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"Even the volas don't taste so fucking good. It's like... fucking... I just wanna..." She lowered her

head back down to toward his cock. Like she was hypnotized. Like she was brainwashed.

He sat up fast. Caera half rolled off him, and Jes pulled her head back. Dao clicked a few times and pushed on his shoulders, but he shrugged her off.

"Stop stop." He waved his hands. "Cold hard stop. Now I'm freaking out." And his body knew it, too. His giant dick shriveled down into a perfectly normal, flaccid dick, and the vibration inside him died quick. He couldn't crush the aura, not completely, and he barely had any control of it in the first place. But what Caera and Jes said hit him like a bucket of ice water.

Caera sat back cat style, eyebrow raised. "I..." Slowly she wiped her forehead -- demons didn't sweat -- and plucked at one of her horns. "Okay, yeah, that aura is pretty powerful. It pulls you right in."

Jes rubbed her swollen wing arm, black and red eyes looking straight at David.

"That isn't a sin aura. Sin auras can't do that."

Dao clicked a few times, nodding.

"Sorry! Sorry, I... didn't know. I just... I..." He'd pictured the most amazing, beautiful, pleasurable scene possible. Him, relaxing with three women satisfied women, while they pleased and pampered him. The most perfect, silly fantasy he could think of, sexual pleasure in the comfort of... home? "I just pictured having a... nice time."

"Sin auras are way simpler than that," Jes said. "They can't make people do complicated emotions like you just did. Just, make people fight, or fuck."

Caera looked down. "Sin auras, yes. But... spire rulers can create more intricate auras, with the tools of the spire. Like, the horde summon."

"So some demons can?" David asked.

"No, the demon can't. Zel is an extremely powerful bolstara tetrad. One of the strongest. But she's still a demon. With the power of the spire though, she can do different

things."@w@.noV@TWorm.c@mm

"Different things?"

Caera shrugged. "I've never seen the other things Zel has done. She's summoned a horde, but... Renato has told me about some of the other things she's used the spire for."

"Brainwashing? I mean, something more... intricate, than the horde summons?"

"I don't think so. But..." Caera shrugged, and poked him in the chest. "It wasn't... I mean... You... didn't have to stop."

He blinked at her. "What?"

Dao clicked a few times before rubbing David on his back.

"I guess," Jes said, shrugging, and regretting immediately with a wince. "Dao said you didn't brainwash us, David."

"I didn't?"

"Nah. Not like we stopped being able to think. It was more like... I dunno. It was more like... Fuck, nothing like down here in Hell. But in the scrying pools, sometimes I'd see a human walking home in the snow."

He smiled. "You know what snow feels like?"

"No I don't, asshole. Shut up and listen. Sometimes the human would get home from a long walk through a blizzard, make themselves something hot to drink, curl up with a blanket on a couch, and watch a movie or something. I don't know what any of that feels like, but for a second, it... felt kind of like what I thought that might feel like." She poked his chest with a claw. "And because you're the most horny soul in all of Hell, of course you'd push out that aura with blowjob included."

Clicking and chirping, Dao pulled on his shoulders, and soon his head was back on her lap.

"Yeah yeah," Jes said, rolling her eyes. "She's saying don't feel guilty about it. It was... really nice."

"But--"

Dao covered his mouth with a fingertip, clicked quietly a couple times, and teased his chest with a claw again while her other hand combed his hair. Worry melted away. This crazy aura of his wasn't blinding them or controlling them. If Jes was right, it was more like, a warm blanket, lulling them into its inviting grip. Or maybe like a bed, demanding someone come back to it after waking groggy and tired.

Far as he could tell, his aura was basically off, and yet Dao smiled down at him and played with his hair and scratched his scalp some more until he couldn't help but close eyes. Yeap, he was still being pampered. Jes and Caera weren't cuddling him like a giant body pillow anymore, but they weren't angry with him either. If Jes was right, he kind of understood. He'd never been angry at his bed for being comfy, especially when he was groggy and didn't want to go to class.

Chuckling, Caera leaned in, and gave his neck a quick kiss. He opened his eyes and blinked up at her, but she shrugged, and poked his cheek with a claw.

"I just want to cuddle you and wrap my legs around you and fuck you and squeeze you with my thighs until you break in half."

"Uh..." That, was scary. Caera had big thighs. He'd seen those watermelon videos.

"In a good way."www.(n)OvE@w6rM.com

"Cute aggression," Jes said, nodding. The gargoyle chuckled as she sat beside Dao, back to her so she say parallel with him, and nursed her sore wing arm while her tail stuck up between her back and Dao. It snuck up onto David's chest, and wagged up and down his abs gently. "I don't know what's going on with you, fresh meat, but fuck me, I kinda like it."

Dao clicked away, smiling as she nodded.

He wasn't entirely convinced this was a good thing, just like giving in to the deadly bedroom bed's comforting embrace was a bad thing if it meant missing morning classes. But, fuck it. He smiled up at Caera, and then Dao, and the satyr giggled between some chirps, lowered her chest, and again let the heavy weight of her breasts squash over his face.

He let the aura return. A slow, vibrating tingle deep inside him, gentle, and inviting. All three ladies moaned quietly, and again, Caera snuggled her whole body into him, but lower this time. Jes reached out, took his hardening cock in her hands again, and stroked it with a practiced grip before guiding the tip toward Caera. He didn't get to see the rest, as Dao chirped and leaned forward over him, this time leaning down a little more so her swollen nipple pressed against his lips.www.nov@LWOR(m).coM

He smiled up at the satyr, closed his eyes, opened his mouth, and let the mountain of softness bury as his face as she pushed the engorged nipple in between his lips. And as she did, a pair of oddly shaped lips wrapped around the head of his cock, followed by a purr that sent vibration down his length, along with sparks of bliss.

The aura. He was thinking about what it'd have been like to have a home, to be at home, living in it, sleeping in it, relaxing in it, just like Jes said, while three beautiful women relaxed with him and pampered him. But also, a hint of what it'd like, walking up the steps of Heaven. And thinking those thoughts sent something he didn't understand into the aura, and into the three women burying him in softness, kisses, and pleasure.

He hoped Mia was having as good a time as him.

~~~~~

~~Mia~~

Day twenty-one. Still alive, or rather, still only died once. She might as well think of it as being 'still alive', with how the afterlife apparently worked.

She paced around in her room, raised a hand, and lightly touched the skulls dangling overhead from chains. They weren't metal skulls, but real skulls, of all shapes and sizes. Zel had probably collected them over the years and decorated the room with them. A guest bedroom? Or just one of her own bedrooms? The idea of a guest bedroom, in Hell, in a place like a spire which came straight out of nightmares, was hilarious, and she laughedwww.n6v@l(w)OR(m).c6m