

Encounter -- Bitsy's Christmas Demon: Countdown

Cynthia Sax

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Bitsy's Christmas Demon: Countdown

Decimus woke up in the same condition as he had woken up the previous three hundred and sixty one days of the year. He had a hard-on that he could hang Christmas ornaments off of.

It was December 23rd. He considered ignoring his raging erection and saving the pent up frustration for the Christmas Fairy he'd see first thing tomorrow morning. Decimus immediately dismissed that idiotic idea. Demons weren't designed for abstinence. The last time he skipped a shower session, he ended up coming when a friend offered him gum. Augustine hadn't yet let him live that god awful incident down.

Decimus stomped into the shower and ran the water. The shockingly cold water helped alleviate the tension a bit, until he squirted the spearmint-scented body wash on the Bitsy-soft piece of cloth and his hard-on grew even harder. It wasn't any ol' piece of cloth. It was one of the thong panties he had previously given her to wear. The bright red silk had Demon Tested written on it in big, bold letters.

Decimus closed his eyes as he rubbed the suds into his big body. Bitsy had laughed when she saw his gift, that cheerful sound making his heart twist fiercely. For a

moment, he thought he was having a heart attack, which was stupid because demons didn't have heart attacks. It was probably gas or something like that.

His heart took another beating when she put the panties on and the silken red cord had disappeared between her forest-green ass cheeks. She wore them for less than thirty seconds before he pulled them down around her ankles, bent her over the mattress, and pounded Christmas joy into her.

Decimus stroked his hard cock, trying to emulate how tightly Bitsy's tingling pussy had gripped him. She'd been so hot and wet and enthusiastic. She bucked back into him, rounding her spine, acting as crazy for him as he was for her. She chanted his name over and over. She knew only he could fuck her like that.

Decimus's stroking increased in fervor, his cock bobbing at the memory. He'd driven into her again and again. As he rode her small body, he played with her clit, teasing her into a frenzy. He had her so wound up, tears rolled down her green cheeks.

Then when she couldn't take it anymore and he thought his balls would explode from the pressure, he bit her shoulder hard. She cried out. Her pussy clenched his cock, severing his control, and when that loving grip released, he did too. He roared, pumping hot cum into her, filling her with his essence. She was his, he told her. She loved him, she replied.

He thrust his hips forward and cum splattered against the tiled shower wall. It was then in the memory that he always came. His mouth twisted with disgust as he rinsed off. He never got off when she came, the memory of her pussy pulsing around his cock not enough for him. He never got off when he came because that would make sense and fuck him if his relationship with Bitsy made sense. He only found sweet release when Bitsy told him she loved him.

Which was stupid, because everyone, Christmas Fairies excluded, knew that demons didn't love. Only a damn Christmas Fairy would put restrictions on great sex.

He couldn't lose her. He wouldn't survive without her. But that didn't mean he loved her... did it?

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