

Osamiyah, Greater Fallen of the Second Circle and the Viscountess of Unrequited Love, once broke bread with The Highest of High. Then she came to love another besides The Creator and was cast into The Depths for her “betrayal”. There, in the darkness, the Second had reshaped and rewired her broken body into something befitting an ex-angel of her station. Her title, now tarnished, had lost none of the power it commanded but it became twisted. Formerly one of those who spun that legendary red yarn, she instead became the VP of Inspiring Unrequited Love in Mortals. Ironically, this made it impossible for her ever reunite with her lover, and in time, Osamiyah came to embody that tragic kind of attraction.

As of today, though, it felt like her curse had lessened in some small measure. She hadn’t returned to The Depths in a year much less completed one of the dozen-page forms necessary to effect a mortal’s heart. On top of that, it seemed like she had found ‘love’ once more—and if this emotion wasn’t ‘love?’ Well, then, at least it served as a balm on her scars.

Ducking into the kitchen of the little cottage she now called home, she sighed with happiness--a state of being to which she was still growing accustomed. The one who had summoned her was washing fruits and veggies they had obtained earlier, and the Fallen took a knee to hug her shorter mistress from behind. Granted, everything was short in relation to Osamiyah, she was damn near seven feet tall, but the difference in size between familiar and master was most exaggerated.

The witch she served, a little thing called Isleen, was almost two feet shorter. Despite her size deficit, Isleen was more than Osamiyah’s equal. The petite young woman was some sort of mystical prodigy. For reasons that were still a mystery, she commanded such a vast well of energy that it outstripped Osamiyah’s stamina. There had been hundreds of scenes since their

first night together, sexual and not, but The Fallen had never come close to draining her mistress dry.

Sure, it meant she had spent an entire year failing to complete her contract, but her steady diet of energy was more than enough to maintain her. Fuck, there was enough that she was funneling some into her lieutenant down in The Depths. The boost in power ensured the interim Viscountess was more than a match for the tasks that Osamiyah could not attend to.

Like always, Isleen's frizzy, wavy brown hair smelled of honeysuckle and lavender. It had a special kind of weight as Osamiyah pulled it back. The creamy skin of Isleen's neck was soft against Osamiyah's lips. Just that brief contact was enough to flood the Fallen with energy and emotion. Isleen's hand came up to caress Osamiyah as the Fallen brushed her fangs over the spot she had just kissed.

"Please..." Isleen moaned and pushed back into her familiar. "Please, my lady. Mark me as yours."

"And how shall I do that, huh?" she teased back, planting another kiss instead.

Isleen groaned, her hand clenching into a fist. "Bite me, fiend, *please!* Sink those fangs of yours into my neck and feast upon my life." After that, Isleen bit her lip in anticipation of the pain.

"My, my," Osamiyah purred into her mistress' ear. "What a *wicked* witch you are." She planted another kiss and then opened her mouth and plunged her teeth into Isleen's flesh. The taste of her mistress' energy was beyond sweet and it was enticing as it was satisfying. She would have kept drinking, but Isleen tapped her face to signal that the moment was becoming overwhelming.

Complying, Osamiyah released her mistress' neck. The single exchange left both of them panting the same way most couples would after having sex. A moment of shared breath passed and then Isleen giggled and moaned. "Good morning to you, too."