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She shook her head hard, and forced her eyes back on the scarf wrap toga thing.

"Thank you." [WWW.novel\(\)worm.com](#)

Zel laughed again, louder than usual, and pat Mia's head once [www.novel\(\)elworm.com](#)

"Be careful with such polite language. You'll tempt a voracious demon to devour you."

"Devour..." [WWW.novel\(\)worm.com](#)

"I'm sure you'd enjoy it, considering how this aura of yours grows." Zel reached up with all four of her arms, and stretched back a bit, showing off how flat and perfect her tiny waist and long slab of abs were. "I can feel it tingling through my skin, demanding I give in. And yet, it does not feel exactly like a sin aura. It is subtler, wider, and... unique. It is a wonder Diogo and Adron did not give in."

"I... I guess, yeah."

Zel squatted down in front of her again, a little closer than Mia wanted. Even horny out of her mind, she didn't like the idea of Zel's face only inches from hers, at biting height. But, Zel's skin was getting redder by the moment, so she wasn't likely going to bite or hurt Mia... unless that was how she enjoyed sex. Oh god, she didn't even want to think about how extreme BDSM could get in Hell. The movie Event Horizon had some ideas about that [www.movie\(\)Lworm.com](#)

"But you wanted them to," Zel said. "For Diogo or Adron to take you."

Mia froze. "I... uh..."

"Did you want Adron to be your first? He is a handsome creature, and quite large for a vratorin. I'm sure he would have made your first time gentle, and dare I say, romantic." Nodding, Zel stood back up, set a hand on Mia's shoulder, and slowly guided her past the orgy again. "Until he gave into his urges, of course, and fucked you hard."

Gulp.

"I... don't know..."

"Or Diogo? Perhaps you enjoy even larger beasts? Brutes of muscle." She stopped beside Saldavin, and nudged his huge hand off the betrayer trembling on his cock. "Your body is not a body of flesh like those on the surface, not anymore. It can handle quite a bit, betrayer or not." With an evil grin, she took the penetrated woman's hands into one of hers, and did what the giant did before, slowly lifting the woman up before letting gravity sink her back down. And of course, because she apparently wanted Mia to boil alive, Zel used another hand to press against the huge bulge sliding up and down the tall woman's stomach.

The colossal beast leaned back, spread his wings, and put his weight on his hands behind him. His huge testicles pulled up, inner muscles flexing, as the first gush of cum poured into the mewling, panting, completely exhausted woman. And her belly distended with the fluid pouring into her, expanding for a moment before it came squirting out of her, gushing over the giant's testicles, all while Zel continued to gently bob the woman up and down on his cock.

Whoever the betrayer was, her head dangled forward, and her tongue hung out just slightly as a drop of drool fell. Her belly bulged a little more, and didn't return to normal, not completely, as the huge demon pumped her full of cum like... like a sex toy.

And through it all, the terrifying, gorgeous, scary, masculine beast, a ten-foot-tall goliath of muscle and wings and horns, watched Mia. With every wave of cum he filled his pet, a deep rumble flowed out of him, vibrating into the metal and stone of the floor, and up into Mia's feet. He wanted to fuck her.

The betrayer quivering on his cock managed to lift her head, and looked at Mia. She wanted to fuck Mia, too.

Mia looked around again, and held the scarf to her chest. Everyone stared at her, even more than before. They all wanted to fuck Mia.

With a satisfied chuckle, Zel let the betrayer go. Saldavin continued leaning back, eyes still locked on Mia, while the betrayer fell back against his abs again and lay there, arms hanging limp from her sweating body, legs spread around his massive thighs. Everything was on display, and Mia couldn't help but watch the dripping wet woman shiver in what was probably some of the best, most delicious orgasm aftershock tingles.

It looked amazing.

Zel put a hand on Mia's shoulder again, grinned down at her, and guided her out of the room.

A veil lifted from Mia's eyes, and coherent thoughts rushed her brain. Oh, right, she was in a big spire tower thing in Hell. There was more than sex sex sex in the universe. For a second there, sex had been all that existed.

"You demonstrated your sin aura quite well, Mia. I will find much use for you. Now, clothe yourself."

Nodding, Mia wrapped the huge silk thing around her, and did a half decent job of covering her breasts and bits. But, she did leave one breast visible, hard nipple included. If she covered herself completely, she'd be inviting a demon to pounce her. Fucked up as that was, she had to be smart. This wasn't a society that respected boundaries. This was a society that allowed, maybe even encouraged demons to simply take what they wanted and to indulge their desires.

No wonder Zel had to be so brutal when controlling them.

"Why are you... helping me?" She gestured to the clothes.

"I'm no fool. I gain no value out of torturing you, and despite what you may think, it'd probably only bring me little joy." Again, the four-armed demon woman winked at her. "But a little is not nothing. Don't give me a reason to look for such minor pleasures."

"I... I'll try not to."

"Good. You will remain here in my spire as my prize, my slave, my toy, whatever I wish, until I know more. As I said, something is afoot in Hell, and I must learn what. I will not throw away a board piece when I do not yet know the rules of the game."

Board piece?

"Do you... play board games, down here, in Hell?"

That got another laugh out of her, less feminine and controlled, more loud and boisterous. But it passed quickly, and she went back to the manipulative demon she was.

"No. But even one such as I does not ignore scrying pools. Now, come. I expect you to stay within my spire for some time, if not for eternity. I have one more demon to introduce you to today. And perhaps, another, who I am eager to see if you can... Well, that can wait until another day, I think."

She'd been in the spire not even an hour and one of the rulers of Hell was planning to use her for her probably nefarious purposes. It was so cliché she wanted to puke.

"Can... Can I ask a question?"

Zel stepped up to the inner edge of the balcony and looked down into the pit, and the hundreds of balconies waiting below.

"Of course."

Mia squinted. Zel was being awfully nice to her, but she had made it clear why. No reason to be mean to her, yet. Maybe she thought if Mia became important, it'd be better to have her as an ally, not a slave?

"I'm guessing you're not just... sitting around, ruling Death's Grip for fun. You seem to have a goal. From what others say, you've been up to something for a while now, maybe a fight with a neighboring province." She had to thank Adron for the info later. "But you seem to have... I don't know, I get the impression you want to do more than just have fun ruling a chunk of Hell. You have bigger goals."

Zel set her gaze on Mia, and squinted, same as her. Her black and red eyes were far more intense than Mia's, and yet far more subtle. Like, looking into the eyes of a queen sitting at a table in a meeting of politics and war, while said queen quietly glares at a man she intends to see drawn and quartered in front of an audience. But thankfully Zel slowly put on a playful smile.

—~~"You think me so ambitious? Demons wish to fight, and to fuck. Perhaps I am satisfied indulging those vices?"~~

"I don't think so. You're up to something."

Zel squatted down, and looked into her eyes, this time from a whole six inches away.

"And how did you come to such a conclusion?"

"I... I just..." She shrugged. "You really got that air, you know? Diogo I can see enjoying ruling a spire, and doing nothing but enjoying that. Even Adron probably would, too. But you're... you're not like them."