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As much as he had that sort of dinosaur shape Kas had, he did look different. More spiky, thicker limbs, obviously taller, four arms instead of two like Zel, and most different was his face. He had a snout, just like Kas, but he had eyes. Scary, sinister eyes. Dragon eyes. If a dragon could have the same sort of scary demon, skull-like face so many demons had, Vinicius had it. Terrifying, powerful, towering, in that hyper-masculine way, especially when on a goliath body of muscle. No hair tendrils, unlike Zel's long black tendrils, but his array of horns were both regal, and imposing.

One of the chains wrapped his snout. He couldn't open his mouth. But he did rumble, deep in his chest, a grumbling, bassy sound that flowed into the floor under Mia's feet.

"Child of Belial?" she asked, unable to tear her eyes away from the juggernaut and his chained, huge body. How could something so huge exist?

"Indeed, a child of the Old Ones. But, despite their title, children of the Old Ones spawn in the spire, same as the tetrad or any other demon alive today. But children of the Old Ones are called such because, so the tale goes, they were born by the hundreds in the early days after the births of the spires. They fought for the right to aid Lucifer, and for the right to live." **www.novellworm.com**

"The right to live." She forced down the urge to gag. "So, he is... is a child of Belial. Does that mean he looks like Belial?"

"No. But they do look specific to the spire which bore them."

That made sense then, to call him a child of Belial, since Death's Grip's spire was directly attached to Belial himself, or itself. What she found in Zel's book confirmed that.

Mia drifted in front of the beast, stood twenty feet away, and dared not come closer. He stared at her, dragon eyes of black and red cutting into her soul, and he rumbled again, like a mini earthquake. Just one of his legs was bigger than her entire body.

"W-Why is he... tied up?"

"Vinicius would gladly see me dead, for many reasons. He does not appreciate that I am the ruler of Death's Grip." Nodding, Zel walked up to the ragarin, and pressed her breasts to his chest. "Isn't that right, old friend? If only you had obeyed, I would not have had to ensnare you all those years ago." Zel looked so tiny compared to the beast, it almost looked like a romance monster novel's cover, the small woman pressing her body against the bound giant. They were both giants to Mia. "I keep him fed. Just enough resonance to keep him from starving." **www.novellworm.com**

Wait, she'd said years? The colossus had been locked down here for years? Always hungry? Oh god.

Vinicius growled, more heavy rumbles, but barely moved at all. He stared down at Zel with hard, burning eyes, but didn't squirm to try and get away from her. He was used to this.

"W-Why are you keeping him prisoner? Why not kill him? Or... eat him?"

"Because he is too powerful to let roam free, and yet too valuable to kill. Belor, last child of Abaddon, held False Gate for centuries against demon and angel alike, a testament of true might. Vinicius could solidify my grip on this province for millennia. I must break him." One of Zel's hands reached behind her and gestured for Mia to come closer. **www.novellworm.com**

She did, hugging herself tighter with each step.

"You locked him up because he's powerful? Did he do anything to you?"

"He wanted my spire. The fool."

Mia clutched her chest through her silks, and met the giant prisoner's dragon eyes again. Try as she might, she couldn't wipe away the expression she knew she carried: empathy, and sadness.

Standing closer now, Mia squinted as she looked the titan up and down a few times. He had more spikes on his body than she'd realized, some on his quads and shoulders, a couple pointing backward from the back of his hard jaw, and some sticking back from the top of his head, along with his bigger, more impressive horns. He had spikes on the back of his forearms, enough of them they were practically a layer of armor on his otherwise naked body. From the way his chest -- holy fuck that chest -- jutted out slightly, he probably had a bunch of really big spikes on his back, too, that prevented him from pressing flat to it. He was just so, so big.

No, wait, he wasn't completely nude. He had a collar on, a chain that looked not unlike Mia's, but far tighter.

"Um, that necklace..."

"Ah. One of the tools I crafted using the spire, to attempt to break this old beast." She stepped away, and fetched a small chain from the wall, another one that looked similar to Mia's, complete with a small, glowing amber stone.

Zel clutched the tiny stone with one of her hands. An arc of amber light, similar but far gentler than the blinding arcs that'd come out of Lucifer's book, reached out and attached itself to the necklace around Vinicius's throat. A leash of amber light. Zel grinned.

"Pain."

A loud, electric sound pulsed down through the arc of light, the light itself vibrated, and Mia braced for the roar. It sounded all too similar to the silly electrocution sounds she'd heard in a million movies, a zap zing zap sort of sound. And just like instinct told her it would, it pulled a roar out of Vinicius that made her jump away and cover her ears. The vibration flooded the room, and Mia almost screamed as the giant beast's voice shook the walls.

Zel's smile only grew, as the enormous creature strapped to the wall by a dozen colossal chains took enough of a breath to roar again. But the zapping stopped halfway through it, and the quivering monster went limp. Even his tail, which had been shaking and fighting against the chains, flattened over the metal floor, still, while the creature breathed deep and heavy.

"That... That really hurt him."

"That it did. I have tried for decades to break this brute, but for all the pain I have inflicted upon him, the only word he has ever spoken is his name." Sighing, Zel lowered her hand, and the amber leash faded. She came up to the bound monster, and leaned back against him. Half flirtatiously, she pressed her side into his chest, and gently traced her claws up and down his massive chest and abs. If Mia didn't know any better, she'd think the child of Belial was using a sexual sin aura, with how Zel responded to him. He wasn't.

"He's not--"

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