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The gates weren't open, but the titanic gold bars were more than wide enough for a dozen people to walk through shoulder to shoulder. Beyond the gate, more of the unarmored angels waited, and they held white robes in their hands. Each person that walked between the bars and past the gate, to the stairway beyond, received a white robe from one of the angels. And each time someone put one on, they changed.

The old man Mia and David had been talking to put on the robe, and when he turned to look back at the two of them, his eyes opened wide as a glowing gold enveloped him. It passed quickly, and Dave rubbed his eyes as he stared at the man. Same man, but different. Younger. Healthier. His hair had color again, and he had plenty of muscle, too. In fact, he looked healthier than David guessed the man did when he was alive and in his prime.

A woman put on the robe, and the same thing happened. And sure enough, the changes to her body weren't simply repairing damage and making her young. She grew two cup sizes.

David and Mia watched more souls pass through the bars into Heaven, and listened to their joyous cheers as they realized what'd happened to them. Many of them burst into a run, and sprinted up the stairs that opened up overhead into spiraling paths. Archways, gorgeous and complex sprawled overhead, connecting to the stairs and becoming bridges. No railings. Everything was about the glorious architecture, flowing lines of gold that curled and bounced off the white marble. It reminded David of elf architecture in movies and RPGs and stuff. Except this all led up and up into the air, and the gold cities that his brain could not begin to understand. Their scale was insane. He'd have to get up there to even begin to figure out how big Heaven was.

"Those robes make me think I'm joining some sorta Greek... nun, celibate cult," Mia whispered. "I--whoa." Both Mia and David froze for a second when a nearby angel turned around to face them. A man this time, white, wearing only a skirt and a loincloth; visible through the silk skirt. David was straight, but that was a gorgeous man. A gorgeous man with gold nipple piercings that, somehow, fit his silk white clothes perfectly.

"I think you'll be quite surprised," the angel said.

"I will? I uh..." Mia gestured to the gate ahead, and one of the souls getting their robe. "The robe, and the new body. It... It's covering up the body, and--"

The angel laughed and winked at her, a little more than flirtatiously.

"It is ceremonious only, but it helps them internalize that they have been reborn in their new prime bodies."

"Prime?"

"A body that reflects your deepest desires for beauty." The angel's grin was positively evil. "I am sure you can imagine the sorts of changes most men and women wish for."

Well. Hot damn. Giant penis? Please, please giant penis.

His sister raised a brow as she gestured to the closest newly clothed soul, just beyond the gate.

"But, it's uh, kinda giving me... um... It's very conservative, and--"

The angel leaned in close, making Mia go from frozen to petrified.

"I can see the look in your eyes, young soul. Don't worry. Heaven and its angels will satisfy your desires." He grinned as he stepped back, and gestured to the gate with one of his enormous wings. "Speak with the other gabriem once you have decided upon which holy island you wish to stay. My kind will gladly share nights in your bed with you. As often as you desire. As many as you desire."

"As many as..." Mia slowly turned her head, going full owl mode as she looked back at David, eyes super wide.

David threw up a hand. "Me too? With women, I mean? Women angels?"

The angel -- a gabriem apparently, whatever that was -- laughed and nodded at David.
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"You two are a quite a bit more comfortable approaching this topic than most new souls."

"He's a pervert," Mia said. It wasn't the first time their attempts to usurp the other as the 'most perverted' were quickly flipped to trying to prove the other was more perverted, when in public. Game on.

"Oh we're having this conversation again? I don't have a closet full of toys and--"

"Hey, hey! I'm not the one who needs bleach to wipe his browser history."

"Like yours is any better, and--"
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The angel laughed louder. It was a great sound.

"You two have heart. I'm sure you'll avail yourselves of Heaven's sanctums sooner than most."

"Sanctums?" David asked.

"Yes. Heaven has many ways to entertain the souls of the Great Tower. I don't want to spoil things so soon, but for a couple of sexually hungry souls like yourselves, if the angels or other souls can't satisfy you, the sanctums will."

David blinked, looked past the man to one of the angels waiting beyond the gate, and stared. A woman, almost seven feet tall, with breasts barely contained inside a silk X strap across her chest, each bigger than her own head. Like, giant pillows. She was laughing as she set a robe on a new soul, and guided them up to the stairs to the glowing cities of gold awaiting them. Such a lovely voice.

David raised his hand again. "We can just--"

"Yes," the male angel said. "Yes, you can. The gabriem can't be everywhere at once, but we try, and what we can't manage, the sanctums can."

"So I could--"

"Yes, as I said. If you wanted to sleep with four or five or a dozen gabriem tonight, new soul, we would find a way to make it happen."

While still staring at the gate and beyond, David lowered his hand and aimed his palm at Mia. Without looking, she gave him a high five.

"We can just... walk in?" Mia asked.

"Yes. Go, enjoy yourselves. There is no time limit, of any kind. Rest in peace."
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David and Mia squeezed hands, nodded at each other, and walked toward the colossal gate. He had a million questions. Why was it a gate, and why was it closed? How did Heaven know it wanted them, or anyone else? How were people judged? Who the fuck was the giant angel watching everyone like a sentinel waiting to shoot lasers out of their eyes? What was a gabriem? What were the differences between the islands? How many islands? Too many questions!

But he didn't ask them. After forcing his sis to wait sixteen days, all for a question they didn't get answered, she'd kill him -- somehow -- if he forced her to wait anymore. And he knew she wouldn't go without him. He wouldn't go without her.

They walked up to the gate, and smiled at the two gabriem waiting for them just beyond the bars.

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