

## 1204

Hannah's eyes drift closed. They didn't do this often, kiss, and Mia wasn't sure she'd ever seen a demon actually kiss a human, not romantically like this at least. If they hadn't just had a mountain of sex, it would have led to more, but instead they continued to kiss, and snuggle.

Mia pulled her knees up to her chest, and watched. Part of her thought maybe she should look away and give them privacy, but then, it hadn't even been an hour since both Adron and Kas had their dicks inside Mia, and Hannah had had her lips and hands all over her. Privacy at this point seemed pointless. And it was nice, watching, seeing that the woman with 666 on her forehead was capable of romance, and Adron too, a demon.

Maybe Mia should spend some time getting to know Kas?

"Ka--" She looked back, but he'd moved back to the doorway, and stood in his usual half crouch half standing position his short-ish legs and long-ish arms allowed. A shark dinosaur dragon... gargoyle beast, guarding her, but only because he'd been told to. Alas, no cuddling for her.

Watching Adron and Hannah's weird, twisted romance was putting her in a romantic mood. Maybe they were being so lovey dovey with each other because Mia's aura was changing, too? She felt it, the weird tingling in her chest alter and shift, and there no was denying it. It'd changed to be... romantic. Still gentle, subtle, not screaming powerful like when she was horny. But, romantic.

Her emotional state affected her aura, and Zel wanted her to master it. So, if Zel wanted her to break someone like Vinicius, and make him work for her, how would that work? Would she need to become some sort of queenly figure? An army's general? Someone that would convey an aura of 'obey me', which didn't really sound like something she could 'emotionally align with' anyway?

Mia sighed, cuddled into her blankets, closed her eyes, and let her afterlife body switch off for the night. And she did her best to ignore the growing hunger in her stomach.

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--Day 24--

--David--

He woke up last. No dreams, as usual. No flood of groggy memories that he needed to work through to understand yesterday. A strange quirk of Hell, and one he was thankful for.

Dao and Jes both looked his way for a moment. They sat beside each other against a nearby cave wall, shoulder to shoulder, and checked their armor. How they kept the pile of black metal chunks and leather straps organized, he couldn't see, but they had them in a pile in front of them, and both ladies plucked on the straps and ran claws over the dented, warped metal. Maybe they shared some parts, since they were only six inches different in height. Not doable for Caera, big as she was.

David sat up, hugged his legs, and stared at the floor. One of the girls, usually Dao, was near him when he woke up, intent on snuggling him or some such. No such luck this morning.

This wasn't the first time David pissed off other people by not considering their feelings. He considered himself to be an empathetic guy, and always tried to help other people when the situation allowed. But doing things to help others and using words that considered people's feelings were two different things. He absolutely, utterly fucking sucked at considering people's feelings when it came to the whole talking and communications thing.

But he had three people with him now, twenty-four-seven. Time to practice what came to Mia so naturally.

He got up, and sat down in front of Dao and Jes, with their pile of armor between him and them.

Dao clicked a few times, but with how quiet they were, she was probably still talking to Jes about whatever she had been before. She was ignoring him. Jes did the same, and she nodded as she held up a bit of a metal.

"Think this mark was from that bitch Scilla we killed." She tried to buff a scratch out with her palm. No luck.

David stared down at the small pile for a little while, struggling to find words. It'd be easier if they were chatting online or something, and he could just type words out. Actually forming them with his lips and tongue, and having to actually say the words out loud was a hundred times harder.

'I'm sorry?' That didn't really cover it. 'I wasn't thinking about you when I said I wanted to leave?' That was half apology half insult. No good. 'I'm an asshole?' Well they knew that. 'You're awesome and I appreciate everything you do for me?' Just the word 'appreciate' was bound to piss them off, and didn't really cover what he was trying to say, either.[www.NoV&LW0@m.com](http://www.NoV&LW0@m.com)

All he'd told the angels was he wanted to leave Hell. He didn't tell them he wanted to leave the girls behind. He didn't want to! He didn't...

"I would have taken you with me," he said.

The girls looked up from their armor bits, and Jes raised a brow.

"What?" she asked, at the same time Dao clicked once.

"When I asked the angels if they could take me back to Heaven. I... I mean, I guess it can't work and it was stupid of me to think it. But, when I asked them, the image in my head was, if they agreed, that you and Dao and Caera would be coming with me? Or something like that?" Sighing, he stared down at the ground. "Like, for one second there, I pictured the angels holding out a hand to us. Not me. Us." He threw up his hands. "Which I realize now was really stupid, because I'm guessing there's no way they'd take demons to Heaven. But... I didn't... I wouldn't..."

The two ladies stared at him. A peek back over his shoulder showed Caera had come closer and was staring at him, too. It took a few seconds, but Jes broke into a laugh, and shook her head hard enough her long hair tendrils bounced around.

"You're a fucking moron."

Dao giggled, clicked and chirped, and gestured to David as she nodded.

"True," Caera said. She prowled closer, and sat beside him, facing the other two demons. "I guess we were being stupid, thinking this little pipsqueak with a heart of gold would just... suddenly be a jackass."[www.W.L0V\(e\)LWORm.\(c\)0m](http://www.W.L0V(e)LWORm.(c)0m)

The girls all smiled at him. He squirmed, and blushed.

"I mean, I am a jackass, but..."

"But not by Hell standards," Jes said. "Jesus fucking christ, David, you fucking... stupid..." No good. Jes leaned back and laughed some more, until Dao reached out and covered her mouth with some claws. Too loud. They were supposed to be hiding.

"You know we've only known you for a week, right?" Caera asked. "No need to get all dramatic and shit about it."

"W-What? You got upset that I wanted to leave!"

The tiger shook her head. "I didn't get upset. Girls, did you get upset?"

Jes and Dao shook their heads.

David's jaw dropped, but before he could launch into a rant explaining in vivid detail the exact things they'd done that'd make even a socially blind person realize they were upset, Caera hugged him. It hurt a bit, since she still had armor on, and the fact she had two-and-a-half feet of height on him. She was a big lady.

She didn't have him for long. After a few more chirps, Dao pulled him off Caera's lap and into a hug. She wasn't red and aroused, but at least she wasn't wearing armor, and she squashed his face against her huge breasts as she giggled and smiled down at him.

All he had to do to get them to stop being angry with him, was talk? Explain? Communicate? It took a lot of effort for him to do that on a good day. No wonder men and women argued so often.

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--Mia--

She couldn't ignore the discomfort anymore. Her stomach ached, her energy was low, and her limbs felt heavy. She needed food, or essence.

"Kas," she said. "I... need to eat something."

Her bodyguard snorted once, and clicked another. He stood by the door as always, and did his best to pretend to be a stone gargoyle. Part of her had hoped she'd wake up to him being closer, maybe crouched beside her, being all protective like a big dog, or maybe like a beastly lover who wanted to watch her while she slept?[www.0.v&LW0@m.com](http://www.0.v&LW0@m.com)