

1196

~~David~~

He was distracted, so distracted not even Dao and Jes, kissing and hugging and rubbing their bodies against each other, could keep his attention for long.

Caera sat closer to their little cave's entrance, keeping guard while Dao and Jes finished healing. There was increased activity from the tower yesterday, and it'd only gotten worse. More gargoyles and bat demons glided around, and even vrats and brutes combed the mountains. It couldn't have taken them long to find Gorlus's body, so they had to be searching for the rider. Or maybe, searching for David. Maybe Mia had told them about him? She wouldn't have done that unless she thought it was a good thing to do, or maybe if they tortured her within an inch of her life. Much as he loved his sister, he doubted she could handle the tortures demons in Hell were capable of. He knew he couldn't.

Torture, but extreme bliss, too. Case in point, Dao and Jes, naked and semi aroused, sat together, Dao's legs up and around Jes's waist, and the two of them hugged each other snug, complete with back rubbing and neck kisses. The way their large breasts squashed together was hypnotizing, and Dao made sure to keep her arm out of the way so he got to see it. She was trying to seduce him.

And somehow, it just wasn't working. He tried to watch, but his eyes drifted down, and he frowned at the ground between his legs. He had a sex aura he could push out and make everyone nearby weak at the knees. He had a giant dick. He had three gorgeous demon women all happy to fuck him, get fucked by him, and more.

But if he stopped analyzing and being negative about his life circumstances, it'd be a first. It didn't happen. The only thing running through his mind, was thoughts of deadly armored knights with two axes, giant invisible monsters, and his sister being tortured or exploited inside the spire. The spire. So close, and so far.

"Hey, fresh meat," Jes said, and she poked his leg with her tail. "What's got you so down? Daoka and me are the hottest demons this side of Hell, we're naked and rubbing on each other, making out in front of you, and you look depressed? The fuck? Where's the aura?"

He winced, but didn't look up.

"Sorry, just thinking. Lot of things keep getting in my way, our way, and I'm starting to think this isn't going to work."

Dao clicked a few times, and gestured to him. A long, annoyed sigh from Jeskura followed, she slid her legs out from under the satyr, and crawled over to him instead. Both demons sat beside him, and the redness faded from their bodies. No more softness. He'd ruined the mood.

"Sorry," he said.

"Yeah yeah," Jes said, shrugging. "You gotta learn to chill."

Learn to chill? He groaned and rubbed his face *w(w).(n)eVellWor.m.c0m*

"Caera was right. You watch the scrying pools way too much. Did you grow up watching 90s action movies to learn slang like that?" *wW.n0veL@6Rm.c0m*

Chuckling, the gargoyle slipped her closer wing between him and the wall he sat against, and hugged him with it until she forced him to lean against her side.

"Not wrong."

Dao clicked and chirped, and nodded enthusiastically, before she leaned in and rubbed her closest horn against his head.

"She wants to know why you can't chill," Jes said.

"She did not say 'can't chill'."

"How do you know? Speak Hellian?"

"No. How can anyone speak it? It's clicks. I can't hear anything distinct."

The gargoyle shrugged. "Get ears like ours and you'll hear more. Now"--she poked his chest with her tail--"tell me what's bothering you so much?"

"You know everything."

"Yeah but that's just the usual crap, right? Shit always happens." She said it like getting buried in an avalanche of horrible shit was a perfectly normal thing, and surviving it was, too.

He eyed the gargoyle, squinting. It couldn't have been sex that put her in such a good mood, right? Just a few days ago she'd been pushing to basically leave him.

"My... aura... What's it doing right now?"

"Uh, nothing? I don't feel anything." She tilted her head, one eyebrow raised. "Why?"

"Because you're acting differently."

"I am not."

"Yes you are! You're acting differently, and now I'm paranoid I'm making you guys do things you don't want to do."

She rolled her eyes and poked him in the stomach this time, hard enough he winced and pushed the tail away. *Ww.(n)oV_e1w0r.m.c0M*

"It's an aura. You can feel it when you use it, right? Same for us."

"I know, but I thought... maybe it, I don't know, left a persistent effect or something?"

"A persistent effect that did what? Told me to be nice?"

He winced again, looking down. "Yeah."

Dao clicked several times, sounding a little more angry than he thought the chirping sound could, before she slipped a hand around his neck, pulled him away from Jes's wing, and brought him down and down until his head landed on her lap. She helped him get on his butt so he lay on her lap, and before he knew it, Jes had his legs up so they rested on her lap, too, his butt on the ground between the two ladies.

"This is exactly what I'm talking about," he said, gesturing to the pampering.

"Ugh, you really want to have this conversation?" Jes asked.

"I think so, yeah."

Jes thumped his stomach. He sat up with a jolt and grunt, and Dao, clicking and smiling, pushed his head back down on her lap.

"I guess if Caera was willing to talk about shit, I can too."

Caera, about twenty feet away, snorted once, but said nothing.

"You don't have to if you don't want to," he said. *Ww.@ovelw.r.m.com*

Shrugging, the gargoyle slipped her tail up onto his stomach, and let it rest there, gently swaying left and right.