



Changeling Press

SUGAR
PLUM
#2

Bitsy's Christmas
Demon
CYNTHIA SAX

Sugarplum: Bitsy's Christmas Demon
Cynthia Sax

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Sugarplum: Bitsy's Christmas Demon

Cynthia Sax

Sex with a Christmas Fairy tops this powerful demon's wish list.

Every Christmas, an ancient demon stalks and murders Fairies. Until this killer is apprehended, each Fairy is assigned a demon protector. Decimus volunteers to be Bitsy's protector. He's lusted after the Christmas Fairy for years. Three days and three nights with Bitsy allows him to satisfy that lust.

Except that three days is not enough, and Bitsy won't grant him more, not unless he says, "I love you." That's a big problem. Demons don't love. Christmas Fairies won't accept less. And evil never takes a holiday.

Chapter One

Christmas Fairies were supposed to be nice. They preached endlessly about goodwill on earth and other feel-good shit. Decimus glared at the green-skinned beauty buzzing around the diner, food-laden platters in her small hands. That goodwill clearly didn't extend to demons. If it did, Bitsy wouldn't now be torturing the hell out of him.

She brushed against his arm as she passed by. The casual contact made his cock twitch. His cock was already hard. It had been hard for her since he woke up this morning. On any other day of the year, Decimus would have taken care of that problem in the shower, but today was Christmas Eve. Today, his problem belonged to Bitsy.

Not that she cared. She bent over to refill a cup of coffee. Her skirt pulled up, exposing smooth green thigh. Decimus bared his teeth. He wished to bite that soft skin, marking her, declaring to the world that she was his. It didn't matter that he saw her for only three days out of every year. She belonged to him.

A blond-haired, pink-cheeked elf sitting in a nearby booth stared too intently at Bitsy's ass. Decimus growled. The elf met his gaze. Decimus allowed his eyes to glow red. The elf stuffed a pancake in his mouth, threw a wad of bills on the table, and ran out the diner door.

Bitsy tossed a frown over her shoulder. Decimus smiled serenely back, giving his best portrayal of innocence. He tapped his watch, and she rolled her emerald eyes. He sniffed the air, and his smile stretched into a demonic grin. She wasn't as unaffected by his presence as she feigned. He could smell her moist pussy.

She retraced her steps. This time when she brushed against him, he was prepared. He caught her arm. "If I don't get my order filled soon, Bits, I'll be taking it to

go," he murmured into that curly green hair. She smelled like mint and Bitsy. Her nostrils flared. Her cheeks flushed a forest green. He was serious about taking action, and Decimus read that realization in her beautiful face.

"Your order is next, sir." She played waitress with him, her voice high and squeaky. He ran his palm down her arm before reluctantly letting her go.

She hurried to the counter, her hips swinging. "We're out of cream. I'm going to the storage room to get more," she informed her employees. She disappeared through a door.

Decimus stood, his body tense with anticipation. The storage room was a favorite rendezvous spot. He let a couple of minutes elapse before following. The employees watched, grins on their faces, but they didn't stop him. They couldn't stop him even if they wanted to. He was an ancient and powerful demon. He stomped down the stairs, following his Christmas Fairy's fresh scent. What he wanted, he got, and he wanted Bitsy, badly.

The door to the storage room was partially closed. He pushed it open. Bitsy's head was bowed as she unbuttoned her 50's style carhop waitress dress. Her apron was folded neatly on the shelf. "You're not wearing a bra," he observed. Her small breasts were bare, tipped with forest green nipples.

"I'm not wearing panties either." She shimmied out of the dress, catching the fabric before it fell to the dusty floor. "I figured there was no point. You'd bring me a pair to wear anyway."

She was right. The three pairs of enchanted panties, custom made for her, were tucked in his inside pocket. He shrugged out of his suit jacket, tossing it carelessly on top of a storage rack.

"The door," she reminded him, one hand placed over her breasts, the other over her green private hair. Her skin sparkled. She took his breath away.

"Right." He turned then slid the deadbolt across, locking the door. "This is new." Not many storage rooms had locks on the inside.

"I figured after last year..." She blushed a deep green. Last year, a new employee had caught them in a delicate position. She had been on her knees, giving him the blowjob of all blowjobs, her sweet mouth full of his hard cock. Getting caught had bothered Bitsy. Decimus, being a demon, wouldn't have cared if the entire planet had watched. She was that gifted.

Turning away from him, Bitsy bent over a giant box of paper serviettes. Decimus dropped his pants, freeing his aching cock. He traced her spine down from the nape of her neck to her pert ass. "Did you miss me, Bitsy?" He didn't know why he asked that. Emotions, other than rage and hate, had no place in a demon's world. He stroked her pussy. Lust was allowable also. She was wet for him.

"Very much, Dec. I love you." She moaned, writhing on the box. He wanted to join her. That was how he felt every time she said those three words. "Did you miss me?"

He missed her every minute of every day they spent apart. "I missed this." He avoided answering her question, thrusting his cock into her hot pussy. She cried out, her back arching. He gritted his teeth. Her moistness tingled, damn it, and he was one squeeze away from coming. He slowly withdrew, relishing the feel of her. That was why no other being would do. No other being held him like Bitsy.

After three more long, hard pumps, his teeth ached. "Can't... last." He huffed. It was a difficult admission for a demon priding himself on his control.

"I think you can." She turned her head, smiled that I'm-going-to-drive-you-insane smile of hers. That was his only warning before she clenched down on him with her pussy.

"Fuck!" He came hard. His body jerked with the effort. His demonic Fairy laughed as she milked every last drop of cum from his cock. He collapsed on top of her, pressing her into the cardboard box.

"That was... interesting." Her voice bubbled with amusement.

That was not interesting. That was damn embarrassing. He hadn't pleased her at all. "That was an appetizer, Bits," he assured her. "What you call, at the diner, a starter.

Something to take the edge off our hunger." In a couple of minutes, when his heart restarted, he would see to her needs.

Her shoulders shook with laughter. Her soft curls brushed against his forehead. "Your hunger, perhaps."

His cheeks heated. "Don't you bust my balls, Fairy," he grumbled. "I didn't have a chance. You were too hot and tight." It was all her fault.

"Of course I'm tight, demon." She squirmed underneath him. He wouldn't let her go, pinning her with his body. "I haven't had sex in three hundred and sixty-two days."

She hadn't fucked anyone else. He'd known that but it pleased him to hear the confirmation. "And whose fault is that?" If it were up to him, they would fuck all year round.

"Yours." Green eyes flashed. "All you have to do is tell me you love me, and we can fuck whenever we want to."

If he fucked her whenever he wanted to, she'd never leave this room. "Demons don't love." Only a damn Christmas Fairy would put restrictions on great sex. He freed her long enough to flip her over. He preferred to read her expressions while they argued.

Her current expression was of extreme frustration. Her face was screwed up like a volcano about to blow. He kissed her nose. She was adorable. Her plump bottom lip curled in petulance. He chuckled and kissed her mouth also. She clutched the nape of his neck tightly as though she'd never let him go. He deepened the kiss. She opened for him. She tasted of candy canes. She always tasted of candy canes. He twined his tongue around hers. She moaned into his mouth. He swallowed her sound deep within him, capturing it for release during those lonely nights he knew awaited him.

"Demons don't protect Fairies either. Yet you are." Her words were quiet. Had she been thinking of her response during their kiss?

"When ordered to, we protect Fairies." The alternative had been war with the fey folk. Although the being killing Fairies every Christmas had not yet been identified, he

was clearly a very old and powerful demon. Decimus sucked on Bitsy's pointed chin, pushing away his concerns. The demon wouldn't harm his Fairy. He'd protect her.

She threaded her fingers through his dark hair, spreading sparkles and light everywhere. "No one orders you to do anything, Dec." She wiggled, driving his body crazy. "Someone, another demon, told me that only the young demons were ordered to help."

Another demon told her. A wave of rage swept over him. He raised his head. "Did he touch you?"

She blinked up at him, her face blank. There was a long, painful silence and then she beamed. "Why? Would you care, Decimus?"

He clenched his giant fists, tempted to slam them through the plastered wall. "I would kill him. I'd rip his horns off his cursed head and ram them down his throat. No one touches you, Bits." Decimus stepped away from her.

She hooked her feet around his bare ass, pulling him back to her. "No one would dare touch me." She sat up, reaching out to stroke his hardening cock. He was powerless to resist her. "Everyone knows I belong to you." She teased his cockhead with a soft fingertip, and his anger melted away. "There is no doubt about that. What people wonder about is..." She curled her fingers around his shaft. "Do you belong to me?"

What idiot would even question that? She held him in the palm of her pretty green hands. "You can play with my cock later, Bits." He extracted himself from her loving grip. "I'm hungering for the main course."

He had to be inside her. He had to claim her as his. He petted her pussy. It was hot and slick with his cum. He rubbed his thumb over her forest green clit. He would fill her to overflowing. She clasped onto his shoulders, her hips moving in sensuous circles. She would be so full of him, her pores would carry his scent.

"Eat your fill, demon." Bitsy pushed her hips up. "I can feed all your big appetites."

She was right. She could satisfy him. He cupped her ass in his hands, positioned his cock at her entrance, and rammed into her. The box skidded against the shelving. Bitsy cried out. He grinned, pumping her hard and fast. She wouldn't complain about dissatisfaction with this round. He'd make her come so hard, she'd scream. Her pussy already vibrated around his cock.

He pounded into her, finding his groove. Once his punishing rhythm steadied, she joined him, flinging herself upward as he crashed down on her. They fucked like two primitive beings, his demon fighting to be released, her Fairy glimmering under the surface of her green skin. He held onto her slight shoulders, preventing the box from sliding. Her hands slipped down his back until her fingernails dug into his clenched ass cheeks. He grunted with the exertion of their coupling.

"Dec!" Bitsy's jeweled eyes widened. She gulped air as though she were drowning. Her body shook against his, her silky skin rubbing against his hard muscles.

"Let go, Bits," he coaxed. "I have you." He bit her neck, giving her the slight pain she needed.

"Dec!" she screamed. Her slight form flew off the box into him. He caught her, holding her to him. As her pussy pulsed madly and they fell to the cardboard, he came for the second time that morning. His fulfillment drew another round of convulsions from his Christmas Fairy. She thrashed. He covered her, offering words of comfort. He had her. He would always have her.

Chapter Two

"I don't know why I bother putting on panties." Bitsy pulled up the bright red silk. The thong panties had *I heart Demons* written on them with silver rhinestones. That was Dec's idea of a joke. "I'll be removing them within seconds." She had barely made it through her apartment's front door before Dec had her flat on her back on the carpet.

"Either you wear the panties or you wear my cock, your choice." Dec followed her into the bedroom. He was gloriously naked, seven feet of gorgeous muscular man. He was even larger when he shifted into demon form. He was larger all over. Her pussy contracted at the thought of straddling that monster.

His dark-eyed gaze moved to the mattress dominating the room. "I like the new bed," he growled with approval.

"I thought you'd appreciate the added space." It was the largest bed she could fit in her place. They'd broken the previous bed last Christmas.

"The bed at my house has even more space." He tested the mattress with one big hand. It bent, of course. He was a demon. He was very, very strong. Her gaze dropped to his tight, tanned buttocks. "It also has red silk sheets. One could call them Christmassy."

Her sheets were black silk, purchased with him in mind. "Tell me you love me, and we can break that bed too." She wouldn't be one of Dec's casual fucks. She loved him too much for that.

Dec didn't respond. She didn't think he would. She deliberately stroked one of the wooden posts, drawing his attention. "These are here for when you're naughty." She patted the bedpost.

"I'm a demon." His eyes glowed red, signaling his arousal. "I'm always naughty."

He liked being tied up, did he? Her hunger for him spiked. She'd tie him up spread eagle, his body laid out for her perusal, and then she'd lick him all over from the soles of those big feet to the part in his jet black hair.

She glanced at the bedside alarm clock and sighed. That sexcapade wouldn't happen tonight. It was already ten o'clock and judging from her in-box, she had hours of Christmas wishes to peruse. "That will have to wait, unfortunately. I have work to do." She held up the pieces of parchment that had magically appeared during the day.

"Looks like more than last year." Dec plumped some pillows, arranging them against the headboard, and sat down on the bed. "Come." He patted the space between his legs. "Let's get to work."

He said it like they were a team, like they were a couple. Bitsy scrambled onto the bed and leaned back against his bare chest. He was aroused again, his engorged cock sliding between her ass cheeks, but he respected her time restrictions. He didn't try to fuck her, and she appreciated that.

"It was a tough year with more people deserving to have their wishes granted." She spread out the parchment. There were so many names. They'd be busy tomorrow.

He kissed her shoulder and picked up one piece. "Good must be winning." Although he was a demon, Dec didn't appear too upset about being on the losing side of the good versus evil battle. He cupped her chin, forcing her to look at him. "No matter how busy we are, you are to stay in physical contact with me at all times, understand?" Something more than passion glimmered in those dark eyes.

"Because you love me?" she asked, her heart filling with hope. Why would he worry if he didn't care?

"Because I'll look like a jackass if the bastard gets to you." He nipped that hope in the bud. "And I'll have no Christmas Fairy to fuck senseless on Sunday." He brushed his lips over hers before releasing her.

She tried to concentrate on work, arranging the wishes according to type. She was assigned one specific city neighborhood. Limiting travel time made wish granting easier. "I was told that many of the demons only guard their Fairies on Christmas Day."

"And are all those Fairies still fucking alive?" Dec growled. "The killer operates in different time zones, Bits. I'm not taking any risks." He wrapped his right arm around her waist, his palm flat on her stomach, his fingers splayed under her breasts.

"Because you love me?" she tried again.

"Who the hell told you about those other demons?" He ignored her question. He slid his hands under her ass, lifting her. "If it is that same demon, I'm going to split his head wide open." He pushed her panties to one side and lowered her until she was impaled on his hard cock. Bits felt some of his agitation ease from him. "You shouldn't be talking to other demons. If you have a question, you come to me."

The question she truly wanted answered, Dec wouldn't address. "Are you ever going to tell me you love me?" She tried a variation on it.

"Fuck, Bits, let it go. If you want sweet talking, you shouldn't be fucking a demon." He flopped back on the pillows. His cock remained inside her, anchoring them together. It was as though he wanted a connection to her, and he didn't care if it was sexual or not.

Bitsy continued to sort the wishes. The pile of those looking for someone to love was the highest. She had someone to love. Many women would envy her for what she had.

"Look." Dec put his arms around her once more, cradling her against his chest. "You're my mate. I'll always protect you. I'll never cheat on you. I'll take care of you financially. That's the best I can do."

She was his mate. Although there was no talk of feelings, it had the aura of love. "Will you stay with me forever?"

"Eternity is a long time, Bits, but considering I've lusted after you for a decade..."

"A decade?" She looked up. The killer started threatening the fey folk six years ago. Had Dec wanted her before that?

"It feels like longer," he mumbled. He brushed his rough hands over her breasts. Her nipples tightened. "Are you done working? Because I really want to fuck you now."

"You want to fuck me and only me." He'd wanted her for a decade. She leaned forward, pushing the parchment paper out of harm's way.

"Hell yeah." He took that as consent, moving with her until she was on her hands and knees before him. "Why would I want to fuck anyone else?" He rocked into her pussy. "You're tight and you sparkle and when you scream my name, I feel it right down to my cock."

"Because I love you." She pushed back against him. She would love enough for the both of them.

Dec kissed her neck. He covered her right breast with a big hand, rolling her nipple between his fingers. He placed his other hand over her mons, pressing the tip of his index finger over her clit. His cock rubbed against one side, his finger rubbed against the other. It was too much for her. She wiggled her ass but she couldn't escape his touch. The pressure built and built until it was unbearable.

"Dec, please," she pleaded for him to free her.

"Not yet, Bits." He denied her orgasm. She wanted to shriek with frustration. "See how good we are together?" He rode her relentlessly, teasing her breasts, circling her clit. He was all around her but it wasn't enough. "No one can fuck you like I do," he insisted.

"No one," she agreed. Tears streamed down her cheeks. She had to come. "No one but you, Dec. Please!" He knew what she wanted. Only her demon could give her the pain she needed.

"Yes, no one but me. Only I can give you this." As he thrust, he pinched her nipple. The sharp tweak shattered her control.

"Dec!" She exploded in a rainbow of light, sparkles dusting across the bedroom. She bucked, her back smacking against his unmoving chest. He roared his release, shaking the bedside lamp and rattling the bedposts.

Chapter Three

"You should wear your wings more often." Decimus admired the light glistening on Bitsy's gold-tipped wings. They were both in their true shapes. She hovered twelve inches above the ground, shimmering more than usual. Even with her added inches, he towered over her, naked and red-skinned with his horns curling up to the sky.

"I like the demon too." Her gaze skimmed over him, pausing at his huge cock. "A little too much. It is hard to concentrate on work."

"Hard being the key word." He grinned. In demon form, there was no hiding his attraction to her. Not that he wanted to hide it. Not unless that hiding was done inside her sweet, hot pussy.

"She's having second thoughts." Bitsy worried her bottom lip with her teeth. The mousy brunette woman they'd been following stood at the edge of the park. A line of people waiting for a hot Christmas meal weaved through the green space.

"Again." Decimus stared at their target with disgust. The woman wasn't having second thoughts. She'd had second thoughts an hour ago. This was more like fiftieth thoughts. Human females were indecisive. He squeezed Bitsy's hand. He was fortunate to have a Fairy for a mate.

"I should talk to her." Bitsy surged forward, pulling Decimus along. Her sweet mouth was flattened with determination.

By talk, she meant whisper in her ear. The woman couldn't see them. They were concealed from human eyes. Bitsy explained that the humans thought her words were their conscience. That trickery amused Decimus. He liked that Fairies could be as devious as demons.

"Yes, let's talk to her." He had a few choice words to tell the sexually repressed do-gooder.

"I will talk to her." Bitsy leveled a don't-mess-with-me look at him. She hadn't been pleased when the last couple he helped counsel fucked like wild things in the church parking lot.

"Fine," he grumbled. The two humans ended up together, didn't they? What was the big deal if they fucked sooner rather than later?

He waited impatiently as Bitsy did her job. Waiting was damn difficult. He wasn't one to stand back and do nothing. He examined the colorless brunette. She was dressed like a nun, covered from head to toe in plain, practical clothing. He flicked his finger. The top button of her blouse bounced along the paved pathway.

"Dec." Bitsy shook her green curls as the woman approached the front of the line.

"I didn't say anything to her." He kicked a loose stone. A thin man with a horrible goatee and round-lens glasses greeted the brunette. "Tell me that isn't the man." The artsy fool wore a vest.

"It is." Bitsy stared at him as though he'd gone mad.

He wasn't the crazy one. "He can't protect her." Decimus pointed out the obvious. "He can't even protect himself. His arms are as thin as twigs." He glowered. "And his eyes are defective. What kind of offspring will they have?" This love business was why the human race was going to hell. "Oh, no." His mouth dropped. "Did you see that?" He flung his free hand in their direction. "He's carrying her purse. What male carries his female's purse?"

Bitsy's fingers shook in his, and her emerald eyes sparkled. "I love you, Dec."

Although he enjoyed hearing those words, he didn't know what that had to do with anything. "Trust me, Bits, five years from now we'll be granting their Christmas wish for a divorce."

She hugged his waist, her wings fluttering. "Tell you what... we'll check in three months and see how they're doing."

"All this is a waste of time," he ranted. "I should be spending the day fucking the sparkles off of you rather than setting up doomed..." He stopped, his brain finally catching up to his ears. They'd check in three months? That was impossible. They only saw each other over Christmas. Unless... He grabbed Bitsy's waist, raising her so she was eye-level. "I never told you I loved you." When her nostrils flared, he knew he'd made a mistake. "Because I don't," he hastened to clarify. "Demons don't love."

"Of course they don't." She sighed, her shoulders slumping. "And since demons don't love, requiring love from you, a demon, was foolish of me. I don't need you to change, Dec. I love you the way you are." She touched his cheek with gentle fingers. "I want to show you that love more than three days a year."

He slid her to the ground, dazed by her capitulation. "You can have all three hundred and sixty-five days a year." She could have everything. They'd wake up together. She'd sleep in his arms. He wouldn't be alone ever again. "You won't regret this, Bits."

"I know." She turned to watch the couple once more. The two humans talked about their families and their favorite causes and what they did to earn money. Decimus only half-listened to the boring banter. Bitsy was his, forever. He lifted her hand, kissing her knuckles. She loved him, demon and all.

Bitsy casually pulled out her list, acting like she hadn't just shifted Decimus's world. "We should move to the next person."

"Shouldn't we wait until they say the words?" His heart light, he teased his idealistic Christmas Fairy. "Your girl wants love."

Bitsy rolled her emerald eyes. "They don't have to say the words, Dec. Look at them. They're in love."

He did as she instructed, examining them with a critical eye. "She stares at the puny human male the same way you stare at me." Decimus frowned. He didn't like that. He was worthy of more love than that dishrag.

"And he stares at her like..." Her mouth dropped open. Her nostrils flared. She did that when she came to a conclusion.

Decimus suspected the conclusion she came to. He didn't like it. "He gawks at her like an insipid idiot." There was no way he ever had that daft expression on his face. "He should fuck her and be done with it."

"You love me."

Were they having this damn conversation again? Decimus couldn't control his aggravation. He stomped off.

He had put three strides between them when she screamed. Decimus's stomach clenched. He pivoted on his heels in time to see a dark form turn the corner, a brilliant green Christmas Fairy slung over one black shoulder. Decimus stormed after them, panic and rage warring inside of him. He couldn't lose her. He wouldn't survive her death.

"Decimus!" Bitsy screamed as she was flung against an oak tree. The black demon pinned her. His claws pierced her wings. He incanted an unfamiliar spell, the ancient words crude and rough. Magic swirled around them.

The death spell could not be completed. Decimus rushed at the Fairy killer, tackling him. They rolled in a clash of claws, horns, and razor-sharp tails. Pain ripped through Decimus's shoulder. He twisted out of the Fairy killer's reach.

Bitsy slumped on the ground, stunned. Her cheeks were an icy green. Her wings were torn. The Fairy killer had hurt her. Decimus wanted to strike out in his rage. He restrained himself, standing protectively in front of her.

The Fairy killer had hurt him also. Decimus's arm dripped with blood. He hadn't hurt the demon. The power surging from Decimus's rival came from great age. His healing abilities were immense. "Who are you?" Decimus demanded. It would be easier to defeat the black demon if he knew whom he was fighting.

"Death, youngster." The Fairy killer smiled. His teeth were black. There were no whites in his eyes. His skin absorbed all light. It was like staring into an abyss. In thousands of years of living, Decimus had never seen such a thing. "Give me the Fairy, and I'll allow you to live."

"Find your own Fairy." Decimus extended his arms, blocking access to her. "This one is mine."

"You would die for a Fairy?" The rogue demon held his stomach as the park rocked with his laughter. "Are you serious, demon?"

"Dead serious." It would be his death. If they fought, Decimus would lose. The black demon exuded the darkest and most powerful evil. The only chance he had to live was to convince his foe to hunt elsewhere. "There is easier prey for you. Leave my mate alone."

"Your mate," the Fairy-killing demon repeated. "You have chosen a Fairy as a mate." He shifted in order to get a better look at Bitsy. "She appears a common Christmas Fairy. What's so special about this one?" Intrigue sharpened his foe's voice.

"She's special to me." Decimus hurried to dampen the demon's fascination. "Only to me. She has no special powers."

The demon's flat black gaze met his. They stared at each other. The Fairy killer smiled slowly. "I disagree, youngster. A Fairy who teaches a demon to love is very powerful indeed." He fanned his claws in the air. They were inches longer than Decimus's claws. "I will have her." He attacked.

Decimus met him halfway. Claws slashed his chest. The searing pain made him catch his breath. He slashed back. If he severely harmed the black demon, Bitsy might be able to escape him. She should try to escape now. "Run, Bits!" It was the smart thing to do but Decimus knew his Fairy. She wouldn't leave him.

Chapter Four

"Never!" Bitsy yelled back. Fear coursed through her body. Dec would tell her to run only if he thought he'd lose. She looked around her for weapons. She wouldn't let the black demon kill Dec.

She found a brick and threw it. It hit the black demon between his shoulder blades. He turned his head to glare at her. Dec slashed him across the throat. The black demon's wounds healed but not as quickly as before. They were tiring him.

Hope filled Bitsy until she looked at Dec and that hope faded. He dripped with blood, his big red body crisscrossed with ugly gashes. There was weariness in the way he held his large frame. He wouldn't outlast the black demon.

The two demons circled each other. Dec dragged one leg. His teeth ground, his jaw jutted, his face compressed with pain. He would die for her, her demon. That's how much he loved her.

"Back away, Dec." She couldn't allow his senseless sacrifice.

"Never," Dec growled. "I must protect you, Bits. He'll kill you."

"He'll kill me if you die." She touched his bloody arm. "If you fight, we both die. If I go with him, you live." She wrapped her arms around his waist, pressing her cheek against his broad back. He leaned into her. His body was hot with pain and healing. His shallow wounds pulled closed. "Dying will be easier if I know you're all right."

"I won't be all right, Bits." His breathing was ragged. "You asked me if I'd ever leave you. I won't. I can't. I can't live without you."

"Then we fight as one." She slipped around Dec's body until she stood between his great arms. "And we die together." She would die first, she knew, but that was the way she wanted it.

"How sweet." The black demon smirked. "But the magic doesn't work that way, sugarplum. You have to be in my arms when you die, or your loving soul will escape me. As it is" -- he looked to the darkening sky -- "I won't make my target for tonight." He sighed dramatically. "So many Fairies to kill, so little time." He moved closer. Bitsy felt the evil oozing from him. She pressed back into Dec. "Looks like I'll have to slice off your head, youngster. Wouldn't want to harm your Christmas Fairy. Well." He laughed. "Not until the time's right for ripping her wings off."

He swiped with his long claws. Dec didn't move. Bitsy braced for the connection. There was a blaze of light and the black demon flew back. She stared, clutching Dec's arms. Blood pulsed through his veins. Her demon remained upright. He lived. The black demon shrieked. The alleyway filled with smoke.

"Fuck, he's gone," a deep voice rumbled. Two figures -- one short woman, one large demon, stood side by side.

"A vessel," Dec gasped. "We are saved, Bits." He leaned more and more into her. She struggled to remain upright.

"Max," the woman called. "Demon going down."

"Got it." The huge demon ran toward them.

The weight was removed from Bitsy's back. She turned. Dec's eyes were closed. He was still, too still for her liking, and bloody. She touched him all over, taking inventory of his wounds. Some gashes were so deep, she saw bone. "Is he going to be all right?" she asked the stranger.

"He'll live, Fairy." The newcomer smiled. "And what doesn't kill us makes us stronger. That is truer of demons than with any other being. What is also true of demons is we don't love." He winked.

"Don't listen to him." The tiny brunette swatted the big demon's shoulder. "Max loves me, and your demon loves you. The others gave up their Fairies without a fight. He almost died for you."

Bitsy blinked back tears. She smoothed Dec's thick black eyebrows. "I love him too." Her voice broke. "So much."

The unusual couple exchanged an amused glance. "We know," they said in unison, causing them to laugh.

Chapter Five

"Bits!" Decimus hollered, pulling at his restraints. "Release me at once!" He was chained spread eagle to her bed. He'd enjoy the position if Bitsy were in the room, but she wasn't in the room. She had deserted him.

"You're not healed yet, Dec." Bitsy appeared in the doorway, naked except for a pair of bright purple thong panties with "Property Of Decimus" written across them. "Kayla says you have to stay in bed until you're healed. You're not to shift either." She waved her finger. Her torn wings fluttered in unison. She was also healing, thankfully, but more slowly than he was. "You're to stay in demon form," she continued her chastising.

That damn vessel. Yes, she'd helped saved their lives and for that, he was grateful, but she'd also filled Bits's already imaginative brain full of nonsensical tips on how to handle demons. "You know why vessels are so rare? Because they talk about things they shouldn't. I don't want to hear anything more about what Kayla said."

"Is that right?" Bits sashayed her tight ass into the room, rounding the foot of the bed. Her breasts were firm and luscious. Decimus licked his suddenly dry lips. "So I shouldn't take her advice?" The bed dipped as she sat down beside him.

"No." He yanked his arms, trying to free his wrists. The posts creaked a protest. He had to touch her, preferably with his painfully erect cock.

She leaned forward, her breasts inches away from his face. "So I shouldn't lick your horns?"

Decimus stilled, his body rigid. "What?"

"I shouldn't do this?" She stuck out her cute little forest green tongue and licked his right horn from its base all the way to its tip. He must have died in the city park because her touch sent him straight to paradise.

"Bits!" He jerked against his chains, his cock squirting hot cum. "Fuck." He sagged. A bedpost toppled over, crashing into the wall. His bonds loosened. He slipped his wrists out, curving his hands over his Fairy's pert ass.

Bitsy's beautiful face registered dismay. "Oh, dear, we've broken another bed." She rested her chin on the center of his chest. "Are you happy, Dec? You're free now. I guess I can't do those other things to you." Her eyes sparkled with mischief.

He smelled her pussy's wetness. The mischief she was considering was his favorite kind, sexual. "What other things?" He extended his arms again. If she wanted to play games, he'd happily participate.

"It involves..." She caught his flicking tail. The sharp razor tip, like his claws, was retracted. She wiggled out of her thong panties and stroked his tail over her thigh.

"Where?" He gulped. Where did she want him to put his tail?

"You mean, where first?" She licked his tail and then glanced at his cock. It was hard again but that was from being close to her. Tails were like fingers. They weren't as sensitive as horns and cocks. "Hhhmmm..." She peered up at his left horn.

Holy hell. He squirmed. She was going to lick him again. He had lied to the black demon when he said Bitsy had no special powers. No one teased and pleased like his Christmas Fairy.

"Bring your minty-fresh pussy up here, Bits." He wanted to taste her while she tasted him.

"I don't think your horn will fit." Her forehead wrinkled with confusion. His horn certainly wouldn't fit. That wasn't what he wanted her pussy for. He stuck out his forked demon tongue. "Ohhh..." Her eyes widened with understanding. "I don't know..." She flung a leg over his wide chest. "If I sit on your head, I'll squish you." She wormed her way up his body, leaving a glistening trail of sparkles behind her.

"You can't squish me." The thought of a Fairy squishing a demon made him chuckle. She frowned at him, and he nearly got a kick to the chin as she threw her feet over his shoulders. He watched as she rocked back and forth, beating her torn wings. She couldn't get airborne. "My hands are free," he pointed out, helpfully.

"You shouldn't exert yourself." Her bottom lip plumped with frustration. "You're supposed to be resting."

He took that as acceptance. "Cupping your sweet ass is not an exertion." He lifted her until her pussy brushed his lips. She weighed nothing. "And I'll rest my tongue inside you." He swiped it over her. She gasped. "You taste good, Fairy." His tongue tingled with her flavor.

"You are a demon." She tugged at his hair. Pain shot through his scalp.

He nibbled on her mint-flavored folds. "I am your demon." He drew back the flesh around her clit. "Today." He swirled his forked tongue around that pleasure button. She wriggled in his palms. "Tomorrow." He tapped her clit smartly. She cried out in both anguish and ecstasy. He smiled. His mate needed pain to bring her pleasure. "Forever." He vibrated his tongue over her tender skin until she shook, fluttering like her fragile wings.

"I can't... please, Dec!" she begged. But he knew she could. She could take even more. He sped up the vibrations.

"Dec!" She grabbed his horns. He jerked. Her loving grip was erotically tight. She rubbed with her soft hands, tormenting him as he was tormenting her.

"Now, Bits," he commanded. He tapped her clit hard with his tongue. She flew out of his hands, pressing her lips against his left horn, sucking and licking. The contact overwhelmed his control. He thrust his hips forward, cum shooting out of his cock in a joyous arc of release.

Bits flopped down on his chest. Her wings beat slower and slower, fanning cool air over their hot skin. "I love you, Dec," she whispered into his healing wounds.

He stroked along her sides, over her ass. Emotion swept over him. The emotion wasn't rage or hate or lust. It was that other emotion he felt when he was with Bitsy. "Forever," was all Decimus could say.

Cynthia Sax

Cynthia Sax lives in a world where demons aren't all bad, angels aren't all good, and magic happens every single day. Although her heroes may not always say, "I love you," they will do anything for the women they love. They live passionately. They fight fiercely. They love the same women forever.

Cynthia has loved the same wonderful man forever. Her supportive hubby offers himself up to the joys and pains of research. He receives a daily briefing on what every character is doing. You can also learn what Cynthia Sax's characters are doing by visiting her website at www.CynthiaSax.com or emailing her directly at Cynthia@CynthiaSax.com.