

Ruler
A Paranormal Erotica Short Story

Outside the club gunfire erupted. It was probably just a gang shooting. But the cops didn't give a rat's ass. This part of the city was like a third-world country at war but as long as it didn't interfere with business, we wouldn't get involved. The Hellfire Club was situated on the South Side of Chicago. It operated as a Goth club downstairs and an underground sex club on one of the upper levels. In a world where the supernatural commingled with humans largely unbeknownst to humankind, the club provided a perfect cover. Of course, our high-class clientele and the few humans on our staff knew about our kind.

I inhaled deeply and prayed for patience. Tessa wasn't going to like the price increase the med tech at the blood bank required to keep us in supply. *What was I supposed to do?* The half-demon masquerading as a human had stood there with that twisted-as-fuck-smile and when I tried to dazzle him, he seemed completely immune to my tactics. I'd come here to report back to Tessa and it wasn't likely she'd let this one go.

Muttering obscenities, I walked across the black marble and Luna looked up from her post behind the bar.

“Arie...”

“Not now Luna.”

She pursed her lips but didn't respond to my mercurial mood. It was probably for the best under the circumstances. Throw in any of my primal instincts—sex, violence, blood-hunger—into the mix, and it would turn ugly for her. If not for this business with the blood bank, I'd screw her despite my preference for human partners. But for her I'd make an exception.

Luna had pale, luminous skin that almost matched my own and a stream of silvery beams trailed behind her. Even her hair, including her eye lashes sparkled silver. Usually she batted her eyes at me appreciatively but at the moment she just looked disgusted and I didn't have time to deal with a pissed off faerie.

The elevator button lit up when I pressed it and after a few moments the door slid open. I took the elevator to the third floor and made my way down the dimly lit hallway

to Tessa's office. Someone was having sex in the building. At any given time someone was screwing in the club but as I walked, the scent of arousal grew stronger, making my body tighten and my balls throb. Damn it, resistance was growing increasingly hard and painful, as my dick was at this moment.

I brushed past the stony faced guard outside Tessa's office. He was bigger than me, nearly as tall, and his short blond hair stood in spikes. Growling, I brought my fist up when he grabbed me with a muscled arm bearing a tribal tattoo that ran its length. My fist made contact with his jaw and he let out a curse.

"Hell's fucking bells, man. You can't go in there," he said, rubbing his jaw.

"Like hell I can't."

"She's not here and I'm not supposed to let anyone go in."

"That's not my problem."

I yanked the door open. A sexy redhead sat in an oversized chair in front of a desk that cost Tessa a pretty penny. She wore a short black skirt and a purple top that tied between her breasts and exposed her midriff. That meant she could only be here for one thing—a job. Her long curls spilled over her shoulders. Then she turned to me and her mouth dropped open as her cheeks flushed a betraying red. Her expression matched the surprised features of the man depicted on the timeworn piece of pottery that sat on Tessa's desk. It was embellished with a homosexual erotic theme.

Fuck.

I could still hear someone screwing somewhere on this level but the scent of arousal was coming from the redhead. And I was pretty sure I knew why. Tessa had a special way of interviewing new employees at the club. Especially hot, little, numbers like this one. She shifted in her seat and winced. I arched my eyebrow, mildly curious as to why she appeared to be in pain.

"Where's Tessa?"

"I don't know. She said stay put. I'm sure she'll be back in a few minutes."

Obviously, she had no idea how Tessa operated. Tessa Green had little regard for others and making people wait didn't faze her in the slightest. I knew better than to expect her to be here even though she demanded a meeting with me. But maybe I could have a little fun with the pretty copper penny while I waited.

“What’s your name?”

She swallowed. “Isla.”

“Isla, I can smell how wet you are from here. Tessa must be interviewing you thoroughly.”

Her cheeks now matched the color of her curls as she looked down at her hands folded neatly in her lap. But she continued to shift uncomfortably in her seat. “Yes... Painstakingly.”

“You’re getting off easy then. Tessa can be brutal with the new girls. Are you applying for a waitress position downstairs or as dancer upstairs?”

“I’m a dancer over at the Pink Chimp on the weekends,” she said quietly.

I shrugged. “They’re not bad.”

They weren’t very good either. Strippers vied to dance in the very exclusive BDSM sex club that operated on the second floor. Hellfire Club made our kind blend in and with the exorbitant tips dancers made in our club, local strip joints paled in comparison. It was easy to see why they were banging down the doors to dance at HFC and I was curious to see just how far she’d go to get the job. I took a step toward her and closed the door to Tessa’s office behind me. Her security detail gave me a dark look as the door swung shut in his face. But obviously my fist smashing into his jaw got my point across because he didn’t give me any lip.

“I’m Arie. And I have a lot of influence with Tessa.”

“Oh?”

She met my eyes tentatively but clearly understood my meaning. Her expression changed as a knowing smile curved her mouth. Isla looked me over appraisingly and I knew exactly what she saw. My lean muscular build with short, dark, curly hair and steel gray eyes along with my customary leather jacket made most women want me. I didn’t need to dazzle them to persuade them to my bed. They came willingly. And frequently.

“Arie, would you like to interview me? I think you’d be good at it.”

“After centuries of living there are two things I do well—fighting and fucking.”

Two perfectly round puncture wounds marked her neck, and if she was looking for a job in our sex club, I knew one of our dancers must have referred her. The crimson

flush returned to her face. I smiled. My statement had registered the proper and desired response.

“Stand up.”

It pleased me that my voice, a husky command, had her obeying without hesitation. I closed the short distance between us. My tongue slipped inside Isla’s mouth, and slid against her tongue in a fierce, wet caress as I took what I wanted. She arched her back; pushing her hips forward in response but still I didn’t touch her. The only physical contact between us was where our mouths pressed hotly together.

Isla pulled back slightly. “I want you.”

I let my lips brush hers, barely and briefly.

“I’m going to make you beg for it,” I said, whispering against her parted lips.

Whimpering, she shook her head. I traced a line down her neck with my finger, across the crest of her breasts, and rested my fingertips momentarily on the tie that held her top in place. Her intake of breath was scarcely audible but for someone like me, it was easy to hear. When I loosened the tie and pulled the ends apart, it exposed her small, pale, round breasts.

“You’re beautiful.”

“Thank you.”

“Thank you, sir.” I corrected her with a stern look.

“Sorry, sir. I mean—thank you, sir.”

I tugged on the end of the ties and pulled her along with them as I guided her to the other side of the desk. She didn’t miss a beat. Clearly, her experience as a dancer had taught her how to move but I still had a thing or two to teach her. Isla gasped when I grabbed her arms, clasp them behind her back. Thrusting my muscular thigh between her legs to part them, I pressed against her sex teasingly. I tugged on her lower lip with my teeth as I met her mouth with mine.

My hands dropped to her hips and I pushed her against the edge of the desk. She placed her hands on its surface to steady herself. The stack of files on the side of Tessa’s desk fell to the ground as I pushed them aside. Isla pushed herself up and seated herself on the desk. I pushed her back and she lay spread on its surface—mine for the taking. The creaking sound of the hinges on the office door drew my attention. It stood open

almost a foot. Tessa's impertinent henchman watched us from the doorway with lust in his eyes. His intense gaze followed the movement of Isla's breasts as they rose and fell with her breathing.

Good, let him watch what he can't have.

I slid my hand up the inside of her thigh. She wasn't wearing underwear. Vaguely, I wondered whether they were in Tessa's possession. I discovered the cause for her arousal. Apparently, Tessa left a steel binder clip attached to her clit. The pressure was circumvented slightly by the wings of the binder clip hindering its closure. Still, Tessa had managed to secure it to her clitoris. But this was Tessa and nothing surprised me when it came to her. I wiggled the binder clip back and forth. Isla groaned.

"I can see Tessa has been very thorough with you," I said, my voice a deep, reverberating sound.

I removed the clip. Isla let out a yelp as she slammed her palm on the surface of the desk and involuntary tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Breathe," I said. I paused to let Isla absorb the pain from the blood suddenly returning to the area that had been clamped with the clip. She wiped the tears from her cheeks. Gently, I massaged circles on her clitoris with my thumb and she let out a moan.

"Please. Please. I want you."

"That's a start but I don't think you've begged nearly enough."

It was such a turn on to hear both her heartbeat and the heartbeat of the guard quicken at my words. When I inserted two fingers inside her, she arched her back off the surface of the desk.

"God, you're wet."

"Please, I need..."

I inserted a third finger and rotated my fingers in slow, deep circles. She licked her lips, closed her eyes, and grasped the side of the desk. Isla arched against my hand, needing my touch in just the right place, but I didn't comply. I deviously slowed my rhythm, my torture deliberate. She tasted delicious as I sampled my fingers after I removed them from her silken wetness. The guard still watched from the doorway, transfixed by my ministrations.

"You like watching don't you?"

He grunted from the doorway but didn't look away.

"Who are you talking—"

"Shh. Not important right now," I said, silencing Isla.

She shivered but she didn't move or turn her head in the direction of the doorway.

"That's a good girl."

"I'm not particularly good," she said with a smirk.

"You're not bad either. And not the docile little mouse I pegged you for."

Isla laughed. "That's one thing no one has ever mistaken about me."

"We'll see."

With a grin, I wrenched open one of the desk drawers. We tend to get bored with what humans that came to HFC termed as vanilla sex. Centuries lend to creativity to keep from going stark raving mad. I'd seen a few that had lost their mind, unable to deal with the utter boredom of eternity that immortality granted them. Unwanted memories of a particular set of hazel eyes intruded and startled me out of my thoughts.

I'd never go down that road again. Refusing to think about my psychotic ex, I pulled some pencils and a bag of rubber bands from the desk drawer. Isla watched me, not with curiosity, but with a look of expectation. Then I knew it wasn't just dancing she'd been doing at the Pink Chimp. She sucked in air through her parted lips when I pinched her nipples and they became taut. I placed a pencil on either side of her nipple, securing them in place with rubber bands on both the top and bottom. She tried to stifle a moan but failed miserably. I gave her a look of cool disinterest.

"You like that don't you."

"Yes, sir."

When I repeated the process with her other nipple a shudder wracked her body. Rifling through the drawer, I discovered a roll of packing tape and smiled to myself at how handy office supplies could be. My eyes locked with the guard as I wrapped the tape around both of Isla's wrists, binding them together.

"Stand."

Isla paused before she rose to obey my order.

"Now that I have you trussed up and bound, you hesitate at my command?"

A hint of a smile formed on her lips. She'd be sorry for that.

“Very sorry, sir. It won’t happen again.”

“Turn around.”

I pressed her hips into the desk, prodding her legs wider with my knee.

“Now bend over.”

Isla bent over the desk and I hiked up the tight skirt so that it rode her hips. Her sex was displayed, her arousal glistening. My fingers slid into her with ease. She was warm and wet to the touch. I slid them into her again and again. Then she rocked back into my hand, riding my fingers that I continued to thrust inside her.

“More,” said Isla breathlessly. Her body shivered from my touch and the air-conditioning in Tessa’s office.

I could hear her heart beating faster, and her breath was heavy when I withdrew my fingers.

“No, don’t stop,” she said. “I want it. I need it, I—”

“You just don’t know when to be quiet. Do I need to gag you? No talking.”

“But please—”

“Enough.”

Rummaging through the open desk drawer, I found Tessa’s stainless steel ruler. Who needs a paddle when Westcott made such sturdy office supplies? I leaned forward, my hot breath rolling over her neck as I whispered into her ear.

“This is going to sting.”

I trailed my hand up her back, stopping at her neck, squeezing the nape. Her cheek pushed into the smooth, elegant surface of Tessa’s desk. Every muscle in Isla’s body tensed. She whimpered.

“Relax, loosen your muscles or this is going to do more than just sting.”

The arousal emanating from the guard as he eyed the ruler I wielded was almost palpable. Isla’s inhaled and exhaled slowed into an even rhythm.

I tapped the end of the ruler between her thighs. “Wider.”

She widened her stance and I could see her relaxing into her bent position over the desk.

“Are you ready?”

Isla blinked. “Yes, sir.”

I ran the metal edge of the ruler down her back, tracing her spine in the lightest of touches. The sensual tickle from its touch made her shiver. I pulled the ruler away, not touching her, and listened to the sound of her pulse. Drawing out her anticipation of pain had the guard practically salivating in the doorway.

I brought the ruler down hard across her buttocks. Isla gasped, gripping a paperweight on the desk with both hands bound in front of her. The ruler came down across her thighs diagonally with my second blow. The third lash I brought across her thighs diagonally, but in the opposite direction. The fourth and final blow intersected both, leaving a crisscross of red lines across the back of her thighs.

She would have welts tomorrow. I smiled. Both Isla and the guard were breathing heavy. The clicking sound of stilettos from the hallway made me pop my head up. Tessa's henchman practically jumped out of his skin as she pushed past him, entering her office with an unreadable expression.

"Arie, I see you made good use of your time while you were waiting," said Tessa. "But not sharing your new toy isn't very nice." She shot the guard a smug look.

I grabbed the letter opener sitting on her desk and cut through the packing tape binding Isla's wrists. "You know I don't play well with others," I said, acknowledging Tessa.

"Ow," said Isla, as I pulled the tape from her skin.

Isla pushed herself off the desk, her face a rosy glow, her hair mussed. She looked absolutely stunning. But she grimaced as she carefully unwound the rubber bands holding the pencils that were clamping her nipples. Tessa smiled as she watched the girl discard the rubber bands and pencils. Isla pulled down her skirt and tied her top in place.

"And what do you think of... What's your name again?" asked Tessa.

"Isla."

"Right. Arie, what do you think of Isla?" asked Tessa, her voice purring.

"I think she'll fit in."

Tessa glanced toward Isla. "I'm still not sure. Maybe I should interview her some more?"

"Please, you won't regret hiring me," said Isla.

Tessa stepped directly in front of the girl. Before Isla could react, Tessa's arms were around her. I could feel the rush of Isla's helplessness mixed with arousal as Tessa yanked her curls and pulled her in for a kiss. Sinking, yielding, to the surging tide of Tessa's kiss, Isla's body went limp in Tessa's arms.

Isla's knees buckled but Tessa caught her. Hell, Tessa was almost as old as I am and matched me in strength. The guard's voyeuristic gaze watched the encounter with even more enthusiasm than when he had watched me mark Isla's bottom with pretty, red welts.

Tessa bent Isla's head back over her arm, her kiss turning soft. Isla clung to her as if Tessa were the only solid thing in a dizzy swaying world. I knew from firsthand experience the effect Tessa's insistent mouth had, evoking tremors along my nerves. And I could hardly blame the guard for gaping at the two of them lip-locked and lost in each other's quivering mouths. They were completely ignorant to the two of us, Isla returning the kiss with an intensity I wasn't quite able to elicit.

I coughed. Tessa broke the kiss looking amused as ever while Isla's eyes appeared glassy and drunk.

Tessa flicked one of her perfectly manicured fingernails. "Always the gentleman but only when it suits you. Right, Arie? I swear you're a walking contradiction."

"I'm only a gentleman when it comes to ladies." I'd never take another companion and had given up on anything other than sex centuries ago.

Tessa laughed. "I should be insulted but I take that as a compliment coming from you. You can show her out," said Tessa, gesturing toward the guard. "And you can start tomorrow." She gave Isla a swat across her butt as she headed toward the door.

The guard had a satisfied look on his face and somehow I knew there would be a detour before Isla made it out of HFC. But now I would have to explain to Tessa that the half-demon we were dealing with at the local blood bank raised his prices and if we didn't meet his demands one of our primary sources of blood would be cut off. At least my interlude with Isla provided a temporary distraction from a night that had been fraught with headaches.