

# Aleixo

a Demon Guardian story



Jessica Coulter Smith



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Written by Jessica Coulter Smith



*WHP Liquid Heat*

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# One

My name is Aleixo and I'm a demon, a guardian demon to be exact. Dark hair, dark eyes, tanned skin... we all resemble one another somewhat, and carry the same intricate tattoos, winding down from our necks, down our arms, and covering our torsos. Each guardian demon has a charge to watch over, and it's always a woman. I've never figured that part out. Demons, particularly Tinta Demons, are a lusty bunch. Having sex several times a day is pretty much a necessity, so placing hot, young women in our care doesn't make much sense, and yet that's precisely what's done.

Monica. That's my charge's name, and while she isn't as troublesome as some, she still gets herself into trouble. Usually the trouble involves men. She has the *worst* taste in men! Drug addicts, alcoholics, and this last asshole were abusive. He hadn't done more than slap her so I'd let her be, hoping she would learn a lesson, but the moment he crosses the line then everything changes.

Recently one of the Tinta Demons fell for his charge. We weren't sure what would happen when Bale had sex with Alia, and the fact he'd fallen in love with her was even more puzzling. But for some reason, nothing happened. We had thought for certain a higher-level demon or Lucifer himself would object; possibly even banish Bale to the lowest level of hell, but so far, they hadn't done a damn thing.

Alia had even been down to hell. Bale had taken her to his apartment, more than once, and still nothing had happened. It had made the rest of us wonder about our charges. If Monica didn't have a boyfriend, I might have been tempted to seduce her.

\* \* \* \*

She cowered against the wall, watching Will with the wariness of a kicked puppy. He'd lost his temper before, never like this. Her arms still bore the marks of his fingers, her cheek was still red from the slap he'd delivered, and now he was threatening her with a knife.

"Did you really think you could get away with it?" he spat.

"But I didn't do anything! I swear," she wailed.

“I know better, you stupid bitch! I know you cheated on me. Who was he, huh? Did he fuck you good?”

“Stop it! There isn’t anyone else!”

“We’ll see if he still wants you when I’m done with you. I’ll cut that pretty face of yours and we’ll see if he still wants to fuck you.”

“Stop, please Will. I swear to you there isn’t anyone else.”

\* \* \* \*

I had seen and heard more than enough. I’d observed silently, nothing more than a shadow in the room, but the boyfriend’s words and threats were going too far. Making myself visible outside of the apartment door, with a savage kick I splintered the door, knocking it off its hinges.

“Let. Her. Go,” I growled, sending the man the darkest look I could muster, a look known to terrorize killers and rapists, a look that had sent more than one lesser demon running for its life.

Will turned to me surprise flashing across his face for a moment, but then he turned back to Monica and sneered at her. “I knew you were lying.”

She stared at me, her eyes large, whether in fear or wonder I wasn't sure. I was large for a human, standing well over six feet tall. I wasn't as bulky as some of the other Tinta demons, but I was muscular. More than one human woman had been to my bed, sometimes more than one at the same time. They found me attractive and I wondered if Monica felt the same.

"I think you need to back away from her," I told the man.

He looked back at me, rage glimmering in his blue eyes, his face twisted in anger. I could almost smell the evil pouring off of him and knew his soul was destined for hell, and if he didn't get away from Monica he was going to make the trip sooner rather than later.

"Who the fuck are you?" he snapped.

"Aleixo."

"Well in case you missed it, Monica is mine and this is a personal matter between the two of us, so you just need to turn around and leave."

I looked at Monica's terrified face, with one cheek red, and purple marks forming on her arm, something in me shifted. Allowing my full fury and all the powers of



hell to shine through my eyes, I faced off against the asshole, ready to end it once and for all.

He quaked in terror and dropped his knife, scrambling backwards as I advanced on him. When he turned to bolt out of the room, I grabbed him by the back of his shirt and lifted him off the floor. Hanging like a rag doll, his eyes bugged out of his head, he stared at me in horror – a look I'd seen many times before, but never had I relished it as much as I did right then.

"How does it feel to be the weaker one? How does it feel to be powerless, helpless?"

I shook him, rattling what few brains he might have had in his head and he gurgled, so terrified that he pissed his pants.

"You will stay away from Monica from now on. If I ever see you near her, or hear you've bothered her, I will hunt you down like the animal you are and I will gut you, slicing you open from navel to nose. Is that perfectly clear?" I growled.

He shook his head and I toss him aside, enjoying the sound of him smacking the wall. I could only hope he'd broken something, hopefully something important.

After he scrambled out of the room, I walked over to Monica. Her body trembled in fear and silent tears fell down her cheeks. I stopped mere inches from her and reached out a hand, slowly so I wouldn't scare her further. She watched me but didn't move as I wiped the tears from her cheeks.

"You're safe now."

"For how long?" she whispered.

"Forever. I'll never let anyone hurt you."

Her eyes flashed to mine, something unfamiliar shining in their depths and I wondered what I'd just gotten myself into. I knew she lived with the sleaze and would need a place to stay.

"Pack a bag, you're coming with me."

She nodded and stepped away only to stop and look over her shoulder at me. "Would you come with me, just in case?"

I nodded and followed her into the bedroom. Will was sitting on the edge of the bed, his head in his hands. He looked up when we walked in and his eyes widened in fear.

"Stay away from me." His voice shook with his terror and I smiled.

“I’m not going anywhere until Monica has her stuff.”

I watched as she grabbed a bag from the closet and quickly shoved her things inside. Once she was finished, she came to stand beside me, gently taking my hand, as if she was afraid I would object.

I gave her a reassuring smile and tugged her out of the room. Walking out of the ruined front door, we left the apartment and never looked back.

## Two

"How did you know my name?" she asked softly as we walked down the sidewalk.

"Because I'm your guardian."

"You mean like a guardian angel?" she asked, her brow furrowed in confusion.

My lips twitched as I fought a grin. An angel? Well, hell, no one had ever called me that before, and I doubted anyone would ever again. "Not exactly. Think lower, some place hot."

"Hell?"

"Yep. I'm a demon guardian."

She stopped walking and looked up at me in both fascination and fear. "A demon?"

"A Tinta demon to be exact, but yes, that's what I am. I'm also assigned as your guardian."

"I have a demon for a guardian instead of an angel?"

I shrugged. "It doesn't happen often, but it does happen. Right now, there are five of us and each of us has one charge. In my case, it's you. That's how I knew you were in trouble and needed help."

“In the past, I’ve helped you sight unseen, but I had a feeling that wouldn’t work this time. Will didn’t seem like the type to take a subtle hint.”

“In the past? When did you help me before?”

I crossed my arms over my chest and studied her a minute. “Do you have any idea how much trouble you get into? Men follow you home and you’re oblivious, you don’t pay attention when you step off the curb and are nearly hit by a car, and you date the worst men on the planet. Do I need to continue?”

“What do you mean men follow me home?”

“If I told you their thoughts, it would give you nightmares for the rest of your life.”

She visibly paled, but grasped my hand again and began walking.

She was taking this better than I had expected. It just showed how strong she was, boyfriends excluded. I just wished she could hold out for a nice guy. They were out there, not many, but they did exist.

“So, where are we going?” she asked.

Honestly, I wasn’t entirely sure. It wasn’t possible for her to live at my place since I lived in hell, but I didn’t keep a place up here either. So what to do with her?

"I can't take you home with me."

"Why not?"

I glanced at her out of the corner of my eye.

"Because I live in hell."

"Oh." She bit her lip. "So, is it all hellfire and brimstone like in the bible?"

"There are parts of it that are. The whole place is hot, hotter than anything you've felt before, but the place where I live is an upscale apartment. They're all one level and there's an apartment for each Tinta demon. It's even air conditioned."

We continued to walk in silence.

"So why can't I go home with you?"

I stopped and looked at her with an incredulous expression. "You want me to take you to hell?"

"I want you to take me home with you," she clarified.

I couldn't believe what I was hearing, but if she wanted to go home with me, then that's what we'd do. I had a feeling she'd change her mind pretty quick. For one thing, she was going to be bored out of her mind.

\* \* \* \*

I tried to see my apartment through her eyes. Sand colored walls, a chocolate marble floor, and sparse

furnishing. A large bed dominated the far end of the room with a chocolate comforter and copper satin sheets. An ornate wooden chest next to the bed, which held his sex toys and items that Monica would probably find objectionable. He'd never watched her have sex, but he had a feeling she was more of the missionary style kinda gal.

There were two large leather chairs with a small glass table between them. A two-shelf bookshelf sat across from them with a small collection of books, a combination of classics, the Kama Sutra, erotic works by Sade, as well as a few by Mirabeau. I had a hard time picturing her reading anything by Comte de Mirabeau or the Marquis de Sade. Personally, I enjoyed works by both men, but Monica was a bit too straight laced for something like that.

"Do you have a bathroom?" she asked softly.

I pointed to the far corner, drawing her attention to a door painted to match the wall. Toting her bag along with her, she scurried through the door, shutting it with a soft click.

When she hadn't come out a few minutes later, I started to worry.

“Are you okay, Monica?” I called through the door.

“I’m fine, just decided to take a bath.”

Now there was an image I didn’t need! Thinking of her naked, lying in my tub was an immense turn-on. I got hard just thinking about it.

“I’ll be back shortly. Don’t leave the apartment and don’t let anyone in! I have the only key.”

It was quiet for a moment, but she finally responded. “Okay.”

With a shake of my head, I left the apartment and went to the one place where I could slake my lust – the pleasure chamber.



## Three

Lillian greeted me as I walked through the door. A slim blonde with small, perky breasts, she was always up for anything. With a grin, I wrapped my arm around her and hauled her into a corner.

I quickly stripped off my shirt and black leather pants, my hard cock throbbing, ready for release. The fire from the torches lining the walls lit her well-oiled skin, bathing it in muted oranges and yellows. Her nipples were already hard and erect and I could smell her arousal.

“What do you want me to do?” she asked placing her hands on my chest.

Fisting her golden locks in my hand, I shoved her to her knees. “Suck my cock.”

With a smile, she licked her lips. I groaned as her warm, wet mouth covered my cock, caressing me with her tongue. She sucked me, taking me all the way into her mouth. Closing my eyes, I pictured she was Monica. It was enough to enflame me and I thrust myself down Lillian’s throat. As I came, she swallowed down every last drop of semen I had to give her.

“Get up and face the wall,” I growled.

She did as I commanded, presenting me with her back, and spread her legs. Little did she realize it wasn't her pussy I was going to fill with my cock. Thinking about fucking her made me hard again, and with one sure stroke, I thrust into her ass, burying myself to the hilt.

She cried out in both pleasure and pain and it turned me on even more. Fisting her hair in my hand, I pulled her head back to look into her eyes as I pounded into her. Long, hard thrusts pinned her to the wall and had her panting.

“Yes, Aleixo, yes! Faster! Harder!”

With an evil glint in my eyes, I fucked her as hard as I could, and she loved it. Her ass tightened on my cock as she found her release and it sent me over the edge, making me spill myself inside of her, coating her with my semen. She smelled of me and of sex, a heady combination.

“Aleixo, care to share?”

I looked over my shoulder and smiled at Thalen. It wouldn't be the first time we shared a woman, and I doubted it would be the last.

Since my cock was still buried in Lillian's ass, I pulled her back against me, giving Thalen room to stand in front of her. Without a moment's hesitation, he thrust into her hard and fast, her wet pussy swallowing him, greedily grabbing him and holding on.

As one, we began to thrust into her, her body sandwiched between us as we rutted like stallions, our cocks filling her completely.

"I'm gonna come!" she screamed a moment before she exploded, her body convulsing from the power of her orgasm.

As the delicious spasms wracked her body, we fucked her hard, pushing ourselves with a frenzy. Thalen came first, burying himself in her pussy and letting go, and as he held her against him, I thrust into her harder and faster until I hurtled over the edge for the third time.

Afterwards, we wiped off our cocks and sent Lillian on her way.

"Want to find another wench?" Thalen asked, his cock already hardening again.

I grinned and shook my head. "I better get back home."

His eyes narrowed and he tilted his head to the side. "You know, the last time I heard a similar phrase it was from Bale, right after he'd brought his charge down here."

I tried to keep my face expressionless, but I don't know if I succeeded or not. With a shrug, I turned and walked off, leaving Thalen with a puzzled look on his face.

\* \* \* \*

When I walked into the apartment, the first thing I saw was Monica, stretched out across my bed wearing a skimpy satin nightgown. It took everything in me not to turn around and head right back to the pleasure room. My cock was already throbbing and I'd only been in the room with her for a few seconds. How was I going to survive the entire night?

"I'm surprised you're still awake. Time passes differently down here and it's well past your bedtime."

She looked up in surprise, not having heard me come in. "You're back. I was starting to think you'd abandoned me."

"I had something to take care of."

Thankfully she didn't ask what I'd been doing, but went back to reading. I glanced at the bookshelf and

was surprised to find one of Sade's books missing. She was reading the Marquis de Sade? Now she really had my cock's attention.

"Good book?" I couldn't resist asking, and the blush that spread across her cheeks just made it even better. She was caught and she knew it.

"I can't imagine people enjoying stuff like this."

"Like the book?"

"Oh, I'm sure it's interesting reading, I meant the acts *in* the book. Who wants to be whipped, tortured, or fondled against their will?"

"Who says they weren't willing?"

"But why would someone willingly do that?"

"Don't knock it if you haven't tried it."

Really, we needed to change the subject. I could already picture myself stripping her naked, tying her to a table, and having my wicked way with her. While I wasn't into whips, the thought of tying her up held great appeal.

She looked at me in surprise, as if she hadn't expected that response. "You enjoy stuff like that?"

I shrugged. "Not all of it."

"But some of it?"

I gave her my wickedest grin. "Some people enjoy being tied up, especially if they receive multiple orgasms."

Her blush deepened and she looked away. "I wouldn't know about that."

*What?* "You wouldn't know about which part?"

"Either. I'm not even sure I've ever *had* an orgasm, much less multiple ones."

Now I wanted her even more, if for no other reason than to show her what pleasure felt like. Poor thing! I knew she'd slept with her previous boyfriends, but I hadn't realized that it wasn't enjoyable for her.

"Maybe you just haven't been with the right man - yet."

"Maybe," she said softly. With a smile, she tossed the book aside and pulled the covers back, sliding underneath them. "Will you turn off the light?"

With a snap of my fingers, the light dimmed. I watched as she snuggled down under the covers and closed her eyes, and then walked over to the bed. Pulling the edge of the covers back, I slid into the bed and lay back on my pillow.

"Aleixo, what are you doing?" she mumbled sleepily.

“Going to bed.”

Her eyes opened wide. “What? Here? With me?”

I snorted. “Do you see any other place for me to sleep? Of course I’m sleeping in the bed.”

## FOUR

In the morning, I awoke to find Monica snuggled against me, her leg thrown over me, her thigh brushing against my erection. Her hand lay curled against my chest and her head rested on my shoulder. It was torture.

“Monica, you need to wake up.”

She murmured something, still asleep.

I groaned and gently shook her. “Come on, wake up.”

If anything, she snuggled closer, the hand on my chest dropping to my cock. It jumped from the contact, wanting to come out and play.

When her fingers stroked me, I knew I was gone. There was no turning back. I’d done my best to refrain from having sex with my charge, but she was making it damn near impossible.

Turning to face her and rolling her to her back, I cupped one breast kneading it and tweaking her nipple, making it peak against my hand. She arched against me, her body begging for more.

My hand slipped down her body and pulled up the edge of her nightgown. When I saw the matching



panties, I nearly lost it. Nudging the material aside, I was surprised to see that she shaved.

My long fingers gently caressed the bare lips of her pussy, feeling the proof of her desire. I slipped a finger inside of her, feeling how hot and wet she was. Sliding down, I shoved her legs apart with my shoulders and traced the moist lips of her pussy with my tongue.

She gasped and arched off the bed, her hips thrusting upward.

A quick check showed her eyes were still closed. I knew it was wrong to take advantage of her while she was sleeping, but I was a demon, what else would you expect? I wasn't exactly known for playing by the rules.

My tongue delved into her, tasting her. She was so sweet I moaned in pleasure, my cock hardening to the point of being painful. I lapped at her, making her shiver in delight. Sucking on her clit, I slid two fingers inside of her, fucking her with my tongue and my hand.

"Oh god, Aleixo! Yes! Just like that," she cried out.

I nearly stopped I was so surprised to hear my name on her lips. I looked up at her face and saw her eyes were open now, watching me. The knowledge that she wanted me as much as I wanted her made the blood in

my veins turn to liquid fire, making me hot from the inside out.

I sucked her long and hard until she came with a scream, her body coming up off the bed.

With a grin, I wiped her juices from my face and moved over her body. There was no question now as to whether or not she'd ever experienced an orgasm.

"I never... never knew... it could be... like that," she panted.

"It's not over yet."

Tearing her panties from her body and removing her nightgown, I entered her with long thrust. Her pussy immediately clenched around my cock and she moaned. Thrusting long and hard, I wanted to bring her pleasure again. She wrapped her legs around my hips, angling her hips so that I slid in deeper, feeling every inch of her.

The heat of her pussy seared me, growing hotter and wetter by the moment. As she found her release, her pussy convulsed around my cock, pushing me over the edge. I knew I should have pulled out, but the thought of filling her, marking her as mine was too tempting to pass up.

As I slid from her body, I pulled her into my arms. "I guess we solved the problem of you not having an orgasm."

She giggled and snuggled closer. "That was beyond amazing."

My cock was already hardening again, but I was worried she might be too tender. I hadn't exactly been gentle with her.

When she noticed my condition, her eyes widened. "You're ready again?"

I shrugged. "Tinta demons are known to be insatiable."

"Do you want me again?" she asked shyly.

"I'm afraid I'll hurt you."

"I don't have much experience, Aleixo, but I get the feeling you can show me a lot. No one's ever had their mouth on me before. What else is there I don't know about?"

Her innocent question made lust blaze within me and before she had time to take another break, I'd flipped her over onto her knees. Reaching underneath her, I tweaked her clit, still sensitive from our first round of sex.

She instinctively thrust back against me and my cock slipped between the cheeks of her ass, caressing her intimately. She gasped and looked over her shoulder at me in surprise and I grinned, knowing exactly how I was going to take her.

I teased her until she was begging for release. Placing the head of my cock against her anus, I let her slowly impale herself on me, letting her be the guide to how much she could take. I wanted to show her new things, but not if it was going to hurt her.

When I was halfway inside of her, she pulled back until the head of my cock slipped out. Before I knew what she was doing, she pressed back against me again, taking me inside even further. As she teased me, taking my cock into inch by glorious inch, I fought the urge to fuck her long and hard.

She was so tight it was exquisite torture. With a gentle pinch of her clit, she came, thrusting back hard and fast, impaling herself on my cock.

Gripping her hips, I began thrusting into her as body convulsed around me, and soon we were both panting with desire. As I felt another orgasm building inside of her, I fucked her with hard, deep strokes, making her take

all of me. When she finally came, I allowed myself to let go, coming deep inside of her ass.

Afterward, she collapsed on the bed, my cock still buried in her.

"I... I..." She took a breath. "What else is there?"

My cock hardened at her words. "Do you remember the book you were reading last night?"

She nodded, looking apprehensive.

"I would never hurt you, but I want to tie you up. Will you let me?"

"Yes," she answered softly.

I slid from her body and rolled her over. Reaching for the ropes I kept under the edge of the bed, I tied her to the headboard and footboard, spread eagle, completely open to me.

I sucked her nipples, grazing them with my teeth. My hands gripped her hips and I teased her with the head of my cock. Slipping my hands under her, I parted her ass cheeks and slid two fingers inside of her. She was still wet with my seed and the slid in easily.

Fucking her ass with my fingers, I plunged my cock into her pussy, grinding against her, making her take me deep. I pounded into her, holding nothing back. When

she came, I replaced my fingers with my cock, driving into her with a force that had her grabbing the headboard. She climaxed again within seconds, and as her ass squeezed my cock, I followed her over the edge.

Panting, I asked, "So what do you think of being tied up now?"

"You can tie me up anytime you want."

I grinned and untied her, remaining buried inside of her, even semi-erect I was large enough to fill her.

If I had my way, I'd fuck her several more times before the day was over.

## FIVE

After three days of fucking her morning, noon, and night, I knew it was time for her to return home. I ignored the twinge I felt in my chest at the thought of her leaving.

"Monica, I think it's time you went home."

"What?" She bit her lip. "Don't you want me anymore?"

I groaned and pulled her into my arms. "Baby, I want you so much it hurts... which is why you need to leave. Your body can only take so much and I'll end up hurting you if we continue as we have the past few days."

She caressed my chest and smiled up at me. "But I'm not the slightest bit sore, and I want you just as much as you want me."

Her words gave me hope. "So you want to stay a little longer?"

"I'm saying I can't imagine anyone else's cock being inside of me. After you, no one will be able to satisfy me."

I felt pride in her words and gave her a seductive grin. "Is that right?"

"Do I have to leave?"

“If you want to stay, I won’t make you leave.”

“What if I want to stay forever?” she whispered, unable to meet my gaze.

I tipped her head back with my fingers and studied her a moment. “You want to stay with me forever?”

She nodded hesitantly.

With a growl, I pinned her to the wall, lifted her skirt and ripped her panties from her body. Unfastening my leather pants, I entered her fast and hard, needing to claim her.

Kissing her neck, I whispered in her ear, “You’re mine. Do you understand?”

She nodded. “I’ll be yours for as long as you want me.”

Thrusting into her as far as I could go, I gazed into her eyes. “I’ll always want you. I’ve never wanted a woman as much as I want you.”

She twined her arms around my neck and wrapped her legs around my waist, holding on for the ride. As I fucked her, I realized the feelings I had for her were as close to love as I would ever get. With unfamiliar emotions bombarding me, I buried myself in her, filling her with my seed, a primal need driving me.



“Mine forever,” I whispered against her hair.

She wiggled against me and whispered back, “I want you to take me again, this time from behind.”

I carried her to the bed, and tossed her onto the mattress. She immediately turned over onto her hands and knees, more than ready for me to take her again. As lust surged through me, I knew that there would never be a dull moment with Monica in my life.