

~~David~~

“More!”

“More!”

“More!”

Lasca jumped up and down, and flapped her small wings enough the room filled with a breeze.

“More!”

David, sitting between Acelina’s voluptuous, perfect thighs, shook his head as he gestured to her. The huge demoness, still on her back, panting, lay there and did not move as David pulled himself free of her ass. Cum gushed out of her, a ridiculous amount, a ‘clearly defying the laws of physics, where did this all come from’ amount. It poured over the stone ground and pooled around Acelina’s ass for several feet in all directions.

“I think we’re done,” Jes said, chuckling as she sat up. With one hand holding her injured side, she gestured to David with a wing. “Unless you want to keep going?”

“We should stop,” Caera said, sitting cat-like and looking down at Acelina. “We have a mission.”

Dao sat up as well, and giggled as she tugged on her new nipple chains a couple times.

Caera shook her head. “His aura is settling. I think he’s done.”

It was settling, but that was because Acelina looked done, and all his attention had been focused on her. Everyone’s had been, for the most part.

“I could ignite it again,” he said.

“Yes!” all the Las said as a choir.

“No,” Caera said. Instant frowns and pouts from the four little critters. “Let’s get cleaned up and moving.”

Well, so much for a reprieve. Even with an injured arm and a half dozen smaller cuts, the tiger lady had a goal in front of her and in arm’s reach for the first time. Nothing was going to slow her down. David understood completely.

He sat there, panting, wiped away some sweat from his forehead, and smiled at Acelina as she sat up.

She did not smile back. She pushed away one of the impas still suckling on her breast, and she hissed at the little creature as she got back up to her usual hip-sit position.

“I have never been so... defiled!”

Daoka shook her head and clicked several times at Acelina. Whatever she said, it earned some quiet groans from the huge demoness, and some grins from Jes and Caera.

The impa Lasca and the gremla Laria, the one who'd rode Acelina earlier, both stood beside David, and both looked down at him with big, curious eyes. His cock was still out, literally lying along the ground like some sort of giant python, and everyone stared as it shrank back to its usual, human-normal size.

“It grew again,” Caera said.

“Um, yeah... it did.”

“So I noticed!” Acelina said, and she patted her stomach. “What is this absurdity? That was... not... natural!”

Daoka clicked a few times as she gestured to him.

“I know nothing about the boy is natural! But that was... not how it was before.” After a hiss and scoff, Acelina tried to stand up. And quickly sat back down, legs shivering, and more cum leaking out of her. “I... did not expect...”

The impas and grems all giggled as they circled Acelina, literally, and got in close. Very close. One of them hugged a leg from behind. Another got a leg from the front. One buried their face in Acelina's chest, hugging the lower of the two breasts. The final one pressed her lithe body against Acelina's huge butt, and giggled as she rubbed her face in it.

Acelina lifted a hand, ready to strike, wide mouth showing an assortment of shark teeth, but after a few seconds of everyone watching, she let out a long sigh. Instead of slicing the little critters to bits, she pushed the one hugging her breast off her with a little more gentleness than expected, and used her tail to nudge them away from her legs.

The size difference was ridiculous, and hot. They were four feet tall, little shortstacks with varying degrees of slim and curvy, and small and large breasts. Acelina was nine feet tall, curvy but with a tiny waist, and breasts half as big as the grems and impas themselves. It was clear they weren't used to being around a spire mother. They were in awe of her.

“Away with you,” Acelina said, though the edge in her voice was gone.

The Las giggled and came for David next, two of them crawling over Acelina to get to him. Everyone watched as the four naked little demons sat with him, two around him, two on his legs, and all four of them put claws on his chest.

Those were long claws. Those were claws that could kill him in an instant, especially with how close they were and how exposed his throat was.

But they didn't kill him. If anything, they looked at him with awe, and he squirmed a little as all four sets of big eyes lingered on him. A quick glance to Jes confirmed she was ready to jump in and kill them if they did something, but she and Daoka both smiled and watched the four small demons. From the look in Jes's eyes, their behavior surprised her.

Not as surprised as David. He'd been so lost in his arousal and Acelina's sudden interest in him, his aura had skyrocketed, and his body had joined it. The fact the Las had joined in the sex was almost an afterthought. Thinking back on it, though, holy fuck that'd been hot.

"Unmarked is special!" Lasca said, tail flicking side to side behind her. "Why special?"

He shrugged. "Still not sure."

"Big cock!" one of the gremlas said. Latia, he was pretty sure, daintiest of the Las, small breasts included. "Super mega ultra big!" And apparently watched the scrying pool even more than her sisters.

"Bigger than Saldavin and Gorlus!" the other gremla Laria said, shortest and bustiest of the little demons. She giggled as she sat on his leg, facing the side, and clopped her hooves on the ground. "Crazy!"

David smiled down at the mischievous ladies. Jes and the others didn't expect much of imps or grems, and considering the other ones they'd run into had been content to just hide from the Cainites instead, he didn't entirely blame his friends. But the Las all seemed perfectly reasonable to him. Extreme? Sure. Volatile? A bit. As likely to kill him as fuck him? No.

So far.

"Yeah, it's pretty crazy. I don't know what's going on with me."

"And sister?" the not-Lasca impa asked. Laara. "She special?"

"Seems to be."

All four Las looked at each other, like they were trying to solve a puzzle.

"Can she... take giant cock?" Lasca asked. "Two at once? Three? Four!? Fi—"

David put up his hands. “I don’t know, and I try to not think about it. She’s trapped on the other side of the ravine, and I do not intend to ask her when we meet up again.”

The Las all sighed but nodded. David braced for follow-up questions, like ‘where will they meet up again’ and whatnot, but they didn’t ask. Either they didn’t bother to think that far ahead, or they knew better than to ask, what with all the threats Jes and Caera had thrown their way if they did anything bad.

Lasca got between his legs, and on her knees, she leaned in and pressed her naked body against his. Small as she was, she was still very much a woman, and he froze as the four-foot little demon giggled and rubbed her large breasts against him.

“Fuck Lasca next time?”

“And Laara!”

“And Latia!”

“And Laria!”

“I—whoa.”

And like a tide of wings and horns and boobs, they all jumped him. Again, Jes got ready to slice and dice, and even Dao came closer, ready to do the same. But the impas and gremlas didn’t bite him or anything. They giggled, chirped a few times, and pressed their naked bodies against him.

Eight breasts, big and small, all squashed into him by four cute and beautiful and oddly sexy little demons, was more than enough to reignite the plucking fingers inside him. But before the aura could so much as get past his skin, Caera grabbed two of the Las by their legs and yanked them off him.

“You four better learn to respect boundaries,” she said, rumbling as she stood up, holding Lasca and Laria by the ankle so they dangled upside-down in front of her. “David is Daoka and Jeskura’s pet, Dao’s in particular. If you want anything from him, you ask them. Got it?”

The imp and grem both put their hands together and nodded emphatically.

Dao stood up, chirping and giggling, removed her nipple chain, handed it back to Acelina, and motioned to David.

“Don’t listen to Daoka,” Jes said, whacked Dao in the ass with her tail, and eyed the imp and grem still pressed to David’s sides. “You don’t touch him unless I give the say-so.”

“What’d Dao say?” he asked.

“She said all ladies are welcome to fuck her cute pet whenever they want. Because”—Jes got up and whipped Dao with her tail again, earning a squeak—“she’s too nice for her own damn good, and just wants to share everything.”

Acelina rumbled, stood up, and took some time to adjust her wings, add Dao’s chain back to her collection of necklaces, and tie them up so they wouldn’t jingle while she walked.

“The boy’s member grew even larger than that of a tetrad!” On shaking legs, Acelina pat her flat stomach, and glared at David with her eyeless gaze. “I nearly burst. What hope does an imp or grem have of fitting him inside them?”

David managed a weak shrug, and tried really, really hard to not beam with joy. Something about watching the huge, angry spire mother struggle to stay standing while her legs shivered and his cum dripped down her legs, was just so damn perfect.

“I uh, I don’t know what happened,” he said. “I just, wanted to make sure you really enjoyed yourself, you know?”

She took a step toward him. He was still sitting, making it a long, long way to look up. Scary.

“What?”

He shrugged again, meekly this time. Suddenly, those long curvy legs and her black hooves looked dangerously similar to ball-busting high heels.

“I... just wanted to make sure you enjoyed yourself?” Adopt the submissive position, before she crushes your future children.

“You wanted pleasure for yourself.”

“Well, yeah, but that wasn’t the goal, you know? I don’t know. I mean, that’s... that’s what it’s like every time. Enjoying sex is awesome, but seeing you girls enjoy it is even better. And, um, you’re a... bigger... girl.” He winced and waited for ball squashing. None came. “And I noticed demons seem to really enjoy really... uh, deep penetration. When I was about to... enter you, that thought was in my head, and my body... changed.” He scratched his head and looked down at his naked self. Everything looked normal now, but when his aura had been going, his flesh had responded to his thoughts and desires.

Time to accept facts. Human? Probably not. Malleable? Apparently. His body was responding to his thoughts, to the aura, to the runes in his head, to way too many things.

Acelina tilted her head to the side again, opened her mouth, and—

“Don’t care!” Lasca said, still dangling upside down. “Will fit! Sex! Fuck me!”

“Good luck. You’ll get split in half.” Laughing, Caera set the two critters down again, got down on all fours, winced as she put weight on her bad arm, and nodded toward Jes. “Help me out.”

Jes, Dao, and Caera got to work getting their armor back on. Acelina watched, sneering every so often. The other two Las whined and rubbed their bodies into David some more, but Caera yanked them off, too. All four Las got dressed, though it was obvious they wanted to have sex. With him.

And he knew, if he wanted, he could have sex with them, right now. His body would adapt. He’d make it work. And he could fuck them, and Dao, and Jes, and Caera, and then... do it all over again.

Thank god he had a bunch of ladies, all willing to help him keep his sex drive under control. His new, augmented, ridiculous sex drive.

Christ, what was Mia going through?

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~Mia~~

There was no way this could be natural. Post death nymphomania? If only she had David around to ask. Sure, it’d be an embarrassing conversation, but she and her brother knew enough about each other to be at least a little comfortable talking about their absurd sex drives and weird kinks. Except, right now, she was walking around with literal beads of her juices dripping down her thighs. That was a new level of libido she wasn’t used to.

Each step down the tunnel back to Vinicius, the sound of Yosepha’s moans echoed along the stone walls. Mia leaned against a wall, hand against the rocks, and she ground her teeth as she glared down at nothing. She was mad, mad at her stupid body for its absurd reactions, but no matter how hard she tried to keep hold of that anger and frustration, it melted away as more of Yosepha’s little squeaks and whimpers reached her.

Seeing the beautiful angel, her lean body, her muscular but feminine shape, squirm and writhe on the psycho demon’s giant cock, was like someone swinging open a door Mia had thought she’d securely locked. Not thinking about sex. For a little while there, she’d been able to not think about sex too much.

Apparently, according to her body, all she'd done was delay the inevitable, and make the rebound worse.

The aura poured out of her, so thick she could almost see it, almost hear it. It was hot in that enticing kinda way a sizzling shower is. It tingled along her skin, little electric sparks that flowed through her and into her. And the music in her soul thrived on it, played the inaudible sound faster, louder, and it filled the tunnel and beyond it. Back in the spire, her aura had always been contained to whatever room she was in, but it reached beyond that, now.

Calm down. Breathe. If you keep this up, the next demon that finds you is going to pounce you and do things to you. Nasty, horrible things that she most definitely did not want, like getting pinned down like Yosepha had been, choked, and filled. Nope nope. Clearly, those were bad things. Totally. Especially if it was two demons, and they both filled her until she was a trembling mess of orgasms, stuffed to her limits and dripping with cum. That'd be horrible. Utterly horrible. Bad.

Groaning, she covered her ears and marched hard enough her feet hurt. And because God was an asshole, the first demon she ran into further along the tunnel, was Faust. Directly behind him was Gallius.

God, they were so damn handsome. Sex demons looked similar to humans, with the same sort of body shape, just blatantly idealized, with all the muscles and in all the perfect proportions. They had the black demon dreadlocks too, and it matched their small black horns perfectly. Even their tails with their devil spade tips looked cool. Would it be so bad if she—

Mia clenched her eyes shut for a moment and shook her head as she tried to walk past them.

Both demons tilted their heads to the side as they looked at her, both of them naked; they probably left their armor behind somewhere safe while they relaxed.

“Mia?” Faust asked. “You’re…” Slowly, his face changed, and the playful smile of an incubus emerged.

“I have to go.” She pushed past him. Surprisingly, he didn't grab her, or so much as tug on her shoulder and inquire more. Part of her wanted him to.

She didn't get far before running into more demons. Livian. She stood in the tunnel, behind her the path to Vinicius, and she walked along with the classic strut of a girl in high heels; it was the hooves that did that. And with an evil smirk almost on par with Romakus, she walked up to Mia, and licked her fangs. She had her armor on, unlike the two incubi, but it only took a few seconds of being near Mia for the huge Zel-look-alike to change. Her dark red skin grew brighter, and her smile grew larger.

“Wow,” the ten-foot-tall demoness said, and she squatted down in front of Mia. “Faustinus, is this your doing?”

Mia looked back. Faust and Gallius had followed her, dicks out, erect, their eyes locked on Mia. She hadn't even heard them.

“No. She came out of Romakus's room, and...” He gestured to her, wicked smile also growing.

Gallius came closer, leaned on his shoulder against the wall, reached down, and casually stroked his cock. Not as large as a larger demon's, but still absurdly huge for someone who was only a few inches over six feet tall.

All Mia had to do, was walk up to him and touch him, and he'd be all over her. Him, Faust, the two other incubi that were probably around somewhere, maybe the other demons hanging out in the tunnels, everyone.

She refused to look at his big, thick cock filling his hand, a foot of red flesh that would have felt so perfectly buried inside her. Instead, she looked up at Livian, her short dreadlocks, her four huge horns, and her armor.

“This is... It's um... not important. Just let me pass, and I'll get it under control.”

Livian tilted her head to the side, and looked past her to the two perfect, handsome, gorgeous incubi. Both were fully aroused, though only Gallius masturbated, grip casual and pace leisurely. Faust was content to watch Mia, arms folded across his chest, with no attempts made to cover himself or his now fully erect penis. Heavy as it was, it wasn't firm enough to stick up straight, but it was hard enough to stick out almost perpendicular from him, pointed straight at her.

“Wait a moment,” Livian said. “I... want to experience this aura of yours.”

“Well I'm not gonna fuck anyone!”

She chuckled as she licked her fangs, and her lips, all too much like a hungry animal licking their chops.

“Romakus has given us orders to leave you be.” With a slow, gentle motion, she ran the blunt side of a claw down Mia's chest. If she turned the claw around, it'd have easily destroyed the remnants of Mia's silk wrap. She didn't. “But if a succubus walked around parading such an aura, smelling that way, looking that way—”

“Looking!?” Mia stepped back, looked down, and covered her breasts with an arm. Okay, yeap, she was poking through her silk.



“Every demon and soul nearby would know she was asking to be fucked. And while a demon could resist a sin aura, a soul would be helpless to it. But this aura of yours... is... strangely similar to a spire’s aura.”

“A spire’s aura?”

With a delicious sigh, Livian reached up, and undid the hook of one leather strap holding her breastplate on. And then the other. It fell to the ground, revealing the huge woman’s gorgeous chest and small breasts. Small, relative to her size. Her nipples were very red, very swollen, and were pierced with tiny, black metal studs.

Mia stared at them, and then up and down the slim demon’s body.

“A spire’s aura,” Livian said. “Spires can create varying auras, if you must know.” She stood up and undid the leather straps holding metal over her crotch. Clank clank, it hit the ground with an almost surreal weight, and the giant woman purred as she slid a hand down her naked, flat stomach.

“I’m not going to fu—” There was a mark on Livian’s stomach, right under the sternum where armor had covered. It was a rune. “What’s that?”

“A horde seal.” Chuckling, Livian squatted down in front of Mia again. “I know all too well what a spire aura feels like.”

Mia stared at the seal. It matched one of the runes drifting around in her head, something about control, and domination. It beckoned her. It wanted her to touch it, to understand it. It wanted to fit into the puzzle in her mind.

Livian, naked and obviously enjoying making everything more uncomfortable for Mia, didn’t seem to take issue with the idea of being touched, because someone had taken Mia’s hand, put it on the mark, and the bolstara tetrad didn’t stop her. Oh, wait, Mia did that. Livian purred.

The rune glowed in her mind. Control. Manipulate. Dominate. But it wasn’t powered, and as much as touching it sent a tiny jolt through Mia’s mind along the rune and the chains that connected it to other runes, none of them activated.

But it was there, and it made sense, in a strange way. Not completely, but it did. It just needed something else to connect it.

Livian shivered from horn to hoof, and touched Mia’s hand.

“If you do not control that aura, little soul, I will ignore Romakus’s words, and yours, and take you regardless.”

Mia gulped and pulled her hand back. Much as that was a real threat, Mia couldn't help but feel a bit guilty over it, considering the huge demoness was fully red and looked ready to pounce her on the spot. She'd just come along and got bowled over by Mia's aura, caught up in it, and unable to resist it.

But that didn't mean Mia was about to give her a pity fuck!

"Right, you're right. I'll be going now." With a firm, confident nod that did not match how she was feeling in the slightest, she stepped around the huge demoness, and walked down the tunnel toward Vinicius.

She did her best to ignore the sounds of moans as Livian undoubtedly had fun with the two incubi, even with some remnants nearby. They didn't care. Just the backdrop of Hell for them, like crickets. And, disgusting as it was, the more the aura flared inside Mia and flowed out into her surroundings, the less the horrendous landscape of Hell bothered her.

There weren't any remnants near her and Vin's alcove though, and their distant screams were quieter than the moans of Livian and the incubi.

Mia stepped around the curve of the entrance of her alcove.

"Vin, I—"

Julisa turned around and grinned at Mia.

"So it was you," the fujara tetrad said. Like Livian, she had four big horns that gave her a regal, royal look, but had no hair. Considering her raptor feet, tail, and four arms, the bald head with the big horns made her look oddly similar to the giant monster she stood over. He didn't have any hair, and all his horns made him look royal. Both of them looked terrifying.

"M-Me?" Gulping, Mia looked past Julisa to Vinicius, who lay on his side. Whatever they'd been talking about, it'd barely warranted interest from him, considering his relaxed posture. He wasn't bleeding anymore, but it was obvious the wounds were nasty. They were healed over, but the skin over the wounds was super thin, red skin that'd break with a hard punch. Angel swords and spears were ridiculously sharp, and probably magical and stuff, so it made sense. The only reason her bodyguard wasn't passed out, or dead, was the full belly of human souls he'd gotten yesterday.

"That aura. I felt it as you approached." Julisa purred as she pulled her tail around in front of her, and gently stroked it with her two lower hands while her two upper hands idly tapped on her breastplate. "Faustinus mentioned it. But... I had no idea..."

"It's... It's because I saw Romakus and Yosepha, and they were having sex, and..."

Oh no.

Vinicius lifted his head and looked to her, and a twinkle in his dragon eyes arose. Unlike Julisa, whose face was mostly human, save for its flat, subtle, almost non-existent nose, giving her an alien-like beauty, Vinicius's face was demony, and had a short snout. Every time he looked at her, there was a bit of that animal hunger in his eyes that reminded her of a hunting alligator, poking his head up from the water, looking for prey. And as Mia's aura filled the room, his eyes focused on her. Just. Like. That.

Julisa came to her, slow and steady steps each accompanied by some talon tapping on the ground. With a rumbling purr that sounded almost more cat than demon, she closed the distance, and smiled down at Mia with every second.

"I can feel it. It teases along the stone, the air, and it... goes into me." She lifted her two higher arms into the air, and stretched out in that very 'look at me I am gorgeous' sort of way. "It is no sin aura. I can't fight it. I cannot even resist it." And as if her tail wanted to embody super long hair being tossed around by a woman doing a shampoo commercial, it flowed behind her, left and right, asking to be stared at.

"Sorry! Sorry. I didn't mean... it just happened, because Romakus and Yosepha, they..."

Her voice trailed away as Vinicius sat up, animal eyes still on her, and a heavy rumble flowed out of him into the ground. Heavy enough it tickled her toes.

"Romakus has somehow ensnared that angel in his grasp," Julisa said, and she squatted down in front of Mia way, way too similar to how Livian had. Livian, who was fucking a couple incubi, and probably more demons, maybe a hundred feet down the tunnel. "He uses his aura sometimes, to seduce the woman, but we all know at this point she is simply addicted to him."

"But she's an angel, and Romakus is—"

"You must think angels and demons are different." After a shiver, Julisa removed her breastplate with the same hungry, seeking claws Livian had. It landed with a heavy thud, but Mia barely heard it, eyes locked on the woman's naked chest. That, was a busty demoness. The breastplate hadn't been fitted to her shape at all, but considering it was just a bunch of metal hammered into a shape, probably by a big rock, it made sense. Uncomfortable, but made sense.

"They're not different?"

"They are similar in many ways." Julisa licked her fangs some more, eyes growing more and more predatory, and she cupped both of her huge breasts with her two upper hands while her two lower hands undid her lower armor. "They can create auras, too."

“They can?”

“Oh yes. A demon can create an aura of violence and bloodlust, and an aura of sexual need and desire.” She tossed the piece of armor covering her crotch aside, and got to work on the pieces on her arms and legs, all while her two upper hands kneaded her heavy breasts. “I am not sure of the auras angels can create, but they can resist them, the same as demons can.”

Mia took another small step back. Fuck.

“You’re sure they can?”

“Quite so. The stories are very real. But my point is, Yosepha can resist the lure of an aura. Angels are powerful. But she gives into Romakus, because who wouldn’t?” She stood up, ran her two higher hands up her breasts, up her shoulders, and up onto her huge horns, as her two lower hands took her breasts instead. “What angel wouldn’t want to fuck a glorious tetrad? And for that matter, what soul?” The following look was positively sultry.

Double fuck.

“I... um, I...”

Julisa tossed the final remnants of her armor, and with hungry predator eyes, she walked toward Mia again, licking her lips. It was obvious what she wanted.

But she didn’t get far. She paused, and let out the most un-demony squeak as she stumbled back. Stumble turned into fall, and she collapsed on her ass between Vin’s legs. The child of Belial had yanked on her tail, and now the tetrad sat between the much, much bigger demon’s thighs.

He got a hand around her throat and pinned her head to his chest. Two other hands found four of hers, two wrists for each of his hands, and he pulled them out to the sides so she couldn’t retaliate. The only reason Vin didn’t use his fourth arm was the giant wound in his shoulder.

“Do not touch her,” he said, snout aimed down at the small, ten-foot demon sitting back against his crotch and stomach.

Julisa looked up, shivered, and looked at Mia again. That wasn’t the look of a scared demon about to get her head popped off by a much bigger, angrier demon. That was the look of someone all too happy to be where she was.

“You care for her?” Julisa asked, looking at Mia.

Vinicius growled and squeezed a little harder, earning another girlish little sound from the giant, busty demoness. Her tail stuck out from under one of Vinicius’s raised knees, and it wagged lightly.

“We have a goal,” he said. “You will not intervene.”

“That’s not what I asked.”

Vinicius growled again, and choked the demoness harder again, a sudden jerk that made her squirm and had her huge breasts rippling. And, as much as her ridiculously amazing body was delicious and hypnotizing to watch, Mia’s eyes drifted to Vin’s gargantuan arms, and the way they flexed as they held the demon. Vin was fully aroused, too, unable to escape Mia’s aura, and his red skin highlighted the definition of his ridiculous muscles as he pinned the fujara tetrad to him.

Despite the obvious size difference between Vinicius and Julisa, the tetrad just a small thing in Vinicius’s grip, there was no denying just how big they both were compared to Mia. Mia drifted closer again, stood at Julisa’s raptor feet, and spent longer than she should have watching the giant woman struggle, squirm, and lick her lips as Vin growled down at her. They were both so utterly huge. And so...

“If you want to be left alone,” Vinicius said, short dragon snout still aimed at Julisa, but eyes now pointed at Mia, “control the aura.”

“Sorry. I’m...” Was she even trying to suppress it anymore? No, she wasn’t. What she was doing, was standing there, eyes drifting up and down their two bodies, and letting the aura pour out of her. Or, affect the world around her, or whatever it did. And the more she looked at them, the more the aura changed, her fingers sculpting, plucking the strings harder, and crafting a... song.

She wanted to see what she’d just seen. She wanted to see Julisa on her back, with Vin between her legs and hands around her throat, fucking her, filling her. She wanted to see the demoness who’d just been about to pounce Mia get fucked until she was mewling and whimpering and cumming, just like the warrior angel had been.

And, Mia kinda wanted to... maybe... be there, when it happened. Touching. Partaking. Indulging. And maybe... next.

Mia forced herself to meet Vin’s eyes again. He’d said, a lifetime ago in the tunnels, that he’d have happily fucked Mia even without her aura. He wanted to fuck her, to get inside her, to fill her up and...

“Vin,” Mia said. “You... want to fuck her, right?” She gestured to Julisa.

The tetrad’s eyes opened wide, and her smile grew wide as she looked between Mia and Vin.

Vin eyed Mia, but he made no attempt to hide how horny he was. And with the way Julisa squirmed and pressed her back to his chest, there was probably two enormous cocks pressed up against her, out of Mia's line of sight.

Mia stepped around Julisa's leg, around Vin's much, much larger leg, and came up close until she stood beside her bodyguard. Yes, there were indeed two enormous cocks pressed against Julisa's back, swollen. Mia knew what those felt like in her hands, and she knew what Vin's cum felt like, how hot it'd been as it'd filled her mouth and trickled down her naked body.

Fuck it.

"You should fuck her," Mia said.

Vinicius grumbled, eyes still on Mia.

"I..."

"You don't want to? She wants to, definitely. And... And I... wouldn't mind seeing that."

After a slow, gentle rumble, the dragon slowly loosened his grip on Julisa, first her throat, and then her wrists. Free, the fujara did not flee. She looked at Mia, reached out with all four hands around her, and teased her claws along the two enormous tree trunks. It was a strange sight, seeing a tetrad look not only thankful, but excited. She also looked a little shocked, like maybe she hadn't expected Mia to say what she said.

If the aura pouring out of her hadn't replaced every coherent thought with nothing but images of a beautiful angel getting choked and fucked, Mia's words might have surprised herself, too.

"How intriguing it must be," Julisa said, "for a tiny soul in Hell to suddenly be the master of the fate of demons."

"Master... of fate?"

"Of course. If that aura grows any stronger, all demons within would be enslaved to it, mindless, unable to resist the need to fuck, and fuck, and fuck." With a sultry chuckle, Julisa turned around and pressed two hands against Vin's chest, while her two lower ones pressed to his legs, all so she could kneel in front of him between them, and smile up at him. "That is what Zel was doing with you, I assume? Trying to use your aura for her own purposes?"

"Y-Yeah." And other stuff.

Chuckling, she slid her claws down Vin's chest, eyes drifting around his body, his muscles, and eventually down to his cocks.

“Finally. How long you’ve teased my thoughts, ragarin. I had brought it up to Romakus before, that rescuing you from the spire depths could be warranted. He thought it impossible.” She leaned in closer again and pressed her breasts against his abs. Squish. “In truth, I just wanted to feel those arms of yours again, Vinicius. I do hope you feel the same about me.”

Vin growled down at the busty demoness, a hint of his usual aggression and anger coming through, but also plenty of sexual desire. He wanted to fuck, and while he glanced Mia’s way with the same, hungry eyes he’d given her in the tunnel those days before, he also looked down at the fujara with desire, too. Well, of course he did. The woman was utterly gorgeous.

“The things you could make this ragarin do to you,” Julisa said. “That leash of yours wouldn’t be so necessary. You could increase the strength of your aura until he, and every demon, was nothing more than a drooling slave.”

“Um, slave is the wrong word, because they wouldn’t exactly just... follow me around like sex slaves, listening to my orders. They’d pounce me and do things to me.” And right now, that sounded really nice.

“True. Can you not change the aura?”

“I—hey! I’m not telling you anything.” Mia folded her arms across her chest, and frowned. But it melted away once the demoness’s two lower hands each took one of Vin’s cocks, and slowly stroked them. “Vin, you didn’t... tell me if you...” No point in asking. Even horribly injured, if Vin didn’t like what was happening to him, he’d make sure Julisa stopped; probably by killing her.

He didn’t do that. He relaxed, let out a long, heavy rumble, and let his enormous weight lean back against the cave wall behind him. His dozens of huge back spikes prevented him from getting flush with the stone, but he was comfortable regardless, and he even let his four arms go limp at his sides. Poor guy was horribly beat up, with a giant red wound line along his tail, along with a few more on various places on his body, all caused by angel weapons. And with Mia’s aura turning everyone into a firecracker ready to explode, it was probably taking some control on his part to not pounce Julisa and fuck her.

Though, it wasn’t Julisa Vin looked at, even as the demon stroked his cocks. It was Mia. Mostly.

“H—How do you two know each other?”

“Vinicius was stirring up trouble in the Black Valley a few centuries ago. He nearly killed me.” Licking her lips again, the tetrad got comfortable on her knees, and scooted in nice and close to Vinicius

until her knees touched his testicles. So close, she was free to sit on her ankles, lean forward, and purr up at the larger demon as she used all four hands to give him two handjobs.

“Why were you fighting?”

“Well, your bodyguard was in a fight with Alessio. A lover’s quarrel. I was one of Alessio’s enforcers, at the time.”

Mia blinked, a lot, and eyed Vin. Even with him sitting, he was still taller than her, but not so high she couldn’t lean in and look him directly in the eye.

“Oh, he didn’t tell you?” Chuckling, Julisa reached out with a hand, and touched Mia’s arm. She had plenty to spare to keep pleasuring Vinicius. “Vinicius and Alessio have history. Of course the child of Belial is convinced Death’s Grip belongs to him, and Alessio is convinced she should own both the Black Valley and Death’s Grip. They’ve fought plenty of the times in the past.” She leaned in closer to Vin, close enough her chin almost touched his sternum, and her large, hanging breasts parted around his cocks. “I’d assumed you were heading to the Black Valley to speak with Alessio, but it seems not?”

Mia squirmed. Vinicius said nothing.

Rolling her eyes, Julisa’s hand, still on Mia’s arm, gently took her wrist and pulled her toward Vin’s leg.

“Come. Join me.”

“Uh…”

“You don’t want to?”

“I…”

“That aura drowns us all, but even without it, I can see — and smell — the arousal coming from you, little soul.”

Mia covered her breasts with her arms, again.

“I’ll just… watch, for now. I don’t want you to hurt him.”

Julisa laughed. “Why would I hurt him?”

“Oh, I don’t know. Revenge? A chance to eat the heart of a child of the Old Ones?”

Julisa tapped her chin thoughtfully, laughed, shook her head, and again set all four hands on the demon’s two cocks.



“I think I can convince you to join us,” she said. And with a playful wink, she leaned down, opened her mouth wider than a human could, and wrapped the glans of Vin’s higher cock in her lips.



Vin looked to Mia, rumbled quietly, and relaxed even more. His tail, curled to the side since his back was to the wall, wagged lightly at the tip near Mia, and she glanced down at it before looking back up to Vin. There was only one other time Mia had ever seen Vin looked that relaxed, and that was when she’d give him a blowjob. And unlike Mia, Julisa managed to fit all of one of his cock’s tips into her mouth. She looked up at Vin and Mia as she smiled around it, and eased her lips back and forth along the swollen tip’s base edge.

Giving Vin a blowjob was, apparently, the secret to calming him down. Every muscle in his body let go of tension, to the point it almost seemed like he must have been tense twenty-four-seven before. His breathing smoothed, and his eyes softened. He still looked like a deadly predator ready to snap and kill someone at any moment, but slightly less so, like a lion enjoying being groomed.

Mia came in closer beside Vin’s hip, leaned over his leg close enough she put both hands on his leg, and watched the huge demoness give her bodyguard a double blowjob. Her huge hands did a much better job wrapping his girths than Mia’s hands did, but even they struggled to full encircle them. He was too damn thick. She had to keep her mouth open very, very wide to keep his glans within. Maybe she could have fit more of him in her mouth, or even her throat, but she didn’t. Maybe she didn’t want to let her guard down quite that much. She made up for it with her hands, and two of them squeezed experimentally below her lips before squeezing his base, while her other two cupped the underside of his lower cock, and caressed it rather than grip, while rubbing its glans along her hanging breasts. Each stroke left a trail of precum on her beautiful skin.

It was hypnotizing. Julisa must have done this hundreds, thousands... tens of thousands of times, to handle Vin so perfectly. Had they slept together before? From what she’d said before, no, but Julisa looked perfectly comfortable handling him. Blowjobs weren’t one of Mia’s kinks; she didn’t have a list of saved porn favorites of fellatio vids or anything. But, watching Julisa squeeze, massage, and milk the titan’s two girths, and earn a couple deep, vibrating rumbles from him, was mesmerizing.

Mia’s aura doubled, and she bit her bottom lip as she forced down the need to moan. Fucking christ, why was watching this so arousing? She looked up at Vin, and Vin looked down to her with his

dragon eyes as a rumbling purr vibrated through him and into his legs. With her leaning on his leg, the vibration flowed into her, and she shivered from head to toe.

He came. That was fast. Of course he'd be able to go again, demon stamina and all that, but it was still fast. Julisa was good.

Vin's eyes drifted between the demoness suckling on his cock, to Mia, and back and forth in a calm, gentle motion. As a wave of thick, white cum squirted onto Julisa's huge breasts from his lower cock, he looked down at her and watched her chest become drenched. Mia watched, too. With the next wave, her cheeks puffed, and a fountain of white poured down over his length, but Vin looked at Mia instead. And as he looked at her, he licked his crocodile teeth, and rumbled again.

He was cumming, and instead of looking at the gorgeous, beautiful demoness with the huge breasts sucking off his two cocks, he was looking at Mia. Damn it. Heat shot up through her body, and she squirmed. She'd been wet ever since seeing Yosepha with Romakus, and it got a thousand times worse as Vinicius rumbled again, and the vibration and heavy bass flowed up through her hands into her body.

Julisa milked the demon of his cum through his long orgasm, until her chin, neck, breasts, and hands were all coated in white. With a wicked smile, she lifted her head from his glans, and licked her lips as she sighed contentment. She let go of his upper cock, took it with one of her lower hands so both her upper hands were free, and she cupped both her breasts and looked down at the mess Vinicius had made. Just one orgasm and she looked like avant-garde art, and it only got worse — or better — as she slowly massaged the thick, dripping fluid around her breasts and swollen nipples.

“He was... what is it that souls say... ‘backed up’?” Laughing, she licked her lips again, doing a better job of getting the cum off her chin with her long tongue. “Being around this little redheaded creature, unable to fuck her, but dying to do so? I can only imagine.”

Mia stared and blinked at the tetrad a few times, before looking back up at Vinicius again. He rumbled, but also kinda growled. Angry? He had said he'd fuck Mia, even without the aura, but she hadn't really thought she was blue-balling him this whole time. She'd done everything she could to not think about it, to not think about sex, and big muscular men squeezing her and lifting her up like she weighed nothing and filling her with hard flesh and hot cum and—

Vin reached down, and scooped her up.

“Vin! Hey! What're you doing!?”

Vin held her, one colossal hand wrapped around her waist, and he rumbled down at her. Not a growl this time, far closer to a purr. He said nothing, didn't explain, didn't roar or snap at her or anything. He just stared down at her as he held her, like a toy.

The leash wasn't doing anything. Was it still working? Did it break? Did her aura stop it from working? No. Far as she could tell, all she had to do was concentrate on it and it'd activate. And, far as she could tell, it should still have protected her from Vin automatically if he tried to hurt her.

He lifted her closer to his head, and they stared at each other from only a few feet away. His head was almost half as big as her entire body, and his red and black eyes were unreadable in that animal predator way. Yeap, he was going to eat her.

With another heavy rumble, he pulled her in closer, taking his sweet time, like a crocodile sneaking up on prey. Mia braced for a giant set of teeth chomping her in half, since apparently her necklace wasn't working anymore. It was supposed to protect her automatically! And—

Vin opened his mouth, and ran his tongue up the inside of her leg. The red silk she wore was a torn mess, only red because it'd become permanently stained by blood, and it never did a good job of covering her legs in the first place. Now, Vin held her waist with his giant hand, and with her legs dangling, he had no trouble getting his tongue between her thighs. And he licked her again.

Some part of her thought this was a bad idea. Somewhere, in the back, behind glass, a part of her was knocking on the window and warning her this was a bad idea. But the rest of her brain was having a party, an orgy party, with alcohol, and ecstasy. The aura blocked out any thoughts, she was aware of that much, but it just didn't matter. A titan was looking at her like she was a snack, and based on the leash not jumping in to protect her, not the bad kind of snack.

Someone slowly spread Mia's legs. Oh, right, she did.

"I... I um... I d-don't know if—"

Vinicius opened his mouth, and Mia froze. Vin had a demony face like a lot of male demons, the skull-ish eye sockets and super defined jaw, except he also had a short dragon snout, with big teeth that stuck up outside it like a crocodile's. And inside, he had a giant tongue, utterly massive, and it vibrated lightly in his mouth as he rumbled again.

The tiny voice in her head spoke up, tapping on the window louder. Mia, think about this. You're about to let the deadliest demon you've ever met, supposedly one of the deadliest ever to exist, do things to you. And he's supposed to be your bodyguard on this ridiculous journey. You sure you want to do this?

The aura pouring out of her didn't care. She didn't care. Blushing hard enough she felt her heartbeat in her cheeks, she spread her legs more.

The monster she literally had a leash on to keep from killing her and everyone around her, brought her in closer, and pressed his warm, wet tongue against her pussy. She sucked in a breath and stared down at the teeth now hovering over her pelvis, as the beast rubbed the giant muscle against her already wet lips, and buried her swollen clit with it. Sparks of pleasure shot out from the engorged nub, and she squeaked before covering her hands with her mouth, as if she could hide what'd just happened.

One of her first experiences with Vin was giving him a blowjob. Par for the course in Hell. So why did she feel so guilty for enjoying this? Was it the leash? Was it because Vinicius was a bloodthirsty monster, the kind of demon who made other demons afraid? The kind of demon she wouldn't dream of being around unless she had the leash?

Again, the tingling aura pulsed through her, wiped away her thoughts, and her mouth fell open as she moaned. The demon's nose nudged up against her silks, the wrap's pathetic attempt at a skirt sliding up more and exposing her smooth mons and bare pussy completely. His warm breath felt less like breath, and more like a sauna.

Someone put claws on her shoulders, and Mia squeaked as she looked up. Julisa. The demoness smiled down at her and got to work pulling at Mia's wrap. It was just a wrap, a single long piece of fabric Mia tied around herself, and horribly damaged. All it took was a tug from Julisa, and it tore.

"Hey, I—" Julisa ripped it off. "Hey!"

"You wouldn't want to wear it, regardless, little soul. It's a beacon that you're unusual, especially for the angels who now know what you look like."

"That—" Every muscle in her body tightened as Vin dragged his tongue along her slit. It was so damn thick, it buried the entirety of her little pussy, and her clitoris disappeared under a flowing wave of stimulus. Electric shocks pulsed out from it into her thighs and up into her core, and her insides clenched down as a tiny moan escaped her.

On her knees between Vin's legs, the fujara had easy access to loom over Mia as she undressed her like a banana, and she purred as she tossed the now useless wrap aside.

"Oh my," Julisa said, leaning forward so her head sneaked over Mia's shoulder. "That is a delightful little slit."

Mia frowned up at the demoness. She'd have blushed harder, but she was maxed. As much as Mia did like how small her pussy was, with tiny, hidden lips, that was private! Having someone else comment so blatantly was... was...

She grumbled and folded her arms across her chest, earning another chuckle from the demoness, and a purring rumble from the bigger demon holding her. The predator look in his eyes didn't waver, showing none of Adron's playfulness, or Romakus's psycho enjoyment. A dragon was licking her pussy, hungry for her, and after his rumble ended, he did more.

Mia squeaked and grabbed the fingers circling her waist as Vin's tongue pushed against her.

“W-Wait, that... that's...”

Vin rumbled again, and predictably, didn't listen to her at all. He pushed his tongue against her drenched slit, and her swollen muscles parted under the pressure of the enormous, hot meat jammed against her. She squeaked again as the tip of it pushed into her, and her jaw dropped. Thick! Too thick! His tongue pushed in another inch and another, and she gasped and squirmed in his grip as Vin spread her apart.

She put her hands on his snout, but that didn't deter him. She whimpered and squirmed, and that only enticed him. A bulge pushed up along her flat belly, and disappeared under the fingers circling her waist as Vin forced more of his tongue into her. Hot, wet flesh, filling her, putting pressure on every inch of her until everything was taut, all while plenty of his tongue still outside her buried her clit in friction.

Vin opened his hand, and Julisa set two of her hands on Mia's shoulders so she didn't roll back and off. Sitting on Vin's palm, Mia stared down at her stomach and the distension his tongue created as he rolled it inside her like a wave pool. It used to be so flat, and perfect, a stomach she'd worked hard on. Now a huge bulge moved along it in rolling waves, and each one made her clench down as the demon pressed up against her g-spot, hard. No matter how hard she clenched, she couldn't stop him.

She didn't want to stop him.

Vin used his hand, and gently moved her back and forth a few inches, while he not-so-gently pushed more tongue into her. The hot flesh squashed against her deepspot, and pushed in more, stretching her aching insides and sending pulsing waves of bliss up into her chest and down to her toes.

“Slow... down...” She pressed on the dragon's snout harder, but he didn't slow down, and he rumbled — almost growled — directly onto her body as he jammed more tongue into her squeezing pussy.

The tingling sparks grew faster and heavier, until her muscles acted on their own. Her insides clenched in random spasms, and her toes curled as her legs stuck out straight around Vin's head. She closed her eyes for only a moment, and forced them open again, determined to watch, determined to keep her eyes on her deadly bodyguard, determined to see what his tongue was doing to her, as she came.

Orgasm shocks pulsed outward from her insides, and juices soaked Vin's tongue. A lot of juices. She drenched it, each involuntary clench earning more of it until the semi-clear liquid trickled down into his mouth and disappeared into his gaping maw. But he didn't stop, and drove his tongue deeper into her until her squeak turned into a squeal.

Only when she was about ready to beg for mercy — if she had the breath to even do that — did Vin stop. She collapsed back, and big as Vin's hand was, she was going to roll right off it. But Julisa's hands stopped her, and the demoness growled hungrily as she looked her writhing body up and down, Mia's legs still spread around Vin's head.

One of Julisa's extra hands reached up, and teased a claw along the distension pushing up against Mia's abdomen. Vin had jammed his tongue so deep into her, the bulge nearly brushed against her sternum. Ridiculously deep, but her afterlife body loved it. It wanted more.

"You take this well," Julisa said. "Souls normally take some time to develop the endurance to take things so deep."

"I... I um..." With a pathetic whimper, she managed to sit up a little more, and turned her head enough to look at Julisa's lower body.

The woman was moving up and down slowly in a very familiar manner. Mia gulped. It wasn't only her stomach bulging, but Julisa's too, as the woman slowly ground her pelvis forward into Vin's. She was fucking him, both her legs around the giant's waist, and one hand behind her against one of his legs to keep herself upright. How oblivious had Mia been to not notice a giant demoness hop onto Vin's cock?

Fucking christ, even the ten-foot-tall woman's stomach showed a clear distension, marking where Vin's cocks pushed past her navel. He was huge.

"Can you go deeper?" Julisa asked.

"W-What? I—nng!"

Julisa pushed on Mia's shoulders, directly toward the deadly predator's mouth, and the huge teeth waiting to chomp down on her. Closer and closer, Julisa chuckled as she half caressed, half pushed on

Mia's shoulders, working her left and right slightly like Mia was a peg she was trying to jam into a hole. Even being gentle, she was still pushing her down onto a giant tongue that'd already stretched her absurdly deep.

But her body accepted it. It wanted it. She melted back onto Julisa's hands as she sank deeper onto Vin's tongue. Soon, her ass was in his mouth, and his teeth grazed her thighs.

Vin gave her only a few seconds to recover before he started again.

"Not my clit!" Oh god. She covered her face, and her heart beat against her palms. "Not... Not again. It gets too sensitive after I cum."

Vinicius rumbled, while Julisa chuckled, and her smile grew. A predator spotting weak prey.

Julisa pushed her into Vin's mouth more.

"Wait! That's..." Fucking terrifying. She stared down at the open dragon mouth, the huge teeth an inch above her pelvis and thighs, and Vin's eyes growing closer. And his tongue pushed deeper into her, making the bulge grow larger and push up and toward her.

She was going to burst. But her thighs wouldn't stop shaking as her insides clenched, and the rolling waves of his tongue sent more heavy pulses of pleasure out through her. He lowered the tongue so it didn't rub her aching clit anymore, but all that did was give him more tongue to jam into her, bury her g-spot in pressure with each roll of the tongue, and do the same for her deepest place.

Full. She was completely full, and the wriggling, thick muscle stretching her refused to hold still no matter how tightly she squeezed. And before the aftershocks of her previous orgasm could settle, they boiled back up and pulsed outward from her depths again. She squealed and grabbed Vin's nose, earning only a small reprieve, before he again rolled his tongue like a wave inside her. The distension didn't just reach her sternum, but almost pushed over it.

She couldn't breathe. Her hands reached down and clutched Vin's finger and thumb, her back sitting on his palm, and she held on for dear life as the titan worked her. Sometimes he pulled it out a few inches, only to quickly push it back in, but he didn't need to. Keeping it rolling inside her, and making the bulge along her belly push up and out with each one, was enough to rip the air from her lungs until she saw stars. And her orgasm only enticed him to keep working her, until eventually she ran out of enough air to even squeak.

He stopped. With one of his rumbles that sent tingles through her, joining the chaotic mess of muscle spasms in her depths and legs, Vinicius removed his tongue. He leaned back, eyes still on her, but his muscles relaxed again, and a long, heavy sigh of pleasure escaped him.

He was cumming. Julisa was cumming, too, from the sounds she was making. The tetrad scooped Mia off Vin's hand, turned her, and set her on Vin's shoulder. Well, fuck. Mia grabbed Vin's horns and held on for dear life as her shivering body refused to hold still. And, on Vin's shoulder, she was free to look down at the busty demoness and her bulging belly as she ground her body on Vin.

White cum poured out of her. A lot of it. Julisa reached up and grabbed Vin's giant neck with two hands, one of them pressing to Mia's leg, while her lower two hands reached out and grabbed Vin's sides. She ground into him, pressed her huge breasts into his lower chest, and her eyes rolled up as she brought herself to orgasm.

Everything Mia ever heard about Vinicius painted him as a deadly monster. Watching a beautiful, enormous demoness ride the much larger demon and cum her brains out, painted him in a slightly different light. Julisa was absolutely loving it, eyes half closed and rolling up as she bounced herself up and down on his cock. Cocks. Between the bounces, both cocks made an appearance, both pointing up, once Mia took a peek to the side to see them. No wonder the demon's belly was distended so much.

Julisa slowed as her body trembled, and she smiled up at Vin as she leaned back. Once she set both lower hands on Vin's knees behind her, her two upper hands took her huge breasts into her palms, and she caressed them as she ground herself back and forth on his lengths. Not just grind, but roll her belly too, like a belly dancer.

Demons were too talented at sex. You didn't just start sex being able to do a belly dance and milk a dude's cum like some sort of... sex machine! Hundreds of years, fucking all the time, made demons stupidly talented.

~~♥♥♥~~

"I thought so."

Mia, Vin, and Julisa all looked at the alcove entrance. Yosepha stood there, in beautiful white silk that was almost see-through but not quite. Plenty of gold jewelry, but it matched her clothes perfectly, and her sandals that laced up her shins.

If Yosepha was willing to lower her guard in this place and not wear her armor, she was willing to trust other demons to listen to Romakus's orders, then. Or, she trusted herself enough to defend herself, regardless. Maybe she could summon the armor and weapons instantly?



Julisa chuckled, leaned forward, squashed her breasts into Vin's chest again, and looked over her shoulder.

"Jealous, angel?"

"No. Annoyed. Unmarked, get that aura under control."

Mia squirmed on Vin's shoulder, and looked back down at Julisa. Of course the demoness didn't give a shit what the angel said, and she shook her head at Mia as she ground herself on Vin, content to milk more pleasure out of the two of them, despite the audience.

"Come on, Julisa." Romakus's voice. He stepped into view behind the angel, towering over her, but his eyes aimed at the fujara riding Vin. "Stop fucking so we can have a conversation."

"I'll stop fucking when Mia stops her aura."

"I can't! I mean, not easily. It's..." She covered her eyes with her palms, and focused. She'd just had a cunt-shattering few orgasms in quick succession, given to her by the asshole bastard she was forced to work with. Surely she could calm herself down now?

Yes, yes she could. The aching need to have an orgasm, something she used to give herself nearly every day back on the surface, was satisfied for now. A little bit, at least. And thinking about the awkwardness today was bound to bring between her and Vinicius was like a tiny cold shower on her libido. Yeap, her bodyguard had just jammed his enormous tongue deep into her until her belly looked like a chestburster was about to pop out of her. And she'd cum her brains out from it. How was she supposed to look him in the eye anymore?

Still sitting on his shoulder, she looked at him. He had his eyes on Yosepha and Romakus, half frowning, half rumbling with pleasure as Julisa was determined to keep going. But once Mia muted the strings inside her, partly spurred by the frustrated glare Yosepha was giving her, Julisa came to a stop.

Sighing, she stood up, and Vin's cocks fell free. Ludicrous amounts of cum poured out of her, splashing beneath her and on Vin, and she shivered from head to toe as she ran her hands up and down her body. Her thighs quivered.

"I suppose this is for the best. I would rather you fuck me properly," she said, licking her lips and swaying her tail. "You can't do much, injured as you are."

Vin's rumbles turned into growls, his cocks disappeared into his body, and his red skin darkened into borderline steel right under Mia's ass. Uh oh.

Julisa laughed, scooped up her bits of armor into each hand, and walked off, tail swinging left and right in a very satisfied manner. Strutting her stuff, all proud of what she'd just done. She knew what to say to get on Vin's bad side almost immediately, but that seemed to be what she wanted. From what little Mia knew of Julisa, her biggest fantasy was probably getting beaten up and choked to near death by a child of the Old Ones as they fucked her.

"She... tore my clothes," Mia said, sighing as her thoughts came back to her. The tattered remains of her red wrap lay on the ground, ruined.

"Fallo silk," Romakus said, grinning at Julisa as she walked past, and then down at the red silk once he entered the room. "Zel's?" He didn't give a shit about the cum on the floor, or that Mia was naked.

Well, she cared. She slid down Vin's shoulder onto his leg, stepped off on the outside to avoid the cum pool, and did her best to stand tall and confident. It was hard. She'd gotten used to wearing clothes again.

"Yes, it was Zel's." And she would not ask for another one. That'd be a blatant sign over her head announcing a weakness. And while most demons were physical predators, Romakus had the air of someone who delighted in being a psychological predator, too. She had to be careful.

"That aura," Yosepha said, stepping up to her, wings partly spread, arms folded across her chest in a classic stand-off-ish way, "is powerful. And Romakus was correct. I couldn't resist it." Every word, every motion was made with confidence and pride, to the point it was almost comical. Romakus even chuckled. He liked her angry attitude, a lot, judging from the ways he was glancing down at the angel.

"It's... um, yeah. I don't know what it is, or why I have it."

Yosepha frowned, looked past her to Vin, but when Vin said nothing, she aimed her attention back at Mia. Interrogation time.

"We don't know why you have it, either. You or any of the other unmarked."

"Have you seen a lot of unmarked?"

"Seen, no. We've killed one, but we know there are more, more than you and your brother."

One dead. The one her vision had shown her.

"And... you're not going to kill me?"

“No. The council has decreed the unmarked must die, and that their existence puts the Great Tower at risk. But...” Sighing, she shook her head and fluttered her wings a couple times. “Something is amiss.”

“Amisss? You’re telling me! I was just a regular girl, and I died randomly and—”

“When did you die?”

“When? Uh... I think about five weeks ago? But David and I hung around the university for over a couple weeks before we ‘crossed over’.” Crossed over deserved air quotes, and she used them.

Yosepha frowned. She was good at it.

“The unmarked began appearing around five weeks ago. I am no rapholem, so I did not see Hell taking them from the gate, but they shared the tale of the unmarked pulled into Hell.”

“The unmarked started showing up... right after I died?”

“Yes.”

Mia sucked in a breath. “So, all unmarked died at the same time? I mean, first death.”

“Yes.”

“And... what did they look like?”

“Many sexes and ethnicities, but they all looked your age.”

“That’s weird. That’s very weird.”

“Let’s go talk in the main chamber,” Romakus said, “and we can see what we’ll do.”

Mia frowned up at the big demon. “You mean whether you’ll kill us or not.”

“Yeap.”

Fuck.

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~David~~

He could do this. He could do this.

He couldn't do this.

No, he could do this. He'd made a promise, and he was going to keep it. But holy fuck, every step was a struggle. How the hell did the Cainites wear all this armor? There was a reason David wanted to become a programmer, and not a fireman. This, was a lot of fucking weight.

He had his half breastplate on again. Well, a new one, in better condition than his old one. He had a piece of metal covering his left shoulder and his right wrist, a piece across his stomach, and one on his left leg, all snug with leather straps. It was hilariously uncomfortable, and heavy. They'd kept the smallest sword the Cainites had used, what amounted to nothing more than a large dagger, and it weighed at least fifteen pounds. Fifteen pounds wasn't all that much, until you wielded it in one hand with all the weight pulling at the wrist.

Thankfully, it had a hook on its grip, so he dangled it from the front side of his breastplate. Which, of course, meant more weight pulling on him. He was never much of a sweater, but sweat he did in Hell, double sweat he did now. If they were on the surface, he'd probably be suffering heat exhaustion, but that'd only limit the amount of suffering a soul could feel, so in Hell he probably couldn't suffer that. Nope, he was just going to be intensely uncomfortable until someone had the mercy to stab him, or he stabbed himself. This was torture.

The fact he had remnant guts around his shoulders was just icing on the cake.

He paused, panted for a bit, and did his best to not look behind him. The girls were back there, hiding around tunnel corners, while he walked ahead and alone. One mistake and he was dead. One angry demon who saw an easy meal, and he was dead. The girls wouldn't be able to intervene in time.

The tunnels went on, and on, and on. Or maybe it was the hundred pounds of metal he was dragging that made it seem so long. The Las had told him where to go, a group of Cainites nearby, and Caera was convinced they could get information from them. She was also convinced torture wouldn't be effective, if they wanted that information; apparently Cainites were tough.

Caera had a theory. The reason Cainites were so different from just regular souls, was the demon hearts. Cainites ate forbidden fruit and occasionally the hearts of fellow humans, but it was the demon hearts they got their hands on that made them the way they were. Demon hearts had a kick to them, and left a lingering impression on the soul. Eat enough of them and you got a bit stronger, a bit tougher, and all that goodness.

David hadn't eaten many demon hearts yet, but he had eaten some. Far as he could tell, he wasn't becoming some sort of bloodthirsty psycho like Cainites supposedly were, but the thought weighed on him, nonetheless.

Noises ahead. Well, lots of noises, considering the remnants, but new noises. He stopped and listened. Yeah, that was talking. Not whispers, either, but casual talking, like whoever it was wasn't expecting anyone dangerous to come through these tunnels. After a few more minutes of listening, words like 'on the hunt', 'no catches', and 'Greg' surfaced. They were Cainites.

David took a slow, deep breath, and double checked. A long tunnel with more bloodgrip than he liked, but it was plenty wide, big enough for the girls to move through, Acelina included. Enough amber veins to see well. No statues in the way. Remnants dangled from the ceiling, doing their usual screams and yells, and David avoided eye contact with expert precision. The tunnel was straight, with an alcove on the side where the voices came from.

He glanced back. Caera's horns and eyes poked around the tunnel bend. He motioned for her to come forward. She shook her head. He gestured to the alcove, and she gestured to him with a 'good ahead' motion. Well, if he died, this was on her.

Fuck. If he died, Caera was going to hate herself. But she wanted this so badly, she was risking his life to get it. He was going to make it happen.

He stepped around the entrance of the alcove.

Three Cainites sat around a pile of bones. Demon bones. Two women and a man, all wearing the same armor David was, and all wearing remnant guts.

All three looked at him, and two reached for their weapons sitting nearby.

"Who're you?" the closest woman asked. If her hair had color, a fresh coating of remnant blood buried it under liquid red.

"David," he said. His hair was a mess of fresh remnant blood, too, and the girls had rubbed some dirt and stuff onto his face to seal the image. But looking the part wasn't the issue. Lying was the issue.

The man got up. Big guy. David was used to other guys being bigger than him, or at least taller, but this guy had serious muscle definition with trapezoids up to his ears. Shaved bald, too.

"David? Haven't seen you before. Greg didn't mention you, either." The man hoisted his axe up onto his shoulder. Yeah, that was superhuman strength. Fuck. "First kill?"

First kill? First kill first kill. What did that mean? Double fuck.

Okay, think for a second. Cainites were all pretty fucked up, horrible people, far as Caera and the others told him. The absolute worst humanity had to offer. They certainly had high numbers, with the big man in front of David sporting a whopping 587 on his forehead. The others, 492 and 611.

First kill on the surface? Like, some sort of cult of murderers? No, the heart David ate yesterday didn't have any memories of murder, just mountains of animal torture.

First kill... in Hell?

"I... found a woman, in a tunnel. She was... desperate, for anyone to help her." He swallowed hard. "So I bashed her head in with a rock, and ate her heart."

492 whistled and fiddled with the pile of bones.

"Savage. Guess you earned your number."

David nodded, and summoned every supernatural paranormal power he had to make sure number the girls rubbed into his forehead with dirt and blood and scratched into him until he bled, didn't spontaneously disappear. 580.

"Y-Yeah..." He squirmed a bit. Maybe he could pretend to be a squirmy serial killer, or something? The shy guy who has awkward conversations with girls, then stalks and kills them?

"Good thing Hell doesn't care about size," the man 587 said, "scrawny guy like you."

Hell didn't care about size? It certainly gave a shit when it came to demons. But, souls were different. Did they all come to Hell with the same... soul-level strength? That did level the playing field between sizes and sexes, for souls anyway.

"Good thing," he said, rubbing an arm. Be more fidgety, squirmy, like an unstable guy. "I don't know my way around very well, and I was looking to get back to Greg. We ran into a few demons, bigger than imps or grems. Only me survived." Did they use the same names for demons? Please god use the same names for demons.

"We've killed a bunch of those little fucks," 611 said. "But we haven't seen any big shits since Renato."

"Renato?"

"Yeah. And..." 611, a brunette who looked like she'd fit perfectly in a Mad Max movie, picked up a skull and admired it. That was a vrat skull, big, large jaw and defined eye sockets. Big teeth. "What is that... tingling?"

“Tingling?” David asked, doing his best to mute the strings inside him. Much as he could mute them to almost nothing, he couldn’t completely stop his inner fingers from plucking them. “Not feeling anything like that.”

The two women looked at each other, eyebrows furrowed. Best to interrupt them before their train of thought screwed him over.

“I—”

“Who recruited you?” the man asked.

“Ryan.” It came out of his mouth before he could even think about it. It was a semi-popular name, right? There was a chance the Cainites had someone named Ryan in their ranks, right?

Woman 492 raised a brow.

“Since when did Ryan have permission to do that?”

Permission? So the Cainites had some kind of rank system. And, shit. Okay, play it off like you don’t know.

“No idea. Just, some guy approached me after he saw what I did, and... yeah.” He shook his head. The longer they thought about this, the bigger the chance they’d chop off his head. “Which way to Greg?”

“Good ways from here,” man 587 said. “You gotta cross the lava rivers. Down the tunnel there, first right, and follow the heat. You remember the lava rivers, right? Past that, you reach the death pits.”

David nodded and looked down, like he was trying to remember.

“Right. Thanks.” He nodded, stepped back, and started down the tunnel.

“You’re going to have to explain this to me,” 611 said, stepping out into the tunnel with him, sword in her hand. “Ryan recruited you?”

Fuck. David turned around and put on his best serious face. He knew it was shit.

“Yeah. Why?”

“What was his number?”

“What?”

She grinned as she tightened her grip on her sword.

“Ryan. What was his number?”

Double fuck.

“... 554?”

After a long, hopeful pause, she laughed and shook her head. She pointed her sword at him, lifting it more easily than he could his big dagger, and she came closer.

“You’re going to tell me who you are, and what you’re doing, trying to reach Greg. Or—”

Movement in the back drew David’s eyes. 611, eyes already glaring into his, spun around, but she didn’t get a chance to react.

Caera, coming at them like a literal sprinting tiger, crashed into the woman horns first. Blood splattered over David’s body as two red protrusions stuck out the woman’s back. He stepped back and narrowly avoided her body as Caera twisted and swung her to the side, earning screams of pain and rage from 611, before the demon turned and pounced at the two still in the alcove.

David didn’t look. No need. From the sounds, it was clear Caera had caught them off guard. Gargles and screams followed, and severed limbs flew out of the alcove, spraying blood in beautiful patterns.

Six seconds. Six seconds for Caera to catch up to them, stab 611, and rip and cut 587 and 492 to pieces.

“Jesus,” David said. “Caera, you—”

Caera stalked out of the room, covered in blood, and she marched her way on all-fours to 611, limping on her bed arm. 611 was crawling away on her belly, and had gotten maybe two feet.

Much as David really liked Caera’s usually calm personality and her inner archaeologist, there was no denying how powerful and useful her other side was. Caera knew how to fight in ways most people didn’t. No boasting, no chest thumping, no flourishing, no eye-to-eye standoffs. It was how she survived Zel’s last horde call and battle against Alessio. Whoever reacted first survived. Whoever reacted second died.

But holy fuck it was cold, and brutal.

Caera picked 611 up by her hair, and slammed her back against the cave wall, straight onto bloodgrip. The Cainite would have screamed, but blood came out instead. Punctured lung.

“Caera,” David said. “She might know something.”

“She’s a Cainite,” Caera said. “She won’t tell us anything. And she’s dying.”



“The... fuck...” Gargling on the crimson leaking from her mouth, 611 lifted her head and glared at David. Not the demon holding her up by her hair so her toes only grazed the ground, but David. “Who... the fuck... are you?”

David tried to keep eye contact, but they fell away. Violence in Hell was always so brutal and quick, but for a moment it slowed to an eternal crawl of pain and misery as Caera made sure the Cainite’s back rubbed up against the bloodgrip vines behind her. Torture. This was torture.

“Caera—”

Caera sank her free hand’s claws into the woman’s leg. More blood sputtered out of her mouth as she tried to scream again, and failed to scream again.

“What happened to Renato?” Caera asked.

The slow grin the dying woman put on her face chilled David to the bone.

“Dead,” she said between coughs.

“Renato was a tetrad! No fucking Cainite is killing a tetrad.” With a growl, Caera lifted the woman a few inches, and earned an ear-splitting scream. A fresh coating of blood poured down her legs and the bloodgrip vines.

“We did, with Greg’s help.”

“Who is Greg?” David asked. He already knew, but he wanted to hear it.

The other demons poked their heads around the tunnel, and slowly stepped out to join them, every one of them eying the Cainite with pure hatred. 611 liked that. She grinned at them, and spat blood at David. He didn’t dodge it.

“One of the chosen. An unmarked! He’ll—” Her last coughing fit was a weak mess of half gargles and pants. Her head drifted forward, and her eyes went blank.

611 became 610.

Snarling, Caera tossed the corpse toward the other girls, and without hesitation, the Las jumped on her body. They didn’t care about the words said or their context. They just wanted food. Honestly, it was nice seeing creatures being so carefree and honest, when everywhere David looked, all he found was cruelty.

“I know where we are,” Caera said. “Never been in this tunnel, but I know the mountain. We follow the path that other Cainite told you, and I’m sure I’ll find the path soon enough. And then... we

head to the temple.” She walked back to the alcove on the side of the cave, and fetched herself a heart with ruthless efficiency.

“The temple?” David asked. “You mean—”

“Where Kia and Marquez were killed,” she said between tearing sounds. He didn’t look. “That’s where this Greg person is.”

“You’re sure?”

“You asked them about Greg. The man gave you directions. I know about the lava rivers, and the death pits. It can’t be a coincidence.”

“Then... what do we do?”

“What do you mean?” Jeskura asked, stepping over 610’s corpse and the Las tearing her open. “Caera dragged our asses here for a goal. Let’s do it and get out of here.”

“Even if that means I run into Greg? ‘Cause, I mean, that woman in the aera armor told us what would happen, Jes.”

“Yeah, but she gave you two options. Avoid them, or kill them. Caera?”

“Kill them,” the tiger said, coming back out of the alcove with teeth covered in blood. “And I want to see Renato.”

“You heard the Cainian,” Acelina said. “Renato is dead.”

“Renato was a korgejin with hundreds of years under his hoof! He’s not dead to some... some fucking souls who think they deserve to rule Hell!” She stood up on her hind legs and grabbed the air in front of her. “To some stupid... fucking... worthless... souls!”

Everyone stopped and looked at her. The Las stopped eating, and Dao poked her head out from behind Acelina’s wings, head tilted, face aimed at Caera.

Caera growled, spun, and walked off down the tunnel.

Jes and Dao watched after her, solemn, before they looked to each other. They leaned in, rubbed foreheads, and sighed. They understood. Dao hopped after Caera, probably with intent on cheering her friend up. It wouldn’t work.

“If I could catch Zel’s killer,” Acelina said to David, “I would do as Caera would. I would string them up, rip out their intestines, and have them eat their own innards.” With a heavy snarl, she walked after Caera, long wings hooked on her shoulders and lightly touching the ground as she moved. For a

second, she looked all too similar to some sort of evil sorceress with their robe dragging along the ground behind them.

He looked at Jes again. She glared at him, shook her head, and pushed him after Acelina and Caera. The Las, clicking and munching, followed.

“You girls don’t have to follow us,” David said.

“David... doesn’t want us?” Lasca said.

“What? No, that’s not what I mean. You can come if you want. The more help the better, but you said—”

“We follow! Kill Cainites! Make home safe!”

“Yes!”

“Yes!”

“Yes!”

The Las all raised a hand, saluted, and followed.

His own little army.