standing up from my seat, I had my sweet smile ready but as soon as I eyed the two men holding the instrument, my mouth immediately dropped.

As to why you may ask?

Well, it was because standing in their back was the Prince of Lust himself with a crazy sexy smirk plastered on his face.

It doesn't take a genius to know that his attention was riveted on me.

Nope, it was not directed to the women dancing or the bonfire between us. Just me and me alone.

My peaceful, innocent world immediately went tumbling down. Yes, it did. But it was quickly replaced with another kind of world; a world where my happiness centered on Eriol.

I stared back at him, wide-eyed and lips trembling. My heartbeat drummed in tune with the bongo, but the loud thumping sound they had created seemed to dull. The bonfire seemed to mimic the tumult in my heart as the flames widened and blazed wildly in the air. I had to ask myself quickly: *Why is he here?!*

I noticed him mouth my name and I felt immediately in a trance. It was as if he was invoking me, pulling me to bask in his unexpected presence.

He turned to walk slowly away from the two men. The whole time he did so, he kept his stare cemented on me. I immediately took a step forward, deciding to follow wherever he planned to go; my idea about the program consequently forgotten.

I know it was a bad idea to follow him. I know with all my heart that it would be dangerous to be alone with him, but I honestly wanted to... I don't know why but I wanted to.

The moonlight was enough to show the pathway outside the courtyard, but I carefully threaded on it as I tailed Eriol.

It seemed that his intention was to cover a great distance away from the villa because I saw him walk out of the pathway and into a rocky hill. I believe this part here, both of us wouldn't be seen with just a simple glance alone. They needed binoculars to see us clearly.

"Why are you here? Did Auntie sent you?" I immediately asked when I stopped a few feet away from him.

He turned and faced me with delight in his eyes. I had to control myself from blushing then. *I guess he wasn't angry with me anymore huh?*

"No, your Auntie didn't send me. I am always with you Andrea. I never left your side," he replied.

Whoah?! Surely he isn't joking?!

"You're joking," I commented out loud with disbelief laced in my voice. But he was a demon and he can do anything using his powers. To doubt him now would be ridiculous.

"No, I am not joking. I am just invisible Andrea. You wouldn't see me unless I *will* it so."

Huh! It seems likely. This would be exactly the kind of Eriol I am expecting. He also used this power when we were in the willow tree. I am beginning to think about how powerful a demon he was when he can also make me invisible to the naked eye.

"Of course," I interjected, crossing my arms in my chest. "It is not surprising anymore for me. But why?"

"Why?" He furrowed his brows.

Dangit. As if he can't read my thoughts.

"Yes, why?" I threw again. "Why bother tailing me around? I thought you are angry with me?"

Eriol stepped closer and that movement alone left my heart beating frantically.

"Mhmm... you're right," he started huskily. "I am angry with you, but that doesn't mean I will let you out of my sight, Andrea."

I scoffed and moved back. "You sound like a stalker, Eriol."

"No, I am no stalker, Andrea. I simply want to be with you," he answered as he continued to near me. Was it just me or did it become hot suddenly?

I stepped backward again but this time, I was conscious enough to glance at my back just to make sure I still have more ground to cover on. I wouldn't want to plummet down on a cliff and into my death. *Yep. I certainly don't.*

"Hold me," and then I heard him say. *Goodness! He really moves quickly!*

When I turned back to look at him, he was already standing millimeters away in my front. I was so sure he would embrace me then, but he actually didn't. He just stood and waited for me to do whatever he had commanded me to.

"What?!" I burst out, throwing him a confused glare. I stopped from stepping back when I realized a large boulder was in the way.

"I said, Andrea, hold me," he clarified and that was the time when I saw the intentness of his eyes. He wasn't jesting alright. Not one single bit.

"Why would I?" That was my sharp question complete with a raised brow and crossed arms, but he wasn't bothered by it because instead of forcing his command on me, he was the one who held me by the waist and right then and there, I saw four layers of wings sprout behind his back. In a startling second, we were then high above the ground.

"Ahhh! Eriol!" I screamed, unable to contain my fear. *Gods! I am not terrified with heights but even with this altitude, one would surely be scared.* I grab a hold of his black coat which by the way looks hot on him. I had always wondered how these beings get to grow wings without tearing their clothes off.

"There, there. Calm down." I heard Eriol say after his not-so-subtle chuckle.

Shit. He is enjoying my plight I'm sure.

I, of course, felt distressed by my situation.

He lifted me as if I am as light as a feather. And to top that, his grip on my waist wasn't like a harness. It was so loose! I felt that anytime soon, I would fall with just a single lift of his finger.

"You're safe, Andrea. You can hold me tightly if you want to," he said and I am quite sure it was to tease me.

I disregarded it because of my fear and decided to hold onto him tighter. *Dangit. So this is what he meant by 'hold me.' He could have just said that he planned to fly me in the sky!*

"Bastard, I know you are enjoying this," I stated with anger, but this strong emotion didn't remain too long. It was replaced with awe and astonishment when I saw the moon a whole lot closer to us.

"Yes, I am. I won't deny that," he simply replied, but I didn't linger on his words as I am too engrossed with watching the scene.

White fluffy clouds surrounded us and just over the horizon, was the full moon in all its glory. I bravely looked down and saw the beauty of the earth below me.

Wow. Just breathtaking.

"We're...flying..." My words somehow came out calm. I heard Eriol chuckle a little then.

"It's so cute of you to state the obvious, Andrea."

"Jerk," I said while rolling my eyes.

"Aren't you scared?" he asked me and I suddenly felt a wee bit dizzy. Probably this was because of the altitude, or probably because of his hands holding me tightly now. *Damn... I honestly missed these hands.*

"No, I am not scared," I answered initially. "I am surprised of course, but I don't think flying and seeing the beauty of nature in this perspective isn't something to be afraid about."

"Hmmm, you sure accept the change so fast," he remarked with a grin on his face.

I stared into his gray-violet eyes and yes, I could say that this was much *much* better than the glowing red ones; probably even much better than the full moon in front of us.

"I like your wings," I said abruptly when I stared at the black appendages. Looking at them, it made me feel nostalgic; like I had seen these unique wings before...

"Really..." he replied curtly, roped with a darker tone.

I watched his expression and saw that he didn't look proud. He didn't look at all happy. He didn't even look pleased of what I said. He actually showed a sad expression on his face when he said that and it made me wonder why.

"It is glorious. Black is a beautiful color, Eriol." I tried to make it sound nicer, hoping that he would accept it as a compliment and make his mood livelier. Luckily, it did.

"Hmmm, you sound exactly the same as the past, Andrea." His voice lightened a bit.

"What? What past?" Confusion clouded my head. *What is he talking about now?*

"Andrea... I don't expect you to remember since you are reincarnated, but *you... me...* we had a *life* together in the past."

Chapter 20 - Sleep It Is Dear Heart

~ Andrea ~

"What-what are you saying Eriol?" My heartbeat evenly increased. If I think hard about it, I believe he just told me that I went through *reincarnation*? As in, seriously? Does that even exist?

I being a volunteer catechist once never had an idea about that. I thought once the soul leaves the body, it goes to Heaven or Hell. I never knew that it would return back to earth.

This truth certainly intrigued me but what caught my attention more was what he said after that. We had a life together in the past? Now, *that* sounds silly, right?

"Andrea, you are so beautiful," he said, abruptly changing the topic.

He cupped my chin with his right hand and smoothly grazed his fingers on my lips.

I had to wrap my arms around his neck this time because I felt his remaining hand on my waist inadequate to support my weight. I could seriously fall right now if it wasn't for my tight clinging.

"Eriol, please tell me. What past are you talking about?" I asked once again, wanting to know more but he only gave me a short-lived smile and inhaled deeply.

"This...this past Andrea," he replied in a soft hush and then dipped his face to cover my full lips.

On instinct, I closed my eyes, wanting to savor it. I can't deny that I really did miss his taste. *Really, really miss it.*

It was just a momentary kiss, just a simple graze. It was probably just a minute the least and after it, he withdrew.

I am not dumb but I don't exactly understand how kissing connects to our so-called *past*. But oh Gods! I swear my mind immediately screamed for more. I want to taste him. I want our saliva mixed into a heady cocktail. I want our tongues intertwined. I just want him. All of him. I can't explain why but I yearn for him *now*.

"Eriol, I'm sorry. I...I don't remember." It was my honest answer. I looked at him again and noticed his face a bit sadder than before. I hate to see him like this. I prefer the cocky, arrogant, overconfident, dominating Eriol I know. Not this. It just breaks my heart.

Why is he this sad anyway?

"I know..." he said weakly, "you don't need to apologize, Andrea."

Once more, he went to graze a finger on my lips and I was so sure he would bestow a kiss again. Yup. I actually anticipated the sweet collision. Being in this kind of position - floating high in the air in fact - and having the full moon as our background was what I would call a perfect romantic setting. But, *but* he didn't. He *didn't*! He just said instead to my surprise, "So... where do you want to go?"

"Huh?" I blinked many times.

"I can take you anywhere Andrea. I can fly you away from here or we can teleport. Just tell me where you want to go."

Where I want to go huh? Wow.

His words made me immediately think of exploiting his generous offer. I had always wanted to go to some famous destinations in different countries. The Eiffel Tower in France, St. Peter's Square in Rome, the pristine beaches of Bora Bora, the mountains of New Zealand and Australia where The Lord of the Rings and The Hobbit were shot, Palawan in the Philippines, or even Mt. Fuji and the cherry blossoms in Japan.

But realizing how ludicrous I would sound to Eriol, I just simply answered him shyly, "I...I just want to see the villa high above the clouds. That's all."

I saw Eriol's eyes lit up. I know he had read the enumerated places in my thoughts, but I guess he decided to be humble because he just closed his eyes and whispered, "Simple."

We suddenly gained speed, higher and higher past the first layer of clouds, and into a clearer black sky with an incredible ocean of stars. I could even see a better view of a newly-forming aurora borealis over the horizon.

"Eriol!" I exclaimed, not of fear this time but of astonishment.

"Hold on to me tightly, Andrea." He said it as if I am not even holding tightly for dear life, but I inched my face closer to him. With this, I can feel his male scent, something that I had been missing for two days too. Inside the willow tree, it was easily perceivable and I was intoxicated with it back then.

"It's...beautiful," I whispered, watching the sky and the villa down below. I know he can sense the loud thumping of my heart as I do to him. I can feel that his was in sync with mine.

"Yes, it is," he replied politely. He sure acted differently tonight. Definitely not the usual Eriol as a butler. Maybe a change of location was needed for him to show this kind side?

"You're lucky to be able to do this. I actually thought demons can't fly," I commented near his ear.

I heard a low grumble from him and thereafter he said, "These black wings are the only portion left of me when I was still an archangel, Andrea. This is why I am still able to fly."

I could feel my curiosity being stirred up once again.

"I'm sorry, I know it's not my business but can I ask why? Why did you turn into a demon?"

The wind around us kept on playing with our hairs. Mine was already tangled while his, a sexy mess, but I actually don't mind my appearance in front of Eriol. Why? Because he had always looked at me like I am the most beautiful woman in the whole world. It of course warmed up my heart.

"Because I broke a grave rule Andrea," was his short reply. I had to frown in response.

"Your answer is vague, Eriol. Tell me more. What is it?" I whispered again in his ear.

"Because...because I fell in love," he furthered.

What...?

I almost, *almost* choked when I heard him say.

Honestly, I never expected a demon like him would mention *falling in love*. I thought they don't have hearts? But then again, Eriol was once an archangel. Surely, angels were provided hearts by their Creator?

I never got a chance to question him more about it because he claimed my lips again. It was without warning and in reaction, I moved my head back.

He groaned in disappointment. He held my head in place with his free hand, coaxed my mouth to open and inserted the tip of his tongue when I did, and that was the time when I finally gave in.

I simply want us to kiss in the first place. Why make myself suffer?

His kiss felt much deeper. Not just a simple graze anymore. It was still slow and tender, but as seconds passed, it became hungrier going from sucking to fully inserting his tongue inside my mouth. I couldn't think anymore other than to respond to him. He was demanding me to reciprocate it, so of course, I did.

Ahhh... What a lovely feeling.

He was drowning me but I simply didn't mind. He was just too delicious to even mind.

After a few more minutes of tasting each other, I felt him withdraw slowly and then he trailed small licks from my jaw to my neck.

I consequently released a soft moan. This was enough to make my nipples tingle and of course, my letter 'V' down there beginning to heat up.

Gods. I really miss this. I might as well acknowledge that I am addicted to this sensation.

"Andrea..." he tenderly murmured, palming the length of my neck passionately. I stared at him with half-lidded eyes. "I want you *now* Andrea. Come with me."

My breath hitched and my pussy clenched.

Gods, it definitely knows what Eriol was trying to say.

But of course, with still a bit of reason in my head, I gave him a simple response, "I...I can't..." It however came out more like a choked sound. "Eriol, you know I can't. I still need to stay three more days here."

Well, uhm... for the most part, yes. I do have numerous things to do for the remaining three days. I want to visit the vineyard of Madame Ivana, go on hiking, and experience the thrill of trying the zipline. A one night of pleasure wouldn't give me those experiences but, on second thought... I definitely don't give a damn about these activities now. The burning between my legs just wanted to be satisfied.

"Then I will just teleport you to and from here. An..dre...ahh... I want you... please," Eriol pleaded, nibbling at my earlobe at the same time. *Shit. I immediately felt drowsy then.*

"You are using your charms on me again, Eriol. I feel sleepy..." I mumbled. I seriously hope that he wasn't charming me into bed right now; otherwise, I would be heartbroken.

I have never felt this much desire for a man. It felt so powerful I just can't say no anymore. Even my childhood sweetheart who was my first and last boyfriend wasn't successful in making me feel this way.

I notice Eriol pull out a bit and this alarmed me. *Shit! Please don't ruin the mood, Andrea!* My mushy brain yelled.

"I'm sorry. It is not my intention to do so," he apologized, worry flooded his face. "I can't possibly use my powers on you. I don't want to control you."

Hallelujah!!! These were the only words that I want to hear. *Relief! What a relief! So this desire... This strong yearning I am feeling right now for him is my own and I am not being enthralled!*

I shook my head quickly. "No, please... you don't need to apologize. I don't care really," I said, then moved back slightly and went to cup his face with both of my hands. His left arm was the only thing that supported my waist, but I felt not scared about falling anymore. I know and I have great trust that Eriol wouldn't let me fall.

His orbs flamed when I gazed at them. I wanted an eye-to-eye contact when I tell him my words; words that I have never realized I would be saying so early in our relationship.

“Eriol, I want to sleep with you,” I muttered, sure, and determined.

His eyes lit up instantly and a smile curved his lips.

“Then sleep it is Dear Heart,” said he and then, in just a blink of an eye, I found myself in another place; a modern man crib to be exact.

Chapter 21 - A Night With Him

~ Andrea ~

I don't know where this place was exactly, but I had a feeling we were in a five-star hotel or an apartment, or maybe a penthouse. Either way, we were both alone and the king-size bed was already beckoning me to lie down in its soft, suede-covered white sheets.

Damn... this is where we will do IT? I mentally cheered with my pompoms.

I only had a brief glance of the entire bedroom but I immediately deduced this place somehow looked similar to Christian Grey's own in the Fifty Shades of Grey movie. Minus the Red Room of course, but then again, I wonder... since Eriol is the Prince of Lust, does he have one hidden behind these walls?

Oh, I hope not. My innocence would be contaminated surely if there's a real Red Room, but come to think of it, Anastasia was a virgin *and* innocent when Mr. Hot Grey took her right? Exactly just like me now.

"Andrea stay still," Eriol said in a velvety voice as he moved to undress me starting from my red checkered cowgirl shirt. One by one he unbuttoned the garment, the sluggishness of which made me impatient.

Gods. Can you just rip it out? I know you can do it! I yelled in my mind.

His lips curved into a smile then as he shook his head.

Ah... so you plan on taking it slow huh?

He nodded silently in response. I rolled my eyes.

He moved closer and placed gentle kisses on my neck as he finished the deed. I guess this was his way of diverting my impatience. *Lovely...*

So without further ado, I closed my eyes to feel the sensation more.

"Mhmm..." I let out a satisfied moan when his lips reached my cleavage, playing with the alluring valley of it. I felt a pull and then a brush of the garment past my shoulder and arms. I let him take it out for me as I was too engrossed with the sensations in my skin.

"An..dre..ahhh, do you know how much you make me go insane?" I heard him ask softly whilst unhooking my brassiere.

Shit. I don't know how to answer that Eriol!

I opened my eyes and saw him leave my chest and moved to whisper in my ear this time, "Do you know how much I want to fuck you now?"

"No," was my immediate simple answer. I don't *know* it, I *feel* it.

"Hmmm, then you know now," he stated and then went to caress my exposed quaking breasts.

He used his hands as a vessel to house my glistening mountains and I tell you, I had zero complaints about it. He used his thumb to press my taut nipples and because of it, I bit my bottom lip.

"Kiss me..." I suddenly requested without thinking. But heck, any logical reasoning was not welcomed anymore. No. No. Not favorably welcomed anymore. So I will just keep my mind shut and focus on the sensations he was giving me.

He didn't say '*your wish is my command*' but he did dove in and captured my lips without delay. Again, I am in my own realm of sweet fulfilling nectar - Eriol's nectar. I didn't know that kissing a demon would be so invigorating.

"Lie down for me, Dear Heart," he said when he stopped our long exhilarating kiss.

Well, he did order that but he guided me to lie down anyway.

When I sprawled at the center of the bed, he stayed to stand and scanned me from head to foot. Then, I noticed his lips form into a pleased smile. "So beautiful..." he uttered.

My heart leaped anew of pride.

He then joined me in bed, kneeling on my right side, and reached out for the zipper of my jeans. Like a sloth, he painstakingly slowly pulled the stretchable garment.

"Don't tease me Eriol," I commanded with a frown, unable to tolerate his slowness anymore.

He grinned at me again.

"No. No. No. I want to tease you more. I want to make this fucking last longer An..dre...ahh." He tugged my jeans halfway from my legs. "I want to taste every inch of your body. I want to make this first fucking unforgettable for you so that you would ache for me every single minute."

Shit. My pussy shouted 'hallelujah' again!

"Then do it..." I said without reservation.

His eyes went steely when he stared at me. Finally, after what seemed like an hour, he freed me from the God-forsaken cloth. He moved to spread my legs and that's where he settled for the remainder of his foreplay.

His focus settled on my white lace underwear and I knew he saw the splotch of the cotton made by my wetness. It made me feel embarrassed but what the heck, he will be pulling it out anytime soon anyway.

"So fucking wet for me already..." he drawled, devilishly grinning at the same time.

"Watch your mouth," I chastised him. He sounds sexy when he says the 'F' word, but still, I am not used to hearing it.

"Oh, I am going to An..dre...ahh... I am going to watch my mouth filled with your juices," he said huskily, misunderstanding my words.

I swallowed.

He bent directly to where the fats of my pussy and legs meet and I instantly stifled a moan when he mouthed it sensually. He lingered in there for roughly a minute or so, until I felt the point of his nose touch my clit.

"Mhhmmm... you smell so good, Sweet," he said. My cheeks burned like magma. *Damn... Isn't he a bit crude? I have never been sniffed erotically like that ever in my entire life! Perfumes in my neck, yes, but down there?!*

"Eriol! Ssshitttt!!!" I suddenly shouted when he hooked the white lace cloth with his fingers and darted his tongue on my crevice. The metal lip-piercing poked consequently with my flesh as if it was asking for my attention too. He traced the fissure delicately and then inserted his fleshy, moist muscle deeper until it contacted with the trembling walls.

Oh yes! YES! This is exactly what I needed. This is exactly what I missed!!!

My mind reeled with the sensation. I could feel myself burn down there as he continued the fucking delicious onslaught exactly the same back in my Auntie's house where he just gave me superb two orgasms in a row. *I wonder, will I get more of that now?*

The rough cloth nudging at my fat pads, his fingers, his lip-piercing, and his tongue were a perfect foursome combination. Yes, I could get used to this, but I do found the cloth bothersome. I believe it needs to be taken out.

Luckily, it seemed Eriol had the same sentiment because he quickly straightened and pulled out my underwear not a second longer. He then hooked his hands behind my butt and lifted me slightly.

What followed next made all my innocence ran out of the door.

He ravished me with depth; eating my pussy and drinking my juice like a glutton. My legs quivered uncontrollably.

I closed my eyes and covered my mouth so that I wouldn't be able to scream out loud, but damn... Damn. Damn. Damn. Damn... Eriol made it so that I would bellow out the 'ah' syllable with force.

"Ahhh!!!"

He pinched my clit with his teeth.

"Ahhhh!!!!"

He licked and flicked the crack of my pussy; the piercing also giving me the same amount of wonderful sensation.

"Ahhhhhhh!!!!"

I arched my back when he finally inserted his A.W.E.S.O.M.E. tongue inside my moist cavern and that's when I had my gorgeous, *gorgeous* orgasm.

The feeling was so, so good.

I panted, trying to catch my breath whilst feeling the hot leak down there that was my post-orgasm liquid.

Oh... I swear Eriol is drinking my juices now with enjoyment.

"Excellent Andrea. Excellent!" he rejoiced with a pleased grin as he straightened his back.

He looked at me with lust in his eyes; lust that was also mixed with another emotion. I don't know what it was though, but it looked as potent as the former.

"I want you to crave for me. Shout my name baby. Only my name," he commanded. *Damn. Here he is again... boosting up his male ego and his EGO.*

He hovered above me and immediately, I could feel his c0ck hardening, twitching under those sexy leather pants. I want to instantly rip it just to see what he was trying to hide for so long... just to see if he was really worth the title 'Prince of Lust.' I don't doubt him one bit though. I knew already his *sausage* would be a mouthful. *Damn...*

Remembering my '*suck-my-d*ck*' dream, I wonder if Eriol was the one who planted it inside my mind. But then again, we hadn't seen each other yet when I had that dream so it was unlikely. Or, maybe it was an omen of what was to come?

I unconsciously cleared my throat. *Wow. I am thinking about giving him a blowjob now when he hasn't even taken my virginity yet.*

"Spread your legs more, Andrea. I'll give you the best fuck in this world now."

My eyes widened when I saw his leather pants disintegrate into ashes. *Whoahh! Wow... I guess this is one of the perks of being a demon huh?*

Then, I saw IT. My mouth quickly salivated without me even noticing. Prince of Lust definitely was a fitting word for him. He was *huge!* A commando. A major-general. A warhorse! Yes, I blinked many times unable to believe that *that* would soon penetrate me.

Another thing I noticed too was that not only did he have a piercing on his lip, he also had a piercing in the head of his c0ck! What was that?! It looked like a small shiny circular metal or pearl just above his dot. It was saluting happily at me, making me shiver with anticipation.

Without any logic remaining in me, I did as Eriol commanded. I spread my legs more and waited for him to pierce me for the first time.

I frowned then when I saw the c0ck piercing disappear. I gave Eriol a confused look and he only just said, "Another day babe. I will give it to you. For now, my raw dick will give you all you want."

I gasped then when he penetrated his erection in one swift motion. It wasn't because of the pain though but from the amount of his sword inserted inside me.

Ahhh... What impressive length he has. I am honestly surprised it fit all the way inside.

Another thing to note too was that I didn't even feel one single pain. I thought virgins get that feeling on their first night. Why didn't I then?

"I used my powers to obstruct the pain babe. What you will feel now is pure pleasure. This is the advantage of fucking with me."

Oh yes. That sounds relieving!

"It feels so good..." I commented sluggishly. I didn't dare close my eyes because I wanted to see Eriol in action. I wanted to see his abdominal muscles tighten when he rocks above me. I wanted to see his overall sexiness; the way he sweats, the way he cringes, and the way he orgasms together with me.

"I know... An..dre...ahhh I know. You like it just like *this!*" He drove his c0ck deeper into my pussy and I swear my insides just clamped shut around him.

"Ahhh... you are so tight!" he groaned. He steadied for a brief moment to kiss me, then pulled me up to sit. This way, I felt his c0ck penetrate more inside me.

He mouthed one hard nub and sucked it delicately. It immediately sent stimulating tingles along my nerve endings.

"Eriol!" I flipped my head back and tried to follow his rocking. Shit. It was so good I had to move faster to intensify it more.

"Steady, babe, steady.." Eriol ordered. He laid me back in the mattress again and continued his own raw penetrations.

I believe he wants to be the dominant huh? Then go ahead... I will submit willingly...

For almost an hour, the slow and steady sheathing and unsheathing of his c0ck made me writhe in utter pleasure. I was in a daze in the world of ecstasy; probably my consciousness waxed and waned a couple of times.

In, out, hard and lengthy, in and out... the cycles drove me in a high. It made me realize that I extremely needed to climax at this moment else I would be insanely mad!

So this is what he says 'the best fucking of the world', and I believe it now without a doubt.

"Eriol, please..." I whimpered.

He interrupted me with a long passionate kiss, the whole time reaching for my bulging clit. He circled the protrusion, pinched it and that's it... *That's it!* That hit the right spot for me.

I moaned in pleasure. Moaned and moaned again until my throat became sore.

Probably sensing my desperation, he made a few more pounding and rocking with his waist, slamming and thrusting with his c0ck and that's when I touched down my second orgasm of the night.

My mind numbed with the powerful wave of pleasure. For a normal human, it would have been only temporary; lasting only for a few seconds, but with Eriol to hold it, my climax lasted more, more, *more* slower. Longer.

I wailed his name; the only manifestation that I am finally alleviated with my fever. I knew then that he was paying attention to the sound of my voice because he simply awarded me a smile before pulling his head back and groaned loudly with his own powerful climax.

With eyes open, I saw this divine being quake above me lost in the same bliss I had. It was lustful. It was intimate. It was precious to look at and to think that only I could get to see it.

He clenched his teeth after the orgasmic minutes and then swooped down to capture my lips. If he wasn't controlling it well, I knew he would have drawn blood in my lower lip.

I reciprocated, wanting to have a taste of him again.

But oh wow. What's this?

I felt hot liquid flow vigorously inside my walls then.

With a blink of an eye, I realized, irrevocably and surely, that for the first time in my life, I welcomed a man – no – a demon's warm seed inside me.

Chapter 22 - Taste and See the Goodness of the Prince

~ Eriol ~

I can compare myself as a drug addict right now taking hero*in or mari*juana or whatever human illegal drug in large quantities.

I am on a high. *Definitely* on a high.

You might be wondering what a demon feels like when it - when *we* - have an orgasm. Well, I have only one word to describe everything, and that would be:

PSYCHEDELIC.

Yes. That's exactly the right word.

I in particular was blessed to have layers of orgasms in one go. Humans last only seconds. But with me, this wonderful dizzying feeling can last for minutes, depending on the foreplay. And yes, I did make our foreplay the delicious sweet cream on the chocolate cake, hence our long orgasm.

I didn't miss out reading Andrea's thoughts asking herself if she can get more than two orgasms this night. I couldn't hide a smirk after hearing it. Although she was a virginal woman and denies her attraction to me without end, she frankly still longs for my fucking.

I didn't miss also reading her mind wondering if I have a Red Room just like the Grey guy has and to answer that, nope. I am no wannabe, but I can be persuaded if she wants to experience BDSM too.

I can be a fucking sadist if she wanted me to. I am thoroughly flexible with anything. Well, it wouldn't be a wonder since I have a piercing in the head of my cock.

Somehow humans, when overcome by lust, think of absurd things. One of which was their willingness to experience pain just in order to get their arousal heightened. They had invented many things for that, and I, out of curiosity, decided to try one: the genital piercing.

I am quite sure Andrea would enjoy this, but I believe her time hasn't arrived yet to sample this. *Soon... definitely soon... I will use it inside her, but not this time.*

Why prolong the moment you ask?

That's because I prefer to keep her anticipating and wanting. I prefer to make our fucking time intense. I prefer to take it slow. I just deflowered her in the first place. To introduce another foreign *object* inside her might be too fast. My c0ck, for now, would be enough to give her intense pleasure.

Oh, speaking of my c0ck, inserting it inside Andrea for the first time felt insanely good. So, so fucking good that immediately after my first seed erupted inside her, I wanted to pound her again, wanting another superb and delicious fluid-filled release.

Yes. I didn't waste my time with that in mind.

As I remained hovering above her, I immediately targeted her tensed breasts and captivated them again with my charming tongue. Nope. I didn't unsheathe my c0ck yet, I maintained it lodged inside her wet, *wet* pussy as it began to erect again into its full glory. I could feel her vaginal muscles shake with delight in response.

"Mhhh... oh Eri...ol..." I heard her whimper my name. I love hearing it coming from her mouth. It always reminded me of our many, *many* lovemaking in the past when I was but a Fallen Angel. She always loved to be showered with attention back then, just like how she acts right now.

"Feel me An..dre..ahhh... Can you feel my c0ck burning inside you now?"

"Yesss..." she weakly replied with eyes closed and subsequently bit the bottom part of her swollen lips.

Ah... so sexy.

"Good, because I am going to claim you again," I remarked to which she granted me a questioning look thereafter.

"You're...not...exhausted?" she asked.

Hmmm... Her question did surprise me a bit. I backed away a little, just enough so that I could see the expression in her face when I tell her a fact about me as the Prince of Lust.

"No," I said, giving her a faint grin at the same time. "I have inexhaustible stamina, Andrea. I can drive you again and again, and make you crazy all throughout this night if you want to."

I felt her heartbeat spike up right then and there. Her excitement was clear, I can feel it, so I didn't tarry any longer and gave her the loving she deserves.

"Ahhhh..."

She gasped as I licked the plane of her neck. She was always sensitive in this part of her body, exactly just like before. My hands continued caressing her breasts, the wondrous pink nipples

erected with my thumb's titillating, *exactly just like before*. I trailed kisses down her chest to her abdomen and she curved her back; the same reaction she gives me, *perfectly just like before*.

Yes. YES! Oh, how I missed making love with her.

Another sensitive part of Andrea was her legs, so I awarded that part a good licking too.

I positioned myself upright and pulled both of her legs to clamp around my head. My lips then raced to welcome her soft flesh.

I twirled my tongue, sucked on her smooth skin, and once again, she let out another moan.

Oh yes... I could never get enough of her... NEVER.

Take note that the whole time I did this, my shaft was still buried inside her. I could now actually feel her walls convulsing delectably; dancing against my *Jurassic* with a sweet death grip.

I clutched her buttocks and squeezed it tightly. I may have produced red markings of my hands in there surely. She frowned, no doubt feeling impatient already.

"Eriol... Oh, gods! PUSH IT!" she whined.

I grinned and shook my head. "Oh, An...dre...ahh... So anxious of you."

I dipped back down and sucked on her right nipple before continuing directly to her complaining mouth.

Yes. I went to claim it again and her nectarous taste immediately sent my taste buds tingling.

A few more tongue thrusting and then I drew back. *How about we chose a different position now eh?*

"Turn to your back for me, Andrea. I want to fuck you from behind," I easily commanded, but I guided her in the process anyway with great care and great gentleness. Take note, this was without pulling my c0ck away from her. *Yes. That's not an impossible move at all.* I wouldn't want to end her sweet death grip of me.

One thing I should highlight about was Andrea not being a prostitute. Only prostitutes eagerly turn their backs in bed; positioning themselves like a bitch ready to be driven by a dog. I am no dog too. I am a prince. And Andrea, she deserves to be treated like a princess, or better yet, like a queen. My queen.

Her breasts tensed as I cupped them from behind. She arched her back when I also dipped my mouth to trail scorching kisses in her nape and shoulders. I didn't miss out frolicking with her clit too. I know this would heighten her arousal more and yes, I am right with this belief when she let out a delirious gasp.

"Eriol..." she whimpered thereafter.

I immediately sensed that she wanted some *inside* action too.

Your wish is my command, Dear Heart. Your wish is certainly my command.

With one motion, I forcefully pushed my waist against her buttocks, thereby driving my *Jurassic's* head right into her cervix. Andrea screamed immediately with this, but I know it wasn't because of the pain.

"This is what you want Andrea, right? You did tell me to push IT!"

"Yes, oh Gods Eriol. Yes! Push it more...!"

"With pleasure, An..dre...ahhh. With fucking pleasure," I answered promptly, and with that, I pummeled her like an eager lover that I am. Hard. Needy. Half crazed with my arising mind-blowing arousal too.

I do consider myself like a pestle now, while her, a mortar. We combine as one perfectly. We execute the procedure efficiently. And the end result was the essence of our desire and passion together. Our juices mixed as one.

Every stroke of my hands meant to hallow her. Every lunge of my c0ck meant to consume her. Nothing can compete with our lovemaking now. Not even our mating in the past. Tonight, everything was being renewed. Tonight, I ultimately make her mine and only mine. No bull-fucking-shit *Tobias* can interrupt us.

Andrea writhed in extreme pleasure under me again. Seeing her like this was like being born again. It definitely was worth it waiting for her for over centuries and truly worth it, keeping my patience intact with working as a butler for a very eccentric employer.

I delivered thrust after thrust after thrust, pounding her good as I embraced her tightly. Being behind her like this made me feel like a dominant. A dominant that was very hungry.

If her front was a full buffet of herself, then her back was a special dessert. Her nape tasted sweet like poached peaches in honey syrup, and I crave for peaches so to speak.

Our climax came down in unison after I finally ejaculated inside her. Our breathing was ragged. Our whole body spasmed to the bone. I saw Andrea's eyes tightly shut as she kept herself jailed inside her own release. She cried out my name as her hands reached on my tensed waist. I felt heaven on earth after hearing her angelic voice.

I drew my head back and ran my hands back and forth in her abdomen as I met my own psychedelic swirls with clenched teeth and a rough groan. This position too, she couldn't see how my eyes glowed red with my brief moment of unrestrained self-control. Shit. Shit. Shit!!! FUCK!

Speaking of control, I have to control myself else Andrea's qualified child-bearing pelvis would be broken. She was still a frangible woman in the first place. And speaking of that, I think I should probably go to the Three Fates again and ask them how to make my Dear Heart live with me forever. Surely, there's a way for a human to be blessed with a longer lifetime. Surely, there was...

After a long moment of pause, our eyes met and I could see a flicker of happiness in Andrea's.

I felt sated with our lovemaking and I could feel that she was too. Feeling sated however didn't stop me. My lust made itself known again, wanting to fuck her *again!* But no, luckily I get to control myself. I am a considerate being. I am thoughtful too of her needs, so I decided to defer my growing lust and gave her a good night's rest.

"Andrea..." I whispered as she snuggled closer to me. Her locks were all tangled up so I combed her hair with my fingers slowly and kissed her forehead thereafter.

"Yes?" she replied while making small circles in my chest. I could feel her grinning slightly against my skin. Curious with what's on her mind, I intentionally read her thoughts. She was actually visualizing me in her head as I climaxed. Surely, it wasn't what I expected to discover but it pleased me even so.

Yes, Dear Heart. Embed that memory inside your brain. You won't be able to forget it when you return to the retreat house.

"Andrea, you just made me the happiest demon," I remarked gently.

With this, her grin became wider. She raised her head to give me a shy look. "You mean the happiest man," she corrected.

I immediately awarded her a sincere smile. "Yes. You're right. I am the happiest man with you in my arms. I hope you won't regret this."

She sensed my anxiety judging from the momentary flicker of her eyes.

There was a bit of a pause and even though I direly wanted to know her answer, I refrained from reading her mind this time. At least, I could give her privacy with this aspect. I don't want to make her think that I am messing with her mind to make our relationship work.

She shifted slightly and elbowed herself up, still facing me. The bed sheet that covered us, she tugged it upward in order to cover her breasts. Even after having splendid sex, she still does this. *Hmmm... she really still is a shy woman so it seems.*

I stared at her when she gave me a staid look. "No..." she answered initially. "I gave myself to you heartily Eriol. Why would I regret giving you my virginity?"

I released a sigh. Such a naive woman. Honest and true to herself. I stroked my thumb on her cheeks and down to the curve of her lips. *Guess I am thinking too much huh? Or maybe, it was a slip-of-the-tongue that I asked her that since I was thinking about our past.*

"I apologize if I asked that. I was just thinking because you know...being me is-"

"Shhhh..." she immediately placed a finger to close my mouth. "For a butler, you talk too much you know that? For now, I am your master and I command you not to apologize to me.

Being *you* doesn't count. I already know that before I offered myself to you. Unless of course, you tweaked my mind, then that's another story. But I believe you didn't."

"I would *never* do that to you, Andrea," I said with a frown.

"I know. That's why you being a demon is not a basis for me to regret *this*." She gestured both of us with a hand and I immediately knew what she was pertaining to.

Her words made me feel awfully warm inside. I continued to stare at her and saw her cheeks blush clearly even though the light of the room was dim. Most likely the blush that I have elicited from her came due to my already super erect *member* under the bedsheet.

Shit. Control... Control Eriol...

Disregarding my plight, I pulled her back to lie next to me and my hand started stroking her shoulder.

"Sleep Andrea," I commanded sternly, hiding the hesitation in my voice. "When you wake up, you will find yourself back in the retreat house."

My brain honestly then shouted what a stupid fool I am to tell her that.

She scoffed lightly this time. "You'll tail me again won't you?" she asked. It made me smirk of course.

"Oh I will," I said.

"Sick stalker," she countered with a light chuckle.

"A stalker? Of course, I am. A crazy, handsome stalker. Not to mention sick-for-you kind of stalker," I proudly stated. Acting like this was the only meager way I have of diverting my attention on my growing desire for her; my only meager way to stop myself from smothering this woman with moans of ecstasy once again.

Chapter 23 - A Morning Kiss

~ Andrea ~

Darkness took over the moment I closed my eyes. Sleep was the one thing I needed after...*you know...*after doing *it* with Eriol. I could feel the calm rise and fall of his chest until such time that my consciousness drifted away from reality, and the next thing I knew, when I opened my eyes, I found myself back in my assigned room, exactly just like what he told me.

Four rows of beds were inside this room. I am using the bed that was fixed against the wall with a floral-printed bed sheet. On my left side were a slightly-opened glass window and one bedside table with a classic lampshade.

When I turned my head to face the window, the beautiful early dawn instantly greeted me. I slowly straightened to sit and found myself wearing spandex shorts and a white tank top.

So sweet. I bet Eriol had gone through all the trouble ensuring I am back in the retreat house on time and specifically *not* naked. But who am I kidding? He's a supernatural so I bet he had no trouble at all. I bet he even enjoyed dressing me up in this tight short.

Surprisingly, I found my iPhone next to my head pillow. Surely, Eriol thoughtfully placed it here too. With a pleased grin, I took it and checked for the time. It read six fifty-five.

Good. It seems I have enough time to prepare myself before the bus leaves for our next outreach program.

My roommates were still sleeping when I eyed them. Most likely, when they wake up, they will shoot me a lot of questions as to why I was absent the whole night, so I probably should brew some answers quickly while taking a shower.

I stood up slowly and directly went to my luggage placed on the floor, against the foot of the bed.

Rummaging its contents, I set my first choices on my personal necessities: hairbrush, toothbrush, toothpaste, my own lavender soap, and cool mint shampoo; all placed in a plastic box. The second choices were my preferred wardrobe of the day which consisted of a cuffed jean capri and lace-yoke slubbed tee. These would partner well with a wedge sandal I'm quite sure, so I readied the pair next to the luggage before I stood up.

After gathering all my needs, I purposefully strode towards the bathroom door with a towel thrown over my right shoulder.

Even though we occupied a retreat house, Madame Ivana seems to make sure that we are all cared for. The design of the room really does look like we are in a popular hotel. Even the bathroom

seemed over-the-top if you ask me. Mexican-inspired tiles decorated the walls of the bathroom while the ceiling was adorned with a light fixture that screamed *Mediterranean*. The cupboards, sink, and vanity mirrors looked high class too.

I almost overused the word *wow* when I first stepped inside the room and the bathroom yesterday. My roommates had the same reaction too.

I turned on the water heater before undressing myself. Being inside the bathroom alone provided me the right time to think about what happened last night.

Yes. I nearly can't believe that I just spent the whole night with a man - er, a demon. It felt surreal really. It felt just a wonderful dream. However, looking at my reflection in the mirror as I stood naked, the evidence of last night was undeniably crystal clear.

I could see hickeys everywhere. From my scapula, my cleavage, the rim of my nipples, the skin of my breasts, my waist, my abdomen, to my... *oh gosh...* my legs, most especially my *inner* thighs.

Gods. Eriol really did have a nice meal last night huh? With me as the main course it seems.

I released a long, hot sigh. A *sigh* - because I wanted to calm my heartbeat which began to double work again and *hot* - because it made me feel like an ember, ready to be set on fire just looking at the remnants of our passion.

Yes. I could remember every inch of Eriol's ministrations on me; every stroke of his hands; every push of his hard dick inside me; every moan that escaped from my mouth. I could feel it so much that I probably should get a cold shower now rather than a warm one to reduce my heating core.

"I'm...no virgin...anymore huh?" I whispered to myself, looking eye-to-eye with my post-coital reflection. I grinned and bit my bottom lip. No. I'm not a member of the Society for Never-Been-Touched Virgin Maidens anymore. I am finally a proud graduate of it.

I turned around from the mirror to continue with my morning routine and to bathe in the huge glass-enclosed shower room was the right first step to it.

Turning on the knob, I immediately felt cleansed by the running water. Mist quickly rose up, covering the whole area and I could see the beginnings of condensation in the glass quickly. I hummed as I continued working on shampooing and then soaping myself. *Gosh. I wonder... by humming like this, am I acting like a woman who just got laid last evening?*

I don't deny it though. It was of course the truth, but I certainly don't want my roommates to see me like this; especially Janine, who just suddenly told me yesterday afternoon that I definitely needed a boyfriend.

She said with my current age and my, quote-on-quote, "*beautiful face and gorgeous curves*," I could easily attract the opposite sex. I however would rather not to.

Not only I consider myself off limits to it, but also I have a freaking demon waiting for me in my Auntie's house ready to cause havoc on any suitors I have. *But*, that was *me* yesterday without even knowing that Eriol had actually been *stalking* me. And that was *me* yesterday without expecting that I would finally succumb to him.

Huh. Thinking about it, why did I easily yield myself to him? Probably it was because of his gorgeous black wings? Hmmm, it must be it. Surely, it must be it!

"Didn't you say you won't regret giving your virginity to me?"

I moved with a start covering my breasts quickly when I heard Eriol's voice in the opening. Mist quickly escaped from my space to the dry carpeted floor outside, causing the haziness of the shower area to disperse.

With this, I saw his humorless expression clearly.

He was putting an elbow against the glass frame, looking devilishly handsome with just a grey lounge pant with the Lacoste logo embroidered on it. *Damn... He really could pass on as a hot model in any famous brand.*

"Eriol?!" I had to painstakingly tone my voice down, else my roommates would hear me. "Why are you here?!" I asked that but he didn't reply. He just continued giving me a hard look.

Realizing his question warranted an immediate answer, I stated meekly with eyes focused on the wet floor, "I...I am not regretting last night. I am just surprised by how easy I yielded myself to you. I'm...I'm just looking for possible reasons *why*?"

"Could you just say that it is solely our attraction at its best? My black wings might have boosted it up since you adore it in the past, but can't you just admit that you desire me too?" he answered acidly, but then his stare softened. "I can feel it in you Andrea. You don't have to deny it anymore." He lowered his elbow and stood straight, fixing his stare on my body.

And then he frowned.

Gosh! He seems kinda bipolar with the sudden mood swings!

"No. Don't cover yourself, Andrea. I want to see my handiwork," he curtly stated.

Furiously blushing, I diverted my eyes away from him and fixed my sights on a nearby shelf where a vase of plastic red tulips was placed. Despite myself, I lowered my arms and stood in his front with all the glory I possessed. "There. Are...are you happy now?" I said, trying to calm my breathing at the same time.

"Yes," he answered most directly. I had to see the expression on his face, so I decided to stare back at him.

Pleasure and contentment were what I saw then.

Gods. I feel like I am the one who is steaming right now instead of the warm shower and it is all because of his blatant perusal and him whispering the heart-stopping word:

"Beautiful."

"You...you know I didn't deny it," I started nervously, pertaining to his statement earlier. "That's why I gave myself to you heartily last night. I want...I want you..." I choked on the words. *Damn me and my confession!*

I heard him groan slightly then. "I know, Andrea. I know..." said he tenderly.

Seeing his lips pressed into a thin line made me realize that he was battling on something. But of course, being a demon reader, he didn't let me wonder more and stated most crudely, "Seeing you like this, it makes me want to fuck you right now. Do you know how much I am restraining myself, Andrea?"

Sex in the shower?! Hell-fucking-YES! That's what my other side shouted, but no, no, no... my roommates. I could at least respect their presence by not inviting Eriol into doing it.

"I...I appreciate your control Eriol," I stated. "Why are you here anyway?"

He awarded me a sweet smile then and stepped inside the shower box.

Unconsciously, I stepped backward, my heart somersaulting in nervousness.

"I am just here to collect my good morning kiss, Andrea, that's all," he said, now grinning. Now freaking grinning! *So he is back to his cocky self huh?* Definitely a bipolar.

"You...you could have just waited for me to finish my shower," said I with a brief frown. "Tsk, and now *you're* wet."

My back was against the tiled wall when he pressed himself to me. Goodness! He didn't even care that the water soaked him immediately and here I am bothered by this minute thing.

"I am willing to get wet Andrea if it means I get to have my kiss. Now, shall I get it?"

He cupped my chin and lifted my face.

Metaphorical steam lifted up inside me seeing the continuous trickles of water from his neck to his thick abdominal slabs. Certainly, this sight aroused me. Mmmm... damn... sex in the shower might

not be too bad after all. But hell no, not today and definitely not here! Maybe next time, in his penthouse probably, if I am to return there tonight.

I poised myself to welcome the impact, never closing my eyes so that I could see his beautiful gray-violet orbs. I could sense that he had read my thoughts because he briefly showed me a cunning smile then.

When our lips molded, I felt like I was blessed; exactly commensurate to being touched by sunlight for the first time after a year-long darkness.

His kiss was short and sweet. No tongue involved but I, in my own crazy wit, decided to take our kiss deeper.

I initiated a tongue thrust for the first time and he didn't even hesitate on reciprocating it. He groaned, no doubt feeling turned on by my initiation. Seconds later, we were already sparring with each other, definitely in the mood to take our kisses to a whole new level.

Real steam from the warm shower moistened my nostrils but this didn't stop me from breaking our kiss. I angled my face to the side instead in order to take in short, deep breaths. With how we stood, you could actually imagine how my breasts pressed against his naked chest. It actually felt delicious, stimulating... exactly reminiscent of our glorious time last night.

His hands left my face and went to cup my butt. With one swift motion, he lifted me up and I instinctively hooked my legs around his waist. I instantly felt his bulging erection under his sexy lounge pant. It fired up my senses. *Damn... I would love to be fucked by him now.*

"Then let me fuck you, An...dre...ahhh..." he immediately interjected my thoughts.

Damn... He is certainly a skillful mind reader.

"I want you now... I don't care if your roommates will hear you. I want to make love to you NOW."

Oh... Delicious! He said the word *love*!

I was actually on the verge of agreeing to his proposition, desperately wanting to bob my head for a nod but in a freaking sudden moment, I heard the bathroom door open and in came one of my roommates laughing heartily. I also heard muffled laughs outside. My alarm consequently went up.

"Eriol... sssstop.." I whispered slowly after I broke our kiss.

He groaned in disapproval, but nonetheless, stopped.

"Yes, Sweet, I'll stop. Don't worry. We can do this later," he promised. He freaking promised and that was with a freaking mischievous grin!

Oh shit... so sexy!

My toes touched the floor when he placed me down. Shortly after that, I felt empty without his c0ck nudging against the pads of my womanhood. *Shit. This is going to be a hard day for me it seems.*

“Andrea? Is that you dear?” I recognized the woman’s voice as Mathilda’s right away. She was pretty much the oldest of us four; the ‘mother figure’ in our batch of volunteers.

“Yes! It’s me, Mathie,” I answered calmly as I eyed Eriol and gestured him to zip his mouth. He smiled and mouthed a ‘*see you later*’ before vanishing in my front.

“Oh, I hope you didn’t mind me barging in the bathroom suddenly. I really needed to pee.” Through the shower box, I saw her sit in the cubicle. *Hmmm.. it sure looks like it.* I probably should thank her for interrupting us. Otherwise, I would have been at the edge of my climax right now and I know, it wouldn’t be right for my roommates.

“No. No. It’s fine. Don’t worry. I am almost done here anyway,” I said, quickly turning the shower on full blast. I heard her say ‘*uh huh*’ and then left the bathroom closing the door.

Good that Eriol left. I can finally focus on my morning preparation again.

After one final cleansing, I stepped out of the shower box with my towel wrapped around me. I had my wardrobe ready in a spacious shelf right next to a magnificent vanity mirror so I went directly there and dressed.

When I stepped outside the bathroom, I found my roommates finishing up folding their bed articles. Janine sent me a ‘hi and a good morning’ smile, while the others just nodded at me.

Well, this is a surprise. I actually thought that they would bombard me with torpedoes of questions when I show myself to them, but they didn’t. They actually didn’t even notice my apparent overnight absence which made me feel relieved. At least I don’t get to be interrogated. Surely, they would flip out if they found out that I just got laid last night.

Chapter 24 - A Trip Down Memory Lane

~ Andrea ~

Our second day outreach program consisted of the same routine. It was around ten when we arrived in the village of the Gallic Tribe. This tribe, I could say, was a tad bit less civilized than the Treveri Tribe. They still have colorful beaded headdresses and outrageous costumes worn by most adult men and women but the designs were more sophisticated in the other tribe. Their skin complexion was far darker than the former too. Their children wore improvised cloths made of cow and snakeskin and they have weird tattoo designs in the shoulders, neck, and back.

We started the program first with me, of course, as the emcee. Almost all of the tribesmen and children were gathered inside a large open-space tent we had set-up.

Luckily, the group who danced and played the bongo last night around the bonfire accepted my proposition when I told them about it inside the bus. They were the ones who opened the program while my group yesterday readied themselves for another song and dance number.

After the opening dance, I climbed back up in the makeshift elevation and eyed my audience with a big smile. Immediately as I did this, my eyes caught a very familiar face. It was Eriol, looking back at me and standing handsomely behind the audience wearing another drool-worthy branded outfit.

I didn't panic knowing already that I was the only one seeing him.

He gave me a wink and briefly, I answered him a smile before I continued to announce the next entertainers.

The whole time the program progressed, Eriol kept a steady eye on me. I couldn't help but feel conscious about it. He was one hell of a stalker, but a much welcomed one.

An hour later, Madame Ivana patted my shoulders when I stood in the sidelines. She said that she will be announcing the instructions right after the last of the dance number. I nodded and handed her the microphone.

Janine was behind me when I stepped backward. She handed me a red apron to which I quickly took knowing what it meant.

This day, we are not handing out ready-made lunch packs. This day, Madame Ivana's house chef cooked chicken rice soup, meatball spaghetti, and clubhouse cheese and ham sandwiches all to be given to our beneficiaries.

I and my roommates were assigned to hand out chicken rice soup and refreshments, hence the use of the apron.

Raver was assigned to distribute small packs of medicines and it was together with Clara.

Yup! Looking at them, they do look good together. And it seems as though she became more inclined to join the outreach program because Raver was on her side. It was a plus on their blooming relationship, but the main advantage I see on it was that she won't be leeching on Eriol anymore.

We headed to our stations at the left side of the makeshift tent and waited for our diners to line up after Madame Ivana's instructions.

I scanned the area where I last saw Eriol and I didn't find him there anymore. He had probably changed location too, but still constantly staring at me like he was my underpaid bodyguard.

Seriously though, he doesn't need to wait for me the whole day doing nothing. He could fly away or teleport to another place and come back for me when we return to the retreat house. He doesn't need to make me feel like I am a prisoner needing 24/7 surveillance. He could be productive if he wanted to, not bound himself to me.

"Is this enough?"

My musings were interrupted when I heard Janine ask, showing a bowl recently filled with the soup. I surveyed the content and I nodded back at her. "Yes. That will do, Janie. But we should cut the serving in half if it is for a child."

"Hmmm... Yes, I think that is wise," she said and then smiled at me.

The whole day went about without any problems except for the change in weather. After distributing toys for the kids, we finally went our way back to the villa. This was exactly at three in the afternoon. Madame Ivana decided to return early as the sky suddenly turned gloomy, looking like it will rain anytime soon.

Inside the bus, I sat in the first row next to the piles of empty boxes. In my back were my co-volunteers busily taking selfies, texting, and making calls with their cellphones. I opted not to bring my cellphone with me because I feel it will only be a bother in my capri pocket and also I don't want my focus sliced into two during the outreach program. So now with nothing to do, I directed my attention to the scene outside.

I noticed that the clouds looked angrier and the sky looked gloomier than what it was when we left the village. I couldn't feel the cold wind outside because the bus was fully closed and

airconditioned, but I could see how strong it was judging from the bent of the branches of some trees we passed by.

The driver, Mr. Malone, honked the bus horn alarming any oncoming buses on the opposite side of the road. This caught my attention briefly. I looked at his face on the front-view mirror and yes, I could see that he was trying his best to weave the bus properly along the road. His expression looked serious.

I wonder where Eriol is now... Is he actually flying in this kind of weather? Or has he already teleported back to the villa waiting for me?

"Oh good, it has finally rained," Mr. Malone muttered under his breath, enough that I could hear. My mind doesn't easily cook up possible bad scenarios, but the fact that I could sense anxiety in his voice made *me* nervous inside. It actually made my heart beat even faster.

I redirected my eyes back on the mountains outside and there I see that the rain really has poured quite heavily. Madame Ivana's range rover that was ahead of us looked even hazy now. Somehow, my co-volunteers at the back seemed not bothered by the heavy rain. Looking at them through the head mirror, they still chatted and laughed audibly.

The next thing I knew, I heard a loud screeching sound probably from the tires and we were spun around, I reckon, three times before the bus came to a complete sudden stop.

From sitting, I was shoved down face first on the two-seater bus chair. Headache and immediate nausea followed along with a sore spot on my temple where it was hit by the metal window during the spinning.

I heard shouts and wails from behind me so I stood up and looked back. From there, I saw my fellow volunteers show a confused expression too. Some were tossed off from the chair into the center aisle, cellphones were scattered everywhere, and the empty boxes were thrown into the back part of the bus.

We actually didn't know what just happened, but it was enough to raise our heartbeats in panic.

"Calm down!" the driver yelled quickly. I shot him a look and my eyes instantly widened when I caught sight of what awaited us ahead.

The bus was actually on the tipping point between the safety of a leveled land to a far dangerous downward slope of the mountain where it ends with a cliff and a long drop. Any fall from that height, I am sure, would lead to an untimely death.

"Slowly exit the bus now!" he yelled again, but instead of doing what he instructed, my co-volunteers frantically stood up and dashed into the nearest exit door of the bus which was located at the back.

Unluckily for me, I am in the half portion of the vehicle where it was dangling midair.

"No! No! Please don't panic!" I shouted in an aggressive tone, realizing their frenzy of leaving the bus was making it tip to the bad side. "Please be calm!!! Please!"

But they didn't hear my pleas as they were preoccupied with saving their own lives.

Raver, Janine, and my other newly-acquainted volunteers were able to safely disembark the bus, but I and half of the passengers, including the driver were trapped when the bus finally tipped into the ominous slope.

I shouted. The people behind me shouted. The driver also bellowed a frightening decibel when the bus speedily glided through the slope, hitting small trees and shrubs along the way.

Hastily, I sat back and held the handrails again, gripping it like I was biologically connected to it.

Picture yourself riding a roller coaster in the front seat and in the middle of a hundred feet sloping drop. *Yeah*. That's exactly what I am experiencing right now. But at least the roller coaster has safety restraints and an emergency stop; the bus we were in doesn't have at least one, so imagine my terrified state.

Being in the front seat didn't even help calm my breathing.

I am the principal audience of the show in the front window where small trees were being run over by this bus at high speed. I am also the principal witness when a huge, tall tree somehow decided to freaking stand in our way!

Mr. Malone immediately veered the bus to the right, but it wasn't enough to dodge the humongous tree. But come to think of it, this was probably better than falling off a cliff right? At least the tree would break our fall, but it sure was questionable on what damage we could get from it. We can only hope that the chances of survival are favorable in the end.

The nerves in my body that were continuously in seizure the whole time felt like it came to a shutdown when I braced myself for the powerful collision.

I closed my eyes tightly and hoped... *dearly, dearly* hoped for the best that everything would turn out alright.

That we would all be safe!

But who am I kidding? Probably, the volunteers behind me would be safe but me? Certainly *not*, and because of this fact, I couldn't contain my tears anymore. It went streaming down my eyes when I shouted desperately for Eriol's fucking name!

"ERIOR!!!!"

Please... wherever you are.

Please...

Pleeeaaassee...

"HELP!"

But I received no response from him. Nothing at all.

And then it happened. The collision. I immediately felt a painful blow to my liver, followed by *very* painful scratches of shattered glass in my skin. I felt blood whoosh through my ears and felt the vertiginous sensation in my head. Air was knocked out of my lungs for a moment and heck, I thought that it was it.

But after that, as if time stood still.

I heard no sounds. No shouts or yells from my fellow volunteers. I saw no objects in front of me. No trees, leaves, or land. All I saw was darkness and the feeling of a strong impact that hit the face of the bus.

That moment, I realized I was down memory lane for the first time. *Shit*. I exactly know what this means based on the psychology books that I have read so far. Memory lane always, *always* means that a person *is* on the brink of death.

I saw flashbacks of my twenty-five years of life all clear in my head. I saw me when I was in elementary; me when I was in high school taking karate lessons; me when I was in college, using the news simulator for the first time; me with Lorde riding Trinitus together; me with Eriol in our most recent *encounter* last night, and me with Aeshma...

Yes. *Him*. Aeshma.

With one last haul of breath, I shouted. Shouted with my heart crying out too.

"Save me now, my dear demon... my dear Fallen Angel!!! Save me, Aeshma, please!!!"

Chapter 25 - Enter the Prince's Rival

~ Eriol ~

Thirty minutes past twelve, I noticed the sudden change of weather when Andrea and the other volunteers attended to their last batch of diners.

I groaned to myself, expecting the rain soon.

I hate it.

I definitely hate this kind of gloomy weather because it makes me remember the past. It makes me remember the pain in my rotten heart when *Sarah* was wedded to *Tobias*. It makes me remember how I scampered to my feet, how I groveled in the Egyptian sand as the bastard Archangel Raphael held me down. It makes me remember how I ultimately became a demon.

This kind of weather always puts me in a sour mood, but luckily, I have Andrea in my side now and the memory of last night to calm me down.

I direly wanted to stay in another place, maybe teleport to Dubai where the sun always shows itself. However, my will to stay and watch over Andrea won me over and dispersed the feeling of leaving the place.

I sat in the galvanized roof of the chief's hut as I continuously monitored the activity in the ground where Andrea was.

Once again, she showed this aura of sincere affection to the tribespeople, especially the children. She beamed a warm smile to everyone who passes her way. She even shakes hands to the elders and bents her head to them as a sign of respect. Her actions didn't look forced as opposed to the other volunteers.

After two more hours, Madame Ivana finally announced that they will have to leave early. Judging from the look on her face, she was worried over something, probably the impending rain. With such a mountainous area, I wasn't surprised. Seeing how the driver had a difficult time earlier maneuvering the bus along the curvilinear roads while the sun was still high, he would most likely have an even difficult time when it will rain.

Once the bus was out of the village, I purposely tailed them from behind, disregarding the cold prick of the rain in my face and wings.

I hoped that the driver would keep a good grip on the steering wheel, but it seems my suspicions were exactly correct. Just a few moments later, I noticed the bus suddenly running in an unstable

manner crossing between lanes. Luckily, there weren't any vehicles in the opposite lane, but the way the bus moved, it was still enough to give me worries.

Thinking as fast as I could, I teleported inside the bus and saw that Andrea was already gripping the handrail tightly, the look on her face didn't count as being calm.

I could actually easily teleport her into another place away from danger, but realizing she would berate me later if I didn't save all the passengers from a possible accident, I decided to stay and help the driver.

Yes. My focus at first was to help the driver veer the bus safely. I quickly stood behind him and held the steering wheel too; my invisible hands molding together with his. This was my best option so far, but for some twisted reason, I couldn't seem to control the wheel or even his hands.

The driver swerved the car to the left and stepped on the brakes at the same time. This produced a loud screeching sound of the tires.

I am a butler remember? And I am an adept driver too. I can easily tell that what this driver did was certainly not the right move.

As a consequence, the bus spun around out of control and it would have continuously spun towards its doom if not for my intervention. Luckily, I got to control his mind and I immediately forced him to take a quick step on the brakes. It took only three spins before the bus fell into a complete stop.

"Calm down!" I forced those words out of the driver's mouth so that the passengers would not panic. But of course, humans as they are, they did the fucking opposite.

I whirled around to see Andrea. Her face looked disoriented and she looked like she was about to throw up. She had an angry red spot on her right temple, most likely from the hit she received when the bus spun around. My blood boiled in anger after seeing that single bruise on her.

Shit. I should have teleported her to safety in the beginning.

The driver, having been freed from my control, quickly yelled on his own accord, "Slowly exit the bus now!"

I then saw Andrea stood up and immediately looked around. She surveyed the damage on her fellow volunteers and right then and there, I could see desperation and fear in her eyes.

"No! No! Please don't panic! Please be calm!!! Please!" she screamed loudly but to no avail. These stupid-ass humans were too selfish to even care.

I glanced at the view ahead of us and the sloping landscape smiled at me cunningly then. *Shit. This is not good!*

Turning my attention to her again, I shouted loudly, "Andrea!" but she seemed to be deaf to my voice. I strolled speedily to her and grabbed her trembling arm but for some fucking reason again, my hands passed hers like I was just air!

BULL-FUCKING SHIT!

That's when I realized this was one of those rare times that a demon has no power over. This was one of those times that a demon was left helpless, unable to do anything. This was exactly the same as I experienced in the past; when Tobias married Sarah and jealously watched them consummate their marriage in a bed that Sarah and I had made love countless of times.

This was exactly what the bastard Raphael called a human's *destiny*.

BUT SCREW IT! Screw destiny!

I certainly can't have Andrea's destiny be death!!! Not today! Never! Not now that I finally have a chance to be loved by her as me! As truly ME!

"Andrea!!!!" I shouted again when I felt the bus tip towards the slope.

I used my wings to forcefully produce a strong wind, enough to guide her back in her seat. I was glad to see that she immediately reacted and held the handrail tightly as she could, but my alarm was far from over. There was still the issue of a cliff waiting for them in the end of this slope.

Shit. Although small trees, shrubs, and other greenery could help slow down the careening bus, it wouldn't be enough to stop it on time from falling right off the cliff.

As quickly as I could, I teleported out of the bus and into a grass clearing some distance away. I honestly wished I was Superman so I would have the option of facing the bus head-on and stop it with my bare hands.

But no, I am not, so a different method was warranted in this kind of situation. To grow a humongous tree was what I decided to do to block the bus.

I am no nymph. I am no Earth God. I am not even Apollo who can easily grow trees in just a flick of a hand, but I do have a way to channel my power into the soil and summon a fucking dinosaur of a tree!

Quickly, I did this before the bus could pass by. It was a monster and I was proud of myself for creating it. Right after it grew, I teleported back inside and focused myself on saving the passengers, the driver, and most especially my woman.

Screw destiny alright. I will save Andrea from death whether the Divine Realm likes it or not.

I focused on my demonic energy; summoning all of my darkness outside my body in order to nullify whatever force of destiny blocking my way from touching... from saving Andrea.

I did so successfully and it was just in time as the face of the bus forcefully collided with the tree. After throwing the driver into the back of the bus, I immediately focused on saving my Dear Heart.

First, it was shattered glass that met her skin. Next was the hand railing bending towards her stomach. The metal pole would have torn her in half if not for my interference.

I immediately teleported her away from the blasted deadly wreckage but not before I heard her thoughts scream my name and my other long-lost name.

"Save me Aeshma, please!!!"

I felt suddenly unchained by my own drowning sadness and pain. True. I have longed... so longed for her to say that name. And finally, now she did! I can't believe it! My rotten heart felt rejuvenated consequently.

I flew in the sky, reaching past the angry gray clouds and stopped where the clear orange and blue sky were seen.

Andrea was safely secured in my arms, passed out, without any idea that she was already away from danger.

I smiled silently when I stared at her sleeping face, content with just being like this with her, but my mind somehow considerably started darting many questions then.

Did she finally remember? Had she remembered us in the past? Did she remember me as her Guardian Angel? Or did she remember me as her fallen one? Did her heart remember her feelings for me? Will she be able to accept me then?

Oh, Cronus! I really wanted to know right away, but she needs medical attention as soon as possible judging from the bruises and cuts of her skin. It would be only proper to defer my questions at a later date and bring her to an ambulance.

"Andrea... Sweet, how are you feeling?" I asked her quickly the moment she opened her eyes.

I sat in a stool, inside her hospital bedroom, whilst holding her right hand that was free of an intravenous line.

Her left hand didn't have one too, which was a good thing. Intravenous solutions are only given to those patients that have an unstable health condition. Andrea luckily only got minor injuries from the accident so she doesn't need the bothersome IV line.

It has been six hours since she was admitted to the nearest hospital in the villa. This was also where the other volunteers were brought and treated for their minor injuries.

Luckily, EMS promptly arrived at the accident site to take care of the passengers. Helicopters and a number of ambulances were parked on the roads waiting for the passengers to be placed on the gurney.

In one of the ambulances, I placed Andrea inside. I instructed the medical personnel to send her directly to the nearest hospital which was exactly the one we were in right now.

"Eriol...?" she replied, but very weakly. She produced a smile but it was brief.

"How are you feeling? Do you want anything?"

She shook her head. "I feel a little bit dizzy, but other than that, I'm good."

I released a long sigh. "Hmmm... that's a relief to hear."

I caressed her pinkish pale cheeks and moved to kiss her forehead.

An hour ago, Raver, Janine, and Madame Ivana visited her. Andrea was still sleeping at that time so they didn't bother waking her up.

My doppelganger told me that Andrea's auntie will be coming here, so I already expected her to arrive anytime soon.

I am the only one who stayed beside her the whole time. Private doctors of Madame Ivana did some workup on her including diagnostic and imaging tests and it was good that no grave problems were seen in the results. Except, of course, for the small glass lacerations of her arms and face.

"Eriol, thank you...for saving me. I may not remember it but I know you did."

"Hmmm, no problem Andrea. I would most certainly save you from anywhere, anytime. You don't need to ask at all. You don't even need to scream my name. I am always with you."

I kissed her hand and massaged it gently. She gave me another smile and this time, it had more life, more warmth than before.

"Thanks again," she whispered.

The soft chiming of the small bells that were hung on the door abruptly interrupted our conversation. The sound meant that the door was being opened from the outside.

Andrea instantly smiled when her Auntie stepped inside the room, the woman I exactly expected to see, all dressed up like a hostess at a party.

Turning on my power of invisibility, I eyed my doppelganger that followed Marcella from behind. It immediately vanished and I replaced basically myself, now posing as a butler. My clothes even changed to one that the doppelganger wore which was a white shirt and black denim pants.

"Andi!" my employer immediately shouted, hurriedly giving Andrea a big, worried hug.

"Auntie..." Her voice sounded a bit muffled because she was being smothered by Marcella's bosom.

After their embrace, Andrea propped her pillows up to elevate herself.

"Oh, dear! How are you? Do you feel any pain now? Do you need some pain medications?! Oh God! I was so worried about you!" my employer stated, obviously in hysterics again.

"Oh Auntie, you don't really need to worry. I am fine. I just have a few cuts on my skin, nothing else," she reassured with a weak smile.

Marcella sat down where I had sat awhile ago and I just stood right beside the closed door. I looked at them, smiling, feeling the genuineness of their bond as auntie and niece.

"It is truly a miracle that you and the others are safe! I saw the damage to the bus. It is a good thing that a huge tree was there to cut your fall!"

I noticed Andrea's eyes shift to me and in her thoughts, I read the words *'thank you'* again. I nodded once silently, giving her a *'you're welcome'* smile.

"True. It was definitely a miracle. I actually don't remember all that happened Auntie. The events were too fast. The only thing I remembered was how the bus spun around and how it hurtled down the slope. An angel surely helped us when that happened because I and all the passengers on the bus are surprisingly safe."

I caught Andrea looking at me again and this time, I cleared my throat audibly and moved to stand in the back of my employer. If she keeps on looking at me indiscreetly, Marcella would probably think something was up between us.

"Yes, yes! I do also think an angel's intervention had saved all of you! Oh, thank God if that's the case!" My employer then drew her eyes up the ceiling and made a human sign of the cross.

"Thank you for coming here, Auntie. I really appreciate your deep concern. I hope you didn't call my mother about this. She would definitely freak out if she knows what happened."

"No. No." Marcella quickly waved her hands. "I didn't inform her about this. I know your mother can overreact sometimes. She might seriously take the earliest flight going here from Wisconsin! That would be unnecessary right?"

"Yes, definitely," Andrea nodded. "As I said, I am fine. Mother has nothing to worry about."

"By the way Andi, I have talked to Ivana before coming here. She informed me that because of the recent accident, the last day of your stay in the villa would be postponed. You can come back home now after you are discharged from here."

I noticed Andrea's face form a slight disappointment then.

"Oh, that's sad to hear," she said. "I am actually anticipating to visit her famous vineyard."

"Oh don't you worry about that dear. There's another time for that. As of now, we should focus on getting you back home, because you know, Lorde will be coming home two days from now!" Marcella's voice heightened in excitement.

I know that she was missing her step-son greatly, but something was amiss.

"Isn't it great?!" she added whilst holding Andrea's hands tightly.

Andrea seemed to be tongue-tied for a few seconds. She looked surprised. Her mouth even dropped slightly after hearing Marcella's announcement.

"Hah? Lorde? He is...coming...home?" Her voice squeaked a bit and because of this, it made me lift my brows and cross my arms. It made me wonder why she suddenly became stiff, why she looked uncomfortable, and why she quickly averted my gaze.

"Yes! You haven't seen him for two years right? He said he is also excited to see you again!" my employer replied, looking ecstatic.

"Wow, that's...that's great," Andrea whispered hesitantly. She batted her eyelashes a couple of times before turning her gaze back on her Auntie wearing a fake smile.

Why? Why is she like this?!

Her mood change definitely was worthy to be noted. I could easily sense something different inside her and I could hear her heartbeat increase a hundredfold.

Curious as to why she suddenly behaved like this, I purposely read her mind and what I found out made me instantly jealous. *Angry* even.

Her thoughts were shouting enough words to give me information, but the last words really dug a deep hole in my chest:

"Lorde... He is coming?! My childhood sweetheart is coming?! My first and only boyfriend is coming?!"

Chapter 26 - A Childhood Sweetheart To Remember

~ Andrea ~

After I was discharged, Aunt Marcella stuck with me from the hospital to the house and until my bedroom.

She did the best she could being my guardian mainly because she was concerned about my current state. We had already decided to zip our mouths and not report what had happened to my mother. Both of us felt *that* scared of her possible rants if she ever did discover it.

Auntie tried her hardest to make sure I am properly cared for. You can call it guilt on her part probably since she was the one who mentioned the outreach program to me, but I believe that it was just what it should be. I call it destiny for that to happen to us. It was just lucky enough that Eriol was there to save me and the rest of the volunteers.

And oh, speaking of Eriol by the way, yes, I am exactly what you would call a *dead meat* woman.

Why?

Because he had been looking at me without end with those dagger-like, I-will-certainly-talk-to-you-later glares, and that was since he heard Aunt Marcella mention about Lorde returning home.

Come to think of it, I may have *unintentionally*... no, *certainly* wrapped all my thoughts about Lorde and our past together. Eriol might have read my mind which was most likely not a good thing. With what happened to Mr. DaisVita a few days ago, it was already enough for me to expect that Eriol *is* a seriously jealous demon.

Since Auntie had been with me nonstop, we weren't able to talk yet, but as I eased myself in my bedroom, my gut told me that I will see him *very soon*.

I greatly need a moment's peace because you know, I am still in shock about the news. I needed some time alone to think about many things, to hardwire my brain of Lorde's coming, to be ready on our long-awaited reunion, but I can't just shoe my Auntie out of my bedroom. It wouldn't be right at all.

I am supposed to be giddy with excitement, supposed to be happy that we will see each other again, but right now, I don't...know. I really don't know what to feel.

After an hour of staying inside my room, finally, my Aunt left me, but it didn't end there. She actually left me with a table of goodies, a cooler full of ice chips, a thermo kettle she said in case I needed a sip of hot chocolate, a basket full of fruits, and my pain medicine. Oddly enough, those items were brought up in my room by two maids, not Eriol.

Where is that Lapdog anyway?

The minute I was alone, I spread myself in the bed, but as soon as I did that, my *speak-of-the-devil* missing-in-action demon had finally made himself known.

Time check, it was already eleven in the evening and my eyes desperately needed to shut off, but my eyelids went from droopy to full-on wide when a hand crept under my nightdress.

"Eriol!" I exclaimed, lifting my head to see him already sitting at the edge of the bed with only a yoga pant on.

"I want to fuck you," he declared, looking at me with dark, lust-filled eyes.

Of course, it surprised me when he said that and immediately went to caressing me. I seriously thought he'd be like '*who the fuck is that man?*' complete with his arms crossed and a menacing glare.

Thinking of our time back in Madame Ivana's retreat house, I propped myself up using my elbows and parted my lips to form a response, "Came to finish what we started in the shower eh?"

He quickly answered by smirking and joining me at the center of the bed. His hands moved up from my waist to my breasts, the path of which sent my mind reeling, unable to form any questions or complaints. Realizing all I needed was to surrender, I closed my eyes and permitted myself to feel his warm palms against my skin.

He gave me feather-light kisses on my cheeks, most specifically where a faint wound stretched from the tragus of the ear to my cheekbone. He also included some playful nibbling on my fingers, tip by tip, when I touched his lips. As if on instinct, I pulled my legs apart and he settled in the center on cue.

Then, our lips met.

Eriol immediately inserted his tongue inside mine and I instantly groaned in *frustration*.

No. Not that I don't like his French kissing, but Gods, does he really have to insert his finger *in time* inside my pussy too? I didn't even notice him take off my underwear to access my prized treasure. I didn't even notice his hand contacting the pads of my pussy.

Another demon prince advantage I guess?

His tongue slithered inside my mouth and yes, I became a hopeless victim of it; desperate for freedom. I don't mind being a victim though, but he made it hard for me because of his synchronous finger-fucking. The feeling of it really was exotic, sexy, and at the same time a major, *major* turn-on.

I definitely wanted to shout my pent-up erotic emotions. Shout it out aloud exactly like the way I shouted while inside the bus on the brink of death, but his mouth was still on me, locked in place.

As if he had read my mind, Eriol stopped his tongue thrusts and pulled just inches away from my face.

"Shit! Ahhhhh!" I immediately yelled.

I looked at him and saw that he was grinning, finding my situation amusing.

"An...dre...ahhh... what is that man to you?" he asked out-of-the-blue and my head instantly pressed the alarm button.

So, he is toying with me huh? Is this his way of interrogating me? Darn... Lovely. So lovely.

"Eriol... Lorde is just a childhood friend," I answered, together with a faint pleasure moan in the end.

He lifted his brows and replied in disbelief, "Oh really?"

I gasped and closed my eyes when he slid two fingers evenly inside my cunt.

"Look at me Andrea," he commanded, a hint of disappointment clearly evident on his face when I glanced back at him. "I can read minds but I can't read hearts. I don't know what you feel, so please tell me what that man is to you and what you feel towards him," he added.

"Eriol..."

I am pretty sure I sounded aroused right now. Fuck. This was really a twisted way of opening this kind of topic with him. Really twisted. A one-on-one talk sitting in a table with a coffee in hand would be good, not in a bedroom with me writhing in pleasure!

"He-he was my childhood sweetheart," I started, half panting. "That is the truth! We-we dated for several years and our relationship...ahhh...our-our relationship was...was on and off! Shit, Eriol stop this please!" I begged in the end, not wanting his finger fucking get on my way of pouring out my past to him.

"No. I will not stop. Continue Andrea. I want to hear more."

And with that, he circled my clit, stimulating it, making me bite my bottom lip out of delirium. Picture me with measured breaths, trying to calm my lust by holding on tightly the white sheets.

"We never had any closure. There-there...ahhh...wasn't even a confirmation if what we had was real!" I added.

It was the truth. Lorde and I never had any closure. I am not even sure if our dating was real or it was just pure companionship.

Let's just say that because we were childhood sweethearts, we never really thought that a closure or a confirmation was needed. Back when we were younger, we had fights from time to time because of our different views in life. But after those fights, we only needed a few glances and a brief smile in order to mend our disagreement and in order to harmonize our choices.

I guess that's what we still do now, *have a few exchanges of glances and a smile*, but that's not exactly what I want. I seriously need a confirmation that he doesn't have feelings for me anymore. I seriously want a closure by hearing him say that he has moved on with our so-called relationship.

Remembering the last time we saw each other, it was in Uncle Michael's burial. I offered him comfort of course, and we...we almost did it. I, however, wasn't ready at that time so I declined him. He understood my choice then, but for no apparent reason, he just suddenly left Auntie and the mansion for a vacation in another country. And left me too, without any closure!

No words of goodbye. No *see you later*. Not even a phone call from him.

I waited. Yes. I waited. But not one phone ring from him came. That decidedly gave me a choice to lay low on any romantic relationship. Until, of course, when this hot butler came into my life.

"And were your feelings for him real? Answer me, Andrea. I want to know," Eriol continued to interrogate me, whilst touching my freaking dripping pussy. Probably, if he didn't have his finger inside me, I would have been an emotional wreck considering that I am reminiscing my past with another man.

Eriol really is a clever man err...demon.

Lorde and I however share a common interest on horses and horse riding. That's how our relationship bloomed. Every time I visit the Winner Mansion, it always makes me feel excited because I know that I would spend my time with him. Auntie never did realize that our friendship progressed to a deeper relationship. She never even did realize that we dated. Until now, still she doesn't know. Or maybe that's what she wanted me to think? *Now, that I think about it, does she really not know about me and Lorde?*

"I ahhh...I don't know Eriol!" I answered him with a partly aroused, partly quaky voice. "I mean, I did like Lorde. I was infatuated with himmhh!" I bit my bottom lip again and eyed my interrogator with a glower because he just hit my core perfectly just as I confessed my past feelings for another

man. "But it has been two years! Surely that is an enough time for me to...to move on!" I added with an adamant tone.

"Then move on with me..." he quickly interjected. Probably, he sensed there was still a flicker left of Lorde inside my heart? "Andrea, I want to put a certain fact inside your brain. I want to drill it deep inside you."

Oh, gods, the whole time he said those words, I was trying to control myself from moaning. His heavenly fingers are still working me up! How good is that huh?!

Eriol leaned closer and whispered delicately in my ear, "You are mine alone Andrea. He doesn't have any claim on you ever since the beginning. That man doesn't even know what he is up against."

Shit. Another downright threat just like Mr. DaisVita!

"Didn't...mhmm...didn't you know hhhhim...already? Yhoouuu are...you are Auntie's butler for two years Eriol. Do you feel threatened with his return?"

Shit! I can't even talk right!

"I haven't met the man Andrea. And no, I don't feel threatened by him," he answered in a hush.

I saw a brief glow of red in his orbs then. Of course, he won't feel threatened. *He is a damn supernatural entity in the first place!*

He caressed the plane of my neck with his mouth very slowly and went to rip my gossamer dress easily with his teeth. My breasts immediately poised to be sucked when it spilled free.

"Eriol...please...stop toying with me," I requested as I felt his fingers dance wondrously in my crevice while his mouth enjoyed my mountainous buffet.

He stopped and went to look at me, gave a cold smirk then, and said, "Oh but Milady, who says I am toying with you? This is my preliminaries of making love to you, don't you know?"

Eriol then launched his face to meet mine and not a second longer, our saliva was mixed again becoming a heady cocktail. He withdrew his fingers from my pussy which made me groan in disappointment. It was only brief though because I felt his engorged, hard erection replace his fingers.

I gasped. Yes. Sure I did because not only was his freaking delicious dick inside my womanhood, I also felt a playful tease of a circular hard object against my vaginal walls.

Oh GREAT! His metal c0ck piercing is back!

"Ahhhh!!! Eriollll!!! Your piercing!"

"I know babe. I know. Say 'hello' to it will you?"

Shit! Such a tease!

"He-l-l--oooo mmhhmmm..." Despite my complaint, I said it anyway.

I closed my eyes and went to feel the new sensation more.

It was truly a different kind of sensation, one that I would call *enlightening*. I didn't know that *that* small bead would become a lovely addition to my already intensified arousal.

Eriol head-on went to continuously impale me and by head-on, I meant his c0ck's head.

I curved my back and threw my head to the side, feebly calling his name and the short syllables like I was in a trance for what seemed like an hour. The feel of his skin against mine always made me think of him as a man and not a demon.

"Come for me, Andrea. All of your juice is mine for the taking," passionately, Eriol stated in my ear after one long moment of slow but vigorous pounding.

"Yehh...yesss," I slurred. I traced his tensed jaw and went to bite a small skin of it. He replied by biting my lip and sucking it well and hard.

Another batch of thrusts more and his eruption became the pinnacle of our lovemaking. I had mine too in the form of a *flash flood*.

Like last night, our mind-blowing orgasm was the same. It made me lethargic for a moment and I know it was the same for him. Our breaths mixed together as we panted, forehead to forehead. I felt his c0ck twitch inside me as he began to unsheathe it. I know I would love to have another fucking but I am, of course, fresh from the hospital and from an accident, so I didn't want to stretch myself too much.

"Yes, you should rest," Eriol stated, no doubt reading my mind again. "I will stay here until you wake up in the morning, Dear Heart. Just tell me what you want, what you need. Anything. I am at your disposal."

He eased himself beside me, went to wrap an arm around my head, and gave me a comfortable arm-pillow to use on.

I smiled at this.

Cared for. This was exactly what I felt that instant.

Amidst being a demon, Eriol really was one superb lover in bed and in every way possible.

As my consciousness drifted from reality, the last thing I did was hope and hoped real good that this feeling of happiness with him will never cease.

Chapter 27 - The Greatest Sin of a Fallen Angel

Media, Ancient Northwestern Iran

House of Raguel, Rooftop, Evening

~ Aeshma ~

"Raphael," I greeted with enough callousness to the archangel standing some distance in front of me.

"Aeshma," he answered just the same.

Glorious golden wings bright as the sun and wearing armor that shined like a million stars in the night sky was what I see in this entity. You can add a long, golden hair and that's it - a worthy role model of the angels in heaven.

"Tell me, have you completely wallowed in Darkness? Did you finally joined the Adversary?" Raphael stated as he slowly circled me like a skillful predator.

Shit.

As if he can intimidate me with his golden presence.

I turned to where he was, making sure my eyes never leave his. A tiny opening on my part could lead to him prancing on me and binding me with his angelic power - a power I once did have.

"This is not about sides. You above all else should know that," I stated grimly, disappointed with his lack of understanding.

He frowned of course, already brewing up sharp words to throw at me.

"I knew you were growing too attached to her, but I didn't expect you would sink this low," he stated.

"I have grown to love her!" I shouted immediately. I am quite sure the passion in my rotten beating heart leaked a good amount. "That's all there is for me. I *love* her! My wish is to protect this beautiful, kind, worthy woman from the filth of this world! I wish to be her protector, just like what a Guardian Angel should. Why is that wrong Raphael? Tell me?!"

"She is Mortal, Aeshma. Purely human," he answered coldly, but there was pity in his eyes when he looked at me. "You know that already! It is against our Heavenly Rules to-"

"I know what the twisted rule stipulates!" I abruptly interrupted. *Please... Don't give me a sermon regarding those ridiculous rules.* "What I want to know is why? What is wrong with loving someone other than God?!"

My dark aura seeped out of my body and covered the whole rooftop of Raguel's house, but Raphael's bright aura quickly submerged it.

"Aeshma, don't fool yourself. You have ceased being her Guardian Angel a long time ago. You are but a nuisance to her now. A parasite! That is not love you are feeling! That is something else! Darkness is beckoning you. Why can't you see it?!"

Oh please... spare me the Darkness crap dialogue again.

"Call that as you may," I stated acidly. "I don't care. She is mine and no man shall ever take her!"

"She is destined for Tobias! You know that!" Raphael shouted quickly. Being an archangel, he certainly knows how to show the emotion *anger* in a good way, and right now, his eyes were blazing gold angrily.

"He has come too late!" I answered, having the same amount of blazing red glow in my orbs. My anger was definitely much more potent than his. This emotion always prefers to feed the negative energy around it. Mine was giving it an all-you-can-eat fiesta.

"Where was he when all those unfeeling mortals tried to taint her?! He is supposed to save her, where was he then? NO! I did it all! I am the one who saved her from a life sentence of sadness!"

I lifted my face haughtily trying to make him see that what I did was exactly right. He knows it certainly that if I hadn't saved Sarah from her previous six husbands that her soul would break and go directly to the Land of Emptiness.

The glow of our eyes lessened to a certain degree, showing pupils that were neither constricted nor dilated. The tension was still thick in between us but at least neither one of us wanted to start war in a heartbeat.

Raphael scrunched up his nose. He stood erect, ready to give me another blow of biblical words. "What God has joined, let no man or demon separate. They are destined for each other Aeshma. There is nothing you can do about it. You will be bound forever, locked away for all eternity. You know already that is your sentence. You have broken all the rules of the Heavenly Realm and most of all you have shed the blood of the innocent. You know I will have to exorcise you."

I hissed. "Exorcise me if you want to, fool, but that won't be enough. Nothing will keep me away from my Sarah."

Raphael's eyes suddenly softened. I knew then that he was reminiscing the good old days when we were best of friends. I pang of pain did hit my heart, but it wasn't enough to make me feel sad. It actually made me feel disgusted.

"Aeshma, you must know that this is not what I wanted to happen. I have prayed over and over again that this is not the future of our friendship," he stated after a long sigh.

"Spare me your pity, Raphael," I scoffed. "I will fight you without hesitation, you know that already. I will struggle to the very last end, in vain or not."

"Why? Why are you doing this Aeshma? Why do you fight even if you know already there is no happy future promised to you?"

I saw him ball up his hands tightly, clearly frustrated with my hardheadedness.

"I fight because my love for that woman is worth fighting for. She is my *Sarah*. My Dear Heart," I answered with utter sincerity. There was no hint of tremble in my voice. No hint of fear. No hesitation. I even mentioned her name with a tenderness I bet not even Hell has ever heard before. "She is worth fighting for until the very end, Raphael. *Until the very end.*"

My ex best-friend closed his eyes for a moment and when he opened them again, a single tear streamed down his cheeks.

Shit. Like I would be bent by such a weak show.

"I pity you," he said with a saddened voice.

I held my head up high once again and looked down on him like he was a worm.

"Pity all you want Raphael. I don't need it," I replied, turning my face away from him and then teleporting back to the spacious hall where Tobias' unexpected arrival was hailed with a lavish party.

I believe our civil conversation had ended. I know the next time I would meet him, it would be in our inevitable battle. What we had in the rooftop was our last conversation between good friends. Well, *ex* good friends.

Sarah made her entrance as one of the dancers in the banquet. I lurked in the shadow at a corner of the hall when she appeared.

As soon as I saw her, my heart went from chaotic to calm. She looked stunning in a white excessively-sequined *Raqs Sharqi* costume. The way she undulated her belly and shimmied her hips

in time with the beating of the drums was a work of art. It was sensual and at the same time elegant.

It made me remember how she rode on top me in our recent lovemaking last night. Yes. It was a wondrous night for both of us and that bliss would have been unending if it weren't for the arrival of these *intruders*.

The people inside the hall watched the dancers as they coordinated their movements. They cheered and clapped their hands, obviously enjoying the scene.

I, however, noticed that they intentionally ignored Sarah. Even though she danced magnificently, their eyes averted hers when she passes them. I bet there was still tension inside these people's minds with regard to her as being a murderer of husbands. They were looking at Tobias too, sending him brief glances of fear. Yes. Fear for his life for they had an inkling that Raguel would propose marriage to Tobias with Sarah.

Of course. Fear for him you measly humans for I will give him a wedding gift: DEATH in the marriage bed.

Sarah made some curvaceous moves in a corner and danced her way back into the center. I was enthralled with her of course, but unfortunately, I wasn't alone with this trance.

In the center of the banquet table was Sarah's father, Raguel, together with Tobias whose eyes were fixed on her alone, just like me. They were discussing something, whispering the words in the ears.

Dammit. I bet this is all about her marriage to him.

At the back of Tobias was Raphael, sending me sharp looks. I smirked haughtily.

Yes. Give me sharp looks white-winged one. Like hell that would kill me.

As soon as Sarah finished the dance routine, Raguel called for her to join them in the banquet table. She did so obediently and sat to where his father pointed her to sit. It was next to fucking Tobias.

I gritted my teeth when I saw him skillfully kissed the back of her hand. Their eyes were glued in that single moment alone and my heart nearly exploded when I saw a brief twinkle in Sarah's eyes. She hid a shy laugh together with a clear blush in her cheeks. I scorned it immediately.

I do know that this was the effect of what Raphael called *destiny*. Of course, she would feel an instant connection with this young handsome man because of it, but I still felt jealous.

Looking at Raphael, he promptly gave me a high-and-mighty smile. Seeing the works of destiny starting, I bet he was pleased with it. But, I am not one to be easily intimidated. Like I said, to hell with destiny.

I will make a new one with only me and Sarah together for eternity.

"Why?! Why didn't you tell me the truth?!" I heard Sarah say.

She was back against the wall of her bedroom; her hands raised midair to block my advances. Her face was flushed. Her tears ran endlessly down her cheeks. Agony and betrayal were what I saw in her eyes. Her love and passion for me hazy.

For two days, the only thing I was able to do was to steal a tiny time with her. And by tiny, I mean a few touch and kisses from her in the evening was all I could get. No lovemaking anymore.

She wanted it. She asked it from me, but every time it always comes to that point, the bastard archangel shows up and blinds me with His Holy Light.

Sarah was confused about my apparent detached state of course, but for some reason, she wasn't as much as sad as she should be with our growing distance. Most likely because her heart was beginning to tip towards her destined man. That, of course, made me feel disappointed.

I hate that Raphael was able to deny me my rightful time with Sarah by using Tobias. The young man was so eager to wooing her. They were together almost the whole day for two days and I could only watch in the sidelines with jealousy.

Raguel was pleased with the events, so pleased that he proposed Tobias the wedding date to be held during the full moon, which would be apparently a day from now.

I am not one to back away without a fight, but I never did know that Raphael had another plan in mind to ultimately cripple me. He, without my knowledge, visited Sarah through a dream and told her the whole truth; from the first murder, down to the last in my hands.

Fast forward to the present, this is exactly why Sarah shouted at me in anger, demanding me to answer why I didn't tell her that I am the culprit of the murders.

"I am *afraid* that you will hate me," I started in a weak voice. Amidst being a supernatural entity, I am surprisingly vulnerable to this emotion. *Damn my rotten heart for this!*

"Yes. I am the cause of your suffering. It is by my hands that the pain in your heart existed. But I did so because I love you, Sarah. I love you. You are mine alone. No man is meant for you, not even Tobias."

"How could you say that Aeshma. I thought you, most of all, understand the affliction I have! I never expected you are the cause of everything I have been going through!"

I stepped closer, trying to close the gap between us. It tore my heart seeing her like this. I had promised myself to make sure she wouldn't cry anymore, but now this has happened! *Damn you, Raphael!!! Damn you!!!*

"Sarah... Dear Heart... please let me hold you," I stated tenderly.

"Don't come any closer!" she yelled, frighteningly alarming for my taste. I saw hatred immediately flamed inside her eyes; hatred that was directed to me. "Don't you dare touch me with your bloodied hands! You are supposed to be my Guardian Angel, not the bringer of pain!"

She paused suddenly. Closing her eyes and shaking her head as if she was confused. After a moment of silence, she looked at me again.

My heart leaped when I saw a bit of hope. There was still a flicker of love in her beautiful hazel orbs that was for me alone.

"Aeshma... I love-" she choked, trying her hardest to make her words clearer. I would have kissed her then if it wasn't for my self-control. I wanted to hear her say it, even if it means painful for me

"I love you, but...it is...it is over. We are over. I have Tobias who loves me true. Please leave me, Aeshma. Leave me be..."

If my world was already dark ever since I became a Fallen Angel, now it was so much more. Not only was it dark, but it also had an emptiness more than sadness and loneliness can hold. I couldn't explain it myself but maybe I could call this as my own personal Hell.

When she said 'leave me be,' it was it. It was my cue that a pure soul had just rejected me. My Dear Heart had just rejected me...

I closed my eyes, stood stoic in front of her, and heaved a breath.

I heard her sob against the wall, relieving all of her pain in a cold hard object instead of my warm chest. I wanted to hold her, embrace her, lick those tears away but I refrained. Instead, I set up my mind to transport myself in another place away from her in order to block out the unbearable sobs from my ears.

"I am the one who loves you true."

Those were my last words before I teleported myself away from her bedroom.

Chapter 28 - A Heart That Has No Respite

~ Aeshma ~

I seethed in anger when all the wedding necessities were prepared the next day, but when the matrimonial ceremony was held, I only watched in helplessness as Sarah and her destined man exchanged vows.

Every word she uttered not only pulverized me to the core but also condemned me into the darkest, loneliest days of my life. Sarah and I are bound to be together. Supposed to be, I am the one who gives her all the happiness and the loving she deserves, but it seems destiny really weighed me down and pulled me out of the picture.

But even as she had rejected me, here I am still, watching her from afar.

As she tears my heart open with her matrimonial vows for another man, no, I didn't feel any hatred towards her. I still love her with all of my rotten heart. I still didn't regret losing my status as an archangel and becoming a Fallen One.

Why should I regret it when I had chosen this life for myself? Her pure soul was a treasure worth fighting for, worth surrendering my divinity and worth to be condemned about for all eternity.

But like I said before, I won't go down without a fight.

Tonight, I will slice the husband's heart before he takes her to bed and when he dies, I will claim Sarah again for myself.

Tobias will be my only hindrance. He will be the only wall that keeps me away from my beloved. I will sever their interconnected red strings and I will make a new one for me and her; pick up where we left off and spend an eternity together.

Screw Raphael too. A battle would be inevitable between us but that will not happen for now.

I just need to ignore him and sooner or later, he will be called back to the Heavenly Realm, consequently leaving me and Sarah alone in our own bliss.

There was merriment at the banquet hall after the ceremony ended. Everyone seemed to be in a jovial mood, totally forgetting Sarah's so-called curse in just a day. It was probable that Raphael was the reason why their fear had disappeared. Yes. Most likely, that's the reason why.

Still watching Sarah from afar, I saw that she looked happier. Unlike her previous marriages that seemed to be a death sentence, she was all smiles, blooming, and beautiful beside her new husband.

She must have forgotten about me already, but I have a feeling this was either Raphael or the destiny string's power in motion, not her own will and choice. *I bet I sound too desperate based on this but even I can dream, right? Even if it sounds too pathetic.*

By late evening, the party ended. My hands began to itch, looking forward to spilling this man's blood. So far, I haven't seen Raphael in the party disguised as Tobias' right-hand man, and I haven't also seen him as his golden self guarding me endlessly.

Probably he has finished his duty and maybe went back to Heaven? Probably he doesn't see me as a threat anymore since Sarah and Tobias are finally bound by marriage?

No matter the reason, I want him away anyway. He'll be but a nuisance in the picture. His presence, an eyesore. Good riddance to him if he really did go back to Heaven.

I watched the newlyweds in the shadows of Sarah's bedroom. I hate to see that the marriage consummation would be spent in the bed we used to share. This was our sanctum for crying out loud! This was our love nest!

However, much more important than the bed, to see Sarah with another man was what I hate the most!

I curled my hands into a tight fist as I continued to watch them. Sarah and Tobias knelt at first in front of an altar and said their prayers.

It pricked my heart because she prayed for Tobias' safety tonight. I could feel her fear of losing her new husband. She prayed to the Creator but it seemed as if the words were directed to me. It seemed as if she knew that I was near and watching them.

Tobias, on the other hand, prayed for Sarah's courage and love, and for all her fears to be washed away. I heard it all and yes, every word felt like a hot dagger being plunged into my rotten heart. Repeatedly.

Before they lay, Tobias stood up and pulled something from inside his satchel. I thought that it was a first-night wedding gift for his bride, but as I stared at the objects, it made my skin shiver. In his hands was a precise cut of fish liver and heart. I knew instantly what they were exactly for: *to drive me away.*

I bet Raphael taught Tobias about the weakness of Fallen Angels. *Damn bastard.*

I stepped back a few inches, enough that I can call safe. The smoke from the fish liver and heart would be my repellent. However, the smoke will rise after a few minutes, and a short minute was only what I needed in order to kill this man.

After tossing the objects into the hearth, Tobias joined Sarah in bed where she was just waiting for him, lying silently but with blushing cheeks. He smiled and she smiled.

I frowned.

Tobias tenderly ran a hand on Sarah's bare shoulder. I roughly ran my sharp, pointed fingernails on the wall. Tobias softly caressed her face with his lips. I gritted my teeth in anger. *No one should touch her like this but me!*

I poised to pounce on the unsuspecting man, readying my nails to dug a hole deep in his heart, but as soon as I zeroed in on his back, I fell stunned and became a stone, rooted in place as I saw them sharing their first kiss.

Tobias moved his lips with finesse on Sarah's red, plump ones. He did so while shoving the straps of her nightdress down her shoulders. What surprised me was how she reciprocated Tobias' kiss; the same way she kisses me, ever so wanting.

I felt my rotten heart started to beat abnormally.

My eyes quickly widened when I saw Sarah's body brightened with pure energy. No. Not just any energy but *the* energy of truth!

No! This is not happening! This is not the truth! I quickly denied the blinding bright reality.

My murderous intent was quickly subdued by the way she looked. Yes. She looked at peace; free of any dark chains that used to hold her down to me.

I knelt down, shaking my head as I eyed the two caressing their bodies in a slow steady fashion. I wanted to vomit when I smelt their passion filling the air. It was pure and untainted.

Sarah let out a light moan which should have been music to my ears if not for the man on top her, sucking her breast like a husband should on his fresh bride.

I was focused on watching the scene unfold before me that I didn't notice one particular thing; the smoke arising and covering the whole room.

It smelt like fucking incense in a holy church. It smelt to me like a thousand beautiful roses of the Virgin Woman. It would have been fragrant for a normal folk, but for me, it was like a pesticide and I am, unfortunately, the lowly insect.

This kind of smoke wasn't enough to shoe me away though, but I frantically stood up anyway and bolted out of the room, teleporting myself to the rooftop.

No. It was not the fish liver and heart that drove me away, it was seeing Sarah's body fill up with the beautiful white light. This only means one thing and it was that she truly had given herself to her husband, that she truly wasn't tied down to me anymore. Their strings were officially bound in a knot that even I couldn't untangle.

My heart, if it was rotten in the beginning, it was even worse now.

It felt like it was being trampled continuously by a stampede of elephants; chewed and mauled down to every vein by sharp, jagged teeth; drowned in the Red Sea and afterward, thrown into the blazing fire, or in my case, the unending fire of Hell.

I couldn't breathe properly. I felt suffocated seeing her give herself to another man willingly; more willing than me.

The white light became a Holy Barrier. It widened, enveloping the whole room. When it touched my skin, it stung immensely. It drew out my dark energy and I felt weak without delay.

I had hoped that the flicker of light I saw in her eyes yesterday night was enough to bring her back to me, but now, I believe that she won't be mine anymore. She belonged to another man and that truth...that truth alone made me insane.

Without a choice and with the Holy Barrier filling Sarah's room, I flew myself up in the sky and teleported to where I know its barren land would recharge my depleted strength: Egypt. The cold, cold desert. Somehow, the place fucking empathized with me.

"It hurts," I moaned with agonizing emphasis, clutching my sore rotten heart. "It really hurts... Why does it feel so painful?!"

I staggered weakly on the sand. Supposed to be, I should feel refreshed by coming here, but why do I feel a lot weaker?

My hands gathered as much sand as it could when I knelt on the ground. Droplets of tears, *actual tears*, began to show itself on my dirty knuckles.

Betrayed. That's what I felt. So betrayed by her. Forsaken and left to comfort myself. Left in the darkness. But even with this, I still love her. *Still, still love her.*

"Why does it hurt so much Raphael?" I painfully asked when my hazy peripheral vision caught sight of my ex best-friend particularly observing me in my sorrow.

So there he is. Good timing I must say. I bet even though he is an archangel, he is snickering deep inside while watching me like this.

"Aeshma, you know I can't answer that," he stated. For some reason, I can sense sadness in his voice.

I clenched my jaw. I never wanted to be pitied. Never. *Sneer for me angel! Scorn me! Do not pity me!*

"Understand that everything that has happened is according to the will of the Creator. She is destined for Tobias. She will be happy with him. She is *safe* with him," Raphael stated again, trying to make me see sense, but I blocked the words out of my head. I know that already, but I just don't want to accept that reality.

"Sarah, my Dear Heart. She will be happy without me..." I cringed in the thought that *that* fact somehow pricked my heart more than seeing her with her destined man. "I won't see her smile anymore! Her lovely, beautiful smile! I...I won't be able to feel her warmth..."

"You are not supposed to feel that to begin with," Raphael remarked matter-of-a-factly, but I made myself deaf to his words again.

I straightened and darted my eyes towards the night sky, and shouted, shouted like a mad man with my despair a thousand folds more than the present beaming stars shining down on me.

"Curse you, God! Curse YOU! Why do you give me this heart! Why did you make me her Guardian Angel when you knew that I would love her more than myself...?! More than You!!! Why did you create me like this?! I do not want this! The ecstasy! The pain! The pleasure of being with her! Take it back! Take it back... aaaahhhh!!!"

"Aeshma!" Raphael screamed angrily. A flash of light and a loud swoosh thereafter, I saw he already held a great sword.

Yes. Kill me. I want to end my existence, but if only it is that easy.

I broke down again, but this time, I felt utter emptiness inside me. I willed myself one final look at the sky and closed my eyes.

So be it. If this is my fate, then Hell it is.

"I will not tolerate your blasphemy against our Creator! Repent and accept what it is and should be. He is still willing to accept you. He is waiting for you!"

Raphael really was trying to make me come back to the Brightness, but no. It was already too late. Brightness had long ceased to surround me. Sarah was my light. She was my reason for everything. And now that she's not mine, I might as well wallow in Darkness for good.

A black, thick smoke surrounded me then. It was quick to make a wall barrier between me and Raphael. I took a last glance at my ex-best friend's face before I was engulfed by all the blackness and I saw that he was thoroughly alarmed.

I felt my energy rejuvenated to a great degree. It was like I am being submerged in water charged with high volts of electricity.

My cells spasmed and my nerve endings felt being severed but I didn't feel any pain. My stomach churned and I felt a heartburn coming up in my chest to my throat, but it felt sweetly ticklish rather than acidic.

I felt two ram-like horns grow in my forehead, but the splitting of my skull didn't so much as deliver any shooting headache. My eyes did burn but it felt so brief, so fleeting, it made me feel that it was just a bite of a miserable ant.

My back? My back felt like it widened even more, making room for two more glorious midnight wings.

So this is what it feels like to transform huh?

Ecstasy.

I never thought this was what it felt like for a Fallen Angel to finally accept the other side of Brightness.

There was a soft sound that lingered in my ears and I immediately nodded knowing what it meant. This is the new me. A demon. An archdemon to be precise. The soft sound told me so.

When the thick, black smoke dissipated, I stood up regally. The feeling was definitely better than what I felt before. I felt a whole lot bolder, wiser, and more confident.

I turned my focus on the still awe-struck archangel in front of me and I grinned. Grinned devilishly.

"Suck it, Raphael... To Hell I will be," I lashed.

"Aeshma!" he immediately called. He took a few steps backward and assumed a guarded position. I could see our opposite auras pushing each other away, but neither was winning the invisible battle.

I inhaled the cold, stale air of the desert before proceeding to speak, "Hmmm... I just heard the call of my Emperor. Do you know what He named me now?"

Raphael had a tensed look on his face. He must have found my new appearance rather...threatening. His head shook slowly, not believing what I had just become. "No... you can't side with the Darkness!" he yelled, "Aeshma!"

"ASMDEUS! Call me by that name!" I quickly interjected, clenching my hands into a tight fist, and glowing my eyes red. "I am Asmodeus! Demon Prince of Lust. The Archdemon of the Second Circle of Hell."

Raphael shook his head again, this time wildly. "No. No! Aeshma!"

His eyes glowed gold and his bright wings stretched widely in his back. He raised his great sword in front of us, pointing the tip to where my rotten heart hid. Since I am a demon now, I can easily be scarred by his Holy Sword. I felt threatened by the weapon, yes, but just a bit.

I hissed at him. For an archangel, he sure does accept the change so fast.

"I would love to chat more but it seems I have a mountain of charges waiting for me in the Demon Realm. Catch you later, *ex-friend*?" I said in a cocky voice. Testing my new-found power with this high-and-mighty archangel would be a good choice, but I am not in the mood to spar with him right now. Actually, I am not in the mood to do anything at all.

I didn't wait for Raphael to reply. I turned my back from him and stretched my now four-layer black wings and teleported out of sight. The last thing I heard before I was fully out of the desert was Raphael's angry voice calling out my name... my old name.

Alone was what I wanted to be, so I decidedly chose to teleport in a place where it provided exactly what I want: the cold cliffs of the South Pole.

True enough, I felt like a new-born being as I stood on top of an icy cliff. I am the ruler of Lust; the bringer of desire and passion in its vilest way. I can finally control this intense emotion; the emotion that once became my driving force to claim a human.

Yes. The pain and the agony in my heart were long gone, but there was still one emotion that remained...

Love.

Love for my Sarah.

Although I had turned into a demon, I could still feel it beating inside my rotten, deceased heart and *blast it*, I fucking didn't want to let it go.

Chapter 29 - The Arrival of His Rival

Winner Mansion, Luxembourg

Present

~ Andrea ~

Today, at exactly four in the afternoon, would be the arrival of Lorde in the Winner Mansion, so all of the staff skittered all around the house to clean whatever was needed to be cleaned.

Somehow, Auntie Marcella decided to rearrange the furniture. She had Eriol and the other male staff do all the heavy lifting while I watched how her eccentric side emerged through her orientation tastes.

Eriol and I are officially *uhmm...* lovers? Fuck-buddies? Maybe friends-with-benefits? Or more likely, having a mistress-to-servant relationship?

I don't really know.

What I am sure of was that Eriol had been using the word '*making love*' in our nightly escapades and daylight trysts. That does give me a clue that there was something more than awesome, unearthly fucking between us. Anyway, he has been very tight on me since I returned in the house; *tight* as in bodyguard-to-stalker tight.

For two days, I was able to visit the ranch *with* Eriol, ride Trinitus *with* Eriol, go swimming on the large pool at the back of the mansion *with* Eriol, and go sightseeing the famous Luxembourg destinations *with* Eriol - in a not-so-normal way might I add, teleporting and all - leaving my Aunt again with his doppelganger the whole time.

Of course, I was the only one who could see him since he used his invisibility power again.

He made it sure no one sees us together and I am more than relieved of it because I do not want to have rumors going around the mansion about us.

I am quite sure Aunt Marcella doesn't have one clue that her hot butler had been particularly too attentive of me. Probably, there will come a time that we will reveal our relationship but now was not it. Definitely not it, especially that Lorde was coming.

I don't find Eriol's presence bothersome or irritating though. In fact, I find it comforting, safe and I feel cared for.

I am beginning to think that having a new relationship with a man wasn't bad after all.

He had been specifically kind to me. His cocky and arrogant sides were still there, especially when he won on our horse race the other day and a cooking challenge the next. Then, his perverted side emerged when his winning bet had me wear a skimpy black bikini in the swimming pool only to be torn off in my bedroom for a passionate session of course. *I bet he was already expecting that he would win. Damn...*

He clearly was a romantic-at-heart even for a Demon of Lust.

He showered me with a lot of loving in and out of bed: kisses me suddenly without any warning, pulls me in a deserted area to do a hard and delicious quickie, gives me a full body massage, suddenly materializes in the shower and soaps my body thoroughly, suddenly gives me bouquets of roses too, lots and lots of stuffed toys, my favorite chocolate, Toblerone, and a big box full of lingerie - yep, sexy lingerie, and that was with a note that says '*wear it tonight for I will tear it out of you later.*' *Damn...* And a small box that housed the pink, flat vibrator he once used when we were inside the willow tree.

I guess his perverted side was inexhaustible. However, his mood suddenly changed when he asked me yesterday about the bus accident when we were inside his chamber.

He asked me if I had remembered something about our past because apparently, I did call out his '*old name.*'

I, however, failed to remember anything about me calling him that, but I did feel at that time that I just wanted to be saved by him. As in *saved* in more ways than dying.

Saved from what? *That* - I don't know. I was too alarmed and too frightened that time to cultivate enough understanding as to what my subconscious feelings were trying to say.

Eriol, after hearing my answer, fell quiet. He brooded on something, it was already clear. I wanted to know what his '*old name*' was, but he wouldn't answer me anymore. I also tried asking him about our past, but he only diverted my attention to moaning again.

And I, in my perverted side, most willingly accepted his diversion shoving the thoughts in the back of my head.

"What are *you* wearing?"

I turn with a start when Eriol suddenly materialized behind me. I was looking at my reflection in the vanity mirror appreciating how I dressed when he appeared.

My hair was tied up into a high ponytail allowing my pearl earrings to shine clearly. Not that I needed makeup, but I applied lip gloss anyway to enhance the color of my natural red lips. When I glanced at him, he was already showing me a good scowl.

I don't even know why I was startled, but I feel as if I had just been caught doing something wrong judging from the look on his face.

One hour before Lorde comes home, Aunt Marcella had asked me to wear this Miranda Kerr-inspired red bandage dress. She said that Lorde had asked for a mini welcome party when he arrives, so to wear a semi-formal dress would be proper.

I had to ask her, why red though? Seriously, there are so many colors available but why specifically red? Her only reply was that it was Lorde's favorite color.

Gosh. She doesn't even know that I already knew all of his favorites and yup, as in ALL and that was by heart.

Favorite food? Sushi and tacos. He once fought me over a jar of Speculoos cookie butter back four years ago, so most likely he loves that one as well.

Favorite clothing brand? D&G. He also enjoys wearing Armani suits especially on gatherings.

Favorite sleeping get-up? Boxer shorts. But I tell you, he once threw me a joke that he prefers to sleep naked and that was with a wink on my way!

Favorite sports? Ala David-Beckham football. I remembered that before he left, he had a drool-worthy athletic physique, exactly just like Eriol. I don't know what he looks like currently, but yes, a part of me expected he would have an Apollo body still.

Favorite country to visit? Greece. Back when he graduated college with a Bachelor's Degree of Mechanical Engineering, he told me that he wanted us to visit there, France and Africa included.

Favorite season? Fall, but he loves the rainy weather too.

Favorite beer? Corona, but drinks only on occasions - which probably explains the three six-packs of the beverage I saw in the fridge of the kitchen earlier this morning.

Favorite movie? None, but enjoys Action and Sci-Fi movies. He is also a Shakespearean-at-heart, so he enjoys watching plays and operas, exactly just like his father.

Favorite music? Cool jazz, but he adores the band, Gin Blossoms, too.

Hobbies? Wall climbing, kayaking, and horse riding of course. He already owns a high-end yacht given to him by his father on his nineteenth birthday. His horse, *Nicolau*, of black Arabian breed is still housed in the stable; the one that *Mr. Flogger* had handled back in Mr. DaisVita's visit.

He had a number of girlfriends in his high school and college years but never became serious with any of them. He prefers girls who are simple, classy, with a 'heart of gold' and has a 'fit' body and with 'curves in the right' places. *Take note, those were all his words by the way.*

When I visited the Winner Family again after my eighteenth birthday, I asked him why he wasn't serious with any of his dates. He answered rather simply that he was waiting for his step-mother's *niece* to notice him. Of course, that immediately gave me an idea who he was talking about and it was me.

I liked him at that time too, I can't deny that, so in the end, that particular event was the start of our *secret* relationship.

I knew that the dress was a little bit sexy for just a simple welcome of a childhood *friend*, but I didn't mind wearing it because it was Auntie who requested it. Never had it occurred to me that I would receive a rather unwelcoming look on Eriol the minute he saw me wear the dress.

It doesn't have a plunging neckline really, but the cut was low enough to show some skin in my front. The length was above-the-knee, but I don't think that it was too short.

I had to give him a charming smile in order to null the gloomy face he was giving.

"Auntie made me wear this. Why? Don't I look good Eriol?" I asked as if I didn't know exactly what bothered him.

"You are *not* going to a prom Andrea," he answered quickly, "Is that man so important that he warrants some sexy attention from you?"

Oh. Sexy. He thinks I am sexy wearing this. Somehow, his word made me blush.

"Being *sexy* isn't the point here. You know already I am not wearing this for that purpose."

I crossed the room to the shoe rack a few feet away from him and found a darker red five-inch Louboutin to match my dress.

"Take it off," he ordered curtly.

"What? You know I can't do that!" I answered right away, putting my attention back on wearing the gorgeous stilettos.

Without warning, he materialized in front of me so close that I immediately lost my footing. Luckily, Eriol was quick to cut my fall. He ushered me up with a light pull of my waist and we met eye to eye.

"Andrea... you *can* do that and you *will* do that," he started coldly. "Screw your Auntie's request. You take that dress off or I will tear it right out of you. Your choice."

His breath was hot on my face. He looked at me with dark eyes partly glinting with anger and partly burning with undeniable sexual tension. But even with this, even though I find his dominating attitude a turn on, his final command made me frown.

"What gives Eriol? Why is this red dress bugging you so much?"

I pushed him slightly away. Not that I don't like our nearness, but I feel that I might explode if he keeps on pressing our chests together. *It makes me remember his fresh nakedness in his bed last night and how he made me ride his face so that he could give me an out-of-this-world head.*

He didn't loosen his arms around me. He actually tightened it more and boldly leaned closer. "You want to know the answer Andrea?" he whispered sluggishly and went to blow air slowly on my ear.

Damn... I find it hard to decide if he is teasing or already testing me.

"Yeah..." I answered while closing my eyes, feeling the goosebumps on my arms at the same time.

"That's because I don't want to see that man's desire flaming in his eyes when he sees you in this dress. Believe me, when I tell you, I am the Demon of Lust. If I am not immune to you appearing like this, how much more a mere mortal man huh?"

I blushed again. Aunt Marcella really does know how to dress me up like a Barbie doll. I will give her credit for that.

"Just say that you're jealous. That would be a lot easier," I said, hiding my happy grin.

Then, just suddenly, I felt a pang of pain in my neck before I felt the moistness of his mouth. Common sense told me that he just gave me a freaking hickey!

"Oh Gods, Eriol! Why did you do that?" I asked with widened eyes, withdrawing away from him and touching the sore spot of my neck. My fingertips instantly outlined the small dents from his teeth. *Great. Just great!* I bet it had an angry red color too.

"Just making sure," he answered mischievously.

"Making sure of what?"

I hurried to look at the mirror and I saw that it was indeed a hickey which was quite big. I clenched my teeth and shot him a disappointed questioning look.

"Making sure that *that* man sees that you are already *taken*," he simply replied.

I inhaled deeply and rolled my eyes. *Damn this demon!*

"You really are hopeless Eriol," I commented and quickly untied my hair. I let the soft curls fall over my shoulders and cover the hickey completely.

"You're not going to change your dress are you?" he asked again, crossing his arms to his chest at the same time.

"No," was my short reply, but I heard him groan in disappointment so I added; "The last thing I want is Aunt Marcella ranting on me. Seriously Eriol, you may be a demon but you don't even know how an eccentric woman rants!"

I heard him let out a long, forced sigh. "Suit yourself, but you won't get away from this easily," he dared with steely eyes.

"Hmmm, is that a threat I hear?" I stood straight facing him, my arms akimbo, summoning some nerves of steel for myself.

He only gave me an unsettling grin and said, "Call it that or you can call it a warning."

My eyes widened again when I saw him ran his fingers sensually on his lips. His tongue darted out slightly and licked the tip of his middle finger.

For some reason, the temperature of my body went up, and then I felt a certain faint tingle in between my thighs. I don't know if it was just my instinctive reaction to him, but it certainly was disturbingly hot.

The fired-up sensations of my pussy paused when I heard a knock on the main door. As if on cue, Eriol vanished in front of me, but I had a feeling he certainly wasn't letting our little argument go away smoothly.

Well, whatever he plans to do, I will just have to keep a blind eye to it. My top priority as of the moment was to make myself look presentable and act as if nothing happened between me and Lorde in front of his step-mother.

I sat in the foyer's waiting area with Auntie next to me and Eriol standing at the base of the grand stairs.

Auntie wore a heavily-sequined silver Versace cocktail dress and a pillbox hat with a hot pink feather on top. Her appearance wasn't really what you normally call *simple*, but I had to keep my observations to myself. She would probably give me puppy-dog heavy mascara eyes if I tell her to lose the hat.

She held my hand fifteen minutes ago so I felt that she was as anxious as me. My anxiety, however, was directed not only to Lorde's arrival but also to Eriol's glares.

I had to request him some cold water for both me and Auntie just so he could leave me alone even for a short moment. He did so but with a low groan on his throat.

Now, fifteen minutes had past and he hadn't come back with our glasses of water, which I considered weird.

Aunt Marcella suddenly stood up and paced hurriedly across the foyer to the entrance door. She must probably have sensed the oncoming car bringing his step-son inside. There was nothing I could do but to join her there too. I wouldn't want to be the center of attention by just waiting on the sofa.

As I approached my Aunt, I saw the BMW car stop at the front entrance. The awaiting maids quickly took the baggage in the trunk and left us to do the greetings.

I was beside Auntie when Lorde disembarked the vehicle and I tell you, my heart immediately skipped a beat, or two, or *three* when I saw him.

Lorde, wearing a fine black trench coat, made a reserved grin directly at me. His pale blue eyes looked straight into mine with warmth and affection more deeply than before.

Chapter 30 - Time to Take the Pressure Test

~ Andrea ~

Being four years older than me, I sometimes feel Lorde as my big brother. I remember back when the Final Fantasy Crisis Core installation was released, his friends and I teased him that the creator modeled his face to create one of the antagonists in the story.

Why you ask?

Because he looks exactly like Genesis Rhapsodos. Of course, it was just a joke then, especially that Lorde's hair at that time was a dark brown.

But at present, looking at him with his signature unkempt hair having red highlights, I agreed to myself that he really looked like the handsome Genesis. *Red highlights must be the fashion fever of the elite people in Mexico right now huh?*

He still has a lean, muscular body. The ones you can compare to a Calvin Klein male model, but with Eriol as the more seasoned of the two.

He is a freaking sex God in the first place, so yeah... it is expected that a human male would pale in comparison to him.

However, amidst this truth, Lorde still has a charm of his own. A charm that I once found...disarming.

With that fine black trench coat, gray v-neck shirt, and black pants, I found that his so-called charm never once expired.

For a particular moment, it felt like the world stood still when our eyes locked in a staring contest. Nobody but us stood in the wide portico; no Aunt Marcella, no driver, no servants. Well, that's what it felt for me at least. I had to hold my breath just in order to calm my heart's erratic beating.

"Oh, Lordel!" Aunt Marcella exclaimed, quickly interrupting us in our small world of magnetism. She left me behind and walked forward to give her step-son her famous hug.

Lorde beamed his white teeth and welcomed her ample embrace.

"Tia Marcella," he said with a cool, sultry voice. They embraced, but even with this, his eyes were still on me.

I felt my face flush then.

I wish I had Eriol's mind-reading power so that I would know the contents in Lorde's thoughts. I don't want to know if he agrees with my dress or if he finds my woman curves pleasing to the eye. What I want to find out was why the hell he still looked at me like he was about to freaking propose?

"How have you been Lorde? My goodness! Look at you! You are even more handsome than before you left!"

Aunt Marcella remarked with a gentleness a normal mother would give to her son. She cupped his cheeks with her hands and traced his attractive triangular jawline. She gave him a thorough observation and Lorde just let her do so, giving off another batch of beaming smile.

For a moment there, it did look like a real mother-and-son bonding. Lorde had already welcomed Auntie as his step-mother when his father married her roughly fifteen years ago. They only got each other to care for in the Winner Household as Lorde's relatives had been MIA or at least that's what I have been told about by Auntie.

"Ah, I always miss this lavish side of yours, Tia," Lorde stated. He patted a hand on her back much like a family gesture of warmth.

I didn't miss him calling Auntie his '*tia*' and not '*mother*.' *Tia* means *Aunt* in Spanish. He had already called her that even before I started visiting the Winner Mansion, so it was not weird for me to hear it. Aunt Marcella didn't mind it too and was more than happy to be called that since being called '*mother*' apparently was just not her taste.

"Of course you would!" she replied. "Now come, we have a lot of catching up to do and someone here is excited to give her greetings too!"

They both turned to me and in that short amount of time, I became the center of attention.

"Hey," I croaked, "welcome back home." I gave him a smile; closed-lip though.

"Andrea, it is good to see you again," he said, voice coming out a lot cool and collected than mine. *Dang... I should probably compose myself a little bit more. But wait. Was it just me or did I just saw a brief twinkle in his eyes?*

He approached me then with yet another reserved grin.

Situations like these call for a welcome hug right? That's what Auntie did to him earlier, and I think it was expected that I should do the same. But I stepped backward in the end. I don't know, but I feel that the contact of our skin wasn't warranted for now - er, probably not at all.

Lorde, however, saw my hesitation and gave me a sharp look. I was taken aback. My eyes quickly sought a lesser intimidating object which was the BMW car behind him, but that did it for me. I was caught off-guard when he embraced me tightly.

"Andrea, I missed you so much," he whispered in my ear.

I felt a small tingle ran from my back to my shoulders after hearing his words. Did I shake it off? Yes, I did, quickly. But only to be replaced with a different kind of tingle when his warm breath touched my skin and his lips brushed my cheeks covertly.

Oh shit!

I was instantly rooted in place. My hands got stuck midair next to his broad shoulders deliberating on whether I should reciprocate his warm gesture or not. I am definitely not ready to go all touchy with him, but with Aunt Marcella in front of us, I decided to pat his back lightly in the end.

"Lorde... ye-yeah... it's truly been a while since we've seen each other," I countered an appropriate response. I guess this would be better than saying 'I miss you too' when I didn't have that kind of feeling towards him. Well, at least not anymore.

He withdrew and gave me a smile, with again those piercing eyes of his scanning me from head to foot.

"So, shall we go inside?" Auntie suddenly asked. She walked past us and gestured for the open door.

"I believe so Tia," Lorde immediately answered. "I am quite very thirsty. Traveling for hours really isn't easy."

"Oh, that's good. You will find your Corona's a refreshing change, I'm sure," my Auntie replied. She walked ahead of us and we followed her.

Side by side we entered the foyer, but it wasn't easy a task for me because I suddenly felt Lorde's hand touch my waist. I don't know if he was just being a gentleman but it sure was uncomfortable for me. It had only been just a few minutes since we've seen each other again and he was already very smooth with the touching.

Oh. Speaking of touch.

Considering Eriol being a jealous demon, I know that this simple gesture would tick him off. He was probably like an Alpha mate right about now, growling 'mine' on his woman.

But I have to wonder though, *where the hell is he anyway?*

You can only imagine how full the dining table was. Seriously. The foods laid weren't just for an afternoon snack, but also for a heavy meal in the evening. Quite what you would expect in an excited step-mom. But contrary to what I expected, Lorde suggested having *tea* outside the dining room, particularly in the spacious veranda.

I remembered that he always loves to eat in that place with me mainly because it showed a magnificent view. It basically shows the mansion's back garden, the wide rectangular turquoise pool, and the Luxembourg mountains as its background.

Auntie most willingly agreed with his suggestion. I, on the other hand, just nodded, going along with the flow.

Three maids assisted us there. One prepared the finely polished teak table with classic placemats, plates, and utensils, while the other two placed our tea and snacks, and Lorde's perspiring Corona.

I chose to sit in a chair that faced the pool. Auntie sat on my left, while Lorde picked the seat directly opposite mine thereby blocking my view of the pool.

Great. I have a feeling this is going to be an awfully long chit chat.

Auntie started the ball rolling with a question that was typical for a mother to ask.

"So, how's your business there Lorde?"

She took a sip of her lemon tea while waiting for him to speak.

Lorde's overall posture was relaxed. His back touched the vase-shaped splat, his right hand holding the Corona while the other was in the armrest.

He eyed her step-mother, drank a good amount of the yellow liquid, and went on to say confidently, "Ahh, everything is fine Tia. You would really be amazed by the manpower in Mexico. They are all willing to work the whole day just in order to receive their salary every week. Because of their hardworking attitude and strong will, my investors are flooding like crazy."

That is pretty much what a CEO's way of thinking alright! No surprise in that!

"Oh, so that's what keeps you from visiting me here," Auntie remarked. There was a glint of sadness in her eyes that I didn't miss out. She really does feel lonely in this house huh? I am glad I didn't cancel my visit here.

Lorde slightly smiled. He shifted in his seat and went to touch his drool-worthy lips. *Ooops! I am not supposed to think about that!*

"Yes, partly that's the reason," he answered, eyeing me then. I had to control myself not to drop my mouth.

"What's the other half of it dear?" Aunt Marcella explored. She was as curious as me, but never did I expect that I would quickly fall into the limelight once again.

"I was waiting for *someone* to visit back our house, Tia. Just, waiting patiently," he stated coolly.

I saw Auntie mouthed a big 'oh' and then directed her attention to me. "Who would that be, I wonder..." she commented, playing innocent again. Because of this, my suspicions that she knows more than she let out about me and Lorde became stronger.

My cheeks began to burn like steam iron on a diaphanous material. In order to null the seconds of silence that befell on the three of us, I sipped my tea and hummed a low-key tune.

"Andrea, how's life being a volunteer?" Lorde suddenly asked, startling me.

"Ha? Ah, uhmm...my volunteer work is smooth sailing I should say," I answered.

I placed the chinaware down and inhaled slowly, enough that they wouldn't think it weird.

"Just recently I joined Madame Ivana's outreach program for two tribes here in Luxembourg."

"Really? That's good to hear. How was it?" he followed, sounding very interested.

I glanced at Aunt Marcella who busily sliced a piece of carrot cake.

Talking with Lorde like this makes me remember the good old times. Sharing goals were our favorite pastime. One of my shared goals would be me being a volunteer in any outreach activity. He used to make fun of me back then because of this, telling me it was a waste of time, but in the end, he encouraged me to fulfill my goals, *this* particularly included.

Seeing how sincere Lorde looked, I felt a sudden bubble of happiness inside then; of giddiness, of excitement to be able to share my experiences in the outreach program with another person other than Eriol.

"It was great!" I said with a wide smile. Just that, my feeling of anxiety was forgotten. "The natives were so friendly Lorde. They have colorful costumes that really pop out. They share a peaceful life with nature and they are so family-oriented. I am really happy that I was able to extend a helping hand to them. No doubt my experiences in there will be one of the best!"

Nostalgia.

That was exactly what I felt when I saw his amused but pleased expression.

"Hmmm, judging from your sparkling eyes, it sounds as if you enjoyed your time there," Lorde stated matter-of-a-factly.

"Oh, yes I have. I really have," I answered, but then paused after remembering something. "Well, except for-"

"Andi dear," Auntie interrupted. She eyed me and gave two fast blinks. I instantly understood what it meant. It seems I had no idea I almost crossed the line between sharing and informing.

"You try this carrot cake, it is really good," she added with smooth precision. She definitely was like a mouse who doesn't want to get caught, while I, her accomplice.

"Ahh...ye-yes... sure! I would Auntie," I croaked again, slanting the plate on her way to receive the slice of carrot cake she had baked. "Thanks," with a smile on her way, I said.

I am no actress so I hope I was able to pull it off. I sought out Lorde's reaction and there it was, all too clear under the afternoon sun.

He grinned as if finding our small fiasco entertaining.

"Hmmm, nice try Tia, but you can't do that to me," he said, putting an elbow in the table and leaning closer to it. His eyes scrutinized us this time.

"Wh-what? What are you trying to say, Lorde?" Auntie feigned, but she pretty much sounded alarmed if you ask me. Quite a clear-cut clue already.

"Judging from both of your actions, it seems that you are trying to hide something from me." His beautiful pale blue eyes roamed to me and I began to boil in embarrassment. We are definitely caught; straight out in the lines of the barbwire.

"Oh... we're busted huh?" she shyly stated and then let out a long sigh.

"The carrot cake is a dead giveaway, Tia," he announced, which he was exactly right about. Probably, when this situation happens again, Auntie should change tac.

With a hand gesture from her, I remained silent. It seemed she wanted to be the one to explain it. I am glad about this though. It would be hard for me to explain things when I know the whole situation wasn't what I call *normal* with Eriol's intervention.

Oh. Again. Where is that damn demon by the way?

"Well, you see..." Auntie started out softly, "During their second day in the outreach program, Andrea here and the rest of the volunteers had an accident. Their bus unfortunately slipped and went off-road into a slope going to a cliff. Luckily, a miracle happened and no one got hurt badly. Andrea was just recently discharged from the hospital three days ago. But you don't really need to worry. Everything is fine. Her hospitalization was just a precaution."

"I only just got some minor cuts and bruises from it. Nothing to worry about," I immediately added when I noticed Lorde's hands turn into a fist. He could really *overreact* sometimes, certainly just like my mother.

"Hmmm, so *that* is what you have been keeping from me," he stated, throwing a hard look on me and not to his step-mother. "I bet your mother doesn't know about this right?"

I traced the rim of my teacup consciously. "Well, we kinda agreed not to mention the accident to her for her own good," I said, justifying our decision.

Lorde's shoulders relaxed and he leaned back in the chair. "I guess that sounds thoughtful enough. I don't like it that you tried to hide it from me, but don't worry, the secret is safe with me," he stated, and that immediately assuaged my fear, as well as Auntie's I bet.

"Oh God, that gives me relief," she exclaimed, acting out some deep breathing exercises that were a bit overdone.

I smiled on her way and then to him.

"Thanks, Lorde. I owe you one," I stated softly, meeting him in the eye.

And then it happened. *There it is again. Our small world of magnetism making itself known.* Nothing but us; *me* and *him*; with no Auntie Marcella and Erio- wait *WHAT?!*

My eyes blinked a couple of times when I suddenly caught sight of Eriol teleporting at the base of the stairs connecting the veranda to the pool area. His face looked grim. DEFINITELY grim. And his steely eyes were directed to me. I am no reader of minds but I certainly sensed that he was pissed on something. Errr, no, not *something*, but on *someone*.

His ascend to the stairs felt like in slow motion. Well, uhmm, actually, I wanted it to be in slow motion because I wanted to prolong the time of his arrival. I had an inkling that what would happen next would be pure tension between these two men.

He glided up the stairs and into our table with precision, however, in just a matter of ten seconds. And with just that, I felt like I am in a countdown to Hell breaking loose. *Literally.*

My heart doubled its beating and my breathing became deeper. *Oh yeah.* Now I know what it feels like to be in a woman's situation where two of her lovers are in one room. Well, not that Lorde *is* my lover, but we did have a past together, right? So, more or less, it feels the same way.

Eriol threw dagger-like glances at me while he passed by our table to where Auntie sat. I did the same, but with only matchsticks.

Yeah... I know. Funny isn't it? I seriously don't have a will to do an eye battle with him when I know he would win anyway.

Between Lorde and Auntie, the latter was the one who first noticed Eriol since she was already facing the stairs. She raised her hand and said, "There you are Eriol! I was actually wondering where you were all this time!"

Lorde glanced at his direction and gave him a once over. I didn't miss his brows quirk up then.

Shit. Shit. Oh shit! That ain't looking good! He would be too ballsy if he thinks he can contend with the charms of a demon!

"Excuse me, Madame." Eriol's voice was velvety smooth. *Damn... I missed his voice already.* "You have a phone call from Mr. Realis," he added but with a formal tone, holding the Blackberry phone up in front of her. Auntie smiled and nodded.

"Right," she said and went to look at the occupants of the table namely me and Lorde. "I should leave you two alone for a moment. This man doesn't want to be kept waiting. I'll excuse myself okay?"

She stood up and took the phone from Eriol's hand.

"Sure Tia," Lorde answered quite quickly, "Take your time."

She left taking the phone with her while Eriol remained, standing three steps away from Lorde's back, his arms crossed in his chest. His eyes blazed with anger, but for some reason, he looked like he was restraining himself.

With Auntie's absence, my heart tripled its damn beating knowing that I am left alone with two of these gorgeous men in my life.

Chapter 31 - An Unexpected Development

Winner Mansion

Minutes Before Lorde's Arrival

~ Eriol ~

Just as I thought.

The moment I entered the kitchen to get the glasses of cold water Andrea had requested, I felt something *badly* wrong with the air. I immediately felt a strong presence of something sickeningly holy; sickeningly familiar even though it has been centuries since I last saw the bastard archangel.

Raphael.

Yes. My ex best-friend, now my archenemy.

Huh. My human rival brought in reinforcements I see. What a laugh. Exactly just like before.

The peninsula table was the only thing that demarcated the line between us. This was the only object that kept both of us from leaping on each other and do good with our ever-so-pending battle.

Raphael stood near the kitchen fridge. His impressive bright wings stretched nauseatingly in my front like it was reminding me of what I had lost. Its length was almost touching the chandeliers of the room. *Damn... I definitely want to singe a feather, or two or a dozen in the name of sport if he keeps on doing this.*

His eyes glowed gold, but I can see that his pupils were on me, calculating my every move. He still had the same long golden hair, something humans would compare to Rapunzel's, and I hate that fairy tale very, *very* much.

The environment around us somehow seems to be confused on who to take sides. Darkness? Brightness? The aura of the room definitely was in chaos.

"Asmodeus, you seem to take the butler character at heart," he purred, sarcasm pooling on his throat. "Look at you. You do look better without those hideous horns. You look more like a human. Well, except for your lip-piercing that is. I am not a particular fan of it."

I scrunched up my nose. I don't particularly like the sarcasm in this overconfident angel. "Ditch my appearance, Raphael. What the fuck are you doing here?" I quickly stated. I willed my eyes to glow red but it was only brief.

"Ohh, such a harsh modern word *friend*. It is definitely so you," he countered.

Tucking in his wings, he paced the floor, but only still within cautious distance away from me.

"I ask, what are you doing here?" I demanded an answer again. *Uhhggg. Does he really need to crash the party when it is getting so good?*

"Cool now big boy. I am just here to protect my latest charge," Raphael answered stiffly.

"Charge?" I cocked a brow up. "Are you that measly human's guardian angel?"

Somehow, I am surprised by it. With all the evil around the human world, archangels were supposed to guard the gates of Heaven, not guard some insignificant human. Or maybe, this particular human wasn't just a nobody?

Raphael chuckled with my questioning. He shook his head slowly and answered, "Not just any *measly* human, Asmodeus. He is *Tobias'* reincarnation."

I caught a good lump in my throat. Bloody hell, my suspicions were correct.

No shit. That name really is so fucking bothersome.

I felt a sudden urge to teleport where Andrea was present, making sure that this so-called reincarnation doesn't do anything audacious, but I opted to stay a little bit longer to have more chat. After all, it has been a while since Raphael and I have seen each other. A millennium maybe? I have certainly lost count. I was just a Fallen Angel back then. A weakling. Now, I have enough power to barricade myself of Raphael's Holy Light.

The ridiculously pretty-boy archangel gave me a grin as if he was reading my mind. He sure knows that I am in disorder right now after knowing the truth about Andrea's childhood *friend*.

"Irony isn't it? It seems history repeats itself," he said while taking a green apple from the peninsula. He took a bite and leaned on the granite countertop behind him.

"Fuck history. Who says I will let it repeat itself," I callously stated. "You are not going to go all *destiny* on me again, Raphael. I am done with that sermon."

"Speak for yourself!"

Raphael, after making a disappointed growl, straightened and threw the apple towards me. Halfway midair, I burnt it right to the stem with just a cold stare. The ashes fell on the peninsula, tainting the fresh green apples on the basket. If you ask me, an act like this was quite a meager way of venting out an angel's frustration.

"Andrea's destiny is to die in that bus accident and meet Tobias in another lifetime," Raphael explained. I was all ears then. "But because of your inappropriate intervention, everything had changed. Thanks to you, Fate is making sure they get to have a *happy ending* again in *this* timeline."

I didn't miss him highlighting the words *happy* and *ending*. I grinned. Happy, yes. For me and Andrea. Ending, yes. For that fucking reincarnation of Tobias.

"Bullshit," I said coldly, the red glow of my eyes emerged again.

"No shit," he echoed, his golden orbs did the same.

Funny. I thought angels don't swear.

"Now, you know what that means right?" he asked.

I stood my ground and held my head up high. "I refuse to know. Why the fuck should I care about what Fate had planned? Andrea is mine. I have waited for her for centuries, surely that is enough for Fate to realize how much she means to me!"

"Beings like us aren't meant to bond with humans Asmodeus," he answered frankly, temper rising. "You are only making yourself suffer. Don't make the same mistake again!"

The kitchenwares shook wildly due to Raphael's uncontrolled emotion; whatever emotion that was.

I remained calm and collected. I do not want to fight this bastard yet since my hands would be full in protecting my Andrea from that man. Our fight would take ages to finish, and it would be likely that by the time it will end, Andrea might already be Lorde's wife. I can't let that happen of course.

"I am no angel Raphael remember? Don't include me. I am a demon. I do the hell I want to do," I stated, giving him a good glare. "By the way, please control your powers when you are inside Madame Winner's estate. I personally don't like cleaning your childish tantrums later."

He hissed but afterward took in deep breaths to calm himself. *I sure got him right there.*

"Hardheaded still huh?" he stated through clenched teeth.

"Nothing has changed," I answered coolly.

He strutted across the room and went to stand in a glass window where the outside showed a good angle of the veranda and the Winner Family pool. He smiled, pleased over something that he saw. I wondered what it was then.

What is advantageous for being a demon is that we get to read another person's mind. We can use it for or against them. But before an angel, we are helpless. It is either they have barriers in their too-holy brains or they are just dead on imagination. *I prefer to think it is the latter.*

"Asmodeus, stay away from them," he advised, but I didn't take it lightly.

"Isn't it a little too brazen for you to say that? I mean, you just arrived. You are basically just an *insignificant* guest here. You can't possibly come here and order me around. You must be insane to think that I would do as you commanded."

I know that Lorde doesn't have a clue that an angel tagged along with him. Basically, angels aren't allowed to show themselves to their charges. Raphael wouldn't dare break any Heavenly Rule just for the sake of desperation. I think him too by-the-book when it comes to that.

"I warn you. Stay away from their relationship Asmodeus and also don't lay a finger on my charge. I know you are itching to harm that human, but you cannot do that to him. Not on my watch," he stated or more likely growled.

"Easy Raphael. I wouldn't dare," I reassured. "But just to remind you, I am a butler. I do what my master asks me to do. If my master says to kill him, why would I refuse?"

Clever me, I know. I believe that is what you call sarcasm at its finest.

"Marcella wouldn't do that to her step-son," Raphael, as always, corrected immediately.

"Of course, she wouldn't," I answered. Even though she was an eccentric woman, she cannot do that of course. She has a kind heart, the same as Andrea's. "I am just giving you a concrete example since you are pretty much outdated in the ways of the modern world."

On top of the microwave oven, Madame Winner's Blackberry phone rang as if on cue. Our attention was caught on the "Bang Bang" pop music. Good. Exactly just what I needed. An intermission number.

"Don't toy with me, Asmodeus. I am no illiterate," he declared and faced me, quickly disregarding the resounding lively music.

"I am not," I answered, slightly shaking my head. I approached the oven and took the ringing phone. "Now, I should probably go. This is a call Madame Winner has been waiting. See you around, *friend*."

If our eyes had laser beams like Cyclops in the X-men, we would have already sliced the mansion into tiny bits. I am glad that *that* power doesn't exist on both of us, but we sure could destroy this abode if we ever decide to start the battle.

"Remember my words, Asmodeus," he stated with the threat unclouded in his voice.

I smirked and gave him a cold shoulder before teleporting out of the kitchen. *Like I would fucking listen to him now.*

Based on Raphael's reaction earlier, I knew then that the trio, a.k.a. Madame Winner, Andrea, and my rival were on the veranda. I intentionally teleported to an area where Andrea could only see me. It was in the pool area, next to the stairs.

Holding the cellphone in my hand, I started to climb up with my eyes glued on my Dear Heart. I could feel her worry and restlessness arising, no doubt because of my presence. But I knew those emotions were already present before I arrived because of Lorde.

What the fuck has this guy been doing to make her feel like this?

My employer was more than happy to see me. She straightened from her seat and waited for me to approach her.

Just like a normal butler would, I obediently did my duty, but it was particularly a struggle, especially after I saw my rival for the first time. This reincarnation of Tobias really is a man worthy of my scrutiny. A fine-looking human yes, but not as fine as me. Andrea, however, seemed mesmerized by his presence which was definitely not a good sign.

I am not going to let the destiny strings do its work again. I will cut it fast before it begins to knot them together.

I noticed the man giving me a quick inspection when I passed his seat and stopped in Madame Winner's side. When I intentionally read his mind, I heard him say, "Oh, just Tia's employee."

It was rather a calm statement for a man, with a touch of discrimination, yes, but I sensed that deep inside he was intimidated by my appearance.

"Excuse me, Madame, you have a phone call from Mr. Realis," I informed, raising up the phone for her to take.

She looked almost as happy that there was a phone call for her. I was curious why so I read her mind. When I did, damn, I became disappointed. She actually planned since the beginning to leave the veranda. She actually wanted them to be alone and talk something out, but like hell, I would allow that.

She excused herself and took the phone from my hand. I didn't follow her when she entered the dining room. I just stepped three steps backward behind Lorde and focused my attention on Andrea.

I was smoldering in anger, yes I am. My bad mood was not only because of Raphael's words but also because of this man in front of me. He sure had the audacity to look at my Andrea with adoration and reeking of lust at the same time.

If I could, I would have choked this man and drown him on the turquoise pool, but I couldn't, especially when Raphael was just standing in the rooftop watching us gravely.

Putting my hands into a tight fist was the only thing that I could do, well for now, but that doesn't mean that I can't do something about Andrea and her being in front of Lorde.

I grinned at her, sending a message that this situation will be over soon.

Lorde made a loud clearing of his throat. That immediately captured Andrea's attention back to him. Take note, he doesn't even know of my presence behind him. Only Andrea could see me. I purposefully used my invisibility power so that I could see how this man would act in front of my Dear Heart.

The moment Madame Winner left, he offered quickly, "How about dinner tomorrow?"

I thinned my eyes. *The bastard is so smooth. Real smooth.*

Andrea appeared to be confused and surprised for a moment. Her grip on her teacup tightened and she roamed her eyes to me covertly as if she was examining my reaction.

"Huh? Excuse me? Wha-what do you mean Lorde?" she said nervously.

"You said you owe me, Andi. I think you can repay that by having dinner with me tomorrow night," he clarified. I noticed how irritating this man was just by looking at him holding the Corona. Or maybe, I am irritated simply because he had the audacity to *blackmail* her quickly.

Andrea glanced at me then and she saw my hard expression. I shook my head to show her that I fucking don't approve of his proposal, but even with this, I believe she already knew of the answer.

"I...uh...I don't think so," she replied much to my pleasure.

Lorde shifted on his seat and leaned on the table. "Why? Do you have previous engagements in your schedule?" I heard him say. "A date perhaps? With your boyfriend?"

"Ah, no, there's nothing..." Andrea answered quickly but in the end, paused when she eyed me again. "I mean, I don't have any previous engagements to attend to but I...I think having dinner with you isn't a good idea," she added.

I sensed that Andrea was worried about his welfare. She was worried that if she accepts his invitation, I might do unsavory things to him. Her concern must have probably stemmed from my earlier attention with another human male. What was his name again? Ah...yes. Mr. Enrique Rafael DaisVita.

"Andrea, do you know why I came back here?" the man stated, suddenly holding her right hand that had once held the teacup.

I could feel her heart leap this time with just the touch of their hands. She averted her eyes away from both me and Lorde and looked down on her lap.

That action did it for me. I am done hearing their conversation. Time for me to tilt the table to my advantage.

"No," she stated softly, partly sad, and partly disappointed.

These emotions however lasted only seconds because my sudden intrusion made her look up and widen her eyes.

Chapter 32 - When She Gets A Good Licking

~ Andrea ~

Goodness!

What made me immediately glance up was because of a funny feeling between my thighs. In my letter 'V' particularly.

It was the same feeling I felt before, back when Eriol and I argued about my red dress in my bedroom. Back when he ran his fingers sensually on his lips and licked the middle finger with his tongue.

Now I know what this sensation was all about. Now, I am able to comprehend his threat to me because of my dress. I didn't even notice back then that it was just the tip of the iceberg. That it was just a little taste of what he truly had planned.

Great. Just freaking great!

Now I know he used his powers on me through this. I mean, how would I be able to feel the sensation when there was no direct contact? He just simply licked his finger and then wallah! I am instantly in a wet mess! *No doubt he is using his perverted powers alright.*

His eyes met mine like glue. What he did in my bedroom was exactly what he did now. However, his actions were clearer and the sensation I felt down *there* was more intensified.

He darted his tongue out and traced the length of his middle finger; the process of which intensively stimulated the walls of my pussy.

I had to clamp my mouth tightly and hold my breath so that I won't be able to moan in pleasure in front of Lorde. I knew that I had to compose myself else he would find me weird or worse, he would find my sudden show of libido a turn on. That wouldn't be good for all parties involved.

"It is because of you Andrea," Lorde answered his own question, unknowing of my internal problem.

I only kept my ears open to everything he said. To reply now would be detrimental. Why? Because I might slur my syllables because of this signature Eriol-stimulation under my underwear!

As a sign of respect at least, I glanced at Lorde, but then I saw the intensity in his eyes. He was pouring out his heart again, just like the time when his father died and me consoling him.

"I want to take you to dinner tomorrow because I want to explain everything to you. Why I suddenly left. Why I didn't contact you this past two years. Why-"

"Please s-stop..." with my voice bordering on shaky, I abruptly stated, but I believe the 'stop' word wasn't directed to Lorde but to Eriol, who still licked *very slowly* his fucking middle finger and gave me an indirect treat! *I am truly beginning to feel hot now.*

"You...mhm...youhh...you don't need to explain anything to me...hh...Lorde," I said, or more like whimpered, but I hope he didn't notice it.

He continued on holding my hand; holding it tightly like he didn't want to let it go.

"I have to Andrea," he said softly, "because I want to start over again. With you. I want you by my side forever."

With those words, I briefly forgot Eriol's playful teasing. It incensed me a bit that Lorde was already going in that direction even though we had just seen each other again. What does he think of me? A mail-order bride?! That's what he meant by *forever* right? Marriage?

"You are seriously not crossing that line quickly Lorde. You just came back!" I huffed, pulling my hand away from him.

Then I felt it again, Eriol's tongue in my now dripping pussy, indirectly moving in a delicious serpentine fashion. My mind immediately shouted the 'ah' sound.

I closed my eyes and acted as if I was averse to my childhood friend's touch when in fact I was already at my arousal. *Couldn't this get any worse?* I am thoroughly distracted with the sensations even though I want to have a much needed heart-to-heart talk with my childhood *friend*.

"Andrea," Lorde's voice came out smooth but pleading. He was still clueless about what was going on with me, but he did unconsciously glance at his back to see what I was looking at from time to time. Nope. He didn't see Eriol at all for the damn demon used his invisibility again, so in the end, he just went back his attention to me.

Passing my vision on Eriol, I saw him grin mischievously like he was enjoying the scene. He knew that I am at my edge already.

I shook my head, unable to keep it up anymore. A little more now and I am going to explode! Leaving the veranda would be the wisest thing to do.

"I'm sorry Lorde. I have...I have to go," I said without delay, gathering what little focus I have left and stood up.

Lorde hurriedly grabbed my elbow. I pulled back, not because his touch felt acidic but because I was afraid either of these two men's touch now would be more than welcome for me.

I am already wet in my panty for crying out loud! To be relieved by this is what I hastily needed. Both figuratively and literally!

"Andrea, please, hear me out," Lorde stated again. *For a CEO, he does know how to plead huh?*

"Later!" I shouted, closing my eyes when I felt a full finger slide inside my convulsing inner walls. I glanced hurriedly at Eriol and he was already devouring his middle finger inside his mouth!

Talk about sexxy!!! Does a Demon of Lust do this quite often???

"I'll give you time tonight. Just please...let me go now."

I stared at Lorde with a strained look on my flushed face. My breathing sure was quite labored.

He examined me for a moment until his face showed a worried look.

"Andrea, are you feeling ill? You are sweating."

Now you notice?!

He crossed the table and moved closer to me. I took a step back. When he raised his hand to touch my blushing cheeks, my alarm sirens went berserk.

"Yes. Yes!" I shouted again. "Please Lorde. Just...just leave me be for now. I don't feel good. I want to sleep it off," I said as slow as I could. Gods. His hand felt really soothing, but 'soothing' wasn't what I needed currently.

He suddenly went silent. His hands paused, hovering just near my neck. I didn't know what took over him but he sure looked like he was slightly confused and disturbed. There was a brief twitch on his lips that I didn't miss then.

"Okay," he replied after letting out a short sigh, "let me assist you to your room then."

I shook my head to decline. "It's kind of you to offer Lorde, but no, it's not necessary. I'm fine. I can go there by myself," I said with determination, which was quite a feat for me because my pussy throbbed like crazy.

"I insist, Andrea," he answered in finality and held my wrist.

I was hesitant at first but I nodded in the end. *With the heat I am feeling now, I can't tarry in the veranda anymore longer.*

I glanced back at Eriol, but he had already disappeared. Yes, he was no more but damn, the sensations still kept on battering me.

I wonder where he went anyway?

The whole time we proceeded to my room, Lorde's hand grazed the small of my back. When we reached my bedroom door, I felt relieved immediately because he just lightly gave me a soft peck on the cheek and left.

I know that Lorde was just pulling the comfort-card, but he doesn't even know what damn additional effect he had granted me with this simple touch.

I entered my room with a thought of changing my freaking wet underwear, but as soon as I closed the door, Eriol pinned me against the wall.

"Andrea..." he sluggishly whispered against my ear.

He mobilized his moist tongue in the flat column of my neck before capturing my open mouth. I was welcoming to it. His intrusion felt like a delicious trophy. It actually felt so good when I am this sexed up.

The moment our bodies contacted, my synaptic flames ignited. My breasts tensed when he groped them good.

"Ahh, Eriol..." I uttered the moment we broke our heady kiss.

"You are soaking wet Andrea." He slurred the 'r' intentionally. "Let me relieve you with it."

"You are so wicked," I answered remembering how he had made me like this.

He pulled the hem of my dress and slid his right hand inside my underwear. *Damn... Here it is! The real deal and not just some indirect contact.*

"I know Dear Heart. I know. But I also know that you like it like this."

"Ahhh..." I moaned when I finally felt his glorious fingers.

"Yes. Feel me, Andrea. Feel my fingers inside you," he stated lazily.

And yes, his fingers really danced against my walls. I convulsed wildly, pleased that at last, the pent up sexual tension I had amassed in the veranda was released.

I realized now that I am at Eriol's mercy. He could prolong this ache inside me or he can finish it immediately with one hard thrust of his finger. He did the latter, but instead of just one, he inserted two fingers again and again until I writhed in pleasure again and *again*.

I don't know how many cycles it was but sure as hell, it was out of this world! I was lightheaded; panting and struggling to collect myself. When my forehead was pressed on his shoulder, that's when I heard a low but audible chuckle from him.

I definitely didn't expect that this would be over soon.

Eriol, being a demon that he was, spiced up our fantastical session, and in just a blink of an eye, I found myself lying flat on a bed - Eriol's king-sized bed in his penthouse particularly.

Yup. I am this thoroughly acquainted with his man crib even though I had just been here once. Apparently, this penthouse was located in Luxembourg's bustling city. The Estrata: a high-end, forty-five floors building with a ridiculous security system. Eriol's place was on the forty-second floor, so it boasted an unbelievable panoramic sight when viewed in his bedroom.

The blue afternoon sky welcomed me when I turned my attention briefly on the front glass window, but I wasn't able to admire the view longer because Eriol, who was now half-naked straddling me, continued where he left off and brought me slightly up.

"Eriol...why did you...teleport us here?" I asked with lethargic slurs.

He unzipped the zipper of my red dress, took it off, and then answered, "I don't want us bothered Andrea. I don't want any nuisance when I take you."

For a moment, I thought he was talking about Lorde, but it seems he was pertaining to a different person. I opened my mouth to clarify it, but he only molded his lips into mine silencing me.

He settled me back in bed, never breaking our kiss. I didn't mind him interrupting me though. Asking about it wouldn't matter anymore. What's more important was our union and that nobody will bother us, not even *Lorde*. But remembering his name, I felt a small pang of guilt then.

"Stop thinking about him Andrea," Eriol ordered immediately when he withdrew. He must have read my mind again. "You are mine. Only mine. Do you know how much I am jealous right now?" he hoarsely spoke against my cheeks.

"I know... I know..." I closed my eyes and answered.

Gone was my underwear too. The only thing I felt now was his bare chest pressing against my breasts and his super erected shaft nudging at my pillar.

"Hmmm, good," he pleasingly stated and I felt his hands trace my jaw then. "Look at me, Andrea."

Open my eyes, I did, but only half-lidded. However, it immediately widened in horror when I saw him pull out his lip-piercing in one hand.

"Gods! Eriol! Your lip!" I shouted in alarm after seeing his blood drip into my chest.

He grinned devilishly like he was amused with my response. "Don't worry Dear Heart," he said, leaning his head closer to mine, "I heal fast."

And with that, he disregarded the dripping blood and explored my lips for the first time without the metal object.

It was unusual at first. I had kept myself familiar with it since the day I saw Eriol in the airport lounge area. We had kissed so many times with the piercing as the sole witness of our passion. It had taken its own share of delight on my pussy too. To see that it was gone definitely made a big difference.

His kiss still tasted sweet but it was a bit raw and metallic. At first, I thought I wouldn't be able to stomach it, but Eriol sure was one good kisser to make the unsavory taste go away in just a minute.

He caressed my abdomen slowly, groped my two rear globes, and lifted my pelvis up in one fast motion in time with his sudden, forceful thrust.

I moaned. He groaned. But it was all muffled by our unified mouths.

Three continuous thrusts and that's when I pulled myself and shouted the 'ah' syllable.

"Shout my name Andrea. Who is fucking you right now?" Eriol asked, huffing.

I arched my back and answered, "You... You!"

"Shout my name!" he ordered roughly, together with his eager pushing.

"Eriol! Ahhh!"

He suddenly lifted me up. I intuitively positioned myself so that I straddle him. He bit my bottom lip and I felt a very slight pin-prick sensation then.

I don't know what he felt right about this time but it sure was clear that he was trying his hardest to control himself and not break me. I do understand the extensiveness of his strength, and with enough exposure in the past, I had concluded he was a strong demon. He could easily snap my bones if he misses his focus just for a brief moment. In light of this, it was really a surprise that all I felt were soft feathers and cotton when I'm with him.

"Louder sweet. Louder!" Eriol ordered once again, which I obediently did, but not without a strangled gasp when I felt the head of his cock violating me in more ways than just impalement. He did have a piercing down *there* remember?

My insides spasmed hard when I climaxed. *Yes! Touch down, my second orgasm today.* It felt like his erection was teasing, tickling, and pounding me all at once; an addictive combination already.

I felt Eriol's hot liquid too when it spilled inside me. He groaned loudly during the process and that's when I saw it - his iridescent red eyes. It was the only thing that reminded me that he was not a man, but another being out of this world; definitely not like Lorde.

Chapter 33 - My Lips Are Thirsty For You

~ Andrea ~

Past ten in the morning.

That's the time Eriol teleported me back to my bedroom the next day.

After our long lovemaking yesterday afternoon, he treated me a candlelight dinner in *Le Meurice* located at Hotel Meurice in the heart of Paris, France. An absolute *French fancy* restaurant, it boasted a glamorous dining room that had superb crystal chandeliers, mosaic flooring, and heavy damask curtains.

Yeah... You can basically call it a date and a luxurious one at that! Eriol wasn't in his normal butler outfit; instead preferring to wear a chic white leather coat, black shirt, black pants, and of course, shiny black Italian shoes.

I, on the other hand, was on my body-hugging red dress. You can say that he was very happy being that he was the only one who can bask my appearance. *And not Lorde.*

He provided me a white cashmere coat to fight off the Paris cold and threw his strong arms every now and then to even warm me up. *Really such a caring demon if you ask me.* It made me feel comfortable and blessed to have him.

We talked about almost anything. Well, anything that was not Lorde-related basically, but mainly the topic was about me and my family. I tried to persuade him on telling me about our past, but still, he was adamant about keeping it a secret. He did share to me his demon name though and it was *Asmodeus*.

Yeah... Figures.

Definitely the exact name written on most history books that I had read.

After dinner, Eriol accompanied me to see the Louvre, but we only had time to see the famous Renaissance paintings and nothing more because he suddenly wanted us to fly up the highest platform of the Eiffel Tower. And yup! You can guess it right. We were invisible again. In there, we watched how Paris was illuminated with millions of bright, colorful lights. It was hands down, truly a breathtaking scene.

Caught up with the beauty around us, we shared another *French* kissing then, which...ultimately led us back to his penthouse in Luxembourg. He headed off on giving me a nice aromatic oil full-body

massage like a butler would to his master and after this, he taught me a whole new definition of the word 'fucking'.

After teaching me how to *massage* his impressive commando, he used some Van Heusen neckties to secure me in his elegant leather chaise lounge and gave me some cosmic-shit fucking.

How he did it? I don't know, but he was so skillful with making me whimper again and again.

With all of these phenomenal events, I began to think that he was trying his best to distance me *literally* away from Lorde and to distance my thoughts of him.

It was working great though because I enjoyed every bit of minute we were in the City of Love and in his room. I enjoyed it so much that it made me forget my promise to Lorde. The promise that we will talk that evening.

I didn't remember it until Eriol teleported me back to the Winner Mansion. Of course, he was hesitant at first - *no, very hesitant* - but I pleaded to be returned back mainly because Auntie would seriously get worried about me. *And Lorde too...*

Now, I am in my walk-in closet alone after Eriol left me with a very strict command to avoid Lorde as much as possible. I nodded then, but thinking about it again, how can I possibly do that when we were both housed in the same mansion?

After choosing appropriate clothing of white half-sleeved blouse and beige pencil pants, I decided to spend my whole morning watching a "Do or Die" episode of National Geographic channel. I had already taken a bath - *with Eriol* - and breakfast in his penthouse before returning in my room, so basically, I had nothing else to do other than lounge around.

Halfway in the show, I heard a soft knock on my main door. My heartbeat instantly skipped a line when my mind screamed Lorde's name. No, I don't have the power to foretell the future, but the oracle inside me says that it was him and not Aunt Marcella.

When I opened the door slightly, yes, my suspicions were confirmed. Lorde stood dashing in my front wearing what he once called his 'everyday suit,' but for me, it was already a decent office suit in a high-end business firm.

His hair was brushed up neatly, creating a formal effect suitable for a day in the office. He was the CEO of his own engineering business in Mexico, so it was not a surprise that he casually wears a hairstyle like this.

I smiled on his way and greeted nervously, "Lorde, good morning."

He didn't smile back and didn't even return my greeting. Instead, he gave me a frustrated glare that was enough to raise my vitals.

"Where have you been Andi? I've been looking everywhere for you since last night!"

He touched my cheek so suddenly that I wasn't able to back away in response. Then, he grazed a hand up my forehead, similar to a gesture a person would do to check for the presence of fever. His eyes immediately turned soft seconds after, looking relieved.

I was rooted on the spot, meek before his presence.

"You weren't in your room. Tia or the staff didn't see you leave the mansion," he continued with concern, holding my shoulder with his free hand.

I shifted slightly and stepped backward a couple of paces. At least this way, I was able to conjure up a good excuse for my absence. Auntie did mention that she will hold a mini party in welcome of Lorde's arrival. Probably, our childhood close friends were the attendees. Sad to say I wasn't able to mingle with them because of my unprecedented travel - *Eriol style* - to France.

"They...they must have missed me leave. I was just taking my time touring the city," I answered a little less than flawless.

"At night?" Lorde's voice raised a decibel higher. He was in disbelief alright. "Where did you stay last night? I waited for you inside your room the whole night, but you never arrived. I called your cellphone only to find that you left it in your bed. Seriously, Andrea, you could have told me where you were going. I could have accompanied you."

Well, that stunned me true. I didn't expect that he would stay inside my room just to wait for me. I find it a bit sweet and thoughtful, but his overall aura tasted bitter for me. *He doesn't view me as his property is he?*

"I am a big girl Lorde. I can do things by myself," answered I, point-blank, but frowning a bit.

He heaved a sigh. "I am just worried about you, Andi. You said yesterday you weren't feeling well."

Oh, so that explains him touching my forehead. I almost forgot I gave him that alibi after Eriol's twisted-but-sexy licking.

I blushed but not because of Lorde's account but because of the memories I had with Eriol.

"Oh, yeah... thanks for your concern. I'm...I'm fine now."

This time, he smiled.

"That's good to hear. You promised me you'll give me time to explain remember?" he said, whilst pushing the door wider.

I held my ground and didn't offer him to enter even if a part of me wanted to...that *very* distant part of me that was resurfacing slowly to my alarm. I just wanted my unresolved feelings towards him

cleared up by listening to whatever explanation he has, not fan the already burning flames of desire he has towards me by making him enter my room.

"Don't worry. I didn't forget that," I said with utmost sincerity. *A promise is a promise and I am bound to honor it even if it is almost crossing a dangerous line.*

Lorde sensed my hesitation, so instead of forcing himself inside, he softly suggested, "Andrea, can we go for a horse ride? You know... just like old times. Remember the river? The one we used to visit? I would like us to go there now."

I blinked thrice. Never had I expected he would still remember that particular area of the family estate. It was totally just an insignificant area for me, but he sure made it clear now that it meant like a treasure to him.

"The Gemstone River" that's what we called it in the past. I and Lorde used to hang out there after a day's worth of horse ride in order to rest or to take a brief dip on its serene waters. We were just teens back then. The pebbles in there incredibly looked like different gemstones under the moonlight, hence its baptized name. I certainly hadn't visited it for ages.

Thinking about it, I realized that the area was just a couple of meters away from the part of the river where the willow tree was located.

"I...I'm not sure Lorde," I stated with a voice as meek as a lamb. "The weather is gloomy. It might rain anytime soon."

That was exactly Eriol's words when we teleported back earlier. It wasn't a theory though, but already a confirmation that it will soon rain. Demons probably can sense the change in weather which was another plus for them.

"Why hesitate? You like horse riding while it is raining right?" he commented playfully to which I immediately snickered and crossed my arms. There was lightness of the atmosphere around us suddenly. For some reason, I missed this side of us a lot.

"Isn't it the other way around? If I remember correctly, I didn't have any choice but to ride alongside with you even if it is raining," I responded after remembering our antics together.

Lorde's lips pressed thinly and he took my hand from its tight enclosure. I just let him, deciding that his touch wasn't a threat, or so I thought.

"Please Andrea. You did say you'll give me a chance," he said with passionate eyes flooding me. I almost drowned.

"To explain, yes," I curtly stated, but deep inside I began to melt the usual ice cream way. "Not...not to give you a fresh start."

Those were Lorde's words yesterday. He did say he wanted to start all over again with me. He wanted to renew our bond that was broken. I bet he even wanted to remind me and renew his words, the ones before he suddenly left and that was he wanted me to be his *bride*.

I, trying to comfort him then, didn't care much of his words. I dismissed it as just blabber coming from a grieving man. I didn't even give a damn about it until now.

I hope he wasn't serious about it though. I hope that's not where we would head to if I am to take up his offer and ride with him going to that river.

"Andrea..." Lorde's face became solemn. He stared at me with enough pressure to make me sweat in my nape. I pulled my hand from his hold but his grip tightened.

"Lorde, your hand, please," I uttered and pointed my eyes on his tight grip.

He didn't let go, so we battled for supremacy in the end.

I was sure I could win a tug-of-war with him, but that's when everything took a hundred and eighty-degree turn.

Lorde, being the strongest between the two of us - *obviously* - pulled and trapped me in an embrace. His left hand was on my head; his right hand on my back, pressing my breasts closer to his flat, athletic chest.

Oh. Don't get me wrong. I did push him immediately then, but he didn't give me space at all.

Shit!

My eyes widened and I got instant goosebumps when I felt the tip of his nose graze my cheek.

He took in my scent - deeply, thoroughly - basically enough to fill his lungs with all of me. I felt a sudden rush of blood in my face then. Not as potent as my reaction to Eriol, but enough to make me dizzy with the heat.

"You're still beautiful the way I remembered you, Andrea. So spirited, true at heart, you never hesitate to express yourself just like what you are doing now. Oh, God. I missed you so... I missed everything about you..."

If my mouth could fall in the ground, it would have had seconds ago. Damn... This was Lorde's charming form at its best. I remember us like this in the past for a number of times, almost stepping the boundary of passion.

Yes. *Passion*.

I desired Lorde as much as he desired me. And that desire was resurfacing again, like steam from a hot boiling water. I did crave for his touch so many times, and I know you will dub me a stupid-ass

idiot if I say that I regretted not giving my virginity to him that time, but yes, I did regret it, a hundred times and even more until I was tired of the lack of closure.

But that was then and that was my past. The past where I didn't have Eriol.

I wanted to step back, away from Lorde as much as possible, but he still didn't release me when I started squirming.

"Lorde please, let go of me," I pleaded but he was deaf to it.

Chest to chest, I felt Lorde's heartbeat pound a heavy rate and rhythm comparable to mine. I felt his breathing a little faster than normal too, exactly just like mine.

When he used his lips to graze my cheeks then, that's the time I finally lost it. I closed my eyes in reaction when my nerves started to shiver. It traveled from my face down to my hands and feet, creating butterflies inside my stomach too.

One thing to note of, only Eriol could make a sensation like this turn me on. Lorde wasn't Eriol fortunately, so I am not in my own form of wet mess as a response. But Lorde's soft caressing was enough to magnify the damn resurfacing desire inside me; a desire that would make *me* welcoming and enthusiastic on Lorde's touch.

"Lorde, please..." I pleaded again, but this time, I didn't squirm. I locked myself in place with not so much as a will to escape. *Damn... past desires. Damn you!*

Lorde continued to caress my cheek, his warm breath giving me an added heat. Dry was my throat the whole time but there was nothing I could do in order to relieve it.

But then Lorde stated languidly, "Andrea, I missed touching you. I missed holding you in my arms."

He roamed his free hand on my back, my waist, my shoulders, and my face. I stifled a gasp when his hand missed my breasts just millimeters away.

"I missed being with you every second, every minute of the day," he continued and placed feather-light kisses on my jawline.

"Lorde, no...please stop," I ordered, but in painfully lethargic consciousness now.

"But most of all Andrea, I missed kissing you. Can't you see how my lips are thirsty for you?" he asked, but didn't wait for my reply when he crashed his lips into my tense, cold ones.

My dry throat was then watered with his relaxed, moist tongue.

Chapter 34 - A Hairsbreadth Away

~ Eriol ~

The second I left Andrea in her bedroom, Raphael didn't waste time rattling me with his unending questions.

I purposely teleported to where my doppelganger was, in Madame Winner's gazebo garden, to take its place. Apparently, the doppelganger was preparing a lunch gathering for her best of friends. It was Friday of course, the Baccarat day, and it was her time to host the event. Pretty much a fitting time though since her step-son was in the house.

I was inside the gazebo, putting up plates and utensils in their correct position in the round table when the damn archangel showed up.

Mind me, he didn't even greet a fucking good morning and just went to demand an explanation and demand to answer his harebrained questions. All I did was ignore him and focused on my butler duties.

Where did you take Andrea? Why did you touch her? Why didn't you return her last night? Why bring her only this morning? Is your lust too much to handle? Do you know that you are a bothersome demon?

Shit. *Holy-fucking shit.*

My ears almost bled because of his questions.

But questioning was all he can do. He becomes helpless when I teleport to another place. Luckily, angels like him don't have a GPS system, so he cannot keep track of me wherever I go. Not unless I use my demon powers in order to enthrall a human, that's when he finds me and my footprints.

In light of this, he doesn't know where I kept Andrea the whole night.

The enthralling thing ain't my style. Not for Andrea, that is. I had already promised myself not to tweak her mind and her emotions. I had promised myself to be always true. I don't want to lie to her anymore, just like what I did in the past. Lying always causes detrimental endings.

Look at me as a demon now, that's clear-cut evidence of a bad end.

"I thought I told you to stay away from their relationship?"

That's Raphael's last question that captured my attention. I gave him a raised brow and clenched my teeth. *He really thinks he can boss around with me huh?*

"Their relationship is doomed to end," I commented, focusing my eyes on the bastard.

He hissed and scrunched up his nose.

Shifting to take a seat on one of the prepared cushioned chairs, he crossed his arms and legs to make himself look intimidating. He was definitely not a sight for sore eyes with all the golden hair sparkling under the morning sunlight. I had to stop my table preparations in order to distance myself away from the holiness.

"Why? Because you will be there to make sure it is in disorder?" he asked daringly. I frowned. "I know you mean to cut their destiny strings Asmodeus, but bear in mind, you cannot do that."

This time, I lifted my chin up and gave him a blank but icy glare.

"I believe I haven't made myself clear Raphael. Andrea belongs to *me* and *me alone*. I am willing to *kill* again if that's what it takes."

With this, Raphael immediately stood up, creating a loud thud on the table with his fists.

"You won't dare!" he shouted, golden eyes sprout up with sickening depth.

"I dare," I said, my own eyes of red shot back at him.

He didn't cower nor showed submission over my brash declaration. He gave me a scathing look instead and pressed his lips into a hard line. I wouldn't say his visage was angelic now with this not-so-holy frown.

"Then, I will just have to tackle this matter a little bit rougher now," he announced. His words were ambiguous, but it gave me enough memory in the past to strike back at him.

"Yeah, like what you did to *Sarah* in her dream?" I expelled, quirked a brow. "For all I know, you brainwashed her into believing spiteful things about me."

Crossing my arms and showing a sneer, I waited for him to respond. Because of my new-found demon powers, I was able to see that angels weren't as innocent as they appear to be. This archangel was particularly included.

I may not know exactly what transpired in *Sarah's* dream that time, what lies Raphael had planted on her head, but I do know that this bastard being wasn't that completely holy at all.

He shook his head and replied to me calmly, "I only made her see sense Asmodeus. I only made her realize how ridiculous your relationship is. I showed her that she is better off with Tobias. That her love for you will only give her despair."

I was instantly irked by his words. *How dare he toy with her feelings for me!*

"And that is why I refuse to stay away in Andrea and Lorde's relationship!" my voice exploded. Keeping my anger in check became an emergency struggle, but damn, my hands started getting

itchy, demanding for a fight. "I thought angel's play fair! I never realized you'd sink that low in order to win Raphael!"

"I only do what I deem is right," he simply answered, but I saw an angelic haughtiness in his face.

"Fuck you," I replied. "I will warn you now Holy One since you are so keen on minding other people's business, don't you dare push my buttons. Don't you dare do it again. Don't you fucking meddle with Andrea's feelings."

"Huh, do you think that she will choose *you* over Lorde this time?" he queried not-so-politely.

I would have answered his question with a resounding yes, but my senses immediately flared when I felt Andrea's beating heart somersaulting into surrender. Surrender to whom? That's what instantly rang in my mind, but the answer to it, I already knew.

Lorde... Bloody hell.

Dismissing Raphael, I hissed and clenched my teeth tightly as I teleported to where Andrea and Lorde were.

~ Andrea ~

My eyes blinked a couple of times as an instant reaction when I felt Lorde's lips touch mine. I did as much as I could to close my mouth, but his tongue darted inside with eagerness. Saucer eyes immediately took shape and I looked heavenward briefly before my lids tightly closed.

My mind reeled with the sensation inside me. Lorde's kiss felt reminiscent of his kisses in the past, but the taste sure was heightened now. I don't know why, but maybe it had been too much a long time that my desire for it probably made it roughly...*concentrated*.

Lorde's fingers raked my hair, pressing my face to solidify our union.

He explored my mouth, creating too much havoc in my mind when I felt his tongue tenderly flick with my own.

With the deliciousness of it, you may as well expect me standing between the borderline of reciprocating and withdrawing. I chose neither of the two though for I was too stunned to process a sane decision, but I did move my mouth slightly and that, unfortunately, gave Lorde an opportunity to see it as my welcoming response.

He angled his head more to the side and gave me scorching, breathless kisses. I felt weak in my knees instantly and I absentmindedly touched his perfect jawline.

My resurfacing desire, only a heartbeat more, would have finally been born out of his kisses, but I chose...I *chose* to hold it back. It wasn't that I was unaffected with his ardor, it wasn't that I was unaffected with his hands worming all over my back, but I soon realized that I needed to resist now, *as in now*, for my sake and for Er-.

My eyes shot open when I was instantly yanked away with a vice-like grip in my arm. I was more than relieved that Lorde's kisses ended but to my horror, I was immediately welcomed with an incredibly pissed-off demon standing beside the door and holding my arm.

A breath was caught in my throat before I shouted - or more like squealed - "Er-iol!"

I felt like I was being arrested in the middle of an ill-favored love affair. The soreness of my lips and the resurfacing desire I had for Lorde consequently became a figment of my imagination.

He gave me an icy look that was as cold as the icebergs in Antarctica and with that, a shiver crawled down my spine when his orbs traveled the length of my figure before finally resting on my flushed face. I felt a rush of guilt then when I reactively bent my head on the ground.

Damn... why do I feel that I have just sinned against him?

In a sudden motion, Eriol's strong arms pulled me behind him, shielding me with his body.

I glanced up and saw that the two men already squared each other; handsome face to a handsome face, pale blue eyes to a grey-violet one. Lorde was with gritted teeth, while the other with an unreadable expression.

I realized then, they were both of the same height. I stepped forward just enough to be on Eriol's side and not on his back. I wasn't a damsel-in-distress in the first place.

"Stay. Away. From. Her." Eriol broke the silence, albeit with a loud growling sound.

I don't need a mirror to show that my face turned white, and I don't need an ECG machine in order to report that my heart just flatlined momentarily.

He was meaning every single damn word alright! No debating that!

I saw Lorde grit his teeth further and adjusted his stance to a more guarded posture.

They both gave each other a measuring look. I could immediately see the flaring tension between the two of them because of it.

Shit. Shit. Shit! Lorde is going to get in trouble when he continues to be this bold! He doesn't even know that standing in front of him was a powerful demon that could easily turn him into a rotten vegetable.

I wanted to step in between them, I wanted to decrease the tension, but then I stopped when Lorde finally spoke in a deep voice laced with disappointment, "Oh, I thought Andrea is alone in the room. I didn't notice you at all. I'm afraid we haven't properly been introduced?"

I have to say, who wouldn't be disappointed when their make-out session was rudely interrupted right? But I was thankful, very, *very* thankful that his fist didn't launch on Eriol's pretty face.

My 'knight' nodded slightly with Mr. CEO's statement but it was still with a neutral expression. "Of course we haven't," he answered matter-of-a-factly.

"I am Lorde Axel Winner. *Son* of Michael Winner. The step-son of Marcella. And I am the *Master* of this house." He enumerated with confidence, basically highlighting the word *Master* in case the employee missed out the missive. He didn't extend his arm for a handshake.

Eriol scoffed lightly. "I do know who you are."

It was expected for a butler to know his Masters though, so it didn't surprise me at all. However, when he introduced himself, my mouth immediately dropped in surprise.

"You, unfortunately, don't know me. I am Asmodeus," he said in a cool and collected fashion.

Goodness! *He isn't going to reveal his true self, is he?!*

I immediately placed a hand on his back, hoping he would read my mind asking him not to do it.

He glanced at me and then showed a smirk.

"But you can call me Eriol," he added when he moved his attention back to Lorde. "I am the head butler of the Winner Mansion."

Lorde quirked a brow and crossed his arms. "Huh, butler," he whispered but his tone was acidic with discrimination.

"*And Andrea's boyfriend and lover,*" Eriol added once again and this time my heart flipped out. *As in really flipped out.*

No, he didn't! He didn't just mention the BF word!

Silence and I became the witnesses of the thickening tension in between the two men. If there was a barometer in the center, it would have read a beginning super typhoon. Unfortunately, though, that typhoon was directed at me. Yep. I could feel Lorde and Eriol's inspector-like gaze on me and because of that, I immediately felt that the Solar System's center shifted on the planet, *Andrea*.

"True?" Lorde said. It was a simple, *simple* word but it was edged with irritation and disbelief.

I promptly threw a brief, forced laugh and made a quick witty suggestion. "Hey, I think we should leave now," I said, blatantly ignoring his question. Leave to where? I don't even care, so as long as I could escape this kind of hot boiling-pot interrogation.

I stepped forward, targeting to drag Lorde out of Eriol's sight, but the latter suddenly grabbed my elbow and yanked me back closer to him.

It was so fast that Lorde's hand missed my other elbow just millimeters away.

Cliche scene right? Certainly a cliché scene in most Chick Flick movies in HBO. *Here it is, two boys in love with the same woman, vying for her attention but she ended up with neither of them because she dies in a freak accident.* It wasn't even funny when I watched it and damn, it got me all teary-eyed.

"Eriol, please, unhand me," I whispered as low as I could. Unfortunately, this was no Chick Flick and one of the boys trying to steal me was a hot-as-hell demon, *literally!*

Lorde being too engrossed with knowing the answer, questioned me again stiffly, "Andrea. Is it true?"

I still didn't answer him and continued to yank myself free of Eriol's hold. It was torture to keep myself silent. I hesitated to tell him the truth because I essentially don't know what my relationship with Eriol was called. Like I said before, fuck-buddies? Friends-with-benefits? A master-to-servant relationship? Or lovers?

I simply wasn't sure.

"Yes."

With that resounding one word, my eyes gunned the source of it: Eriol.

"I am not talking to you," Lorde stated, expressing sharp disapproval.

"What's the point in clarifying it? Isn't it already obvious? You have seen the kiss mark on her neck. Why do you keep a blind eye to it?" Eriol stated, mirthless.

Wait what!? Oh shit. But of course, the kiss mark Eriol gave me yesterday. I wasn't sure if Lorde noticed it but judging from his firm, knitted brows, he indeed had seen it.

Lorde stepped closer to hold my other elbow. I, in the process, felt like melted cheese in two big burger buns. "You could be just a casual fling for all I know," he said frankly.

I felt Eriol's grip tighten and heat seemed to envelop the skin he touched. My mind snowballed the demon information frantically. Surely, he wasn't planning on using his demon powers on Lorde now?!

In a frenzied attempt, I touched Eriol's chest and gave him a pleading look.

"Eriol, please, no," I earnestly appealed.

I am not so sure how much willpower he needed to have his demon powers kept in tight check, but I hoped that by touching his chest where his heart lay, it would aid him to refrain from doing any damage on my childhood *friend*.

I had seen what he did to Mr. DaisVita and I am quite sure he could do worse with Lorde. I do not want that to happen because I simply care for him as a human would do to who they deem as family.

Only a hairsbreadth away... only that much was left before the tension explodes, but then, Auntie Marcella's squeaky voice shattered the gloomy air around the three of us.

"Lorde dear! My friends are here to see you!"

I saw her stop right in the threshold and stared, with outright confusion, on us.

"Oh?"

She looked at me and then Eriol and then to Lorde, and then back at me. Her well-penciled brows lifted up thereafter.

"What are you guys planning out here without me?" she questioned, obviously clueless of the pressure she had thankfully destroyed.

"Nothing Tia." It was Lorde who immediately replied, stepping back a little and releasing my elbow.

I looked at Eriol with wary eyes. His hand was still holding me and I feel that if Auntie would see it, she would think something was up between the two of us.

Probably reading my thoughts, he loosened his hold and stepped back away like a butler giving me privacy.

"Andrea and I are supposed to be going for a horse ride," Lorde added. I glanced at both of them; Auntie Marcella's excited, beaming eyes contrasted her step-son's hooded one.

"Oh! That's a good idea!" she exclaimed. "But, isn't it a little gloomy outside?"

Lorde produced an agreeable mumble. "I thought so too Tia. That's why I decided to cancel the ride. I want to discuss *something* with you instead."

"Oh? You want to talk to me now?" It was clear that Auntie was taken aback.

"Yes. It's...*urgent*," he replied, stealing a look on Eriol who was still standing stiff like a guard dog.

Lighthearted as ever, she smiled on his way and mine. "I see. Then, I'll meet you in your father's study room," she settled. "I will follow you there. I need to give Eriol some instructions first."

Throwing a fleeting grin, Lorde eyed me again. "Right. Come, Andrea," he said and grabbed my hand.

"Wait, Lorde!" I yanked it as I shouted, but he pulled me easily out of my room and into the hallway. My eyes frantically looked back and saw Aunt Marcella stepping inside the room and talking to Eriol.

His attention was glued on me however and I could see that he was more than pissed with the development.

We strode along the hallway and made a hard turn on the left where Uncle Michael's study room was located. The whole time we did so, Lorde was very much silent. He didn't once give me a glance. I, however, examined the expression on his face and it showed that he was very, *very* angry.

When we entered the study, I thought I would be given some time-out, but Lorde immediately hooked his arm around my waist, pushed me against a wooden shelf, and bit my neck.

Yes. I repeat. He bit my neck.

But no. Not the vampire-biting effect, but the hickey-biting effect. And that's where my senses...quickly erupted.

Chapter 35 - Desire Untold

~ Andrea ~

Now, for the record, the place where Lorde *bit* me was in the exact spot where Eriol gave me a hickey yesterday. Because of this, I realized that jealousy already bubbled inside him.

“Lorde!” I cried, pushing his chest away at the same time. It was partly an instinct for a woman to do so, and partly because I was surprised of course.

He captured my hands and roughly immobilized it against the shelf. Figurines after figurines of animals made of crystal toppled over and broke into pieces on our feet.

I felt his tongue swirled against the skin of my neck, coordinating with his teeth to make a sucking motion. It was just a localized area, but the damn sensation flooded all over my body like food coloring in plain water.

I wouldn’t call it delicious because it felt like pins penetrating my flesh, but it was enough to tickle me and my insides. I felt my flaming desire resurface back again, but I quickly quenched it.

Being that to resist was close to stupidity with Lorde’s strength dominating me, I just closed my eyes and surrendered. And waited, waited for him to finish.

It was a painful, *painful* length of time holding my breath and easing my jumping heart. It probably covered a minute, but it was enough to make me remember the time when Lorde caressed my neck too. It was the time when we almost made love.

I frantically shook my head to bury the memory away. Thinking about it now wasn’t proper. Not proper at all when I knew Auntie would open the door of the study room anytime soon.

“Lorde, s-stop it...” Although it was with determination, I slurred.

Yes. He freed my hands then and I was thankful for it. I hoped that he would withdraw after the deed was done, but when I felt his hand slid under my blouse, grazing my waist and then fondling my breasts, that’s when I realized he didn’t plan on just one hickey alone.

“Ah!” I shouted sensually when I felt his tongue slide along the column of my neck; the manner of which reminded me heavily on Eriol.

“Andrea, come back to me. Leave that man,” he coarsely whispered on my ear.

“Lorde, stop this! Please!” I grabbed his wrists and stopped him from groping my breasts even further.

His mouth traveled the length of my neck to my jaw and into my lips, stopping my panting consequently. He gave me another thorough tongue massage, something that I had no further power to break.

But wait. I did *have* one, yes, and that was to bite his lip.

Without so much as a thought, I did so and the moment Lorde withdrew in reaction to the painful stimuli, that's the time Aunt Marcella opened the door.

She looked askance on both of us, lifting her brows quite clearly.

I immediately went to sit on a nearby leather chair while Lorde awarded me a disappointed look and touched his sore lip.

"Another fight again?" she nonchalantly asked. "Seriously, aren't you both tired of bickering always? Look at your father's figurines Lorde, they are worthless now."

"I'll replace it, Tia, don't worry," he answered as he strolled across the room and into his father's huge mahogany study table, leaning on it coolly as a businessman would.

Aunt Marcella closed the door giving me a clue that Eriol wasn't behind her. She sat on a chair beside mine and looked surprisingly concerned.

"Now, what do you want to discuss?" she said, glancing back at her step-son.

"I want you to fire the butler," he stated, tone edgy and grave. No hint of humor or even hesitation, just straight-to-the-point order.

I shot him a questioning glare instantaneously. He responded me with a business-like look.

"What?! You want me to fire Eriol?" Auntie voiced out loudly.

I bet she was as much surprised as I was with Lorde's sudden decision, but I had a feeling that it was all because of me.

"Yes, this instant," he replied.

"Why? What has he done to you? Do you not like his services? Eriol is the best butler I could find Lorde. It would be a waste to dismiss him!"

I can't judge if Auntie was panicking or not, but she sure has a point. Well, on an employer's side at least.

Lorde straightened and closed his eyes before answering, "Apparently, his services aren't focused on housework *alone*."

His eyes, when it opened, rested on me. I gave him a slight frown knowing what he meant.

"What do you mean?" Auntie stated, "Is there something that I need to know?"

"Yes, exactly Andrea. Tell us the truth," Lorde coaxed, stepping closer to me. "Tia here needs to know something and I am definitely itching to hear it from your own mouth too."

Truth? The truth? Since Lorde knows already that I am having an affair with a butler, what else does he want to know? Surely the word 'demon' didn't cross his mind, right?

I pressed my lips into a hard line and turned to face my Auntie. "I'm sorry but I am not going to comment on anything. Auntie, Lorde here is just too rash on his decisions."

"Am I?" he abruptly inserted. He whirled me around by the shoulder, pushed me onto the backrest, jailed me with his arms, and leaned closer so that our lips almost touched.

This time, my panic resurfaced.

"Lorde, please move...move back. Auntie is in our front," I stated nervously.

"Oh Andrea, do you think that Tia doesn't know about us?" he asked to my surprise.

"Wh-at...?" I said slowly, pushing Lorde away and turning my attention on my Aunt.

"Andi dear," she softly spoke, regarding me with sincerity.

"Auntie, have you?" I choked. "Have you known all along?"

"Honestly, yes," she answered. "But I was the one who noticed it dear. Lorde never told me about your secret relationship."

"What?"

The revelation came as a surprise for me, yes, but it did lessen my anxiety at least; an anxiety that she would regard our *secret relationship* as ridiculous.

"But don't worry." She smiled and smiled sweetly. "I believe you two are great together."

Oh, figures. There's the usual eccentric aunt I have been missing since she entered the room.

"Together?" I echoed and eyed Lorde who was towering me. "We're not...together anymore."

"We are," he abruptly cut in once again, "still," and returned my gaze with a very promising warmth.

I blinked twice and disregarded the warmth immediately. The hell I would be nervous now.

"You left me for two years, Lorde!" I spat. "With no closure whatsoever! No call or a text message. Not *one* word. Do you seriously think that I would wait for you as an obedient fiancée would?"

"Tell me that you don't love me anymore and I will accept that," he unexpectedly stated, eyes blazing with fire when he leaned back closer to me. I had to lean backward in order to put some space between our faces.

I know deep inside me, a desire for him still lingered. I know that I still have feelings for him. And I know that it will be painful to deny it. I seriously needed some closure for the benefit of my poor battered heart, but how can I get it when Lorde was trying his best to resurface the desire and feelings again?

"Lorde, please, don't ask me that," I said as an excuse as I was torn on making a good answer.

He grinned and I don't fucking know why.

Straightening his back, he turned to his step-mother and said, "I want that butler out of this mansion before sundown Tia. No more. No less. You don't need an account of his services. I will pay ten times the amount of his monthly salary. Let him leave now."

Auntie, although taken aback, nodded in response. She had no say on the matter anymore as Lorde wouldn't bend on any fair reasoning.

Lorde's attention went back to me after his commands and pulled me up to stand.

"Come, Andrea," he said.

"Where are we going?" I asked in a shaky voice.

"I think it's time to meet Tia's friends."

And with that, he held me by the wrist and guided me out of the study room. Aunt Marcella and I exchanged glances briefly and I saw a light sparkle in her eyes.

I could see that she was indeed happy for both of us, but why do I feel that she wanted me to fight over something?

"What are you planning Lorde? Tell me," I ask when we were descending the grand stairs.

He smiled and uttered softly, "Just be patient. You'll find out soon Love."

~ Eriol ~

I left my doppelganger to do the domestic work of taking care of Madame Winner's friends. Playing butler now was pointless when I have a much greater problem to attend to.

Putting myself in invisibility mode, I stalked my employer to the study room. In there, I saw Andrea standing awkwardly against the wooden shelf, her blouse was slightly out of place, and pieces of broken crystals were on her feet.

Lorde, on the other hand, was an arms-length away from her, his face disappointed over something, and because I have supernatural eyes, I could see a tiny smear of blood in his lower lip.

Only a fool wouldn't see that something just happened between the two of them, and apparently, my employer *is* that one fool. She didn't comment on their apparent startled expressions and just went to focus on something less awkward: the broken figurines.

I don't need to see that this man had just taken advantage of Andrea again. I am the Demon of Lust. I can pretty much easily smell a lingering desire kilometers away. The room reeks of this man's desire and it was mixed with something new to me...

Oh shit.

It was a new-found desire, coming straight from Andrea's body. She may be trying to suppress it, but I can see that it wants to surface outside her.

This desire was different. It wasn't directed to me, but to Lorde. This made me realize that she still harbor something for the man. I may not know what she feels for him, but the ripple of desire was enough for me to realize that it wasn't a good sign.

No. I am slowly losing her again. But to hell I would let that happen easily.

I quickly summoned my power to put Lorde into his knees. A sudden cardiac arrest would do well for him, or maybe I could sever a large blood vessel in his brain to put him in a coma. I have wanted to do something to this man since our showdown in Andrea's room, but because Andrea pleaded, I gave him a chance to live another day. But now, seeing that he has already crossed the line, I no longer hesitate on killing the man.

A black mist gathered on the floor where Lorde's shiny boots touched and from the wooden desk where he was leaning. I was very pleased as it swirled around him like a tornado, but before it began to suck the air out of his lungs, I hissed as a holy barrier immediately blocked the black mist, quickly expelling it.

Double shit. The Archangel shows itself again.

Raphael appeared at Lorde's back, standing next to Michael Winner's study chair. He gave me an immediate glower and bared his pure white teeth.

"You dare Asmodeus!"

I raised my chin in an act of authority. "He dared, Raphael! You should take care of your charge properly before he puts his fingers on places he isn't supposed to touch!"

"Damn you demon!" he uttered acidly.

I let out a small chuckle, pleased to see that I was successful in getting on his nerves. "Oh, how surprising, an angel that curses," I said, grinning, looking at him and then to Andrea who appeared very disappointed when she heard Lorde order his step-mother to fire me out of employment.

Huh. The fuck. Like I care about being a butler in the first place. No amount of Earthly money completes me. Only Andrea's presence and love do that.

"Try killing him again and I am going to bind you without hesitation Asmodeus. Prince or not," he warned but I just ignored him.

As I stood near the door, I focused on trying to piece together Andrea's emotions as she was being demanded the truth; the truth between me and her and the truth about her feelings for Lorde.

She wittingly dodged the two questions, but the second one made my bones spasm in anger. She didn't affirm nor reject him and that placed a forceful blow to my rotten heart.

I could sense her small desire for him, but that wasn't a problem. I can always tweak that emotion to my advantage. But her heart? Fuck, I can't.

Does she still love the man? Does she still have feelings for him? I painfully wanted to know.

I saw Lorde grin then. I bet he was pleased that he had seen hope in her eyes. He gave a final judgment to his step-mother about my employment and went to leave, holding Andrea's wrist.

I followed them, still seething in anger. Raphael followed me, still wary of my actions.

Before they reached the gazebo where Madame Winner's friends waited, I called my doppelganger back, but no, I didn't replace him. I instead placed myself invisible again and watched the scenes unfold in the corner of the gazebo.

~ Andrea ~

I was all smiling on my Auntie's friends when we reached the elegant gazebo despite still feeling flustered after the events inside my bedroom and the study room.

I had no choice. I needed to put on a poker face so that they wouldn't see something was wrong. Luckily, I was able to free myself from Lorde's hold, but he kept on holding my waist just to make sure I wouldn't go anywhere, or maybe in his mind, to where Eriol was.

We said our greetings and introductions on the three sitting ladies. It was Madame Ivana who offered a seat for me and Lorde.

There were cakes and pastries placed in a three-tier server in the center of the round table, while on each of the single placemats, a dining set was prepared. Lunch was served there by the mansion maids when Auntie joined us minutes after. The food choices, take note, was enough to fill twenty more people. I did as much as I could to appear heartily eating, but deep inside, I had zero appetite.

Yes. I didn't miss that Eriol wasn't serving us. Auntie must have fired him already.

I wasn't really worried about the employment issue though. Being a demon, that's just a minute problem for him. But I seriously wanted to talk to him right now. Just simply talk to him, so that my heart would be at ease.

Ease of what? I do not know, but I just wanted to be with him.

Our group chit-chat came about naturally. I answered questions that were related to the bus accident, excluding the supernaturality of it of course. I also answered their questions about my vacation here in the Winner Mansion and I answered them enthusiastically as much as I could. The last question made me silent, however. Why? Because it was about me and Lorde's relationship.

"I remember you and Andrea here running all around the garden while your Mother attends to us," Madame Trina stated, changing her topic and directing her attention to Lorde. She was beaming a wide smile, but you can see very well that her face lacked laugh lines. It made me wonder that these high-class women used the same Botox product as Auntie does.

"Of course, Tia Trina, me and Andrea are simply...inseparable," he commented looking at me with warmth. I started feeling dizzy because of it.

"Then, why prolong the moment? I'm sure you both have feelings for each other," it was Madame Amarra who asked and concluded it.

My mouth immediately fell open.

I looked at Lorde who looked at me and gave me a serene smile.

"Why indeed," he uttered before hauling a good amount of air in his lungs and pulling something from the inside pocket of his coat.

My eyes immediately widened when I saw him push the chair backward and knelt on the ground in front of me. I heard giggles and shouts of excitement among Auntie's friends as they watched the scene unfold.

Gods! He isn't going to propose right? Right? My mind screamed in alarm.

“Andrea, you are my life, my love since the beginning. You complete every part of me. The reason why I suddenly left the mansion and left you because I was afraid. I was afraid of losing you. I had a dream the night before. A dream about you dying in a bus accident. When I woke up, I had a feeling that it wasn’t just a dream. That it was a future. I was scared. Very scared Andrea. Of losing you. Just like my father. So I did what I quickly could: leave you, sever my ties to you, forget you, and forget whatever bond we had so that in your death I wouldn’t grieve. But even as two years had passed, I couldn’t get my mind off of you. You are mine, Andrea. We are meant to be. I realized that not sharing wonderful memories with you is even worse than death.”

He raised a small black box up to my knees and carefully opened it to show a big rich blue sapphire stone surrounded with finely-cut small diamonds. It was set in a gold band that shined on its own glory.

My hands trembled as he continued his words, “I want you by my side forever. Please give me the honor of having you as my wife. Marry me, Love.”

I fell speechless, but my being mute wasn’t because of Lorde’s revelation and proposal, but because of Eriol, showing himself to me with a very, *very* angry face.

Chapter 36 - Act of Lust

~ Andrea ~

Normally, women undergoing a marriage proposal are either on the verge of crying or smiling from ear to ear because of joy.

But me? Neither.

I am in a state of ambivalence right now.

In my younger years being with Lorde, I had daydreamed him proposing to me a couple of times. In the Gemstone River, in a fancy dinner date, while riding our horses on top of a hill, in the terrace under the biggest blue moon of the year, and even here, in this very spot I am sitting now - the classic gazebo.

His words were the exact replica of what I wanted to hear when he proposes to me - or at least some of it excluding him mentioning having dreams about the bus accident and me dying. And yes, the way Lorde positioned himself presently, on bended knee and holding a highly-priced ring, was exactly what I had envisioned.

His proposal was exactly what I wanted, except, of course, two things.

One: The timing.

Damn... I feel that he pushed himself too much. I had read a relationship book once mentioning that men do feel threatened with their *competition* and when that happens, they would more or less do stupid things.

If that was so, then it was possible Lorde feels threatened with Eriol. *Well, I think that is obvious enough since he asked Auntie to discontinue his employment.*

With regard to doing stupid things, I am not sure to dub his proposal a stupid move, but I feel it kind of hurried. Seriously, he just arrived yesterday. He couldn't just pop the question, show me the most magnificent ring I had ever seen, and ask me to be his wife! It was just ridiculous at its best!

But somehow, another part of me... the *resurfacing* side was in jubilee. It was tugging my rope into answering the most coveted 'Yes'.

Its joyous celebration however was short-lived. Why? Because of number...

Two: The demon prince looking at me. Eriol.

Did I say that he looked very, *very* angry judging from the murderous expression on his face? I seriously felt like I was being devoured whole by his already glowing red eyes.

What is he thinking now? I really wanted to know. But I don't really need to be a genius in order to find out that he doesn't approve of Lorde's marriage proposal.

I peeled my eyes away from him. Probably, focusing on the man kneeling in my front would be the proper thing to do.

Lorde watched me with hopeful eyes. He smiled sweetly; his air of superiority already gone with the wind. He really expected me to answer his question with a big resounding 'Yes.'

Auntie Marcella and her friends continued giggling, no doubt feeling the romantic moment. I, however, didn't feel it at all.

"Lorde..." I started with a shaky voice. My knees and hands trembled as if I had mild chills. Cold was my lips too and my throat, parched. These were only but a few objective evidence showing that I truly felt nervous about the situation.

Clearing the congestion in my lungs with a deep breath, I managed to break the unbearable seconds of silence. I noticed his eyes slightly quirk then when I showed not a single expression of happiness.

"I am...I am sorry," I said and diverted my eyes on the ground, unable to witness the look of painful rejection in Lorde's face. "I don't...I don't know how to answer you."

I saw his hand tightly clench the ring box then. This meant that he was disappointed. No. *Thoroughly* disappointed.

The giggles stopped. Auntie and her friends went silent after hearing me say it. It didn't take them long to quickly leave the gazebo and gave Lorde and I some privacy.

When they were gone, Lorde silently settled on his chair and dragged it as close as mine as possible. He leaned forward after closing the ring box and placed it back inside his coat pocket.

"Andrea," he spoke, soft and true, but with a bitter hint in the end. I jerked slightly when he held my trembling hands.

"Tell me that's not what you truly wanted to say," he stated, clearly in denial.

Bravely, I stared back at him with enough determination in my eyes. That instantly brought me to reminisce about the memories we had together; the good old ones particularly. But it wasn't enough to persuade me into accepting his proposal. Something was tying me down, but I do not know what it was exactly.

"Please don't do things hurriedly Lorde," I said, hoping he got the gist.

"What's the point of prolonging it, Andrea? *You love me. I love you.* Isn't our childhood years, our teenage memories, our relationship enough?"

Disregarding his words, I frowned and shook my head. "You don't understand Lorde. I *need* time."

I was able to clench my hands into a tight fist even though he encapsulated it with his own. Being in this kind of situation really does exhaust one's mental reasoning.

A disagreeing look made its way on his face. His pale-blue orbs showed rage that was indescribable.

"No. You *need* time to be with *that* man," he said tersely. I couldn't help but think he just accused me of something I am not even thinking as of the moment. That irritated me a bit.

"No!" I yelled, but it was without any thought. I hurriedly watched Eriol's reaction expecting him to give me a scowl, but for some twisted reason, his face was unreadable amidst his icy-cold stare.

"Lorde, I need time. I need time to be enlightened. To recollect. To contemplate my feelings for you," I gently, *gently* reasoned, hoping that he would understand. "I can't just throw myself into wedlock without having any closure. Eriol has *nothing* to do with it."

"What closure do you want Andrea? I already told you the truth! I am sincere in my words. Can't you see how much I have regretted the day I left you?" His voice sounded shaky. That gave me a clue that he was as much in turmoil as I am.

I forcefully yanked my hands out of his hold and stood up while saying, "Lorde, please, just give me...give me some time."

He grabbed my left elbow though, prohibiting me to take one step away from him.

"I won't let you go to that man," he stated, the gravity of which sounded threatening.

I took a step back, trying to pull my arm away. "I am not going to him!" I said sternly.

Seriously, can't a woman have her alone time?! I badly needed one as in right now!

"Then stay with me here Andrea," he quickly returned. "If it's time that you need, I'll give you time. Just stay with me here. I am afraid that if I let you go, that man would steal you away from me."

I felt as if Lorde's overprotectiveness bordered on the crazy, but since his competition was a demon, probably crazy was acceptable. I have to give him credit for it since he doesn't even have any idea about Eriol's true identity. If he did know, I bet his craziness would be an obsession.

His overprotectiveness came out on the surface like a mad man when I felt his grip tighten. It was to the point that my elbow started aching, probably due to the constricted flow of blood.

I shot a look at Eriol, wincing at the same time, but I dared not plead him to save me from my current situation. I am no damsel-in-distress in the first place. I can handle this by myself.

"Lorde, just please, let me go," I asked in panic when I returned my attention to my captor. "Give me time...alone. I want to be *alone*!" I stressed and hopefully, Lorde got the message as well as my demon butler. I certainly don't want Eriol to bother me too after this drama.

"No, just sit. Here," Lorde strictly stated. Expression - not open to any offer or suggestion.

He pushed me to sit on my chair, but the manner of which wasn't comfortable. I would have fought my way up again, but suddenly, Eriol's voice cut through the air.

I froze.

"You heard the lady, *human*. Let her go," he demanded, tone velvety but dark.

Lorde rapidly turned around where the source of the voice was and there he saw Eriol standing solidly in a corner of the gazebo; the area where he had already been before he made himself visible.

My captor hissed and quickly showed a scowl. I, on the other hand, felt alarmed by the development. If being barbecued in a grill was what I felt earlier inside my room, this time I felt being tossed in Mt. Vesuvius bubbling with molten hot lava.

"I thought I made it clear that you are to leave this house immediately," Lorde said, acting...lordly. He was already standing between me and Eriol, but he shifted slightly as if to hide me from view.

That, however, failed as I leaned slightly to the right of the chair. Lorde's tightly fisted hands were obvious in my line of sight, thus solidifying my suspicion that he was more than fuming in rage with the unexpected presence.

In the back of my head, I prayed that those hands of his wouldn't land on something hard, something handsome - like a demon prince's face.

"I can't just leave without taking Andrea with me," Eriol stated after grinning. He continued approaching us and only stopped when he was just two steps away from Lorde. He tilted his head and threw a brief look on my way. "She belongs to me *human*. Your petty proposal won't work," he added frankly and that's when Lorde snapped.

"How dare you!" he shouted and the one I was praying for earlier never did arrive in holy ears as Lorde's fist went flying towards Eriol's face.

My eyes enlarged with astonishment. "Lorde no!" I yelled while embracing his waist.

What happened afterward gave me chills down to the bone.

A flash of light appeared in between the two men and I felt Lorde's body leave my embrace. I too was forcefully pushed back in my chair. It was just a split-second; definitely too fast for me to react and process what just happened. By the time the light disappeared, I stared straight into Eriol's glowing orbs in great wonder and confusion. His brows were furrowed.

But wait. *Where is Lorde?!* I immediately asked myself.

I quickly whirled around and gasped in shock when my eyes landed on him a few feet away from me. The disturbing sight made me realize what had gravely happened.

He was sprawled on the cobblestoned ground, eyes closed and unconscious. His head was in an awkward tilt, against a destroyed wall of the gazebo. I was alarmed when I saw fresh blood stream out from his forehead down to his jaw.

"Lorde!" I shouted as I stood up, and yes, I would have run to his aid when immediately, I felt Eriol's hands on my waist, stopping me from getting to him. He turned me around and embraced me, but I pushed him back and yelled, "Eriol?! Why did you do that?!"

"Come with me," he stated nonchalantly and that's it, I suddenly found myself in another environment - his penthouse bedroom to be exact.

"No!" I shouted again, and this time, forcefully hustled myself out of his embrace. He freed me, but only to be shoved back against the wall. "Eriol! Lorde is unconscious! He is bleeding! He needs medical attention right away!" I frantically reasoned.

I knew it was Eriol's doing. I knew that he was the cause of Lorde's emergency situation, but I understood that Lorde had it coming, so I couldn't blame this damn demon for using his demonic powers on him. It was just that, a part of me wished he should have acted easy on my childhood friend. A punch to the face wouldn't hurt him, right? He could at least be a little more lenient.

But then again, it was just my presumption. I could never guess what had truly happened.

"Eriol, please... I need to go to him!" I pleaded, touching his face that showed displeasure.

He instead captured my wrists and pinned my arms above my head, against the walls. His mouth consequently met mine, savagely devouring me as I moaned my disapproval.

It was a heady kiss, but it wasn't in a way that stimulated my carnal desires for him. For the most part, it was a kiss that was punishing.

When he withdrew after a while, he asked in a low, soft, echoing voice, "Tell me now Andrea, do you love him?"

I was taken aback by his question. *I can't fucking answer that now! My mind is already in turmoil, so much in turmoil that's why I needed some time alone!*

"Andrea, answer me! Do you love him?!" he barked in anger this time.

"I care for him Eriol," I softly replied after a moment's pause, remembering how Lorde sprawled, unconscious on the ground. My face was flushed, my whole body actually felt flushed. But I didn't will myself to cry. No. I didn't feel sad for Lorde, only worry... intense worry.

He frowned and hissed. "You know that's not what I want to hear," he said sternly and for no apparent reason, he suddenly paused and stared at my mouth. *Did I just saw his eyes turn black suddenly?*

When our eyes met again, he gave a grin that I found a little bit worrying... no, *too* worrying.

With a sudden forceful move, he dragged me from the wall all the way to the foot of the bed. He made me kneel on the carpeted ground while he stood up, towering in front of me.

"Eriol, *please*, take me back in the gazebo!" I begged, but my cheeks immediately blushed when I saw him unzip his pants and expose his already erect cock right in front of my face.

"Suck my dick," he said tersely, looking down at me with a grave face.

My eyes fluttered wildly upon the realization of his command. Leaning back slightly, I gave him a bitter look.

"Wha-at?" I said with trembling voice, but it was for the most part an instinctual response. A memory immediately leaped in my consciousness and that was the time when I had my dream, my *suck-my-dick dream* before I visited Luxembourg.

"Suck my dick Andrea," he reiterated coldly.

My heart, if it was squeezed earlier while witnessing Lorde's concerning state, now deflated down to every fiber. I couldn't believe Eriol had just commanded me something so crude! I couldn't believe even that he would put me in this kind of position like I am a prostitute!

"Eriol..." I uttered shakily, but I tried as much as I could to sound pleading.

He threw me a disappointed glare and demanded while holding my head, "Fuck Andrea! Insert your mouth now!"

Eriol (The Prince of Lust - in his raw form)

Bloody hell. The human just proposed to Andrea.

Huh! Like that would make everything better.

I kept myself entirely calm and my power, in check, the whole duration of their lunch, but now that Lorde threw the pathetic and wordy marriage proposal to her, I felt myself boil in anger right to my demonic cells.

The hell! Andrea *is* alive because of me! I am the one who saved her from the bus accident! I am the one who saved her from death! So in technical terms, she *is* meant for me now and not for that measly human! Why can't Destiny and Fate see that?!

I just can't let all my hard work be taken advantage of by a man! He doesn't deserve Andrea! Fuck! He left her like a mousy coward that he is! He doesn't love her true! He is only inclined to finish what Destiny and Fate had started!

That I am sure and I hope Andrea thought of it too, but why am I seeing her hesitation? Why won't she just damn say 'No'!? Does she really still have feelings for him? Is she really easy to fall on those farcical words?

Shit. She doesn't need some alone time! She doesn't need to think! She needs to fucking say 'No.' Straight-to-the-point. Easy. Period.

It enraged me seeing that the man was too persuasive of her, but it enraged me more seeing that he was already manhandling Andrea with zero gentleness. Seeing him grip her arm tightly and seeing her worried eyes look at me, that consequently snapped my patience.

I noticed Raphael's brows flinch when I turned my invisibility mode off. He was just standing outside of the gazebo but was looking intently at us. In response to my grin, he spread his bright holy wings and stood in a guarded, ready-to-fight position.

All I want to do was to save Andrea and bring her away from this man, but it seems that Lorde was adamant about stopping me at that particular point. His fist then skyrocketed towards my face and I was thinking, *what a poor excuse of a brawl.*

I smirked. *If brawl is what he wants, then his wish is my command.*

I poised myself and fisted my hand to ready an uppercut. I knew I had to be lenient of course, so using my demon power was a 'no no'. Andrea would want that to happen. I knew that she cares deeply for the man 'in health' as what I had heard a dozen times in her mind. An uppercut using my raw strength would do well for the man, but in one drastic moment, everything changed.

Only millimeters away from the contact of my fist to his face and vice versa, Raphael's *Binding Spell* suddenly appeared in our midst.

It was like a transparent barrier if a normal person would look at it, but for me, it was my sure damnation. It could easily put me in holy chains and drag me away from Andrea and into the Second Circle of Hell for eternity. Of course, I can't have that!

As a countermeasure, I immediately used my power to dissolve it, but the sheer blast from the contact of two opposing forces caused Lorde to be thrown out of control in the air and forcefully land in the gazebo wall hitting his head.

I was surprised of course, but his welfare was what I take lesser mind. I cast an eye on Andrea and found that she remained safe. Apparently, Lorde's body shielded her from the powerful wave and the chair cushioned her from falling.

I felt relieved.

Throwing a furious glare on Raphael, I saw him hurriedly fly on his charge's side.

Good. Go to his aid damn archangel while I steal my woman away from this place. That's what my thoughts immediately declared.

Andrea eyed me first and I saw her confused for a moment. When she turned around to look at Lorde, her face contorted into great alarm and worry.

It pricked my heart so much. I don't mind if she cares a lot for the man. That emotion was nonthreatening. What felt important to me was to clarify if she really loves him, because I am sure as hell could sense that she still does. *Unfortunately.*

Disregarding her pleas, I teleported both of us to my penthouse, seething with anger and jealousy.

I want to know the truth right now because honestly, it made my fucking rotten heart bleed in pain. I feel as if it shrunk with the knowledge that its love wouldn't be reciprocated *again*.

I kissed Andrea with all ardor, but she seemed to be too engrossed with her worries that she wasn't as turned on like me. *But Gods-dammit! I feel my cock already entering the arousal stage with just our heated kiss.*

I asked her twice if she loves the man, but to my dissatisfaction, she tried to avoid answering me. When I read her thoughts, the only information that I was able to fish out was her worrying state of mind.

That, consequently, placed me on edge and I sensed myself fill up with darkness. Pure darkness.

Then, I felt it. Something calling me from the inside. Something that I had disregarded for so long since I lost *Sarah* centuries ago. My own lust-filled desire. My pure, unrestrained lust.

My eyes blackened when I saw Andrea's delectable mouth and I gave a wicked grin.

Yes. Let's make good use of that mouth, shall we?

So I ordered her to suck me.

Chapter 37 - Afflictions of the Heart

~ Eriol ~

It actually felt wonderful to be free from the chains of my rotten heart, to be wallowed with my darkness, to be my own demon. All that enveloped me was *concentrated* lust. It's as if all the lust in the world, all the multiples of me have gathered, have nurtured, have sewn were all poured inside me. I felt as if my body overheated. And it felt so *good*...

After putting Andrea in her knees, I commanded her to do one that had my c0ck aching so much - a fucking blowjob. You might be wondering, but no, I haven't had at least one *job* in my entire existence, both as a Fallen Angel and as a Prince of Lust.

I believe if the demons in Hell would find out about this fact, they would snicker and make fun of me, but like I fucking care.

It was already expected that I would experience extreme pleasures in both the demon and human realm, but no, I had purposefully made myself *chaste* in a way for the return of my Dear Heart.

I can't of course ask her directly to do it. I believe that a crass deed such as this must come out naturally. It must be the woman's willingness to do it, desiring extreme pleasure for her man. And for the pleasure to heighten, the couple should be in agreement with each other. No form of coercing included.

However, for me now, force was what I had exactly used in order to receive some oral from this woman. AND yes, of course, along with my demon power.

Yes.

You read it right.

My demon enthralling power.

I had promised myself not to use this to her. I had said that I am going to be as truthful and sincere with Andrea in our relationship. I had promised her that I will not tweak her mind.

But in the end, I chose to use it. Why? Because all I saw was anger, darkness, and lust. It was filling me. Filling me endlessly. *I can't think straight anymore.*

I had said that Raphael was going to find my footprints if I use this particular power, but I don't have any worries at all. That damn archangel, I bet, was still preoccupied with his poor charge currently that he wouldn't have time to notice me and my breadcrumbs of maps.

I willed the penis piercing to disappear as I do not want any bother in our oral sex. I wanted unbound attention of her mouth and also, her teeth might break if the piercing stays.

As I had commanded, she hesitantly touched the stem of my engorged shaft.

When her hands contacted it, the head twitched and it grew an inch longer. I grunted with the new sensation, but somehow I noticed that she didn't look as much pleased as I am.

Hating her lack of attention, I did what I had to do. I beguiled her. And this time, she was without any hesitation, without any show of concern. I grinned from its success.

When she started pumping her hands around my c0ck, it erected harder.

"Fuck!" I groaned, delighted with the motion. "Yes, suck it Andrea!" I yelled, beguiling her again to do just that.

She did so most willingly because of my mental coercion. I used my powers to make my voice soporific. I used my hands to put a warm calm in her head as I was caressing her beautiful long locks.

Her eyes were half-lidded as I observed her down. She looked at my erection with deep adoration; with fucking deep yearning to devour me.

With one swift move, her mouth consumed it, but only halfway. I would have wanted it to the hilt but *damn... this is probably one of the setbacks of having an impressive length.*

This didn't deter me from feeling the delicious sensation though. I closed my eyes and surrendered myself to the moist gliding movement of her tongue and lips.

Oh, Cronus! I might as well ejaculate my orgasm now, but no, it would be too soon if I do it. I want to take advantage of the situation. I want to exploit it longer. I want to see Andrea in her full lustful form with me.

My eyes glowed red when I requested sluggishly, "Yesss... play with my head, An...dre...ahhh."

And she did so immediately. I have reigned dominion on her mind, whatever I want her to do, she will do it and that was without any question or hesitation.

She assaulted me with the continuous slew of her hands and when she used her mouth again to further her foreplay that's when I burst myself out. All of my sperm - my sticky, whitish liquid streamed inside her mouth. I tossed my head up and I groaned loudly unable to contain my orgasm.

"Ahhh!! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" I panted and grasped Andrea's hair roughly. "Shit Andrea! You are damn so good!"

Oh damn... this is too good to be true. The wave after wave after wave of pleasure just drowned me alive. A demon like me definitely can get a hang of this, especially when the woman doing it was the one I love.

Wanting to see her sexy face, I dropped my gaze down to her, and fuck, I saw the scene that would embed in my mind forever.

It was so hot when she, without any sense of reason or without any show of disgust, drank all of my liquid. She even wiped the wasted drops in her chest with her fingers and licked them dry.

Looking at her like this, it made me do her then and there. So, with basic carnal instinct, I hauled her up and gently arranged her on the ready mattress. She lay so without any show of struggle. She just sprawled herself and waited for me to do what I hungered to do.

Her eyes were still half-lidded and I somehow caught a glimpse of a glassy reflection in it. With my desire now, I intentionally overlooked it and went to strip her naked in front of me with just a flick of a hand. I did the same with my own clothes and in just a split-second, we were naked together - skin to skin, warm body to warm body.

Sucking one of her taut nipples and groping her breast, she let out a moan of pleasure. She then arched her back when I inserted my still aroused c0ck inside her pussy. Weird now, but I felt it dry for a moment. It wasn't the same slick passage as I knew it to be whenever she makes love with me. Disregarding it again, I gave her hard thrusts, in and out, and it was finally slippery and clenching again. This got me more in the mood immediately.

"Yes, touch me An..dre...ahhh. Touch my body. Feel me inside you. Feel me everywhere!" I persuaded her once again, and she did so according to my words. It pleased me that she was *under the Prince of Lust's wiles... my wiles.*

She ran soft touches on my chest, on my abdomen, on my back, and on my buttocks. It felt so good the sensation that I tensed.

She let out a whimper and closed her eyes.

I ran my tongue on her neck and placed as many kiss marks as I could all over the available access. This will be my mark on her. I will place this again and again, every night, every day, so that it wouldn't fade away. She was mine alone.

After continuous penetrations, we spasmed hard and rough together when we reached our long climax. I groaned. She softly moaned.

Finally, a worthy release.

So, this is what it feels like when the dark power clings and feeds me. I haven't felt this way before even though I have been a demon prince for centuries now.

Yes. It made me feel full inside and I would have reveled in the goodness of it. I would have finally become a full-fledged demon without my rotten beating heart. I would have finally been at peace knowing that Andrea will be forever mine, forever in my bed, forever as my lover, but when I glanced at her face, I saw it not with pleasure, but with passivity. I cringed with the sight.

The darkness inside my heart wasn't distressed by it though, but when I noticed her eyes slowly streaming down with tears, that's when my rotten heart started beating again; beating an echoing wail of affliction.

Realization hit me, hit me real good and my eyes widened, cleared of any glowing red. I knew immediately that I just made a wrong, *very wrong* move, an *unforgivable* move.

What have I done?!

Instantly, the darkness that enveloped me earlier was washed away by my repentant state.

Frantically, I tried hearing Andrea's thoughts, but all I read from her was a resounding cry of sadness and all I felt was an agonizing pain in her broken heart.

I never desired to make her cry. I never desired to make her sad. I never desired to cause her pain. Never.

~ Andrea ~

I did as much as I could to plead my case, but Eriol was just looking at me with intense, icy eyes.

When he spoke, a black chain immediately bound my wrists and hauled me into a transparent cage.

Yes. I could still move, but all of my actions were being forced on me. I felt like a puppet, helpless to do anything, unable to refuse.

When Eriol said to suck his dick, I did so most eagerly, but mind you, my mind was screaming to back out. Unfortunately, I couldn't and in the end, gave him a blowjob as what he had commanded.

It was not like I don't want this stage to happen to us *in the future*, but the manner of which he ordered me, was just too sick. I am not a prostitute for heaven's sake! And hey, if you were put in this kind of situation while your childhood friend was in peril, wouldn't your conscience bombard you?

My conscience right now however was being caged with me. I felt the heat in between my thighs increasing and deep inside me, tendrils of lust started making itself known. It grew longer and

longer until it finally tied itself to my consciousness. When Eriol's liquid seeds flowed in my mouth, it willed for me to drink it. It even made me lick my cum-soaked fingers dry.

With my semi-conscious state, I can't explain if I should be disgusted or not.

When Eriol arranged me in bed, I was like a doll waiting to be played with and when he did me hard and rough, I moaned but it was the tendrils of lust that coerced me to do so.

Here now was Eriol, doing wonders in my body but instead of feeling the pleasure of it, I actually felt defiled. I felt like I was corrupted. Gone was his gentleness and longing that he used to have whenever we make love. Gone was his tender kisses and reverent foreplay. I felt as if every thrust of his shaft was to make my heart fragile.

It was still beating, but I felt that with every beat it made, shards of glass would puncture it. It was agonizing, *so much*, and the sadness that I felt along with it augments it more.

So in the end, I broke down and broke down in tears.

"Eriol...please stop," I said softly, painfully, when I suddenly felt being lifted up from his voice's control. I felt no puppet strings anymore and the tendrils of lust dictating me dissolved into nothingness. My mind, if it was being caged earlier, was now free to make its sense of reasoning.

"Andrea..." he spoke when he poised his face above mine and cupped my cheeks. "I'm sorry... I'm really sorry. I know you can never forgive me with what I have just done to you."

I cried some more, unable to give him a reply. If I could sob, I would have, just in order to release this pent up pain in my heart, but all I did was cry silently.

Though my eyes were blurry, it was enough for me to see how sincere Eriol's expression was. It was enough for me to see how much he suffered and how much he was in pain too.

I closed my eyes, not willing to witness the sight anymore. I felt his lips press my forehead then and that's it, my consciousness left me.

When I woke up, I found myself inside my bedroom. The wall clock read 8:34 a.m. the next day when I glanced at it.

I didn't feel like getting up immediately, so I decided to lay quietly on the mattress. Come to think of it, I just came from a good night's sleep right? I'm supposed to feel refreshed but why do I feel the opposite? I feel actually...*empty*.

I closed my eyes and tried to relax, but immediately the first thing that popped out of my head was Lorde's unconscious state.

Oh no. My mind immediately jumped.

Lorde!

I hurriedly took a quick bath and changed my clothes the ones that I wore yesterday. I settled on a maxidress to make the change quicker and then sprang out of my bedroom like an impala in nerve-wracking speed.

The location I aimed to go to was the dining room first. Winner early mornings were always, *always* held in the dining room for a nice invigorating breakfast. When I arrived there, oddly enough, there was no one in sight. Auntie Marcella wasn't there or even Lorde.

This increased my anxiety more.

I found a maid working in the kitchen and asked her about the residents of the house. That's when she told me that Lorde was taken to the nearest hospital yesterday and that Aunt Marcella hasn't been back when she immediately went to see Lorde there.

The maid crossed the room and took a cellphone from the top of the microwave oven. I immediately recognized it was mine. After saying my thanks and taking the cellphone from her hand, I quickly checked on the device.

The screen showed more than a dozen missed calls and ten emails all coming from my Auntie Marcella. I checked on the latest message and that's when my heart dropped out of relief.

August 8, 2015, 8:05 a.m.

How are you, Andi? Eriol had told me that he dropped you in the house this morning. Don't forget to take your breakfast. If you can, please visit Lorde in the hospital. His room number is P-211. He looks better now, much better than yesterday after receiving the blast of the BMW car. He only woke up once and he immediately looked for you. He is really worried about you since you ran away.

My mind immediately processed three things that highlighted my Auntie's message.

One: Did she just say that I ran away yesterday?

I never ran away. The last memory I remember was Lorde lying unconscious on the ground. The other details are a bit fuzzy, but I remember him proposing to me inside the garden gazebo.

Two: Blast of the BMW car?

What is she talking about? Did the BMW car explode or something? I certainly don't remember this one yesterday.

Three: Eriol dropped me in the house?

Who-who is this Eriol? As far as I remember, the man is Auntie Marcella's butler, right? The one that she just recently fired because of Lorde's order? I am sure that my information about him is correct, but why do I feel that I am missing something here?

It made me feel relieved knowing that Lorde's health was getting better, but I still wanted to know the entirety of the events so I decided to check on my other messages.

August 8, 2015, 7:46 a.m.

Andi dear, whatever your quarrel is with Lorde, please be open-minded with it. I know that his marriage proposal came as a shock for you, but he loves you so much that's why he did so. Please reply.

August 8, 2015, 7:30 a.m.

Eriol texted me that you finally decided to return home. Thank God!

August 8, 2015, 3:55 a.m. (midnight)

Lorde is dreaming of you dear. He is speaking your name even in his sleep. Please visit him as soon as possible.

August 7, 2015, 7:52 p.m.

Eriol is a good man. I trust him that he will take care of your needs while you're not in the mansion. Tell him that I will take care of any expenses he has used for you.

August 7, 2015, 4:37 p.m.

Eriol texted me that he has found you in a nearby coffee shop. He says that you are under his custody since you are refusing to go back to the mansion. I understand that you needed some time to think. I know that you need space. I just want you to know that I am here to listen to your problems. Andi dear, your Auntie is here to listen. Leaving the mansion without resolving this issue isn't proper at all. Your mother would be angry with me. Please reply.

August 7, 2015, 04:11 p.m.

Please visit Lorde as soon as possible Andi.

August 7, 2015, 2:06 p.m.

Andi dear, Lorde is under careful observation right now. He is still unconscious though but the doctor says that his condition is stable. His head is finally stitched-up nicely by the doctor. He is admitted now in the hospital. I am greatly relieved that the car blast didn't injure him severely. Please reply.

August 7, 2015, 01:50 p.m.

Please reply Andi. Are you not worried of Lorde?

August 7, 2015, 12:21 p.m.

Andi, what has happened? Why did you run away? Were you too surprised of his marriage proposal?

August 7, 2015, 12:13 p.m.

I am in the emergency room right now. Lorde is inside the trauma unit. I earnestly pray that he will be alright. Where are you, Andi? Please reply.

My eyes watered after reading the messages. Auntie, even though an eccentric in her own way, really cares deeply for me. I would have wanted to answer her questions, but I was lost myself. I felt as if I missed something.

I raised my phone and texted my Auntie a response. I may not be able to answer her questions but at least, I can ease her worry by telling her that I am feeling fine and that I will be going to the hospital immediately.

When I arrived there a couple of minutes later, I knocked on the door of Lorde's private room. A nurse opened the door and let me in. I saw my Auntie sitting silently, holding her sleeping step-son's hand. Across the bed in front of her was a man, standing silently too. He was looking at Lorde, but he glanced at my way when I walked in.

He was a rather weird man. Immediately, I felt drawn to him, as in a friendship bond kind of way. He seemed very approachable and had an air of holiness around him. For a moment, I thought that he was a priest, but looking at his shirt with no tab collar on, I realized that it wasn't the case.

Chapter 38 - Dreaming of Black Wings

~ Andrea ~

Even without smiling the man had an angelic face. Short was his hair, with blonde streaks overlapping the overall gray ones. He had a well-toned body and looked quite tall, probably an inch taller than Lorde.

I had to ask myself who was this man that had kept a steady eye on me the moment I entered the room? He doesn't seem to be Lorde's attending physician because he wasn't wearing the signature white coat, but then again, doctors do sometimes check on their patients without one on.

Auntie Marcella immediately hugged me when I approached the bed. I embraced her back of course in order to make her feel that I appreciated her words in the email.

"Andrea, why haven't you replied to my texts?" That's her immediate question when we withdrew.

I know I looked sheepish in her eyes when I answered, "I'm sorry Auntie. I left my phone in the mansion."

I don't even know how or why I left this specific gadget of mine in the kitchen though. I guess this would be another piece of me left unsolved just like those questions I was bombarded myself with when I woke up.

"How's...how's Lorde?" I asked when I saw him sleep peacefully in the bed with monitors hooked above his headboard.

"He is doing fine dear," she answered directly, looking at her step-son at the same time. "The stitch in his head is not too big to confine him in bed for days. His doctors say he can be discharged after two days once his vitals show normalcy and his head wound healing well."

I released a relieving sigh.

"Uh, that's good to hear," I said.

Auntie Marcella then smiled and went to sit back on her chair. "He'll probably wake up soon. I'm sure he can sense your arrival," she commented looking at me.

I smiled back with her account. "Don't worry Auntie, I plan on staying here for as long as it takes. I'm sure you need someone to take over watching him, and also you need to return in the mansion right? The meat business won't be the same without you."

Her mouth opened for a moment, surprised by my offer no doubt.

"Are you sure you want to relieve me?" she asked, looking suddenly a bit hesitant to leave her son. *This is exactly her, showing her caring side again.*

I touched the metal foot railing and smiled slightly. I watched Lorde in his vulnerable state and briefly, it brought a slight pang on my heart. I hadn't exactly remember what happened yesterday, but I felt that it was my fault he was in this condition. "Of course I'm sure Auntie," I said after clearing the melancholic thoughts away. "It is for Lorde, and...I feel guilty anyway."

"Oh Andi, just know that I'm always here to listen okay?" Her face turned sad and she eyed me with great worry, more than she showed with her step-son.

I gave her a light tap on the shoulder and forced a wide smile. "Yeah, thank you, Auntie."

The whole of our conversation was too deep that we actually forgot there was another person in the room. He seemed to have a good upbringing though because he never interrupted me and Auntie with a clearing of the throat just to show his presence. By the time Aunt Marcella noticed him, she was already in a shy red face.

"Oh my! I'm sorry for the lack of attention!" she expressed, frantically turning her focus from me to the stranger in our midst. *A stranger, yes, in my eyes.*

"Andi dear, this is Ralph by the way," she stated, gesturing her hand towards the man. "This handsome Good Samaritan brought Lorde in the emergency hospital. I feel that if it wasn't for him, Lorde would have incurred severe injuries from the car blast."

"Oh really?" My brows arched, but I wasn't skeptical at all. I was actually surprised by it. This man would be clue number one about the events of yesterday.

So, Lorde was riding his BMW car, but then it exploded and this man right here was somehow in the exact time of the blast and saved my childhood sweetheart? I hope I am on the right track with this theory.

"A pleasure to meet you, Ralph," I said, beaming him a smile and holding my hand up, ready for a handshake. "Thank you for saving Lorde from the car blast."

He took my hand and shook it appropriately. Weird now, because his hand felt like a soft cream pie. Very, *very* smooth like he had placed lotion in his skin more than women do.

"No worries, I was just doing my job," he answered, and I was sure it had a calm ringing effect in my ears. Definitely what I would call *ethereal*.

"Your job? Are you a nurse or something?" I asked when my curiosity peaked.

His lips curved into a smile and then he actually chuckled lightly. "No Andrea, I am...what you call a protector of some sort. A security personnel if you may. I had seen Lorde's life in danger, so I simply took action and saved him."

"Oh, that is so valiant of you," I answered, mesmerized by his chuckle but mesmerized in a way that I was being lifted up to heaven.

"How are you feeling though?" he suddenly inquired, turning his lighthearted mood briefly a notch down.

"I beg your pardon?" I said and gave him a confused stare.

I noticed Auntie was just listening to us like she couldn't butt in with our conversation even if she wanted to and I found this unusual for my eccentric Aunt.

Another thing that I found queer was seeing a brief golden reflection in Ralph's eyes. It was like Edward Cullen's eyes shifting colors in the *Twilight* movie.

Ralph blinked a couple of times and shifted to a more reticent stance. "Uh, nothing," he promptly concluded. "Forget what I said. I should get going probably. I have...more pressing matters that need my attention. I am happy to see that Lorde is fine and that you are finally on his side."

I was taken aback by his words. It felt like he had known me longer than the passing twelve minutes we introduced each other in the room. I would have asked where he was heading, but my Auntie abruptly cut in.

"Thank you again Ralph for helping us," she said as she stood.

"It's a pleasure of mine to help Madame Marcella. Have a pleasant day ahead for the three of you," he said eyeing Auntie, then me, then Lorde.

I gave him a nod of acknowledgment and then he, in his fluid movement, excused himself out of the room.

"He seems a good man," I commented as soon as the door closed.

"He truly is," Auntie agreed quite quicker than I expected.

Well, for starters, Ralph did save Lorde's life, so it was only right for Auntie to feel that way. But I have a feeling the word '*good*' wasn't sufficient to describe the man. '*Holy*' would seem better to fit it.

"Andi, will you be fine here?" Auntie interrupted my thoughts. "I probably should go also."

"Yeah Auntie, I'll be fine here," I answered. "I will take care of Lorde, don't worry."

"Oh, thank you, dear. See you tonight."

She hugged me after carefully slinging her designer bag in her shoulder.

"Yeah, see you tonight," I said with a brief wave.

Twenty minutes past and I just sat silently in the seat next to Lorde's bed. As soon as Auntie left, I remembered that I was supposed to ask her if she knew what had happened yesterday; exactly after she and her friends left me and Lorde for privacy purposes.

I do remember my answer to him when he proposed to me. Yes. I basically didn't turn him down or accepted his marriage proposal. *What I don't remember is why?*

Lorde and I had been close friends for quite some time. A love bloomed in between us and it was only fitting that it should be finally blessed by the Heaven's above with a union.

Although he did leave me suddenly for two years without an explanation, he did explain to me yesterday why, so I see no point in declining his heartwarming offer. I just don't understand what came over me yesterday why I gave him a vague answer.

Looking at Lorde as he slept, I realized maybe it was high time for me to set things right.

As if right on cue, I noticed him stir. His eyelids moved slightly and in just a minute, they opened wide.

"Lorde, hey. Good morning," I greeted softly and with a smile.

"Andrea..?" he replied groggily. His face turned to me and scanned my sitting state.

"How are you feeling?" I questioned as I lightly brushed a lock of hair from his forehead.

I noticed his lips twitch before he answered, "I am not dreaming am I?"

With his question, I immediately contained a laugh. "No, silly," I said, putting a palm on his warm cheek. "You're not dreaming. I can surely vouch for that."

I thought his mood was as carefree as mine, but his face went from relieved to depressed. I noticed the instant change so I backed slightly away.

"I'm sorry Andi. I wasn't sensitive to your feelings. I fully understand why you ran away after my proposal."

Again with the running away thing? How did I do it anyway? I seriously don't remember at all.

"Lorde, it's...it's fine. Don't worry about it. Whatever-whatever happened yesterday, it's all in the past," I answered with an equal depressed mood; *depressed because I feel so lost with my memories.* I am just lost....empty, but I know sooner or later, I will be able to remember it all back.

"Know that I am not forcing you on something that you don't want to do. I can give you as much time as you need," he said as he took my right hand and secured it with his.

Now that I think about it... I did say yesterday that I needed some time, a *lot* of time to think things out. But again, what I don't understand is *why*?

"Thank you, Lorde," I answered with a smile. He was really thoughtful with my feelings and that just made me feel even more loved. "I do need to sort out things, but I just...I just forgot what it is. However..."

I stopped, trying to clear my throat. Hesitation slowly crept inside me but I pulled it out away. I did say that I will get all of this right; to fix whatever it was that I did wrong.

He continued to stare at me, and stare at me with great wonder, but when I said the words, his eyes immediately brightened.

"Lorde, with your marriage proposal, I can accept it."

He tightly squeezed my hand and expressed, mirth clear in his voice, "Oh Andrea, you don't know how much you made me happy today!"

Yep. The cardiac monitor just showed his pulse increasing as he attempted to straighten himself in bed.

"Hey! Hey! Doctors need you on bed!" I exclaimed in alarm and pushed him back, but he, in a cliché move, pulled me on top of him and kissed my lips.

Dry was his mouth, but I didn't find it bothersome. I actually find it romantic that he was desperately trying to make this memory well...memorable even if we were in the hospital.

"I love you Andrea. With all of my heart," he abruptly stated while staring at my hovering face with warmth.

This could be the effect of the pain medication that he is in, or that he is just showing his soft side on me after the past two years of being away.

"I...I love you too," I said without any hesitation, but I couldn't dismiss the fact that it left an aftertaste in my mouth.

I felt that it wasn't directed to the right man at all. I felt that I am supposed to give these resounding three words to another man.

But I have to ask myself again, who?

By evening, Auntie Marcella came to take over my place. Lorde told her of the joyous news and of course, she was very happy and pleased for both of us. There was just one thing that I noticed in

her though, she gave me a stare that was deep-seated like she was telling me something, something I couldn't still fathom.

"You just made Lorde's day wonderful, Andi," she told me when we were outside of the room, standing hand in hand near the nurse's station.

"Yes, I know. I guess I will be extending my stay here in Luxembourg huh?" I said, showing half a smile.

Her expression suddenly turned serious when she stated, "But do you think this is what your heart is telling you to do? Or is it just your mind?"

I stared at her without so much as a blink. *Well, that stunned me alright.*

"Huh? What are you talking about Auntie?" I said, confusion clear in my voice.

She released a deep sigh and said, "Andi dear, I know you have feelings for my butler."

"Butler?"

"Yes, Eriol. My very efficient butler," she clarified.

I immediately pulled my hand away from her hold.

"I don't...know...what you are saying, Auntie. I don't...I don't have feelings for that man," I answered with clear hesitation. *Why am I even hesitating anyway?*

She stared at me long and true which made me feel very awkward and uneasy.

"As you say so," she finally stated after releasing a disappointed sigh. But you know, as eccentric as she was, she easily changed from one sulky mood to the other that was jovial.

"Well then!" she exclaimed after clearing her throat. "See you tomorrow. I am pretty sure Lorde will persuade the doctors to discharge him right away. I bet he is eager to spend time with you."

"Yeah, see you, tomorrow Auntie," I said in finality, shoving her previous words about Eriol in the back of my head.

Seriously, why does she think that I have feelings for her butler? As far as I am concerned, he is just a butler to me and nothing more.

When I returned to the mansion, I still had my high spirits but the moment I stepped inside the foyer, I immediately felt awfully bad. I scanned the spaces; from the paintings, to the grand stairs, to the dining room door and the hallways; and then I suddenly found this palace-like abode terribly hollow. It doesn't seem as quite colorful and welcoming to me as before.

I dismissed the thought away and went on with my nightly routines for twenty minutes.

When I hit the bed, I stared at the ceiling with a smile before falling into a deep sleep.

I expected to have wonderful dreams because I just accepted Lorde's proposal, but that night, in my bed, I didn't have at least one.

I instead have my very first dream about a magnificent black-winged faceless angel saying goodbye to me.

Chapter 39 - Absolute Sacrifice

~ Andrea ~

Nearly two weeks had passed, yet I still have the same dream over and over again. No changes whatsoever. Just the same faceless angel saying goodbye to me and flying away from the porch outside my room. It had caused me weary mornings every day and it had my heart beating like it was being pulled out of my chest.

I really wanted to know what my dream meant and why do I keep on dreaming it. It was strange for me because I am not a fan of angels at all. Vampires, yes, but angels? No, not at all. So, it had me debating why on earth am I having a dream like this?

The only thing that kept me sane though was seeing Lorde's impressive blue sapphire engagement ring in my finger. It had encouraged me to shove the thoughts of sadness in my subconscious plane and start the day with a smile.

Lorde and I had been spending time together almost every day since he was discharged from the hospital; going to shopping districts, riding our horses, traveling to famous beaches in Luxembourg, visiting Madame Ivana's vineyard, go on hiking and zip-lining, and making out in the "Gemstone River" as what normal engaged couples do. Pretty much everything we could think of with its end almost submitting in our desire for each other.

I, however, had asked him to defer our consummation when the right time comes. Well, exactly one day from now that is.

Yes. I am getting married to my childhood sweetheart finally. Why in a hurry you might ask? That's because Lorde will return to Mexico a day after our wedding because of his company and he wants our honeymoon done there.

It was quite a pretty much understandable reason for me. It made me excited, yes, but it wasn't enough to make me forget there was still something inside of me that felt incomplete. I still can't sort out whatever it was that had been bothering my mind for almost two weeks.

Every once in a while too, Ralph comes to visit the mansion. Lorde had already taken a liking to him and has dubbed him as his 'brother' of some sort. They would share a coffee break in the gazebo garden or in another area of the house and talk for hours. They would sometimes go to the ranch too and basically just spend their time there talking.

I found Ralph's presence unsettling though. I can still sense his holiness and approachable aura, but I turned indifferent towards him. It felt as if he had done something bad to me in the past,

something close to unforgivable which by the way I think was kind of ridiculous since we had just been recently introduced and with that angelic face? *I don't think 'bad' stayed in his vocabulary.*

This day he did visit the mansion again and Lorde was more than eager to invite him in our lunch with Auntie Marcella.

"You did say you were returning back to your hometown right?" Lorde asked our guest who was halfway from finishing his meal. He sat on the Master chair. I was on his left while Auntie was beside me. Ralph was opposite my chair so I can clearly see his gorgeous blue-green eyes.

"Yes I am, but I needed to make sure everything is in place before I leave Luxembourg. This job of mine is beginning to get taxing on my part," he answered with great care after looking at me and Lorde.

"Taxing? You mean to say being in the security service?" my fiancé furthered, seemingly interested in the topic at hand.

"Yeah, being in security service," Ralph echoed and motioned to drink the glass of soda laid before him. "Especially that the one I am after is still MIA. I don't know where that *man* ran off to."

Lorde tsked and shook his head. "Huh, well that is pretty much a tiring job going after a very agile man."

If I understood correctly, they were talking about detective duties, but I had a feeling Ralph was hiding details from us.

"Hmm, it comes with some perks though, so I am not complaining that much," he said with a hint of twinkle as his eyes briefly diverted towards the ceiling.

"Hahaha, that's good to know," Lorde stated, easily letting go of the subject. "So maybe you can join our wedding the day after tomorrow? You might find some lass there that would capture your heart."

I saw Ralph shift uncomfortably in his seat after hearing Lorde's words.

"Ah, no, no," he said, shaking his head, "I am not in that kind of relationship at all. It is basically...*prohibited* in my line of work. But, yes, I would be glad to attend your wedding."

"Well, that's good to hear," Lorde replied happily and looked at me with warmth.

"Seems like it is going to be a *full house* in the church Love," he said and touched my hand with the engagement ring on.

I gave him a serene smile and traveled my eyes from my Auntie to Ralph, and then back to him saying, "It so seems."

My heartbeat moved a little higher when I saw the love in Lorde's eyes. It made me think that two days from now, this man - this handsome, caring of a man - would become my husband and we would be tied forever.

He had always been the only man I wanted to be with. All memories with him had been my treasure, my happiness.

But for some reason, I couldn't fathom why. My happiness was supposed to be endless with Lorde around, but why was it that whenever nightfall comes, here the dream beckons in my consciousness, battering me over and over nonstop, enveloping sadness in my heart again.

Media, Ancient Northwestern Iran

House of Raguel (Two days Before The Wedding)

~ Sarah ~

Does absolute sacrifice exist?

I do not know for sure, but those two words popped out of my head when I made a bargain with Raphael.

Yes. I made a bargain with an archangel.

This Being entered in my dream and told me everything that had happened, from the murder of my first husband down to the last. But, I am not surprised by this at all. I already knew that it was Aeshma who did it. Who else would be the culprit than a supernatural entity right? All deaths were unexplained. There were no clues as to whoever did the appalling deed.

I don't know that angels can kill a human, but I do believe that Fallen Angels can. And I had a great feeling that my love, *Aeshma*, was not an archangel anymore but a Fallen One. His black wings were obvious evidence.

I kept this secret inside myself though. I didn't share this knowledge with him as we shared our time together. I don't care anymore about the truth, of him being the murderer. All I cared about was that he was the reason why I am happy and free of pain now.

My neighbors may still see me as a murderer in their eyes, but I am not affected by their glares anymore. I am content having Aeshma with me. He loves me true, more than my previous husbands felt for me - no, I change that, these men can't even compare to my Fallen Angel even for a tiny bit.

As my dream ensued, I continued on listening to whatever Raphael has to say. It was just a dream in the first place; I couldn't do more than that and crying, but then he gave me a chance to converse with him and that's where my bargain happened.

"Sarah, a love like yours is unique, but it is forbidden. It would never bring forth happiness," Raphael stated, sense and reason clear in his echoing voice. He was hovering above me. I was sitting in my bed, or at least what looked like my bed in the dream plane. His stretched wings were brightly glowing, his long golden hair floating delicately. "It would only give both of you *despair*. You are destined for Tobias and that you should be with him - a human - and not a supernatural entity."

My heart felt a deeply-seated ache. More tears streamed down my eyes then. *How can a love so true only end up in despair?* I couldn't understand it at all.

But with his words, I realized one thing. *Sacrifice*.

"If that is so, then let me sacrifice my love for him! Raphael, I do not want Aeshma to suffer! He doesn't deserve a broken heart. I want his curse as a Fallen Angel to be lifted. I want that he would be at peace, to be holy, and to become an archangel once again!"

"If I accept your sacrifice would you give yourself fully to your destined man?" he asked and I meekly nodded, closing my eyes so to stop my tears from running.

"I...I would, for my dear Aeshma," I softly answered in finality.

I know it would be a painful sacrifice, but it would all be worth it. I would be relieved to know that he would be an angel again, free of the pain and despair because of our forbidden love.

"Good. So tomorrow you reject him. He will only leave you if you yourself cut your ties with him. Don't show any mercy, Sarah. Don't show the slightest hesitation. Lie if you must just so he would leave without a thought."

"But that is too *painful* for me to do!" I complained in sobs.

The archangel didn't look bothered by my show of agony though. He kept a stern eye on me and stated, "That is what it should be Sarah. That is what it should be."

A bright light surrounded my dream plane, I expected that this was Raphael's way of saying goodbye to me.

When it dispersed, I found myself back in my real bedroom, but my eyes were very wet with tears. I watched the early sunrise as it peeked slowly on my window, but it didn't soothe me at all. My heart just felt like it was about to explode, *really* explode, knowing that this bad fateful day would be embedded in my life forever.

"Sarah... Dear Heart...please let me hold you," Aeshma stated tenderly. He approached me closer, but I was acting like I was averse to him.

His face extremely looked depressed. We had battled words after words for the past minutes with me trying to push him away while he asked for my forgiveness. But just as Raphael said, I shouldn't show the slightest hint of mercy and hesitation.

"Don't come any closer!" I yelled with all of my heart to make it more believable, but God, I really wanted to be held by Aeshma's arms right now. So much... *So so much...*

"Don't you dare touch me with your bloodied hands! You are supposed to be my guardian angel, not the bringer of pain!" I added with all of my might. I hope this gets him backpedaling away from me, but his eyes showed hurt more.

My God. I really love him. It really breaks my heart to see him like this, but I must do it!

"Aeshma... I love-" I choked. I have to tell him my true feelings, but I have to reject him too. "I love you..." *So much! So much!* "...but it is over... we are over."

My voice weakened as tears continued to break from my lids. "I have Tobias who loves me true. Please leave me, Aeshma. Leave me be..."

And with that, I turned to face the cold wall. If I continued to look at him, my resolve would soften and I might fling myself in his warm embrace.

"I am the one who loves you true."

That's the last thing I heard from him before silence took over the whole room.

I heaved, trying to catch air in my already battered lungs.

My love... my Fallen Angel... I will never see him again.

I couldn't bear it anymore so I finally broke down and dragged myself down the floor, crying all of my heart out.

God. If this is right, then please let me bury this pain forever!

Present Day

Winner Mansion

~ Andrea ~

I woke up with a heavy feeling, a *very* heavy feeling not only in my heart but also in my eyes. My beating muscle felt like it was being torn apart while my eyes felt very puffy. My pillow, I found, was soaked with my tears and that gave me a clue that I had been crying continuously while sleeping.

“Aeshma...” I uttered softly as I recollected all of the details in my dream, but oddly enough, that name was the only thing that I could remember. I don’t think that it was just a dream though. I greatly believe that it was part of my past if reincarnations were real.

Strangely too, I didn’t dream of the dark-winged angel this time which kind of relieved me a bit. At least it would mean that I have moved on with that dream? Hopefully, I am though, for I definitely can’t handle another goodbye from the faceless angel again.

I propped myself up and did some deep breathing exercises to calm myself and to chase the feelings of sadness away. Cold cucumbers would do wonders on my puffy eyes so I should ask my Auntie some later. This would be imperative because I certainly want to look like a blooming bride-to-be in my bridal shower.

Yep. I have one. Courtesy of my Auntie Marcella of course. Everything was already set-up for tonight, including my guests straight from Wisconsin - my mother with her second husband; a few of my girlfriends here in Luxembourg which are Auntie’s neighbor’s daughters, Raver and Clara, and of course Madame’s Trina, Amarra and Ivana.

Lorde, respectively, has a stag party to be held later too. I don’t know where that was located, but I have great faith that my groom-to-be wouldn’t go *all the way*. He had Ralph invited too and a couple of his friends and business partners.

My mother and step-dad apparently will arrive before lunch in the mansion, so I have a lot of time to prepare myself and make these puffy eyes go away.

“Aeshma...” I uttered again after the last of my deep breathing. I hope to find out about this name soon, maybe try and Google it if I have vacant time, to see if I could yield some results. But right now, I have to do my routine morning care first.

“I have never thought your vacation here would end up in a wedding ceremony Andrea!” my mother exclaimed as soon as our pleasantries were done.

Together beside me in the foyer were Lorde and Auntie Marcella who were beaming with smiles too.

Lorde hooked an arm around my waist and held me close to his side.

"You know Tia Darlene, I can't just let this beautiful daughter of yours go," he remarked, giving me a mischievous grin at the same time. I rolled my eyes heavenward and shyly bent my head thereafter.

"Oh, you two are good together! I am pretty much excited about the wedding ceremony tomorrow!" she announced, throwing a pleased smile on our way.

I had to hold my breath briefly though. "Ma, you forgot, I still need to survive Auntie Marcella's infamous bridal shower remember?" I reminded her consequently.

"Why? What's wrong with my plan?" Auntie immediately butted in, eyes confused and brows highly raised.

"Oh, nothing Marcella. It just reminded us of the many parties that you have created that was a bit too extravagant," mother answered straight away while hooking an arm on her husband, Uncle Marlowe's elbow. My mom and I exchanged furtive glances then and hid a grin.

"I see. Well, I don't think my parties are extravagant at all. I would prefer to call them top-of-the-line!" Auntie replied, raising her hands and shaking it like a Mexican woman full of bangles in her wrist. Her eyes beamed more and this made my mother wink at me and mouthing, 'good luck.'

Huh! I guess I really should expect a bridal shower that is top-of-the-line in the end.

We all had lunch together in a high-class restaurant in the bustling main city of Luxembourg. Our conversations were almost continuous with all of those present wanting to share their views and suggestions on our wedding tomorrow.

Auntie caught my attention and she pointed to me where the bridal shower would be held later tonight. It was apparently across the street in a high-end penthouse hotel called The Estrata.

Weird now, but the name of the hotel does sound very familiar to me; even the look of the hotel's last five floors somehow seemed very distinguishable.

I am not a believer of a phenomenon people call *déjà vu*, but that was exactly what I felt while looking at the top floors of the hotel through the glass window of the restaurant we were in.

I didn't understand but somehow, the feeling of sadness I had buried in my subconscious plane wanted to resurface back.

"Are you okay?" Lorde asked, looking at me with worried eyes. He must have noticed my brief discomfort then.

"Yeah, I am good," I said with a smile, pushing the feeling under my skin successfully.

"It's probably just wedding jitters, Love," he suggested and I had to ask myself, could it be that this was just it?

Were my black-winged angel dream and my latest dream last night present because of my anxious state? I hoped that it was the case because I seriously can't handle these two questions playing inside my head:

Is my sanity still up for discussion? Or are these dreams telling me something?

Chapter 40 - Just A Glimpse of You

~ Andrea ~

I had my white cocktail dress on. It had a sweetheart neckline with a flowy skirt that reached on the knees. A red ribbon was tied elegantly around my waist for additional sophistication and as what my mom said, a tradition, and in order to distinguish me from all the other ladies in the room. I am the bride-to-be of course, so it was my night.

Together with me as I stepped inside the second-floor function room were my mother and my step-dad. Auntie Marcella arrived earlier in order to make sure that the preparations were going according to her 'top-of-the-line' plan.

When we examined the place, it was really of that magnitude. Rows and rows of white rose bouquets were seen in the entrance and corridor going to the specific bridal party room. Then, inside the room itself, there were numerous white vases full of white roses and Dancing Lady orchids. White balloons covered the whole ceiling except the huge crystal chandelier of the hotel. In the center of the spacious room was an elevated platform that was decorated with my name in bejeweled letters and a huge gold ring in the background. Vines covered the backdrop of the platform making it very refreshing to look at. A gilded Victorian chair was placed in the center of the platform and I have a feeling that it was intended for me.

"So, how do you like the decorations, Andi dear?" Auntie Marcella asked as she approached us, smiling from ear to ear.

I hugged her immediately and said, "I like it, Auntie. Thank you for this."

She held me tightly and patted my back. "You're welcome, dear. It is my pleasure and happiness to do this."

Afterward, we made our way into the platform, taking pictures and chatting briefly with my guests along the way, and as soon as I sat on the gilded chair, the bridal party immediately began.

It was basically a very fun night for me. There wasn't a time that I felt bored or unattended at all. The bridal games were very enjoyable and even the lap dances of the invited hunks were uhmm... yeah, hot-to-the-core. My mother and Auntie's friends were even fanning their hands out of excitement.

I had to pull myself outside the room in the end just so I could have a breather with all of the hoopla going on.

Choosing to rest in a small balcony of the second floor corridor was a good choice for me. I leaned on the railing and stared at the well-kept garden outside the hotel.

It was pretty much a beautiful night. The air was cold and clean, and the overall aura of the balcony was very welcoming.

Well, at least that's what I felt before a man's voice suddenly broke from behind me.

"Excuse me, Miss, is this red ribbon yours?" he asked.

I blinked many times and quickly turned around after seeing and realizing that my red ribbon was gone.

"Oh yeah, yes!" I exclaimed, immediately taking the ribbon from the man's hand without even looking at him. "Goodness! How did this ribbon fell off my waist?" I muttered while hastily tying it around my waist again.

After I was done, I returned my attention back to the man, and instantly as our eyes met, so did a tingling feeling run down my spine. I blushed then.

Really blushed.

Weird now. He seems very, very familiar to me. Where have I actually seen this man?

I shook my head slightly and tried to compose myself better. "Well, uhm, thank you for noticing this ribbon on the floor Mister..."

"Asmodeus..." he promptly informed in a smooth voice.

I don't know if it was right of me to feel this way the night before my wedding, but I really do feel dazzled by this man in front of me. He wore a chic white button-down shirt and black slim-fit jeans. He looked like a customer or a resident of this penthouse hotel judging from the casual clothing he modeled.

Clearing my throat, I quickly corrected, "Yeah, uhm Mr. Asmodeus." The name sounded foreign in my ears, but I found it very easy to speak with my tongue however weird his name was.

"No problem," he said, smiling. He stared at me with devotion and I could feel my heart beating abnormally then. Those brown-green orbs of his evoked too much nostalgia for my taste.

"I am happy that I am able to help you dodge your mother's sermon," he added.

"Excuse me?" I blinked twice and questioned in confusion.

He didn't seem offended though.

"Ah, I just assumed that your mother gave the ribbon to you. You know as the myth goes, brides are supposed to wear one in their white dress."

I chuckled lightly with his account. "Oh, yeah, that kind of myth doesn't fade on any bridal showers at all."

He stepped inside the balcony and leaned against the railing exactly as I did earlier.

"You are oddly alone in this part of the hotel. Shouldn't you be inside the room?" he remarked, looking at me with no expression this time. I felt a brief cold chill then. It must probably be because of the cold air I hope.

"Hmm, nah, they wouldn't miss me there," I replied, shrugging my shoulders. "Those hunks would occupy their attention for now. And besides, I need a break on the noise created by their excited shouts."

He chuckled this time, and I found it very damn sexy and enticing. "You are funny, An...dre...ahh," he said with ease.

I immediately straightened as I heard my name. "You know my name?"

He straightened himself too and faced me, eye to eye.

"It is...written in the program sheet," he answered curtly, and then he pointed to an overly-decorated frame standing beside the entrance door with my name in bold letters.

"Oh, huh! Would you look at that? It is almost as if Aunt Marcella is trying to advertise my name," I remarked, shaking my head while thinking about Auntie.

"Andrea, can I ask you a question?" Asmodeus suddenly asked, catching my attention back.

"Sure? What is it?" I replied. I don't know why, but I felt instantly calm being with this beguiling stranger. I didn't think that any harm would befall on me if I continue talking with him, so I encouraged.

His expression went very serious when he asked, "Would you? Would you forgive a man that has hurt you?"

I raised my brows immediately. His question really did surprise me. I wonder what was bothering him so much that he had to ask a complete stranger such as myself this. Maybe he was in some kind of love quarrel or a misunderstanding with his girlfriend or lover?

I paused for a moment and kept my gaze on the floor to properly generate an answer.

"Mhhmm, probably it depends on the situation," I answered initially. I stared back on his probing eyes and I swear I saw a quick show of sadness in it.

"If he has physically mistreated me, then it would likely leave a scar not only in my skin but also in my heart. It would make it hard for me to forgive him." I stared at the garden below again and smiled to myself. "I guess that's the only definition I know of the word 'hurt' - basically a physical beating complete with bruises and all, but there are other situations too that would drive a man to hurt a woman, but in the end, everybody has a chance to be heard with their reasons and be forgiven right?"

I didn't miss out his surprised reaction.

"Yes, I guess...so," he replied after showing a serene face.

"Have I answered your question properly Mr. Asmodeus?" I asked, stepping back away.

"Yes," he curtly stated.

"Then that makes us even," I said with a smug smile. "Uhhh, well, I probably should get going. I think my guests are missing me by now."

I slowly exited the balcony, but not before looking back at him and saying, "Thank you, for finding my ribbon again."

He didn't reply, but he did give me a warm expressive smile.

I don't know what to say after that. My heart just leaped and I felt that a part of me was taken away; the big beating part of me.

I touched my chest by the time I entered the room and I felt the impulse of sadness making itself known once again. And this time, it actually remained in me until I returned to the mansion and covered myself under the bed blanket.

That night, I had another dream, a new dream and it was me making love with the faceless dark-winged angel here exactly in my bed.

Wedding day.

That's what my mind stressed the moment I opened my very groggy eyes. I guess this was one of the aftereffects of drinking wine in my bridal shower last night.

I haven't seen Lorde since last night, but for some reason, I didn't mind at all.

What occupied my thoughts immediately was the man I met in the balcony. *What was his name again? Ah yes...*

"Asmodeus..." I gently uttered and I found speaking his name made my heart skip a big beat.

But goodness! I can't fantasize about another man right now! Especially since I'll be married today! I had already entertained a very sexual dream last night - which was quite improper - so it would be only rightful I should clear my thoughts and think of nothing but my groom.

Suddenly, my bedroom door burst out open and in came my mother and Aunt Marcella with a very big white box. I have a feeling this was the designer wedding gown that was sewn based on my specific body measurements. Auntie had called for the designer a week ago in order to take in my measurements inside my room. She was the one most excited that time, but now there were two of them in front of me, showing white, perfectly glossed teeth.

"You will have your hair and make-up in an hour from now so you better stand up there, Andrea," my mom informed, pulling the bedsheet away from me.

"And after that, it's time to wear your wed-ding gooown!" Auntie sang out, awfully in an exaggerated tune.

I laughed slightly as I stood up. "Really guys, you are more excited than I am."

My mother sat on the edge of the bed and quickly remarked, "Of course we are Andrea! At least we could finally reminisce ourselves walking in the church altar while looking at you!"

I placed my arms akimbo and raised an eyebrow. "So your excitement is purely out of personal reasons huh?"

She quickly shook her head and went to stand up, eyes stern to reprimand. "And yours too, so go take your shower right now!"

This got me suppressing a laugh immediately.

"Yeah, yeah I will," I answered with a turn-away smile as I headed quickly to the bathroom

After three hours of preparing myself, I watched my reflection in front of the full-length mirror. My mother and Auntie had left me alone for a minute as what I had requested, wanting a moment's peace.

This is it. This is really it! I am going to be wedded to my childhood sweetheart at last.

As my mother said, I looked beautiful with the Swarovski crystal-sewn gown. There were lace and lace everywhere as far as my eyes could see. It had a plunging neckline but just enough to show modesty inside the church. It had long lace sleeves and the trail was roughly three meters long. I was glad that I requested it; otherwise, it would give me a hard time walking along the hallway and the aisle of the church.

My hair was tied delicately with flower diamond hair clips, small soft tendrils of it fell on my back and shoulder. A diamond necklace was set in my slim neck too; the centerpiece of it matched my blue sapphire engagement ring.

This last examination of myself had me almost teary-eyed, but I willed my tears back so that the make-up wouldn't smudge.

I watched the wall clock and it read thirty minutes past ten in the morning. Time to walk to my future then.

The weather was a little bit windy and cloudy when I stepped out of the foyer. There was still sunlight present, but what little left of it would probably be blocked soon. I hope that it would be after the wedding though because it wouldn't be great for the guests and for me and Lorde to walk out of the church with heavy raindrops welcoming us.

My mother and Uncle Marlowe were already waiting for me in the entrance door. They were all smiles on my way and I to them. She was holding a bouquet of white roses and she immediately handed it to me when I approached them.

I hugged her and said thanks, and in return, she hugged me back. I could sense that she was trying her hardest to hold back her tears. Mothers always get emotional on their daughter's wedding day and my mother was no exception.

"Andrea, you are so beautiful. Lorde is such a very lucky man," she told me as we looked eye to eye.

"Mom, thank you," I answered, squeezing her hand.

Uncle Marlowe cleared his throat and held up what looked like a letter in between us. I gave them a confused look and drew my attention to the letter.

"I would have wanted to give you this after the wedding, but it is the family's tradition to give this good luck charm message before an Anthoni woman gets married," she stated, taking the letter from her husband and handed it to me.

I took it right away and I would have opened it right then and there, but my mother stopped me.

"Open it when you are inside the car, Andrea. Your groom is already waiting for you," she said with a smile.

"Thank you, Mom," I stated and gave her a big hug.

She adjusted my diamond necklace into place and right after, pulled the bridal veil down to cover my face.

"There, you are ready," she expressed with delight.

"Let me escort you to the limousine dear," Uncle Marlowe offered. I nodded and off we went to the impressive car's side door.

As a tradition, I am the only one that sat inside the wedding car. I had my bouquet in one hand and on the other, the letter that my parents gave me. As soon as the white limousine drove out of the Winner Mansion gate, I read its contents.

Andrea child.

I wish you luck in your married life. Always stay true to yourself and to your husband.

Protect your heart. Love and be loved. Care and be cared for.

Whoever man you choose, just make sure that he is really what your heart is shouting for.

I will support you all the way, Andrea.

Always and forever.

Your Mother,

Darlene

I tried to keep myself from crying. Her words really stung my heart so much.

I know that Lorde will care and love me, and I shall do the same to him. We will be husband and wife and we will cherish each other for the rest of our lives, but I have to ask myself again, for the last time... for the very last time as the car sped its way into the local church: *Would I be really happy with him then?*

Chapter 41 - Remembering You My Love

~ Andrea ~

Although I strongly held myself, after I read the letter, a drop of tear slowly escaped my eye. I immediately wiped it dry with my bare hands, but the driver of the limousine broke his silence and told me that a tissue paper can be located below my seat. I gave him a thank you nod and went to pull the tissue out of the hidden cabinet.

"You shouldn't be crying, Ms. Andrea. It is your big day today," he advised with a worried look shown in the front mirror's reflection.

I smiled meekly at him and said, "Yeah, I should probably stop these emotional thoughts now. I wouldn't want to look like a crying drag queen when we arrive at the church."

I pulled two more sheets of tissue and lightly dabbed it in my left eye. A light retouch would be what I would surely need when I get there.

"Oh, I tell you, Ms. Andrea, you are no drag queen," the driver spoke again with a jolly voice. "Mr. Winner is a very lucky man to have you for his wife!"

Oh. I think this is the second time I have heard this sentence. First, it was my mother and then him. Quite ironic isn't it?

"That is so kind of you to say that Sir Dean," I replied, giving him a warm smile this time.

Our eyes met in the reflection and we shared both an understanding of the situation.

"I am just speaking the truth, Ms. Andrea," he said and then chuckled. "Well, anyway, just one more turn around this road and we will be there on time. I believe your groom is very anxious now."

I diverted my eyes on the road and saw that we were indeed close to our destination. I could actually see the green and blue rooftop of the St. Michael's Parish Church; the church where Auntie Marcella and Uncle Michael were wedded.

"Thank you," I said and inhaled a deep breath to calm my sudden raised heartbeat.

My car ride turned out to be a little slower than before when we reached the front garden of the local church. *Or... was it only just my imagination?*

But as sure as the bouquet I held in my hands, the same goes to my nervousness. It just felt so real. I don't know if it was just *cold feet* but the feeling was so intense I seemed to take in deep breaths more than necessary.

I saw my entourage already lined up outside the entrance door. My bridesmaids wore royal blue and crimson gowns. They were my closest girlfriends here in Luxembourg. Clara was included in the batch, who looked ever more stunning as I had remembered her to be. The groomsmen were mine and Lorde's male mutual friends. Raver was with them too who was partnered up with none other than his girlfriend of course.

I saw a cute boy as the ring bearer, standing in the front of the line. Lorde told me days ago that the boy was one of his business associate's youngest son. There were five flower girls in line too and they were some of Auntie Marcella's friend's young nieces.

Everything was perfectly in order as what I can see from the car's tinted window. However, what caught my eyes and drew my attention stronger than the beautiful awaiting entourage was one that instantly choked my breathing.

It was the statue of the Archangel Michael, lifting a sword high in his hand, and a demon lying on the ground. This was basically the depiction of the last fight between good and evil, wherein the Archangel Michael won.

As soon as the word *archangel* and *demon* lingered in my head, I blanked out. I felt a sudden jolt of headache radiating from the occipital area up to my forehead. It was so intense that I had to cringe in pain.

I don't know why it was a trigger, but just looking at the statue alone, a million flashbacks of memories came surging continuously in my mind - from my past, down to my present. From me being *Sarah*, and the woman that I am now.

So my dream the other night wasn't just a dream, in the end, it was truly a memory of my past life. If it was fate for me to remember, then I am happy that I have. At least now I know what I feel exactly towards the two men in my life.

I felt my heart radiate a deep ache in my chest. I don't know if I was having a cardiac arrest, but it sure seems to feel that way.

Dropping the bouquet and clutching my chest with both of my hands, I immediately leaned on the window and tears continuously streamed down my eyes. I don't care now if my make-up gets all smudged because hell, there won't be any marriage ceremony taking place.

"Sir Dean, take me back to the mansion now," I requested in sobs to the driver.

"Pardon Ms. Andrea?" he instantly asked turning his face towards me while appearing very confused and surprised.

"Take me back now. To the Winner Mansion. Please."

"But your-your wedding Ms. Andrea?" he asked, hesitant to follow my instructions.

"There will be no wedding," I stated and cried softly, closing my eyes and letting the tears fall harder. "Now step on that pedal Sir, please..."

"Ye-yes, Ms. Andrea. As you say so," he confirmed and faced the wheel.

The car sped out of the church garden and into the street. I dared not make a backward glance on the holy building or my entourage who was still oblivious of my change of plans. I have a feeling that if I did so, I would feel guilty and bad that I just made a fool out of Lorde and my family.

I couldn't undergo this wedding process, not now that everything was revealed. The emptiness in my heart had been lifted finally. I am not lost anymore.

Now that I remember me and Aeshma's past, and me and Eriol in our present together, everything that had happened made complete sense.

Yes. Eriol. Him... My bastard demon prince!

The nerve of him! Leaving me so suddenly and erasing my memories!

I remembered our tryst that day when he stole me away from the gazebo garden and how I cried in the end. I remember how he coerced me into doing something sinful and fucking me like I am just a casual fling. No tenderness. No warmth.

I felt the anger seethe inside me, but then I saw his penitent, guilt-ridden face. He was sincerely remorseful of what he had just done to me and that immediately washed my anger away. I couldn't in my heart hate him forever.

When we arrived in the mansion, I hastily returned to my room and tore off the wedding gown out of my body and changed into a dress that my hands just hurriedly took out of my wardrobe: a yellow sundress.

The whole time I changed, I thought of what I had to do. My mind suggested that I should go to the penthouse hotel where Eriol's suite was located. Auntie Marcella had already fired him as per Lorde's order weeks ago, so I expected he wouldn't be around in the mansion at all.

I seriously need to talk to him. I wanted to berate him, sermon him, or any other way just so I could express my disappointment. *The bastard!* He had the gall to show himself to me last night in

my bridal shower and he had me thinking that he was just an insignificant stranger. He had the audacity to say goodbye to me in my dream and yet he didn't do it in my front!

I took my phone from the vanity mirror and texted my mother about my decision and where I was. At least, this way, I wouldn't be able to give her a heart attack. I didn't wait for her to reply. I just left the phone and off I went out of my bedroom.

As soon as I flung the main door though, a man greeted me in the front with a very disappointed face. This man however was exactly who I wanted to see; the perfect entity to displace my anger.

"Ra-pha-el," I uttered, my voice acidic.

Yes. I remembered this angel from way way back. Judging from Eriol's demon form now, my bargain with this holy supernatural didn't go through according to our terms.

"Andrea... *Sarah*... you remember me now?" he asked crisply, lifting a brow higher. He wore a dashing tuxedo, probably waiting inside the church with all the other guests, but decided to sneak out after noticing my unusual *absence without leave*.

If he was here now, then I would expect Lorde would arrive soon. I already have an inkling that my childhood sweetheart was the reincarnation of my past husband, Tobias. *I guess history repeats itself huh?*

"I wish it is possible for me to forget that golden face of yours. Though you have a shorter hair this time, you still look like the angel I once saw in my dream. My memory of you didn't change."

I eyed the now small portal for my exit, but I knew that my escape would be futile when this archangel was already doing his best on blocking me. I won't, however, just give up. I will find an opening sooner or later and he will let me out whether he likes it or not.

"You seem to be lost, Andrea. Aren't you supposed to be in church now?" he asked, putting up an air of authority. His arms were crossed on his chest and he stood with an intimidating glare. I refuse to be affected then.

"Are you blackmailing me again, Raphael?" I asked, straight-to-the-point. I have no fucking extra time now. I badly need to go to Eriol's penthouse before Lorde comes.

"I am just guiding you Andrea. Marrying Lorde is what Destiny has written," he reasoned.

"Ahhh... so you are using the Destiny thing again," I mocked. "Exactly like how you told me before, with Tobias."

As I said, I am no damsel-in-distress. With my new-found past memories, I have a better view of life now, especially the life concerning my future. No amount of divine intervention would persuade me into doing something I do not want to do.

"To remind you, Raphael, you didn't keep our bargain in the first place. I thought I pleaded Aeshma's case to you. You gave your word!"

"And I kept my word!" he immediately butted in. "However, the darkness enveloping Aeshma that time is too strong for my power to break. He has already accepted the baptism of the Adversary willingly and he could *never* be accepted as an angel again because of that. It is not my fault why the bargain wasn't met in my end."

My brows furrowed as I gave him a look of disgust. "What kind of an archangel are you then?"

"I care for your future, Andrea. And Lorde's too. You do not belong to Aeshma in that timeline or in this. Go back to the church and continue with the wedding!"

Finally fed up with his bullheadedness, I gathered myself and darted off to the available opening, but he immediately spread his white wings and covered the entire frame of the door.

"You can't do that!" he stressed.

I pushed his chest in reaction, but he didn't so much as move an inch.

Flushed and angry, and feeling hopeless, my eyes started to water again. I do not want to look frail now. I don't want to be powerless, but remembering how I rejected Aeshma in the past, it opened up the great scar around my heart.

"Then tell me why?" I voiced out, putting a hand in my chest. "You can't possibly order me again to reject Eriol! It has taken a toll on me in the past! You don't know how much I have suffered!"

His jaw pressed into a hard line. I had to step further away for caution. Angels couldn't harm humans, but they can choose to be a Fallen Angel whenever they like it.

"Demons don't know love, Andrea. Angels, Fallen Angels, Demons, and any other entities, we aren't worthy of a human's love. That is how the Cosmos made us."

I lifted my chin in an act of defiance. "If there is no exception, then to hell with it," I said and attempted to exit the room again.

His wings, in response, spread wider and he glowed like a natural angel would.

I stopped, giving him a cold, wet-eyed glare.

"I won't let you go, Andrea. I have already exhausted all of my effort in this mission," he said sternly. "I have shown myself to humans which is against the rules of the Heavenly Realm. I have used my powers to tweak Lorde's memory in the gazebo garden and gave him a new one with car blasts and you running away. I have done everything I could so that everything is according to plan. I definitely can't lose now."

"You are a sick angel," I declared, clenching my teeth. "You can't expect me to walk down the aisle willingly! I care for Lorde, true, but I don't love him enough to sacrifice myself and my happiness!"

"You will be happy once you tie the knot with him," he immediately corrected. "The destiny strings power will heal you just like before."

By those words, I instantly remembered how it felt when I finally gave myself up during my marriage consummation with Tobias. I felt a warm light inside my body that time and it glowed brighter as it erased all of my worries and my love for Aeshma away. This must be what he was talking about.

But even so, to hell with destiny strings and whatnot. I have abandoned my Fallen Angel at that time, but in this timeline, I will not do it.

~ Eriol ~

I stood on the bell tower of the church, waiting for the bridal car to arrive. I had already resigned myself into a life without my Dear Heart. I had already tossed myself in a life full of regret and pain.

I love her with all of my heart, but I know that she will never be happy with me when I am a demon. I am a monster, a beast. I have promised myself not to harm her, not to cause her pain, but it seemed this nature of mine overrules that. I did the opposite, unable to control my darkened lust, and I deeply regretted that. Regretted it so much...

I don't wish to stay with her if my jealousy remains uncontrolled. I am a demon unfortunately and this dark emotion will always be present and ever so potent, so I already expected that I would never have her by my side again. No. I can't drag her in my darkness. I can't put her in an agonizing pain again.

I thought, better be me suffering than her, who deserves a lot more life than I am. And that life includes Lorde with her side. I had accepted that fact although it was very hard for me. He was her destined man in the first place, so they would be happy together.

For the final time, I was able to talk to her last night. I almost couldn't contain myself when we were so close to the balcony. I almost embraced her that time but luckily, I was able to stop the urge. She looked so blooming last night; so beautiful, so full of love, and I was happy that I made the right decision to erase my memories of her. I don't want to bring her despair if I let my memories inside her ran wild. I don't want her to remember too, the appalling thing that I had done.

Yes. It is better this way. Her life without me.

Now, as the clock ticked by, I noticed that the entourage got more and more anxious. I heard their thoughts complaining that the bride was already late. Apparently, twenty minutes of the supposed wedding time had already passed and yet, she still hasn't arrived.

Realization immediately hit me and I quickly teleported myself back in the Winner Mansion, specifically in Andrea's bedroom.

I would have planned on making myself invisible, but as soon as I arrived there, I found my Dear Heart talking to the least entity that I expected.

Shit. Raphael.

What is he trying to do now? And Andrea? Why isn't she wearing her wedding gown?

"You are a sick angel," I heard her say, and that immediately gave me a clue that they were arguing. "You can't expect me to walk down the aisle willingly! I care for Lorde, true, but I don't love him enough to sacrifice myself and my happiness!"

My rotten heart briefly stopped beating. Was I really hearing her words right? Did she just cancel the wedding? Why? *Why?* I really wanted to know.

"You will be happy once you tie the knot with him. The destiny strings power will heal you just like before," Raphael stated which made me furious.

So that was the reason for the bright light at that time. The light of truth so to say. It wasn't Sarah's light, but the light of the destiny strings mending her broken heart and tying their strings together.

Raphael noticed my presence as I stood a couple of feet behind Andrea. His human eyes rested on me gravely that she had to turn around too, no doubt curious.

I heard her gasp then. It seemed she didn't expect me to come here at all.

"Eriol..." she cried forth softly when our eyes met.

"Andrea..." I uttered tenderly, hoping it wasn't as pleading as it sounds. *But oh Cronus! I really wanted to hold her now and shower her with kisses!*

Chapter 42 - Undying Adoration

~ Eriol ~

We didn't smile or frown. We just stared at each other speechless.

She slowly approached me, Raphael giving her the freedom, and I really thought I would be embraced then but she suddenly slapped me. Palm to my right cheek. Hard. I was surprised.

"That's for leaving me without a word," she stated with bitterness.

And then she slapped me again on the opposite side.

"And that's for erasing my memories!"

I touched the sore spot of my cheeks and grinned at her remark. I surely deserve this kind of treatment so I accept it with arms wide open. It seemed that she had finally remembered her memories from the past to the present. On what specific part of those, that I don't know, but I wanted to. Yes, I really wanted to. However, I didn't dare read her mind again. That's one privacy I had learned to adjust even if it was hard for me.

"You bastard! Demon or not you have no damn right to do that to me! You have no damn right to play with my heart and leave me suddenly!" she stated, eyes fuming with acute rage that I can easily douse with a kiss. I wanted to kiss her right now, but I held back in the end when I remembered my weighty mistakes.

I gave her a sad look and started to speak, "I don't want to cause you pain again Andrea. I did an appalling thing to you remember?"

But she was exasperated instantly.

"And you think that I wouldn't forgive you? Why? Are you not repentant of your mistake? Are demons too *high* and *mighty* to accept their wrong?!"

"Andrea..." I softly spoke, attempting to make her see sense, but she continued bombarding me anyway.

"Eriol..." she called out with sudden gentle eyes, something I have missed for far too long.

"Whatever you *did*, whatever you *are*, it won't change the fact that I. LOVE. YOU."

Her voice may have been shaky, but I heard it correctly. And that was it. That made me float towards heaven again. I basked myself on the feeling, happy that she had finally said those words;

those lovely, reassuring words. I would have been a contented, overjoyed demon right then and there but my insecurities pulled me to Earth again.

"Andrea, all I can give you is pain." Sore was my heart when I told her that.

She flung her hand in the air and placed it directly into her chest. I happen to see the beginnings of tears then. *Damn, I had made her cry again.*

"And you...are...already giving me *pain* by leaving, Eriol. Please, stop doing this to me."

I peeled my eyes away from her, into the floor, and clenched my teeth. "Demons...don't deserve love," said I with bitterness.

These were Raphael's words, but even I couldn't agree more that demons indeed don't deserve love. I learned and accepted that truth the hardest way.

"Yet, you're *here* Eriol! You're *here*! You love me then. You love me now! How can you explain that amidst you turning into a demon, you still refuse to let that emotion go?! You are not begging it from me. I am willingly giving it to *you! TO. YOU,*" she replied, voice weak and shaking.

I couldn't hold it any longer. I can't put up my aloof face and continue erecting my insensitive walls. Abandoning it and accepting our love would be the best promising thing to do.

My God. What have I done to deserve this kind of love from her? She has her destined man, but she chose.. she chose to be with me!

"Andrea..." I spoke and decided to close the space between us. She was so eager to accept my arms then, but mere inches away, the archangel's voice decidedly interrupted our heartfelt union.

"I believe I can't accept this development anymore."

I hissed and shot him a glare accompanied by a threatening voice, "Raphael, *please*, stay away from this!"

Fighting now was not what I have in mind. I want to focus on Andrea, but it sure looked like Raphael was still persistent in keeping us apart.

"I'm sorry *old friend*, but I will have to bind you," he stated and entered the room, his wide wings tucking in for a brief moment. "I can't let you go on breaking a human's destiny."

And with that, a sudden beam of light appeared on the floor I stood and a neon yellow circle emerged with letter symbols and shapes that was Raphael's solid proof of a Binding Spell. I cursed under my breath and quickly darted my gaze on my Dear Heart in alarm.

"Andrea! Stay back!" I shouted. I wanted to counter a spell of my own to disintegrate the circle, but I remembered how the effect of it affected Lorde and her in the gazebo. With Andrea standing very

vulnerable now, she might be thrown across the room and into the concrete wall if I do it. I can't have that. So in the end, I just decided to push her lightly away from the zone of the circle.

The spell gave out a wave of energy around me and I was immediately put down to my knees and caged in place. I know I wouldn't be able to escape now. This kind of imprisonment has zero chances of escape. I ground my teeth when a holy silver chain instantly materialized in my wrists and ankles. The feeling was very painful when it contacted my demon skin.

"Eriol!" Andrea cried out in a disconcerting manner and tried to step inside the energy wave.

"No! Stay back!" I quickly shouted. "If you come any closer your body will dissolve!"

"But I won't let you *die*!" Her weak voice came out raspy. The beginning river of tears earlier in her eyes quickly became a flood.

Die?

Odd way for her to say that, but I understood it because she doesn't exactly know what this wave of circle was.

"I won't die..." I corrected gently, but a thought crossed my mind that maybe dying would be preferable than being locked in the Second Circle of Hell forever without having to see her again.

I gave her a saddened expression and willed myself not to show enough so that her panic wouldn't increase.

"I will just be imprisoned in Hell Andrea. But my heart... my heart will always be with you. *I love you*. Please, please don't cry. I don't want to see you cry."

The chain stung again and radiated high-voltage electricity that I had to quickly wince. *I know... this would be the time that the chain drags me to my prison. I know... this would be the end.*

The painful electricity enveloped me. I felt it sear my nerve endings all over my body and my head. Most especially my head. It felt like it was being crushed with a paver finisher. Slowly. Very slowly.

Unable to take the torture and amidst the fact that I might scare Andrea, I grew my horns and black wings, hoping it would stop the ache, but it still continued. I tossed my head to the ground with a force that could break a human skull, hoping it would block the pain too, but still, nothing happened. Crimson blood immediately dripped out, but still, the electrical pain kept on pulsing and pulsing around my head.

Then, the pulling sensation started. First was my feet disappearing slowly, then my knees. I could hear Raphael still chanting the Binding Spell and not far away, Andrea's muffled sobs were clear in my ears.

Huh, I guess my raw demon appearance didn't frighten her.

Wanting to take one final glance of my Dear Heart, I raised my head up, but my eyes quickly widened when I saw her step inside the wave without any hesitation and knelt on the floor with me.

"No, Andrea!" my voice exploded. I tried to wriggle free from the chains, but still, I remain bound. *Dammit!*

Her arms were wide when she embraced me. I felt her warmth instantly then. She was smiling, happy that she was able to hold me, but her tears flowed continuously down.

"Eriol... *Aeshma...*" she whispered in my ear. "Bring me to hell with you. I don't want to lose you."

"No Andrea." I lightly shook my head in despair. "*Please*, don't do this Love."

I wanted to embrace her too, but the chain didn't give me this chance.

I am a demon. I don't cry, but my eyes started to water when I saw her skin showing signs of decomposing.

"Please! Please! Fuck! Release me, Andrea! You can still release me! Step of out of the circle now!"

"No. No..."

That was the last thing I heard from her when I felt my entire body spasm. There was a painful, *painful* tugging feeling all over my body: my insides, my joints, my blood vessels, my nerves, and my cells. I knew not what it meant, but I had felt this kind of pain before; exactly when I turned into a demon prince centuries ago.

Andrea's embrace loosened and to my horror, she fell to the ground, unconscious.

"Andrea!"

And then the wave of circle disappeared, along with all the pain inside me.

I hastily cast a questioning look at Raphael, who was as much surprised as I was.

"Wh-what just happe...ned?" I asked, feeling a little bit dizzy and exhausted.

He gave me a bitter look, almost like he was disappointed over something.

"You are unaffected by my Binding Spell anymore," he informed and then heaved a sigh. He approached me closer, but his eyes rested on Andrea. "Your sentence has been downgraded because you are no longer a demon. The Hell's Emperor has stripped you with your demon powers."

Stunned. I was definitely stunned.

"Wh-at?"

"You are a Fallen Angel again, Aeshma. Doomed to live on Earth just like a human."

I don't need for him to prove it though. A new kind of power coursing in my veins now was enough proof for that. It had a milder effect on me, definitely not the usual strong pull I felt when I was a demon, but I am easily accepting the change without a second thought.

Being a Fallen Angel again means a lot. This means a lot! And the one thing that I could immediately think of was Andrea and our future together.

But then my happiness turned premature when I saw her unconscious state again.

Oh, Cronus. God. Venus Star! She is...

NO!

I hastily gathered her in my arms, pressing my lips against her forehead, and hot tears quickly wetted her face.

"Andrea!" I howled with the sound of my voice beyond grief.

"If she wakes up," I heard Raphael cut in. "IF she ever wakes up, her destiny strings will no longer be tied to Lorde, but to you. That is...the Heavenly Realms decree. I can't unbind that anymore. I can't even meddle with it too."

He lightly scoffed and in the periphery of my vision, I saw him turn to the side ready to leave the room. "Apparently, they found your rotten heart worth saving for Aeshma. I hope...you are happy. Enjoy your sentence, *old friend*."

And with that, he vanished.

What wonderful news it was hearing that my Dear Heart will be forever bound to me. I am happy of course. So happy. But I can't celebrate just yet. I can't accept being a Fallen Angel and walk alongside humans when I know that Andrea wouldn't have the chance to live.

I looked at her in despair as signs of her soulless body were clearly visible. Her face was colorless and she wasn't breathing. Her eyes were closed and without any trace of tears. There was even not an expression on her face when I tried shaking her.

"Andrea..." I spoke feebly.

Patches of tiny torn flesh in her arms and chest were the remains of her decomposing state. I wished that Raphael had at least healed her before leaving. It was the damn archangel's fault in the first place why this happened.

He didn't exactly discontinue the Binding Spell once Andrea went inside the circle despite knowing the wave's effects in a human's body and soul. The body disintegrates into patches until all the muscles, fiber, and tissues were destroyed. The soul will be sent to a certain place directly - the place where all souls come to linger before entering the gates of Heaven. The Dasmás.

As a Fallen Angel, this will be the place where I can't travel aside from the Heavenly Realm. This fact alone had me panicking in fear of losing Andrea forever.

"Andrea... *please*, wake up," I requested, but it was to no avail.

I tried to elicit a response from her by kissing; molding my fevered ones with her cold, lifeless lips. It wasn't successful.

Damn Sleeping Beauty! Damn Walt Disney! You said by true love's kiss she would wake up. My love is true... more than true, but why isn't she waking up?!

I drew her closer to my chest and rocked slightly back and forth like I was soothing a baby from crying. However, this time, I am the one crying.

"Wake up my Dear Heart. Please... Wake up! This life is nothing without you, my Love. Please... wake up! I refuse to live if you are not here!"

Her limp form was heavy, but so was my aching heart. It was so heavy with the entire burden I had been collecting since I started loving her. I am willing to take all of these, however, as long as she will be with me. But now... I can't take it anymore.

I closed my eyes and continued pressing her face against my chest so she could hear my heartbeat wherever she was. Yes. Wherever she was, I hope that she had heard what I just said and made her decide to come back.

"I love you Andrea... since the beginning. And I would love you a million times more in this life and in the next. I promise to give you anything you want! I will be your butler again if you say so. Bring you to different places around the world. Cook you anything you want to eat. Give you body massages. Become your servant. Heck! Become Christian Grey if you want to! Just pleaaaaseee... please... open your eyes!"

And just like a miracle, I felt a warm palm against my wet cheek. I immediately withdrew and shot a worried look on her.

"An...drea..?"

My heart stopped beating momentarily.

God. She smiled and looked at me with awe in her eyes.

I don't know what happened and I probably don't want to find out how. Right now, I am just relieved to know that she came back to life.

"Hey..." she stated weakly, caressing my face again. "You are...copyrighting if you become Christian Grey. Just...be who you are will you? My Fallen Angel."

I broke out into a smile and kissed her forehead immediately. It seemed she still has the energy to make a joke even with her state. She doesn't even know how happy I am right now just to see her beautiful hazel eyes sparkling again.

"Andrea, Love. Stay with me?" I asked, trying to seal our contract.

She poked my forehead that had no trace of horns now and nodded gently.

"Of course I will."

I embraced her tightly then and we shared a kiss that would tie our destiny strings together...

Epilogue

~ Andrea ~

My chest was very heavy when I opened my eyes. It felt like I had been a victim of a stampede with my chest being stomped over and over again. It felt raw and utterly sore. But despite this, slowly, I straightened myself to sit.

Not having any idea where I was, I purposefully scanned the area to find any familiar landmarks. But, I could see none. Actually, I couldn't see anything at all except for the white clouds that surrounded me.

What? Am I actually in heaven?

"No, you are just in the realm where it is neither Heaven or Hell. Not in between, not beyond," a voice from behind me suddenly spoke.

I quickly stood up and turned around to find a very - *hmmm...what can I say* - a very pretty man wearing Greek men's clothing and standing a few feet away. The fabric's borders were adorned with gold and metallic blue embroidery. He had golden bands on his wrists and the same color of belt around his waist. Pretty much, all of him was eye-catching, especially his yellow-green eyes and his Legolas-inspired straight hair that was the shade of red.

His presence didn't give me any anxiety or a sense of fear. His unexpected company was even a welcome in this kind of empty place.

"I see," I answered calmly. "Why am I here? And who are you?"

"I am Michael, and this is the Dasma," he replied, pulling a perfect tight-lipped smile. He approached me closer, looking as if he was floating, and said, "Andrea, do you remember what happened to you?"

What happened to me? I echoed in my thoughts.

Blinking for a moment, my last memory with Eriol became clear in my head. *I was embracing him while he was chained in both hands, looking hopeless and fatigued, ready to be imprisoned in Hell.*

"Eriol!" I gasped and the feeling of panic spiked up inside me.

"Andrea, you are dead," he stated without warning. *Talk about dropping the bomb.*

"Wh-at?!"

"Your soul ended up here because the circumstance of your death was different than any other humans," he explained, acting unconcerned with my obvious stupefied state. Honestly, who wouldn't be surprised to hear that dreaded news?

"Your soul will not gain a chance to be reincarnated into the human world. You will be trapped here forever, locked in a time stand still, and without any closure with your past life. But, if you prove yourself worthy, you will have the chance to become an angel."

"An angel?" I echoed, my ears ringing up with the word.

"Yes," he replied without any hesitation.

I can't deny that it was a tempting offer. But, I don't need to prove myself worthy. I don't need to be an angel at all! My stupefaction was quickly replaced with anger and disappointment. I can't believe he just asked me that!

"Why would I want to be an angel? Eriol is still there!" I pointed my fingers downward thinking that Earth was below where I stood. "He is losing the battle, Michael. He is struggling to keep himself from being dragged to Hell! Why would I forsake him when I know that he needs me?!"

He gave me a smile again, but this time, I can sense that he was pleased with my answer.

"True," he said and then disappeared.

I was surprised. Odd of him to just disappear like that and leave me hanging with my distraught emotions. However, seconds later, I heard his voice linger in my ear.

Then go back to him. He is no longer a demon Andrea. He is a Fallen Angel again. Your Fallen Angel. Go back to him...

And with that, I heard Eriol's voice pleading me to open my eyes.

Andi,

Although it pains me to leave, I have to go. I understand your decision to back out from our wedding and I understand the reason why.

You love Eriol. It is clear to see. And he loves you deeply too. I can accept that.

I wanted to love you more than he does. I yearn for you by my side forever. But after yesterday, I realized I could never contend with a black-winged angel. (Don't worry, your secret is safe with me.)

Andi, may you be happy with your true love. I will be praying for your safety always.

Sincerely,

Lorde Axel

I folded the letter after reading its contents thoroughly.

So it seems Lorde saw me and Eriol in my bedroom huh? I guess it was inevitable anyway. Based on the information in this letter, he saw Eriol's true form; particularly his black wings.

Lorde was special in his own way, and I do love him as my childhood friend. He was right however when he said he can't contend with an angel. Seriously? Who would? This probably explains why he didn't press further on our wedding or even demand me the reason why I backed out.

But, I feel sad anyway that I wasn't able to give him a proper explanation. I do really want to talk to him face to face, but it seems he was quick to leave the Winner Mansion yesterday night back to Mexico and leave me with this letter. Auntie Marcella gave this to me early this morning, but I only had the courage to open the letter just this moment.

I am in Wisconsin now, heading to my apartment riding a cab after a grueling five-hour flight. My parents took a cab of their own and we parted our ways.

The cab ride was worth my time shedding tears to myself. Mixed inside me were emotions of sadness, joy, and love. A lot has happened to me during my vacation in Luxembourg. Each of the memories was worthy to be cherished. And yes, including those awkward moments that were most especially *Rated Rs*.

Never had I realized that I am born with a greater purpose. Never had I realized that I am born already loved by a man of my past, and now my future.

I don't regret going to the mansion at all. I am even thankful that Auntie had been very persuasive of me to visit her. If I had continued my volunteer work, Eriol would still be looking for me until now and also, I would still remain incomplete.

"This is the place Sir," I announced when I caught sight of my apartment building. I immediately wiped my tears dry and took a deep breath to adjust myself with the new surroundings.

"All right," he answered, then carefully parked the vehicle near the entrance glass double-door.

After paying my fare, I gathered all of my belongings. Sir Caleb, the building's main guard, opened the car door for me, while Tristan, a bellboy approached and helped me with my luggage.

"Good to see you back, Ms. Anthoni. An early good evening to you," Sir Caleb greeted with his signature warm smile; wrinkles in his forehead were readily seen. I always loved how he wears his guard uniform; filled with pride and courage.

"Welcome back Ms. Andrea," echoed Tristan thereafter.

"Hi! An early good evening too! I missed you Sir Caleb, Tristan," I said the moment I disembarked the car. I gave them a wide smile that matched their welcoming ones.

"You have a gift waiting for you at the front desk, Miss. It just came minutes before you arrived."

I raised a good brow at him, intrigued. "Really? What is it?"

He only smiled some more and said, "I think you should see it for yourself, Miss," and then gave me a wink.

Making a lopsided grin at him, I entered the building and advanced myself to the front desk with excited bubbles on my stomach.

I wonder what the gift is though. I certainly don't expect to receive anything right now.

"Welcome back Ms. Andrea," Sherry, the front desk officer, greeted me as soon as I neared the station.

Shooting back a smile, I immediately asked her.

"Yes. Thank you, Sher. It's good to be back here. Ummm, Sir Caleb informed me that someone had sent me a gift?"

"Oh yes, Ms. Andrea," she answered and turned to her back to pick up a beautiful bouquet of red roses from her table.

"Oh!" I quickly gasped upon seeing it. Didn't expect that flowers would welcome me in my arrival at all.

"A guy named Eriol Lascenter De Angelis left this bouquet to you as a welcome gift, Ms. Andrea."

She showed me the pink greeting card that came along with it and the moment I heard Eriol's name, a smirk appeared on my face. He does know how to surprise me all right.

"Do you know where he is now?" I asked after I cuddled the bouquet and the card in one hand.

She shook her head and gave me half a saddened face. "I'm sorry but he didn't leave any messages to me," she said initially, but her eyes suddenly lit up looking at the bouquet again. "Just that bouquet Miss Andrea and well, the gorgeous ring box tied to it."

I flinched my brows in response. *Ring box?*

I glanced down and there it was, a dark blue ring box on top of the beautiful blossoms. My cheeks flushed immediately. I had already returned Lorde's blue sapphire engagement ring to Aunt

Marcella before I left the mansion. I thought I would be free of any jewelry, but I guess I was wrong.

"Th-thanks Sher," I said, giving her a shy look and left the front desk with my heart almost pumping out of my chest.

Gods. What is Eriol doing? What does this ring box mean and where the hell is he? That's what my mind immediately asked.

Yesterday, my mother, step-dad, and Auntie maintained their presence with me for half a day of unending questions and talks. *Why I suddenly changed my mind? Why I canceled the wedding? Do I not love Lorde anymore? And others.*

I let them vent out their frustrations and confusion the whole time until they became silent when I answered them that I love another man. Luckily, the three of them understood. Most especially, my Auntie who knew already who I was talking about. She was very cool with it. I am still wondering if she knows about Eriol's true form though.

When Uncle and Auntie left, I had a heart-to-heart talk with my mother. True to her word, she supports whoever man I choose but encourages me to introduce 'this man' to them as soon as possible. Of course, I nodded in agreement. I wouldn't want to keep my relationship with Eriol a secret with my family.

She chose to stay with me the whole night as apparently, she thinks that I still needed some comfort. So, in the process, Eriol had to stay out of my bedroom.

The last time I saw him was early this morning, and he told me that he will follow me back to Wisconsin.

I expected that he would fly given the fact that he still has his magnificent black wings. Teleporting was not an option since he wasn't a demon anymore, but that was just my theory though. I actually don't know yet what he was capable of doing as a Fallen Angel as I haven't had a long conversation with him since yesterday.

I stepped onto the elevator and pressed the eight floor. This building requires a bit of maintenance as it has up to fourteen floors, with each floor containing four studio-type apartments. Mine was on the north side, facing the street towards downtown.

While waiting for the conveyor to reach my floor, I took the box from the bouquet and opened it with eagerness. However, to my full surprise, it was empty.

Now, why would Eriol give me a ring box with nothing on it? I intend to find the answer as soon as possible.

As I arrived on my floor, I found that my luggage was already placed beside the door. Tristan must have left them here; which was already expected since I have the door key with me.

After unlocking the portal, I hauled the luggage inside. I closed the door and turned to switch on the lights, but I was stunned immediately as what greeted me when the lights flickered on was a man standing in the open veranda, facing the downtown evening scenery ahead. My mind immediately processed one man's name and it was Eriol.

Sweet Lord. He really knows how to make an entrance. Demon or not.

My expression was far from peaceful as I slowly stalked behind him. I don't know why I was suddenly nervous, but being here alone with him, send my mind reeling with the many possibilities that could happen. Yes, that, and the fact that his aura was definitely different. Very calming. Holy, yet with still the residue of darkness.

"Er..iol?" I called when I was but a meter away from him.

The soft breeze of the wind played with my hair just like it always does. I do make it a point to spend my evenings in my veranda and in here I have wished countless times to spend it with someone. Never have I realized back then that I would be spending it with a man...a supernatural entity even, and who loves me true.

Eriol turned around and faced me with a pleased expression. I gave him a questioning look when I noticed him wear a black tuxedo similar to a butler suit.

"Milady Andrea, welcome home," he said, whilst bowing his head for butler effect.

I immediately contained a giggle.

"You are seriously not going to play the master-to-servant game again are you?" I said and advanced myself closer to him. "We aren't in the mansion anymore Eriol and also, Auntie Marcella had already fired you."

He grinned and quickly pulled me against his chest; the petals were immediately squished in between us.

"No, I am not, but I am your servant Andrea. You hold my heart forever," he answered with gentleness against my ear.

Did my heart swell because of it? Yes. Greatly.

"And my heart to you," answered I, closing my eyes when he trailed kisses from my forehead down to my lips. I welcomed it with complete abandon and responded to the moistness of his mouth on my own with unrestrained zeal.

We were like that for a few minutes, just tasting each other, until he broke our kiss and hastily lifted me up, bridal-style, inside my bedroom. I just remained silent and hooked an arm around his neck, while the other still held the bouquet.

I heard him groan in satisfaction and went to ask, "How do you find the bouquet of roses my Dear Heart?"

"Beautiful," I answered quickly. A scanty word it was but an understandable one.

"Good." A small tug at the corner of his lips appeared briefly. "Expect more from me starting this night."

Oh. My heart swelled again. *Good thing I am not allergic to roses.*

"Eriol, does my Auntie know what you are?" I asked him promptly, not wanting to miss the chance.

"No," he simply stated, and I left it at that. *So it turns out that only Lorde and I know what he truly is.*

My bedroom was of decent size. It wasn't as huge as Eriol's penthouse bedroom back in Luxembourg, but it was enough for my needs. It was dominated with white paint and was accentuated with a blue molding in the ceiling.

Eriol didn't bother turning the lights on when he entered, so my eyes struggled to adjust with the darkness surrounding us. Good thing that he kept the door open though, otherwise it would have been pitch black without the light coming from my living room.

He gently arranged me in bed, a position that was preparatory for what lies ahead. I looked at him, smiling warmly, while he stared at me with passion and desire, kneeling on the mattress.

"Uhhh... Eriol?" I asked when he took the bouquet out from my hand and placed it on a nearby table.

"Yes, Love?" he answered, after returning his gaze on me.

"What is the empty ring box for?"

"Hmmm..." I heard his sexy groan then. He stooped low and commenced on trailing his hot breath on my cheek.

"That's for you," he replied when he stopped just near my mouth.

"For me?" I said, acting clueless, but deep inside I knew already the answer.

"Yes," he groaned again and slipped his hands inside my blouse. I whimpered slightly when he stopped his caressing just below my sternum.

"Then why is it empty?" I asked again. I direly need to know the answer to this question now.

He chuckled lightly and landed his gaze on me. "Because I have it here."

He raised his right hand in between us and showed me the magnificent ring that was housed on his pinky finger. It was broad and thick with small diamonds blanketing it and on the center, a blood-red ruby was inlaid. He pulled it off and took my hand gently, putting it in place on my ring finger.

I had to pause my breathing just in order to focus my mind on the momentous moment. *I can't believe he is giving me a ring!*

"Andrea, do you know how much I am happy that you came back for me?" he asked and I had to peel my eyes away from the imposing object.

My mind immediately processed what he was talking about. I remember Michael telling me that I am dead; that my soul will forever linger in that empty realm. He offered me a chance to become an angel, but I declined it. I didn't regret my decision in the end. All I ever wanted was to return to Eriol's side and save him.

Whatever it was that brought me back to life, I know that it was strong enough to break through the barrier of death.

I smiled and took the opportunity to rake his beautiful hair. "I can't just leave you," I said with utmost sincerity. "I love you."

He looked at me with intensity. Blazing was his desire, but I could see that he was controlling it pretty well.

"Andrea... I am no immortal, nor you. Our precious time together remains within the limitations of humans, but know that our love will extend until our next life. I love you true and I am giving you a ring as a sign of our bond and a promise of forever."

He eyed the ring again and took my hand to kiss it.

"Then I accept it," I said, kissing the ring too.

Afterward, our mouths molded in one. We can't defer our longing anymore. It had been weeks already. The craving to feel each other's desire was beyond control.

My breath hitched when he trailed kisses on my neck down to my chest. Slowly, he opened my blouse and accessed my already hardened nubs with his eager hands.

"Ohhh Eriol..." I whimpered, particularly aroused by his ministrations. I closed my eyes and let myself get carried away with the heavenly sensation. No, he wasn't the demon of lust anymore, but his skill of making me moan in pleasure was still perfect. Beyond perfect.

He traced his palm on my legs and slowly parted them to access my already wet cavern. I knew then that he can sense my arousal heating up. I touched his bulging member against his slacks and I knew too that his arousal was at its best.

"Let's explode together, Love," he sexily suggested.

"Yes please," I almost immediately answered.

My head was pressed on Eriol's chest, while he was leaning with pillows on his back against the headboard. Ultimately sated, we both were, after exploring ourselves and our passion over and over again. I was sleepy and was about to doze off when I heard him ask, "Where do you want to go, Andrea?"

"Hmmm?" I hummed, struggling to open my eyes.

He chuckled lightly and cuddled me close. "I said, where do you want to go?"

My alertness shoot up and I immediately straightened, giving him a skeptical look.

"You can still teleport?!" I asked, sounding doubtful.

His fingers moved to caress my bottom lip and answered proudly, "Yes, I still can."

"But..but you are no longer a demon."

As far as I know, demons are the only beings who can teleport. Angels and Fallen Angels can only fly. As Michael had told me, Eriol was reverted back to being a Fallen Angel. So in effect, he doesn't have that power anymore. But now, he still has it. The big question was why?

"It confounds me too, but I don't care about the reason anymore, Dear Heart," he stated with ease.

"What I want to focus now is you."

We met eye to eye.

I can't help but admire his beautiful eyes. There was no mixture of red in his grayish-violet orbs anymore; only golden streaks were seen on it. This was a definite change that I can easily adjust with.

"So..." he started again, "where do you want to go?"

I paused for a moment and stared at him with a hint of mischief and warmth. It doesn't matter really what place it would be. Heck, I'm willing to go to Hell and back as long as he was with me.

I pressed my palm into his chest to feel his calming heartbeat and said, "Anywhere, my Fallen Angel...anywhere, as long as we are together."

He smiled and kissed my forehead.

"That sounds good."

In an empty veranda on the ninth floor, two angelic beings stood. They were looking down at Andrea's sole bright living room with looks of pleasure on their faces.

"I didn't expect it is this hard to be a villain," Raphael spoke after reflecting silently what had happened the past few days. He had no guilt or disappointment of his actions; only the feeling of accomplishment.

"Yes, but you were able to pull it off right? Look at them. It is exactly what the Boss wanted," an archangel answered behind him. He leaned onto the railing and bobbed his head towards Andrea's room. His pretty face was glowing and not a tangle of his red strands were seen.

"Hmmm... indeed," Raphael voiced out. "Aeshma is blessed to have her."

Although he can't see the two lovers inside the bedroom, he was certain that they were having another stellar night in each other's arms. He inhaled deeply after releasing himself with his contemplative state. Being an archangel, it was necessary for him to be honest with himself.

"Thinking about their love, it makes me want to find a woman for myself," he declared showing no fear of being scolded by his comrade.

The latter only grinned at him and shook his head. "Hm! You are not thinking about becoming a Fallen Angel now are you?"

Raphael's lips quirk briefly and flew up into the night sky after saying, "Who knows, Michael. Who knows..."

The End

Because love goes beyond time and space... Goes beyond what lies ahead.

~Unknown

Author's Note: Thank you for reading, my dear readers. Join my Facebook Group, JMFelic Awesome Readers, for updates regarding my books. Take care! ^ _ ^