

~~David~~

“I wish I got stronger when I ate a demon heart,” he said, tossing his breastplate aside. Clunk. “The Cainites do. Greg and me, not so much. They make me feel good, great even, but superhuman strength? Nope.” Grunting, he sat against the alcove wall, and wiped the sweat from his forehead. “You girls make me look like a wimp.”

The Las giggled, grabbed his armor, took his knife — he’d found a new one — and set them aside.

“You’re as strong as most humans in Hell,” Caera said. “Special powers notwithstanding.” With a similar grunt, she lowered her chest to the ground, and Jes and Acelina helped Dao off the tiger’s back. Dao insisted on walking, but at least she accepted help, and her lover guided her to the wall directly opposite David.

Acelina sat on the opposite side of the alcove too, of course, Daoka beside her, but like a lot of the alcoves they found, they were just small chambers at the end of dead-end tunnels. Some were big, most were not, and this one was maybe twelve feet wide past the tunnel curve that led outside. David could have reached forward and touched Acelina’s hoof; probably get kicked for it, too.

Caera panted as she took off her pieces of armor. She wore a lot more than he did. A chunk for her stomach, another for her chest and large breasts, another for her thighs, and a few smaller pieces here and there. Again, the Las took them and put them in a pile, giggling the whole time. Apparently, they’d made a game of collecting people’s pieces of gear.

She lay beside him near the wall, breathing deep, and set her huge head on his lap as she put her back to the wall. Like a big cat or dog, she got cozy beside him, cheek on his thigh, and he smiled down at her as he slid his fingers into her hair.

“Doing okay, Dao?” David asked.

Dao chirped a couple times, smiling at him.

“She’s recovering well,” Jes said, helping her lover take off her armor. She sat with Dao on her left, Dao between the gargoyles and the spire mother. The soft creamy center between two hard cookies. Somehow, David found the wisdom to not say that metaphor out loud.

“Caera’s estimates are probably accurate,” Acelina said. “She knows battle well.”

Sighing, Caera's big tail went still, and she closed her eye as she nuzzled her cheek on David's leg. He braced for some words about how her battle knowledge wasn't good enough to protect Dao, or to keep her eye, but she said nothing. No doubt she was thinking about it, though, and David combed her hair in response. She let out a long, gentle, rumbling purr, and closed her eye.

The demons were all tired. They'd been walking all day, and while that'd been a pain on David's body, it was hell on theirs. All of them were breathing deep, Las included. Once they'd finished collecting everyone's armor, set them into piles, and created piles with their own armor, they collapsed into the center of the alcove between everyone's feet, exhausted. A dog pile, something they enjoyed doing frequently.

Twilight had only just begun, which meant they had fourteen hours until twilight ended, night began, and then morning twilight ended. It wasn't safe to travel during twilight, even with a group, not while Dao was injured. On top of that, the demons needed the break.

Problem: the demons were still going stir crazy, despite a day of traveling. They'd met no one, no hellbeast, no other demons, no humans, not a soul. Awesome for David, but a life without hunting or sex was a poor life for a demon.

"Las," David said. All four girls instantly perked up and got on their knees in front of him and Caera. He held up his hands in surrender. "I just wanted to know what you normally do when you're not hunting."

"When not hunting?" Lasca tugged on her horn, eyes down, thinking. "Um...."

"Scavenging?" Laara said. "Heard it called that. Scavenge. Eat remnants."

"Not tasty," Laria said.

"Or filling," Latia said.

David laughed. "And when you're not eating or doing something to get food?"

All four ladies shrugged as they looked at each other and then around.

"Fuck!"

"Sex!"

"Fucking and sexing."

"But..." Lasca spun around slowly, looking at all the other demons before ending on David. "No impins or gremlins here. Not enough cocks for everyone."

Jes laughed. “And when you’re not fucking impins and gremlins?”

“Sometimes fuck borjins.”

Laria sighed. “But Cainites killed borjins.”

All four little ladies whined and collapsed on each other — literally — into a big pile again.

Borjins, called minotaurs by the humans, were big lumbering demons as big as brutes, but slow, mentally and physically, and not all that good at fighting. Very good at lifting and moving heavy things, though.

“You fucked minotaurs?” David asked.

“It is a known arrangement,” Acelina said, and she gestured out to the little ladies in front of her with a sweep of her healed wing. “Borjins can do little to fend off pestering imps and grems, but sometimes they work together. Borjins will build them nests, and the pests will fetch them food.”

“And huge cock!” Latia said, and she jumped up to her hooves. “David’s is bigger. But, still, huge!”

They giggled and swarmed him again. Caera fought them off with mild swipes of her arms, but they dodged easily, and more giggles erupted as they threw themselves at the giant tiger, too. Lasca got between David’s legs, hugged him, and buried her face against his chest, while the other three fought to get under and around Caera’s limbs. She was a much bigger target, and it wasn’t long before the tiger lost the battle; not that she tried to resist them very hard.

Daoka giggled, hissed with pain, but smiled once the pain was gone, and gestured to the Las as she clicked.

“No,” Jes said. “You’re still hurt.”

Daoka groaned, and launched a quick barrage of clicks at Jes, dolphin style. But Jes shook her head, impervious to the satyr’s increasingly annoyed clicks.

“What’s going on?” David asked.

Halfway between a chuckle, Caera rolled over, head falling off David’s leg as she squashed Laria underneath her. With how busty the little gremla was, that was a lot of boob pressed to boob.

“Daoka thinks it’s important you have sex,” the tiger said, looking up from her wriggling, pinned prey to David.

“That’s not what she said,” Jes said, groaning and flicking her lover in the forehead. “She said David should keep exploring his powers. She just not-so-subtly implied that involved his sex aura.”

“Sex!” Laria said, only her head visible underneath Caera’s neck, the rest of her hidden underneath the huge tiger’s body.

Caera shifted up, and the little lady squealed as her face disappeared under Caera’s breasts. The other little ladies laughed up a storm, and Latia and Laara climbed onto her back.

Lasca, on the other hand, continued to snuggle into David’s chest, and she purred into him as she hooked her legs around his waist.

“Daoka smart,” she said.

“Daoka,” Jes said, “is going to tear open her insides if she so much as bends the wrong way. She’s not having any sex!”

Dao sighed and eyeless-ly rolled her eyes, before gesturing to the Las.

“Sex!” Latia and Laara said, and they climbed off Caera before kneeling beside her and putting their hands together like they were praying. “Please?”

Caera raised her good eyebrow. “Why’re you asking me?”

“Dao says you and David are close,” Lasca said, and she leaned back on David’s lap, hooked her arms on his shoulders, and dangled her head behind her upside down, face aimed at Jes, Dao, and Acelina. “Right? David’s owner says so.”

David blinked at Dao, and the riiva waved her fingers at him, complete with a knowing grin.

Caera chuckled at the two little ladies praying to her, stood up on her four legs so Laria didn’t suffocate, and pushed the gremla aside before she sat beside David, classic upright cat sitting pose. She didn’t say anything, though. The mischievous smile she gave David said everything.

How the fuck did romance work with demons? Was he in a romantic relationship with Caera? He had no idea. But, he did know Caera was smiling, smiling in a way she hadn’t since... ever? And that alone had him smiling, too.

“I think,” Caera said at last, and she picked Lasca off David’s lap, earning some giggling squeals from her, “that David and mine’s relationship is none of your business.”

Dao laughed, high-pitched clicks and chirps, and she whined and groaned again as she held her stomach.

Jes growled at her lover. “If you get yourself killed because you can’t hold the fuck still, who am I going to get revenge on for you dying?” After a few more clicks, Jes sighed and gestured to David. “She insists you should be having sex. It’ll be good for you.”

Good for him? He eyed Daoka, and her soft, gentle, unending smile was relentless and all-knowing. She’d been watching him.

He sighed, but before he could say anything, Laria, no longer crushed under the tiger, dashed around her friends on all fours like a rabbit, jumped between David’s legs, got on her knees, and squashed her chest into his like Lasca before. After a few playful titters, her smile turned mischievous, like Caera’s, and she took his hands and set them on her hips. The shortest of the Las, and the bustiest, she squashed her huge breasts into his abs, and hugged him snug so he felt them grow softer by the second.

“David is special,” she said, and she purred as she rubbed her forehead and horns into his chest. “Magical.”

“I uh... I mean, that’s true, but—”

“Magic cock,” Latia said, and she came around and sat beside him, opposite of Caera. “Very strange. Must investigate! Maybe more sex powers?”

More sex powers. An aura that had everyone boiling with arousal, an absolutely massive dick that could change size, and the ability to orgasm a dozen times or more? It was hard to imagine what other sorts of sex powers he might unlock. But then again, he’d literally controlled the shape of Hell not long ago, so as much as he struggled to believe it, there was a distinct possibility that Latia was onto something.

Latia straddled his leg, wiggled her butt as she set it on his thigh, and leaned in beside Laria until the two mini-winged-satyrs were squashed, side to side. Both had grown much redder, and their cheeks glowed as they beamed up at him with big, kinda crazy kinda scary, but very cute eyes.

“I mean... maybe I do?” He gulped as he looked up at Caera, expecting to see the tiger either looking at him like she was going to fuck him, or hurt him for letting the two Las rub their softening bodies all over him. But instead, she sat down proper, legs out in front of her like David, and body close enough her side nudged against his. With Laria and Latia rubbing against David, that left the two impas Lasca and Laara free for Caera, and she grabbed them and squeezed them to her body, earning more giggles.

Two little ladies rubbing against David was one thing. Two getting scooped up by a giant tiger woman twice their height, so eight times their size, was an entirely different display. She put Laara between her curvy, hard thighs, and gestured down at her pelvis, while she used her free arm to hold Lasca to her breasts and earn some more giggles from the leader of the Las.

She lifted Lasca up, looked the mini gargoyle up and down, considered, and set her down on David's free leg, leaving him completely pinned. Lasca cheered, grabbed his arm, and hugged him. With Latia on his left leg, Lasca on his right, and Laria between his thighs, he wasn't going anywhere.

"You fuck those three," Caera said, and she grinned down at him, "and I'll fuck this one." As if it sounded like a perfectly reasonable arrangement, she reached down, and guided Laara's head down to her sex.

"What? I—"

"Yay!" Laria squealed with glee and yanked off his leather skirt. And before he could stop her, she got down on her elbows and knees, head-butted his abs for some unknown, mischievous reason, and set her lips on his flaccid penis.

Heavenly warmth engulfed him, wet, inviting, playful, and he sucked in a breath as he looked down at the little critter determined to get him aroused at the speed of light. Imps and grems had big mouths full of very sharp teeth, and he braced for pain, but Laria buried his cock in nothing but a loving, exploring tongue, and kissing lips.

David sucked in a breath and looked at everyone else. Laara looked at him excitedly up from between Caera's huge thighs. Acelina aimed her eyeless gaze elsewhere. Dao watched him with an intrigued smile. Jes was annoyed, but she threw some glances his way, and Caera's. Caera spared a quick glance for David, and she winked at him. Or, blinked, with her one eye.

All the demons were growing redder, including the audience.

The tiger sitting beside him reached out with her free hand, and set it on his head.

"I think," she said, "that sex powers or not, we should have more sex. A lot. All the time." Her claws roamed his shoulders, his scalp, his back, and gently scratched him as she smiled down at him. Much as Laara had the tiger's pussy fully engulfed in her lips, and was probably burying Caera's clitoris in gentle, teasing licks, Caera kept her eyes on David, and she licked her fangs as her eyes roamed his body. "I want you to fuck us every chance you get."



His aura lit up as he let the strings and fingers inside him go. Like he'd been holding his breath, the release was euphoric, every muscle in his body going limp as the strings played their music. The aura poured over the room, and every woman in it gasped as it bowled over them as much as him, scorching hot, sweating in a sauna hot, struggling to see through the haze hot.

“Holy shit,” Jes said, staring at him. “You’ve been, uh... holding that aura back for a while?”

He gulped and nodded, eyes flitting between the shocked gargoyle, and the gremla between his legs. His cock rose, and Laria squealed with delight as she yanked her head back. It grew and grew, and the little demon pinned it to his abs so she could watch it rise, eyes wide with wonder. Veins filled with blood, its girth spread to fill her hand, and it pushed up past David’s navel as it demanded more attention.

“Big!” Laria said, and she groaned as she pushed her body in close. With a big shark smile, she pinned his cock to his body with her chest, and his glans stopped below his sternum, between the little lady’s huge breasts. “But... was bigger with big demon Acelina.”

“I uh... I think it’s... that I’m choosing its size?” He meekly shrugged and smiled. “I don’t want to hurt you.”

Lasca and Latia both giggled, both rubbing their softened pussies against his thighs, and they both held onto his shoulders with one hand so they could reach out and grab his cock closer to the base with the other. Squeezing with experimenting fingers, they giggled more, voices dangerously close to the excited sounds of ravenous hyenas. They were wet already, and moans slipped into their dangerous laughter as they ground themselves against him.

Laria held onto his waist, pushed her breasts into him, and wiggled. With how short she was, it was easy to look down past her head, horns, and short dreadlocks, to her large butt shaking side to side, while she pressed her two wings against her two friends to keep steady. Her claws roamed his body, his sides, his muscles, and she mewled up at him as her crazy eyes softened, and slowly melted.

“Won’t hurt Laria,” she said, and she kissed his chin. “Bigger.”

Bigger. He wasn’t even sure he could control it like—the mental image of his cock filling the busty little lady up until she looked ready to burst sent a tingling, electric current through his body, and his cock listened. It grew a little thicker, and a little longer.

Laria mewled as she looked down at the huge girth spreading her breasts apart, and Lasca and Latia mirrored her.

After another kiss on his chin, the busty little creature pressed her lips to his glans, and pinned it to the bottom of his sternum. Instant jolts of almost painful pleasure rocked down his length, each spurred by the suckling lips of the demon as she did her best to fit his cock's tip into her mouth. And she succeeded. Her wide mouth fit the whole of his glans in between her wet lips, and David bit down a groan as the friction of their warmth rubbing along the pink skin sent more jolts through him.

A rumbling purr vibrated through him. It wasn't him, or the Las, though. He pulled his head up from the mesmerizing sight happening just inches under his chin, and looked to Caera as the huge tregeera shifted forward onto her hands and feet. With another purr, Caera got onto her knees between David's feet, directly behind Laria. Laara followed her, and wiped her mouth of some juices as she grinned at David.

"I thought," David said, looking between Laara and Caera, "that you were gonna—"

"I wanna help," Caera said, still holding that perfect, wonderful smile. "These little ladies are just too damn cute."

David gulped and nodded. Cute, and scary. The hyena comparison was too close to the truth to forget.

"And," she said as she plucked Laria up by the waist and earned some squeals and titters from her, "they fuck like rabbits."

Rabbits. Jes had said that. Had they been talking? It wasn't exactly—

He sucked in a breath as Caera took his cock into one hand, and while holding Laria up by her wrists above her with the other, she slowly lowered the squirming little demon onto his length. That was a very tiny slit, swollen and dripping, and the demon wriggled as he pressed against her entrance. More heat flowed down David's length, the gremla's juices joining her saliva and coating his swollen glans as Caera let gravity pull the little lady down onto him. But gravity wasn't working, and Laria whimpered as she twisted, squirmed, wriggled, and writhed, all while hanging from Caera's grip so her slit rubbed relentlessly against David's cock.

But eventually, her tiny pussy spread apart enough for his glans to slip in, and Laria sucked in a breath of surprise as gravity sank her down onto him. Tight. So very, very tight. David would have grabbed onto her hips to help support her, but Lasca and Latia both took his arms and snuggled into his

sides. They each pressed a cheek into his shoulder, both heads turned in so they could watch their busty little friend slowly get lowered onto his cock by the tiger woman.

Slowly, and with an up and down motion. With her hungry eye locked on David, the huge, muscular woman bobbed Laria up and down like she was making a candle back in the medieval era, dipping Laria up and down in wax. Her purrs became endless, each breath released as a long, quiet rumble, and she let go of his cock. It stayed where it was, mostly hard enough to stay upright on its own, but Lasca and Latia kept it where it was, regardless, giving Caera the freedom to take Laria in both hands. She set both sets of claws around the tiny lady's waist and hips, and eased her down on his cock until the gremla's pussy was full. She'd managed a whole four inches of his length.

“Caera, she—”

Caera pushed her down, gently, still letting gravity do the work, and making sure to dip the busty creature's hips left and right as she guided Laria down on him. Tight, boiling flesh buried David's cock in friction, and each inch Caera lifted and sank the gremla on him bathed him in clenching muscles that drenched him. Laria, mewling and squirming in Caera's grip, looked down and whimpered at the sight of her juices trickling down his length onto Latia and Lasca's claws.

Jes and Caera were right. Imps and grems got into sex way faster than even most demons. Laria looked ready to pop, and they'd only just started.

With Latia and Lasca still snug on his arms, he could do nothing but watch, and Caera knew it. She chuckled down at him, licked her chops, and pushed Laria down further, earning more whimpers from the demon as her tiny body stretched to fit him. Her taut pussy drooled over him, soaked him, and the bulge of his cock pushed further up along her tiny waist. His glans pressed against her deep spot, filled her, and stretched her pussy inward as Caera let her sink further.

And Laria loved it. She mewled, loudly, and grabbed David's shoulders as her belly distended. The bulge pushed between her heavy, hanging breasts, and she squealed as Caera bobbed her up and down a few more times before finally pushing her down the last couple inches, forcing her pussy to stretch up to her sternum. Balls deep. David could only groan and looked up at Caera, mouth open, panting, as she grinned back down at him and ground Laria's hips left and right.

Laria hugged him, squashed her breasts into him, and squeezed her arms around him hard enough for the bulge of his cock to press into his abs and the bottom of his sternum. She looked up at him, big eyes half closed as she melted into him, and she wrapped her thick thighs around him.

Growling loud enough everyone got a little quieter, Caera bounced Laria on his cock, hard, and reduced the tiny lady to gasps and pants. Her big eyes opened wide with surprise at the new speed, but closed a moment later as the gremla's insides clamped down. She hugged David and hid her face in his neck, weak squeaks coming out of her as she came, but Caera didn't stop. If anything, her single eye glared down at Laria with something close to the predatory look a literal tiger gives prey, and she bounced the little lady faster.

Too much, too fast. David managed a single groan as he came, and the almost painful stimulus of Caera working Laria up and down half his cock as the first gush of cum shot up his length soon had him twitching. Signal enough for Caera to stop bouncing her, and instead push Laria balls deep onto him so she could grind her around. And around. And around. Her strength meant Laria's trembling body was a feather to her, and she used the gremla's quivering pussy to milk David like she was a toy.

And all David could do was sit there and watch. Each gush of cum was a wave of pleasure from the sensitive skin of his glans, down his length, down into his testicles and between his thighs, forcing his inner muscles to flex and bring more cum. Most of it immediately squirted out of Laria, forcing its way past her taut, dripping flesh, and hitting his pelvis and testicles hard enough to splash. Some of it stayed inside, and Laria whimpered as she leaned back and looked down at the growing bulge around the tip of his cock.

It was a good thing demons couldn't get pregnant. His cum filled her deepest place, literally, and completely.

"David," she said, voice trembling, "is..." Whatever she wanted to say, it disappeared into another whimper, and she buried her face in his neck as Caera's constant grinding and twisting made her cum again.

The tiger stopped, and she purred as she gently pulled Laria back, and traced a claw down the bulge along the busty little lady's stomach.

"Filled you up, didn't he? Womb full of cum."

"David is..." Laria's voice fell off again, and she smiled, eyes closed. The smile disappeared when Caera pulled her off. "Aw!"

"We've got more ladies lined up for a piece," Caera said. "You shush." She smiled at the gremla in her hands, picked Lasca up off David's leg, and put Laria there instead. The busty little critter sighed happily, hugged David's arm, pinning it, and pressed her cheek to his shoulder, face turned in so she

could watch. Warmth dripped out of her pussy over his leg as her stomach slowly returned to normal size.

Latia giggled, wrapped his cum-drenched cock with her claws again, and aimed it up.

“Finally,” Lasca said. “Want David. Want him.”

David gulped and looked up from the Lasca’s body up to Caera. Not a hint of jealousy. If anything, her single eye looked almost delirious with need, and she purred down at the mini gargoyle in her hands as she lowered the leader of the Las onto his cock.

Laria was half asleep, but Latia whined with envy as again a tiny, dripping slit pressed down against the fat, swollen head of his cock, and Caera had to work to spread Lasca’s pussy open. Holding her hips and waist, she dipped Lasca left and right, even twisted her a little, working her around and around and sending powerful shocks along the sensitive skin.

Lasca was the tallest of the Las, maybe a whole inch above four feet. Her small body hid nothing once his glans pushed past her dripping lips and immediately filled her. Lasca squealed, grabbed his shoulders, and stared down at the bulge pushing out along her once flat stomach. Caera wasn’t so gentle this time. Instead of letting gravity do the work, she pushed Lasca down, and the little lady erupted with mewls and squeals as Caera sank her onto him. Her insides stretched, and what would hurt a human girl reduced Lasca into a mess of squirms, wriggles, and moans.

It wasn’t long before Caera had her balls deep on him, too, and the impa hugged him. Trying something new, Caera let her go, and instead leaned over her, kissed David, sat back, and watched.

“No help?” Lasca asked over her shoulder.

“Nope. You’re the bravest of the Las, right? You fuck him.”

Latia nodded, one hand on David so she could stay snuggled to his arm and shoulder like Laria, while her other ran down Lasca’s body. She fondled her friend’s breasts, kissed them, squeezed them, brought her hand down, and pressed against the distension fighting for room along the little lady’s body. God, that felt weird, and amazing.

Lasca swiped her friend’s hand away, tightened her grip on David’s shoulders, and smiled up at him as she locked eyes. Legs wrapped around him, she gave her wings a few flaps, as if they could help lift her — they couldn’t — and squeezed her legs as she forced herself up.

The vise grip of her insides as she flexed all her muscles to help bounce herself on his cock felt wholly different than how Caera had used Laria like a sex toy. Lasca hugged him, twisted on him, bent

and squirmed on him, before finally leaning back and putting her hands on Laria and Latia's thighs; she would have used his thighs, but her friends were in the way. She stared down at the bulge pushing up along her once slender body, and whimpered as she bounced herself on it a few inches, causing her breasts to jiggle and lightly bump against the distension pushing out under her sternum.

“So... big!”

In any other world, that would have been silly dirty talk meant to stroke his ego. Here, Lasca literally struggled to manage him, her insides stretched taut in all directions, and a sliver of her insides revealing themselves with each bounce, pink, boiling, dripping, and soaking his testicles in her juices.

She trembled, hugged him again, pinned her breasts and hard nipples snug to his chest, and hid her face in his neck as she came. The random muscle spasms of her pussy clenching on him were euphoric, and he sucked in a hard breath as she brought him near orgasm, but not over it.

She leaned back again, body still quivering, and looked down at their connection where she'd soaked him.

“No cum?”

“Not yet.”

Frowning, she turned around. David bit back a groan as she buried his length in twisting friction, got on her knees between his, and pushed her ass back toward him. She managed one thrust back, hard enough her ass rippled as it hit his pelvis, before she froze and shivered. Her tail went rigid for a few moments, before it and her wings went limp. But she stayed up, arms underneath her, claws to the ground, and she bounced her ass into him again. Each time she struggled to stay up, but each time she took him to the hilt, took a breath, and bounced him again.

She didn't last long. Two minutes, maybe, before she collapsed. Cheek to the ground, arms out, ass up, she whined into the floor, clearly upset with herself. But the clenching spasms of her insides as they drowned his cock in boiling, wet heat was enough, and David melted back into the wall as he watched his cum flow out of Lasca's pussy.

With a squeak of triumph, she got to her hands again and pushed herself back into him, determined to milk him. Balls deep, she ground her firm ass into his body, trembling more than he was, but still able to keep control and work his length as he pumped cum into her.

After a minute, and an absurd volume of cum, she crawled forward, and whimpered with every inch that slipped free of her gripping, pink insides. Only Latia's hand kept his cock from hitting the ground once his glans slipped free of her leader's pussy.

“I’m impressed,” Caera said, and picked up the mini gargoyle. Everyone watched the little lady go limp, legs and arms and tail and wings, and Latia groaned on David’s shoulder as she watched cum gush out of the impa’s body.

“Lasca... strong,” Lasca said.

“Agreed.” Nodding, Caera gave the little lady a kiss on the forehead, knocked horns with her, and set her on Acelina’s lap.

Oh shit, David had forgotten about them. Acelina and Jes were touching themselves, all with their eyes on the Las. Jes also had a hand on Dao, caressing her lover’s clit while doing the same for herself.

“I suppose I will take the scraps,” Acelina said, and she took the mini gargoyle. But instead of putting the little lady between her giant thighs, she brought the Lasca to her breasts. Lasca was still limp, and quivering a little with orgasm aftershocks, but when the giant demoness brought her to her breasts and pressed Lasca’s mouth to her nipple, Lasca’s tail wagged. Scared she may have been of the nine-foot-tall angry demon woman, Lasca still melted into the spire mother’s huge breast, and suckled.

Satisfied with her decision, Caera scooped Laria off his leg as well, earning some giggles from the busty shortstack before giving her to Jeskura. Jes spread her legs, guided the happy lady down to her slit, and sighed bliss as she melted back against her wall. With someone else pleasuring her, she had an easier time focusing on Dao, and the injured satyr chirped before also melting into the wall as Jes resumed massaging her clit.

“My turn?” Latia asked, yanking David’s attention back, and she rubbed her skinny body into David’s arm as she pouted.

“Not yet,” Caera said, and a stern look silenced the tiny gremla. Nodding, Caera turned around, and scooped up the La still half hiding behind the tiger, Laara.

Laara squeaked with surprise, squirming in the tiger’s grip. Chuckling, Caera reached down with her free hand, took David’s leg, and pulled him closer to her so he was almost flat on his back. The curved cave wall kept his chest and head propped up, but he was otherwise lying flat, and Latia got off him and knelt beside him.

Caera took his cock in one hand, pointed it up, and with the other hand wrapping Laara’s waist, she set the impa on his glans, facing Caera, and pushed her down. No build-up, no foreplay, the already dripping little lady squealed, and her insides clamped down hard as if she could stop Caera from pushing her down onto him. She couldn’t.

David stared, wide-eyed, as the squirming mini gargoyle sank onto his cock fast, and her ass rippled as it struck his pelvis. Laara was reduced to weak whimpers by the sudden attack, and her wings flared out, tail too, only to go limp as she trembled on him. With a squeaky whine, she looked over her shoulder at him, and her big eyes melted.

After hungry growl, Caera leaned down, and something warm and firm ran along David's balls. He couldn't see, not with Laara in the way, but purring vibrations moved through what had to be Caera's tongue, straight into his testicles, and he grabbed Laara's hips out of reflex as her insides clamped down. The tiger was licking her clitoris.

Imps and grems were firecrackers. Laara's tail and wings went rigid again, quivering as her insides buried his cock in spasms, and a new, wet warmth trickled out of her onto him. She almost fell back, but Caera took the girl's hips again, her huge hands on David's, and she grinned over the tiny lady's head down at him. That perfect smile was still there, and getting bigger.

"Don't let their little bodies fool you," she said, and she picked Laara up until only the head of David's cock remained within. "They can take a beating. They usually prefer it." Taut did not begin to describe how Laara's slit felt, to the point her squeezing lips caused an inward dip where his cock spread her apart. But Caera didn't let the tightness slow her down at all, and she pushed Laara down onto him balls deep, hard enough the little lady's firm butt jiggled again.

Latia got on her side beside David, slipped under his arm, pressed her tiny, dainty body into him, and whimpered as she watched. Caera gave her friend no mercy. Up and down, she worked Laara's body along the bottom half of his length, making sure to slam Laara onto him to the hilt, each time hard enough to make her ass shake, and her tail and wings bounce. Each stroke drowned David's cock in her juices, and drove his glans up into her body, stretching her insides up to her sternum.

But Caera's eye wasn't on Laara. Growling again, she slid in closer, straddled David's legs, and while looming over the little impa, she drove her up and down from so close Laara had to lean forward and hold on to the tiger for dear life. Face planted against the much, much bigger woman's chest between her breasts, ass sticking out, Laara whined into the tregeera's bust as Caera ruthlessly bounced her ass harder. Laara was cumming, but Caera didn't stop, eye locked on David, mouth open, tongue borderline hanging out, and heavy rumbling purrs working through her as she used Laara on him like a toy.

He came, and only then did Caera slow down. With a satisfied sigh, she ground Laara's hips around in a circle, keeping her balls deep on him as he pumped the writhing little lady full of cum. It was almost painful the way Caera kept working her, making her hips dip left and right and her pelvis

grind back and forth, each motion causing the impa to clench and milk him of more waves of his cum. And instead of waiting for him to finish, she pulled Laara off him, earning a groan from him as her clenching pussy dragged along his now oversensitive cock, exposing a sliver of her pink insides. But Caera stopped shy of the removing his cock's tip, and instead worked Laara up and down along the enormous, bulbous glans, making David outright quiver with overstimulation, before she sank the whimpering little lady balls deep on to him again. Caera groaned louder than he did.

“Fucking christ the way you cum is just... intoxicating is the word, right? Intoxicating to watch?” The tiger licked her fangs, eye still locked on David.

“Y-Yeah,” he said, barely, wincing as she bordered on hurting him, pleasure dancing on that knife's edge.

Nodding, happy she'd used the right word, she picked Laara off him completely, and gave her to the audience only eight feet away. Jes laughed, and without hesitation, put the trembling mini gargoyle between Dao's thick thighs. And instead of Dao helping guide the exhausted little lady's lips onto the satyr's pussy, Acelina reached down, and did it for her.

David would have loved to watch, but Caera, still straddling his legs, reached over for Latia and scooped up the little gremla. Instead of repeating what she did with Laara, she grinned down at David, stood up, and held the girl to her breasts. Which Latia loved, of course, and she hugged Caera's large tits and happily buried her face in them.

“She's really, really small,” Caera said. “It's got me thinking.”

“Yeah?” he asked. Still on his ass, his cock lay across his abs, and absolutely everything was drenched in cum, his and theirs.

“We're always pushing you around and doing the work.” Caera turned the little lady outward, and held her up by the armpits out in front of her, facing David. “I wanna see you fuck Latia, standing.”

He raised a brow and got to his feet. Easier said than done, panting a bit, sweating a bit more, and with tingles still running up and down his cock. But he managed, and he blinked at Caera and the little lady she was holding out in front of her.

“Fuck me!” Latia said, eyes wide, big scary smile on full display, and she held out her arms as she spread her legs. She was dripping. Four feet tall, gremlas had no tail, had hooves instead of talons, and her little hooves swayed with excitement.

David peeked past her to the other girls. Jes and Dao were both snuggled into each other, shoulder to shoulder, both melting as the Las devoured their pussies, but it was him they looked at. And Acelina

still clutched Lasca her breast with one hand, encouraging the girl to drink her milk, while her other hand gently eased what had to be at least a foot of her skinny tail in and out of her ass. But even she had her eyeless gaze pointed at him.

Knowing everyone was looking at him as they get off was like sparks on gasoline. Heat poured through him, through his aura, and he shivered with the power of it. His cock grew harder, just hard enough it pointed forward on its own despite its weight, and he picked up the daintiest of the Las from Caera's hands. Unlike her fellow gremla Laria, Latia was a skinny little creature with small breasts, and a narrow waist that showed off how feminine her curves were despite how tiny she was.

She was light, so light even he had little trouble holding her by her waist. He slipped one hand under her waist and lower back, the other higher under her side and upper back, and he guided her down horizontally and under his cock. With a wavering mewl, she stared down at his length and set her hands on it as he placed it along her stomach, and brought her light body in close until her boiling slit pressed to his testicles. His dick reached across her tiny waist, along her flat stomach, and his fat glans nudged over the bottom of her sternum.

And as he imagined it filling her, stretching her open, it grew, and Latia's eyes widened.

"D-David?" she asked, voice wavering.

David barely heard her. He lifted her, set her dripping slit against his hard cock, and pulled her toward him. The intimate familiarity of being in full control of the pace, less sex and more masturbation with a living, squirming, wriggling, gasping toy, was the strangest power trip he'd ever felt. It felt great. It felt amazing, to fully control Latia's body, her weight, her position, and ease her boiling, dripping, taut insides onto his hardening girth.

He went slowly at first. He was bigger now, harder, and he didn't want to hurt her. But he did want to fill her, completely fill every inch of her, and his cock responded again, growing another sliver as his glans pushed against her clenching little pussy. She reached out and held onto his forearms, and let out a high-pitched squeak as her pussy's lips slipped around the fat head of his cock until they wrapped the groove past the base.

He smiled down at the beautiful little creature, and sank her down onto him. Everyone watched him, the three other Las included, but his eyes were locked on Latia and the way his cock bulged against her once slender little stomach. He pulled her wriggling body onto him, stretched her, and his glans pressed against her deepest place. He kept going, stretched her like he'd stretched the others, and Latia's squeaks turned into weak whimpers as her body trembled. The bulge reached higher and higher,

until it nudged against the base of her sternum and even over it a little, and the little lady stared down at her own body.

And then he fucked her.

Caera was right. The Las were small, but they liked rough. He worked Latia back and forth along his cock fast, desires to be gentle and tender thrown out the window as the power trip of being in complete control took over. It only grew worse as Latia's clenching slit drenched him, and her limbs went limp, arms dangling underneath her and legs hanging outside his. Every stroke bathed his cock in tight bliss, and the visual feast of his girth pushing up along her small body was hypnotizing. Deep, long strokes, each earning a small, exhausted whimper or mewl from the gremla, and each pulling out just a hint of her swollen insides and their tight grip, only for him to sink her back down onto him balls deep.

He kept her there, pinned her on him, rubbed her pussy lips against the hilt of him, and watched her squirm. Her head lulled back, putting her face out of view, but when he pulled and thrust into her again, her head bounced and exposed her delirious expression, including her long tongue hanging out.

He thrust again, and she bounced again, squeaking like a toy each time. Something about her high-pitched but weak sounds sent heat through him, had his muscles flexing, his grip tightening, and he thrust harder. The sound of whimpers and mewls, the desperate pants, her squeezing insides desperate to hold on to him, it was all like a drug.

He pulled the little gremla deep, lifted her up, hugged her tight to his chest, and came. She didn't hug him back, legs still limp and spread around his, arms dangling, but her head lulled forward and pressed to his shoulder. Tiny shivers worked through her, and her insides milked him with random spasms as her juices trickled down his testicles, but were quickly lost in his own cum. He hugged her tighter, squished her dainty body to his chest, and stroked the back of her neck as she mewled into his shoulder.

Caera took the little lady by her waist and pulled him off her. It took effort to stay standing, effort he apparently couldn't keep up, and he sat down on his butt, leaning back on his palms, panting and sweating. So much for being all dominant and stuff. That'd lasted a whole five minutes. Latia, a mess of dripping cum and trembling little mewls, smiled at him before Caera gave her to Acelina, and the huge demoness hugged her to her other breast.

Everyone looked at David, even the Las. Only Latia didn't, too exhausted to lift her head from Acelina.

“What?” he said between pants.

Daoka chirped, gestured to him, and her soft smile grew as she guided Laara’s head back down to her pussy.

“We’re all just a bit surprised,” Caera said, and she got down onto her hands as she grinned at him. “That aura is... pulsing, and it’s... it’s telling me to just... submit.”

He gulped. “Y-Yeah?”

“Yeah,” Jes said, and she guided Laria back to her pussy, too. “Didn’t expect a little nerd like you to get... so... rough.” A slow sigh fled her lungs, and she melted back into the wall and Dao’s shoulder, eyes still on him.

Acelina made one small growl, but even her eyeless gaze was pointed at him. Lasca looked at him like he was some sort of sex god, and she even tried to come back to him, but Acelina grabbed her and yanked her back to her other breast again.

“I mean...” He looked down at his body, all the cum, and his still hard cock, pointing forward away from him. “I am a guy. Being, uh, aggressive and rough is pretty... appealing, every once in a while, you know?”

With a playful lick of her lips, Caera squeezed herself in between Acelina and Daoka, lay on her side facing Acelina, and lifted one leg to spread it.

“Show me,” she said, more of that playful smile on her subtle snout. Seeing Caera have fun was exciting on its own, but seeing her smile in ways he’d never seen before, mischievous, spontaneous, had his heart rate racing.

He crawled over to her and straddled her lower giant leg on his knees, while moving her other leg so it rested over his hip. Holding the thick thigh of the higher leg with one hand, he took his cock in the other, and gently pressed his glans against her entrance. Soaked. Her huge tail, as thick as her thigh near the base, rubbed against his knee, and she looked down her body to him as she got comfortable on her side. Her large, soft breasts, totally juxtaposed against her hard chest of muscle, pulled to the side with gravity and brushed the ground.

She was so fucking beautiful.

As he pushed forward, the earlier desire surged through him. Fill her. Completely fill her. He didn’t just want to fuck her. He wanted to make her cum, and cum and cum. He wanted to overwhelm her, make her mewl, make her tremble. Some burning coal inside him set his blood boiling, and filled

his mind with images of Caera, literally twice as tall as the demon he'd just fucked, just as filled, just as stuffed, and cumming just as hard as Latia had.

He pushed his cock into her clenching insides, and as he did, it grew.

Caera sucked in a breath and lifted her head to stare down over her body to him as he forced his length into her. She sucked in another, eye wide and locked on the bulge now pushing up her stomach as he stretched her wide, and deep, as his cock fought for space. Leaning forward, he grabbed her hip, and pushed harder, inching across the floor as he forced more girth into her.

She moaned, and melted. Her head lulled to the side and fell to the ground, and she half turned more onto her back so she could spread her legs and let them go limp, too. With a shaky hand, she set her fingers on the distension pushing up along her abs, and moaned again, a purr mixing into the sound.

Her moan turned into a whimper as David drove his length into her, and her belly bulged with the new ridiculous thickness and length of him. Fear of hurting her disappeared as she quivered, and her tail rubbed against his butt, weakly pulling him toward her.

He thrust hard, and she groaned. He thrust harder, and her muscles clenched harder, too, as if she could match him in a fight, but all she did was make herself melt into pleasure faster. And it wasn't long before her half limp body trembled. Having waited so long apparently had her body on a hair trigger. He thrust again, earning a very un-Caera-like moan, high-pitched, and weak. It was like cocaine straight into his blood, and he pounded into the tiger, each thrust driving the bulge on her belly up to her sternum and between her large, bouncing breasts. No break, no rest, he had to keep going, even as her clenching slit milked him.

He came again, and he stopped thrusting, sweat dripping down his skin. Moans and quiet whimpers filled the room, and as much as the sound came from Caera, a lot came from Dao, Jes, and Acelina. All of them were looking at him, and all of them were either cumming, on the way to, or just finishing up, their claws still holding the Las snug to their bodies.

Caera held out her hands to David, and he fell forward onto her body. Still buried to the hilt, he lay beside her, half on the ground and half against her chest and breasts. He nuzzled his face into her tits, devoured them, hugged his arms around her, and melted into the heat of her skin as he pumped her full of cum. Caera's gentle sighs were ambrosia, and she slipped her claws into his hair and held him snug to her. His aura responded in kind, and ideas of being aggressive and dominant shifted into something far more tender, and loving.

More heat joined him, from all directions. He lifted his head, only for something very, very soft to pin it back into Caera's breasts. Soft, and wet?

Acelina. She'd pressed her chest into his back, and her breasts buried him, overflowing his shoulders and squashing against Caera's breasts around his head and neck. More heat joined her, too, little claws that found his arms, his legs, and some not-so-little claws on top of them. Movement followed, gentle thrusting, soft and wet things rubbing on parts of his body, and he lifted his head up enough to peek around above the ocean of breasts drowning him.

All eight girls were pressed together. The imps and grems were on top of him and Caera, humping them, while Acelina pressed her body into David's back. Dao was snuggled up to Caera, Jes was snuggled up to her, and both were gently grinding, touching themselves and each other.

A sea of flesh, hot, soft, and moaning.

He looked up to Caera again, and she smiled down at him before she again pulled his head snug to her breasts. The nine of them melted into a slow mess of gentle thrusts, and unless he was going crazy, a lot of cuddling, even from Acelina. They wanted to get close to him.

They didn't stop until he'd cum again.

~~♥♥♥~~

He sat up and wiped the sweat from his brow, but Caera chuckled, slipped her hand back behind his head, and pulled him back down. With some playful giggles, the Las climbed off him, and lay themselves across the tiger's body. Acelina took the two closest to her, and handed them to Jes instead. Judging from the sounds, the two Las were now tasked with once again pleasuring the gargoyle and satyr. But as the moment grew more delicate, David's aura pulsed with a wave of desire decidedly more comfy than rough sex: breast suckling. Having his face pinned into Caera's breasts was bound to do that.

Except, it quickly became Acelina's breasts. Still pressed to his back, she reached out and turned him so he lay on his back between the tiger and spire mother, and she growled down at him.

"That aura... is... powerful," she said, borderline hissing. "A moment ago, it told me I was to submit to you."

"Um..."

“And now it demands I bury you in my wondrous body, and let you indulge in the softness of my breasts.” Sighing, clearly annoyed, she leaned in over him, body parallel with his, and her lower breast buried his shoulder, half his chest, and half his face.

“Yeah,” Caera said, and she snuggled up to his side. “What happened to the David that fucked me so hard and deep a minute ago I thought I’d break? The one that nearly broke Latia?”

“I uh... I mean... I loved that, but I really love... this, you know?” He nudged his nose up into the giant breast borderline pinning him. “I like what comes after the sex. Just, lying around, and...”

“Cuddling?” Caera asked.

“Demons do not cuddle,” Acelina said, nearly hissing. But she didn’t remove her breast from half burying his torso and face, either.

Caera laughed. “That’s why he’s using the aura, so us demons are hopelessly forced to cuddle him against our will.” As if to confirm, she leaned in, and pressed her large breast to his chest, while bringing her nose in close enough to nudge against Acelina’s, and kiss him. “Oh no, this is horrible. Stop him. ”

“S-Sorry,” he said, grinning up at her. “I—”

“Cuddles!” Lasca yelled, and she climbed over Caera, got on David’s waist, and hugged him.

“Cuddles!” the other Las said, and before he knew it, all the little ladies had abandoned their posts, and instead piled on top of him. Literally.

Breathing quickly became an issue as four critters buried him in hugs and boobs, and Caera and Acelina seemed perfectly happy making things worse. The tiger laughed, shifted up a little, and joined Acelina in covering his face with her breasts; no one was as busty as Acelina, but Caera was still a very busty demon, and soon all David could see anymore was his own eyelids as soft, heavy flesh covered his face. And he wasn’t going anywhere, not with four little ladies climbing on his arms and legs, pinning him.

Well, there were worse ways to die.

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~~Day 45~~

~~Mia~~

She woke up, and got a whole two feet before Vin reached out, wrapped her in his palms, and pulled her toward him. The leash did nothing. She squeaked and squirmed in his grip, but instead of letting her go like he should have, her bodyguard rumbled — or purred? — as he sat down against their alcove wall, and grinned down at her as he set her on his lap, her legs apart.

“And just what do you think you’re doing?”

He licked his chops. “Deciding how I’m going to fuck you, today.”

She folded her arms across her chest and did her best to ignore how wide and hard the monster between her thighs was, and how enticing his words were.

“I didn’t say you’d be fucking me, today.”

“The leash isn’t stopping me.”

“Because you’re not trying to hurt me.”

“True,” he said. Two of his hands took her legs, and teased her bare skin, because her useless skirt was just a bunch of long red flaps that spread apart all the way up to the hip with the way she was sitting. His other two hands gently pressed on her sides, pinning her arms there as his claws teased up and down her naked back.

“You... don’t want to hurt me, right?” Best to confirm, in case the necklace had stopped working.

He rumbled. Not the ‘oh you’re so silly’ rumble she would have preferred. More like a ‘I’m not sure yet’ sort of rumble.

“Not right now.”

“Well, that’s comforting!”

He rumbled again, a heavy purr, and the vibration flowed through her until it hummed in her skull. If Vin hadn’t been such a big bad monster, she might have been tempted to lie on his stomach and chest, hug him, and bath in the sound. But, nope, not doing that, nope nope. Vin was not her lover. He had no romantic interest in her. Cuddling was not on the table.

But sex definitely was, even more so than they’d thought, considering her body could apparently handle Vin. And because she was a dumbass little girl who, while smart enough to know Vin was most definitely not the sort of man that was healthy to have in her life, was not smart enough to put that

knowledge into practice, and she bit her lip as she looked the colossus's abs, chest, and dragony demony face up and down.

The bastard was right. They were going to have sex a lot more, because holy fuck yesterday had been awesome and she wanted to do that again. She wanted to do that right now.

“Maybe... Maybe later, okay?”

He licked his teeth, eyes on her body, and he gently slid his thumb claws outward along her chest. Her dress was nothing but dangling silk that connected behind the neck and around the waist, making it super easy for the beast to expose both of her small breasts. She frowned up at him and covered her breasts with her forearms, which of course just made the titan chuckle.

“These clothes make me want to tear them off you.”

She squeaked. “Don't! Don't make me use the necklace.” The moment the words were out of her mouth, she regretted it. Not because the threat was unwarranted, but because with the noises she'd made, it sounded like an empty threat, and Vin knew it, too.

He chuckled, licked his teeth, and leaned over her until his short dragon snout was inches from her face.

“We'll be crossing Hell. You and I will fuck dozens, perhaps hundreds of times.”

She scrunched up her nose and glared up at him with her best angry face. It wasn't very good.

“Says you.”

“I wonder who else will try and taste you, on the journey. The gabriem? The incubi?” His giant tail slowly wagged along the ground beside them. “That aura will touch them all, and you only have a leash for me.”

“They wouldn't... do anything... Would they?”

He rumbled. “We will not have separate rooms while we journey. They will want to join us.” Another rumble worked through him, a purring laugh that made Mia's teeth buzz. “Perhaps I will let them.”

“You wouldn't.”

“Wouldn't what?”

“Wouldn't... share... me.” Oh god, those words were fucked up. “It doesn't matter. I'm not yours to share! I'm in control here, not you.”

“Hmm.” A thump announced a light pat of his tail against the ground, and he nodded with an evil grin. As if convinced by her words, and they both knew he wasn’t, he set her back on her feet by her egg, and she gave him a few more glares and humphs before she picked up her sling. She set the egg within, glared at him once more, and made for the exit.

“You’re way too possessive,” she said back over her shoulder, “to do something like share, anyway.”

Still chuckling, he got up and followed her, her pet titan on an invisible leash.

“Maybe.”

“Not maybe! True! I got you figured out, Vinicius.”

Predictably, he laughed.

“I am the most powerful here, and I am healed. If not for your leash, I would crush these fools. Or eat them.”

“Because you’re an asshole.”

“Or... perhaps I would lead them.”

She glanced back at him. “Really?”

“Perhaps.” His evil smile faded for a second, but came back as quickly as before. “And then I would be tempted to share you with my servants.”

“Share with your servants?”

“After I’ve had my turn with you, of course.”

“I am not a sex toy!” She turned, marched up to him, and poked him in the abs. No matter how many times she did it, she always poked too hard and hurt her finger. “You can’t just... pass me around after you’ve...” Ugh, just thinking about it pissed her off. And turned her on. And of course that just made her angrier, and she blushed and groaned and covered her face and walked away faster. This was what she was afraid of. She’d opened the floodgates!

The worst part was, this wasn’t just some silly fantasy. The demons would actually do it. Vin would fuck her, fill her with so much flesh she’d nearly burst, pump her insides full of cum again, and again, and when he was satisfied, toss her onto a pile of other demons. The vrats, the brutes, the incubi, they’d all jump her and fill her holes, all at the same time. The incubi wouldn’t hesitate to get more than one cock into a hole at a time, like they did with Livian, and—

She slapped her cheeks, shook her head, and squeezed the fingers and strings inside her until the vibrations stopped. Her asshole bodyguard chuckled.

“That aura—”

“Is under control!” No, it wasn’t. Just the thought of Vin’s colossal body between her legs had her tingling. Back on the surface, she’d always been happy to have such a high sex drive, to be so in-tune with it that cumming multiple times during her masturbation sessions was just a given. And now...

Now what? The fuck was the problem? Was it really an issue if every demon nearby wanted to fuck her? Galon had sat down and, for no other reason than it was fun, had fucked three demons. Livian had fucked five. And the idea of being some kinda sex idol — or sex toy according to someone like Vinicius — that demons lined up to fuck, all eyes on her, was tantalizing. The idea of Vin fighting to possess her also had an appeal, and imagining him fighting off other demons to own her, had a primal savoriness to it that tickled something deep in her brain. But then again, being passed around like a toy—

A strange sound, quiet, buzzing, tingled through her sandals. Vin? No, he wasn’t rumbling. It was almost inaudible at first, but as both she and Vin stood there, looking around for the source of the tiny vibration, it turned into a noise. She’d heard that noise before, but it was still too quiet. What the fuck was that?

She looked to her bodyguard, but found the same confusion, his eyes fruitlessly scanning the tunnel walls for the source.

“Let’s get to Romakus,” she said. “I... don’t think there’s another unmarked near me, right? It’s not that. But that...” The buzzing sensation only grew stronger, and it tingled along her sandals into her toes as the sound grew louder. What was that? Why did it feel familiar?

With a snarl, Vinicius picked her up, and ran. He put her on his back, and his many, giant spikes were easy to grab onto and stand on. The sling worked well, her egg snug to her front and side, and with a little readjustment, she found a groove she could hang off her bodyguard from and watch wherever he was running.

The three tetrads ran up the tunnel, straight at them, and everyone stopped once they reached each other, claws and hooves skidding on the ground. Everyone felt the buzzing vibration then, heard it through the mountain walls, but no one knew what it was, confused eyes scanning every surface as if they could spot the source.

“Then it’s not you,” Romakus said, gesturing to Mia with a wing.

“You thought that was us!?” Mia asked over her bodyguard’s shoulder, face sticking up between some spikes.

“Who else would be making the mountain shake!”

“It’s not shaking,” Vin said, and he touched the tunnel wall with one of his many hands. “It’s vibrating. This... is angels.” Mia might have some said sarcastic remark about the semantics of shake versus vibrate, but the mention of angels made her jaw drop.

More demons poured up the tunnel, and behind them came Galon, eyes caught between serious and surprised. The tunnel turned into a mess of snarls and confused exchanges until Romakus let out a loud roar. Everyone shut up.

“Angels?” Romakus asked, earning some growls from the listening demons. “Galon?”

“It does... sound like it.” He winced as he looked up, as if he could see the angels above. “Oh no.”

Galon’s muted words silenced everyone more than Romakus’s roars could. Every demon held their breath and waited, and the vibration grew until the sound made itself known. Familiarity clicked in Mia’s head.

“Those are horns,” she said, and she climbed off Vin’s back. “Like... music horns.”

That was why it felt familiar. It was the feeling of being far from a concert, too far to hear anything but the deepest sounds, and the vibration they carried with them. But the louder the vibration grew, the more the upper range of the sound joined it, and the fullness of it dragged Mia’s heart down into her stomach.

“Angels!” A woman’s voice, squeaking with panic, came down the tunnel, and Yulia ran along it, half gliding as her running made her wing arms catch air. “Angels! Wings! Lots and lots of wings!” She almost tripped once she reached the group, and Mia caught her arm so she didn’t run straight into Vin’s leg. “Angels are coming!”

Well, that confirmed it. They were fucked. They were all completely, totally, utterly fucked.

Galon dashed forward, past the group, and past Vin. For a second, it looked like he was going to make a break for it; that tunnel led to the exit. But he turned around, and with a flash of gold, summoned his angel armor.

“I have to stop them,” he said.

Romakus growled deep in his chest. “They followed you?”

“No. Not me.”

Mia sucked in a breath. “Yosepha?”

Sighing, Galon leaned down over Yulia, gave her forehead a quick rub and kiss, turned around, and flew out of the tunnel toward the outside. Only Mia’s angle let her see the momentary wince he hid from the bat demon, and the poor lady’s shocked face as the angel left.

It was the tipping point for the dominoes, and everyone tore after him, weapons out, roaring, snarling, as if someone had unleashed a battle cry.

They didn’t get far. Romakus slammed his tail, flared his wings hard enough everyone got hit with a gust of air, and let out a quick snarling bark sorta sound. Everyone stopped and looked back at him. A couple dozen demons all stopping dead in their tracks was quite a sight, and Mia gulped as she stepped to the side of the tunnel so she didn’t risk getting trampled.

“Let the angel figure out what’s going on,” he said. “When Galon returns, we can act.”

Every demon stood there, claws out, faces full of bloodlust, and more than a few released traces of an aura. Heat, the visceral kind, the bad kind, tingled through the air and into Mia’s chest, and she blocked it with a thought. She was getting better at resisting auras as much as controlling her own, but it was clear the demons weren’t doing it on purpose. Some of them were just amped up, ready for a fight, and couldn’t control themselves.

“Are they playing... trumpets?” Mia asked.

Everyone looked to Romakus, but he growled in his chest as he looked up at the cavern ceiling. It had to be trumpets or something like them, and the constant noise was quickly turning into a song. Mia half expected something she’d recognize, like Ride of the Valkyries, and while it sounded similar, it was all wind instruments. Powerful, and booming.

“It’s a battalion,” Vinicius said.

Everyone looked to the child of Belial.

“A battalion?” Romakus asked.

“Nearly a thousand angels.”

Everyone froze again, breath ripped out of them, and they looked to Yulia as if she could tell them the child of the Old Ones was lying. Her somber expression was her answer.

Livian pushed past the crowd up to Vin.

“You’ve dealt with a battalion before?”

“Yes.” He snarled as he looked down, furrowing his brow. Vin always had a serious, or angry look to him, but right now he looked contemplative, and that was scarier. “Even underground, I can’t defeat such numbers.”

Only the sound of trumpets blasting a battle hymn filled the silence. And hymn it was, the distant sound soon including the singing of hundreds of angels, their voices carrying through the solid rock of the mountain the Damall hid within. Hid was the right word, too. A couple dozen demons against hundreds of angels? Maybe even a thousand? And one angel could beat a tetrad in a fight, out in the open.

They were double fucked.

“Angels have grown... burdened, over the millennia,” Vin said. “Before I was imprisoned, Heaven struggled to summon a battalion. Now...” Snarling, he thumped the ground a couple times with his tail, eyes still pointed down. “Now, it should be even more difficult for them to summon such a number.”

Slowly, everyone looked at Mia, and she gulped as she pressed her back to the tunnel wall, stroking her egg.

“Agreed. The angels have grown weaker,” Romakus said, nodding and gesturing to Vin with a wing. “Yosepha denies it, but I can tell. Angels aren’t what they used to be. But... there’s nothing we can do against that many.”

“Can we... go down into the tunnels?” Mia asked.

“They lead nowhere but a spiraling maze,” Julisa said. “A better question: how did they find out about the unmarked, and this location? Did the two angels betray us?”

“Yosepha wouldn’t,” Romakus said. “She doesn’t have it in her.”

“Galon wouldn’t!” Yulia’s voice. She stepped out from around her brute friend.

A couple biased opinions didn’t mean much to Julisa, and she walked away from the group the way Galon had gone. The demons said nothing, looking between each other until all eyes fell on Romakus.

“If the angels know about this place and are here for us,” he said, “then the tunnels are our only option. They might not lead anywhere but down, but down is better than up.” He pointed up, and as if the angels were listening, the battle hymn grew louder.

With a heavy snarl, Vin looked up as well, and everyone waited for what the child of Belial would suggest. But he suggested nothing, said nothing, and looked the way Julisa had gone. He wanted to fight. All the demons wanted to fight. But if the biggest, baddest demon they had knew it was a lost cause, the Damall were smart enough to avoid a suicidal battle. Probably why they'd survived as long as they had, considering what other demons were like.

Romakus gestured in the opposite direction.

"If you hear battle, go down the tunnel," he said to Livian. "Take the crew."

"The fuck are you going to do?"

"Figure out what's going on."

"You mean see if Yosepha is out there."

Growling, Romakus grabbed one of her hands and yanked her close enough they almost hit horns. They stared at each other, some silent conversation happening, before Livian nodded, and turned to the rest of the group. Without a word, the hooved demon guided the tigers, gargoyles, brutes, vrats, incubi, and sole bat girl back down the tunnel.

"Alright, let's go make sure Julisa doesn't get us all killed," Romakus said.

Mia stared after the fleeing group. They were probably going somewhere they'd agreed on earlier, an 'oh shit' zone to go to if things got bad. From there, they could either go hide in the tunnels, or leave the mountain through one of the exit tunnels. But with hundreds of angels in the sky, exposing themselves wasn't an option, so the maze of tunnels it had to be, full of hellbeasts and probably other deadly problems.

"We... don't want to join them?" Mia asked.

Romakus shook his head and gestured down the tunnel to the exit.

"We're going to go see what's up." And without meeting her eyes, Romakus walked past her.

Vin and Mia traded glances. That was peculiar behavior from Romakus, for sure. Why would he want to bring Mia to the angels? Was he the traitor? Or, would he use Mia as a bargaining chip to save Yosepha's life if that was in danger? Or maybe he just thought Mia would be useful. Did Galon tell him she'd learned how to use batlam? Or maybe he thought she'd use her necklace to force Vin to help if something happened to him or Julisa, or Yosepha, or—fucking hell, where was David when she needed him?

Sighing, she sprinted back to her alcove, put her precious egg down out of the way, and followed Romakus, Vin in tow.

She hadn't seen much of the outside in the past nine days since Vin had fought those three angels; the Damall didn't want them going anywhere, and it wasn't like she wanted to stick her head out and risk getting found again. But as they rounded the curves of the winding tunnels and grew closer to the exit, she smiled.

Why did the burning sky look so beautiful? Was it the angels? No, she couldn't see them from this angle. Whatever the reason, as the fires of Hell's blurry not-horizon came into view, a warm sensation flooded her, something cozy, and very much not what she should have been feeling when looking out over the barren wasteland of Death's Grip. Jagged, rocky mountains, lava, fire, bones, and absolutely no plant life save for burning bushes and bloodgrip vines, and yet, it was all oddly lovely. Fire was lovely.

And then she saw the angels. Once Romakus reached the end of the tunnel, he stopped and let her go first; understandable, given how small she was compared to a tetrad, let alone Vin. She stuck her head out, looked up, and gulped down a boulder.

Wings. So many wings. Beautiful, glowing wings, subtle gold light highlighting the perfect white of their feathers against the burning backdrop of Hell's sky. Their armor shone, gold and silver, details lost in the distance. And while the heat haze blurred their bodies, it looked like the angels wearing lighter armor wielded trumpets or something similar, while the ones in front of the swarm wore heavy armor, and carried swords, spears, and shields.

It was an army.

If Romakus was right, and angels were weaker than they used to be, that was maybe a good thing. Vin wasn't healed that first fight, but now he was good to go. Maybe he could fight more than three? Maybe five? Maybe ten, if using the tunnels? But there had to be at least five hundred angels up there. What the fuck could they do?

The army approached, trumpets blasting, and the mountain trembled. It was the most Heavenly sound Mia had ever heard, a rolling wave of gorgeous tones that only brass instruments could create. It was almost like a pipe organ, except a thousand times bigger, wider, and heavier. And instead of filling her with awe or joy, it struck her down with terror.

The fire clouds twisted and churned above the angels, responding to their wings, or maybe to the sound itself. Movement drew Mia's eyes around, shadows in the neighboring mountains, behind giant boulders, trenches, and harsh cliff faces, silhouettes that came into view as nearby demons stuck their

heads up just enough to see what was going on. It was a lot more demons than Mia thought she'd see, mostly imps and grems, but some others, too. They weren't Damall, just hiding demon tribes, looking for food. It wasn't long before hundreds of distant black horns and heads poked up out of the crevices of Death's Grip, each aimed up to get a peek at what was making all the racket.

Julisa snarled, hiding behind a boulder, crouched as low as she could go, red eyes pointed up. She was scared.

"Galon," Romakus said.

"W-What?" Mia asked.

Romakus stuck his head around the curve of the tunnel exit, scanned the burning sky, and yanked his head back into the shadow.

"Do you see Galon? Or Yosepha?"

"Yosepha left... six days ago, right?" Mia asked. "If she was here, now, that'd mean she'd only gotten to the vortex, and came back immediately. And—oh god."

"What?"

Mia snuck further out into the open, crouched low, and kept a shoulder to the rocks. The angels weren't directly above them yet, and as long as she stayed in the shadow of the rocks, they shouldn't spot her. Hopefully.

Galon hovered in the air almost as high as the approaching army, wearing his armor but without a bow or quiver. The army headed straight for him, rapholem at the head with enormous shields in front. And behind them, several angels carried a cross.

A woman was on the cross, someone with dark skin, and wearing loose white silks, soaked red. Yosepha? No, it couldn't be Yosepha. Whoever it was, they had to be human. They didn't have any wings.

They didn't have any wings.

"I... that..." Oh god oh god oh god. "I... I think the angels have—"

The song rose to a thundering crescendo, and stopped. Hell grew silent in the wake of the triumphant anthem.

“There’s no point in lying to us, Galon of Avinoam. Yosepha told us everything.” An angel’s voice fell on the dead silence, and everyone heard it. The rumbling of the fire sky might as well have not existed compared to the booming, rolling power of whoever that man was.

Oh no. Mia looked behind her, and while Vin had his eyes on the ground, deep in thought, Romakus’s eyes had snapped wide open. His grip tightened on his sword, and he clenched his teeth together as a snarling growl worked through his throat.

Mia wanted to say wait, hold on, stop before you give us away, but she wasn’t doing any better. As the angels slowly hovered down closer, and more of their army came into focus, the sight of Yosepha’s hanging, bloody face revealed itself. It was her, with her short curly hair, and blood dripping from her feet. The cross was made of gold, and the shiny things sticking out of her wrists and ankles had to be... silver nails.

What was that around her neck? A small, brown pouch on a string?

Heat lit through Mia’s blood, boiled through it, and she clenched her fists as she stared up at the bleeding angel. Please be alive.

“Avital, of Azoryev. I know you. You... crucified Yosepha?” Galon asked, voice a thousand times heavier than a jolly man’s voice should ever be. “She isn’t Ramiel. You can’t make up for past mistakes with this... brutality.”

The other angel hovered closer to Galon, shield up, spear out. Galon still didn’t draw his weapon.

“We cannot suffer another traitor, Galon, and that includes you. Bring us the unmarked.”

“You crucified Yosepha. Then you know she spoke the truth. The unmarked are—”

“She did not know any better! But we know of the evils the unmarked are capable of. Moriah barely survived her encounter with one, but Shaul and Tzipporah did not.” The rapholem pointed his spear at Galon. “And we now know you harbor that unmarked’s sister here within these mountains. Bring her to us, and your death shall be swift. Deny us, and you will be crucified and left to hang at the edge of the vortex for the next ten thousand millennia.”

Angels used the vortex to get between Heaven and Hell, since it cut through the sky to reach Heaven, but they couldn’t touch the vortex itself. They had to fly alongside it, or get burned. And the way Yosepha had described what happened if you touched it, had been chilling.

Wait. David killed two angels?

“Evils?” Galon asked.

“Evils. Moriah spoke of the boy twisting Hell herself!” Avital shook his head and made a sweeping gesture with his spear. “Surrender, Galon, before these unmarked destroy us all.”

Galon shook his head, and did not move, hovering way too close to his fellow angel but making no move to guard himself. Angels trusted each other too much, the opposite of demons.

“The council has ignored us!” Galon gestured out to the crowd, speaking in a loud voice that didn’t fit him at all. “You know the council has ignored the changes. The roaming remnants, the firestorms, hellbeasts hunting outside twilight. Hell has changed. Something is afoot, and the council has ignored it! Surely you must see that?” The gabriem spoke with the air of an ambassador speaking in front of a council of lords. “I pleaded with them, as did Yosepha, and we found folly with their indifference. The council does not tell us the truth of what is happening!”

“The council only speaks the truth!”

“They speak falsehoods! I came here to learn what the council refused to speak of, and found a great change befalling Hell. You must have seen the canyon! The darkness that lies beneath it! Something is coming, and the unmarked are connected it, but the council has told us to kill them without any explanation! We are forbidden to even speak to the unmarked, to ask them what they know! Surely you must see that something is wrong. Surely—”

Someone behind the rapholem flew forward, someone with a crooked wing. A woman, and mikalim judging from her sword and shield. And she was a blur of speed and fury.

“Shaul is dead!” She brought her sword down. “I need no other reason!”

It all happened so fast. Mia stood there, blinking, trying to put together what she’d just seen. Maybe a trick of light had lied to her? Maybe...

Galon didn’t dodge. Maybe he never expected an angel to attack him. Maybe he expected the rapholem he spoke with to honor the conversation. Maybe the woman was too fast? Maybe... Maybe he thought... maybe his sacrifice would convince the other angels. Whatever the reason, whatever possible, stupid, fucking unfathomable reason, the angel simply hovered there, and the screaming woman brought her sword down into the side of his neck.

His wings went limp as blood splattered, and red coated his white feathers as he fell. A moment later, he landed against the mountainside, and the ding of metal changed to the quiet thud of flesh as his armor vanished.

Mia froze. The angels froze. Whoever the woman was, she stared down at the angel a hundred feet below her, body prostrated on the mountainside, only partly visible to Mia along the jagged rocks of the mountain's curves. That hadn't just happened. There was no way that'd just happened.

She had to get to him, now. She had to do something.

Mia looked to Romakus. The giant demon stood hidden in the tunnel's shadow, and his face boiled with rage. Every muscle clenched, threatening to burst the leather straps that held chunks of black metal to his skin. Vin looked almost calm, but his furrowed eyebrows were still in think mode.

But neither of them were doing anything. What could they do? Nothing. Literally nothing. Just like Mia. She could do literally... nothing...

Again. It'd happened again. Just like last time, someone came for Mia, someone else got in the way, and died. And this time it wasn't some evil, scary bastard with two axes. It was angels. Angels had come to kill her, and they'd killed Galon.

Mia looked back up at the angels, all of them still frozen. Maybe they were in shock, or mourning, faces hidden inside their helmets. Whatever went through their minds, they continued to hold Yosepha's cross, and the woman lifted her head enough to look down at Galon's body.

Her lips moved, too far and quiet to hear. But she wept.

The sound of her distant, faint cries cut through Mia's soul, and the fingers inside her struck the strings in reflex. She couldn't stop them. She didn't want to stop them. Her fingers hit the strings harder, until the buzzing vibration filled her, flowed into her fingers and toes, and through her skull. Until the vibration shook the world where no one else but her would feel it. The vibration pulled her down into... something, until it enveloped her, like she was underwater, and all she could hear or feel was the endless vibration carrying her along the current.

Play for me.

Use me.

Mold me.

I will dance for you.

Mia stepped out into the open, up onto a boulder, and looked up at the angels above. Hundreds of angels, over a thousand white wings enveloped in a gentle golden glow, all pivoted to look down at her.

Mia held out her hand to her side. The batlam rune ignited in her thoughts, and with mind and body deep in the flowing ocean tide, the rune felt light, like anything underwater might. The rune blazed, a red glow that covered her in her armor, and summoned her weapon.

She slammed the base of her staff against the rock beside her, and glared up at the angels.

She summoned the horde.