

A photograph of a shirtless man's torso, showing his chest and abdominal muscles. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights on the skin and deep shadows in the background. The man's head is partially visible at the top, looking slightly to the side. The overall mood is sensual and mysterious.

*A Wicked
Erotica Story*

Wicked Within

Stacey Thompson-Geer

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Smashwords Edition

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Garret pulled his Motorcycle up to the burnt up house. She had been there not long ago. He could feel the Demon essence still in the air. She may not be a full demon, but she did have some heavy mojo going on.

He picked up a still smoking piece of wood from the house in front of him. He hoped he could pick up her trail. There was still time before she became too powerful and hurt herself or others. Damn *Demon council*. If he hadn't pissed them off, he wouldn't be here.

Finally he had it, her trail. He could feel her anger and the fire that raged from her. It wasn't something she meant to have happen, but it had and now she was running scared. She didn't understand it anymore than other half demons. She was strong, almost too strong and he had to get her under control before the council decided it was too late.

Garrets eyes opened fast as he saw the last part of the vision. She was at the Yellowstone hotel. Good thing that wasn't far and there wasn't that much traffic in Wyoming. The real question was what was he going to do with her when he finally got to her. The nearest drop zone out of the earthly plane was Hells Half Acre a few hundred miles from where she was.

He jumped back on his motorcycle, barely waiting for a passing car before hitting the throttle. There was no stopping him now and there was no traffic on the darkening roads. *Good thing it's summer. Wyoming roads would have been murder in the winter.*

Garret sped down the open road, the scenery changing from fairly flat to mountainous. The Tetons sat off a little ways in the distance, but the only reason Garret even noticed them was his heightened vision. That was something that came with being a demon.

He noticed the exit for Jackson Hole and took it. The hotel wouldn't be far and he knew he could see it from the main road. Garret knew he had to be careful and approach the half-ling with care. The last thing he wanted to do was startle her into using her powers without knowing it. He had to get her off this plane and to the Demon one so she could learn to use her powers without causing so much damage.

Garret spotted the slightly rundown hotel off to the side of the main road. The area his heart would have been located started to burn. A sure sign a Demon was inside. He smiled and pulled the Motorcycle into the parking lot. With any luck, he could get her to go with him and take care of this whole mess quick and easy.

He followed her essence until he could pinpoint the door. Garret just stood there, trying to figure out how to go about getting into her and then explaining all about Demons and what she was. If she was running like this, then chances are, she had no idea who and what she was.

He decided on the direct approach. Garret knocked a couple of times at the door. He felt her moving inside the room and wondered if she would make this difficult for him. After a few moments of waiting, he tried the nob. It didn't work. He sighed and looked at the door again. "I guess we're going to be doing this the hard way," he said kicking the door in.

The first thing he saw was the coffee pot flying at his head. He dodged it and sprang for the woman. She was small, maybe 5'6 and had the prettiest red locks. They flung around her head as she fought with him, trying to break free.

"Get the fuck off of me," she screamed and kicked at him. He realized she was pinned to the double bed in the middle of the room. "I'll burn your ass up!"

"Not while I've got a hold of you," he said calmly not moving from his vantage point.

"Watch me." She closed her eyes and Garret could see her trying to make the fire part of her Demon powers come up. When it wouldn't she looked at him, confusion all over her face. Garret smiled but didn't let go. "What do you want?" She snapped relaxing under him.

"I was sent here to get you. So, if you'll stop fighting me, I'll let you go." He watched her expression for any sign she was going to try to do anything stupid. Satisfied she would be okay, he let go of her wrists and stepped to the side of her.

"Sent here by who?" She questioned sitting up and rubbing her wrists. Garret could really see the woman he was sent to bring to the council now. Every time she would move, he thought he could see a little bit more. Her breasts rose and fell as she breathed. Garret thought about what it would be like to taste them, to have her naked under his own body.

"Hey asshole, I'm talking to you." The sound of her insult knocked him out of his fantasy.

"That's a sweet way to talk to the guy that's going to keep you from killing anyone." He couldn't help it. No other charge had talked to him so gruff. They usually were afraid of him. After all he was a big guy. Well built and completely willing to kick anyone's ass if needed.

"I don't know anything about you. How do I know you're not telling me a lie?" She snapped.

"You don't, but if you want to learn how to use that fire thing, you'd better start listening," Garret said crossing his arms.

She narrowed her eyes at him and turned away. "Fine."

"Good. My name is Garret. I was sent here by the Demon council to bring you to our world for training. Once you have a hold on your powers, you can live a normal life." There was no time to sweet talk the woman. She just had to hear it. "We didn't know about you. Otherwise this would have happened a long time ago."

"Demon? Are you kidding?" She made a face and started for the door. Garret beat her there and stood in the way. She was only a few inches from him. He could feel the heat of her Demon self coming off her. He wanted to touch her and have a taste of her sweet body, but he knew work came before pleasure.

"How do you explain your powers?" Garret almost whispered, watching her lips as she thought. It would be so easy to kiss them right now, even if she did fight him, it wouldn't be long before she was begging him to be inside her. She turned away and the moment was gone. "What's your name, anyway?"

"Lena. My mom thought it was different." She didn't turn to look at him.

"Well Lena, we'll have to go in the morning. I'm sure I'm not the only Demon after you now." He checked the lock on the door and strode to the chair.

"There are others looking for me too?" She took a breath and sat on the bed. "I don't

know how to control this stuff. It just happens. How is it you can keep me from tapping into that part of myself?" She looked at him waiting for an answer.

"It's a Demon thing. We all can do it to each other." Garret shrugged his shoulders as he spoke.

"So, can you do the same things I can?"

"Some. It's different for everyone." He watched her. She licked her lips and met his gaze. Lena glanced at the floor and then walked to him.

"So, if I touch you-" She stopped inches from him and laid her hand on his shoulder. "-you can't do anything supernatural."

Garret watched her, his eyes blazing. He had no idea why he wanted her so much, but she was really pushing her luck by touching him. Could it be possible that she wanted him too?

He couldn't fight it anymore. He grabbed her arm and pulled her to him, taking her mouth before she could say anything to protest. He felt her hands push on his chest for a moment and then pull at his shirt.

Garret fisted her hair in both hands, pulling her closer to him until there was no space left between them, only the fabric of their clothes. He stood, not breaking the passionate kisses between them and pulled her body to him. One of his hands came free from her hair and ran down her shoulders to her waist. He worked his hand under her shirt and marveled at the smoothness of her back. A soft moan came from her mouth as he walked her backwards towards the bed.

Garret broke the kisses long enough to pull his shirt from his body. He grabbed Lena's wrists and pushed her to the bed, not even bothering to pull her shirt off. He didn't want to wait. He let her hands go and pulled at the fabric between his skin and hers until it became too much. Garret ripped the thin barrier between them and took in the lines of her stomach. He kissed at her stomach while working the clasp of her bra free with one hand. He had enough sense to figure she would get pretty pissed if he ripped that, but then again, she would have no excuse to wear one the rest of their time together if he ripped it as well.

Garret dropped the intact bra to the side and took in the breasts he had only a few minutes earlier wondered about. He left a trail of kisses down her shoulder to her left breast, kissing around the tender nipple in a teasing way.

Lena moaned and grabbed at the sheet under them. He smiled and took his time, even as his own need was growing. He kissed a trail to the top of her jeans and bit at the buttons. They came undone easily under his teeth.

Garret pulled off her jeans and traced a trail over her light blue panties with one finger. She moaned and moved her legs in response. He pulled them from her body and gazed at the beauty he had at his whim. He wanted nothing more than to have her now and for a lot more time to come.

He pulled the rest of his clothing off and kissed her leg gently. Her eyes were closed, but she was every bit aware of what he was doing. He pulled her to the edge of the bed and lowered himself onto her. Nothing was in the way of their bodies and he could feel the heat of her skin. It made him crazy with need, but he wasn't ready yet. He wanted her to ask for him to need him as much as he needed to be inside her right now.

He kissed her lips hard, letting her know he was in control. She thrust her hips up to meet his as he kissed her. His hand slid down to her pussy, caressing the clit as he kissed her more and more deeply. She moaned under his lips and moved her hips so they were rubbing his hand more. He played with her, giving her a little pleasure than taking it from her. This was part of the game. He wanted her to want all of him and beg him for it.

Garret broke the kisses and gazed at her. Lena's eyes fluttered open to meet his. "What do you want, baby?" He asked smiling coyly.

"I want you inside me, Garret." She almost couldn't get the words out. He moved his hand just a little and a whimper came from her. "I need you."

He didn't say anything, but smiled and kissed her lips. He pulled his hand away. Garret pulled her to him and his cock thrust into her. She gasped at the suddenness of it and grabbed at his arms. Garret continued to kiss her as his cock slid in and out of her. She was tight and hot and he marveled at how well they fit together. He increased his rhythm, pounding into her body.

She threw her head back and moaned loudly as the first shudders of her orgasm ran through her body. Garret didn't let her go, even though she was almost limp under his hold. He kissed her neck as he pumped his cock in her. He felt his own release wash over him and he held her against him.

Garret kissed the top of her head and rolled over onto his back, taking her with him. Her red hair sprawled out on his chest. She didn't say anything and seemed to be recovering from their fun.

"You should sleep now. We have a long ride tomorrow," Garret said playing with her hair.

"Ride?" She didn't look up, but Garret could feel her breath on his chest.

"Yeah, I have a motorcycle." He smiled at the thought of having her arms wrapped around his body and being so close again.

Lena opened her eyes and listened to the breathing of the man she'd just spent one of the best nights of her life with. He was strong and sexy and knew how to make her feel loved. The only thing she didn't quite understand was why she felt so attracted to him. Sure, she had spent nights with guys she'd pick up at the bar, but it was just sex. This was something more and it scared the shit out of her.

She could see the sun starting to leak into the room from the half open curtains and knew she should probably wake him, but she just kind of wanted to lay there with him a little longer. A knock at the door startled her and in turn, him. They looked at each other for a moment and then back to the door.

"Get dressed quickly so if we have to get out of here, we can," Garret said pulling her away from the bed. He grabbed his pants and went towards the door only looking back to make sure Lena had gotten her clothes on.

"Who is it?" He asked in his harshest voice. Lena raised an eyebrow at how rough he could be.

“We’re looking for someone.” Another voice answered on the other side of the door. Garret didn't open the door, but backed up to Lena. “We have to go.”

“Do you know who it is?” She asked grabbing her purse off the table.

“No, but it can't be good.” He pulled her to a small window in the back of the room. Garret pulled himself up and out the window with ease, then turned back to Lena, extending a hand. “I'll help you.”

She took his hand and let him pull her out of the window and onto the grass below. He held her for a minute before setting her down and she thought her heart was going to jump out of her chest.

“Stay here. I'll get my Bike.” He had just finished the sentence when it seemed as though he had just disappeared.

Lena glanced around her, but found nothing. She didn't know if she should move until she heard voices around the corner. She held her breath and readied herself. She couldn't control her powers very well, but she could get it out when she needed too.

She felt a hand grab her arm and whirled on it. To her surprise, it was Garret looking back at her, his motorcycle beside him.

“Let's go.” He smiled and got on the thing. Lena watched him for a minute. The motorcycle fit him so well and now she would have an excuse to touch him again as they traveled.

She jumped on the back and held tight to the large demon seated in front of her. She could smell the mix of ash and man she had grown to love in their one night together. She hoped it wouldn't be the last.

Lena looked at the giant gorge with sharp rocks jutting from the walls. “You want me to do what?”

“Jump into the canyon,” Garret answered leaning against his bike. “It's the doorway to the Demon realm. You'll be fine.”

She turned back to him and tapped her foot in annoyance.

“Fine, I'll go with you.” He looked at the bike and then at her. “I can't take my bike, though.”

“Can't you get another one when you get back here?” She asked as though it was the easiest thing in the world.

He made a face, but shrugged. “Let's go.”

“Maybe they will let you stay with me and teach me more than how to control my powers,” Lena teased.

“I'm up for that. Believe me, there is so much more to teach you.” He smiled and closed the two steps between them, catching her in a kiss that would make any woman jealous.