

1080

--Mia--

Another night without dreams. She didn't really miss them when she'd been a ghost, wandering the real world, but down here, any sort of escape would have been nice. But, nope, she woke up to Hell, and without dreams, she didn't have to come to the painful realization on waking. She just knew, the moment her eyes opened, she was in Hell. Maybe REM sleep didn't exist for ghosts, or dead people, or whatever she was now.

She sat up. Naked. Shit. That hadn't really bothered her before, when all she could think about was falling through fire, the red river, the violence, the screaming. She had a moment to think now, and she covered her breasts with one arm as she sat up and looked at Caera.

Caera was already awake, looking at her with a weak smile as she sat up, too. And she of course made no effort to cover her big boobs.

"Don't," the demon said, gesturing to her. "Get used to being naked. Covering yourself like that makes you look vulnerable, which will set off most demons."

"Set off?" [www.NoVeLwoRm.Co@](#)

"Weak, vulnerable human? Any demon sees you acting like that and they'll pounce you and fuck you on the spot. So unless you want two brutes to impale you on their cocks, at the same time, don't act like you're soft and human. Act tough and hard, like a demon."

"Alright."

She squirmed. Okay, yeah, that made sense, but the thought of two of those muscular juggernauts grabbing her and forcing huge lengths into her, at the same time? Yeap, she was fucked in the head, because that scared her, but it also sent a tingle down her spine she did not like that she liked.

She lowered her arm, and didn't try and angle her pelvis away from the tiger demon anymore. It's not like she was all that concerned about nudity, but some part of her told her to cover her bits when around big, dangerous, deadly things. But Caera's warning made sense, so she'd have to break the habit.

Caera raised a brow, looking at her, head tilted slightly.

"There is something weird about you," Caera said.

"Well thanks," Mia said, a bite of sarcasm in her words. "I am unmarked, apparently."

"There is that. But..." Caera watched her for a bit, red and black eyes looking her up and down. There was more than curiosity there. "I don't know. I've been around a long time, Mia, but I've never seen an unmarked. It's got to mean something, right?"

"I just figured Heaven made a mistake."

The demon shook her head. "Not a chance. No, something is happening. Diogo knows it, and that's why he's taking you to Zel. You're special."

"Oh fuck no." Mia stood up and put up her hands. "No thanks. I'm not special, and I'd like to keep it that way. Just a girl who wants to get back to Heaven and enjoy centuries of having sex with handsome giant angel men."

Caera laughed and stood up with her. Damn she was tall when she stood on her hind legs, almost as tall as those big brutes.

"Whether you want to be you're not, and whether or not it's your own fault, you're special. Everyone's going to want a piece of you. Control you, own you, fuck you, maybe eat you." Shrugging, Caera scooped up some of her armor bits and strapped them back on, soon covering her body in black metal and some giant skulls again. "That's better than most fresh meat get. Play your cards right and Zel might keep you around."

Mia scrunched up her nose, and stomped around. "Fuck me, you're right. Okay, enough pussyguy around. I need... weapons! I need some weapons, some way to defend myself. I need armor. I need--"

Apparently she was hilarious, because the big demon clutched her stomach as she laughed, and shook her head.

"You're just a human, Mia. Even an imp or grem, even a succubus or incubus, could overpower you. Even a betrayer could. And unless you didn't notice, all the betrayers here are naked. We don't let humans wear clothes or carry weapons."

God damn it, Caera was right. Mia couldn't just suit up with armor and weapons without the demons taking issue. And it wasn't like she could stick a knife up her ass and keep it out of sight.

"So what do I do?"

Caera sat, like a big cat, arms straight down in front of her, and she plucked at the big spikes on her bigger tail.

"You die. That's what all fresh meat does. Either you die, or you become a betrayer, and die later."

"Fuck that."

"Your only other option is to make friends. Or, you know, allies."

"Oh no." She wasn't good at making friends. Straight up, she hated people, one of the few things she had in common with her brother. Okay, one of the many things. Why she was so interested in people and wanted to work with them for a living, she still didn't know.

Caera licked a fang, like a hungry cat, and it awoke Mia's hunger with a snap. Fuck, it was enough to send a jolt of hunger up through Mia's guts, and out into her limbs. But at least her feet felt fine. Good even! She could tell they were tougher, stronger, as if she'd been hiking around barefoot for months, maybe years. But the strange hunger pulsed through her straight into her bones.

"Hungry?"

"Yeah. Very." [NoVeLwoRm.CoM](#)

"Let's go see Adron. He might have some fruit." Caera pushed the chains dangling in front of the door aside, and motioned for her to go [www.NoVeLwoRm.CoM](#)

Caera was either a nice demon, or very good at making Mia think she was. And Mia was too fucking tired and scared to throw away the only chance she had at making some kind of friend in Hell. She smiled up at Caera as she walked past, and looked down the hole they'd climbed up. Not a big hole, five feet deep, and then a ten foot drop, just high enough to risk breaking her ankle.

With an almost playful chuckle, Caera slipped an arm around her waist, picked her up like she weighed nothing, and climbed down the hole reverse, tail first. It was nothing to her to use her talons and one hand's claws to grab grooves in the rock, and make the descent easy. Even when her legs dangled from the hole and she only had one hand to work with, she let gravity drag her down, claws cutting into stone so the descent was slow and controlled.

She landed as quietly and smoothly as a cat.

"Graceful," Mia said.

"Heh." Caera grinned at her, set Mia down, and lowered herself down to all fours. "Come on. Diogo will want you feeling fine before seeing Zel. If something happens and you starve, he'll be pissed, and he'll blame me."

Nodding, Mia followed alongside the big cat-ish demon.

"I wanted to know, what kind of demon are you?"

"Tregeera."

"That... sounds kinda like tiger." [NoVeLwoRm.CoM](#)

"Betrayers call us tigers."

"Oooh, that makes sense."

Caera nodded, chuckling. "The tigers I've seen in scrying pools look pretty awesome, so we never argued."

"Scrying pools?"

"Zel will probably show you, or you'll find one on the trip."