

# Daddy's Little Demon Slayer: Primani Series Book Seven

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Daddy's Little Demon Slayer

(Primani Series Book Seven)

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Mommy says the only good demon is a dead demon.

## Chapter 1: Trouble in Paradise

"IS THAT WHAT I THINK IT IS?" Killian's amused drawl interrupted her naughty daydreams.

Popping upright with a squeak, Mica whirled around so fast she wobbled into the bedpost. With both hands behind her back, she flushed scarlet at the knowing gleam in his eye. "I was going to surprise you later." She peered up through lowered lashes, Mona Lisa smile creasing her lips. "Do you mind so much?"

Her husband carefully closed the door behind him and turned the lock. "Mind?" Smiling slow and easy, he ambled through the bedroom, undressing her with his eyes, letting them linger on the curve of her breast. "You've got a bottle of honey in one hand and a thong in the other. I'm just hoping for dessert." Reaching her now, he wove his hand into the tumbling waves of her hair to tug her head back for a kiss. "Why wait 'til later?"

"There's not enough time," she protested weakly.

"I can be quick," he muttered against the curve of her throat, his free hand working its way into the waist of her jeans.

Melting like the honey in her hand, she dropped the bottle and clutched his shoulders as he caught her mouth with his. It had been soooo long . . . She groaned aloud and then nipped at his lip when he chuckled at her passion. Sliding her hands beneath his shirt, she reveled in the feel of him, frantically groping every part within reach. "God, you feel so good!" Her heart pounded like a jackhammer. She tried to ignore the clock in her head, but she knew they didn't have much time. Stroking his erection through his jeans, she hissed, "I want you inside me! Hurry up!"

Yanking furiously at his zipper, he laughed breathlessly, "I'm halfway there. Take off your pants."

Easier said than done. She cursed her decision to wear tight jeans. They stuck to her sweaty skin and her nearly mindless efforts weren't helpful. Tugging and wiggling, she finally had them halfway off when the clock ran out.

"Mommy!" The yelling was immediately followed up by desperate banging on the door. "We're hungry!"

"Fuuuuuuck." His frustrated moan ended in a heartfelt sigh. Not wanting to break away just yet, he ground against her one last time before thumping his forehead against hers and demanding grumpily, "Didn't they just eat breakfast?"

"Mommy!"

She copped one last feel of his gorgeous butt and sighed. "They're always hungry."

Running his fingers over her breast, he muttered, "So am I."

By the time the sun was setting later that evening, her hormones had slunk back into the closet where they'd been banished by motherhood. One day maybe they'd have sex again. Today wasn't that day. It was Halloween. The jack-o-lantern was lit; the candy was dumped into a black plastic cauldron; and the playlist was set to creepy music. Rocking her favorite fairy godmother outfit, she was ready to take the kids out for a grand adventure in her parents' neighborhood. She'd always been a sucker for costumes and screaming kids, although at the moment, she'd like to turn the volume down on the screaming. The five-year-old triplets, Michael, Rafe, and Cian (their nickname for Killian, Jr.), were in the middle of a contest to see who could yell the loudest. As usual, their grandfather was encouraging them because he had no sense at all. The sound was deafening. It was a happy noise though—unlike the noise that had been creeping into her dreams recently. Those discordant notes were gradually taking over her sleep, taking over her subconscious. Most people wouldn't notice the intrusion, so slight the sound, but she wasn't most people. Her psychic spidey senses were on high alert—something wasn't right, and she'd be an idiot to ignore the warning—and an idiot she was not. Unfortunately, her sight wasn't giving her all the info she needed. Despite her attempts to unravel the source of her uneasiness, there was still nothing concrete to pin her worries on. Nothing was jumping up and down with an arrow announcing, "Disaster Looming Ahead!"

Just a feeling . . .

"Are you going to stare into the sky all night? It's almost time for trick or treating to start. I don't know about you, but I'm stealing all of the chocolate." Gesturing at the three boys racing around like frantic squirrels, Abby added, "These guys don't need it anyway."

Understatement of the century.

Abby, her pierced, tatted, and pink-haired stepsister, bounced up and down on the toes of her Doc Martins. The ancient Docs completed her "Walking Dead" zombie look for the night. Abby's hunky, hockey playing boyfriend, Josh, stood in her parents' driveway with Killian and her father, drinking beer and laughing at something Killian said. Odd, Killian didn't usually joke. What was he up to?

The man in question tilted his bottle in salute and tipped back the contents, smooth throat working as the beer slid down. A tiny shiver ran through her as she watched his muscles work. Dressed in his usual costume of faded jeans and a Disturbed t-shirt, he was yummy. Five years of marriage hadn't changed a thing for her. She still lusted for him and loved him as much as the day they got married. Black haired, blue eyed, with chiseled cheekbones and an extraordinarily sexy mouth; he was her fantasy man come to life. The muscles in his shoulders stretched the shirt just enough to draw her eyes and make her mouth water. Those shoulders were broad, hard, and capable of supporting her weight in any position, including above his head. The image of that particular sexcapade was front and center in her mental slideshow of favorite sex scenes with her studly husband. That day, he'd lifted her up and she'd hung on to a branch, her legs draped over his shoulders, his head buried between them. Who knew trees could be so useful? Smiling wistfully at the distant memory, she absently stroked the rune on her hand. Its mellow gold called to Killian. She yearned. It yearned too. Unfortunately, the crazy, sexy night in the woods was nothing but a memory now. That was sex before baby. She closed her eyes and remembered their last quickie. Rushed groping in the dark, unsatisfying, frustrating . . . How many weeks ago?

Too many to count. His voice rang with more than a little desperation as he sent his thoughts to her.

Her eyes snapped to his and he winked. She didn't need to glance downwards to know he was hard. She sensed his desire from across the yard. He was a hot, sensual creature. He was always ready to make love. He was also the doting father of their newest little angel, Teagan. Their sexual frustration was all Teagan's fault.

Abby swung her gaze between them and grinned. "Your man looks like he's about to throw you behind the garage and jump your bones. Still not getting any?"

"You've got no idea! It's like this baby has radar. She wakes up the second we're naked. Her timing is freaky." She smothered a smile behind her hand and added, "Killian's really, really frustrated. Probably he could explode if something doesn't give soon."

Teagan had been born on a ridiculously steamy night in July. She'd been late and difficult to birth. After ten hours of labor, Mica had wanted to give up and go to sleep. Unfortunately, that's not an option, so . . . she'd soldiered on. Finally, at 12:01 sharp, princess Teagan deigned to make her grand appearance into the land of the living. Mica had never been more grateful. Killian had never been more awed. The sight of Teagan's tiny pink face, downy black curls, and rosebud mouth sealed the deal for the big bad demon slayer. From the second she took her first breath, he was in love. That was three months ago.

Since then, the baby made it her personal mission to keep her parents from ever having sex again. It never failed. The moment she wrapped her legs around Killian, Teagan woke up shrieking. It was getting bad. Before Teagan's birth, they'd been happily making their way through every position in the Kama Sutra. Now? They were lucky if they could swing a quickie in the shower. If she was trying to lock in her position as the spoiled youngest child, she was doing a great job. Sighing long and hard, she nuzzled the silky head resting against her chest and murmured, "Mommy loves you, but you've got to start sleeping or Daddy might lose his mind. You want a car when you're 16, don't you?"

Sneaking up behind them, Killian wrapped both arms around her waist, drawing her back against his chest, and whispering against her ear, "God, I'm aching for you. Let's disappear for a while."

"Awesome plan, except Teagan's just waking up for a bottle."

On cue, two smoky green eyes popped open. Yawning hugely, Teagan shoved a chubby fist to her mouth and drooled over it. Her cute little cries escalated to earsplitting demands in a nanosecond.

He winced at the volume and dropped a kiss on her temple. Automatically fishing out a bottle from Mica's bag, he held it until Mica was ready for it. "Is this much crying normal? She cries more than the boys ever did."

"Sure it's normal. Why wouldn't it be?" But was it? She'd been wondering the same thing for a month. Something was different about Teagan, but she'd be damned if she could figure out what it was. Their pediatrician and Raphael declared she was perfectly healthy. Was it just a girl thing? Could it be that simple?

Killian didn't look convinced, but he didn't have another explanation. Instead, he frowned and said, "Maybe she'll grow out of it."

After shifting Teagan in her harness, Mica offered the screaming baby the bottle and chuckled softly as the wails stopped instantly. "Let's hope so. She's got a good set of lungs on her."

Killian drew a gentle knuckle along the baby's cheek and smiled down at them as the noisy trick or treaters faded into the background. "My two beautiful girls . . . how did I get so lucky?"

Raising her mouth for a kiss, she let it linger a moment before saying, "We'd better get going before the boys lose their minds. Are you ready?"

"Absolutely. Josh and I are going to walk on ahead. Just in case."

"In case of what? Are you sensing something?"

"Not anything specific, but it doesn't hurt to be careful. It's been too quiet lately. You and Abby worry about keeping the little devils from doing property damage and Josh and I will play bodyguards."

"Maybe all of this excitement will wear your daughter out and we can get to bed early." Not to sleep. She lifted her brows in question.

Killian nuzzled Teagan's curls and said, "I'm not getting my hopes up." He gave her one last soft kiss and warned, "Be careful."

"Always."

"Mommy! Can we go now? Please! All the candy will be gone!" Rafe's plaintive cries were followed by almost identical pleas from his brothers. All three were practically vibrating with desperate energy as the other kids began pouring out of the houses to form a sea of superheroes surging down the sidewalk.

"Go on, guys. Stay between your father and me though—"

A chorus of "Yes, ma'am's!" interrupted her, and they were off like a trio of rockets.

"I mean it!" she yelled after them.

"Mm . . . mmm. I have to say this out loud, but please don't take it the wrong way. Killian has a great butt." Abby whistled just under her breath as the two men's long strides ate up the sidewalk. "A work of art really. Women everywhere thank him."

"It comes from years of exercise." Thousands of years, but who's counting? She cut her eyes to Abby and asked, "Are you already getting tired of Josh? He's pretty cute and he's got all those sweet hockey muscles. He looks great naked, right?"

Abby mumbled something too low to hear before saying brightly, "Oh, sure, Josh is hot. He's sweet. He treats me like a princess. He's got a wicked wrist shot that'll land him a nice multi-million dollar contract one day. What's not to love?"

Uh-oh. Trouble in paradise? Abby's words didn't match the emotions that swirled around her like a little cloud. She seemed sad, a little melancholy. "Hmm . . . why don't I believe you? Is something wrong?"

"Nope. He's perfect." Again, her tone was too bright, almost brittle. She was totally lying. Something was definitely up.

"Are you sure? You don't sound like everything's fine."

Abby's tone hardened as she changed the subject. "Hey, check out that house. They've got a whole fake graveyard in the front!"

Okay . . . guess we're done talking about Abby's love life. Hint taken. Subject changed. Mica kept an eye on the boys as they raced each other to front doors, all three laughing deliriously as they waited politely for their candy. They thought dressing up as red devils was clever, but Killian swore their fake horns and pointy tails were as unlike Lucifer as possible. Apparently the real devil preferred Hugo Boss, but the boys got sucked into the stereotype for sale at the costume store. They weren't happy about making do with plastic pitchforks, but she had to put her foot down for the good of the neighbors. God only knew what trouble they'd get into with real ones. Black haired and blue eyed, the little monsters looked just like their daddy. They acted a lot like him too—i.e., the pitchforks. It was a good thing they inherited some of their mother's sweet personality. Not that she was bragging or anything, but the truth was, they were amazing kids, and she was head over heels for the little dudes.

With Teagan now snoozing in post-bottle bliss, and Abby pointedly looking at everything but Mica, she let her mind wander without direction. Killian was right. Things had been weirdly quiet lately. Plattsburgh had been demon free for months. What was keeping Lucifer's bloodthirsty pets in check? The monsters had to be planning something. That was the only explanation. In any case, she had no answers and there was nothing to do about it right now. She'd keep her psychic eyes open and deal with whatever happens when it happens. In the meantime, she had a family of future warriors to mold. She tucked a warm cap more snugly around Teagan's head and shoved the nagging worry to the back of her mind. Sweeping her gaze back and forth across the crowded sidewalks, she breathed in a faint whiff of burning wood, along with the scent of dead leaves and pine needles. Starry skies and crisp air made it the perfect night for walking. The oaks and maples were dressed in festive oranges and yellows with splotches of browns and reds adding to the riot of color. It wouldn't be long before the limbs were bare skeletons waving to the harvest moon.

A crack of thunder and flash of light startled her out of her reverie.

"What the hell was that?" Abby yelled.

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you." Clutching Teagan against her chest, she broke into a trot. As she rounded the corner, she found him.

"Oh, Cian." Not again!

Killian held their son's arms in a death grip, speaking furiously into his ear. Tears flowed. People stared. Shit.

Two hours later, they were back in the farmhouse, out in the country, safely away from any humans who could be struck by lightning that came out of nowhere. All three boys were passed out from excitement. Teagan sat propped in her swing, not sleeping, watching them fight. Again. Killian heard Mica's teeth grind together as she rounded on him, furious but trying to keep her voice down.

"For the last time, NO—I don't agree—he's just a little boy, Killian! I don't want to send him away."

They'd had this convo more times than he could count. She understood the logic. His wife wasn't stupid. Not by any stretch. She knew this was the right thing to do. Convincing her was another story. She wasn't stupid, but damn, she was stubborn. Sucking in another breath and praying for patience, again, he tried another approach.

"Babe, he's got to learn control. How will you explain this when they go to school next year? We already agreed not to home school them. They need to live a human existence. But we can't let him loose on the world until he controls his powers. It's not safe. Would you be able to live with yourself if someone was killed?"

"He's my baby! I don't want to let him go. You can't expect me to agree to this!"

"He's mine too, but he's not a baby anymore. I only want to keep him safe."

"There's another way. You know it!"

"No. There isn't."

Turning her back, she stared at the dark window, arms crossed like a shield, the reflection showing the anger in her eyes. Raising his gaze to Heaven, he drew in a deep, centering breath. Zen. He searched for it, but it was slipping through his fingers.

The next morning, he took the boys outside to give Mica some space to breathe. She had a long to-do list, and gets bitchy if she doesn't get to cross everything off. And it was going to storm again. Nothing unusual about that. It was fall in New York. Storms happened. The weather wasn't an issue. He could deal with anything Mother Nature decided to throw at them. After all, he could control the lightning if he chose to. It was one of his ancestral powers. As the descendent of a long line of priests going back centuries before the Druids got organized, he was the keeper of the old ways. Once upon a time, he'd been a simple village priest whose job was keeping people safe from curses and keeping the gods of the natural world content. With Mica by his side, his life had been perfect—until the day she was murdered by a demon, their unborn daughter dying with her. At the time, he thought he'd never get past it, but Raphael had intervened and rewritten history. He'd found his soul mate again and they'd come full circle with their triplets, and finally, their daughter. He'd never been more content than he was now. He'd never been happier. Their lives were perfect again—except for this little, tiny, minor problem. Their eldest son had inherited his father's powers just as Killian had inherited his father's powers more than 3,000 years earlier. It was fate. It was destiny. It was tearing his perfect marriage apart.

Sweeping his glance across the threatening sky, he mentally calculated when the storm would arrive. They still had some time before any dangerous lightning would be close enough to force them back inside. Slamming the brakes on the unhelpful trip down Memory Lane, he turned his attention back to the front yard. He had guy shit to do with his boys.

In his mind, guy shit included baseball, camping, and eventually, marksmanship. Camping and marksmanship would have to wait. Today's focus was on baseball. The boys loved it, but they needed practice. Cian was up first. He was determined to be the world's best pitcher. Cian flung his arm back and lobbed a baseball. It landed in the leaves about twenty feet in front of Killian. "Good throw, son." He tossed the ball back to the boy, saying, "This time, lean into it. Try again."

Cian nodded soberly and threw the ball. It fell short again. Rafe and Michael hooted with laughter from the wraparound porch where they were waiting their turns. Neither was any better than their

brother, but that didn't stop them from teasing him.

Cian's face flared with heat as he stomped over to pick up the ball. Turning recklessly, he whipped it towards Killian without aiming. The ball sailed wildly off course and landed in the trees. Rafe and Michael exploded with laughter and Cian exploded with anger.

A sudden bolt of lightning crashed into the side of the garage. Flames shot up the wall.

Aw, hell. Not again.

"Cian!" Mica came running through the front door just as Killian reached the water hose.

The physical damage wasn't too bad this time. The white paint was blistered and blackened, and a gaping hole revealed the pink insulation that nestled between the siding and the interior drywall. He trained the water on the hotspots while her eyes flicked back and forth from the building to Cian's guilty face. She was definitely not happy. "Cian! Get over here, now!"

Dragging his feet and glaring daggers at his brothers who were happily laughing at him, Cian shuffled toward his mother.

"What happened?" she demanded.

Staring at the ground, one tear rolling over his cheek, he mumbled, "I didn't mean it, Mommy. I swear it was an accident." He swallowed hard, sniffing back a nose full of snot before finally lifting his chin to give her the full force of his huge blue eyes. "I was just so mad!"

Mica frowned at the boy then locked her gaze to Killian's. Don't you dare say I told you so.

He responded coolly, I don't need to, do I?

She took a step forward to comfort Cian. Stopping abruptly, she frowned again. Killian held his breath. He could see the wheels turning in her mind. Would she stand her ground or cave? There had to be consequences for using his powers recklessly. Her disapproval was one of the strongest tools they had to mold his behavior, but she had a soft heart—too soft for the job of raising these boys. They would be warriors when they grew up. They were promised to the Four Horsemen. Millions would die. The screams would be deafening. When that time came, they would have to be heartless. He knew it; Raphael knew it.

Mica, however, did not agree.

Reaching out to pluck a stray leaf from his hair, Mica said kindly, "I know you didn't mean it, honey. Go inside and wash up for lunch." Catching Michael and Rafe's grinning faces, she snapped, "You two knock it off. Go wash up!"

After the three kids bolted into the house, she gave Killian the hairy eyeball. "Don't say it. I don't want to hear it again." With that, she walked stiffly away.

Damn it.

Later that night, Mica peeked into the nursery one more time, assuring herself that Teagan was actually asleep. Thank God. It was nearly midnight, and she was exhausted. She started stripping her shirt off before she made it to their bedroom. Halfway through the doorway, she paused. Would he be awake? Waiting for her? Wanting to talk? She didn't want to talk about Cian again. She just wanted this to go away.

"It's not going away, babe. Wishing won't make it happen." His voice was mellow, warm, nearly sad in the hushed room.

He sat with his bare back braced against the headboard, legs crossed at the ankles, laptop perched on his lap. She froze at the sound of his voice. As usual, he was right. It pissed her the hell off, too. Just once—once—she wanted him to be wrong. Cian was her baby, her sweet, kind, beautiful son. He wasn't old enough to go away for months like some kind of medieval squire! He was hers, and by God, she would raise him. Here with his brothers and baby sister. Raising him was her job. Not Raphael's.

Killian sat the laptop on the nightstand and rolled smoothly to his feet. Cupping her stiff shoulders in his palms, he locked his eyes to hers. "You're a smart woman. You know I'm right about this." Stroking her skin with the pads of his thumbs, he continued softly, "This isn't about you being a good mother. You're amazing. No one doubts that. This is about control. He's getting stronger every day. He's got to learn to control his powers before he hurts someone. We can't teach him here. It's not safe." \*

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It's finally here! Primani fans have demanded a story about Mica and Killian's little miracles Rafe, Michael, and Cian. This fun Primani Series novella takes place in the time period between "Broken Souls" and "Darkness Calling."

Mommy says the only good demon is a dead demon.

The big, bad world's a scary place when you're only five years old. If you're a typical little boy, that is. When Cian, heir to his father's powerful ancestral magic and future bringer of the apocalypse, gets lost, he isn't scared. He's having the adventure of his life!

Killian has a huge problem. After finally convincing overprotective mama Mica to let him take the triplets out for survival training, he loses one. Fueled by visions of his young son in the brutal hands of a horde of demons, he tears Hell apart. His frantic search turns up nothing and the clock is ticking. Can he find Cian before his mother gets home?

Mica's girls' weekend in Manhattan is an epic disaster. After more drama than one woman should have to endure, she only wants to pick up her daughter and get home before anything else happens.

Urban Fantasy Romance filled with humor, some sexual situations, and intense action sequences.

Series Description: Primani are soldiers with supernatural abilities granted by an

archangel. They police demon activity that threatens humankind. Before becoming Primani, all were superior warriors (Celts, Huns, Vikings, etc.) with unique psychic abilities. The series follows them as they cross lines, fall in love, and butcher demons to save the world. Living by a loose code of morals, they're more mercenaries than angels, prone to violence, vengeance, and in the end, sometimes, heartbreakingly pure love. The first three books follow Mica's transformation from human to immortal after she becomes entangled in the Primani world. Each subsequent book focuses on the unique story of each Primani as they battle both Hell and their own inner demons. Often dark, funny, full of twists, and steamy passion, the Primani series crosses the lines of paranormal romance, metaphysical fantasy, and occult suspense.

Books in the Primani Series:

1. Primani (Primani Series Book One)
2. Call the Lightning (Primani Series Book Two)
3. Stone Angels (Primani Series Book Three)
4. Broken Souls (Primani Series Book Four-Stand Alone)
5. Darkness Calling (Primani Series Book Five-Stand Alone)
6. Saol Mates (Primani Series Book Six-Stand Alone)

Note: Primani (Primani Series Book One) is a free series starter for the summer!

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