

Bale

a Demon Guardian story



Jessica Coulter Smith

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Written by Jessica Coulter Smith



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One

My name is Bale 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. In my case, it's the most exasperating creature on the planet. Beautiful, sarcastic, and a magnet for trouble Alia keeps me busy.

Blending with the shadows, I watch as she walks down the darkened alley. If the sway of her hips didn't have me mesmerized, I would probably be grinding my teeth in annoyance. The woman never learns. I've saved her countless times from her folly, and yet she continues to do the same stupid things over and over. This time is going to be different. This time she'll feel fear before I rescue her.

A man watches her from a dark corner. I can smell his stench and hear his wretched thoughts. Even knowing the vile things he wants to do to Alia, I refuse to get her out of the alley, not until she's seen the error of

her ways. It's time for the reckless behavior to stop once and for all, before it gets her killed.

He pulls himself away from the corner after she passes and creeps up behind her, quiet as a mouse. While she's oblivious to her surroundings and the danger she's in, he reaches around and grabs her, pulling her against his filthy body. Placing a hand over her mouth, he stops her from crying out for help and drags her into his dark corner, away from prying eyes.

"Such a pretty little thing," the man slurs. "We're going to have us a grand ol' time."

Alia struggles, but can't break free. My hands clench into fists, but I refrain from rushing to her side. She has to learn that her behavior is irresponsible, that it will get her killed, and this is the only way I can think of to get the message across.

The man kisses the side of her neck and I see the revulsion and fear written across her delicate features. He unfastens his pants and slides a hand under the edge of her skirt, caressing her thigh and he pulls the material up higher.

I can practically see her heart pounding and know that *finally* she understands she's made a colossal

mistake. I would have never let it go any further, but I'm hoping her fear will teach her a lesson.

Materializing from the shadows, I make my presence known.

"Let her go."

I see Alia's eyes go wide and the man glares at me.

"This isn't any of your business. Go away. Go find your own woman."

I grin. "But she *is* my woman."

The man looks from his prize to me and back again. When his eyes settle on mine, nearly black with my fury, his hold loosens just enough for Alia to slip away. Instead of running down the alley as I had supposed she would do, instead she slips behind me and rests her hands against my back.

She's trembling, but I know her well. While she might have been scared when the man held her captive, now that she's free and feels safe her anger is beginning to build. If I don't get her out of here soon, she'll do something that could get us both killed. The difference is that I'll return from the grave, while she'll be gone permanently.

The man glowers at me and I know he's trying to decide what to do, trying to decide if the woman is worth the trouble. His eyes travel down my muscular chest and arms and I can tell the exact moment when he realizes he would lose a fight against me. With a shrug of his shoulders, he shuffles away, moving slowly down the brick wall, searching for another victim.

"Too much trouble anyhow," he mumbles.

I turn to give Alia the lecture of a lifetime, but she takes me by surprise, slipping her slim arms around my waist, hugging me.

"Thank you. If you hadn't shown up when you did, he would have... have..."

"I know what he intended. What possessed you to walk down this dark alley to begin with?"

She lifts her head and her topaz eyes meet mine. "It was a short cut. I've used it before and nothing has ever happened. I guess it just didn't occur to me that I could get into trouble along the way."

I snort and roll my eyes. Exasperating creature! "Alia, your carelessness is going to get you killed one of these days."

* * * *

She stiffens a moment. "How do you know my name?"

"Because I was sent to protect you. I'm your guardian."

Her eyes skim across my chest, taking in my intricate tattoos. I see heat flare in her eyes and it's all I can do to control myself. I'd be lying if I said I didn't desire her. Who wouldn't? Small and curvy, her eyes were expressive and full of life, her lips were full and were perfect for kissing, and her long blonde hair had inspired many a fantasy.

"You certainly don't look like a guardian angel."

Now there's something no one has called me before. "I don't recall saying I was an angel."

"But you're my guardian?"

"Yes. Your guardian demon."

Her eyes go wide and she takes a step back. "Excuse me? Did you just say demon?"

Grasping her arm, I lead her out of the alley. If we're going to have this conversation, I'd rather do it some place that doesn't smell like urine and trash. Back out on the sidewalk, I look down at her, trying to figure out what to do next.

I had never planned to show myself to her, and for all I know I've broken some silent rule. And yet, I couldn't help myself. Knowing what was going to happen to her, I had to do something. I only hoped it didn't backfire.

"I'd rather talk somewhere a bit more private."

She licks her lips. "We could go to my apartment."

I'm surprised at her offer. While she never thinks of her safety, I also know she doesn't take men back to her place very often, and never after just meeting them. So why make the offer to me?

"Aren't you afraid I might kill you or ravage you?"

Her eyes grow dark and her mental images slam into me. The two of us are on a bed, naked, with our limbs intertwined. The realization that she desires me startles me, and it turns me on even more.

"I think I'll take my chances," she finally answers in a husky voice.

I know that voice. That's her *I want to jump his bones* kind of voice and I realize I'm in trouble. I'm fairly certain it's taboo to have a relationship with your charge, and if it isn't then it should be. But I'm a man and a demon, which meant I was completely helpless to her allure.

“You didn’t bat an eye when I said I was a demon.” Perhaps reminding her that I’m not exactly goodness and light will bring her back down to earth.

She shrugs a shoulder. “I’m not exactly an angel, so it only stands to reason that someone a little darker would be sent to protect me.” Her lips curl into a seductive grin. “Besides, my wicked behavior would probably shock a heavenly angel.”

I’ve always tried to give her as much privacy as possible when she’s entertained men, but her words intrigue me and I wonder just what I’ve been missing. Voyeurism isn’t exactly my thing, but I’m starting to wish I’d stuck around and watched over her *all* the time, privacy be damned.

Taking her arm, I begin the trek to her apartment, going the long way in order to avoid all of the unsavory places she usually frequents. It might take a lot longer, but at least I know she’ll be safe.

Two

Unlocking the door, she pushes it open and steps into the cool apartment, sighing in relief.

"It's way too hot outside."

I watch the sweat trickle down her throat, disappear between her breasts, and admire the way the damp fabric clings to her.

"I don't know. It seems just right to me."

Her eyes twinkle as she notices the direction of my gaze and the little mischief-maker goes to stand directly in front of a vent, making her nipples pebble against her shirt. As she gives me a flirtatious glance, there's no doubt in my mind that her act is deliberate. When she turns to face me, she plants her hands on her hips, making her breasts thrust out even further.

"I believe we came here to talk," I remind her. My voice is deeper and I know my eyes reflect my desire for her, but I'm determined to stay on track. No matter how tempting a morsel she may be, I need to resist.

"So talk. You said you're a demon and my guardian. What type of demon are you, exactly?"

"I'm what is known as a Tinta demon. We're all marked with similar tattoos and have the same coloring and size."

Her eyes devour me. "You're all built like that?"

I frown as I think of her with one of the other guardians. Thalen or Aires would gladly bed her, regardless of whether or not they should. Aleixo and Dominguez aren't much better for that matter. Images of any of my fellow demons touching her perfect skin, caressing those luscious curves, sets my teeth on edge and makes me want to pound someone into the ground. That should probably disturb me, but I shake it off.

"Not identical, but we're all similar."

She licks her lips and lifts her eyes to mine. "So if you're my guardian, then you watch over me."

"Yes."

"All of the time?"

I know what she's asking and I grin, letting the moment drag out. Her breathing becomes deeper and her eyes get even darker. Obviously, the idea of me watching her during intimate moments doesn't bother her in the slightest. In fact, she seems turned on by the idea.

“Not all of the time. I allow you some privacy, to an extent. I don’t watch when you bathe or have men over, but I do listen in case you need my help.”

She wanders over to me and places her hand on my chest. Her touch is cool against my heated flesh and I fight the urge to gather her in my arms.

“So you’ve never seen me naked?”

Does it count if it was only in my head, or in yours?

“No, I’ve never watched you while you were naked.”

She steps even closer, our bodies nearly touching.

“Have you ever wanted to?”

Honestly, I’ve tried *not* to think about her being naked, but since watching her in that alley, today I can’t seem to think of anything else. As I gaze into her eyes, I realize she wants me to want her, and I find that I’m unable to resist.

“Yes.”

Her hands drift down my abdomen and across the front of my leather pants.

“I’m assuming this works the same as a human’s?”

I swallow, hard. “Yes.”

Why can’t I say anything but yes? It’s hard to believe she has me tongue-tied, but there’s no other explanation.

The siren in front of me has all the control, and I'm not entirely certain when she gained the upper hand. As her fingers caress my cock through my pants, I realize it doesn't matter who's in control as long as we both end up naked – soon.

She tugs on my pants and begins backing toward her bedroom. Nudging the door open with a hip, she leads me inside and shoves me down on the bed. As I sprawl across the comforter, I watch in fascination as she slowly eases her top over her head, allowing it to drop on the floor at her feet. Next, she unfastens her denim skirt and it slides down her legs. Her lacy bra and thong leave very little to the imagination.

“Lucifer doce, excepto mim.” Sweet Lucifer, save me.

She grins as if understanding me, and crawls across my body, her thighs encasing mine and she leans down. Her hair tickles my chest and her honeysuckle scent teases my nose.

“Do you want to touch me?”

Hell yes! With gentle hands, I reach up and cup her breasts, teasing her nipples through the lacy material. Easing my hands down her ribcage, I drag her further up my body so that she's straddling my abdomen. I pull her

down again, her breasts now aligned with my mouth. Her bra feels rough against my tongue, but she gasps as I lave her nipple. My hands slide down to her hips and I squeeze her ass, making her rock against me. She's hot and wet, and oh so ready.

"I... I don't even... know your... name," she pants.

"Bale."

I roll our bodies and pin her to the mattress with my weight. Her bra hooks in the front and I release the clasp, watching as her breasts spring free. Nuzzling her sweet flesh, I reach between our bodies and stroke her wet pussy.

"Você prova tão doce."

"What does that mean?"

"It means that you taste sweet," I answer as I suck her nipple into my mouth.

She moans and arches her back, begging for more. I feel her nails scrape against my shoulders and her pussy thrusts against my fingers.

"Bale, please... I want you."

I chuckle before tasting her other nipple. My fingers slip under her thong and graze her swollen clit, making

her cry out. I can tell she's close to an orgasm, but I don't want her to come until I can taste her.

Pushing away from her, I straddle her small form, and slip the bra down her arms. After tossing it on the floor, I remove her thong. My breath hisses through my teeth at the sweet sight revealed to me. Her pussy is shaved, the lips parted ever so slight to expose her engorged clit.

I fight for control and slip my leather vest off my shoulders. Her eyelids droop and her lips part as she watches my hands unfasten my pants. As the leather slides down my legs, my cock springs free, hard and ready.

She reaches for me and I give her a feral grin. Leaning over her body, I lick her breasts, letting my cock gently brush against her. The heat emanating from her nearly consumes me and I fight the urge to slide into her, claiming her as mine.

I trail kisses down her stomach to her waist. By the time I reach her pussy, I'm kneeling on the floor between her spread legs. My thumbs part the lips of her pussy, exposing her to me fully.

"Você é bonito. You're so beautiful."

Shoving her legs wider apart with my shoulders, I lean down and lap at the nectar that's dewing between her legs. She tastes musky and sweet at the same time. I hear her whimper and know she wants to find her release.

I shove my tongue into her molten center and groan as her scent and taste surround me. The primitive demon within me roars with delight as she squirms beneath me. As my tongue plunges into her relentlessly, my teeth softly graze her clit. Over and over, my tongue dips into her sweetness, until tremors shake her body.

With a cry, she shatters, and the spoils of my victory coat my tongue like honey. Boneless and sated, she lies limp on the bed, panting for breath.

I flip her body over with one hand and hold her down, not that she's struggling to get up. Spreading her legs wide, I settle my body over hers, my chest against her back, and thrust into her with one long, hard stroke, filling her completely. Her pussy still spasms from her orgasm and grips my cock like a vice, driving me to a frenzy.

I thrust into her hard and fast, each stroke harder and faster than the last. As she lies submissive beneath me, I

feel her body responding to mine. With each stroke, she grows hotter and wetter. My release builds inside of me, growing like a storm, until, with one final thrust, I slam into her as far as I can go and explode inside of her, my semen coating her slick passage.

Nipping her shoulder, I gather her in my arms and roll to my side, our bodies still connected.

If anyone had told me I would feel attached to my charge, I would have laughed. Until now. As her pussy holds my throbbing cock, her heart beats against my arm, and her head rests under my chin, I realize my life is forever changed. One time was not enough. I now crave Alia like a drug, and know that I will do whatever it takes to have her again and again, until I have finally fulfilled the need I have for her.

Three

Well rested after our frantic lovemaking, we sit in her living room in companionable silence. Wearing nothing but a t-shirt, she looks radiant, her cheeks still flushed and her eyes shining. She shifts and I can see under her shirt for a moment, just long enough for my cock to harden painfully in my pants. Regardless of how tempting she is, I know I must show restraint, there's still much I need to say to her.

"Alia, we didn't get a chance to talk much earlier."

She grins. "I don't remember you complaining."

"No, I wasn't complaining then, and I'm not complaining now. The experience was, I believe, mutually enjoyable."

She mumbles something I don't quite catch and I watch her intently.

"What was that?"

A blush suffuses her face. "I said it was more earth-shattering than enjoyable. I think you've ruined me for other men."

I fight back a smile, absurdly happy with her response. *What the hell is wrong with me?*

"You have to stop your reckless behavior."

She sobers instantly.

"I mean it, Alia. What if I can't save you in time? What if I had been a few minutes too late in the alley?"

Uncomfortable, she looks away. "But you weren't."

"No, I wasn't, but I could have been. I've kept you out of harm's way as much as possible, but one day I might not be able to. You have *got* to stop doing foolish things."

"Like sleeping with my demon guardian?" she asks icily.

Okay, so I deserved that. I knew better than to sleep with her, and yet I gave in to the urge anyway. Now I get to pay the price.

"Yes, like sleeping with me."

Her brow furrows in confusion. Obviously, she hadn't expected that answer. "You regret what we did?"

With a sigh, I stand and begin pacing. Do I? No, I don't think it's regret I feel. Although, I do regret the constant urge to fuck her. I could have easily taken her immediately after the first time, and even now, I wanted to shove her against a wall and take her. Perhaps taking her from behind, holding her down on her stomach, was

not such a good idea. It had appealed to the demon in me, and now it had awakened a beast I had thought long dormant – lust. Experience told me that I could take her all day every day and it would be months, if not years before my desire waned. I knew she wouldn't be able to handle that kind of attention and it would be best if I found a way to distance myself.

“How could I regret fucking something so tender and sweet?” I made my tone as blasé as I could. Women always wanted kind words and declarations of feelings after being intimate with a man. If I did the exact opposite, it should push her away. I hoped.

She watched me in silence, dissecting my words. It was hard to keep the emotion out of my voice and even harder to keep a blank expression on my face, and yet I managed both.

“So you don't want to do it again?” she finally asked.

Sweet Lucifer! Why did she have to ask that of all things? I was a demon and could, therefore, lie with the best of them. But something in me demanded that I be honest with my answer.

“Of course I want to do it again. And again. And again.” I growled in frustration. “That's the problem, Alia.

When a demon's lust is released, it's hard to lock it back in the box, and your fragile human body won't be able to handle it."

"What if I said I wanted you again? Right here, right now."

Incredulous, I looked at her, noting the seriousness in her expression, the stubborn set of her chin. Damnation! She honestly meant it, she wanted me again, and she wanted me right now.

Images assailed my mind as she thought of the things she wanted to do. In her mind, I took her gently, lovingly, caressing every inch of her body. I shook my head, ready to break down her walls, disillusioning her to what it would be like if I took her again.

"I'd say you're a fool. Do you know what it's like to be fucked by a demon? Because that's what we do, we don't 'make love' or whatever silly terms you human females use. We fuck, long and hard."

"As long as I can have you again, I don't care how you take me."

My eyes narrowed on her and I stalked closer. When she was within my grasp, I ripped the t-shirt over her head, leaving her naked in the middle of the living room.

She watched me passively, awaiting my next move.

Fisting her hair, I shoved her to her knees. "Unfasten my pants."

With nimble fingers, she did as I ordered and my pants slid down to my knees. My cock was hard and throbbing with need, lust scorching me from the inside out. The sight of her sitting docile at my feet, her lips parted, sent a surge of fire through me.

"Suck me."

Her eyes met mine as she leaned forward. Her lips parted and as she drew me into her mouth, I felt her tongue caress the steely length of me. With a moan, she closed her eyes and sucked, her tongue swirling around me.

I bit back a curse, realizing that she was enjoying herself. Holding her head steady, I thrust in and out of her mouth, losing more and more of my control as her tongue flicked over me, as her hot mouth glided over my flesh. Fucking her mouth with zeal, I threw back my head as I came, my hot sperm sliding down her throat.

When I pulled out of her mouth, she licked her lips and gave me a smile. "I've never had someone be forceful with me before. I think I like it."

Lifting her off the floor, I pressed her against the chair, making her to bend over the back of it. I pushed her legs apart and sank to my knees on the floor behind her. She was already wet, having become aroused while she sucked my cock, and the knowledge of it drove me wild.

My tongue swirled around her clit until it became swollen and hard with need. Then, I began licking her, starting with her clit, and then delving into her wet passage. Using my finger, I gently massaged her anus, drawing a gasp from her. With a grin, I realized no one had ever touched her there before and it thrilled me to be the first.

I pulled away for a moment and she whined.

"Do you have any toys?"

With wide eyes, she looked at me over her shoulder.
"In the bedside table drawer."

"Don't move."

Getting up, I walked into her room and opened the drawer. I smiled with delight as I saw the vast array of items inside. Selecting a bottle of lubricant, a slim, short vibrator, and another that fit on my finger, I closed the drawer and went back to the living room.

She still lay sprawled across the back of the chair where I had left her. I smiled at her obedience and realized that while I couldn't have anything lasting with her, I wanted to be the one who showed her new horizons in her sex life. The thought of her mouth on my cock made me hard again, but I knew before I took my pleasure of her I would have to do a little work.

I kissed her shoulder. "Such a good girl."

Caressing her body, I slipped my hand around her waist and down between her and the chair. Her pussy was still warm, but not as wet as before. A gentle tug on her clit made her moan and I knew it wouldn't take much to make her ready again. I tugged, pinched and caressed her clit until she was panting with need.

I slipped the small finger vibrator onto my index finger and placed it against her clit. She came on the spot. Keeping the vibrator against her clit, I managed to lube the slim one and turned it on. I slipped it between her ass cheeks and pressed it against her anus. She stiffened for a moment, but as I twirled and twisted it, easing it slowly inside of her, she began to relax. Finally, I had it buried in her ass.

"What do you want?" I whispered in her ear.

"I want you inside of me."

I eased the vibrator from her ass and plunged it back in, drawing a gasp from her. "Here?"

My fingers trailed down to her pussy and dipped inside. "Or here?"

She groaned. "Yes, there."

Parting her lips, my cock brushed against her, nudging her inviting opening. I grinned as she squirmed and I thrust the vibrator in and out of her ass again. It made her still for a moment and I realized she liked it. Repeating the motion, I watched as it disappeared into her ass again and again.

Slowly, I slid my cock into her drenched pussy, sighing as I buried myself in her. Sheathed in her delicious wet heat, I refused to move until she came on my cock. As I fucked her ass with the vibrator, I clenched my teeth against the urge to move inside of her. I pressed my finger against her clit a little harder and fucked her ass a little faster, and at long last, she came, squeezing my cock with the walls of her pussy.

I felt her cream coat me and began to fuck her fast and hard, giving no mercy. After a few thrusts, she came again and I made my strokes longer and deeper,

wanting all of her. As she came a third time, I let myself go as I buried my cock in her soaked pussy.

Panting for breath, she lay over the back of the chair unmoving.

I kissed her shoulder. "Did I break you?"

She shook her head.

I eased the vibrator from her ass and removed my finger from her clit. Trailing kisses down her back, I held her to me. "You were incredible."

"You were pretty amazing yourself. No one's ever done anything like that to me before."

"If you still think you want me, there's plenty more where that came from."

She mumbled something I couldn't catch and I realized she'd fallen asleep. Sliding from her body, I lifted her into my arms and carried her to bed. I drew the sheet up over her and brushed her hair away from her face.

Four

I stood in her shower letting the warm water sluice over my body, washing away the stickiness of sweat and semen. I hadn't lied to her about awakening a demon's lust and as I washed my body, my cock ached, needing release again. Resting my head against the shower wall, I wondered what I was going to do. It was impossible to take Alia this soon and my options were limited.

Maybe I could pop down to hell and come back before she realized I was gone. Lucifer kept a special room for the Tinta demons, filled with beautiful women who would do whatever we wanted. Just the thought of the chained beauties made my cock swell.

Turning off the water, I checked on Alia once more. Since she was still sleeping soundly, I blinked myself into hell.

* * * *

Striding through the room of women, I realized none of them called to me like Alia did. Thankfully, my cock was hard enough that it wouldn't be an issue. I selected two comely wenches and was about to retire to a private chamber when Thalen and Aleixo strolled into the room.

“Bale,” Thalen called with a smile. “Where have you been?”

I returned his smile. “Fucking my charge.”

His eyes widened a moment and then he threw back his head and laughed. “Only you would try something like that. So why are you here if you’re hot for your charge?”

“You know humans can only handle so much. I came down for some fun while she’s asleep.”

“Wait on us. It won’t take but a moment to pick out a woman.”

I nodded and waited impatiently. When they walked back over with a dark haired woman in tow, I headed for an empty corner. Stripping off my clothes, I watched as Thalen and Aleixo did the same.

Naked, I beckoned to the women I had chosen.

“What do you want us to do, my lord demon?” the smaller one, Sheba, asked.

“I want to watch you fuck each other. And then I’m going to join you.”

They nodded and got comfortable on a pallet of blankets. As I looked down at their delectable naked bodies, I remembered the other one’s name was Esme.

They had pleased me before and were quite good. Even better, they could follow orders.

I watched as they fondled one another's breasts, watched as Sheba sucked on Esme's nipples. Esme tunneled her fingers into Sheba's hair, holding her close, and tipped her head back. Then, Sheba pushed against Esme, lying her down on the blanket.

As Sheba crawled between Esme's legs and licked her shaved pussy, I fisted my cock. I watched as Esme writhed on the blanket while Sheba pleased her with her tongue. Esme played with her nipples as Sheba's tongue dove in and out of her pussy.

Walking up behind Sheba, I dipped my fingers in her pussy and spread her juices along the crack of her ass. I played with her anus, making sure it was slick.

Across from our three-some, Aleixo and Thalen were fucking their woman, one fucking her pussy while the other fucked her ass. Alternately, I watched them and the women in front of me. As Esme cried out her release, I slid my cock into Sheba's ass. Fucking her hard and fast, I came in a matter of minutes.

I slid from her body and wiped myself off with a rag in the corner. My girls knew better than to wipe my seed

from them unless they had permission. Sheba lied down and spread her legs, anticipating that I would want her again.

Thalen and Aleixo finished and joined me.

"Can you take her on her knees?" Aleixo asked. "I want her to suck my cock while you fuck her."

I nodded and Sheba got into position.

Esme me also got on her knees and faced Thalen. "May I suck your cock, my lord demon?"

Thalen grinned and pulled her head toward his rising cock.

I watched as Sheba took Aleixo in her mouth, and just as I was going to slide into her pussy, I felt a pulling sensation. Alia needed me.

"Sorry guys, my charge is in trouble."

Thalen snorted. "Isn't she always?"

"Pretty much." I grinned and vanished in a puff of smoke.

* * * *

Appearing in Alia's apartment, I was surprised to find her arguing with her ex-boyfriend. Personally, I'd never understood what she saw in him. He was okay in the looks department, but he was a complete asshole.

“Kane, I told you it was over. I haven't spoken to you in nearly a month. What makes you think you can just waltz into my apartment and act like we're still together?”

Alia was pissed, and looked positively stunning in her fury.

“Come on, babe. You know that one taste of me and you'll be begging me to come back.”

She snorted and rolled her eyes. “Not likely.”

Kane's face changed in the blink of an eye from cajoling to angry. Advancing on her, he pushed Alia against the living room wall. Still naked from our lovemaking, she was completely at his mercy. Or so I thought.

A well-placed knee to Kane's groin had him doubled over in the floor, hurling obscenities at her. “You stupid fucking bitch!”

She looked up and saw me, surprise flashing in her eyes for a moment.

“Bale, when did you get back?”

“Just a moment ago. I was going to step in and help, but you seemed to have it under control.”

Kane sat up on his knees, his hands holding his crotch. “Who's this asshole?”

“My boyfriend,” she promptly responded, lifting her chin. Her eyes flicked to me for a moment, as if assuring herself I wouldn’t refute her claim.

I’d magically donned my leather pants on my way to her apartment, thank Lucifer, but had left my vest in hell. Flexing my muscles, I crossed my arms over my chest and glared down at the human on the floor. He might pick on a female, but I topped his height by a few inches and weighed a good twenty pounds more, so it wasn’t likely he would try anything with me.

One look at me, and Kane paled. “Sorry, man, I didn’t realize she was with someone.”

I jerked my head toward the door. “It’s time for you to leave.”

He immediately began to scramble toward the door.

“And leave the key on your way out.”

He paused, looking like he wanted to argue, but he dug a key out of his pocket and placed it on the coffee table. Without a backward glance, he let himself out of the apartment, closing the door firmly behind him.

I turned to Alia with narrowed eyes. “I can’t leave you alone for a minute, can I?”

She shrugged. "Where were you? I heard noises in the living room and thought it was you, but I found Kane instead."

"You fell asleep so I took a trip down to hell while you were resting."

She tilted her head to the side and looked at me, as if trying to figure out the rest of the story. I didn't think she'd take it well if she found out I'd been fucking someone else. Human women were too sentimental to share their men.

"You went to hell while I slept?" she finally asked.

I nodded and stared at her.

She shrugged and went into the kitchen. Opening the refrigerator door, she grabbed a soda. "Want one?"

"Sure."

She tossed me the one in her hand and grabbed another for herself.

"So, what now?" she asked.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, what happens between us now? I've had a blast all day, but something tells me you aren't up for a long-term relationship."

I chuckled and folded my arms over my chest. "I don't recall saying anything about commitment. That's a human concept."

"And what about demon concepts?"

"Demon concepts include sex with more than one woman, sometimes three women and another man, whips, chains, and anything else we desire."

A shiver raced down her spine and I watched as she absorbed everything that I'd told her. After a minute, an odd light entered her eyes and I knew it spelled trouble for me.

"Whips and chains? Other men?"

I nodded, my eyes narrowed as I tried to figure out what she was thinking.

"Do you have a place for that kind of thing up here, or only in hell?"

"Hell is my preferred place. I seldom dally with those who remain amongst the living."

Her eyes widened. "You mean you sleep with dead women?"

I choked on a laugh. "I don't think I'd put it that way exactly. The women I choose for sex are in hell. They've

either made a deal with the devil or they earned a place in the fiery depths of brimstone and sin.”

“So you have a place in hell?”

I rubbed my chin. This wasn’t going quite the way I had anticipated. “I guess you could call it an apartment of sorts. But yes, I do have living quarters down there.”

She moved closer to me, her fingers trailing over my chest. “Can you take me to your place?”

What was she up to? “You want to go to hell?”

She pressed her naked body against me and I grew hard. “I want to see where you live.” She rose on tiptoe to kiss me softly. “And maybe you can tie me up and have your wicked way with me while we’re down there,” she whispered against my lips.

Well, if she’d wanted my attention, she had it!

With a wicked grin, I wrapped my arms around her and blinked us down to hell, to my apartment to be specific.

Five

It probably wasn't quite what she had expected. The walls were a slate gray; the marble floor was black. The furnishings were all black as well, from the leather sofa to the large bed. Satin sheets were puddle at the foot of the monstrosity.

One wall had a set of manacles attached to it. There was a table nearby with a paddle, whips, and other things that Alia had never seen before.

"So what do you think of my humble abode?" I asked her, grinning at her shocked expression.

"This is where you live?"

I nodded.

Her eyes strayed to the manacles again.

"Want to try them?"

"Try them? How..."

I gently tugged her over to the wall. Caressing her, I turned her to face the wall and lifted her hands over her head, snapping the manacles in place. Raised on her tiptoes, her body stretched deliciously made me lick my lips as I caressed her smooth, white skin.

I placed a tender kiss in the middle of her back before turning to the table. Picking up a leather paddle, I smoothed my hand over her white ass, enjoying the silky texture of her skin.

With a wicked grin, I gently smacked her ass with the paddle. Her indrawn breath was music to my ears and I smacked her again, a little harder. There was a slight flush to her skin.

"Bale..." Her voice was thread with need.

"Yes, Alia?"

"I... I want..."

"What do you want?" I smacked her with the paddle again, hard enough to leave a pink mark on her ass and she groaned. I smirked. "I think you like that."

"Yes, yes I like it. Do it again."

With a chuckle, I smacked her ass again and again, each stroke harder than the last. When her ass was red, I stopped and put the paddle back on the table.

Stroking her pussy, I realized she was wet. I felt something inside of me expand, perhaps pride. Yes, I was proud of her for trying something new. The fact that she enjoyed it just made it better.

"I'm going to make you squirm and beg," I whispered in her ear.

She whimpered and I looked at the table with a grin. Selecting one of the softer whips, I stepped back, sending the lash against her skin for the first time. A thin pink line appeared on her delicate skin. The last met her skin time and time again, until pink lines criss-crossed her back.

"Please, Bale... I want you..."

With a growl, I tossed the whip aside. Stepping out of my pants, I walked up behind her, my hands reached up to grab her wrists. Using my knee, I spread her legs, baring her to me. With one, hard, long thrust, I entered her fully, her slick pussy gripping me, sucking me in.

"Oh Bale... yes! Just like that..."

As she begged and pleaded, I fucked her faster and harder, giving no mercy. Her pussy clenched down on my cock as her orgasm ripped through her, and as I thrust into her long and hard, I exploded, coating her pussy inside and out in my semen.

With my scent on her body, I knew my cock would stay hard. I would want her again and again, until I broke

her. A little late, I realized that bringing her here had been a bad idea.

"Bale, that was... amazing," she whispered, hanging limply from the manacles.

"I need to get you home."

She looked at me over her shoulder. "That's a joke, right?"

"Sweetheart, you won't be able to handle me down here. I'm damn near insatiable in the mortal realm, but down here... down here, I *am* insatiable. You won't last the night."

She jerked on the chains. "Release me and I'll show you I can last."

With narrowed eyes, I raked her body with my gaze. "You think you can go again?"

"Definitely."

"You may change your mind," I growled softly.

Advancing on her, I grabbed some clamps off the table and fastened them to her hardened nipples. She groaned and I wasn't sure if it was in pleasure or pain, but she had asked for it. Normally he wouldn't use lubricant, didn't really need to down here, but for Alia he

would. Grabbing the warming liquid off the table, he coated his cock in it.

“Bale, what are you...”

“You don’t get to ask questions.”

Gripping her hips, I slid my cock between her ass cheeks and slid inside of her. She was so tight I had to grit my teeth to keep from coming right away. I started slow, allowing her body to adjust, and when she didn’t seem as tense, I thrust long and hard, burying my cock in her ass over and over. As I exploded inside of her, a horrible realization settled over me... sex would never be the same again. I now craved Alia like a drug and no other woman would do.

I unchained her and carried her to the bed, not caring that semen was smearing across the sheets. All that mattered was the woman in my bed, in my arms... the woman who had captured not only the undivided attention of my cock, but also my heart.

“I think I love you, Bale,” she whispered as her eyes drifted closed.

“I love you, too. Sleep, sweetheart. It won’t be long before I’ll want you again.”

Pulling her tight against him, Bale watched his charge sleep... except she was more than just his charge now, she was the other half of his soul. With a wry grin, he realized that even a creature like a demon could have a soul mate, and somehow he'd been lucky enough to find his.