

~~Mia~~

“Vinicius! Put them down!”

Vinicius stood his ground. Surrounded by the walls of the tunnel they hid deep within, they were safe from future angel scouts on suicide missions to kill any unmarked they spotted. Unfortunately for the demons who’d been told to guard Vinicius, that meant they were within pouncing distance. And judging from the splatter of blood on the walls and ground, Vinicius had pounced and grabbed not only the incubus Gallius, but the fujara tetrad Julisa as well. Gallius he held in one hand by the waist, but Julisa was much bigger, ten feet tall, and the twelve-foot-tall four-armed demon had to work a little harder to keep the tetrad and her four arms under control.

“We are leaving,” he said, speaking to Mia, but eyes on the tetrad directly in front of him. The incubus didn’t warrant checking.

Julisa grinned, but half gargled, half choked as Vinicius tightened his grip around her throat. Her feet and tail tangled, and her talons lightly clawed at the empty air underneath her. If she found the opening, she’d probably use her raptor feet and tear open Vin’s chest, but at the moment, that’d just cause Vin to pop her head off. And she kinda looked like she was enjoying herself, anyway.

“We’re not leaving! The Damall helped us,” Mia said.

“We only needed help because you stopped me.”

“Yes, you’re right! You’re right, okay!” She stomped up to his giant, bleeding leg, and punched it. A wooden door had more give, but it was enough to earn a grunt from the demon. “Even though those angels hurt you enough you’re bleeding all over the place, and still bleeding, yes, obviously, we didn’t need the Damall’s help at all.” Not the time for sarcasm, but she couldn’t help it.

He aimed an eye at her before snapping it back to the giant woman in his grip. He didn’t bother looking at the other two tetrads behind Mia. Livian and Romakus thought the situation was cute, judging from their smiles.

“I feasted on the human souls. I will heal,” he said.

“Yeah, I know.” And he definitely was, considering he could already use an arm that’d taken a sword right through its shoulder. “But you still need to find a place to rest while you do that. And if we’re going to run into more angels, we can’t have you half dead when they find you again. So, just, put the demons down, sit down, and relax.”

He brought the demoness in close, and growled into her face.

“We can’t trust the Damall.”

Julisa smiled, but did nothing but squirm in his grip. Mia had seen that look before. That was the look of a woman who liked being abused a little more than was probably healthy, or safe.

“Why not?” Mia asked.

He rumbled, deep enough Mia felt the vibration in her toes. But he said nothing, and let the silence of her question linger until Mia had no choice but to look back up to Romakus. Who was, of course, grinning.

“The Damall,” Romakus said, “have a history of conflicting with children of the Old Ones.”

“We are the rightful rulers,” Vinicius said.

“Tell that to your parents. They wouldn’t really appreciate the mess you made of the house.”

The child of Belial growled. “Irrelevant.”

“Pretty relevant,” Romakus said. “You children have a habit of leading giant armies and stirring up all of Hell, when you get a spire under your thumb.”

“Then—”

“We intervened,” the Zel-look-alike Livian said, stepping forward, “because the unmarked is important, and we’re not about to let her die on the whim of angels. Even Yosepha and Galon don’t think that’s a good idea.”

Faustinus stepped up. “I think we should all just calm down, take a deep breath, relax, and not kill each other. The Damall don’t plan to kill you, Vinicius. We just want some answers.”

“Why should I tell you anything?”

Sighing, the incubus walked up to his fellow, currently dangling and squirming incubus, and gestured up to Vinicius.

“Something is going on, and we’re all trying to figure out what that is. You let us know a thing or two, and we’ll help you out. A little, anyway.”

“I haven’t told them anything yet,” Mia said. “And I won’t, for now. Twilight’s gonna be here, soon. So let’s do what Faustinus and Romakus want, and just relax for now. We can talk about this tomorrow, right?”

“Sounds like a plan to me,” Romakus said. “Rest for a few days, even. Galon or Yosepha will be back tomorrow. Whichever doesn’t return will help those three angels you nearly killed get back to the vortex and back to Heaven, and hopefully get back to us without tipping Heaven off to what they’re up to.”

“How’d you get an angel to be your ally?” Mia asked.

The big winged demon smiled. “We’re not sharing secrets yet. Later.”

Vinicius rumbled a few times, but as everyone went silent and watched him, the big demon relented. First, Gallius. He let the incubus go, and the tall man, barely half Vin’s height, rubbed his sides where he’d been held. For some reason though, Vinicius took a little longer with Julisa, leaning in so he could glare into her eyes. After some sort of psychic conversation, he let her go, and Julisa rubbed her throat as she stepped back.

Fujara tetrads like Julisa looked oddly similar to the children of Belial. Four arms, big horns, a tail, raptor feet, no wings. She was like a mini-Vinicius. Maybe there was a connection there? Something in Hell’s weird evolution or biology rules?

The fact a ten-foot-tall demon was small enough to be a mini-other demon was ludicrous, and even after having been around Vin for so long, seeing him tower over a tetrad struck Mia still. After a few seconds of staring, she wiped the shivers away, turned, and stood beside him as she faced the rest of the demons.

“Thank you, for saving us. I nearly got Vin and me killed. And, uh, now that we’re here, is there a place we can rest?”

“Together?” Julisa asked, and she rubbed her throat as she squatted down in front of Mia.

“Ye—oh, not like that. I mean, uh, just the same room. He’s my protector. I need him nearby.”

The mini-Vinicius demoness smiled down at her, then up at Vin, and gestured for them to follow. They did, and Mia snuck a few glances up at her bodyguard between his heavy, lumbering steps. He didn’t look at her, not once. He was angry.

She’d make it up to him. Or Julisa would, considering the hungry glances she gave the giant.

The thought of the tetrad having sex with Vin sent a spark through Mia’s body, and she squashed it quick before it could turn into a brushfire.

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~~David~~

Twilight came. The amber veins on the cave walls pulsed as they grew dimmer, and the invisible weight of night tugged at his mind. Some strange rustling sounds moved along the ground underneath their alcove, and Caera prepared to kill anything that tried to get up the hole into their little hideaway. But whatever hellbeast it was, it moved on, either unaware or uncaring of their presence.

The blood that soaked them faded, too, like shower steam. All gone in a few hours, as if Hell wanted to make it clear killing twelve people didn't even warrant thinking about.

Caera remained by the alcove's entrance, a small hole at one end of the tiny cave, the only way in or out. Back on Earth, oxygen would have been a concern, especially with this many people breathing the air, but Hell didn't seem to do oxygen. It did do needing to breathe, but not oxygen specifically, as if only certain circumstances could actually lead to asphyxiation. Just another quirk on Hell's list of strangeness.

The spire mother, the gargoyle, the satyr, and the two imps and two grems were all asleep. Caera took first watch, and it was soon time for her to switch off, but she remained where she was, half sitting, half lying and looking at the hole. Even looking at her back, with only her spikes and giant tail visible, the tiger lady looked upset.

David got up, careful to not bump Dao or Jes, and tiptoed over to Caera. Sure enough, her eyes were hard, glaring, and set on the exit hole. Whatever unlucky fool poked their head up was going to get a pair of claws through the eyes.

"Caera," he whispered. "You okay?"

"Fine."

"Fucked up, insecure, neurotic, and emotional?"

She lifted her head up and aimed a cocked eyebrow at him.

"What?"

"Nothing, never mind. Seriously though, you okay? We got twelve of the Cainites, only got minor injuries, and everyone got fed. I even learned some more runes... I think. I thought today went well, angel attack aside."

“It did go well.”

He sat down beside Caera’s head as she looked back at the exit in front of her. Part of him wanted to put a hand on her back and rub it, like he might if he had the mystical upgrade known as boyfriend status. Maybe even scratch her back between her spikes like she liked. But he didn’t. He pulled his knees up to his chest, and watched the exit with her.

“But?” he asked.

“But...” Sighing, she looked back at the group of demons sleeping quietly behind them. Maybe it was a special demon evolution, but not a single one of them snored, and even their breathing was quiet. “You were a pretty boring guy when you were alive, David.”

He touched his chest. “Ouch.”

That managed to get a smile out of her, a small one, but her tail did wag for a half second.

“I’m just repeating what you told me. And you said you didn’t have close friends, or lovers.”

“I did not, nope. Ouch, again.”

Another smile.

“Kia and Marquez were my companions, my friends, and sometimes, my lovers. We had sex all the time, but sometimes, we got... comfortable with each other, and... romantic.” She gestured back to Dao and Jes, who were sleeping shoulder-to-shoulder. “You have any idea how rare that is in Hell?”

“No, I don’t. I’m guessing very.”

“It is. And coming back here where they died... died because I made a mistake, is...”

Fuck it. He slid a little closer and set a hand on her back between her big shoulders. No response, which was a lot better than the hiss or dismissal he half expected. He pushed his fingers against the firm muscle beneath her scapula and between her spine spikes, and Caera sighed with relaxation as she lowered her head until her chin rested on the back of her hands, very cat-like.

“I could give you some empty platitudes, if you like?” he said.

“Oh?”

“Yeah, like in the scrying pool, I bet you’ve seen people say things like ‘I’m sorry for your loss’ and stuff like that.”

“I have. A lot.”

“But, that shit just rings hollow, right? I don’t know what it’s like to lose someone. I don’t know what it’s like to have close, true friends, or what it’s like to have a girlfriend or wife. I definitely don’t know what it’s like to lose them. I can’t say shit that means anything. So…” He shared a somber look with her, and resumed massaging her back. Purrs made him bolder, and he slipped his hand up into her shoulder-length black dreadlocks. They were smooth, each a single strand of hair half an inch thick, and he combed them with his fingers, earning more gentle sighs from the tiger.

“So you’ll say nothing?”

“Yeah. Just, sit by, be with you, and say nothing. Sound good?”

Her smile grew. “It does. But don’t let Daoka hear you say that you don’t have friends. She’s getting attached to you.”

“As a pet.”

“A pet, sure, and a friend.”

He looked at Dao, and smiled. The way she slept was so peaceful, and strangely cute; probably because she was half snuggling with a huge gargoyle lady. Acelina slept like a spoiled princess; not really, but her half sitting half leaning position just gave him that impression. The four little critter demons, on the other hand, slept in a dog pile.

“What I meant before,” Caera said, “is… I’m not going to be happy about this… ever. You don’t need to cheer me up. Just don’t get in my way, let me deal with this, and then we can move on.”

“I won’t get in your way. I’m going to help, remember?” He gestured to the extra bits of armor they’d collected from the corpses, and the smallest weapon they could find. Still too heavy to use, but the smaller sword was at least manageable.

“I know, I know. I’m just… tense. We’re close. We’re so damn close to something I’ve been wanting for years, but with angels showing up randomly, and this whole saving the world business, it’s like everything is trying to get in my way.” Sighing, she rolled onto her side slightly so her shoulder pressed to his leg. An invitation to scratch her more, and he obliged. “Ever had that? Something you’ve really wanted to do, but it feels like the… uh, the word is stars, right? The stars are aligning to stop you?”

“Nope.”

She chuckled as she lifted her head and leaned in close to him.

“Just, nope?”

“Nope. I don’t think you realize just how boring I am. Mia and me, we did nothing but drift through life, happy to coast along, do well in school, masturbate ourselves raw the moment we knew how, and go to university so we could get jobs pursuing our interests. I never really wanted to do anything special until I came here.”

She rubbed her horns into his side, so the back of her head pressed into his waist over his leg, before she set her temple against his thigh. Free rein to comb her dreadlocks, scratch her scalp, and dig his thumbs into the muscle of her neck around the spikes. She purred and nuzzled closer.

“In retrospect, she said, “you’re taking all this stuff pretty well. I could understand if you were a soldier who’d been through a war, or something like that. But you’re just a nerd. A recently dead nerd.”

“True, very true. I’m pretty much bouncing back and forth between panicking but keeping it hidden, and convinced this is all a dream.”

“It’s not a dream. And I didn’t think you were the panicking type, either.”

“I’m not. But sometimes, yeah, in a little dark corner of my mind, I have myself a little panic, and then I pull myself together.” He dug his fingers into her neck hard enough to really hurt a human, but of course all that did was make her purr more. “I can guarantee if it wasn’t for you, Jes, and Dao, and I’d be having a mental breakdown in a hole in the ground. Curled up in a ball, foaming at the mouth, repeating something silly like ‘Hell isn’t real Hell isn’t real’ over and over.”

Laughing, Caera pushed herself up enough so she could bring her head in, and she kissed him. He blinked at her, and she smiled at him through half-closed eyes, and kissed him some more. A lot more.

She pushed him over, lay on top of him, and squished him. Uh oh. The eight-foot-tall tiger woman smiled down at him, snuggled on top of him with some weight on her knees and elbows, and got cozy.

She didn’t move for a good thirty minutes.

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~~Day 37~~

~~David~~

He woke up to some clicks. A quick glance up at the amber veins told him it was twilight. Morning twilight, then, and still a good hour or two until proper daytime.

With a yawn and a stretch, he looked around and found Jes and Caera sleeping, the imps and grems too, but not Acelina and Daoka. The satyr and spire mother sat in front of each other, Daoka kneeling comfortably, and Acelina in her typical feminine hip-lean sit. It was their turn to take watch.

Dao and Acelina clicked softly to each other, more softly than needed. Keeping a secret? Daoka had taken her breastplate off, and was taking something from the much bigger woman's claws.

With a few excited but still quiet clicks, Dao took one of her breasts in one hand, and... pushed a tiny piece of metal through her nipple. A piercing. She did the same to the other nipple, and casually wiped away the drop of blood that came with it. A second was all it took to heal such a tiny wound.

Acelina had a lot of piercings along her body, some made of tiny bones, most made of tiny slivers of black metal. She had a lot of necklaces too, and she'd found a way to wear them in a sort of knot that didn't make noise as she moved. With a very un-Acelina-like soft chirp, she undid one of the necklace chains, and hooked it onto Dao's nipples. It was too long, and she chuckled lightly as she adjusted it so the necklace double hung from each piercing, so two chains dangled from the satyr's nipples.

Chirping a couple times, Dao raised her head, and looked David's way. Her smile grew until it was beaming, and she turned enough to aim her chest at him and purposefully twist left and right so her breasts, still mostly dark and firm, bounced and showed off her new jewelry.

"Wow," he said, and gulped. "Just... wow. That's... pretty."

Beaming brighter, Dao chirped once and nodded up at Acelina.

"Naturally," Acelina said. "I am zotiva." And, of course, she didn't bother explaining what Dao said.

Dao chuckled as she came closer to David, and crawled in the most provocative way she could, too: on her palms and knees, back arched, breasts swaying underneath her, nipple chain doing the same.

"You're uh... accessorizing?" he asked, gulping again.

"In the spire," Acelina said as she undid her necklace knot so the dozen necklaces she had could hang freely, "Zelandariel owned thousands of such items, and she shared them with her spire mothers."

"I... oh." He gulped again once Dao was directly in front of him, and she parked on her knees, between his.

"Did you not think demons could enjoy jewelry?" Acelina asked.

Dao nodded and flicked David in the chest before idly coiling a claw around one of her two nipple chains.



David put up his hands. “Forgive me. I was a fool.” Preemptive surrender, the only option when dealing with someone like Acelina.

Chuckling, Daoka got closer, reached out, and took his hands. He knew that look. No eyes, but he knew that look. She guided his palms until they cupped her breasts, and as they softened, skin growing redder, they grew heavier, less weight on her shoulders and more spilling onto and over his fingers. Eventually, they softened into teardrops, and the nipple chains hung over his wrists.

Hypnotized, he gently bounced them in his palms, softly squeezed them, caressed them, and let them slide off his hands so they jiggled, only for him to lift them up again and admire the way the two chains moved in response.

Dao chirped and nodded, smile growing, but she looked Jes’s way, and sighed. After a few clicks, she gestured to Jes, before she sat down beside David against the wall, her between him and the gargoyle.

“You’re right. She needs her sleep,” he said. “She got hurt pretty bad. Caera, too.” And Dao wouldn’t want to fuck him without Jes awake.

Dao nodded, and pulled her knees up to her chest. Squish. Her breasts pressed and spread around her knees and thighs, somehow conveniently avoiding getting stabbed by the black spikes on her kneecaps.

Nodding, David took a deep breath, and looked down at the ground. The imps and grems, closer to the hole, slept soundly, and Caera and Jes did the same. They didn’t notice the aura that began to pulse from him, and despite all attempts to stop the aura, one glance at Daoka and the way her huge breasts molded to her legs was enough to crush any want to stop it. No thoughts about baseball or walking on broken glass or the cold shower he needed could stop his penis from growing harder by the second.

Daoka clicked a few times and bopped herself on her forehead plate with a palm.

“Don’t worry about it,” he said, squirming a bit as his hardening cock pushed out from under his leather skirt. “We can just... wait... for Jes to wake up. In... an hour or two.”

Dao leaned in and kissed him on the shoulder. David leaned in and returned it, earning a few more giggles from her, before he pulled his legs up and sat the same way she did. With knees up against his chest, his thighs pinned his ridiculous penis to his stomach, and sternum, and chest. But at least it was out of the way.

“You cannot be serious,” Acelina whispered, baring her shark teeth. “That aura will drive me insane. It is like... a vibration, along the ground and in the air. It is no sin aura. It is... sneaky. I cannot fight it. Daoka, give the man an orgasm.”

Daoka clicked and shook her head. And unless David was seeing things, a hint of a grin showed through on the satyr’s lips before vanishing.

Acelina sat only ten feet away. For a nine-foot-tall demon with huge wings, that wasn’t much distance, and she gestured out to David with one of her clawed hands. Damn, those were long claws.

“You are just going to sit there and stew in your juices, little riiva?”

Daoka nodded.

“I’ll... get it under control,” David said. But, even as he said it, his eyes slid down Acelina’s claws to her body, where her necklaces were now hanging free again. His eyes followed the necklaces to her sternum, to her enormous breasts, and to her nipples. They had nipple piercings, too, black metal studs.

And Acelina was getting redder by the second.

Growling, the giant demoness slid closer. David froze, but the spire mother came to a stop in front of him maybe four feet away, and she again sat in that feminine sideways way as she glared at him.

“Masturbate. Quickly.”

“Uh...”

“I will not sit here, assaulted by your alien aura, because you cannot control yourself. Orgasm and be done with it.”

He stared up at the ridiculously busty, ridiculously curvy, ridiculously scary demoness, and how her bared, angry shark teeth were the only things visible on her completely smooth, obsidian face. But even as she eyelessly glared at him, her giant breasts grew softer and softer, until their weight pulled down into teardrop shapes, and her nipples swelled. Nipples he’d seen leak milk on more than a few occasions.

He looked to Daoka. She smiled, shrugged, and gestured to Acelina.

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With another gulp, he lowered his legs until they were straight in front of him; his toes almost reached the spire mother. His cock stayed against his chest, held there by gravity with how he was leaning back slightly, and he slowly wrapped its base in his grip. The only thing he wore was his leather skirt, and his cock had no trouble clearing that.

Scoffing, Acelina reached out, David froze, and she pulled on the knot of the skirt. She set it aside, careful to not touch the other demons. It was just the three of them awake, and apparently she wanted him naked.

The first time Jes and Dao had ever had sex with him, he'd been tied up and helpless. He felt the same now. Something about the utterly massive demoness being so close to him, staring directly at him, while he wrapped his cock in his fingers and slowly stroked it, had his heart beating fast.

“Do not dawdle,” she whispered.

“I... I mean, I—”

She growled again, and he sped up. She leaned in a little closer, and he sped up. She put one of her clawed hands between his knees, massive and deadly, and with her leaning forward over the arm, her enormous breasts hung underneath her, pulling down with gravity but still firm enough to keep a perfect teardrop shape, not even a foot way from his chest. He sped up.

Daoka lowered her legs, earning a pause from Acelina. For a second, David thought maybe his satyr owner was going to save him, but nope, of course not. Daoka leaned back against the cave wall, shoulder to shoulder with him, and with perfect silence, undid the armor covering her waist and crotch. David frowned at her, and she returned a knowing grin as she stroked her clitoris, and idly tugged at her new nipple chains.

Much as David wanted to watch the woman who'd saved his life multiple times, and had fucked him multiple times, masturbate and play with her huge breasts as she sat with him, Acelina leaned in closer again, demanding his attention. And she growled again, but something about the sound had changed. It was almost like one of Caera's rumbling purrs.

He came. The pleasure hit him out of nowhere. His eyes looked up to Acelina's obsidian, featureless gaze, before his eyes fell to her heavy, gently swaying breasts, and he let himself be mesmerized by them as the first wave of his cum poured up onto his chest. Another followed, and another, thick waves that rose high enough to hit his upper chest and neck, before they flowed back down his body. Each sent a jolt of tingling bliss down his length, from his swollen glans down to his testicles, where soon his unending cum trickled until it landed on the ground between his legs.

That, was fast, and he panted as he forced himself to slow down his strokes. But he couldn't stop staring at Acelina, at her body, and he milked more drops of cum out of his glans, using both hands to massage his massive length with slower, deeper strokes. The spire mother didn't pull back.

"You cum far too easily," Acelina said, and she growled again. No, wait, that was definitely a purr. And she leaned in closer again, too, until her breasts almost touched him. Soon that wasn't enough, and she slid in closer, careful of Jes's talons so she could get herself over top David's other leg opposite the gargoyle, all so she could get in even closer. Each motion made her enormous breasts sway and ripple, their weight and softness exaggerating everything so even the smallest movement earned jiggling.

The aura David filled the room sang with one very distinct note, spurred by Acelina's approach. Every thought, every desire going through his head, all fell onto the same wavelength as images flowed through his head of the things he wanted to do to Acelina's breasts, ideas Dao and Jes and Caera had teased him with since she'd first joined the group.

Acelina sat beside him, turned in her usual feminine way to sit on one hip, and she leaned in and over him to put her weight on a hand on the other side of him, nearly hitting Daoka. With her leaning in so closely, and now literally across his body, her hanging breasts brushed against his chest, his arms, his hands, and his cock. And in the sudden silence, the giant demoness let out a tiny moan.

"This is what you want," she whispered. "Weak-willed fool. Breasts excite you so?" She eyelessly rolled her nonexistent eyes. "Then hurry and be done with it. Masturbate onto my perfect body until you are satisfied."

He couldn't see Dao anymore, not with Acelina's breasts so close. Each of them was bigger than Acelina's head, and considering she was proportional to her nine-foot height, each of her breasts was almost as big as David's entire torso. All it took was a small nudge forward of his cock with the hand holding its base, and the cum-soaked length slid between the heavy mountains.

Oh god they were warm, and heavy. Really, really heavy. Tingles shot down his length as the weight of the two breasts squashed them together around his cock, and as Acelina lowered herself down a little further, soon each inch of his length disappeared in her bosom. Her nipples and their piercings brushed against his hands where they held the bottom few inches of his girth.

Leaning in so close put her face only inches from his, though considerably higher. She breathed onto him, purred so softly he almost didn't hear it, and moaned just as softly when he stroked the bottom of his length. Each shallow stroke stirred movement, nudging her hanging breasts with his girth and causing them to jiggle and sway lightly, but their hanging weight kept them mostly snug around his cock. He didn't have to squeeze them together. Gravity did it for him.

“It is a strange thing,” Acelina whispered, “that so foolish a boy... would be so... endowed...”

“You mean my—”

“Aura.”

“Oh.”

She smiled, exposing a hint of her wide mouth and many sharp teeth.

“And that you can cum so much, and so frequently. Are you sure you are not the bastard offspring of a volarin and Old One?”

He gulped. “N-No idea.”

“Of course not. It’s impossible.” Again she leaned in closer, until her breasts nudged against his chest, and abs, and pelvis. “But... I cannot deny this aura of yours is powerful. Not as powerful as mine, but it is... insidious. It is sneaky. It refuses to simply be resisted, and I... cannot...”

David couldn’t see much, not with Acelina’s chin and sternum inches from his face, and her wide torso and giant breasts blocking off sight of much else, but he could feel movement. One of her shoulders was moving around a lot, too, the one she wasn’t leaning on. Another quiet moan escaped her, and tiny shivers worked through her, into her shoulders, and down into her breasts until they lightly trembled around his girth.

She was masturbating, too.

David melted back against the cave wall, and looked up at the obsidian mask of the spire mother as he felt the oncoming heat of another orgasm. That was insanely fast, but seeing, and literally feeling, the pain-in-the-ass spire mother masturbate as she willingly pressed her breasts into his chest and cock, was too much. Another shock of pleasure sent a shiver down his body, inner muscles flexed, and a warm wave flowed up his length. He looked to the demon’s sternum, where his glans was hidden and squashed between the walls of hanging breasts, and his mouth fell open as the first wave of white oozed out along her skin. Another wave and another flowed up from him, and he continued to milk the base of his cock with each one, until the trickling waves of cum soaked the inner contours of both breasts. Soon it reached his hands again, and his own abs and chest, but he didn’t stop, and pulled his eyes away long enough from the sight to look up at Acelina’s face as he absolutely coated her bust with his cum.

Her mouth was open, just slightly, and not in a grin or a frown. It was so hard to tell with her, but it looked very much like a human’s gentle surprise expression. Or maybe, pleasure.

“You are... ridiculous,” she whispered. “Just a young boy, barely a man, and yet here you sit, drowning... a zotiva... in this... aura.”

“Sorry, I—”

Acelina moved. David froze, and gulped for the millionth time as the giant demon adjusted herself again. Not content to sit beside him, she climbed over his legs, knelt around them, and lowered herself until her huge ass rested on his knees and shins. He was trapped, Acelina’s legs around him, his back to the cave wall. Well, he’d already been trapped, but now he was especially, completely, uh-oh trapped.

“You are... frustrating.” With a slow, shivering sigh, Acelina reached down between her hanging, dripping breasts, and pushed his hands away from his cock. “How dare a simple creature such as you be so... frustrating.” Her tail rested behind her between his shins and feet, and slowly wagged side to side.

“I uh... I mean... I—”

She slipped her arms underneath her breasts, and pushed them together using her biceps, while her large fingers and claws slipped around his cock. David was already frozen in place, but feeling the largest set of claws he’d ever felt wrap his dick sent a new level of petrification through him. Breathing stopped, and every muscle clenched tight, as the spire mother squeezed the base of him.

And began to stroke him. Leaning forward like she was, face only inches above his, her drenched breasts nudged back and forth against his chest with her massaging grip. Her strokes were shallow, working only what her hands wrapped close to the bottom, but with her arms pushing her breasts together, and making them lightly bounce against her forearms, every inch of his length was wrapped in bliss.

He let his arms go limp, and melted back against the cave wall, as the huge woman buried his torso with her breasts.

“A small, weak little boy, and yet here you sit, with a great spire mother’s hands wrapped around your... absurd... girth.” She pulled her head back and looked down at her breasts, nudged upward by her forearms underneath them. “This size... is... ridiculous.” A quiet purr escaped her, and she leaned forward and down again, until her breasts pressed harder into his torso, and a sliver of his glans appeared, cresting at the top of her breasts and over her sternum.

And good god in heaven, her grip was amazing. She stroked, squeezed, caressed, massaged, and milked the base of his length like she was more familiar with it than he was.

She let him go. He panted, finally releasing the breath he didn’t know he’d been holding.

“You cum so easily, and so much, and yet you refuse to be satisfied.” She slid her hands up under her breasts, and then along their outer contours, before pushing them together, pinning his cock to his chest. And unless he was going crazy, something warm leaked out of her nipples and wet his arms and sides. “And everyone nearby must forever be tortured... by your... unending... ridiculous... libido.” Her hands reached down, grabbed his cock again, and guided it toward her until it was again firmly placed between her breasts and snug to her sternum. And again, with her biceps squashing her breasts together, even firmer now, she milked him.

He lasted another thirty seconds, before more heat poured up his cock. He didn't have to say anything to warn Acelina, either. Another moan slipped through her slightly open mouth, and she slowed her strokes into deeper motions that milked him, from down to up. She timed her strokes with each flex of his muscles, leaving him gasping and squirming in her grip as she made sure each wave of cum sent powerful jolts from his swollen glans down to her hands. More and more, until some waves pooled above her sternum between her breasts, and then flowed down between them onto his chest.

With a satisfied lick of her teeth, she let him go and sat up straight, letting her huge breasts flatten slightly against her chest as she leaned back. They were coated in cum. And now that she was leaning back, he could see them in their entirety, and how her large, swollen nipples, were leaking something else white into mess.

“I am the most glorious creature in Hell,” she said. “I am beyond beautiful. But no demon can simply... stay aroused, and cum... and cum... endlessly.” Licking her shark teeth some more, she looked down, and scooped her breasts, causing his cum to flow over her claws, along with tiny trickles of milk.

“I... I um... You—” He sucked in a breath as movement to his left cut into view. Oh god, Daoka. He'd forgotten. The satyr had been masturbating, slowly though, in no rush, but now she didn't even do that, eyeless gaze locked on the spire mother. Her mouth hung open.

After a quiet chirp, Daoka leaned forward, reached out with both hands, and cupped Acelina's closer breast. Just one breast was more than big enough to dwarf and bury both of the satyr's hands.

“Daoka,” Acelina said, “I did not say you could—”

Dao leaned in, and wrapped her lips around Acelina's nipple. All of it. The satyr borderline buried her face in the spire mother's cum-soaked breast, and made sure to get as much of the larger demon's swollen nipple into her mouth as she could. With both hands, she squeezed the breast, careful of her claws but happy to mold the soft pillow against her face. And milk it.

Acelina groaned. Loudly. She didn't push Dao away, or even scold her. The spire mother shivered, ass trembling on David's shins, and she set both hands on top of her breasts, high up just under her collarbone. It was the most motherly, soft, inviting pose David had ever seen... any woman use, let alone the wicked woman currently straddling his legs. And she held it, her dangerous mouth still slightly ajar as she panted, and another, higher-pitched moan slipped free, as she looked down at the fellow demon suckling on her.

"What the fuck?"

Oh shit. David looked past Dao to Jes. Yeap, the gargoyle was awake, still holding her wounded side, but eyes locked on Acelina and Dao.

Dao pulled back with a squeak, and gave David a sheepish grin before looking to her lover and sharing a few clicks.

"What the fuck?" Oh no, Caera's voice. The tiger, not too far off from David's other side, sat up and tilted her head. "Oh wow. How long has this been going on?"

"It has not been going on," Acelina said. "This... infernal boy, refuses to calm his body. I was... helping him."

"Sex!"

David winced. Uh oh, again. He looked past Acelina to the other side of the cave, closer to the exit hole. And like a scene out of a sitcom, all four imps and grems got up, and came closer, half hopping, half tiptoeing, excitement written in their big eyes. Without hesitation, all four of the tiny ladies got in close, bumping shoulders with Dao, Jes, and Caera, as they worked to get around Acelina's thick thighs. They wanted to see.

"Wow," Lasca said.

"Wow."

"Wow."

"Sex! Cum!"

All four of the little demons stared up at Acelina and her body, before turning their gazes to David.

"Big," Lasca said to David, and her big predator eyes half closed into a far more sultry gaze.

"Big cock," a gremla said.



“Big!” the other said. “Much big. Why so big?”

“Later,” Caera said, and she used her tail to gently nudge aside to the two little demons on her side of the cave. “Acelina, if you wanted to fuck David, you could have just said something.”

“I have no intention of fucking him.”

Jes laughed, and gestured to Acelina. No need to say it. Her skin was beyond red. Demons couldn't hide their arousal.

Daoka clicked a few times, leaned in to Jes for a quick kiss, and nodded back toward Acelina before leaning in, and once again, wrapped Acelina's big nipple in a kiss.

“Daoka! You...” Again, the spire mother shivered, and again did nothing to push Daoka away. Seeing her normally scary mouth hold that pleased ‘oh’ shape as she aimed her eyeless gaze down at the satyr was too delicious. He liked the way she sounded, and moved, and how she lightly shivered and squirmed under Dao's kissing and suckling.

The imps and grems did, too, and all four of them put hands on Acelina's thighs so they could watch what Daoka was doing up close. Two of them had to snuggle in between Dao and David to do it, but they didn't seem to even notice, except sometimes to turn around and look David's cock up and down with confusion. And intrigue.

“Ugh, this is ridiculous,” Jes said. “Acelina, if you coulda pulled your head out of your ass for a second, you could have been enjoying yourself all this time, you know.”

“I... am a zotiva. I will... not...”

Rolling her eyes, Jes gestured out with a wing to the imps and grems.

“Lasca. Laara,” she said. Both impas sat up straight. “Laria. Latia.” Both gremlas sat up straight. “Help the almighty bitch onto her back. Be careful with her wings.”

“I think not!” Acelina finally summoned some spite, and pushed Dao off her. “I will not be—”

Spite or not, Acelina suddenly had four pairs of tiny demons pulling on her arms. It wasn't like she couldn't just throw them off, either, and even might have if Dao hadn't leaned back in, and again suckled on Acelina, reducing her to frustrated groans of pleasure. She bit down on her moans, and even without eyes — or nose — the pleasure was visible on her face.

The imps and grems did as ordered. David looked Caera's way, and the tiger smiled at him as she sat beside the little demons on David's right. Jes, on David's left, did the same, and both ladies helped

move Acelina's enormous, thin wings out of the way until they were both flat against the stone higher up where no one would walk on them.

Dao finally let her nipple go, and giggled down at her as she knelt beside the spire mother's leg, while the two imps and grems beside the satyr and gargoyle were closer to Acelina's waist. Both of them stared at the giant pillow as it partly flattened under its own weight and pulled to the side of Acelina's chest toward them. The other two little demons did the same on Acelina's other side, and all four watched with hypnotized eyes as Acelina's ridiculous bust flattened against her chest and ribs, but still kept its mountainous shape. All four of the little ladies groaned.

"Aura," one of them whispered.

"Aura."

"Strong aura."

"That's David's aura," Caera said, earning gasps of surprise from the little ladies. They'd thought it was Acelina's aura.

With Acelina on her back, her legs were now spread around David's, her tail between his thighs. Her smooth pussy was utterly drenched.

"You... heathens," she said, squirming.

The squirming came to a quick stop when one of the little demons wrapped her lips around Acelina's other nipple. Did they realize her breasts were covered in his cum? They had to, and they didn't seem to mind. All four of the little ladies got their lips on the huge demon's breasts, planted kisses, licked away bits of cum, and only stopped long enough to quickly discard some of their armor. They tossed the chunks of metal to the other side of the cave, and some of it even fell through the exit hole, but they didn't care. Four naked little demons resumed burying Acelina's breasts in licks, kisses, and as the spire mother shivered and failed to suppress her moans, the imps and grems grew bolder and bolder. No way they'd ever slept with a spire mother before. Soon they pressed their lithe bodies into Acelina's side, and squashed their breasts — of varying sizes — into hers, until all four of the creatures had David's cum on them.

It really was like watching piranha devour a meal. The meal just happened to be enjoying it, even if she was doing her best to bite down her moans.

Laughing, Jes crawled around the demons circling Acelina, and knelt by her shoulder.

"David, fuck her."

“I uh...” He looked Acelina up and down, from her dripping slit, up to her cum-soaked chest and the four cum-soaked imps rubbing their bodies against her breasts, and up to Acelina’s head. “I mean, if she doesn’t want to, I’m not going to.”

Caera and Jes rolled their eyes and chuckled. The tiger got down on all fours around Acelina’s side, opposite Dao, slipped in between the imp and grem there, and wrapped her lips and short snout around the now clean nipple. Milk flowed out from between her fangs, and the two little demons giggled as they leaned back in and licked it up. And Acelina didn’t so much as try to push them away.

She did push herself up onto her elbows, though, and aimed her eyeless gaze at David. With a satyr, a tiger, two impas, and two gremlas all burying their faces into her giant breasts and drinking her milk, it was a wonder there was any room around her huge body. But the space between her legs increased slightly as the spire mother slowly spread her thighs, very slowly, as if she could hide what she was doing.

Her clit hood piercing practically vibrated. Her empty slit squeezed, and another trickle of her juices leaked out of her and down her beautiful red skin until it slipped between her huge ass cheeks. Acelina said nothing. She waited. That, was one stubborn lady.

David dug around for a little courage, and found it. Seeing Acelina lie there, waiting, little moans escaping her as six demons suckled, milked, and massaged her enormous breasts while her face remained pointed at him and only him, sent a fresh surge of heat through his body. He crawled forward between her big thighs, got comfortable on his knees, grabbed his cock, and set its swollen tip against her pussy.

“You...” Acelina squirmed a little, but said no more. But, unless he was going crazy, that was a hint of disappointment in her voice.

He smiled, and yet another new rush of heat poured over him. He guided his girth down, and pressed the drenched tip against her asshole. His aura changed to match, and Acelina sucked in a tiny gasp as it filled the room. Sex. It wanted sex. He wanted sex. The aura announced it, and drowned the room in it. That Acelina wanted him was enough to have him tingling, but knowing that she actually wanted him in her ass, almost had him reeling, and again his aura grew to match his growing desire.

Every demon in the room moaned.

Acelina made the tiniest little noise that sounded dangerously close to a whimper. It took every bit of will David had to not rush and get inside her as quickly as possible as the sound, almost lost under the moans and suckling noises of the other girls, sent shivers down his body. He slid in a little closer,

eyes aimed down so he could keep everything aligned, and Acelina's ass slowly spread to accept the girth of his cock's head. And as it did, her tail ever so slightly wagged underneath him, nudging against the insides of his legs.

Spoiled princess? Check. Giant breasts? Check. Lactating? Check. Other girls pleasuring said princess? Check. Princess actually prefers anal? There were so many kinks being checked off, he struggled to see straight.

Another shiver worked through him as gently nudged his glans back and forth against her entrance, soaking it in cum and juices. It already was, but the last thing he wanted to do was hurt her. No lube in Hell. And the longer he took, the more Acelina panted, and the more her ass clenched and massaged his massive glans. Taking his sweet time, he applied only enough pressure to slip a sliver of his girth into her, and groaned as her ring of muscle clenched and released around it, sending more sparks of pleasure down his length.

With one hand still holding his girth, he eased his hips back and forth just an inch, rubbing his swollen tip against her entrance, and as he did, the enormous demoness squirmed. Just slightly, as if she could hide it from everyone, but when his glans finally slipped past her ring of muscle and into her ass, Acelina quivered from hoof to horn. It was enough everyone lifted their heads and looked at her smooth, obsidian face, before looking at David.

Lasca, on the other side of Acelina's left leg, leaned on the giant woman's thigh, and peeked over her pelvis.

"Wow. Human is... um..." After a heavy gulp, Lasca looked up at David. "How... How it... doing that?"

"I—" Something pulsed in his grip, and he pulled his hand away.

Shifting friction and tightening muscle squeezed on his cock, and Acelina outright groaned. Both Lasca and David stared, jaws dropped, as the meat of his cock grew bigger. Again.

Lasca and David traded surprised looks. That'd just happened. It wasn't a figment of his imagination. His cock had literally just grown thicker. And longer. But as much as a part of him wanted to stop and consider the implications of what that meant, and what was happening to his body, a much, much bigger part of him wanted to get inside the spire mother. Now.

He set his hands on top of Acelina's legs, and pushed in.

"What—" Acelina moaned, the sort of quiet guilty moan a queen might make if someone was pleasuring her in a place where she wasn't supposed to be pleased. The demon managed to stay up on

her elbows, but her whole body shivered with each inch David eased into her ass. And everyone, all seven girls sitting around the demoness included, watched the distension of his cock push out against her lower stomach as he filled her up.

Jeskura got up and joined David, sitting beside Acelina's other leg opposite of Lasca. She stared at David, looked down, stared at his cock and its new size, and looked back at him.

"What the fuck," she whispered.

"I don't know." He didn't add 'and I don't care'. No need. A tiny half moan, half growl came out of him, the sort of sound that didn't fit him at all, and he pushed deeper into the demoness's ass. Her ring of muscle squeezed in spurts, milking him, massaging him, and he pushed in deeper between its clenches. No one was playing with her breasts anymore, eyes locked on the bulge shifting further up her long, flat stomach, soon pushing past her navel, and reaching higher.

Her insides were unbelievably tight. Or, he was unbelievably thick. Some part of him, his body, his soul, something inside him told him it knew what it was doing, that it wanted to make sure the spire mother was filled to her limit. Whatever it was, it growled again, and tiny waves of heat poured through his veins. The aura changed along with it, and he let the new desire fill the room.

Fill her. Fuck her silly. Make her cum. Make her writhe. Make her squeal.

He pushed in deeper and deeper, and Acelina aimed her mask-like face down at the bulge along her slender belly as it nudged against her sternum. Her gasps were heroin.

"W-What... how..."

David pulled back, and thrust into her. Acelina collapsed, arms giving out, and her enormous breasts rippled against her chest like water beds. It was enough to remind the four imps and grems, and the satyr and tiger still kneeling around her chest, that her breasts were up for grabs. All six ladies leaned back in, and once again buried Acelina's body in licks and suckling kisses.

They completely cleaned each breast, though the imps and grems now had traces of David's cum trickling down their lithe little bodies. Giggling and growling, they turned to each other, kissed each other's breasts in the same way they had Acelina, and cleaned each other. The four ladies, some with large breasts, some with small, all looked David's way, and their large eyes half closed as they licked their sharp teeth. Lasca, closer than the rest of them, mewled as she slid in closer, and ran a claw down his chest and abs.

David looked to Jes and Dao. Dao peeked at him, smiled, and again buried her face in Acelina's breast. Jes, on the other hand, groaned. She didn't push Lasca away. No, the gargoyle had a different target.

Opposite of Lasca, Jes leaned down over Acelina's leg, set her cheek on the much bigger demon woman's mons, and with her long demon tongue, stroked the spire mother's clitoris and its pierced hood.

"Jeskura! I will... I will..." No matter how hard she tried to sit back up, or even reach down and push the gargoyle away from her pussy, Acelina failed. She lay there, writhed, and came. Her empty pussy clenched hard, and Jes lifted her head up and watched as Acelina dripped juices down over David's cock. With each twist and squirm she made, her muscles clenched, her ass, her core, all of it, and each inch of her insides buried his cock in pressure.

Only when Acelina stopped trembling did Jeskura lean back in, and resume. So did David. Jes smiled up at him, cheek still on Acelina's mons, and each thrust he made brushed the gargoyle in the nose with his abs. Just enough room for Jes to stay where she was, and torture the poor demon's clitoris, as David filled the spire mother's guts.

One of the gremlas, Laria he was pretty sure, shortest and bustiest of the little critters, crawled onto Acelina, and straddled her stomach, facing her. David felt it. Each thrust into the woman's ass forced the bulge along her stomach to reach up to Laria's pussy, and under and past it, earning a tiny squeak from the gremla, until her hooves clopped on the ground around Acelina's waist. She leaned in, pressed her large breasts against Acelina's body, and half hugged half humped her as she traded off between which breast she kissed.

The other three little ladies touched themselves, Lasca leaning on Acelina's leg and watching David penetrate her while she masturbated, and Latia and and Laara stroked themselves while they shared a nipple with Dao and Caera. Milk coated their lips and slid down their cheeks and chins, and while Dao and Caera were content to drink and suckle in whatever way drew the most moans from Acelina, the impa and gremla wanted more. They rubbed their small bodies directly into the underside of each huge pillow, breasts to breast, and licked up the milk that Dao and Caera missed. All the while, Laria continued to hump Acelina's stomach, and the bulge David's cock created along it.

His eyes didn't know what to look at anymore. There was so much flesh on display, lithe bodies with narrow waists, breasts of all sizes, and an unending sea of mewls and moans. The fingers plucking the strings inside him loved it, and they played louder, burying the room with desire and need until he was lost to it. The eight ladies with him were lost to it, too, and soon even Jes, Dao, and Caera were

masturbating, all of them leaning on Acelina in some way they could get a hand free to use on themselves.

Acelina came again. David glanced down long enough to enjoy the sight of her beautiful slit clenching and leaking juices, before another orgasm hit him as well. He thrust into Acelina hard, earned a wavering moan from her, and her clenching insides milked a heavy wave of cum from him. The tingling sparks it sent down his length all the way down to his thighs had him half closing his eyes, and he thrust again, pouring another wave of cum into her. Another followed, and another, and more of the spire mother's own cum leaked out of her down onto his cock as he fucked her through her orgasm, and his own.

Her stomach bulged more, and more, and the gremla riding her, Laria, outright gasped as she looked down at the distension along Acelina's belly pushing more and more into her dripping pussy.

The little creature lay between Acelina's breasts, and humped faster, rubbing her clit against the spire mother and her bulging stomach. With her lying down, David could see Acelina's face again. Her mouth hung open, teeth mostly hidden, and quiet, panting moans came out of her. Seeing the pompous princess try to lift her head, fail again, and melt back on the ground was like a shot of desire straight into his spine.

He slipped his hands under her thighs and ass, and lifted her up. Even only lifting her pelvis, Acelina was a nine-foot-tall, curvy demon with a huge, perfect butt. It was a lot of weight. But something in him didn't care. Muscles flexed, and he got the weight of her ass and lower back onto his palms so he could put his weight on his knees and thrust into her properly. Hard, fast, his hips slammed into her huge thighs, making her beautiful legs ripple almost as much as her ass cheeks. His cum leaked out of her, but that was fine. He had plenty more to give.

Jes pulled her head up and away, crawled her way over to Daoka, and the two lovers locked in an embrace, rubbing and tasting each other. Lasca rejoined her sisters, and happily masturbated as she drank the spire mother. But Laria, still straddling Acelina's stomach, turned around, and looked up at David with her big, out-of-her-mind horny eyes, as she rubbed herself back and forth against the spire mother's stomach. Each stroke of her pussy was pressure on his cock through walls of beautiful skin and flesh, and David smiled down at the little demon, as another orgasm poured through him.

This wasn't natural. Nothing about his body was natural, but this was strange even by the standards of his afterlife body. He squeezed his hands into Acelina's ass, somehow able to lift a decent chunk of her weight, and poured cum into her guts. Hot, thick white fluid leaked out of her, but most of it went into her and filled the demoness, and again the bulge on her stomach grew, earning some more

surprised squeaks from the busty little gremla as she stared up at him. Laria's eyes slid down his body and the beads of sweat dripping down his chest and abs, and she inched herself close along Acelina's belly, until she was close enough to watch his cock plunge in and out of the huge woman's ass.

She reached out and touched claws along his abs. Licking her teeth, she mewled up at him as she worked her pussy back and forth along Acelina's stomach. He smiled down at the little creature, and both looked down as a heavier gush of his cum poured out of Acelina. Insides overflowing, Acelina let out an exhausted whimper, a delicious sound that sent another shot of pure heat through David.

It was a new sensation, something hungry, something aggressive, and it affected the sexual aura flowing out of him. They were all drowning in it. All the ladies around let out their own mix of mewls, moans, and tiny pants as they fingered themselves and each other, and the gremla in front of David put both of her hands against his chest and abs as she humped Acelina with desperation. After another quick peek up at him with drunk eyes, she looked back down and watched the mess of cum flowing out of the spire mother.

David thrust hard. Really hard. Hard enough the giant woman, the little lady on her, and even the other ladies half leaning on Acelina, all gently shifted with the impact. Acelina gasped, and melted back against the floor again, efforts to lift her head undone, and more of her juices leaked down her flesh onto his cock. But they were nothing compared to the waves of white pouring out of her. Another thrust sent Laria over the edge, and the busty little gremla mewled up at him as her eyes rolled up, and a coating of her juices leaked out over the bulge spreading her pussy. He thrust as hard as ever, earning a mewl from Acelina and Laria both, as he filled the spire mother. Despite all the cum leaking out of her, her belly bulged more yet again as he poured the fluid into her depths.

Finally, he stopped thrusting, and gently set Acelina's ass back on the ground. The gremla riding her traced her claws up and down David's abs a few times as she smiled at him, did the same for his chest, and his neck, and his biceps, before she slid off and joined her sisters. Two on Acelina's right, happy to continue suckling and masturbating, two on Acelina's left, who instead collapsed into a ball of pleasuring each other while snuggling into Acelina's side. Caera had to be careful to not crush them as the huge tiger woman got comfortable, too, getting weight off her bad arm, snuggling into Acelina's side while on her own side, and sucking on the spire mother's nipple as she masturbated. Jes and Dao were still all over each other.

It was a lull in the action, and enough for David to pull his thoughts out of the raging rapids that'd carried them off. Slowly, he shifted the aura, forced his fingers to change the sound, and instead drowned the room in a desire for gentle, blissful contact. Pleasure, orgasm, cuddle, feel.



Caera lifted her head, smiled at him, and used her face to push Acelina's breast in his direction. The other breast had an impa and gremla drinking from it, but only Caera remained on the other, and she nodded toward him as she nudged it up onto Acelina's chest. She had to fight gravity to keep it there.

The black metal stud piercing shined with traces of milk and demon kisses.

David looked across Acelina's body, her swollen belly full of cum, the bulge that reached all the way to her sternum where the head of his cock nudged against her depths, and he returned the smile. He crawled forward, still balls deep inside the exhausted spire mother, and lay across her belly. The pressure forced cum to gush out of her and drench his balls, but he barely noticed, eyes locked onto her breast. It was completely clean of cum after what all the girls had done to it.

Caera slid in closer, used her shoulder to help keep Acelina's heavy breast from sliding off her chest, and set her lips on the huge demon's areola. But her eyes were on David, and she watched him as he wrapped the huge nipple in his small mouth. The metal studs took him by surprise, but like it was instinct, he suckled, and melted into the bliss of her soft flesh filling his mouth. And a second later, her milk.

No flashes of memories or other strangeness from consuming a heart, only sweet warmth and a little bit of the tingle he'd felt when eating a forbidden fruit. For a moment, he'd been scared of getting a sneak peek at Acelina's history, but nope, just the perfect, addicting bliss of energy tingling out through his body. He suckled, pulled on the huge nipple with his lips, and earned some more quiet sighs from the giant demon as her milk squirted into his mouth. Little bits of milk leaked from tiny, almost invisible spots on her areola, and Caera licked them up as she smiled at him, her tongue brushing his lips.

Licks turned into kiss, once the tiger lady came in closer, and she met his eyes as they both bathed the nipple with their lips. She broke the kiss, chuckled, and pushed her face down against Acelina's breast above her nipple. It really was like an absolutely giant waterbed, and it jiggled around her cheeks as she kissed it. The pressure earned more milk, too, and David gulped it down as he buried the giant demon's nipple in more tender licks.

A set of claws slipped into his hair. He lifted his head, expecting to find Caera stroking his head, or maybe Dao or Jes, or maybe even the Las. But everyone was busy, lost in their own pleasure, while Caera had fun rubbing her face against Acelina's breast as David drank from it.

It was Acelina's arm. One of them half hugged two of the imps and grems to her other breast, but her other arm rested along Caera's back, across it, and her hand rested on the back of his head. Acelina

had damn long claws, and she used them to hold his skull, gently caress and scratch his scalp, and nudge his face down against her nipple.

Acelina, being gentle, was beyond strange. She lifted her head long enough to aim her eyeless gaze at him, but it fell back to the stone as he began to move his hips again, slow and deep, and the giant demoness quietly moaned, even whimpered. Each gentle thrust felt beyond wonderful, especially with his own body pressing on her belly and his cock. But feeling the huge demoness purr with his face almost completely buried against her giant breast, was a kind of pleasure he hadn't expected, and he smiled into the softness.

She came again, and judging from the way she squirmed, it was the four sets of lips burying her swollen nipples and kisses and licks that did it. He followed right behind her.

~~♥♥♥~~

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~~Mia~~

No one came to kill them in the night. That was good. She and Vin took turns on watch, like they'd done many nights so far, but it proved unnecessary. Whether that led to them not bothering taking watch shifts in the future while they stayed with the Damall, she didn't know, but one glance at Vin confirmed they'd have to stick around for a little while. His wounds were serious.

They didn't say a word to each other all night long. Anything Mia said would just hit a wall of anger and frustration, and she didn't need her psychology books to confirm that. She'd blocked Vin from doing what he wanted, and in the process had nearly gotten them both killed. She'd be angry, too, livid even. For a giant demon who basically embodied aggression and indomitable bloodlust, it was a wonder her leash wasn't automatically shocking him again to stop him from killing her right now.

"They let us rest," she said, gesturing at their alcove. No remnants. Not because none grew here; the mountain and tunnel were particularly dense with them, actually. But the tetrad had cleared out the nearby ones enough Mia didn't have to listen to their screams, at least not from close proximity. The distant wails of pain would have been enough to keep her awake for all eternity, back on the surface, but

in Hell all she had to do was flip the mental switch and she was out like a light. Only a loud noise nearby would have woken her.

Vinicius said nothing.

She glared at him, and walked up to him until she stood between his legs. Time to do this.

“I’ve been thinking about what happened,” she said. “It... It just came at us so fast, I didn’t know what to think. And the angels, they didn’t want to kill me. Maybe you, sure, but not me. They didn’t want to, but they had to. And... And seeing them sad, but still trying to do that, it...”

Vinicius said nothing, but he did look at her. That was more than yesterday, at least.

Clutching her hands into fists, she took a deep breath. She knew what David would have done, yesterday. She knew what she had to say, now.

“I’m sorry. I was being dumb. If I’m going to do that... that thing, that the woman in armor said I have to do, that thing you think she wasn’t lying about,”—eavesdroppers were a concern, so she dodged saying what specifically—“then I can’t just roll over and die if angels show up.” She looked back up and forced herself to keep eye contact with the twelve-foot-tall titan. “If it happens again, we kill the angels.”

Vinicius smiled, and rumbled. It even sounded like a purr. A transport truck’s purr.

“Good.”

“But, understand that I’d rather we didn’t do that, right?”

He nodded. Barely.

“I mean it!” she said, stomping a foot. “They’re angels. As far as I’m concerned, they’re good guys, just misled or confused or something.” Or they weren’t confused, and it really was better for everyone if Mia died. Gulp. “We should do everything in our power to avoid them.”

“You assume the Damall will let us leave.”

“They...” That was a good point, and one she’d been conveniently avoiding admitting to herself. Vin and she were prisoners, at least until Vin healed. Once her bodyguard was back to full strength, he’d probably be able to fight all the demons she’d seen so far, at once. Maybe not survive the fight, but he’d make sure none of them did, either. “I’ll go talk to Romakus some more. You heal up.”

He rumbled and nodded.

“Oh,” she said. “Um, that fujara tetrad, the mini you. She—”

“Mini me?”

Mia choked on a laugh. “She looks like you, right? Four arms. Raptor feet. Tail.” She gestured to those features. “She seems to like you.”

“We’ve fought in the past.”

“Oh. Uh, something tells me that only excites her more.”

“Of course.”

Forehead, meet palm. Silly her for thinking demons might actually hold a grudge after deadly fights, and not a sexual desire.

“You... attracted to her?”

He tilted his head to the side slightly as he looked at her, some strange awareness she recognized from nature documentaries when an animal was on the hunt. Thinking, except, through the lens of a predator. Which made analyzing him difficult.

“Cause, I mean, if you, uh... wanted to... I could go, and... you know, give you some privacy?”

Vinicius rumbled and slowly tilted his head to the other side, but still said nothing. Content to let her stew in her uncertainty, then.

“Okay. I’m gonna go talk to Romakus. You healed enough to defend yourself if you have to?”

He nodded.

She nodded, turned around, and began her quest to not die. Again. This time, it was to convince her current prison guard to think she was useful, and not eat her. Again. That part was a little easier this time, but that could easily backfire into a ‘kill her immediately’ situation.

The tunnels were complex, and remnants were everywhere. Some demons walked by, killing and clearing the remnants out, and Mia did her best to not look any of the dead or dying souls in the eyes. The demons, a brute and a bat, smiled at her as they walked by. The brute, over eight feet tall, all muscle, no spikes or horns or tail, looked at her with that typical ‘I bet you’d taste great’ look demons gave her, and as per usual, she couldn’t tell if that was sexual or a desire for food. When in doubt, assume both.

The bat girl, a diloja, climbed up onto the brute’s back, quickly killed some remnants dangling from the ceiling of the tunnel, used her arm wing to block the rain of gore, and tossed it all aside. And like she hadn’t just slaughtered some poor souls, she smiled down at Mia.

Faust had mentioned earlier this particular mountain was once the sight of a really nasty slaughter. Not a battle, but a slaughter, where some demons found a nest of humans who'd been hiding out. The portal to Hell had opened nearby, and a particularly large group of souls had been dropped off, in the tens of thousands. And just like birds attracted to swarms of flies, demons had come from all around. He didn't know how long ago it'd happened, but it'd been at least a century, and Hell would take a lot longer than that to forget. So, remnants.

"Hi," the bat lady said.

The brute stopped and squatted down in front of Mia. Not as big as Diogo, and kinda tiny compared to a tetrad like Romakus, Livian, or Julisa, but compared to Mia, he was a giant.

"Um, hi," Mia said. "I'm Mia."

"Yulia." The bat girl's smile was very cute, even with two big fangs. No armor, so her ballerina body was on full display, with thinness to match. No tail, either. And her face looked pretty human, except for a slight chipmunk-ness to her nose. She wasn't much taller than Mia, either.

Mia nodded, looked at the brute, and waited. And... nothing. The brute looked at her, rumbled, but said no word, not even a click or cluck.

"You're killing remnants?" Mia asked, slowly moving her eyes off the brute to the bat lady.

"We try and keep them under control. Normally the imps and grems would be doing that, but we don't let them stick around."

"Worried about their gossip?"

Yulia nodded. "Just because they're dumb, doesn't mean they might not say something someone else can... can..." Scratching one of her tiny horns, she frowned as she looked at the ground. "What's the word? Use their information to figure stuff out?"

"Infer?"

"Yes! Smart." Yulia smiled and waved one of her arm wings. "Tetrads like Zel were smart, too, and could infer things, even from the empty gossip of the imps and grems. Better we don't keep them around. And without them, remnants grow, and eventually get problematic." With a heavy gulp, the diloja, still sitting on the brute's shoulder, covered herself with her wings like a bat would. "Ever see remnants when they break free? It's a scary sight."

"Wait, what? Remnants can break free?"

“Sometimes! Sometimes, if things get really bad, or something really bad is happening, sometimes remnants can break free, like... like Hell can't hold them down any longer.”

Mia hugged herself, same as the bat girl.

“Is that dangerous?”

“A remnant isn't very strong. A dozen remnants though, they can rip an imp or grem to bits. A hundred could kill even some stronger demons like my buddy here.” She patted the brute on his smooth head, and the brute slowly nodded and rumbled. No name, apparently.

“Are they... fast?”

“No. Slow. Like zombies.” Another shiver worked through her. “Why humans on the surface make those zombies movies, I can't imagine. They're terrifying!”

Mia blinked at the diloja. Was she serious? Judging from the scared look in her demon eyes, very serious. And the thought of demons, who slaughtered humans like cattle, and killed each other in brawls and wars alike practically for fun, being afraid of zombies, a complete trope back in the living world, was hilarious. It took serious effort to not burst out laughing.

“Is it safe for me to explore this hideout?”

“Yeap. But you can't leave. We got guards on all the exits, and the other exits are super far away anyway, and—”

“Don't worry. I'm not going anywhere without Vinicius. Um, where's Romakus?”

Yulia gestured down the tunnel, deeper into the mountain.

“Two lefts. He's with Yosepha.”

“Yosepha's back already?” That meant Galon stayed with the other angels.

“Yeap. Be careful with her. Bye.” Yulia gave her a tiny wave with her wing claw, patted her nameless buddy on the head, and the two of them resumed cleanup duty.

How easily they dealt with something that, by any other standard, was a fate worse than death to most humans, growing out of the walls of a horrible place, trapped, emaciated, starving, tearing into themselves and into each other until someone merciful came along and put them out of their misery. All that, only for the remnant to be reborn somewhere else to suffer it again. Maybe they'd get reborn into a nest of bloodgrip, and spend who knew how long with every motion cutting open their skin. Maybe

they'd get born into one of the cracks in the ground over lava, so they roasted over days, or weeks. Maybe—

She clapped her face on both sides a couple times and shook her head. It was that kind of thinking that nearly got her killed yesterday. She needed to harden herself, if she wanted to have a hope of achieving her mission.

Mission. Ugh. David was probably puking each time he thought about it. Mission. Quest! A fucking quest. Ugh.

The path was easy enough to follow. Yulia and her friend had cleared out the remnants, and walking around blood and guts was becoming second nature at this point. Even the smell of blood was barely noticeable anymore. Thankfully, the first left took her into a path with no gore, and with a little mental effort, she put them out of her mind.

There weren't nearly as many demons as in the spire, but far more than the tunnels Vin and Mia had only recently escaped. Running into a random vratorin made her freeze, but the vrat only grinned at her as he walked past. It happened again, with a gargoyle, and the lady licked her teeth as she looked Mia up and down before she too walked past. Maybe they had orders to leave Mia alone. Probably.

It took a bit to get to the second left, but she found it, and walked along the tunnel with peeled ears. There was talking in the distance, around the curving path. Yosepha's voice.

"I should kill you!"

"Yeah, but you won't."

Grunts of exertion followed, along with what could only be a few punch thuds.

"I can't... believe... you..." Choking sounds!

Oh shit. Oh shit oh shit. Mia ran down the tunnel, and—

And froze at the entrance of what looked to be a large alcove. Mia half expected decorations, furniture maybe, or skulls hanging on the walls or something. Nope, just a big empty room of stone. Romakus hadn't been lying; they wouldn't stick around in this place for long.

But they did feel comfortable having sex in it.

Mia stared down at Yosepha. Yosepha looked back up at her. She was on her back, completely naked, wings spread, and legs spread, too, with a giant demon between them with his hands around her throat. But, from the look on her face, she wasn't being murdered.

Oh god, she was beautiful. Dark skin, curly black hair cut super short, and a very lean body with small breasts. Surprisingly short, too, compared to other angels. A lot taller than Mia, but that wasn't saying much. She wore gold lipstick, random bits of gold jewelry, earrings and a necklace and bracelets and stuff, but otherwise didn't wear a single bit of clothes, showing off her flat stomach and narrow waist. Or, what would normally be flat, but right now, had a familiar distension along it.

Romakus was on his knees between her legs, and her hips were up in the air so her pelvis could meet his. Sex. And her subtle abs bulged with the shape of his massive cock filling her up.

"Mia," Romakus said, smiling at her. "How can I help you?" With him leaning forward like he was, on his knees and arms down, they were face to face.

"I... I uh..."

The angel underneath him squirmed, and flapped her wings, but the huge array of beautiful white feathers hit the dark stone fruitlessly.

"Roma—"

Romakus tightened his grip on her throat. The result was startling. Yosepha squirmed, twisted, turned, writhed on the demon's cock, and looked up at Mia again with her obsidian eyes. She was... embarrassed. Super angry and obviously unhappy about the situation, but a second later, cumming her brains out, regardless. Romakus gave her a couple thrusts, and the angel grabbed his enormous wrists as her whole body trembled.

With a happy chuckle, Romakus sat down, larger wingspan spreading as he relaxed back against the wall of his cave. He pulled Yosepha up with him, let go of her throat, and instead gently held her to his chest as she hid her face against his sternum. With the giant demon sitting, legs slightly apart, and the angel on his lap with her legs spread and wrapped around his waist, his heavy testicles were visible, dripping with juices. The angel's juices.

Oh god, her large, muscular, perfect ass was spread apart, and the demon's enormous cock was buried inside it. He was fucking the angel's ass. And she was loving it.

"I..." Mia gulped. "I w-wanted to... um..." Oh no. The fingers hidden within her sprang to life, and plucked at the strings inside her so hard she couldn't mute them.

~~♥♥♥~~



Romakus's smile turned utterly menacing.

"That's the aura Faust talked about?" he asked. "That... is a powerful aura. Isn't it, Yos?"

"Don't... call me... that." The angel lifted her head long enough to give the giant demon a hard punch in the chest, even making him 'oof', before she buried her face in his sternum again.

Grinning down at the angel, Romakus tightened his grip on her large, perfect ass, and slowly worked her up his length, up and up, until just the barest hint of the bottom edge of his glans revealed itself. And then he pushed her all the way back down, down and down until her ass reached his testicles. Over a foot of thick flesh, covered in white cum, slowly pushed into the wriggling angel's body.

Mia body's lit up like a Christmas tree in July. She didn't prefer anal, but she'd known from her own experiences with toys that she definitely enjoyed it more than any innocent guy might suspect of her. And a few sessions with Kas and Adron had proved to her that her afterlife body liked it so much, she could cum from it. She was just that ridiculously, absurdly sensitive.

Apparently, she wasn't the only one. Demons could. And angels could. Yosepha let out one of those classic moans, the guilty kind, the 'please don't make me cum in front of someone else' kind, and Mia's thighs tingled. Yosepha's wings spread, and her legs stuck out and up for a second, before she melted into Romakus's chest once more, legs and wings going limp. And after a few quiet whimpers from the angel, drops of clear juices dripped down the demon's testicles.

"Angels can resist auras," Romakus said. "But that aura of yours is... unique." And, as if he had to prove his point, he turned Yosepha around.

Mia froze. Yosepha froze. They stared at each other for a moment, deer in headlights, before Mia's eyes slowly moved down her body. The body of a warrior, with small breasts and a tight, narrow waist, but a long distension pushed out against it from her mons up to her sternum. Romakus's cock was huge.

Yosepha finally looked up and aimed her burning glare at the demon over her.

"Romakus you—"

The giant demon slipped a hand around her throat, and squeezed. Yosepha squirmed in his grip, pushed against his legs and hips, and even drove her feet down against the ground between his legs to try to get away. She got nowhere, Romakus holding one of her hips with a free hand and keeping her pinned balls deep. All her squirming got her was a pleased growl from the giant demon, and Mia couldn't blame him. With Yosepha's stomach on display, Mia got to see how every wriggle on Romakus's cock must have bathed each and every inch of it in bliss. And judging from the guilty look of pleasure on Yosepha's face, she felt the same.

“You wanted to see me?” Romakus asked.

“I... I did. I um... w-wanted... to talk about...” Something. She wanted to talk about something.

“Whatever it was, by all means, take your time. That aura is absolutely tantalizing. It... It’s in the ground, in the air, in the walls. I can’t fight it.” With one hand still on the dark angel’s neck, his other hand reached down, and spread her legs. One leg over one of his, then the other over his other leg, putting the woman’s smooth little slit on display. She really was dripping juices. “The problem with angels is how much they can resist sin auras. Spire auras have no effect on them at all. But that aura...” He motioned for Mia to come closer.

And she did. Eyes locked on the perfect angel’s once flat stomach flexing and crunching as she squirmed and tried to escape, and again failed, Mia came closer. A lot closer. Before she knew it, she stood beside Romakus’s feet, and watched the angel cum on the demon’s cock, spurred by her own unending writhing.

“It’s... different, than other auras,” Mia said. “It’s working on her?”

“Oh yes. Normally Yos can stop cumming long enough to at least kick a demon out if they enter my alcove when we’re fucking. Or at least threaten them. But look at her.” A heavy, almost dark growl vibrated in the giant demon’s chest, and he at last let the woman’s neck go. He put both hands on her hips, and ground her back and forth on his cock against his pelvis, and came.

Yosepha, legs spread and hooked around Romakus’s, looked Mia’s way for a half second before she pulled a wing across her body and hid herself behind a wall of white feathers. But of course Romakus, chuckling evilly, used a hand to peel the wing aside, and put the angel’s body on display once again as he filled her with cum. White liquid flowed out of her ass, but her belly distension grew as well, her insides pumped full of the crazy demon’s cum.

Mia knew what that felt like. She missed it.

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“I w-was gonna ask... about... how long Vin and I will be staying, b-but... we can talk later!” She backed away, eyes still locked on Yosepha, and bit her lip. For some reason, she was still watching. And kept watching.