

1061

Black eyes. They all had black eyes, with red irises. And they all looked hungry.

Other humans had come up onto the shore before her. The first to die. The demons poured over them and roared like lions as they ripped into the people. Blood gushed from wounds and flowed into the red river, squirting out of shoulders where arms were ripped off, and from necks where heads were severed. Some of the demons had swords, horrible slabs of black metal that looked scrap beaten together. Most demons were content to use their claws to shred the screaming, panicking, scattering humans into bits. The others half cut, half sawed through the people with their half blunt weapons.

"David," she whispered to no one, gulping as she found herself enough to look around. David, where was David. She had to find David. She tried to turn around, maybe dive back into the water, find her brother, and swim them to safety. But she couldn't move. Surrounded by screaming, roaring, death, blood, and body parts that fell into the water to drift with the gentle flow, all she could do was stand there and look around dumbly.

She was going to die.

One of the demons came up to her, grinning, sword in hand. This one was eight feet tall, raptor feet disappearing in the red water as he walked toward her, his muscular, masculine body leaning forward slightly, a big tail behind him slithering left and right. He wore armor, chunks of dark metal bent into shape to fit various body parts. A shoulder, a leg, one arm, and one side of his chest. Opposite of the dented metal chunks, the demon wore skulls, one huge one attached to his other shoulder, giant black horns coming out of its white bone. From his waist, he had half a dozen human skulls dangling from chains.

He lifted his sword. She didn't move. His smile grew wider, exposing sharp white teeth. She didn't move. He came close enough she felt the heat of his breath as he aimed and prepared. She didn't move.

His face looked somewhere between human, and a red and black skull, oddly masculine, with extremely defined eyebrows and jaw, and a couple fangs that went over his bottom lip. He had two enormous black horns that curled up. His long black hair wasn't hair at all, but tendrils, each an inch thick and long enough to pass his shoulders. And his red and black eyes looked into her with the anticipation she would have shown a pizza.

He lowered his sword.

"Lorial!" he said, voice mostly human, with a touch of gravel. Did he smoke? "Loria!" He turned to the side and looked to the woman beside him.

A woman, nearly seven feet tall, and a gargoyle. She wore the same sort of armor, and she leaned forward with the same sort of half human, half animal posture because of her tail. When the demon called her name, she stood up straighter, thinner tail resting on the ground as she turned to look at Mia and the other demon. She had a more normal human face, though a couple fangs poked over her bottom lip, too. She had the same sort of raptorial feet, but she had wings, big black ones with red undersides and a claw thumb.

She was covered in blood, one of her clawed hands inside a human man's chest. With a hearty grunt of exertion, she ripped her hand free of the dead man, tossed the body aside, and lifted the dripping lump to her lips. She came closer as she bit into the heart, and chewed.

They were going to do that to her. They were going to tear out her heart and eat it. They were going to do that to her, and David. Oh god, David? She looked around again, and froze again. More people were getting butchered, but not all of them. Thousands of humans had fallen into the river, and it looked like a hundred demons of all shapes and sizes had been waiting for them, not enough to catch everyone. More than a few humans were carted away, screaming and kicking as the demons dragged them off. Meals for later, maybe. Lots of humans got away, bare feet slapping against the shore of stone and... and bones. The shore was covered in human bones.

None of the humans came and helped Mia.

"Yeah Brennus?"

"Come here, look at this fresh meat. No mark."

"No mark?" The gargoyle woman ripped another chunk of meat out of her heart, and frowned down at Mia as she leaned in and chewed. "You sure?"

Brennus reached out with his free hand, and brushed Mia's hair aside off her soaked forehead. She didn't move.

"See? No mark."[www.ovelworm.com](#)

"No mark." Loria nodded as she leaned in closer, face only inches from Mia. "She's froze up. Easy meal."[www.ovelworm.com](#)

"Yeah, I could eat her. But have you ever seen an unmarked before?"[www.ovelworm.com](#)

"No." Loria laughed, shaking her head. One of her big black horns brushed against Mia's forehead. She didn't move. "I suppose you're thinking Diogo will want to see her."

"Couldn't hurt, right?"

She laughed more. It was a sinister laugh.

"You're really scared Diogo's gonna eat you, aren't you?"

"He's not happy with me."

"So he's going to eat you?"

Brennus nodded as he swung his sword behind him, and hooked its handle onto something on his back.

"He ate Dareemus."

"Well, Dareemus fucked his favorite betrayer. So... You didn't."

Brennus winced as he looked at Loria, simultaneously reaching out and slipping his huge, clawed hand behind Mia's head. He was warm, warmer than a human.

"I didn't."

"You didn't?"

"I didn't fuck Sarah." Chuckling, he winked at Loria, and licked his lips and fangs with a massive pink tongue. "I fucked Marilyn."

"Diogo found out? And you're still alive? Lucky."

Nodding, Brennus yanked on Mia's head, and threw her to the ground, away from the red river. Her knees and palms scrapped against the stones and bones. Brennus grabbed her shoulder, rolled her over, and used his other hand to pull one of his chains from his belt. It clinked against the others, making the half dozen human skulls bounce around the demon's legs as he wrapped the chain tight around Mia's wrists.

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