

Kaden Kaleva |PF| \*He'd barely stepped foot into the building before he heard "Kaleva!" being shouted across the room. Did the motherfucker have an indoor voice? Wiping a tired hand over his unshaven face, he glanced longingly at his desk where his paperwork for his mandatory vacation time was sitting. Soon. Heading into the office, he slumped down in the chair\* Afternoon, General. Did you send the shitbucket heli just for me?

Mack Thompson |PF| \*Narrowing his eyes, he motioned to the file on his desk\* Cut the attitude, Kaleva. You were not authorized to set the damn rental property ablaze. I've been in meetings all day, trying to make excuses for it being faulty wiring. Faulty wiring. That is what you have reduced me to.

Kaden Kaleva |PF| \*Shrugging, he groaned as his side protested the movement\* Look, the job got done, didn't it? Unlike Jerry, I came the fuck back and did my duty to whoever the hell we answer to this week. I take it that means yeah, you sent the rusty can 'o death just to fuck with me. Look. Kovinski is gone. Anything left in that house is gone. The bodies of the guards were "lost at sea" and they're gonna decompose enough before they're found that all they're gonna see is heart attacks. Fucker's in the media will go apeshit, assume there's a rogue shark or shit. It'll get swept under, like it always does.

Mack Thompson |PF| \*His face reddened as he got more aggravated with the dismissive view the agent had\* Swept under or not, Kaleva, bribes to diplomats and paying people to look the other way is not a cheap expense. So no, you didn't get state of the art 5 star accommodations. You survived without a daily manicure and coddling this long, I didn't think one more month would be catastrophic.

Kaden Kaleva |PF| \*Rolling his eyes, he stood, pulling the papers towards himself without even asking what was in them. Signing his name on the file, he tossed the pen down\* Take it out of my bonus for going rogue in the first goddamned place. We done here? Vacation time is waiting and the bottle of Walker ain't drinking itself.

Mack Thompson |PF| \*As Kaden headed out, he barely stopped himself from shooting the cantankerous bastard.\* Get that side healed too, agent. God knows we don't need more catastrophes. \*As the door slammed shut, he raked a hand through his graying hair. One thorn in his proverbial side down, one more to go. He was getting too old for this bullshit.\* Daniels!

Deke Daniels |PF| \*He'd been attempting to entice the pretty little tech specialist into giving up her digits. So damn close. Till the door banged open and Kaden stormed past\* Take it the General decided to handle all his assholes in one day, then? \*As K flipped him off, he shrugged. There was a reason most of them didn't associate with others much. Sliding a card with his number scribbled on it to ...Sara? Clara? Cara? Who the fuck knew, who cared, truly? Sex was sex. Dropping into the seat, he raised a brow as the General seemed to be having some sort of painful internal debate\* Dude, they make pills for that shit now.

Mack Thompson |PF| \*If he didn't know better, he'd swear his abilities had caused some sort of tumor. Except tumors couldn't walk, talk, and slam doors. Breathing out, he shook his head\* Time and place, Deke. We've had this discussion. And for the record, the "walking sexsicle" prefers the fairer sex, as well as one that she isn't liable to have to stab every time he speaks. \*As Deke turned to eye the female through the slats in the window blinds, he sighed\* It's like herding feral cats. Well Daniels, I'm going to make your life a living hell or a fairy tale, depending on your view.

Deke Daniels [PF] \*Alarm bells rang as he took in the fact that there were two folders on the desk.\* Fuck off, General. I ain't taking a partner. I work alone. Always have. Always will. Can't stand nobody else, nobody else can stand me. You know how this goes. I show up, get my assignments like a good boy, drop 'em off as they're done. Has worked well so far, ain't no need to change something that works.

Mack Thompson [PF] If one more agent tells me any variation of "fuck off" another time today, I'm going to be the one running out of ammunition. \*If he'd been in the mood to be amused, the chaotic thoughts Deke was broadcasting would have done it. The boy was terrified, though he hid it behind a "fuck off and die" attitude.\* I can sense your powers. I can negate them. I can tell when different subsets of powers will blend and which will split like oil and water. You tell me Daniels. Have I ever been wrong? \*As Deke refused to answer, he nodded\* As I thought. Can the attitude, I've had about enough of them for today and your new partner WILL shoot your stupid arrogant ass. Meet time is 1830 hours at Cafe Du Monde. And Deke? Try not to get your idiotic self killed. I'm running out of arrogant assholes to fling into undercover work without warning.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] "You're getting a partner Violet." She groaned as she went over her conversation with Mack yet again. She was getting a partner and she had no choice in the matter. Not that she argued with him on it because he was her superior. He was the only one that she didn't argue with. It did help that he'd given her permission to shoot the fucker the first moment that he pissed her off. Not that she needed said permission; anyone that did piss her off was shot human or not. Tapping her heel on the floor, Violet touched each of her guns and blades that she kept on her. One at her back, two on her thighs, one on her ankle, one blade in her pocket, and one in her boot. It was a bit overkill but she was taught to be prepared no matter the situation. Violet's eyes scanned the crowd of the Cafe waiting. The bastard had thirty seconds before she walked and turned his ass into Mack.

Deke Daniels [PF] \*His lip curled into a snarl as the crowds jostled him. Fucking Cafe Du Monde. Why? Place was always packed to the damn brim. Course, maybe that was so he'd behave himself. Snorting, he snuck a glance at his watch. Fifteen minutes late wasn't too damn bad, all things considered since he'd dragged his feet the entire damn way. Crossing his arms over his chest, he sidestepped the line, choosing a seat out on the patio in full view of the patrons. A few waitresses came up to attempt to get an order but he'd waved them away. Most stayed the hell away, as they should. He figured it wouldn't take long for the display of animosity and complete non-desire to be here to bleed through the place. His "partner" would see him, he'd politely tell them to kiss his ass, then he'd do what the fuck he wanted to do, as he always did.\*

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] Violet looked around smelling hatred. Following it, she found her partner. It was one of the fucking guys from Psiforce that was never there. Smacking her forehead, she pretended to be normal as she walked up to him and took a seat across from him. "Listen here, I know you don't want to be here, I don't either. Mack stuck us together for a reason and I will shoot you if you piss me off. Not only that, but I will also leave your body there for Mack to deal with later."

Deke Daniels [PF] \*He almost laughed out loud, but didn't. This was an agent? Fuck\* Sweetheart, last I checked, agents going undercover were to blend. Obviously there has been a mistake, as you blend about as well as piss and blood. Mack's clearly getting senile in his old fucking age. This ain't gonna work. I'm sure the orders were mixed up. I need complications in my life like I need a knife in the gut. And you darling, you look like complications.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] Sneering, Vi leaned across the table. "My name is not sweetheart and I am not a complication. Sometimes not blending in is better than blending. Less people suspect the one who looks like me. In and no. No muss no fuss. I hold high honors from the Marine Academy and high ranking from the Marines. Mack found me and thought I was good just like you. Don't question him. He's the only reason you're still alive."

Deke Daniels [PF] \*Narrowing his eyes, he bit back a retort that he so wanted to spit out. Yet he knew damn well Psiforce didn't take in the meek or the weak. So she had to have done something right. His gaze focused on the ample cleavage bared as she leaned across the table before he shook himself. Focus, moron. Prying his attention back, he bared his teeth at the female\* One assignment. A single one, before I tell him to take his fucking partner bullshit and shove it where the sun don't shine. That's what I'm agreeing to. If you want to be called anything other than random endearments, sweetheart, then you gotta make it worth my while to remember your name, seeing as, as far as I'm concerned you won't be around long enough for me to bother.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] "Fuck em and leave type? Not surprised." Pushing herself up, Violet turned to him. "I'm leaving now to go to the said assignment. You coming....partner?" she spat.

Deke Daniels [PF] Clingy females don't interest me. Nor do the ones clearly starving for attention. \*Glancing to the curve of her ass in the short shirt she wore, he found himself licking his lips before she turned back and caught him\* And baby, you might not know it but you're broadcasting "Starving" loud and clear. \*Grimacing, he knew he had to at least give it a shot. If he wrung her pretty neck while on the job, well, maybe Mack would fucking listen to him and stop trying to make him a goddamned people person.\* Deke. The name is Deke. I suppose I could put yours in the short term memory slot.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] "Violet," she grinned as she cocked her hip. "I may be broadcasting it because it's something I need. Wanna attempt to be the one to fix that?"

Deke Daniels [PF] \*Swallowing, he let his gaze follow the line of her long legs to her hips. His head swam with visions of those heels wrapped around his neck, her mouth parted as she plead for more. Hell. Yes. Then again, he was fucking stuck with her because Mack had decreed it was happening. No one told him what the hell to do. Turning his gaze dismissive, he stalked past her to the curb, where the dark tinted windows of the Psiforce car stood out noticeably on the street\* Why don't we just rent a horse drawn buggy, for fucks sake? In NOLA it'd draw less attention to get us to a helipad than these motherfuckers do. \*Holding the door open, he motioned almost impatiently\* Well, sweetcheeks? Ain't got all day, we got a mission to handle so I can go back to doing whatever the hell I want without needing to babysit. \*He'd swear she slowed her pace even more. Cursing under his breath, he slid in, leaving the door open for her. The hell he was going to stand there like a grade A moron as she sauntered her ass up and took her sweet ass time doing it.\*

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] Smirking, she slid herself in next to him and shut the door behind him. Crossing her long legs, she leaned back and laid her head against the back of her seat. She was tired as hell, but she liked fucking with this one. Even if he managed to get Mack to relieve him of being her partner,

she wasn't going to give up on him. He looked like a good lay and she wanted to see if it was as good as she was imagining. Images flooded her mind as the car moved through the streets of New Orleans to their mission.

Deke Daniels [PF] \*Ignoring her, he flipped through the files that had been sitting on the seat between them. Staring at the intel, he choked, quickly covering the sound with a quick cough. What. The. Fuck. Was Mack kidding him with this bullshit right now? There were a slew of agents more properly capable of doing this shit. Teams that knew each other. Hell, could stand each other. Letting his gaze slide to her again as she laid her head back, he shifted on the leather seats. Chronic hard on, population one. His voice was rougher than it normally was, as he shoved the folder at her\* Read. That shit gets burned before we hit the heli. No traces. \*Scratching his chin, mentally prayed for strength, something he'd never damn well did before. They hadn't been given aliases. Which meant they were going in as themselves. Maybe he'd fucking strangle her now and handle the job himself, as he should have demanded before even meeting with her.\*

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] "I already know the file. Mack told me when he told me that I was getting a partner." Sitting up, Vi reached under the seat and pulled out a bag. Opening it, she pulled out a collar and a few other "toys" that were worthy of the club. "Pick your poison pretty boy. You're gonna need to play the part and that means sliding into a lifestyle I damn well know you aren't knowledgeable on."

Deke Daniels [PF] \*Raising a brow, he scooped up the items as the light flashed from the center console, letting him know they were at the helipad. Ignoring her, he leaned back as the chopper started its ascent, the rhythmic beating of the blades calming him slightly. He dozed off and on, refusing to speak another word to her. It seemed to throw her slightly off guard. Good. He wanted her off her game. Whatever the fuck her game was. In the private government craft they'd been able to speed through most of the bullshit, cutting the 20 hour flight down to around 14. Bastards were fast as hell. Landing on a rooftop somewhere in Mikonos, he tugged the satin bag from between his feet. The pilots let them get out of debris range before they lifted off, leaving the two of them alone at the porneio. Least, they should be alone. Course not, security stood with their arms crossed, tattooed shaved heads gleaming in the lamplights. Pulling the ID card free that had some kind of Greek symbol on it, he motioned to Violet to follow him, but one of the guards held his hand up. Realizing the issue as they kept asking for her contracts, his lip quirked as he gave her a once over\* If she manages to please me, she'll be collared. Otherwise, you can keep her for the ilk that take the castoffs.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] He didn't?! Violet didn't let her jaw drop like she wanted instead, she let her eyes fall to the ground assuming the position she knew she needed to. She lived this life, loved this life. She'd head of the club in Mikonos many times but she hadn't come yet. Now that she was here, she was here with a pompous pretty boy who was going to leave her here if she didn't please him. The thought of getting her hands on him excited her and actually made her wet. She knew she was fucking good. She'd been asked to be the slave to several well known masters in this world. She had to be good to be attracting that kind of attention. Smirking to herself, she followed Deke into the club. The noise around her was ear splitting and power tingled off her skin. Squirming under the thought that she could be exposed, she swallowed hard and prayed to any god that would listen to a low demon like her that she wouldn't be found out. That no one would want her but Deke, the hot and impossible man that was standing in front of her. Hands grabbed at her since she wasn't technically spoken for and she had no choice but to let them. Not in a club like this where Deke was her "master." Pulling away would tip everyone off to what she was. To what they were there for. As fingers slipped between her thighs to rub the soaked material hiding her sex from everyone, she bit into her lip hard enough to cause blood to dribble down her lip.

Deke Daniels [PF] \*His lip curled as he turned to spot the display behind him. Well, hell. He didn't expect to be waylaid the minute they'd walked through the damned door, but so be it. Little miss didn't know who she was fucking with. Stalking closer, the heat radiating from his skin as he let his senses flare sent the others scurrying backwards out of reach. Curling his fingers around her neck, he tightened his grip slowly, seeing her eyes widen. Her body flush against his, he let his free hand slip below the skirt, fingers teasing the wetness there. Leaning close, his lips brushed her ear as he whispered\* Don't ever assume you fucking know me, Red. \*Louder, knowing they had an audience, he kept his gaze on hers\* Who do you belong to, Violet? Who is the only man who gets to bring you to your damn knees?

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] Her knees nearly buckled. Damn he fucking smelt good and holy shit her thighs were soaked at the sudden display of power of her. Blood had made its way down her chin and she wanted to grind her hips against his fingers. She was going to go nuts if she didn't get some relief and soon. She'd never let a man do this to her and yet here she was following him like a damn lost pup and following his every order. "You sir," she barely whispered staring into those beautiful yet hard eyes.

Deke Daniels [PF] \*His smile had little to do with amusement this time, it was hard edged. Lifting his head to encompass the room, he caught the glances his way with the pointed stare of his own. His cock was damn near being strangled in the jeans he wore at the tone of her voice, the feel of her pussy heating his palm. This fucking assignment was going to kill him.\* I've paid damn well enough to be here to train her. No one touches Red until I've decided whether she has earned that particular privilege or not. \*Pushing her away, he motioned to one of the maidservants hovering at the door\* I assume one of you is someone who will be escorting us to our suite, correct? I'd appreciate getting there sometime before the sun wakes the hell up. Red, come. \*He didn't bother to check that she was following, he knew she would be. He also knew there wouldn't be another single fucking hand on her. After being led to the room, he began checking the panels of the walls, the curtains. She started the sweep on the other side. Convinced it was as clear as it could be until he could do a more extensive sweep for bugs, he reclined on the sofa lounge against the windows. As she glanced at the bed, he growled\* Don't. We're not here to fuck, no matter how hard it makes me. Complications, Red. Don't need 'em. Get some rest. Tomorrow we search what we can.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] Glancing to the bed again, she sighed. He was right. She didn't need the complications either. But, the heat between her thighs was not going to fix itself. Squeezing them together, she bit into her lip again. Looking at Deke one last time, she all but whimpered. How hard would it be for her to just walk over there and straddle those perfect hips? Just that simple thought caused her pussy to clench. "I'm taking a bath," she muttered turning on her heel and heading to the bathroom. If he wasn't going to help, she'd damn well fix it herself. There wasn't anything he could say about it because play or not, she wasn't his slave. And, it didn't matter how perfect he was in that role or how hot it made her, it was obvious that as soon as they were done here, he was going to tell Mack to fuck off and she'd be on her own again.

Violet Vi Marie [PF] Violet laced up her corset before sitting down and pulling on her stockings. As she hooked them to her garter belt, she looked up to see Deke staring at her intently. Arching a brow, she cleared her throat. "Do you have a problem pretty boy? Afraid you can't do the mission with me looking like this?" As he turned around and grumbled something, she smirked. She wasn't allowed to have weapons on her as a slave, but that was fine, she was just as deadly with her hands. Finishing up what she was doing, Violet stood in her heels and went to the bathroom to curl her hair and do her makeup. All her visible piercings had been taken out to give the image of a clean cut sub. If only they knew that she was anything but. Especially when it came to Deke.

Deke Daniels [PF] \*He couldn't help his gaze following the path of slender fingers moving silk upwards. Be even hotter if she was pulling 'em down, but hey, beggars and all. As she called him "pretty boy" again, his fingers tightened as he mumbled exactly what he thought of it. Watching her storm in, hands on her hips as she began a diatribe of everything they'd need to look for, he groaned\* Do you ever just stand and keep your mouth shut? Cause right now, that'd be fan-fucking-tastic. Make you a good 3x more attractive. \*She opened her mouth, but right as she went to say something, he held his hand up\* Shut up. \*Rolling his eyes as she berated him, he stood, shoving the chair he'd been on out of the way. Pressing his ear against the wall, he moved a foot to the left at a time, listening intently\*

Deke Daniels [PF] Yo. Mouthy. You wanna play agent, learn to play with the big boys. \*He'd heard something. He couldn't actually place it. It began as a low pulse but then had grown into something like a faint electrical hum. He'd likely only been able to catch it since his powers dealt with electrical energy was well. And yet, she was still fucking yammering\* Slave. Fucking zip thy trap, would you please. \*Finally, that had stunned her into silence. Well, perhaps not him, as she appeared to be listening to something that was louder, as she had winced in what looked like pain. Cocking his head, he eyed her almost suspiciously. She wasn't technokinetic, otherwise they wouldn't have been assigned to each other\* Something you want to share with the class, Princess?

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] The sound that she heard was causing her pain. The power that was coming off the portal told her exactly who it was. It was the lowest kind of demon that there was. They didn't have much power, but the fact that they were entering the realm was affecting her. She'd barely heard Deke say something to her as she turned on her heel and started walking to the door. Stopping, she cocked her head realizing that the demons were entering the realm in one of the rooms meant for prostitution. It made sense, selling of lower demons to those above them wasn't uncommon, but demons to this magnitude meant that she was more likely to be found out. "Princess?" Deke's fingers wrapped around her arm and she spun around looking at him. "What?" she asked. The look on his face told her exactly what he wanted to know. How the hell did she tell him she was a demon? "Nothing, just thought I heard something," she muttered. "Are you ready to go play?"

Deke Daniels [PF] Hiding shit from a partner, even a temporary one, is the type of bull that gets you killed, Red. Whatever. Keep your secrets, for now. You'd better hope none will be needed to save your ass. \*Giving her a dismissive look, he almost reached for the doorknob before turning back to her. Without warning, he pinned her against the wooden surface, burying his hand in her perfectly curled hair, ruining some of her handiwork. Forcing her to tip her head by pulling the red and black strands in his grip, he met her lips with a bruising kiss. Her soft moan almost made him groan as he dug his free hand into her hip, one slender leg rising to curl against his waist. Lifting her to the perfect position, he ground himself against her, savoring the needy noises that came from her reddened lips. Tearing himself away, he flung the door wide, straightening his clothes slightly as some of the staff glanced their way. Wiping the lipstick off of his lips quickly, he met her heated glare.\* Now, you look like you're in training, Red.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] At his words, she rolled her eyes. She wasn't going to tell him she was a demon unless he planned on sticking around as her partner. She didn't see any sense in him knowing. She could handle her own and could act normal up until she couldn't anymore. That was until he grabbed her. She whimpered when he opened the door. Her core ached and she felt her dew coating her lace thong. Reaching up, she wiped some lipstick from her lower lip. Her legs quivered. She wanted to beg him to close the door and just tie her to the bed and fuck her the way he was obviously wanting to. Taking a shuddering breath, she nodded. "Yes sir."

Deke Daniels [PF] \*His tight smile didn't reach his eyes. Wouldn't either. Their job was to play the hell along and figure out why this fucking place was tripping Psiforce alarm bells. There had been several police reports filed about noise ordinances, electrical outages. Just random bullshit. Nothing that indicated what was happening. Yet he knew he'd heard something. Whether Red admitted it or not, she'd heard something to. Only it caused her pain, not him. Musing on it, he curled an arm around her waist, keeping her closer to him. To anyone else, it'd look like simply the Master cherishing his submissive. However, it certainly made speaking easier. Leaning closer, he kept his tone so low that only she'd hear, even if there other "paranormal" types about.\* Today is the show off stage. They'll take us around, try to entice us into spending more on upgrades and special niche rooms. General didn't give us any information on what exactly we're looking for. Some missing people, some police issues. Nothing that pinpoints a direction to go in.

Deke Daniels [PF] Let's keep our eyes open. See if anything looks suspicious, out of place. If the floorplan indicates hidden areas. Might as well look at everything. \*Nodding at the male who had come up to them, he released her, reaching to shake the gentleman's hand.\* I assume you were tapped to play tour guide? Very well. Look, I'm not gonna lie, so far I ain't seen much in this shithole that can justify what you're charging. Mind sharing how you can be so fucking hyped up and yet so bland? \*As the male stepped aside, a younger female came up to Violet, tugging at her arm. Well fuck. The subs got a different tour. Giving her a quick nod, he spoke to the woman, who bowed her head, instead of Violet\* One hand gets laid on her, and your owner will answer for it. Understand? \*Her quick nod was replaced by a look of almost fear as she tugged at Violet's arm again. Why the fuck would she be afraid of Violet? Yet another uncertainty. He fucking hated unknowns on a mission.\*

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] Fuck fuck fuck. Turning, Violet let the female lead her away. Once they got a safe distance away, Violet grabbed the female and pulled her to a stop. "Listen, I won't hurt you. But, you need to do me a favor. Take me to the room. I know you know what room I'm talking about. Please just let me do what I need to do and then I'll leave you and your master alone. I understand what it's like to be connected to someone like that. I may not have it like you do, but I do know the feeling."

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] Swallowing hard, the woman looked at her fearfully before nodding and leading her down the hall to where she wanted to go. Opening the door, Violet felt like she was about to be sick. Dozens upon dozens of changlings were in the room being used to whatever content the masters desired. Some were being whipped, fucked, it was horrid on one hand but hot on the other. Shaking her head, Violet turned back to the female. "I need to go back to the man I was with. You know where your master is, take me to them."

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] "Please don't hurt me," she whispered shuddering. "If you stop with your fear I won't! Just take me back." Taking her hand, Violet was lead back to the men. Looking down, she looked up at Deke through her lashes. She needed to get close to him again so she could talk to him. But, she wasn't allowed to touch him without permission.

Deke Daniels [PF] \*Jesus. This fucking place was a goddamned nightmare. He had no problems with sex, hell, did any male? Yet he couldn't shake an uneasy feeling as he was shown to various rooms. The females here, none looked particularly thrilled. Oh, there were a few that did, and weren't collared. Likely brought here, like he'd brought Violet. But the ones that wore the black charm on their collars were owned by the establishment. Most in these types of relationships took care of their partners. Protected them. Yet he'd passed by dozens of rooms where the women were bleeding. Crying out with no hint of pleasure. His fingers clenched into a fist as he attempted to breathe. Fucking sacrilegious, that's what it was.\*

Deke Daniels [PF] \*Tension must have been rolling off of him in waves. He hadn't noticed it until Violet came back to them, and as she stood next to him, he noticed the sheen of sweat on her skin. Breathing out, he forced himself to calm, to pull the heat back into himself. The male next to him simply gave him a fake ass smile, motioning to another room, explaining that the baths were open, suggesting Violet might like to make herself useful to him. He almost shook his head, but something in Violet's demeanor caught his attention. He ended up following her. As the door swung shut behind them, he swung her around to face him, ignoring the steam wafting from huge sunken tubs as large around as swimming pools. Hissing, he took a step backwards\* You know they're going to be watching, Violet. Not getting in that fucking thing.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] "Pull me close Deke," she muttered without moving her lips. He was right, they were watching and were just looking for the first chance to throw Deke out and keep her. The fact that several knew what she was didn't help. As he wrapped his arms around her, she allowed him to pull her close. Placing her hands on his chest, she began to unbutton his shirt. "We have to play along Deke." Her fingers shook slightly and she cursed knowing she was so on edge. "There is something seriously wrong here and I need you to act like the loving dom that wouldn't part with his sub for anything in the world. If you start pushing me away, they'll seize that opportunity." Pushing his shirt off his shoulders, she grabbed it before it hit the floor. Her arms around him, her breasts pressed into his chest, his breathing steadying her own. "There's a tub in the very back, no one is watching it right now, but we'll still have to play our parts."

Deke Daniels [PF] \*Biting back a groan, he went to shove her but her words managed to soak into his brain.\* You noticed too, Red? Yeah. Fucking place pisses me the hell off. Lucky I don't burn the bitch to the damn ground with the asshole who owns it hogtied and gagged with a spiked dildo right in the middle of the fucking flames. \*Her eyes seemed to shine in the low light as her shoulders shook slightly\* You laughin' at me, Red? Lucky I don't chain your ass there too. Still debating it. \*As she tugged him towards the corner bathing pool, he followed willingly. Hell, much as the idea of a partner damn near infuriated him, he didn't have to pretend the bitch wasn't a devil in goth disguise. Closing his eyes as her hands slid down to unbutton his pants, she paused at the sight of the bat symbol. Rolling his eyes, he finally gave in, kicking his shoes off and letting his pants drop\* Not a word, Red, or the flame opinion will veer wildly in the blisters and boils direction. \*Slipping into the water, he closed his eyes, a soft groan leaving him. Yeah... this was nice.\* Hope whatever the fuck they're doing ain't in the water. \*His lips twisted into a snarl as one of the maidservants opened a hidden door near the middle of the room, bringing a tray over with soaps and oils on it before hurrying back to the door and closing it behind her.\* Mother fuck. There's fucking rats in the goddamned walls.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] Since Deke didn't know her powers, she straightened her back and sent out a gentle pulse that radiated through the room. It would keep out most of the maidservants out because of the low level power that they would feel although they wouldn't know that she was actually much stronger than she was letting on.



Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] Undoing her corset, she dropped it to the floor and stripped out the rest of her clothing. Slipping into the bath behind him, her hands ran up his chest as her lips landed on his shoulder. "Deke what do you know about the demon world?" she questioned. She had to play her part and while this part of playing was hard because she desperately wanted to fuck the man her hands were on, she allowed herself to do it. Reaching behind her, she grabbed one of the soaps and lathered her hands with it before running her fingers up his chest once more.

Deke Daniels [PF] \*He was a dead man. Agents weren't supposed to fuck their partners unless they came in together as partners from the beginning. But god damn. His mouth watered for a taste as she peeled the fabric from her body. If he was a lesser man he'd be panting. Instead he managed to control himself, barely. The water heated a few degrees though. That shit? Couldn't be helped. His eyes closed as her hands stroked his skin, the feather light touches nearly driving him fucking insane.\* Demons? \*Cracking one eye open, he looked over his shoulder at her face, trying to gauge her reaction\* Uhh. Caste system. The different species have different powers or some shit. Depending on the species, they're either bottom of the rung or high level assholes. Ah.... some have to feed, others take energy. Some take souls. \*shrugging, he attempted not to swallow his tongue as her hands slid down his stomach. Hell if her hands went any further, he wasn't going to be liable for what Psiforce fucking thought.\* Vi...er.. Red. Playing a part and playing with fire, two entirely separate god damned things.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] "I have to," she said through clenched teeth. "Eyes. Do you want this convincing? If they don't think you can handle your sub and let me take care of you the way a sub is suppose to, they'll see it as a sign of weakness. Trust me Deke. I know how this works better than you do. That weakness will get us both killed." Sliding her hands down to rest right on his hips under the water, she dug her nails into his skin as she bit into her lip. God she was just inches away from it. Her body shuddered with desire but she shook her head to stop herself. "They're pulling demons into the realm." she kept her fingers dug into his skin the water lapping against him and her making it seem like she was moving her hands. "They're using the demons as prostitutes. Feeding off them. They're the lowest form of demon, but that doesn't change that they're pulling changlings into this realm by the dozens. It's why there are police reports on noise and electricity outages. Opening portals that often is shorting out the power.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] The pain they're inflicting on the changlings is what they feed off of. It creates fear and blood and they get both of them. Not to mention there are a few here that feed off the sexual energy alone much like a succubus. The higher ups are taking them and forcing them into slaves to the entire house for the entirety of their lives. Women who come in like you brought me in are watched closely. The moment their master shows a sign of weakness, they pounce. Take him out and take her for their own. They break her down until she submits without thought." She felt Deke's breathing pick up a little because she hadn't realized that she'd allowed her hands to slid lower as she talked to him about what was going on within this particular place of torment.

Deke Daniels [PF] \*His brows knitted together as he attempted to piece together what she was saying. How the fuck had she figured out what the hell was going on, when he's the one that flashed cash around to get access to pretty much every area they offered?\* What's the point? I mean, human prostitutes are a dime a fucking dozen. They got fear, blood, and sexual energy too. What's the point of bringing the parasites of the fucking paranormal realm here, risking getting caught with the damn energy grid shit, and for what? Sex? Fucks can get that anywhere. \*As he continued, his voice had gotten lower, about in time with the way her hands drifted further down. A shiver worked its way down his spine as she almost absentmindedly brushed his cock beneath the water that was heating by the second. Hissing, he reached below the surface, his hand cupping hers. Her breaths became more

choppy as she realized she'd lost concentration. Her fingers curled around his length, slowly stroking as his hips moved to follow the sensation without any input from his brain. It took all the effort he had, but he muttered a strangled oath before he pried his hand from hers, dragging himself out of touching range\* This fucking bath is over. We're going upstairs. You can take the bed. I'll stick with the damned couch.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] "Deke," her hands shook as much as her voice as she stared at him. Anger was etched across every feature of his face. Dropping her hand, she dropped her head and shoulders. "Yes sir." Swallowing hard, she pushed herself out of the tub while shoving the tray of oils and soaps aside. It was technically against the rules for her to exit the tub before him, but she didn't care at the moment. Snatching up her corset, she put it on and began to lace it again, having slight trouble with it because of how upset she was with herself for actually thinking she'd get anywhere. It was evident that she wasn't going to so why was she still tormenting herself? "They're pulling demons because of the power. They can hold up longer than a fucking human," she spat. Growling in frustration that she couldn't get her corset tied, she left it half undone and grabbed her underwear and skirt, she slid them on and then pulled her stockings on. Her appearance was messy but what did it matter anymore?

Deke Daniels [PF] \*He'd hurt her. Even he, halfwit as he was, could tell. Yet what the hell was he supposed to do? He hadn't led her on, he'd told her from the beginning that this shit was a one time deal. Climbing from the pool as he watched her fight with her clothes, he pulled his underwear on, leaving his pants unbuttoned around his hips and just carried his shoes.\* The fuck do you want from me, woman? You wanna get fucked, you're in the right goddamned place for an easy lay. You don't need to fuck with my goddamned head for that. \*Shoving past her, he made it into the hallway, her meekly following behind before he realized that some of the staff had been "cleaning" the area outside the bathing rooms. Because of course the fuck they had. Well. That just made shit about a thousand times more fucked up, didn't it?\*

Deke Daniels [PF] \*He twisted uncomfortably on the small couch, his limbs unaccustomed to being crammed into torturous positions. He'd be his normal asshole self and demand half the goddamned bed, but he didn't trust himself, and he certainly didn't fucking trust Red. He hated secrets and deceptions with a passion, and she had "big giant fucking mess" written all over her perky ass. Seemed odd, given the job he did, but there you have it. After something had torn his family to shreds in the night, leaving soulless husks in their place, he hadn't trusted many. The case had been labeled an animal attack officially, but he'd heard the screams. Saw the shadows seeming to separate right from the air. To this day certain smells made him sick to his damn stomach. That wasn't an animal. Least not any in this realm.\*

Deke Daniels [PF] \*He'd ended up joining the SEALs. Been recruited by Mack and hadn't looked back. He could take out the shit that went bump in the night and hopefully send out some karmic justice to shit that preyed on easy victims. Mack had never sent him on any jobs that reminded him of his past. Likely didn't know if he'd slaughter 'em all or not. Hell, he didn't truly know himself. And yet here he

was. Trapped with a vixen from hell determined to drive him insane. Wouldn't take much, he was already certifiable on his own. Case dealt with demons. Only creature he hadn't had a chance to encounter yet. Made sense, you really think about it. First case with a partner in order to distract him.\*

Deke Daniels [PF] \*His lips twisted in a wry grimace. She was doing a damned fine job, at that. He needed to get this damn mission taken care of and over with and away from the beast that tempted him far too much. Speaking of the she-devil, he glanced up to see her standing with her hands on her shapely hips. Dressed in damn near nothing, again. She'd obviously been bitching at him, yet he hadn't heard a word.\* You ever wear anything that can actually be classified as clothing, Red? You should try that shit sometime. Got full coverage shit just waiting to be worn.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] "Gets in the way. I prefer to keep my clothing minimal. Not to mention it makes it easier for me to clean. We're late." She turned on her heel and primped her hair in the window as she waited for Deke to get up. Ever since he'd denied her of something he CLEARLY wanted, she had stayed as far away from him as possible. Been spending time with the slaves of the house learning what was truly going on. But, today she had to be with him. Had to showcase the fact that he truly had control of her. Although, she was sure that he would fail and they'd both end up dead.

Deke Daniels [PF] \*Groaning, he scrubbed a hand over his face.\* Late for what, Princess? Don't think I put any shit on my social calendar today. You got somewhere to be? \*Instead of responding, she tossed a small black pamphlet at him. Emblazoned with the club's logo in silver, he flipped it open, his eyes narrowing as he read the "schedule" for new patrons.\* You gotta be fucking kidding me. \*His jaw tightened as he glanced at her\* Don't think I ain't noticed you skulking around on your own. You better start learning how to share shit, or this partnership is gonna get our asses both dismembered. Your new little buddies tell you what this bullshit is about?

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] "Just got that this morning at breakfast. A breakfast YOU refused to come to and almost got me collared and a slave of the house! It's a test. All new patrons are to go through it to weed out the fakes and the spies. Apparently they have had cops come in undercover and this is how they were pulled apart from those who wanted to be here. I hope you know your shit big boy because if we fail, you're dead, I'm collared, and Mack is out two agents." Turning to face him again, she crossed her arms. "Pays to fucking get off the couch handsome."

Deke Daniels [PF] \*The way she continuously seemed to believe he didn't know what the fuck he was doing amused him. Maybe this would be fun after all.\* So I'm not a morning person. Strictly speaking, place like this should run on the night owl schedule to begin with. \*Running his fingers through his hair, he grabbed his duffel, carrying it to the bathroom. The hell if he needed to get ready with her eyeing him like he was a goddamned chocolate Popsicle.\*

Deke Daniels [PF] \*Coming out in leather pants complete with suede lacing instead of a zipper, he pulled on a black button up shirt, leaving it unbuttoned. Scowling at the shoes Mack had included that looked uncomfortable as fuck, he shrugged, opting to just go barefoot. Fuck it. Wasn't like the damn place had a dress code anyways. Rules had stated not to bring anything of their own today. Likely didn't want the subs to be too comfortable. Forcing a bored expression, he opened the door, motioning her through first\* Let's get this shit over with.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] Snorting at his appearance, she placed her hands behind her back and walked through the door. Dropping her head, she walked to the side of the hall as she walked down to the room they were to be in, Deke close behind her.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] As she walked in, Violet dropped to her knees in her place. He heels were pressed flat against her ass as she stared at the ground. In front of her she could hear the owner of the place walking around eying all the subs and criticizing them. Stopping in front of her, he raised her chin with his crop and eyed her a moment before moving on. Silently she jumped with joy at the fact he couldn't think of anything that he would want to fix. "Today we're going to asses how you interact with your submissive. We've seen how they interact with you and we want to see how far you're willing to push them. Here we are all about pushing personal limits and taking the words 'uncomfortable' and 'can't' out of our a submissive's dictionary. We're not about can't. We're about can." ~And taking away the subs power~ she thought as the owner continued to talk to all the Doms.

Deke Daniels [PF] \*His hands clenched into fists at his side before he forced himself to relax. The slimy cunt pretended he was a dominant, when really he was a god damned slug unfit to be kicked by the boots of those he currently had on their knees. Strangely, he nearly growled as the male raised Violet's chin, dismissing her without a word as he walked away. A violent part of his brain threw up a snarl. "Mine". Where the hell had that shit come from? He had to get his mind under control.\*

Deke Daniels [PF] \*As he listened more, he nearly growled. What the fuck? This place wasn't about the healthy relationships. It was about the power and who could steal it from another. Shit wasn't supposed to work like that. As he idiot kept bleating on, he couldn't stop from reaching out when the owner's back was turned, giving her shoulder a light squeeze. Shit was ridiculous. But this was their job. Wasn't always pretty, but always necessary.\*

Deke Daniels [PF] \*As Sir Prick moved to his throne, seriously not fucking kidding on the throne part, he forced himself to not react to the fact that there were rows of the elite patrons sitting in gilded chairs around the edges of the main room. Watching the damned show. Moving to the wall, he pulled a cat, testing the sting of the tails against his hand. It'd work. Most of the males were giving their subs some bullshit rules, safe words, and a bunch of idiotic posturing spiels.\* You gonna act up Red, or you gonna listen for once? \*At her smile, he motioned to the room\* Pick a spot to park your ass.

Deke Daniels [PF] \*He watched as she stood, eyeing the different "stages". One held a whipping post, others had straps to hold the subs upright. A few chairs and other assorted furniture for their needs. Each stage was set up as a different scene. He could secretly admit to himself, he couldn't wait to see what scene his Red chose. Others demanded their subs go where the male wanted. He'd rather learn what she wanted.\*

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] Violet nibbled on her lip as she eyed the stages. She wasn't used to be allowed to pick her poison. At the far end closer to the dark was the scene she wanted. A stage with a bed, dresser, and a St. Andrew's cross. Her hands were under her ass as she looked up at Deke through her lashes and nodded towards it. He smirked at her and she felt a leap of pride. He liked her choice. Gliding over to the stage, she stepped on it before kneeling before him again. He'd stepped behind her and opened the drawers of the dresser. Under his breathe she caught him curse.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] Chancing a glance back, she saw each drawer filled with different toys; some weren't toys but torture devices. A throat cleared and her eyes snapped back to the front of the room to land on the "head master." Holding back her snarl and desire to bare her fangs, she dropped her head once more.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] "How may I please you sir?" she asked just loud enough Deke could hear. She had to play along...

Deke Daniels [PF] \*If he made it through this mission without killing that asshole, he'd actually be disappointed. As he glanced over the contents, his jaw clenched tighter. His luck, the bones would probably break before this was over. Shutting the drawers with a slam that seemed to resonate, he ignored the quiet hush that filled the room. They could be just fine fucking torturing the women that came with them, he wasn't.\* Stand. \*As she obeyed his orders, he couldn't help the shiver that made its way down his back. Fuck, she was gorgeous. Her porcelain skin stood out in the darkened room.\*

Deke Daniels [PF] \*Her eyes met his and he nearly groaned. They may be strangers. But god damn, in that moment the uncertainty in her eyes, the need... hell. It was enough to have his cock hardening, his breath seeming to stutter in his chest for a moment. Leaning closer, he pressed his lips against her ear, keeping quiet to avoid being overheard\* I don't give a damn what they think, Red, that shit in those drawer's ain't being used. I'll burn the fucking place to the ground first.

Deke Daniels [PF] \*Tugging at the ties to her corset, he let it fall to the ground, the satin ribbon that had held it together still in his hand. Meeting her gaze, his lips twitched\* Starin' at me is damn distracting, sweets. \*Quickly wrapping the material around her head, he adjusted it over her eyes before finally letting his hands smooth down her sides, watching goosebumps raise on her flesh.\* Tell me, Red...how much do you think you can take, hmm?

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] She pressed her thighs together tightly. Her sex ached and goosebumps rose across her skin. She was sure if he kept talking to her like this and touching her like that she'd come without him even having done anything. Swallowing hard, she cleared her throat to be able to speak. "Whatever you can dish out sir." She'd just opened up an entire can to allow him to do whatever he wished her to her. His fingers tangled in her hair and yanked her head back. The harder he pulled the more she groaned.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] Soon enough, her knees buckled and she fell to them once more, her chin rested against the button on his pants and she could feel his breathing pick up. He sounded as if he was attempting to control himself, but his erection gave him away; he was liking the control he had over her. Another pull and she was back on her feet. It was just his way to see if she would actually listen to him. Listen to the subtle commands he gave. She wasn't sure how, but she knew exactly what he wanted when he did little things like that. It was as if their bodies were in sync. Only, it was deeper than that. She knew things he wanted without being told. What explained that?

Deke Daniels [PF] \*His lips thinned into a harder line as he drew her upwards, relishing the way her body seemed to simply obey his whims. She hadn't fought, hadn't struggled at all. Even without seeing her eyes, he knew he'd see the same tormented need in hers that was echoed in his. Lucky for him, he kept his shit under lock and key. Few could read him. Even fewer understood him. The woman in front of him though, fucking terrified him. Something told him she was far more dangerous than he'd originally assumed. She could get under his skin. He'd never allowed it. Couldn't. It didn't take long for him to shackled her ankles and wrists to the cross. For the thin fabric shielding her sex from view to be torn from her. The stiletto heels stayed. Partly because he hadn't the slightest fucking clue how to undo those little ass buckles, and partly because they were sexy as sin. Picking the cat he'd chosen back up from the polished surface of the dresser, he traced a line over her shoulders with the leather, watching her lips part on a soft exhale. One edge of his lip curved upwards as her fingers clenched into tiny fists, her head tipping back. Without warning, he snapped the cat, letting the tails strike her pale thighs, reddened welts immediately beginning to show\* Count, Red. Every lash. \*He stood back after each few strikes, admiring the lines criss-crossing her flesh, the soft sounds she was making nearly making him see double\* How many, Violet? You're getting quieter, sweets. I want to hear you.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] "F-five sir." She shuddered when he said her name. The cat struck her again, barely brushing her dripping core. "Six..." She waited anxiously for the next snap to come. Instead, Deke came up behind her and pressed his body to hers. He didn't say a word, his lip against her ear, his breathing heavy. She could feel his manhood, hard and straining against the leather of his pants. "Six sir," she shuddered at feeling his fingers gliding along her skin. What the hell was he going to do to her? His fingers inched lower and brushed against her pussy. Her legs almost buckled once again. She was wound too tight for this. She needed to call this and just walk away. Needed to get space between her and his intoxicating scent. Those eyes that pierced her soul, got under her skin and turned her into a mewling mess. The man that could destroy everything she'd built in one stare, one word, one touch and turn her into some domesticated little housewife. Not that it would ever happen. Deke wasn't one to settle down, least not that she saw from him. But, the lust in his eyes, the way he went to major lengths to avoid touching her, yet the way he said her name. There was something else there. He'd stepped away from her while she'd been thinking about how easily he could destroy her. Snapping the cat across her back once more, she cried out barely managing to squeak out the number they now sat on.

Deke Daniels [PF] \*At this point, he couldn't actually tell you who he was attempting to torment more. Himself or her. His cock was aching, harder than he'd been in a long damn time. Cradled against her ass, he could feel the warmth straight through the fabric separating them. As the leather snapped again, the broken sound of her voice made him shudder, every part of him wanting to sink as deep into her as he could fucking get. At this point, didn't even matter where the hell he took her, so long as he was buried and surrounded by her heat.\*

Deke Daniels [PF] \*He couldn't help it. He tossed the toy aside, reaching around her to slide one finger through the wetness between her thighs. She obediently parted her thighs more as he sank his teeth into her shoulder. Two fingers parted her silken folds, driving through flesh that he'd swear would strangle his fucking cock as she tightened on them. Hissing out, he rotated his hand, the heel of his palm putting pressure on her clit as his fingers teased, coating his hand. Cursing the cross that kept them from completely touching, though it was thinner than most he'd seen, he released her shoulder, taking a moment to admire the deep teeth marks that almost seemed branded into her flesh. His brain screamed "MINE" but he stomped it down. Again.\*

Deke Daniels [PF] \*As she arched, he took the moment to bring his hand down hard on the curve of her ass. The way she cried out, her pussy clenching tighter around his fingers made him wish the fucking idiots around them would disappear. Yet he knew no matter what their bodies said, this shit was just for show. Couldn't be more. There was almost a hint of regret in his tone as he curled his hand into her hair, pulling her body taut, forcing her to ride his fingers, her lithe body showed off to perfection under the soft lighting\* Does it make you wetter Red? Knowing they're all watching you ride my fingers. Wishing they were me. Nearly begging for a damn taste. Tell them Red, how I'm making your body react just for me.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] Crying out, her head held back, she rolled her hips against his fingers seeking some sort of relief. "Only for you!" She all but screamed. Her breathing was labored as she attempted to form words in her head. Taking a deep breath, she calmed herself down enough to be able to speak. "I'm only wet for you." Lowering her voice, she rolled her hips again. "Them watching has nothing to do with how wet I am. Not being able to see them is actually helping...." She let her voice trail off not finishing what she wanted to say. Her body shook as he about pushed her over the edge. He felt how close he was and pulled away from her denying the one little release she needed to be able to keep her head on straight. Whimpering, she let her head fall forward onto the damn cross cursing him and herself.

Deke Daniels [PF] \*He could feel it, the moment her body tightened, her muscles trembling. Pulling himself away through sheer force of will, he smirked towards the assholes watching, their eyes lighting on Violet. He couldn't shake the unsettling feeling that they were watching due to something... more. It was something he couldn't explain. An innate sense of something being wrong. They were paying far more attention to her than they were to the other females. Many of whom were now crying out, some filled by multiple implements. Most of the screams weren't pleased ones. Why give the option if the bastards were more fascinated with the mere teasing going on in this fucking corner?\*

Deke Daniels [PF] \*Her body was crying out, on the edge of release. Yet for him, she'd held back. Her whimpers damn near killed him. He'd never succumbed to the fucking withholding bullshit. Your sub did what you asked and gave herself into your keeping because you took care of her and brought her what she needed. Cursing his stupidity in his head, he shrugged it off. He wasn't their goddamn type of dom. Moving around, he dropped to his knees in front of her, his tongue swirling against her navel as his hands curled around her hips. He felt her tense, as if for the first time she wasn't sure of her reaction. Of his.\*

Deke Daniels [PF] Part those pretty thighs for me, sweets. \*She obeyed, but this time it was slightly more hesitant. He could see her attempting to tip her head to where she could see past the ribbon blocking her view, but he'd tied it too tight. Without another word, he buried his face between her thighs. Teeth, tongue, lips. He ate at her like a starving man, her juices coating his chin, drawing a groan from him as the heady taste of her filled his senses. Cupping her ass in his hands, he kneaded the soft roundness with his palms, urging her to lift higher, to where every movement stretched her body tighter and tighter\* Fucking come Violet. Now.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] She screamed at his request. She'd been holding back and holding back just waiting for him. When he told her it was alright, she jerked against her restraints as her entire body tensed and tingled sending out small jolts of static electricity across her skin. Allowing her head to fall back, her fangs unwillingly fell from her gums causing them to show as her body convulsed under Deke's expert control. He jerked away from her just as she finished. Falling limp against the cross, she let her eyes fall closed even though she couldn't see. Rough hands unclasped her restraints and helped her down. Making sure she was steady on her five inch stilettos, she was left alone. Reaching up, she undid Deke's knots and looked around the room, her eyes barely adjusting before she noticed that Deke didn't wait for her to follow him to their room.

Deke Daniels [PF] \*He groaned as he tasted her release, like the sweetest fucking candy. He could drown in it. She jerked, and he felt a frisson of electricity jolt through him. It was like static electricity, just a bit stronger. Raising his gaze to see if she'd felt it, his eyes widened as he pulled himself away without actually giving his body the order to yank itself backwards. Fangs. Nestled in that mouth most men would dream about, tiny fangs peeked from under her lips as her body twisted in pleasure. Swallowing hard, he stood, unlocking the cuffs from her hands and ankles. He should stay, he knew that. Yet his brain was screaming a fucking denial at migraine noise levels. What the fuck was Mack thinking?!?!?! Nearly stumbling as he stepped from the slightly raised stage, he managed to keep himself rigid, back straight as he made it to the door, closing it behind him.\*

Deke Daniels [PF] \*Storming to the room, he jerked the shirt from his body, tossing it to the ground. He turned to tear into her, demand why the fuck she'd taken this job when he realized she wasn't behind him. In a dominant demon's den, he'd just left his fucking submissive goddamn demon defenseless and alone.\*

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] She was alone. Violet was in shock over the fact Deke had left her. He'd actually left her alone in the one fucking place that she didn't need to be left alone. Especially not after she just exposed herself to everyone for what she was. Her mind screamed at her to leave and go find Deke. But, her legs wouldn't move. She was still technically coming out of subspace and without Deke there she was left alone to force herself out of it rather abruptly. She crashed on her high which sent out another jolt of electricity and caused her head to spin. "We'll look here, I think I have a new toy. Your master just refused you and left you here with me. Don't worry though sweetheart, I'll take care of you." Two gorilla sized men grabbed her and drug her out of the room towards another room. She squirmed and kicked trying to get away. Someone came up behind her and stuck a needle in her neck instantly paralyzing her limbs. "We'll break that out of you too. A true sub never fights her master. She does whatever she can to please him, even if it's something that she doesn't like. Take her to my room she needs to be dealt with under my hand before anyone else touches her." Unwillingly and unable to fight back, Violet was taken to another room and hung by chains against a cold unforgiving wall. She didn't know what was going to happen to her but she knew it wouldn't be pleasant.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] How long had she been in this godforsaken room? It seemed like it'd been forever. Handmaidens came and went making sure she ate and drank but other than that, she was left alone. Some sort of herb was filtered into the room that was meant to sedate her so that she was easier to break, only it wasn't that easy for her. She was an energy demon and breaking was going to take a LOT more than just some herb. As master prick himself entered the room, she rolled her eyes. How could she respect someone like him? She knew damn well what he was going to do to her. Without hesitation, he walked over to her and dropped her off the wall wrapping the chains around her wrists. Leading her over to the middle of the room -where a tarp had been laid out- she was chained with her hands above her head and her corset stripped off. "Now tell me, who do you work for little one?"

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] "None of your business. Needless to say you're going to pay when my boss finds out what you're doing." A cane came down hard against the back of her legs causing her to curse. "That's no language for a lady of your stature. I think I'm going to have to whip it out of you." For what felt like hours, she was whipped with the cane. She could feel blood dripping down her legs and back. Then when he got bored, he went to whipping her with a cat of nine tails that held glass shards in the ends. Flesh was ripped from her back and thighs. Screaming, blood now poured down her back leaving puddles on the tarp. "Are you going to comply and tell me who you work for?"

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] "Fuck....you...." she gasped out as sweat dripped down her face. Walking around to face her, he grabbed her chin and forced her to look at him. "I told you that language was unbecoming of a lady in your place." His palm landed hard against her cheek sending her head to the opposite side. Hissing, she snapped her head back. She didn't take kindly to being smacked. "Smack me again you asshole."



Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] "Or what? You're not going to hurt me." Another smack resonated through the room. He hit her hard enough that her lip split and she could taste her own blood. "You're gonna pay for this," she grinned knowing no matter what Deke was going to make them pay before he went groveling back to Mack. "Oh, by your so called Dom. Sweetheart, he's already gone. I told you, he didn't want you. You're mine and my club is still standing and will continue to stand." She had to admit her heart did sink a little at the thought of Deke having left her. Smacking her again, her head snapped to the side. "Who do you work for?"

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] "Satan," she answered without hesitation. "Wrong answer." Instead of his palm this time, he clocked her with his fist. This continued on until she was about to lose consciousness. Instead of rewarding her with that, he injected her with something that felt like acid going through her veins. Screaming, she squirmed trying to get away from it. "I hope you enjoy your little trip darling. It will be long and painful but it will end....eventually." The door opened and she was dropped from where she was being held. Being carried to some abandoned hall or room, her body was dumped. She sobbed what little she could as she felt like her insides were being torn apart from the inside. Her blood was boiling and her entire body ached. The only person she wanted was Deke. But, if she was going to die, she could at least dream he was there not being a complete asshole. Closing her eyes, she slumped to the floor and cried as she imagined he was holding her.

Deke Daniels [PF] \*He had spent the last two days in a pissed off state of panic. He'd fucked up. Majorly. Didn't it just serve him right if the first major fuck up on a job with the first partner he'd been assigned, ended with him getting her killed? Fucking brilliant. He'd tried to appear calm and disinterested at first, so that he'd be left to his own devices. He'd used the time to frantically search every damn room he could gain access to. He knew there were hidden panels and bullshit all over the goddamned place. Yet he worried that Violet didn't have that kind of time. Not in this cesspool. He'd been heading towards their room when the young handmaiden they'd met on their first night here passed him. It happened in almost an instant. The electrical droning noise hit him. At the same time, the female dropped the small tray she'd been holding, her face broadcasting the pain she was in. Small fangs peeked from her lips as she crouched, attempting to pull into herself. His gaze locked on the small black charm on her collar.\*

Deke Daniels [PF] \*He was a flaming fucking moron. Jerking her up, he ignored her squeak of fear. She was afraid of him... good. Would make things easier\* Do you want to die, \*his eyes flicked to the name engraved on the charm\* Mira? Because from what I just heard, your master is bringing in fun new toys to break. How long do you think you're going to be enough, hmm? How much can you take before he decides you've worn out your welcome? You know my sub is more powerful than you. She's likely already taken your place at his side. \*He'd never understand it, how females got themselves in these fucked up relationships. Yet Mira's eyes had glowed red as she hissed in jealousy. Fucks sake. Shaking her roughly until her head snapped back, he met her hiss with one of his own\* You want her gone? You want to be the one getting tortured until you can barely stand? My pleasure, slave. You lead me to her, and I'll make all your idiotic depraved fantasies come fucking true.

Deke Daniels [PF] \*Her eyes widened, and she appeared to be ready to help, yet steps on the stairs broke through the near silent hallway. Dropping her, he sneered as she crouched at his feet. The dom of the house stood on the top stair, glancing between them. In his hands was a silk handkerchief he was using to wipe blood off of his hands. Rage built higher as Deke realized it was likely Violet's. No one had the right to put their fucking hands on her. As he moved to take a step, the woman's voice stopped him.\* "I apologize, Master Deke.... forgive me, please. I shall be more careful in the future to avoid stumbling into you. Please, I beg your understanding. \*As she hurriedly moved to pick up the broken pieces of the tray, her wide eyes met Deke's as she frantically motioned for him to go into his room once her dom had demanded she follow him downstairs.\*

Deke Daniels [PF] \*Normally he'd say fuck it and do whatever the hell he needed to do, damn the rest. Yet he'd already searched everywhere. He had no choice but to storm to his room, the door slamming behind him. Depending how long this shit took would determine how much damage he did to this damned room in the meantime.\*

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] Acid was still running through her system causing her to constantly sit there crying like a weak little bitch. She wasn't weak, but she could swear that she was going to die. "Fuck you Mack," she muttered as she clutched her stomach. "And fuck you Deke." If she hadn't gotten paired up with Deke she wouldn't be sitting here swearing to god that she was dying. Not only that but she wouldn't have gotten feelings for him and wanted to sleep with him. Not only that, but she wouldn't have come here and gotten refused by Deke. Laying back down, Violet wiped her eyes. She hated being weak. She hated the fact that she was sitting here fighting death. She had no clue why she was fighting it, she was better off just giving up and letting death overcome her. Least that way she would return to her realm and be reborn.

Mack Thompson [PF] \*Scrolling through the database, he let out a breath he didn't know he had been holding. No mysterious deaths. No collateral damage. He hadn't heard anything, no, but no news was good news. At least in their profession. With these two in particular however, no news could be a good thing or it could be irreparably bad. A few clicks of the mouse and he was scanning the Greek newsreels. So far it appeared perhaps the two hadn't killed each other yet. Whether they were working together as he'd planned or were completely ignoring each other, he supposed time would tell. Exiting the feeds, he leaned back in his chair, his arms crossed over his chest. The Psiforce hub was quiet. Most agents were out in the field or spread into different branches. As the general stuck corralling them all, his powers allowed him to see what others couldn't. He'd known from touring the military bases that this pair would compliment each other. Their abilities would be an asset in the field if properly managed. Now to wait and see if the two hot headed fools could figure that out themselves.\*

Deke Daniels [PF] \*His knuckles were cracked and bloody. He'd been in this fucking room for what felt like days yet had only been overnight. The bitch who'd scurried away hadn't come back. He'd busted up half the fucking room in a temper as he waited. Served the assholes right. Once he'd run out of things to pound the shit out of, he drew his laptop from the inner pocket of the suitcase. It was encrypted, and would self destruct when he set it to. They hadn't brought a single fucking thing that they'd need to come back for. Booting up the system, he let his abilities flow through his fingertips, the data from the club's computers syncing wirelessly to his with the push of a button. Scanning the coding, his lips twisted into a snarl. Fucking assholes. They were making a goddamned killing off of selling demonic submissives. Slaves, more like. Women didn't appear to have much of a damn choice in the matter, did they?\*

Deke Daniels [PF] \*Leaving a few goodbye "gifts" in the system, he glanced up at the sound of something moving in the bathroom. Standing, he kept his hand loosely at his side, fingertips against the hidden sheath under his belt. Making his way almost silently to the bathroom, he moved before the other person was even aware of his presence, his arm braced across their throat, blade pressed against their jugular. Wide eyes met his, red flashing through the irises. Making a face, he relaxed his hold enough to allow her to breathe\* Took you about fucking long enough. \*Without a word, she yanked a small necklace from her throat. It had been obscured by the thick collar she wore. Pressing it into his hand, she leaned closer, her lips brushing his ear with every word, making him grimace. Fucking demon parasite scum. Remembering that attitude was what fucking got them into this, he cursed, shoving the maidservant away as his gaze caught the full length mirror. It was about a foot away from where it had been, and the darkness behind led to what appeared to be a tunnel in between the suites. Scowling, he shoved her towards the bedroom\* You better get the fuck out of here. Don't particularly care what you tell your fucking sleazeball "dom" neither. Ain't gonna be any of my concern in a bit.

Deke Daniels [PF] \*Ignoring her, not giving a damn if she left or not, he turned sideways to slide into the tunnel. Attempting to follow the hurried directions, he made his way through the cold concrete passageway, gritting his teeth as his larger frame cause him to scrape shoulders and elbows against the fucking walls. Apparently this bullshit place was meant just to harbor the females and get them from room to room without the "pleasanter" company noticing. The smell of sulfur hit him as the tunnel sloped to the left. Feeling his stomach lurch, he swallowed hard, pushing it back. That fucking smell was one that stayed with you for the rest of your goddamned life. Breathing through his mouth, he slowly counted to 20, attempting to push the memories back. Time didn't ease those scars. Hell, nothing could. His hands clenched into fists as the screams seemed to wash over him. Loud and terrifying as they were years ago.\*

Deke Daniels [PF] \*Every bit of strength he possessed was required to force the emotions back. To focus on the job at hand. To ignore that disgusting smell of incoming death. Breathing out, he continued around the bend, his anger spiking higher as he saw an empty alcove of a room with metal galvanized piping ran through the ceiling and floors. There was a crumbled heap in the middle of the room. It took him a moment to realize it was his Red. Her hair was matted with blood, bruises and gashes standing out starkly against her pale skin.\* Aw fuck. Red. \*Racing to her, he dropped to his knees as he felt for a pulse. It was there. Thready and weak, but there. Tugging the chain from his pocket, he lifted Violet up over his shoulder. Thankfully she was a tiny thing and he was stronger than he appeared to most. No way were they getting through that goddamned tunnel this way though. Using the key, he ran it over the back wall until a small click showed that the charm had activated the magnet sensor hidden there. Prying the slim door open with his fingernails, he inhaled deep. Fresh air.\*

Deke Daniels [PF] \*Now where the hell did they go from here? Glancing left and right, he spotted the neon lights of some sort of motel somewhere down the street. Worked for him. Trying to ignore the soft noises of pain coming from his cargo, he made his way to the front desk. As they glanced towards Violet, he gave a roguish grin\* Way too much whiskey. I told her to stick to her frou frou drinks but she don't listen worth a damn. Got herself tangled up with those idiots down at the club.

Deke Daniels [PF] \*As the woman blanched, he knew he'd hit on a decent cover story. She'd likely seen it a time or two. She rushed them to a room, promising to bring fresh towels and antibiotic ointment. As the door closed, he stared down at the bundle of female that had managed to thoroughly get way the fuck under his skin\* Wake up Violet. Now. Before I paddle that goddamned ass of yours. \*When she didn't stir, he cursed. What the fuck had they given her?\*

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] Groaning at the movement of her body, she was sure she was dead. She heard Deke's deep bass voice telling her to wake up. It wasn't that she didn't want to wake up; it was just that she couldn't. No matter where she moved, she hurt. The acid was running through her veins slowing her heart down to the point she swore it was no longer beating. She was laying on something soft, but even that hurt. Why the fuck did she hurt so much? Oh yeah, because that bastard had beaten her within an inch of her life. Her veins had spider webbed out across her cheeks and down her neck as well as across her chest and arms causing her veins to appear black. She thought she felt the bed dip and arms wrap around her pulling her close to a warm body. Letting her head fall to the side, she thought she heard soft mutterings in her ear. Not only soft and non angry, but mutterings about how someone couldn't be without her because she'd made him feel again and other sweet things like that. Things she thought she'd never hear from another person. A warm feeling of need spread through her.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] Instantly she was cold again like she had been left and she began to shiver violently. That alone told her that she was dreaming. No one wanted her and she was going to die alone. No one would say words like "I need you." Groaning, she rolled to her side and half attempted to curl herself into a ball. Blood tears unwillingly slipped from her eyes slipping into the cuts on her face leaving a burning feeling from the salt getting into her open wounds. But, it wasn't like she could do anything about it. Her body wasn't her own anymore.

Deke Daniels [PF] \*He frowned as he sat on the chair, chin resting on the wooden back. He'd been staring at her. Couldn't much fucking help it, to be honest. She'd been mumbling in her sleep for hours. He'd done his best to wake her but she hadn't really budged. He had assumed that after being away from whatever they'd pumped into the damned room, it would leave her system. Instead, she appeared to be getting worse. He'd bribed one of the housekeeping women into running to Walmart to grab him a cheap laptop. Didn't much matter what it was, he'd fry it anyways.\*

Deke Daniels [PF] \*Glancing over at her, he propped the new computer up on the desk, typing in stupid random search words. Goddamnit. You'd think his tech skills would magically sort this shit. Scowling, he hacked back into the Club's database using the back door he'd programmed in while he was there. Searching through random files, he made a face. Dude took his luxuries way too fucking seriously. Finally, he found a file simply titled "Pharmaceuticals". Sounded promising.\*

Deke Daniels [PF] \*Clicking it, he scrolled through. Well fuck. They had a list of a bunch of bullshit but it was sorted by demonic species. Glancing towards Violet, he cursed\* Figures Red. Even unconscious you're a goddamned pain in my fucking ass. \*Sighing, he logged into the Psiforce databases. Mack would have his ass, but fuck it. Dude should have known better than to stick him with a partner in the first fucking place. Scrounging around, he dug up her file. As he read, he felt for the first time like a complete fucking asshole. Well, no, he always felt like that. But this time he at least had the decency to feel bad about it. Closing his eyes, he scrubbed a hand over his face. She'd rebelled against her family. Saved a human child, one that her family had targeted. Once they'd disowned her for being too soft, she'd gone into the service. She had never harmed a single fucking human. And he'd gotten her into this situation by treating her like she was a piece of shit like the rest of them.\*

Deke Daniels [PF] \*Switching back to the Club file, he scrolled through to see what damn poison they used on energy demons. Nux Vomica. Oh good, strychnine. Because his life couldn't be fucking easy at all. Grumbling to himself, he broke back into Psiforce records. They had to have something somewhere. After digging deep into historical records, he scribbled down the list. Heading to the nearest pharmacy, he grabbed a few items there, then moved on to a regular Walmart...Kmart... wherever the fuck it was. Dropping the bags into the motel room, he dug out his purchases. Nowhere had he found any instructions. In a plastic cup, he poured in a bit of chamomile extract. Fuck knows if he even got the right shit, all he knew it as was that shit tea his mom used to drink. Stirring in a few drops of espresso, a drop or two of camphor, and a bit of vinegar, he frowned at it. Shit looked disgusting. But they were all listed in Psiforce as an antidote. Someone needed to fucking write a goddamned recipe down. Tapping in the tiniest amount of baking soda, his brow rose as the entire disgusting concoction actually fizzed, then turned crystal clear.\* The fuck?

Deke Daniels [PF] \*Pulling up the syringe the pharmacy had given him for his "mother's B12 shot", he depressed the plunger before drawing some of the liquid into it. He had no damn idea if the mix was right. What the dosage was. Fucking nothing. But if he didn't try, she was as goo as fucking dead anyways. Tapping the vial, he pressed a bit to release the air bubble before kneeling next to the bed. Finding a decent spot on her inner thigh that hadn't been too badly mangled by the fucking psychopath, he slid the needle deep, releasing the fluid into her system. Then, for the first time in a long fucking time, he prayed. Who knew how long it would take to circulate. If it'd even work. He'd have some words for Psiforce when he got back. Bitches needed to keep up on their damn antidote sheets for the uninformed masses. As he'd begun to sit back to wait, Violet began thrashing. Lifting himself to the bed, it took damn near everything he had to keep her from breaking bones, the movements were so damned destructive. After about 20 minutes, she appeared to pass out, her skin turning an even paler shade of white, making the black spider-webbed veins appear even darker by comparison. What had he done?\*

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] Her chest heaved as it felt like fire was now flooding her veins. Little by little it attacked the acid that was in her causing her to feel like someone was attempting to kill her. Letting out a shuddering breath, her heart stopped. Literally stopped. Laying completely still on the bed, her body jerked a little before her heart restarted. Bolting up in the bed, she gasped for air, coughing and clutching her throat. Someone handed her a glass of water and she quickly downed it. Shaking her head once she was able to breath again, she pulled her knees up to her chest shaking a little. She was cold but not cold like she had been earlier. Looking up, she saw Deke staring at her. Narrowing her eyes for a moment she had to close them and open them again to make sure that she was seeing who she thought she was. Why did he look so concerned? "Why are you staring at me like that? And where am I and how did I get here?"

Deke Daniels [PF] \*He narrowed his eyes as she acted like she hadn't just fucking literally died in the bed\* How 'bout we start with, "Thank you Deke, for saving my fucking life even though I gave you none of the damned information you needed to do so." I like that start a whole lot better, Red. Couple of "thanks". Couple of "My hero". Get that out of the way and then maybe I'll forgive you for the goddamned hell my life has been since I met you. \*Realizing that she'd have no damned idea what he was talking about, and after reading her file, she didn't really deserve most of his anger, he scowled\* You've been unconscious for hours. Found a fucking antidote after hacking their systems to see what they gave you. Course no one has a damn clue how to actually write up an antidote cause fuck it all, that ain't important, no. \*Casting a glance over her, he raised a brow\* You know when your heart stopped and restarted, the marks he put on your skin disappeared. Any clue why that might be, Princess? Cause I'm just a dumbass Seal, could use some expertise here.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] Looking down, she realized her skin was back to it's naturally pale nature without a mark on her. Looking back up at him, she grabbed a blanket and pulled it over her feet. "One, thank you Deke, I'm sorry that you didn't know what to do. If I could have told you what they did, I would have. But, I had no way to contact you. Two, I died. When a demon dies, they're reborn. All abuse, marks, etc are washed away. It's like a new life. Just, kinda have...." She didn't finish her sentence. She really didn't want to admit that she was locked out of her own realm and if she ever died she would always come back to this body with the same memories but thankfully she would always lose any marks left on her by someone else. "Anyways, thank you Deke," she muttered as she looked at the bed feeling bad that he had to deal with what he'd just dealt with.

Deke Daniels [PF] \*His lips turned into a scowl as he stared at her. Where was the fight? The arguments? The feisty woman who'd rather kick and bite than to thank him? The fuck was going on? Without a word, he grabbed the blanket she'd pulled over her feet, then her ankles. Dragging her to the foot of the bed, he lifted her, ignoring her squeak of protest\* Shut up. \*Depositing her on the bathroom counter, he turned on the taps for the bathtub, letting it warm before he dropped the plug into the water\* In. \*As she opened her mouth, he cut a glare her way\* 100% not in the goddamned mood Violet. I'm attempting to be a decent male. Take a fucking bath, do your girly shit.

Deke Daniels [PF] I'm taking the bed for a few hours because I've gotten fuck-all sleep while making sure you were breathing since I gave you the half-assed attempt at an antidote. You're alive. My job is done till we take that fucking club down and go the hell home. \*Turning, he left her in the bathroom before she could utter a word, throwing himself down on the bed. Truth, this shit had scared the fuck outta him. Not only that but it was all his damn fault to begin with. He either needed sleep or he'd do something stupid like fuck her before she'd even managed to actually properly access what had happened to her. And blame him. That was a damned complication neither of them needed. Better she hate him now, than have him fuck up and give her what they both craved only to have her think he'd used her later. Story of his goddamned life.\*

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] She had trailed her fingers up her arms and legs as she washed. She kept looking at the door expecting Deke to be there. Why the hell had he just left her? Again! Fucking hell. Leaning back, she wet her hair and washed it feeling better to finally have that damn club washed off her. Rinsing it out of her hair, she got out and dried off. Wrapping a towel around her slender frame since she didn't have anything else, she left the bathroom, her hair down in its natural waves. Walking over to the bed, she took the blanket that she'd been using earlier. She had no fight left in her to fight with Deke. Not after he'd saved her. Walking around to his side of the bed, she kissed his cheek. "Thank you."

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] Going over to the couch, she sank onto it and sat so that her head was against the back of the couch with her feet up on the couch. Wrapping the blanket around her naked body, she dropped the wet towel on the coffee table to be dealt with later.

Deke Daniels [PF] \*He tried to ignore her. But even staring at the ceiling, he could still see her huddled on the damn couch, looking smaller somehow. As if the prickly personality had made her seem larger. Groaning, he shifted, moving closer to the edge\* Get the fuck over here and just lay the hell down. \*The grateful smile she tossed him made him grind his teeth. He'd had his moments where he'd been nice to her. Why was she acting like it was a rare goddamned treat? Hadn't he? Scoffing at the thought that he should give a damn, he turned, bunching a pillow under his head. Even turning away from her didn't help the fact that every slight move she made had her scent drifting his way.\*

Deke Daniels [PF] \*Closing his eyes, he began to count in his head, attempting to ignore the temptress in the fucking bed. As her breathing had evened out, he risked turning to his back. It was then that he realized she hadn't had anything to wear. Shit. His body immediately stiffened. He was sure she was asleep. Fairly sure, at least. Risking a peek her way, he slid one hand under the covers and beneath the boxers he wore. His eyes closed as his lips parted. He was careful to attempt to keep movements to a minimum, but Christ, a male couldn't be this fucking hard and get any damn sleep.\*

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] Sighing softly, she rolled over to her stomach. The rolling over caused her to slid closer to Deke and her hand landed on his arm. Instantly she was awake because she wasn't used to having someone else in bed. Opening her eyes a little, she looked up at him through her lashes. She could see his hand slipped beneath his boxers and hear a soft groan escape his lips. A gush of wetness escaped between her thighs causing her to whimper. When Deke's movements suddenly stopped, she cursed and buried her head in the blanket to pretend she was asleep, except she couldn't sleep now. Squeezing her thighs together tightly, she curled her toes. God she was so turned on by just the simple thought that he could be touching himself because of her.

Deke Daniels [PF] \*He froze. Her movements had jostled him, her breathing had changed. Shit. He could almost sense the way electricity seemed to flow between them. It heightened his senses to where he could actually smell her arousal. Well, damn. His voice was huskier, deeper, as he simply gave the hell up. Fuck it and fuck fighting. His lips curled into a slow smirk as he twisted, his fingers burying themselves in her hair. He'd be more gentle except he doubted he could, and she'd healed anyways\* You just going to lay there, Red? Thought I told you that you had to earn your own rewards. Looks to me like if we ain't talking, that mouth of yours could be put to better use.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] She whimpered and looked up at him. Another gush of wetness escaped between her thighs. Her skin buzzed when he touched her. Licking her lips, she wished she had her classic red lipstick to leave marks on him. But, she had no doubt in her abilities and knew she would have enough time to leave a lipstick mark around his cock. Sliding over to where he was, she grabbed his boxers and pulled them out of the way. Wrapping her hand around his shaft, she swirled her tongue along his tip before taking him into her mouth.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] Relaxing her throat, she took him all the way in until her lips met the tips of her fingers. Swallowing, she put just enough pressure on his cock to hear him curse loudly before she pulled away and began to suck on his manhood while moving her lips up and down his engorged member. Her free hand moved down and slid along the soaked folds of her center causing goosebumps to spread across her skin.

Deke Daniels |PF| Jesus. \*His breath came in short pants as she teased and tormented. Tightening his fingers in her hair again, he slowed her rhythm, making a soft disapproving noise\* Now Red, if you're going to touch yourself, you're just rushing things, ain't you? \*Easing his cock between her lips again, he groaned as she instantly followed his movements, letting him thrust deeper, holding her close until she needed a breath before he drawing back\* So fucking beautiful.

Deke Daniels |PF| \*He kept up until he couldn't take a single second more. He refused to let her take this round. Tapping her cheek, he smirked\* Open. \*As she released him, he saw the wounded gaze she gave him, as if she expected that this was the end, as he'd stopped the times before.\* Middle of the bed. On your stomach. \*As she pulled herself where he'd told her to be, he tore the towel from the table into strips. Hell, woman said she'd bring more anyways. Inspecting the metal frame beneath the mattress, he shrugged. It'd work. Securing her wrists and ankles, he left enough play in the ties around her feet to allow her some movement\* These ties break, everything stops. Are we clear? \*As she nodded, he brought the palm of his hand down across one curvy ass cheek, grinning as she jumped, the ties around her wrist tightening more\* When I ask a question, Violet, I want to hear the answer, not have to guess from frantic motions of your head. Understood?

Violet "Vi" Marie |PF| "Yes," she squirmed when he smacked her again. She had no desire to have this end before she got what her body needed and he got his pleasure. Feeling his hand come down on her ass again, she squealed. She honestly loved hearing her name drip from his lips. Licking her lips, she savored the taste of him.

Deke Daniels |PF| \*She lay sprawled before him like a damn offering, and hell if he wasn't a starving man. He knew Psiforce agents were all protected, hell, it was almost a necessity in their field, so he didn't even give a damn about protection. Digging on hand into her hip, he forced her knees upward.\* Do you have any idea how fucking beautiful this is, your ass lifted for me, your head lowered and you have no goddamned say in a damn thing I do? \*His fingertips stroked down the back of her thighs, her whimper seeming to go straight to his cock\* I'd tell you to beg Red, but frankly, I don't think I can give you that chance right now. \*Shifting forward, he growled as her heated juices coated the head of his cock\* So so wet for me. Don't even need to get you worked up, do I? \*As he spoke, he pressed deeper, her pussy clenching around him with ever inch\* You do it all on your own. \*A groan felt ripped from him as he finally was seated completely, her ass against his groin. She fucking fit him perfectly and he doubted she could actually take even an inch more\* You're like a goddamn glove, Princess. \*As he felt her attempting to move, his hand on her lower back kept her near immobile\* Now, baby, you can beg.

Violet "Vi" Marie |PF| Princess, Red, Baby? On God she felt like she could fall in love with him. The feel of his holding her down was making her wetter. He always made her wet like this without even trying. She tried to push back on him but was met with a resounding slap to her ass. Squeaking, she shifted a little. "Please fuck me sir! I need to feel you taking what you own. Please please please!! I need to be filled by you." Her nails dug into the sheets as his fingers dug into her lower back. "Please master?" She trembled with want.

Deke Daniels |PF| \*He hissed at her words. Did he own her? Fuck if he cared at this damn moment. His hands shifted to her hips, holding her still as he drove into her. Again and again he pushed her harder, faster, and she simply begged for more. The ties had snapped, and neither of them had even noticed, as it meant they'd shifted towards the headboard and somehow had moved till they were upright, her hands curled into the wood, her back to his chest. He braced one arm against the wall as every thrust made her cry out. As she began to shiver, he yanked her head backwards by her hair\* You don't fucking cum until I tell you to, Red, until I'm good and done with you. Got it? \*His head swam with the scent



of her as he released her hair, sliding one hand between her thighs. Every forward thrust had her clit meeting his fingertips, where he added more and more pressure, until she was nearly sobbing in his arms, her body strung tight. She couldn't take much more, hell, neither could he. Her pussy was damn near strangling his cock, every thrust raked over nerve endings both of them had likely been unaware they even had. He felt the static electricity build on their skin, saw her skin take on the opalescent glow. As she began to feed, it felt like every part of her was vibrating in pleasure, and the feeling shot straight to his balls. Cursing, he yanked her head back again, his demand to cum nearly hidden by him fusing his mouth to hers. Her hands were both flat against the wall now, and as he stroked her clit, he felt her tighten down again. His head tipped backwards as he growled his release, her skin getting brighter. He was almost hoarse as he pressed himself closer to her, his heart pounding\* Fuck...Violet.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] Shaking, her head fell back against his shoulder after she started coming down off her high. Her pussy throbbed around his dick that was still buried deep inside her. Sometime in the middle of both of their releases, his hand had snaked around her waist and pulled her flush against him. Holding her, protecting her, cherishing her. Lulling her head to the side she nuzzled his neck affectionate. That was by far the best sex she had ever had and she knew she would want more of it. Deke had gotten under her skin and changed her attitude towards him. Yeah she's always wanted what she just got out of him, but there was something deeper between them. Something that connect them on an intense level. Feeling Deke remove himself from her causing her to whimper at the removal.

Deke Daniels [PF] \*His arm was going numb. After their little interlude, he'd pulled Violet against him, and she'd fallen asleep in his arms. He'd forgotten though that he'd never fucking slept with a woman before. And now he couldn't figure out how the hell to get his arm free from the she-monster currently inhabiting its space. He didn't want to have to walk her up, but damn, he needed to piss\* Red? Little help here, shedevil? Your man needs his fucking arm back if you want it to work properly later. \*wiggling his hand to attempt to free himself, he groaned in mock pain\* I can't feel my fingers. It's too late.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] "Deke," she groaned and rolled away from him. She felt him get up and go to the bathroom. When he came back, she rolled into his chest and buried her face in his chest. She heard him grumble but she didn't care. He was hers and she was going to snuggle with him. "Shut up Handsome. Your woman wants to be held."

Deke Daniels [PF] \*Making a face as he stared down at the woman currently curled up against his chest, one brow rose\* So I came on assignment, claimed a woman. Turned into a fucking snuggling asshole, and didn't get to blow any shit up. You know, I feel like I've gotten the short end of a stick that someone's going to crack against my skull at any fucking minute. \*He griped, yet he let her drag his arm back around her shoulders as she pressed her lips against his throat\* Handsome? Dammit woman. I am not a pet you get to keep and make house trained.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] Nipping at his neck, she looked up at him. "No, I don't adopt pets that bite. I'm not adopting you, I'm telling you you're going to get over yourself. My man is going to let me snuggle to him and he will hold me. Besides, we still aren't done with our assignment. We need to still free the slaves. Pretty sure we can just blow the place up and kill everyone."

Deke Daniels [PF] Get over myself? \*Snorting, he shook his head\* Why should I? Even you fell for me, I'm a fucking catch. \*Sighing at her glare, he rolled to his back again, dragging her with him so she could curl up against his chest, since she clearly wasn't giving a goddamn inch on this closeness shit\* Kill everyone. I think the General would have a big fucking problem with that body count, sweetheart.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] She raked her nails down his chest lightly while she moved her leg over his hips. "The girls would come back so technically they aren't part of the body count. It'd be like me, they'd die and come back with a new life." Crawling on top of Deke, she moved her hair to the side and looked down at him. Damn it he was right, she had fallen for him. She would have been okay with just fucking back when she first met him, but now she wanted more than that.

Deke Daniels [PF] Come back? \*musing over it, he frowned\* Even the different species? You didn't see the register, Violet. There were like 20 separate fucking species listed, each with a different price tag. The sick fuck. \*As she moved, he hissed as his cock hardened almost instantly. His voice came out less stern than he had intended\* Violet. \*He'd meant to demand she stop fucking with him, they had shit to do, one night of fucking didn't meant getting nothing else done. Yet as she arched, the feel of her wet heat sank through to his bones\* God dammit Violet.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] "Yes, they'll all come back. They'll go to their respective realms to heal and then return. It may be a day to a month for them to come back but they will come back." She rubbed her sex against him and grinned as he seemed to lose the battle against what his body wanted and what his head wanted. "Don't tell me what to do right now Deke. I want you and you want me. So, shut up and let me do this." Reaching between them, she wrapped her fingers around his shaft and guided him inside her slick channel with a soft mewl.

Deke Daniels [PF] \*With a groan, his head fell back on the pillows, his hips lifted, sliding deeper. Curling his hands around her hips, he tried and failed to keep his eyes off of her as she threw her head back, her hair brushing his thighs everytime she moved\* Fucking hell, Red, you're sexy as sin. \*As she lowered herself slightly, her gaze finding his, he reached to dig his fingers into her hair, to pull her head back again. He wasn't ready for this goddamned intimacy, the whole eyes meeting falling in love bullshit. Hell, he didn't figure he'd ever be willingly ready. He growled as she smacked his hand away, her hands sliding up his chest as she continuing to ride him in slow, easy strokes. Driving him fucking insane.\* Red...did you just hit me, woman?

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] "Don't force me to look away Deke. I want to look at you." As she rolled her hips, she leaned down and slid her tongue along his lips. The way she rolled her hips caused him to rub against her clit each time. Moaning softly, she pressed her lips to his. It wasn't the messy needy kiss that they'd shared last night. This was slow and passionate and matched the rhythm she'd started with her hips while she rode him.

Deke Daniels [PF] \*As much as he wanted to look away, he damn well couldn't. Not at the look on her face. Sliding his hands from her hips to her ass, he shifted her slightly, adjusting the angle of his thrusts as he lifted upwards. Her eyes widened, her kiss became more broken as their breathing quickened.\* Violet... \*He was fucking lost. This wasn't the animalistic fucking he was used to. That he normally

preferred. This was that emotional entanglement that scared the everloving shit out of him. He could see the fears, the doubts, hell, the deepening feelings right there in her goddamned eyes. How could he explain right at this moment that he was fucking broken? He couldn't be the savior she seemed to want\* Red, I... \*As she muttered "Shut up" and met his lips again, he let the bullshit go. What would come, would come. They'd deal. Closing his eyes, he used his hold on her ass to keep her still as his hips rotated with every upwards movement, making her pussy clench tighter, until it was almost too much sensation to keep moving. Breaking their kiss, he forced himself to pull back. To meet her eyes as he felt their mutual climaxes sweep over them, her muscles rippling around his cock causing him to be unable to hold back a minute more\*

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] Crying out as she orgasmed, unwillingly, her eyes went from their normal color to red and her fangs fell from her gums while the usual static electricity tingled across both of their skin. It was the part of her she hated, the demon parts. She didn't ever use her fangs so why should she have them? She fed off the energy of people and the sexual energy that she got from being with Deke. It was a high that she'd never had before.

Deke Daniels [PF] \*He stiffened, eyes widening. Yes, he'd seen this before, but he'd walked away then. He went to move, but hell, he still didn't want to hurt her. Gritting his teeth, he fought to beat down his instincts. He swore he could smell sulfur. Hear a child's high pitched scream. The gurgle of someone he cared for taking their last agonized breath. His breathing came quicker and he realized he was actually attempting to jerk himself away from her, but she was like a fucking spider monkey clinging to him, almost as tightly as the remnants of memories he'd never truly managed to banish\* Dammit Violet!

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] As he'd attempted to buck her off, she'd pinned him to the bed and leaned down to his ear. She ran her nose along his jaw knowing full well what he was thinking. He'd told her of his hatred for demons and that had been the biggest reason she hadn't told him that she was one. He'd never believe that she didn't use her fangs, she didn't feed off blood, and she didn't kill anyone. Not without a good fucking reason. "Shh, Deke. Shhh please. Just know that I'm not going to hurt you. Deke, please, I won't hurt you. I'm not like them. I'm not like the demons that killed your family. You know that."

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] He shuddered under her as if he was done fighting her, and she lessened her hold on him. Just as she'd relaxed, he bucked her off and she grunted. "Fuck Deke!" she bounced on the bed a little anger welling up inside her. "Why the hell can't you see past the fucking fangs!? I don't fucking use them! You know that! I have them because I have to have them. I don't fucking want them! Can't you stop for two seconds and listen to me? Listen to the fact I love....." she trailed her words off realizing what she'd just said and not knowing what to say or do now that she'd said it. It hadn't been out of anger and she'd truly meant it. She didn't want to hurt him, she wanted to help him heal.

Deke Daniels [PF] \*He'd been beating feet to the bathroom, in an attempt to clear his brain of the bullshit from the past, when her words hit him. He turned slowly, jaw clenched\* We just met a few fucking days ago. You've got stars in your eyes, thinking I'm gonna come along and save you. Make all your pretty little fantasies come true. I'm fucking broken, Red. I can't be whoever you've built me up to be in your pretty little white picketed fence fucking world.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] "Save me from what?!" She yelled as she pushed herself up on her knees on the bed. "I don't need fucking saving Daniels. I'm a big girl and I can save myself! I'm the one who got myself kicked out of my realm and disowned by my family all for a fucking human! I can't fucking go back Deke. EVER! I made it where I am on my own! I don't need some fucking white knight to save me and give me the "American dream" I don't fucking want it.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] I want someone who understands that work is important to me and can accept me and look past the goddamn fangs! I don't fucking use them. I want someone to love me and hold me at night and work with me. I don't fucking want kids and I don't fucking want some picket fence. I want to belong. But everyone, just like you, can't look past the goddamn fangs. All I am is a pretty piece of ass they want to fuck and leave. So, go brag to whoever you want to fucking brag to that you fucked me." Violet got off the bed and snatched his shirt off the floor. Throwing it on, she headed for the bedroom door to go to the living room muttering curses under her breath.

Deke Daniels [PF] \*His eyes narrowed as she headed towards the living area of the small motel room. Grabbing her by the elbow, he jerked her around, pinning her against the wall as he glared down at her\* And I fucking need someone to give me a goddamned break and to give me time to get this shit straight. I need someone to not have a fucking fiery temper tantrum because I can't keep a hard-on when hearing my kid sister dying after a fucking DEMON tore her throat out. You wanna walk away, that's fine, but then you've gone ahead and proved that humans mean shit to you. We're complicated, we're fucked up, and we're messy. You ain't perfect, princess. Neither am I. But... \*He cursed, turning away to grab his pants that lay discarded on the floor\* Case you didn't notice, I was trying to fucking fight for you. For what we could end up being. I needed to breathe for a goddamned minute. You're the one who thinks everybody's judging you for your private bullshit.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] "You're the one who refuses to look past the DEMON in me. Look at me Deke. Look at me and tell me what you see. If you see a demon I don't know if you'll ever be able to get past that. I understand that you're fucked up. I was trying to help you! I can't help the fact that I have fangs. I wish to every fucking god I didn't. I hate them. Deke," she sighed and slumped against the wall. "I can't help that you have somehow gotten under my skin and made me fall in love with you. If you want me to leave, then I won't fight you on it. But, I don't want to. If you walk away from me, then that's it. You're killing any chance we have. Yes, I have a temper and I react with it. You have walked away from me twice after having sex. TWICE. I know I'm fucking good in bed and when the man who can match my skill walks away, I get upset and react in the only way that I know how. You said we were both fucked up, and we are. But, I want you to be the one who fixes me and I want to be the one who fixes you."

Deke Daniels [PF] \*Sighing, he pressed his forehead against hers, their eyes meeting\* Tell you what, Red. How bout, we finish this damn mission. And see if there's hope for either of us to be fixed after so long, hm? I can't promise a damn thing, but hell. I'm willing to try if you are.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] "Then lets go blow up the damn place and make sure the fucker is dead. He fucking killed me so I want to make sure he's good and dead. He'll have no chance of coming back. Not when he returns to his realm and they realize the sins he's committed." She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed his cheek. "I'm sorry that I fucked up Deke. I didn't mean to. I'll go get dressed and we can get ready to go finish up the mission. I have to grab my rifle before we go." Kissing his cheek again, she slipped from between the wall and him and went to where she'd dropped a bag one of the other agents had dropped off of her clothes and her rifle. Shimming on her skirt and pulling on her top, she looked down to see bruises around her hips and across her abdomen. Grinning softly, she grabbed her rifle as she ran her fingers through her hair.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] Deke was messing with his laptop on a rooftop to access whatever he'd done before they left as she made her way to the roof of a building about a hundred yards from the damn place. When she got up there, she sat and put her rifle together. This was her baby and she kept the sights up to date and where she wanted them so that she didn't have to worry about them. Everything from the night before and that morning had fled her mind the minute that she'd started putting the rifle together –don't get her wrong, she was still thinking of Daniels, he just wasn't her first priority at the moment.- Being a demon, she had special little powers that she rarely ever used. In fact, she'd never used the one she was going to attempt to use today. It was a good thing that they had a backup in case it didn't work but the less noise that they made the less warning that they were likely to give the fuckers.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] She'd spent most of the ride over explaining to Deke what she'd have to explain to Mack when he found out that they killed everyone in the building. The maidenslaves were going to return back to this realm after they went through their healing process. She was sure that they would be in their own realm for a while because of the abuse that they'd been through at the hands of this prick. He, on the other hand, would not return. Violet would make sure of that. Demons may not be the best creatures from time to time, but they didn't allow other demons to make a bad name for them. Just like the demons that killed Deke's family. Taking a deep breath, she positioned herself so she could watch the roof of the building. Closing her eyes, she cleared her mind ready for what she was to do. Killing someone that deserved it was never a problem for her, it was all those that he'd hurt before her. She was the last one that he would ever be allowed to kill or harm in any way. ~Deke~ Violet whispered into Deke's mind hoping that it worked how she heard it was suppose to. ~Are you ready?~

Deke Daniels [PF] \*Booting up the laptop, he flexed his fingers, letting his technokinetic abilities surge forward. Scanning through the databases he'd hacked into, he grinned. Good. His interference in the system safeguards hadn't been noticed. This was how he worked best. Fuck the emotional shit. Give him an agenda, give him a goal. He'd work this shit out. Pressing a few buttons, his lip quirked again. Right at this moment, they'd be wondering why the portal was activated with no one there to summon the energy needed. In a few minutes, they'd realize they couldn't stem the flow of energy. Not when a technokinetic was controlling the rising tide. In less than 10 minutes, all hell would break loose as the circuits began to overload. Small fires would start from fraying, outdated wiring. The place was built like fucking Fort Knox. There was no way they'd get the women out. The men would run. If they were simply members but had brought their own submissives, they'd be allowed to escape unscathed.\*

Deke Daniels [PF] \*Violet had set up downwind, in a secluded overhang on a rooftop where reflections wouldn't impede her eyesight. They both knew fuckface would head for his helipad on the roof. He wouldn't make it 3 feet away from the door, once he was in full line of her sight. Grimacing as Violet's voice came through some sort of telepathic channel in his mind, he shuddered, responding in what he hoped was the same way\* ~Intrusive much? This will take getting used to.~ \*Sniffing, he checked the programs he was running that were tallying the city's power grid\* ~Not long now, I'm smelling smoke. They've realized it's overloading and they can't stop it by now. If they've got subs with 'em on the streets and weren't in the rooms below, let 'em leave. You know damn well that arrogant fuck is heading for the roof. He's all yours, Red.~

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] ~I know what to do Deke. Just blow the place.~ She rolled her eyes because he always wanted to blame something on her. But, she'd get over it. Tapping her fingers against the butt of her gun, she waited impatiently for her turn. She wanted to kill King Prick more than anything else.

Deke Daniels |PF|\*He chuckled, half of his attention on the scans running on the laptop and half on the building between them\* ~Patience, Princess. Electricity and fire like to play together well. Give 'em time to get to know each other real good like.~ \*Hearing a smoke alarm, he shut down the computer. The work was done, there at least. Pressing his palms against the brick of the building he was shielded by, the sent pulses of electromagnetic energy through the stones, down across the pavement and straight into the building they were watching. By now the portal was at full potential. And now, as fire raced across wooden beams and exposed wiring, the result would be damn exhilarating. Hearing the muffled "boom" from the subterranean levels, he saw the windows of the basement blow out, shattered glass spewing across the small sidewalks. Tensing, his eyes narrowed as the rooftop access door swung open, the fucktard himself rushing through, shoving what appeared to be the pilot, a small briefcase clutched against his chest. Likely shit he wanted to keep. Too bad.\* C'mon Violet... one shot, Red. One kill.

Violet "Vi" Marie |PF|She had him targeted the moment she'd spotted him. Her sights were set on his head so that she knew she'd get the shot. One shot, one kill. It was no different than when she was in the Marines. Giving him a chance to move a little past the door, she pulled the trigger. A silent shot was fired the only thing that told her it'd been fired was the kickback that hit her shoulder. Keeping her eyes on her target, she watched him take one last step before dropping, the bullet burying itself deep within his brain and spreading upon impact to do more damage than what was needed. A grin spread across her face as she sat up and began to dismantle her rifle.

Deke Daniels |PF|\*His chuckle was low as he slipped the laptop back into the case. The flames were spreading, and it wouldn't take long for the entire building to be ablaze. Since the source itself was physic, it wouldn't trip any alarms, until someone nearby called it in. And they'd made damn sure to pick the dead of the night where most people were sleeping, or, hell, still out partying. Wiping away a spot of blood from his nose, fucking side effects blew, he hopped the railing into the hidden stairwell to the fire escape, quickly making his way to the street below. A near silent shadow fell into step beside him, making him grin\* Can't say we don't look good silhouetted against a blaze of fucking glory, Princess.

Violet "Vi" Marie |PF|She grinned and shrugged. "Didn't do anything. All I did was take out the fucker behind it all. You're the one who did it all. Good job handsome." Switching hands for her rifle so it was on the outside of her and Deke, she followed him to the car that was waiting to take them to the helipad to take them back to Psiforce. Getting in quietly, she sat her rifle on the ground at her feet and leaned her head back.

Deke Daniels |PF|\*He glanced over at her face as the streetlights illuminated her in flashes. Breathing out, he reached his hand over, twining his fingers with hers. It felt foreign. Strange. Yet he didn't pull away, even though at first he honestly wanted to. As she opened her eyes to look at him, he gave a small shrug\* Baby steps, Red.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] Mack had them scheduled for her and Deke to come see him that afternoon. Since she couldn't sleep and her shoulder hurt like hell, she hit the gym. The bruise that was left from the kickback of her rifle could be seen around the straps of her tank top that she'd chosen to wear. Her rifle had been modified to have more power than it truly needed, which was why she almost always ended up with a damn bruise on her shoulder.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] Ignoring the pain, she wrapped her knuckles and cracked her neck. The gym was empty thankfully because she didn't want to deal with any of the other agents. Not that she gave a shit about them, she had her iPod in the back pocket of her workout pants and music blaring.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] Going to one of her favorite punching bags, she took her stance and began beating on it. The vibration that came up her wrist after each punch with her right shoulder hurt more than it should have. Stepping back, she rolled her shoulder trying to figure out why the pain was there. The bruise hurt of course, but there was no reason for it to hurt outside of that. Yanking her shoulder back, she went back to punching the bag. It wasn't enough pain to send her to her knees....yet.

Deke Daniels [PF] \*He'd sat around at home bored as hell. Once they'd made it back to New Orleans, Violet had kissed him and then walked away. Now he knew how that shit felt and he didn't like it much. She'd told him she'd meet him for debriefing when she texted earlier, which irritated him even more. So what, she demanded he fucking claim her as his, tell him she loved him, and then they get back to NOLA and she blows him off?\*

Deke Daniels [PF] \*Fuck that bullshit. He paced, checking the time almost obsessively. Finally, it was about 5 minutes till and he headed inside, the door to Mack's office banging against the wall as he kicked it open before dropping into a seat\* Well the proverbial fuck up managed to be here on time. \*Spotting the General glancing to the door, he shrugged\* You should put a rubber stopper on that sonuvabitch if you don't want your assholes kicking it, General.

Mack Thompson [PF] \*He sighed, rubbing the bridge of his nose between his fingers, counting to ten. It was a great trick for not saying something that would have his volatile agents even more irritatingly annoying.\* Yes, Daniels, you found your way to my office. Next time I will have the cleaners attempt to divert the scent that draws you unerringly to my side. I'll be sure to have them give you a cookie for finding your way home, yet again.

Mack Thompson [PF] Marie has thankfully not appropriated the lack of respect for authority the rest of you have. I told her 5, she'll be here at 5. \*He wanted to send out his senses, to see if his suspicions had been correct. Yet he'd long learned that too often, psychic spy techniques weren't needed. The fact that Violet's badge had been scanned into the gym meant something had gotten under her skin. He didn't need 3 guess or "magic" powers to figure out what.\*

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] Checking the time on her phone, she cursed. Fuck, she was going to be late. Snatching her gym bag off the floor, she walked down to Mack's office and slipped inside, silently sitting beside Deke. She hadn't changed out of her tank top forgetting that the bruise was still showing and the fact she was still in pain. Pulling her feet up under her, she glanced sideways and offered Deke a small smile before reaching over and rubbing his hand softly. She'd felt bad about leaving him but she wasn't exactly sure what they were suppose to do. He'd told her that they were doing baby steps and to her, baby steps were getting along and holding hands; she wasn't sure what was going through his head. "Sorry I was busy Mack. Won't happen again." Pulling her earbud out, she dropped her badge and iPod on her gym bag.

Deke Daniels [PF] \*He scowled as she sat beside him, his eyes lighting on a nasty ass bruise he hadn't known she'd had. Leaning closer, he ignored Mack's interested look as he whispered\* You and I will be having a "Come to Jesus" meeting about that fucking rifle of yours, Red. \*His fingers curled around hers lightly as he leaned back in the chair, forcing a disinterested look on his face. Hot damn he loved fucking with the too-serious, pompous ass\* We gonna sit and stare at each other, or are you going to tell us we're good little monkeys, sign our paychecks, and let us get the fuck outta here? \*At Violet's sharp intake of breath, he rolled his eyes\*

Mack Thompson [PF] \*One of these days, he was going to have an aneurysm and die right in the middle of a meeting, and his agents would continue bickering amongst themselves until he was a cold, lifeless husk.\* Might I suggest you remember that Violet has been a functioning member of Psiforce for roughly the same time you have, Daniels, and she has managed to tie her own shoots, wipe her own nose, and sign her own paperwork for that entire time. You'd do well to remember in the future that she can kill you and make it look like an accident, and depending on your attitude that day I may or may not simply sign off on the police report. Now. We need to talk about the exorbitant body count, damage costs, police reports, and pollution counts that I've had to juggle. Care to explain Marie, since you're the better functioning adult in this relationship?

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] Tapping Deke on the shoulder, she got him to switch chairs with her because he was sitting on her right and intertwining her fingers with his was hurting her shoulder. Pulling her feet up under herself once more, she leaned over against the arm of the chair next to Deke almost resting her head on his shoulder.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] "I killed the asshole that killed me and I killed the girls so that they could be reborn healed. They don't need to put up with the shit that they went through for the rest of their lives. The humans got out safely and Deke blew the building up so that there was no portal left to it."

Mack Thompson [PF] \*Deke's lips had flattened into a thin line as they switched chairs. To be frank, he was stunned that Violet had managed to get the male semi-housebroken already. It was more than he'd actually hoped for. Single male agents made his work a nightmare, so he tried to pair them with females they were compatible with when he could. He'd made a few missteps over the years, but not as many as one would expect. This one though? Who knew how it would turn out. He could gain a good team from it, or lose both agents. Time would tell. Sighing heavily, he flipped through the sheets of paperwork he'd been sent from Interpol.\* The Greek division has tallied the damage into the hundreds of thousands. While I realize that the assignment is imperative and comes first, could we at least TRY not to bankrupt the agency that has to siphon funds off of "legal" agencies in the process?

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] "Don't pay for it. It was an abandoned fixed up building anyways that they weren't paying rent or taxes on. Like I said, all the humans were out and unscathed all the girls will return within the month and the guy is dead and the world is a better place for it. Here's my paperwork," she pulled an envelope out of her bag and dropped it on his desk. "Detailing everything that happened right down to my death. Now, if you don't mind Mack, I think a shower is calling my name."

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] Pushing herself out of the chair, she grabbed her bag and threw it over her shoulder grabbing Deke's hand and pulling him up with her. Before Mack could say anything she pushed Deke out the door and pulled the door shut behind her. Deke and his paperwork would be handled later she was sure, but she wasn't wanting to sit in the office any longer with Mack staring at her and Deke like they were some part of a zoo exhibit.



Deke Daniels [PF] \*The sound of muted cursing followed them until they escaped to the sidewalks. His lips twitched but he controlled the reaction to keep his face unemotional as always when he was near the building. Once they got to the parking garage, he held out his hand\* Give it. \*At her look, he motioned to the bag slung over her shoulder\* I'm a fucking asshole but I'm not completely goddamn useless. You're hurt, and too damn proud to say it, so look, ain't nobody here and no cameras. Fucking accept an offer of help once in a while.

Deke Daniels [PF] \*She lifted her chin higher and kept walking, making him growl in frustration\* Don't know where the hell you think you're going Red. You ain't got a key, so you're going to at least need to ask for help once today.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] She knew he was right about the bag. Her fucking shoulder hurt and she wasn't about to tell him why it hurt. There was no way in hell she was going to tell someone that she'd been distracted while shooting her rifle. Not when it was a weapon that could kill her and multiple people in one shot.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] Spinning around, she dropped her bag cursing at how the strap rubbed against the bruise. "Key to what?" she asked as she reached down and grabbed her bag with her other hand. "I have a key to my place and to my car."

Deke Daniels [PF] \*Snapping his arm out, he yanked the bag from her before she managed to lift it again\* I want that goddamned rifle too. That shoulder guard needs adjusted if you're going to lean into the fucking thing. Yeah. I know that mark and what causes it. I get it, Red. But if you ain't gonna calibrate the fucking thing, at least the mount can be adjusted.

Deke Daniels [PF] \*Turning, met her irritated gaze with one of his own\* Well, see, I got to thinking about this shit. And, baby steps seems kinda fucking up if we're only going to see each other 'round the agency. Cause, I ain't exactly the flowers and candy and princess date type. Best I can figure, we wanna try this shit, you're gonna have to get used to Gotham.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] "There is no way in fucking hell that I am...." she started yelling before she stopped and looked at him arching a brow. She was going to chew him a new ass for even suggesting of him touching her rifle. No one touched her baby except her. "What the fuck are you talking about Gotham? You named your house after the city in Batman?"

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] She'd seen his boxers while they'd been on mission and she though his geeky side was cute and made him more human. Giggling at his snarl, she slid up to him and placed her hand on his chest. "Do you want me to move in with you baby? Is that what you're saying?"

Deke Daniels [PF] \*His lip twisted into a frown\* Wasn't asking. Was saying, get your ass in the fucking car so we can go get your shit. Least, some of it for now. Not like you have much damn clothing. \*Thinking of the one thing he did actually dote on, he grinned\* Gotham is the only one that's managed to stand me for a few years. I think you'll get along just damn fine. He likes napping curled up against a nice chest, so I think he'll like you a helluva lot more than he likes me.

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] Getting the fact that Gotham wasn't a place it was obviously something living, she took a step back. "What are you talking about Deke? What are you getting me into?" The twisted grin on his face had her shaking her head. "Great, dating a man who is an asshole ninety-eight percent of the time and he has a pet snake named Gotham."

Violet "Vi" Marie [PF] Walking back to him, she jabbed in him the chest. "It better not crawl up anything that it shouldn't buddy boy or you're not getting fucking sex. And, you're not fucking touching Blu! I put my shoulder into it was all. Now give me my goddamn bag and I'll follow you in my car. I am not leaving my Hellcat here"

Deke Daniels [PF] \*Glancing down at the finger poking him in the chest, he raised a brow\* This is either gonna be a fucking adventure of epic proportions, or a cataclysmic goddamned nightmare. Watch, the fuckers in Psiforce will have a pool going to see how long before you castrate me. Try not to place your own bet, at least, leave me a little bit of dignity.

Deke Daniels [PF] \*Handing her the bag, he watched as she made her way to a sports car, sliding in before he headed to his bike. Pulling the helmet on, he fired it up. He didn't know where the hell the road was gonna lead 'em, but he hoped it was a helluva fucking ride.\*

Psiforce is proud to announce these two headstrong,  
pain in the ass, argumentative disobedient agents...  
Will be joining the team.  
Stay tuned for more fighting, fieldwork, and of course- fucking.  
[Psiforce]