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She put her dangling silk scarves back on, made no effort to align them so they covered her bits, and squatted down in front of Mia again. And Mia had to somehow not stare at what she'd just done to her tits? She couldn't not stare.

"Interested in a woman's body?" Zel asked.

Mia yanked her eyes back up. "No! No... I mean, uh, a little? Who doesn't like boobs, right?"

"Ha. Of course."

"But I definitely lean more toward men, on that spectrum." How easily Zel put her into talking mode about herself. Being nervous did that. It wasn't a problem with Diogo, because he didn't want her to talk at all. Zel did.www.n0v0l.com

"Men like your fellow man? Or men like Adron?"

Mia forced herself to not look down. Zel was reading her. Mentally, this woman was a lot closer to Adron than Diogo, and probably smarter than both of them. She had to be careful.

"Both, I guess."

Zel licked her lips as she nodded, stood back up with all her new Hellish bling, and walked back out to the inner balcony. Mia followed.www.f0vel0r.com

"We are not villains."

Oh, right, that topic.

"Torturing people and--"

"And simply doing what demons do. As you said, predators. Do not forget that the house cat slaughters wantonly, and rarely eats their kills."

Mia sucked in a breath between her teeth as she looked down. That was a good point. Lots of animals did some pretty heinous shit, more than just typical predator prey dynamics. Ugh, David would have a nice counter to a statement like that.

"Regardless," Zel said, "we are the children of Hell and Lucifer. As many demons say, we fight and fuck, and that is who we are. And the Great Tower ensures all souls sent to us are deplorable, vile things that have earned whatever trials we put them through. Until you." She stopped at the inner edge of the balcony and leaned it over, smiling as she admired the sight. "Spend a few hundred years in Hell and you might find yourself enjoying torturing the occasional, despicable human."

Mia fucking hoped not.

"And torturing and killing other demons?"

"They are demons, often slaves to their passions and desires. They can only be controlled with an iron fist, fear, and respect. Or would you rather demons rape and devour you?"

The more Zel talked, the more Mia liked and didn't like her. She definitely had that manipulative air to her that put Mia on edge, but she also seemed smart and self aware, and perfectly happy to be what she was: a powerful demon. Mia liked that self honesty.

"I guess not."

"And would you rather I hang you upside down, remove your innards, and keep you alive long enough to know what they taste like, instead of having this civil conversation?"

Mia froze. "I... think I'd prefer the civil conversation."www.f0vel0r.com

Zel winked at her, and motioned for her to follow. "Indeed."

They went up another few flights of stairs, Zel taking her sweet time. If she was as smart as Mia thought she was, the demon woman was planning things while they walked, probably dozens of things. What things to say to Mia, what Mia's lack of a mark of the Beast meant, what her aura meant, what the increase in angel activity meant, how it all linked, and probably other things Mia didn't know a thing about. And the quiet, slow walk and clack clack of her big hooves was also meant to make Mia stew in anxiety and fear. It worked.

"You are unmarked, and the lack of a mark seems warranted. Humans sent to Hell have a... quality to them you lack. Combined with your ability to create a sin aura as demons do, slightly different as it is, I think it is in my best interest to keep you alive, Mia. Alive and unharmed."

Oh thank god. Okay, step one of her plan, successful, kinda?

"Thanks."

"That is assuming you do the things I say. Disobey my orders and I will make an example of you. Understood?"

"Yes, very."

"Good. Now, come."

The longer Mia followed this woman, the more she really did feel like she'd joined the bad guys' team. That wasn't true, she knew that. This was Hell, and everyone down here was a bad guy, so no one was. And unless the angel activity was about saving her and David -- unlikely from how they'd reacted to her at the Gate of Heaven -- then she had no reason to not lean into this possible partnership. Yet.

The next room surprised her. The walls were literally covered in living flesh and bone, growing spikes made of metal and more bone and stuff, and cages dangled from the ceiling, filled with remnants squashed to the point of broken limbs. All that was quickly becoming the norm for her brain, and she half blocked it out. That hadn't surprised her.

The surprise was the orgy. She hadn't expected a giant room filled with naked humans, succubi, and incubi, all cuddled on huge piles of goort leather, and piles of the white silk stuff, too. Dozens of the ridiculously attractive demons squashed the men and women between their bodies, and wriggled and squirmed, rubbing firm or soft flesh against other flesh. Soft sex. Gentle sex. Slow, deep, massaging, tender sex, meant to take hours. In this room, it was everywhere.www.0r0lwoRm.com

It was a room of sex, of blowjobs and handjobs, of tongues and fingers going inside people, of sweat and cum. While plenty of the people and demons grouped up into piles of a dozen, plenty of others were in smaller groups, threesomes and foursomes along the walls. Zel walked between the groups, and Mia did her best to follow, but her eyes ran away and locked onto the sights.