

Hell Forged

Chapter 5 : Tobias' Seventh Candle

Kaleth awoke to a shock as lips wrapped around his morning wood. He was about to jerk up when Bereft held him back.

"Calm down kid," Bereft roused with a deep murr. "It's just our thrall doing his duty."

Sure enough, when Kaleth opened his eyes and looked down, Landon, large muscled bat and former landlord, was bobbing on his dick. Strands of dried cum were splattered across the bat's face as it bobbed on his cock, his upturned nose digging into their groin while his fat, thick tongue lulled over the base of that shaft. That tongue cupped his dick, the cum pipe beneath being cradled in warmth as he tenderly slurped and suckled, his cheeks sucking in to create a nice pressure as he drank the dribbling pre out of that morning wood.

"Fuuuuuuuck..." Kaleth shuddered as their thrall took care of their morning urges.

"It's about time. A demon has needs ya know," Bereft chuckled and put their hands behind their head while biting their lower lip.

Kaleth would have felt guilty about subjugating someone to being a thrall, but Landon was such an unredeemable asshole that every time Kaleth started to feel bad, Bereft would just remind him of who this guy was. It made fucking him last night so much better. Demon-charged nuts were by far the best perk that Bereft brought to the table. Landon took load after load after load. Each time getting more addicted to being with his master. The subjugated former-landlord's dick was permanently hard and desperately trying to shoot blanks while he was used like a cheap flashlight.

The memory of Kaleth thrusting into that muscled ass while Bereft pulled on his hair was the current focus of the fantasy on which Landon was sucking.

Landon's ass was a creamy mess. Still full of cum and dried-on strands of demon-dragon spunk that had dribbled down his thighs. The cooling of that cum was torture for the poor thrall as he slept at the foot of his master's bed. Curled up at the base of his former king-sized bed, he spent all night with his turned-up nose shoved in the dragon's feet. He knew his master needed to rest so he resisted the urge to worship him, but as soon as that morning wood dawned with the sun, he was aching to serve.

Kaleth's eyes rolled back into his skull as his dick was expertly sucked. His head was slurped into that hungry throat, only for his throat muscles to massage and grip on his new barbs. Those barbs like powerful headlights of pleasure that were teased and tugged before sliding up and down that maw as it tirelessly pleased.

Kaleth managed to clear his vision enough to look down and noticed Landon's eyes looking up at him. Those dark sockets with glowing green dots. He felt a twinge of guilt...but it was mainly overshadowed by the fact his buzz was soured by that image.

"Do his eyes have to look like that?"

"Nah," Bereft snapped his fingers. The dark sockets became onyx orbs with emerald green irises. That little pleading and needy look getting cuter as he slobbered on that dragon nob.

"Oh fuck, that's hot..." Kaleth groaned. Landon lifted his meaty fingers to Kaleth's sack and gently cupped and massaged those nuts while bobbing on that dick. Sloppy sklorping filled the air as he did long, gyrating strokes of his head.

Shklork, shlirk, shlkork, shklirk!

“Holy shit, I love it here,” Kaleth groaned as he threw his head back on the pillow, arching his back and thrusting into that needy muzzle.

Landon’s, now Kaleth’s, apartment was a quality unit. The fact the fucking landlord didn’t live in one of his regular units, but a refurbished floor of one of his buildings, was quite telling. The closest thing to being a penthouse without actually being a penthouse. The bedroom was what you’d expect from an upper middle-class man-of-means. Luxurious king-sized bed with Egyptian cotton sheets. Pillows custom made for cradling your neck in any position propped up the demonic duo’s head. Thick, black-out curtains covered the windows, and an open door showed the recently renovated master bath.

A single beam of light sliced the room in two from a crack in the curtains. The light falling perfectly on Landon’s face as he worked on earning his breakfast. Bereft couldn’t help but sigh contentedly and look at Kaleth’s soul. It was burning with contentedness like a blade in the forge. Each slurp of that thrall’s mouth was a hammer, refining that soul with pleasure and desire. Strengthening and sharpening it. Repairing the damage it had endured and augmenting it. That soul was so beautifully malleable, but it had a long way to go. The way it currently shunted into a more solid form with each suck was a sinful treat for the demon.

The comfort of the bed alone made Kaleth’s soul sigh, and that was only after he fucked three loads into his new thrall. He loved his new toy, and his demon stamina made him a true minute man. He could keep going if he wanted to, his balls overproducing spunk like mad.

“What...what’s next?” Kaleth asked Bereft as he cracked his toe claws in pleasure, spreading his legs wide for his thrall to really get at that dick.

“We’ll have to figure out a plan for Mathias, but for now, enjoy feeling this muscle fag sucking the protein from your nuts.”

Kaleth felt a sudden spike in pleasure as a hot load surged from his nuts. His balls bounced, clenching deep and unloading a thick, fresh breakfast that Landon greedily gobbled down. A mixture of throat snot and slobber coated his face, and a pitiful load dribbled from his aching cock as he sucked down thick rope after rope of that demonic ambrosia.

“Fuck...” Kaleth gasped as his head started to clear. Bereft rolled their eyes.

“You ain’t seen shit yet,” Bereft slapped Landon upside the head. “You think you’re fucking done? Earn your fucking keep!”

Landon started sucking faster, more fervently, and Kaleth groaned as the pleasure started up again.

That’s good, kid, Bereft thought to himself. Keep riding down that path of corruption. I’ll show you the way, just follow the pleasure trail I leave out for you.

Even if Bereft hadn’t kept that to himself, Kaleth couldn’t hear himself think over the sloppy sounds of Landon gobbling his meal, cum and snot rolling out of the former landlord’s nose as he went in for seconds.

“Coffee,” Bereft ordered. The demonic duo sat in the kitchen while Landon whipped together breakfast for them. Bereft had lifted a mug that read “Lord of this Castle” printed on it. Landon paused and pulled the coffee from the maker and poured his master another cup. It was a long track to the kitchen with the amount of distractions in the way, but currently they sat in a breakfast nook.

After another couple blowjobs, Kaleth was forced to get out of bed as Bereft wanted to get moving for the day. Kaleth’s true desire wasn’t to spend all day fucking his thrall, so Bereft was able to

pry him from the bed...barely. They had showered, their thrall cleaning them before cleaning himself. None of the clothes in the bat's wardrobe fit the drake, so they opted for the robe. It was far too large for the drake, but it was just for the sake of having something on. They wore it on their arms, draping it over their back, but never synched it shut. It would have dangled around their ankles anyway. The display was torturing their thrall with the growing smell of their musk. Kaleth's perpetual boner making it difficult to keep the air from being filled with the smell of bussy whipped dick.

"Do you think he could just suck on-"

"No," Bereft did the mental equivalent of slapping Kaleth's hand from the cookie jar. "I know it's a lot to handle all at once, but you got to learn how to control yourself or you'll be raping people on the street at the first whiff of desire. Best to learn now than running away from the golden crosses of the EC."

"Ugh," Kaleth sat back in their chair while Bereft brought the boiling hot coffee to their lips and drank deep. It would have scalded the skin of any mortal, but the heat was delectable to the demon and his vessel mate. They were made to survive fire and brimstone. The Mc-lawsuit special was just the pickup the two needed. A taste of home for the demon, and wonderful warmth for Kaleth's gut.

"Ah...better than the burnt-ass shit at the convent, that's for sure." Bereft smiled at the taste of coffee made with filtered water. The iron tang of the city washed out and replaced with a deep rich flavor.

"Thank you, my lord," Landon murred.

"I wasn't talking to you, fagtard," Bereft spoke it not out of anger, but more like he was correcting someone who gave him the incorrect weather forecast. Dry, flat, and factual. "Speak when spoken to. Otherwise, no one gives a shit what you think."

“Y-Yes...my lord.” Landon blushed, his dick trying to fire blanks at the verbal abuse, but only aching with need.

“Do you really have to be so mean?” Kaleth asked as he took the coffee in both hands and nursed on it. Bereft decided to take a back seat as Kaleth hunched forward to hold his coffee like a housewife who just woke up for a long day of fucking-nothing.

Bereft didn’t answer, he just played back some of Landon’s memories and Kaleth sighed.

“Fine, I get it.”

“Don’t act like it doesn’t turn you on,” Bereft smirked. “That dick isn’t only throbbing because your new demon nuts just dropped.”

“Sh-Shut up...” Kaleth just went back to sipping the coffee while Bereft took one of Kaleth’s free hands and pulled the newspaper on the table closer. There weren’t any wanted postings or demon reports in the daily herald, so the exorcism core hadn’t unleashed the dogs on them yet. Just as Kaleth had predicted, Mathias wanted to handle this discreetly.

“Told you,” Kaleth smiled and sipped the coffee. Bereft just ignored him and kept looking for anything that might hint towards demon alarms. He scanned the paper quickly, but found nothing. It had only been a day, though when it came to demon reports, the EC was typically on top of that. At least with what Bereft could gather from Kaleth’s mind. Many a morning Kaleth woke as a kid hoping a demon attack was reported. It was like a snow-day for the kids, and a living nightmare for the adults. Once you got older though, the joy of school closing for such things was soured when you found out your friends went missing, or a local person you trusted and shared meals with was dragged away and publicly shamed for being an unregistered hell mage.

“Do you think...something like that would ever happen to us?” Kaleth muttered over the lip of their mug.

“Don’t worry, kid,” Bereft’s demon essence ran a tender claw over the inside of Kaleth’s cheek. “I won’t ever let them hurt you.”

It was odd to have such an intrusive feeling come from nothing, but Kaleth was starting to get used to the way Bereft’s essence would move inside him. If he focused long enough, he could feel it moving about. The gesture though was surprisingly soothing, and Kaleth believed him when he said he would never let it happen. He felt his muscles relax at Bereft’s words and he took another sip.

“So what’s the plan?” Kaleth asked while Bereft turned the page to the comics.

“For Mathias? Not much. Currently I’m checking to see if Marmaduke has anything to say.”

“You like comics?” Kaleth gave a little surprised huff out of his nose.

“I do find them fascinating,” Bereft admitted as a warm smile filled their eyes. “There are very few constants amongst the mortal realms. Comics and their characters seem to be one of them. No matter how terrible a world may be, you mortals always find a way to squeeze joy into your lives. Even if it’s forced, it doesn’t make it any less genuine.”

“How many mortal realms are there?” Kaleth was suddenly curious as the idea of Marmaduke showing up in countless universes like some godly constant.

“Infinite, and yet far too few,” Bereft sighed. “Though, you all find ways to have fun with the mundane and usual. Humor is truly one of the best gifts the gods gave to you mortals. I’m sure you all would be dead without it.”

Bereft's essence receded deep into its own memories. Kaleth wasn't trying to look, but the images of various comics flashed across his inner eye. They weren't anything huge, but one really stuck out. It wasn't a comic in a newspaper, but rather a cave painting. Rusty images were imprinted on walls as flickering flames abated the dark. The thing the human wanted to do the most in the oppressive darkness? Draw stick men with big dicks.

"It's nice to know that as much as your species changes, you've never truly lost the spark that was given to you." Bereft shook their head as they folded up the paper.

"If I didn't know any better," Kaleth started. "I'd say you admired humans."

"I do," Bereft admitted. "As much as anyone can admire a caterpillar that refuses to metamorphosize into its potential."

"Wow, Bereft, you're actually pretty sweet when you're not plotting revenge, huh?"

"You must be rubbing off on me, kid." Bereft rolled their eyes and tossed the paper towards the garbage, the pages fluttering all over the floor. He turned to their thrall before continuing. "Pick that shit up when you're done serving me breakfast. Speaking of which, where the *fuck* are my eggs?"

That was short-lived, Kaleth thought.

Don't get used to it, Bereft responded. *We got shit to do.*

As the two were having their mental back-and-forth, Landon came over with eggs, bacon, a fruit parfait, and a glass of orange juice. He didn't say a word before he got to picking up the paper from the floor and went to work putting the scattered pages into the garbage. Kaleth went to eat their eggs while Bereft snapped his fingers and ordered their thrall to their side. Landon moved like that snap was a whip

as he came over, nude and his nine inch bitch breaker throbbing an angry purple. Obeying his masters felt so good.

“Floor, now.” Bereft ordered between Kaleth’s bites. It was shaky at first, exchanging control intermittently like that. It was choppy until Kaleth understood what Bereft was trying to do.

Landon fell to the floor like he was struck. Bereft kicked his feet up on the thrall’s back and the bat came on the floor, his back feeling like a power grid, and the pressure of those heels like a power plant supplying energy to the rest of his body. Landon started to drool as he continued to shoot blanks against the tile.

“Glad we’re out of that fucking convent,” Bereft huffed, taking a deep drink of their coffee. “A demon can actually think here.”

Kaleth was about to take another bite when he paused.

“We should go back...”

“By the hells, why?” Bereft rolled his eyes. “We got it fucking made here. This isn’t about that Margret whore, is it?”

“She’s not just some whore,” Kaleth felt weirdly defensive for Margret, like he needed to protect her honor. “But that’s not the point. Just hear me out.”

“Oh, this ought to be good,” Bereft crossed one leg over the other while biting down on a strip of bacon.

Listen, the convent is the perfect place to lure Mathias. Kaleth continued in his head while Bereft chewed.

But he already knows we're there, Bereft countered. He'll be prepared.

Not if we force him to come back before he can recover.

How so? You're too chicken shit to go after his family, Bereft complained. Why would he bother coming back unless he was fully prepared?

Because we can call the EC and report the attack ourselves. Kaleth smiled as he felt Bereft's essence start to catch on.

And because Mathias wants to kill himself...

He'll need to come running. If he doesn't show up, we just report it and suddenly the suspicion is on him.

So we can lay our trap, Bereft's essence started to shiver in anticipation.

And make him our thrall, Kaleth continued.

Once Mathias is our thrall we can have him report the all-clear, thus putting this all to rest.

Bereft was so impressed, Kaleth could feel it.

"I think that deserves a treat," Kaleth smirked and took a large scoop of the parfait and stuck it in his mouth.

I still think my plan is...well, I can't say better because it would be lying. Bereft conceded.

"Yeah, yeah," Kaleth felt all warm and tingly at his own cleverness. "Not as fun as going after his home, but this way, the least amount of people get hurt." Kaleth took another bite of the parfait, a mix of wild berries and granola filling his mouth.

At least the one who deserves it most will get what's coming to them. Bereft decided to let the issue go. As long as this worked, Mathias would be forced to suffer, and that's really what they both wanted at the end of the day. *And you get to see that kitten you're smitten with, huh? Don't think I didn't notice how your dick throbbed when you thought of her.*

"Sh-Shut up," Kaleth spoke around a mouth full of yogurt. He had to swallow hard to get the mouthful to go past the lump in his throat. He couldn't help but blush.

"We're lucky that kitten is fucking clueless, or she'd have you wrapped around her little clit." Bereft chuckled and took the last bite of the parfait. "Clean this shit up," Bereft ordered as he kicked the thrall.

"Y-Yes m-m-my lord!" Landon came again, his prostate cramping from the pleasure.

"Oh, and where are the keys?" Bereft asked as he stood and put a foot on the bat's face, the bat a drooling mess as he instantly started kissing those toes. "We're going out. Make sure this place is spotless by the time we get back. We're expecting company."

The demonic duo gave a dark grin.

This is going to be fun, they both thought in unison, their dick jumping and oozing more pre.

Kaleth managed to drive them to the convent with Landon's driving skills, the drake never having gotten his license, and Bereft sneaked them into the convent to get their vestments. Suffice to say, it was a pretty smooth operation. The two were ready for their next phase. They were about to contact the EC when a knock was at the door.

"Father? Is that you?" Margret asked.

"Y-Yeah," Kaleth responded.

"What the fuck, Kaleth?" Bereft hissed. "We don't need her involved again."

"Are you talking to someone?"

"Just finishing up a call," Bereft said picking up the phone on their desk and clattering into the receiver noisily. "Come on in."

Margret entered the office, her tail wrapped around her waist and hands folded together.

"Father, is it safe yet? I was so worried when you and the exorcist core officer disappeared. All I heard was tires squealing and I came looking for you. Both of you were gone without a trace. I locked down the facility to make sure everyone was safe...but..."

Margret was trembling. She was terrified.

If only she knew, Bereft rolled their eyes, but Kaleth had a very different reaction.

He came over and quickly pulled her into a hug.

"Margret...please...it'll all be okay. It's all okay..."

Margret instantly melted into their chest and tried to hold back her tears.

"So...so it's over?" She squeaked.

"Not yet," Bereft took over and gently combed her hair with their claws, comforting her. Bereft internally rolled his eyes. "Though you have nothing to fear. Whatever's going on, I don't think it poses a threat to you or the other members."

“Are...are you sure?” she asked, looking up, her golden eyes locking with theirs. Kaleth melted as Bereft fought the urge to groan in disappointment. Kaleth placed his lips against Margret’s forehead and pulled her close.

“I promise, nothing bad will happen to you Margret.”

What the hell are you doing? Bereft chided Kaleth. *Do you know what it means to make a promise like that as a kinling?*

“I know you’re scared,” Kaleth ignored Bereft and whispered his words into Margret’s forehead while holding her close. “But whatever this thing is, it’s not after you, it’s after me.”

“What?” Margret looked back up. “Why would a demon be after you?”

Yeah Kaleth? Why would a demon be after you? Bereft pressed. Kaleth didn’t have an answer besides pulling Margret close again.

“Nothing...we don’t think a demon is fully responsible for all this,” which was true. It was a mixture of the clergy, the EC, and a demon binding gone wrong, but still.

“All I know,” Kaleth continued, “is that you’ve got to stay clear and keep the others safe. I’m working on getting the EC here now.”

“What if they shut us down?” Margret asked almost pleadingly. “What if they separate us?”

Kaleth felt a sudden twinge of fear. He didn’t want to lose Margret...suddenly his entire plan felt so stupid. Bereft instinctively worked on recovering the situation.

“Our lives are more important,” Bereft answered truthfully. Though he was referring to his and Kaleth’s while excluding hers. “This is bigger than us, and we need to be sure we don’t cause any more harm than is necessary.”

What are you doing? Kaleth spat.

Stopping Mathias is far more important than your little fuck piece! If we are exposed and excised, I’ll cease to exist, you’ll be dead and in hell, and how long do you think it’ll take before they find out Margret slept with us? Do you know what they do with whores of demons?

Of course we don’t want that to happen.

Then all the more reason to push her away now so she doesn’t get involved! Bereft snapped.

“Father?” Margret was looking up at them, waiting for him to say more.

“It’s imperative you keep the others safe and out of the way. As far from me and the other EC officers as possible.” Bereft ordered. “Keep them in the chapel. It’s the safest place.”

“Yes father,” Margret’s ears drooped. “I...I understand.”

Kaleth’s heart shattered at that look. Bereft wanted to vomit.

“Margret,” Kaleth took Margret’s hand.

What are you doing, kid!

“Yes father?” Margret’s ears perked up.

Kaleth did the one thing he could think of and pulled her into a deep kiss. His tongue parted Margret’s lips as he copped a feel with one of his hands. He pressed his free hand on the small of her back to keep her close.

You fucking idiot. Bereft groaned. *You couldn't just let her go.*

Kaleth continued to ignore Bereft and made that kiss deep and passionate. He pulled away, Margret's lips hovering a hair's breath away.

"Go," Kaleth breathed. "Be safe. I'll come find you when I can."

"Y-yes father..." The desire was thick coming off of Margret as she took a step back. The magnetic need was something the two fought to overcome as she turned and left the office.

It was enough to make the demon retch.

Kid, you're going to get that poor girl killed if you keep involving her.

She's well enough out of the way...

You need to let her go. Bereft snarled in their head. *Anything you don't make a thrall will betray you in the end. We can't control her, that means once she finds out, you'll be nothing but the thing that tricked her! You'll be the monster that made her break her vows and forsake her god for pleasure. Were you just going to keep lying to her for the rest of her life?*

"No," Kaleth snarled back at his demon. "It's not like that. We're going to keep her safe, and we'll figure this out."

Bereft wanted to slap some sense into Kaleth, but this dumb ass kid had fallen in love with some skirt he barely knew. Not to mention the long-lasting crush this bitch had on Kaleth was fabricated from Tobias' soul not being properly forgotten. Maybe it was because Margret was such a pure soul. Lovers that could show kinlings the light were the dirty tricks of the heavens, sent to convince kinlings to betray their own kind. Nothing good ever came from those kinds of bonds, which is why Bereft worked so hard to make her into a whore. But Bereft couldn't change what Margret was; a truly kind person. Someone

Kaleth had been looking for all his life. Someone who he could trust with his heart, even if it wasn't to be romantic love, the two would have been very happy together.

That was before the demon laid his claim on Kaleth's soul and heart.

Bereft didn't like the idea of having to juggle multiple desires for his kinling, but he would have to for now.

"Fine," Bereft seethed through clenched teeth. "Don't say I didn't warn you." Bereft pulled up the phone to call the EC emergency line, three sevens in a row. As he dialed the number, he watched as Kaleth's soul bent and contorted in stress. In the core of that soul was a beating heart that was being torn between what he was, and what he wanted. A desire to be both and a need to let one go.

"Exorcism Core, what's your emergency?" a female voice rang across that phone. Bereft was so done with women that it was difficult for him not to sound snippy, but he managed.

"I'd like to report a demon sighting, we need immediate help."

"Of course sir," the voice on the other line was mixed with rapid typing. "Can I get your name and location?"

"The name is Father Kaleth Orebite," Bereft continued as Kaleth's mind fought to stay focused. Bereft gave the address, the list of names and numbers rolling off his tongue as easily as it would have Tobias'.

"We'll dispatch agents right away. Stay on the call as long as you..."

Click...

Bereft hung up and straightened his vestments.

Ready or not Mathias, here we come.

“We don’t need any backup,” Mathias barked into his phone as he stomped his way forward. “This is my district. I’ll determine if it’s a real threat and call in if I need backup.”

Mathias hung up and headed into the chapel. The rat was wearing his regular vestments, but his eye was bandaged up. He even had a wristband from the hospital he was at. He came into the gymnasium from the back door to find a crowd of people had been gathered there. They were all praying with a woman leading them. It was the same gray cat that exposed the damned demon to begin with. She wasn’t trained to understand demon possessions to the extent she would need to peg the damned thing, so she was likely not enthralled.

Just stupid.

She noticed him right away and came over. Damn, Mathias thought. The last thing he needed was another witness that could identify him.

Margret paused before holding out a hand.

“Thank you for coming father. I’m Sister Margret.” She acted as though they had never met. Maybe she was not as stupid as he first thought. Maybe he could trust that she would keep her mouth shut if this all blew over.

Maybe...

Mathias took her hand, his grip soft and cold. With his other free hand he brandished his cross for the other people who might be looking.

“EC Operative. We got a triple six warning and are following up on an emergency call that was placed from this residence.”

“Of course, Father,” Margret let go of Mathias’ hand and folded them in front of her. “Father Ore is already in the convent placing wards and protections for us.”

“I’m sure he is,” Mathias narrowed his one good eye. He would have to be careful not to fall into another trap. He barely made it out by the skin of his teeth last time. He would have to be extra careful.

“Is there anything I can do to help?” Margret asked, pulling up her hands to show she was clutching a rosary in prayer. The beads were heavily charged with holy energy. She must have been praying over them every day.

“Unfortunately, the only thing you should concern yourself with is keeping yourself and these people out of the way.” Mathias made it sound noble, but it was more about keeping collateral to a minimum. More bodies meant more cleanup and explanations. Since the man running the convent was his target, he wouldn’t have any help when the smoke settled.

“Sorry I can’t be much help,” Margret paused and shook her head.

What was that about?

“Do you know something?” Mathias questioned her.

“Nothing...just that...well...Father Ore said something strange about the presence here.”

“What did he say?” Mathias was suddenly intrigued. “Anything you know might provide an edge against what’s here.”

“Of course,” Margret straightened up. “He assured me that the presence is targeting him specifically. That’s why he separated himself from us.”

It was quite a clever trick, but why would a demon, or a hell mage at that, let go of their hostages? You’d think he’d keep some as leverage...

“How exactly did he word that?” Mathias leaned in to look Margret over with his one good eye. “The semantics might give me a hint of what we’re working with.”

“Oh...um...he promised me that I’d be okay...”

A promise?

Mathias smiled. He didn’t need to hear anything else.

“Margret, was it?” Mathias started to make his way to the other side of the chapel, someone had taken over Margret’s position and led the prayers while someone else helped distribute some food on the other side.

“Yes?” She cocked her head.

“Why don’t you come along then? If Father Ore is certain of your safety, you might be vital in helping capture this presence.”

“Father, are you sure? What about the people in the chapel?”

“I’ll bless the room real quick before we go. Anything malicious would think twice before going in here.”

“Thank you Father,” Margret looked relieved.

“No problem,” Mathias chuckled. “You’d really be doing *me* a favor.”

Margret quickly followed Mathias, his bandages over his eye hid the black corruption that pulsed and writhed hungrily in its socket.

Mathias moved forward calmly through the halls, keeping his eye peeled for any traps. Even with his demonic eye not fully healed, he could still detect energies easily enough. There wasn't anything except the occasional blessing or palm that gave off general warding. There really wasn't anything that stood out, until they reached the cafeteria. They opened the large double doors and found a candle lit. Mathias entered the cafeteria, his demon senses working through to see if there were any traps. None, just the candle.

Mathias kept his guard up as he came to the table and found a slip of paper under it. It was the flyer that had tipped him off in the elevator. Taped to it was a picture of a bulldog. He picked it up. Instantly Mathias knew who the bulldog was. It was Tobias...his original partner. The image kept swimming on that photo like it was holographic. Morphing to and from the image of the bulldog and the image of the drake. It was some holy magic that had been used on the photo to pull the forgotten image of the man it was stolen from.

Mathias sized up as his ears rang. His demon in his socket screamed in pain as his veins ran black on the side of his face. He gripped the table with the side of his body that wasn't racked in unbearable torture.

"Fuck!" Mathias spat out as he stumbled before his body was forced up into a rigid stance, his arms being forced into splay and hold themselves out as he took the shape of a cross.

"It worked, kid," Bereft said as he walked out of the shadows, the light of the candle illuminating the drake as his orange markings glowed with contained hell fire.

“W-What the hell did you do-AH, Fuck!” Mathia’s left ear oozed black ichor, his eye patch growing dark as demonic blood oozed out between his bindings.

“Took your threat to heart,” Kaleth smiled as Beret confidently sauntered them forward. “If I could force you to be a cross and bless you, it would be a very painful prison for the demon inside you indeed.”

“H-How!” Mathias spat out, gargling as black drool dribbled from the corner of his mouth, staining his teeth.

“Dipped the photo in holy water before setting up the bone trap,” Bereft chuckled darkly. Mathias instantly understood the candle. It was a cheap voodoo spell. The range was limited, so they needed to bring him in close to make it work. “Blood courtesy of the elevator floor. It’s not much, but you only need a little to make you stand up straight and hold your arms out.”

“You can’t touch us...” Mathias spat out, choking on his own ichor. It was true, they couldn’t touch a blessed body, but that wasn’t a problem.

“We don’t need to,” the demonic duo chuckled. “Say goodnight Mathias, and whatever your demon’s name is.”

The two opened their mouth and sucked. Mathia’s soul screamed in fear as his fingers and toes started to tingle, the soul being sucked out of them.

“Father?”

“Margret?” Kaleth stopped sucking and Bereft screamed internally in rage.

“W-What’s going on?” Margret was standing in the entryway to the cafeteria, her eyes wide. “What are you doing to the EC Officer?”

“Get out of here you fucking idiot!” Bereft snarled and attempted to suck the soul of Mathias, but Kaleth thought Bereft was trying to suck Margret’s soul in order to scare her away.

“No! Stop! Don’t hurt her!” Kaleth fought against Bereft, the internal struggle causing them to trip over their own feet and knock the table over. The candle rattled to the floor, extinguished.

“Fuck!” Bereft screamed. “He’s getting away again!”

“Margret, it’s not what it looks like...” Kaleth looked up, but it was complete darkness.

Then it wasn’t.

Holy light burned bright from Mathias’ crest as he stood there gripping Margret as a human shield. She was held to Mathias’ chest and her eyes were frantic as Mathias kept his hand over her mouth.

“Stay on the ground or your little brood whore gets it,” Mathias snarled.

“No!” Kaleth wanted to get up, but Bereft was forced to keep Kaleth down.

You fucking idiot! Why didn’t you send her away?

Mathias was shuffling towards the doors, Margret held close as his hostage.

“Don’t you dare hurt her!” Kaleth shouted, his mind ablaze with panic and worry. The only thing keeping him in place was Bereft, knowing Kaleth’s desire was Margret’s safety. The demon would have lunged after Mathias if Kaleth hadn’t made that foolish promise! He could have cared less about Margret, but it wasn’t his place as the bound demon to break his handler’s contracts.

Kid...the candle!

Kaleth was pulled from his panic as his eyes flashed to the candle on the floor. If they could just light it with hellfire again, it would be game over, but they had to do it while he was still in the room!

Kaleth and Bereft lunged for the candle.

“Damn you!” Mathias lifted his hand as he prepared a smiting spell. He couldn’t let the two hold him again. If they did, he was finished. There would be other demons and kinlings. He would have to start from scratch, but he wasn’t about to risk his soul for this lot.

The demonic duo grabbed the candle and prepared to light it, when a blinding light filled the room as Mathias aimed his spell.

They were too late. It didn’t matter if they were consumed when their essences were torn to pieces.

“No stop!” Margret screamed, “don’t hurt him!” freeing herself from Mathias’ grip and pushing him back. Mathias tripped, his body falling backward as his spell lanced forward.

Margret shrieked as the spell struck her in the heart, her hair standing on end and scorching a hole in her habit.

Kaleth watched, his ears ringing and his vision moving in slow motion. It couldn’t have been more than a second, but in the dying light of that spell, he watched as Margret’s eyes grew dark as she spun from the spell’s force.

“Father...” She muttered before her body hit the floor, motionless.

“Mar-“ Kaleth couldn’t even tell what was happening. It was like he had just watched a car go up in flames and he was stuck in that moment of sickening stillness before the panic erupted. The room

was dark, but the image of Margret's body, the silhouette of her form was burned into his sockets from that holy light.

"Mathias..." Kaleth snarled. Kaleth could hear the rat bastard scuttling across the floor trying to get away.

"MATHIAS!!!" Kaleth roared, flames shot out of his orange markings, scorching away his vestments and bathing the room in the glow of hellfire. Mathias was on his back, pushing away with his legs and scrambling towards the door. Fear filled his one eye as he tried to get up, but he must have twisted his ankle.

He was weak, he was helpless, and most of all, he was out of holy power. That spell was meant to take out a hell mage. He had nothing left in him.

Kaleth wanted to lunge, to tear apart that rat and fish his soul out from his guts! He was a flesh sack and he would tear that demon out through his liver if he had to! He would find both of the spineless monsters inside that vessel and tear them out into a new hell he would forge for them on Earth!

But he couldn't move.

"Let me go!" Kaleth roared at Bereft. He knew it was him holding him back. "I demand it!"

"You promised Margret you'd keep her safe!" Bereft spat back. "I want to feel the blood of that rat between my fucking fangs, but you promised her she would be safe."

"I will avenge her!" Kaleth roared as Mathias got up on one leg and hobbled to the door. "Let me tear that bastard apart!" Kaleth screamed, his voice cracking.

“She’s still alive you idiot! We are obligated to preserve her life! You promised her you stupid fucking dipshit!”

Mathias hobbled out of the cafeteria. He was gone, leaving them alone with Margret.

Kaleth screamed, he roared, every muscle in his body fought against the hold of the demon as he was forced to move towards Margret.

“We need to save her,” Bereft snarled. “You promised her...and I can’t break your promises.”

“FUUUUUUUUCK!” Kaleth spat out flames from his maw. That was, until he noticed Margret. Her chest was burned and smoldering, but her rosary glowed with power. It was keeping her alive...but just barely.

“She needs a healer,” Bereft spat.

“Margret is the only healer at the convent,” Kaleth gasped.

“We need to get to the nearest hospital. If we don’t go now, she will die.” Bereft snarled like a madman, his rage compounded by the fact he needed to save this fuck flesh.

Kaleth’s anger caught in his throat as the flames died down. He ran to Margret, his eyes overflowing with tears as he tenderly scooped her up.

“I’m...I’m so sorry Margret...I’m so sorry...” Kaleth cried and sobbed into her chest as Bereft carried them out back where he spread their wings and flew to the nearest hospital.

Kaleth watched from the roof of the hospital as the doctors rushed Margret’s limp body into their care. He couldn’t be seen dropping her off, especially when he was still naked.

“Will she be safe...” Kaleth muttered.

“I don’t know,” Bereft answered honestly. “Even with her affinity to holy magic, the smite could still kill her. Even God smote his own angels.”

Kaleth held his breath, fighting back a sob. Just this morning Bereft watched Kaleth’s soul being worked into something stronger, but now it was twisted in knots.

“Just say it,” Kaleth muttered.

“What?” Bereft raised a brow.

“You know...” Kaleth’s voice caught in his throat again. Bereft took a glance into Kaleth’s mind and found the words he was waiting for.

“You don’t need an ‘I told you so,’ right now, kid.”

“But you did tell me,” Kaleth spat.

“I did,” Bereft confirmed with a nod.

“And I didn’t listen...” Kaleth sobbed, swiping tears from his eyes.

“You didn’t,” Bereft answered flatly, no judgement, just fact. Kaleth wanted to be punished, but the only person to blame was Mathias. That rat was the cause of everything that had happened, and because of Kaleth’s dick pointing towards pussy, he ended up getting an innocent woman hurt.

Bereft didn’t care about Margret, but he was forced to share the vessel of a soul in agony. He normally wouldn’t be opposed to that, but only if he was the one causing the pain.

Kaleth sobbed. He cried on that rooftop as quietly as he could while Bereft sat there with him, both wallowing in their defeat. Kaleth cried until he was all dried up, until nothing else would come, until he was left with an emptiness inside. Now that the sorrow was gone, there was only one thing left.

Rage.

“Bereft...” Kaleth pushed them up into a sitting position.

“Yeah, kid?”

“I would like to amend a verbal order I gave you earlier.”

“Oh? What’s that?”

“I don’t care who has to suffer,” Kaleth snarled. “I don’t care if we burn his family tree to the ground. Nothing is off-limits now. I release you from the order I gave before. Do anything and everything you can to make that rat bastard suffer!”

Bereft was shocked. There was only pure rage and clarity coming through those words. Kaleth desired one thing and one thing only in that moment. To make Mathias hurt. Bereft shuddered as the chains and restraints of Kaleth’s previous morality sluffed off him.

“Are you sure, Kaleth?” Bereft asked, more as a formality, a dark grin playing at the corner of their muzzle.

“Make him want death and give him nothing but unending pain...” Kaleth growled. Bereft had never been more turned on by any words in his eternity.

Bereft stood them up and he cracked their neck side to side.

“Your desire is my command. Let’s nail this rat-bastard.”

