

When Samael woke, his whole body ached. Especially between his legs, where something strained against the pillowy warmth that blanketed him. That pain hurt more excruciating than the rest. The pain in his back would have immobilized him if it weren't for the urgency in his hips. His hand shook as they came to life, his eyes opened to the darkness. With panic constricting his throat, he found himself curled around Wylie, her ass pressed against his ache. She moaned as he pulled her closer.

“Wylie, Wylie, Wylie.” His unused voice chanted her name in a gruff prayer.

She turned to him. “You’re awake?”

He took her hand and guided it down his body to the part of him that was about to explode. “It hurts.” He gritted his teeth against sounds he’d never made before. “Please.”

Her delicate fingers wrapped around his cock and he sighed as they traveled the length of it. “I thought you were going to die.” Up and down, her hand moved, her eyes never leaving his. “Promise me you’ll never die.” Her hand stopped moving, and he opened his mouth to promise the world only to taste her tears on her lips.

His back arched as her hand returned to a quicker rhythm, her other hand joining the first. She kissed his cheek, his neck, his collarbone, as she worked him. A part of him floated, barely tethered by moans, and then he exploded. His hips jerked of their own accord. In fact he wondered if he even controlled his hips anymore or if Wylie took over them like snake charmer.

“Wylie.” He pulled her to his chest, his arms wrapping around her, his leg trapping her. He curled around her, breathing in the smokey scent of her hair. He’d considered letting go, but the vision of Armageddon rising from the fire gave him the hope he needed to survive the pain. “Amor Vincit Omnia.” His hips once again rocked against hers, his fingers tangled in her curls. “Do angels go to heaven after all?”

She moaned as he rolled on top of her, his hardness pressing into her belly.  
“Samael.”

He paused at the sound of her voice.

“You’re bleeding again.”

Indeed, he saw it. Blood dripped off his shoulders and around her head like a halo.

“Lay back on your side.” Her hand cupped his cheek and then followed an unseen trail down his neck to his chest. His abs to his cock. “Lay down and I’ll help with this.”

He did as told, thrusting into her hands. Eyes closed, his hands found her ass as he rocked into her grip. He grunted and strained as he released into her hands once more.

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Next time he woke, he lay on his stomach. Wylie plastered to his side. Her face inches away from his. She had freckles. He’d never noticed them. She also had a scent. She smelled different from he remembered. Like rain and sunshine and woman.

With his senses muted by humanity, everything meant more. The acute meanings and connections taking up time and space in his silent mind, processing one thing at a time, processing only his thoughts.

He closed his eyes and ran his fingers through her hair. The texture consumed him. He never wanted to leave this bed. He wanted to stare at her until he grew old.

*Grow old.*