



NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

PENELOPE DOUGLAS

CONCLAVE

— A DEVIL'S NIGHT NOVELLA —

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Penelope Douglas
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The Devil's Night Series

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Conclave is a 27,000 word novella that takes place between *Kill Switch* and *Nightfall*. It is a spoiler for every book in the Devil's Night series, and it is available for FREE on my website at <https://pendouglas.com/> in the BONUS section. You do not have to pay for it. However, if you're a Devil's Night lover, I've made this available in ebook and paperback for those of you who wanted it for your collections. Enjoy!

PART 1

Damon

I walk in, dropping my keys on the entryway table as I pass on my way to the kitchen. I dart my eyes up.

There are no lights on upstairs.

If she left me, I'm going to burn the whole fucking world down until I find her, and if she took my kid, I'm really going to take my time with her. This is bullshit. *When I call, you answer. When my men pass you the phone, you take the goddamn call!* I have no idea what the hell I did now, but I'm going to have to break something to keep myself from wringing her precious, little neck.

Cutting my trip short to race home, because she decides to ignore my calls and do little pirouettes all over my peace of mind? What the fuck? I knew I should've been single. I knew that I knew that, because this is what women do, isn't it? They take you and ball you up into a nice, little, fucking knot until you can't breathe, and...

I clench my fists, shaking my head. *Bullshit.* This is such bullshit!

I charge down the hall toward the kitchen, ready to hit the attached garage and grab myself some rope to remind her whom she's in love with, but I spot a figure out on the patio and stop.

It's raining outside. Who's there?

I change directions and head for the windows.

Heath Davis, one of the guards Mr. Garin hired for the night shift, leans against the bricks of the house, shielded from the rain under the awning. His hands sit in his pockets and a cigarette hangs out of his mouth. Smoke billows into the air above his head, and I lick my lips, trying to ignore the burning need on my tongue. The problem with quitting smoking is it's really hard if you never fully quit.

His black hair, neatly combed back, shines under the flaming porch light, and his blue eyes are turned toward the yard, watching something.

I follow his gaze.

Winter stands waist deep in the pool, her back to us as droplets pummel the surface of the water and her hair sticks to her back.

I release a breath I didn't realize I was holding. She's here.

She raises her arms, gliding them through the evening rain as she steps to the right, and then swings out her arms and steps to the left.

She's dancing. She practices in the pool a lot for balance.

But then, I watch as she pulls all of her hair to one side, revealing her naked back, and I drop my eyes down her spine to her naked waist and hips.

I dip my chin, my eyes going hot. She's not wearing any clothes.

I move just my eyes, darting them over to Davis. He doesn't blink, his gaze staying on her.

When I said watch her every minute, I didn't mean that.

Winter turns around, still fisting her hair with both hands, so her arms are covering her breasts, but I notice the white tulle she wears covering her face, and my heart feels like it's skipping ten beats. It's part of the costume for her upcoming show, and she'll practice with it to get used to it.

But only wearing that and no clothes—and as far as she knows, I'm not here to see it—really pisses me off.

I watch as she drops her arms and sways to the side, shooting out her hands and twirling in the rain. Her wild hair, the see-through fabric on her face, her perfect breasts and skin...

God, she's fucking surreal. With something about her that will always be innocent. Thunder cracks overhead, splitting the sky, and I no longer care if she's angry or why. I want in that pool.

Heading over to the fridge, I pull a sandwich off the tray inside and take a butcher knife out of the block, slicing the square in half before walking outside. I take a bite with the knife still in my other hand.

Davis notices me right away and straightens, stomping out his cigarette. I stare out at Winter, her slender body arching and bending and taunting the fuck out of me like she's so good at doing. My dick swells in my pants, and I cast him a quick glance. I'll bet his is good and hard, too.

Davis clears his throat. "You said to watch her every minute."

I take another bite and scrape the blade across the wrought-iron fence, cleaning the mustard off.

"Excuse me, sir." And I see him dip his head out of the corner of my eye and back away to leave.

But I stop him. "Give me your belt."

He pauses. "Sir?"

I sheath the knife in the flower pot in front of me, stabbing the soil.

He clears his throat again, and I hear a jangling as he quickly removes his leather belt.

He holds it out for me, and I take it. “If you ever insult my wife again,” I tell him, “I’ll take my son fishing using your eyeballs as bait.”

“Yes, sir.”

It’s not Winter’s fault. She’s in her home, it’s late, and she should be able to expect privacy.

I fling the rest of the sandwich into the bushes and slide the end of the belt through the buckle. “Go home,” I tell him.

After a moment, I hear the back door open and close, and I head for the pool deck, belt in hand.

Raining, dark, enclosed by trees...I stalk toward her, quiet and calm. It’s like we’re kids again. I love being hidden with her outside.

Winter dances slowly, her movements long and languorous with no real choreography as she freestyles to the soft, haunting tune coming from the pool house. Her wet skin glimmers in the faint glow coming from the house, and I don’t take my eyes off her as I strip off my clothes.

Leaving them in a pile on the ground, I grip Davis’s black, leather belt in my hand and hop in the pool. She stops moving, turning her head at the sound, but she doesn’t face me or say anything.

She knows it’s me.

Threading the strap through my fist, I walk through the heated water, taking in the glittering droplets on her shoulder blades as the rain hits my own head and arms.

I stop right behind her, the top of her head resting under my chin.

“I have something for you.” I lean down, grazing her ear with my lips. “You want it?”

But she turns her head away.

I cock an eyebrow, widening the gap in the belt.

“You must be very angry,” I say. “I call, you don’t answer. I send flowers—fucking flowers, Winter—and I don’t even get a text. I tap into the cameras, and you have them offline...”

She refuses to turn around.

I drop the loop over her head and pull the slack tight, her body slamming back into mine.

She gasps, and I look down, seeing her breasts rise and fall quickly.

I dip down again. “What did I do now, huh?” I growl low in her ear.

But she whips around, the belt slipping through my hand as she sloshes through the pool and away from me.

I grind my teeth together, following her with my eyes. She stands up tall again, defiant with her hands on the surface of the pool in front of her, so she can feel me coming.

The strap of the belt wraps around her neck, the slack falling down her back, and while I can barely make out her eyes, I see her pink lips, panting through the wet fabric.

“Not talking to me?” I start to circle her. “Hmm...I must’ve done something very bad.”

Her hair sticks to one of her breasts, and I can almost feel them between my lips.

And I no longer give a shit what she’s mad about, because I want her in our bed.

“Come here,” I tell her.

But she moves away instead, sensing my approach.

“Come here, Winter,” I say more firmly.

She continues to circle as I circle, the rain dancing across the pool and splashing up onto her stomach. Every inch of her skin is drenched, and my mouth is suddenly so dry.

“Now.”

But she tips her chin up a little, keeping her lips good and closed.

I grin, hoping she can hear it in my voice, because I’m losing my fucking patience. “Your sister came when she was called,” I taunt.

And that is it. Winter’s icy façade suddenly cracks. Her eyes go wide and then quickly morphs into a glare as she shoots out both hands and shoves water at me.

I dive in and grab her as she’s distracted, throwing her over my shoulder. “Such a troublesome girl,” I scold, slapping her ass. “Why couldn’t I like the easy one? But no, I wanted *this* one.”

I hold her in my arms, but she arches back up, facing down at me with a scowl as she pushes at my chest.

Darting out my tongue, I run it up her stomach, licking off the water. A whimper escapes her, but she turns her head away, playing defiant.

My dick is ready to go, but it’s funny. As mad as she gets me, I secretly love it. I like it when it’s not easy. I take some skin between my teeth, looking up to see her eyes close as she digs her nails in my shoulders.

“Yell at me,” I whisper. “Scream. Hit me.”

I grip her ass in my hands, keeping my eyes on her as I graze the underside of her breast with my mouth.

“You mad at me?” I say against her skin, seeing her nipples, erect and hard for me.

She says nothing.

My lips tickle her breasts as I continue taunting her. “You want to leave and find yourself a decent man?”

She doesn’t want someone else. She better not want someone else. She likes me misbehaved. She likes me, period.

She still doesn’t answer, but she’s no longer pushing me away.

I quirk a smile. “You wanna touch me?”

When she doesn’t say anything, I shift her to one arm and grab the belt at her back with my free hand and pull, forcing her neck back as I catch one nipple between my teeth.

She gasps. “Damon.”

I nibble hard, biting into her breast and sucking on it as her clit throbs against my stomach.

“You hate me?” I play, walking to the edge of the pool and dropping her to her feet. “You done with me? Is that it?”

I push her into the wall, seeing a smile peek out before she quickly hides it again.

“You hate what I do to you?”

She bites her bottom lip, breathing hard.

I whip her around, wrapping my arm around her waist as I press her into the pool edge and breathe hot into her hair. My dick is so hard, I can already feel it dripping.

“Talk to me,” I tell her.

Reaching around, I tip her chin up toward me and cover her mouth through the fabric, an electric current shooting through me at the feel of her tongue brushing my lips, but I can’t get at it, because of the tulle. My whole body hurts. I need her.

“Talk to me,” I whisper against her mouth. “Please.”

She keeps silent.

I nibble her lips, sliding my hand down her ass and teasing that little spot that scares her just a little.

She shudders as I push her forward and force her knee up onto the step. She leans onto the pool deck as I rub her clit with one hand and her ass with

the other. My dick naturally finds where to go, pressing into her tight, little entrance.

I see her gulp.

“Talk to me,” I warn her. “If you want to stop me...”

Then you’re going to have to ask.

Her jaw flexes as she keeps her mouth shut, and I’m not even mad. I don’t want to stop. The rain falls around us, and I lean down, sucking the water off her back as the head of my cock presses into her, and I hear her whimper as I push through her tight little opening and stop.

“Damon,” she pants, her chin trembling nervously at where I’m going. “Damon...”

But I clamp my hand over her mouth and pull her back to me, her back arching so goddamn beautifully, and I’m not even all the way inside her yet.

“You had your chance,” I whisper in her ear. “My turn.”

I slowly slide the rest of the way in, taking it in stride as much for me as for her. She needs to adjust, but she’s so damn tight I’ll be done before we even start.

I bury myself to the hilt, feeling the cool skin of her ass pressed into my hips, and I pause for a moment to let her get used to it. Her body shakes in my arms, but as soon as her breathing starts to slow, I start moving.

Gliding in and out, shallow at first, I feel her constrict around me, and I’m reeling. I don’t care what I did. I’d happily take an eight-hour flight for this. All she has to do was ask.

After a minute, I feel her start to back up into it, meeting me halfway, and I remove my hand from her mouth.

“Don’t talk,” I tell her. “Just take it.”

I grip her hip in one hand and the belt with the other and fuck her tight, little ass, taking out all the frustration she causes me that I love. I kiss and bite her neck and lips, eating her up as I sink my body into hers with her moans filling my ears.

“Decent men don’t do this,” I tell her. “But that’s why I wanted *this* one. She’s a devil, just like me.”

She digs her nails into the pool deck, her neck pulled back by the belt, and I look down, watching my dick slide in and out of her as her wet hair bounces against her ass.

“Harder,” she moans.

I take her hand and put it on her clit, watching her arm move quick as she rubs herself, while I fuck her.

Her moans get louder, I feel her body shake, and I pound harder as I pull the belt as taut as I can.

She screams, and I'm immediately behind her, coming with three more hard thrusts and every muscle burning to exhaustion.

Oh, God. My whole body fires up, my stomach explodes with pleasure, and I release the belt, letting her fall forward before I break her neck. She lays over the edge, whimpering and breathing hard, and I unclench my fingers from her hips, withdrawing my nails from her skin.

She whines a little when I slide out of her, but I don't move otherwise. Leaning down, I rest my forehead into her back.

"I love you," I say.

She doesn't respond, and I'm too weak to keep up the pretense.

"Okay, okay," I admit. "Yeah, I may have threatened your choreographer with..." I search for words that won't piss her off, "removal of certain limbs. I don't like him putting his hands there. I put my hands there."

He doesn't need to hold her that far up her inner thigh, for Christ's sake, I don't care what the lift is called or if he's gay. Just no.

"They all need to fucking know," I explain. "They'll respect you, and they will respect me, so by the time Ivarsen is old enough to notice, they won't need to be reminded again." I stand up and turn her around, guiding her legs around me as we float back into the pool. "The only one who can bring Ivar Torrance's father to his knees is Ivar's mother."

I want them all to respect me. He doesn't touch my wife like that, and if that means they fear me, then okay.

She purses her lips to one side, looking unimpressed but not really angry anymore.

I rub her nose with mine. "Forgive me?"

She lets out a sigh but then slowly nods.

I smile, relieved. "Talk to me, then?"

But then she shakes her head.

I growl and push back, letting her go. "Then, if that's not it, what the hell did I do?" I slap the water. "Goddammit!"

She stands up, replying flatly, "You won the bet."

And then she turns around, finding the edge of the pool and hops out.

The bet...

It only takes a moment for the light to dawn, and I realize what she's talking about. The bet. My chest swells, and a smile spreads across my face as I dive for the edge of the pool, catching up with her.

"And you let me fuck you like that?" I scold, hopping out of the pool and lifting her up again.

Her arms and legs wrap around me, and I gaze up at her beautiful face as she strips off the mask and the belt.

"Yes, because I needed that," she admits, looking embarrassed. "You know I'm all over you in the first trimester, especially."

I laugh and squeeze her harder. I never actually thought I'd succeed. After Ivarsen was born, I wanted to keep going. Kids in our twenties, raise them in our thirties, and ship them off to college in our forties when we're still young enough to have the house to ourselves and still be kinky, you know?

But she read some study that gifted children are usually only children or in families where the kids are five years or more apart. She wanted Ivar to have our complete attention during his formative years or some shit.

So, we made a bet. She would get pregnant if I could get her pregnant. While she was on birth control.

I knew I was Superman.

"You're mad you're pregnant again?" I tease.

"I'm mad I lost the bet," she snaps.

I kiss her. "Do you really think I'd not let you have something you wanted?"

She smiles. "Really?"

"You want a motorcycle; you get a motorcycle."

Her face lights up with her beautiful, excited smile, and it's the best thing I've ever seen. I can't wait to take her out in the middle of the night on the empty roads.

After the baby comes, of course.

"I love you," she finally says back.

"Good."

I let her down, and we both walk to the pool house, grabbing towels laid out under the awning.

"And in all fairness, I wasn't trying to cut your trip short," she explains. "I'm sorry. I was just making you mad enough that you'd hunt me down