

## 1134

"Dao, come on." Jes poked at the satyr with her tail. "That thing, whatever it was, and assuming there was only one of them, was... was... I don't know! We don't know! No one knows! So I don't know about you, but I plan to not get killed hanging around this kid. I don't care if he's special or has a giant dick or whatever." With a small shrug, she nodded in David's direction. "No offense."

"None taken. You're just being pragmatic."

She raised a brow. "I'm... pretty sure most people would still take offense to being told they're going to be left to deal with their shit on their own, and probably die to it."

"I'm not most people." Nodding, he looked to Caera. Without needing to be asked, the tiger had already taken a guard position twenty feet away, near where the cave tunnel curved and the exit appeared. "Caera, how much longer do you think you'll need before you can go hunting?"

"None. I can go now."

"Come on, I thought you were the smart one of the group."

That got her. Caera groaned as she looked over her shoulder at him, but her tail swished a little, happy with the compliment.

"Give me a couple hours."

"Alright, a couple hours, and then we go hunting."

Her tail stopped swishing. "Uh, we?"

After a heavy gulp he hoped they didn't notice, he mustered up his best, most confident nod.

"You're injured and you'll need help."

"You'll just slow me down."  
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"Maybe, but that's still better than you passing out or tripping and getting killed, right? Besides." He held up an arm and flexed. "I'm small but I'm not a weakling."

It was true, too, and he knew they knew it. Yeah sure he was a small guy, a bit shy of five and a half feet tall, but he'd busted his ass getting in shape. He was light and agile, just horribly inexperienced. He needed experience if he was going to survive Hell, and nothing spurred action like necessity.

Easy thoughts to have, not so easy to follow through on. He was terrified, and he clenched a fist to hide his shivering fingers.

Groaning, Caera opened her mouth, but slowly closed it as she looked back out to the entrance of their cave.

"We're going to leave Jes and Dao unguarded?"

He nodded again. "Unless you have a better idea. And it's not like I'm in a position to play bodyguard, not without a weapon." A large rock wasn't much of a weapon. And, much as he was in great shape, being small and light meant those meera metal weapons were a giant pain to use. They'd get him killed, just like how they'd gotten the humans Jes and Dao fought killed. Too slow, left you too open. He needed a smaller, thinner, lighter version of one of those weapons. Maybe he'd find one? Or make one? Another thing on his to-do list.

"Fine," Caera said. "I'll let you know when I'm ready to go."

Nodding, he reached for the wall to push himself up, but Dao clicked a few times and held up her good arm. David came closer, and followed Dao's hand down until he sat next to her, directly between the gargoyle and satyr. And he made damn sure to not touch any broken limbs.

Dao clicked a few times. A strange sort of click, soft and lower pitched. Soothing. Before he knew it, Dao leaned in and kissed his cheek, before snuggling up to his side.

"Ugh," Jes said, rolling her eyes. "Dao, if being around him--"

Dao clicked a couple times more, harder and louder.

"Fine. We'll talk about it later."  
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Another couple clicks, before Dao kissed his cheek again, rubbed her closer, big curling horn against the side of his head, and relaxed against him. He had to fight a bit to keep from falling over, but Jes slid in a little closer too until she was pressed to his other side, and helped keep him straight. Much as Jes wasn't all too happy hanging with him had nearly gotten her and her lover killed, it was obvious she couldn't help but do whatever she could for Dao.

"I expect some quality fucking later, when we're healed up," Jes said, groaning as she leaned her head back against the stone and closed her eyes. "All this shit we're putting up with. Damn right you owe us, and damn right I expect to be repaid. Great sex is a good first step."

He raised a brow at the tall woman beside him. Okay, well, she might not have been happy with her situation, but shitty circumstances didn't affect her sex drive in the slightest. She'd said demons fight and fuck. Doing one probably didn't affect the other negatively. And from what Caera said, they often turned to one, when they couldn't satisfy the other. Good to know.

He smiled at Jes, and gave her a small nudge of his elbow, earning a sliver of an eye open from her closer eye.

"What?"

"I'm gonna make this right."

"Uh huh. How you gonna do that?"

"No idea yet. But I'll figure something out, and I'll pay you back. I mean it."

"You..." She laughed and nudged him back. "Christ, you really mean it, don't you?"

"Yeah, of course. I mean, I said it, right?"

A poke yanked his eyes down to his legs, and he smiled down at the long, smooth, semi-thick tail poking his knee.

"Ever heard of lying?"

He winced and shook his head.  
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"Fuck that. Fuck... lying." Just saying the word was enough to spark fire through his limbs.

Jes laughed some more, leaned in, and nudged the top of his head with her cheek; she was a lot taller than him.

"You, are too fucking precious."

Daoka clicked once.

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