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"Oh god damn, you are so fucking nice it is fucking killing me. I can even see it in your eyes, too. You're not trying to trick me." She squatted down in front of him, chuckling as she poked him in his naked chest again. "You really are like a puppy."

"I still don't--"

"I'll show you the scrying pool tomorrow. For now, sleep."

Daoka clicked a few times, a softer sound, and she nodded as she reached down and ran her fingers and claws through his short red hair. A tender touch. She really did think he was a puppy. [W\(w\).Novelwôrmm.c©mm](#)

He wanted to say something, maybe ask about the future, how exactly they expected to kill Diogo while using him as a bait, and what they planned to do after that. Not knowing the future was like acid in his veins, but he was just too damn tired to ask any more questions. And much as they were being strangely nice to him, compared to the slaughter he witnessed on the river shore, he didn't want to push his luck.

The problem was, now that he had nothing to do but sit in a cave, hands bound behind him, ass on the floor and back against the cave wall, there was nothing to occupy his mind. There was nothing to stop him from thinking about what'd happened to him. The gates of Heaven, an eternity of endless joy -- and sex apparently -- just a few feet away, before him and Mia were denied. Then, pain. And slaughter. Screaming, blood, death.

He sniffed and looked to the side. Crying sucked, especially in front of other people, but a few tears managed to sneak out anyway.

Daoka squatted down in front of him and ran her claws through his hair again, clicking gently, only for Jeskura to come up behind her and help her stand back up.

"You can play with your puppy later. You know the drill, he's processing shit. Let him deal. Besides, wound check time." Nodding, Jeskura undid some of the straps holding the metal plates against Daoka's arms, and tossed them to the side. They landed on the stone floor, hard enough to bounce and scratch the dark metal, but the two demons didn't care. They were a little gentler with the skulls, setting their belts down against another wall, so the skulls clinked together lightly as they settled.

David gulped as the gargoyle removed the satyr's armor in its entirety. She wasn't wearing anything underneath it.

Red and black skin, and if he had to guess, everywhere her body was soft her skin was red, and the harder parts were black, given that her back and outer thighs and shins were all black, but her stomach and throat were red. He outright froze when Jeskura winked at him, and tossed Dao's breastplate aside. He blinked up at the two demons, and did his best to not stare, but... he stared, eyes locked onto the tall satyr's huge breasts that defied gravity with their firmness. Her curvy, thin-but-muscular legs, her black hooves, her very large, defined ass, the various black spikes she had on her joints and back, he couldn't really focus on any of it. The satyr was gorgeous.

"Nope, you're good." Nodding, Jeskura held out her arms, and Daoka turned, pointing her huge butt straight at David as she undid the gargoyle's armor. Same thing, red and black skin, a gradient of shades between the softer and harder areas.

He hadn't expected the demons to look so amazing naked. Jeskura had a very tight stomach, tiny and flat, with abs that connected to amazing legs; not as curvy as Dao's but still, the legs of an athlete. Muscular, but not overbearingly so. Lean and taller than Dao, and maybe not as busty as the satyr, but still a busty woman. Demon. Demoness.

Neither of them had a single hair on their body anywhere, save for Jeskura's black hair tendrils, and now that he looked harder, he realized their eyebrows weren't hair at all. They were black-tinted skin. [www.novelwôrmm.c©m](#)

Dao clicked at her a few times, and nodded before she came back over to David and sat beside him. He forced himself to not look at her naked body, but that just meant looking at Jeskura, and her naked body.

"Yeah, thanks," she said to Dao. "Siximps and grems was kinda risky, but they left themselves wide open." Jeskura squatted down in front of him, and he somehow found the willpower to look at her eyes, not her large breasts or her long slender stomach or her exposed sex. "Tomorrow, we'll talk about the plan."

For a second, he wanted to ask why everything looked so... firm. Were demons all super tough, leathery things? She didn't look leathery, but there was definitely a lack of softness to parts of her that should have been soft, same as Daoka.

"O... Okay."

Laughing again, she leaned in closer.

"Virgin?"

He gulped. "I--"

"Yeap. Oh man, that is so fucking cute, I could die. Yeah, you definitely don't belong in Hell. Fuck me, killing you would have been like killing a unicorn."

Daoka clicked several times, and scooted in closer to him. Very close. Her side pressed to his, one of her shoulder spikes nudging against his raised, pinned arm, and she reached around to run the blunt side of a claw down his chest. He didn't move. He didn't breathe.

"Don't spoil your new pet, Dao."

Daoka laughed, clicks trilling in her throat with the pleasant sound. She teased her claw up and down his chest some more, tracing the lines of his lean muscles, before setting it to his lips and gently plucking on them.

"You two are... a lot nicer, than I ever expected demons to be." Not that he expected demons to exist at all, but once he saw angels and how nice they were, and then saw demons slaughtering humans like cattle, he had to assume they were monsters. These two very much weren't. They were... people, sort of, far as he could tell. The gargoyle even talked just like a person.

The gargoyle shrugged as she sat on the bed, less than ten feet away, and again hooked her wings around her shoulders and neck like a cape.

"Demons can be nice. Nothing in the rulebook says we can't be nice." [w\(w\).n\(v\)elwôrmm.c©m](#)

"Being a demon isn't enough of a reason?" he asked, half eying the satyr as she leaned in closer, and inspected him, one of her claws tracing paths down his closer shoulder, his chest, and his abs. He couldn't tell if she found him attractive, or if she was inspecting him like a judge would inspect a dog at a dog show. But, she was wearing a smile, and as overwhelmingly different her body was, it was a very feminine, enticing smile, on a very feminine, enticing body.

Jesus fucking christ David. First day in Hell and you're already thinking with your dick.

"Humans got us all wrong," Jeskura said. "Demons can be pretty damn violent, but it's not like we're innately evil or anything. At least, I don't think so. We just love fighting, and fucking." Shrugging, she pointed at him with her tail. "Humans come down here with the mark of the Beast and their corrupted resonance. Food for us. But I ain't ever seen a demon with the mark. It's humans who're the really fucked up ones." [W\(w\).N\(v\)Elwôrmm.c©©](#)

He didn't necessarily agree with that, or disagree.

"Resonance?"