

1213

(c)

"Special?"

"Mhmm. I thought it mere weakness at first, that he could not last long when fucking you. But he insists your insides feel different, and that your body is quite ready to take his length quickly each time. He tells me it took Hannah many months to achieve that."

Mia squirmed. "He uh... he said that?" Knowing Adron, Zel was being more elegant than what that asshole had said. The bastard had probably said something like 'she has the tightest, most amazing pussy'. Though, based on the exact words Zel used, he also implied Mia could stretch to fit him easily? Now she wasn't sure if to be complimented or insulted.

"I bet, with time, we could fit Vinicius inside you." She licked her lips, pressed her back and side into the nook of Vinicius's arms and his chest, and made a deliberate showing of running her two closer hands and their claws down his stomach some more. "Very slowly spread you open, further and further apart, until you're near to bursting. Only then would his girth fit into you. And then I would push you down onto him, nice and slow, until you are whimpering for mercy, your belly bulges, and you struggle to breathe, insides full, quivering with bliss. [www.0\(v\)e/wOrm.cOm](#)

Mia gulped. If she was Zel's pet, and Zel was fantasizing about this, it was pretty much guaranteed Zel would make the attempt. And sure, Mia's sex drive was going a little crazy right now, what with that demon heart sending a buzz through her, and very much liked the idea of Zel using her as a sex toy and turning her into a fleshlight for Vinicius. But the small part of her brain that still managed to work was a little more concerned about her exploding like an overblown [balloon.www.0\(v\)e/wOrm.cOm](#)

"But--"

"But, that is not the goal tonight," Zel said. Oh thank god. "Trouble brews, and I cannot gamble upon the runes we discovered having any value to me. Tonight, we will try something else. Or rather, you shall." Zel stepped back. "Craft for me an aura."

"Craft one?"

"Adron has mentioned your abilities grow, and Kasimiro confirmed. So, you shall test your ability to craft a nuanced aura."

"But, what if I can't?"

"I believe you can." Zel stepped back from the beast, and walked away. With a graceful flare, she leaned back against the wall on the opposite side of the square room, folded her four arms across her chest, and smiled. "There are stories, fresh meat. Ancient stories, about the auras found on the battlefield in the first war. Demons today can only craft auras of violence and lust. With the power of the spire, I can craft auras that guide a horde toward a goal, but even that aura, more nuanced as it is, is still an aura of violence. But the old tales mention the auras of old, of the strange sensations demons felt in the presence of the Old Ones, and even Lucifer himself."

"They had... different auras?"

"Indeed. The tales also mention the auras of Heaven, though not in detail."

"The auras of Heaven. Like... Like I felt on the stairway, in front of the gate of Heaven. I felt calm, and happy, I felt good, and I knew it wasn't coming from me."

Zel's smile grew. "We know little of the powers of our ancient kin, only that they waged war on a scale grand and beyond our appreciation. The angels that pester my skies are but insects compared to the angels of the First War. The Old Ones, Lucifer, the greater angels, and perhaps even Lucifer's true kin, used auras to influence the world around them." Smile gone, now replaced with a wicked grin, Zel gestured to Mia. "It makes me wonder what you truly are, one who can read the ancient language."

Mia gulped again, but couldn't get rid of the boulder in her throat.

"I... don't know." [www.0\(v\)e/wOrm.cOm](#)

"Neither do I, my pet. We will find out together. For now, attempt to craft an aura of control."

"But you're in the room. Won't it affect you?"

"Perhaps. But I am well fed, and free. Vinicius is bound and drained." Zel licked a fang as she set her playful eyes on Mia. "If you can break me, then by all means little soul, try."

Say one thing for Zel, she was confident and perfectly willing to do things with her own two--er, four hands. Admirable, if she wasn't also a power hungry, dangerous person.

Mia nodded, and did her best to banish the sexy mental image Zel had put in her a minute ago. Not easy. Zel was hot, and huge. Vinicius was hot, and utterly gigantic. Little Mia, getting used by Zel like a toy on one of the bound beast's cocks? Even if it couldn't work physically, it was still a hot image, and tiny tingles of lust crept up Mia's thoughts. But that wasn't what they were here for, and Mia squeezed her eyes shut tight as she forced herself to think about the goal.

They were going to control this brute, this berserker, this creature who'd spent who knew how many decades ripping and tearing other demons and humans into piles of meat. It wasn't hard to piece together something was wrong in Death's Grip, and Zel needed Mia to figure out if this goal of hers was possible asap. Gorlus was missing, and supposedly so were a few others. Danger was on the horizon, and whatever it was, it was going to be a problem.

Mia was pretty good under pressure, at university. She didn't panic. She buckled down and got things done.

Now she was panicking.

"I uh... I don't know if I can."

"Kasimiro says you've made progress."

"I have! I know I have. But it's... it's like trying to play an instrument, I guess, except how I'm feeling affects the instrument. And the instrument isn't really... in me, I think. My fingers plucking the strings are, but the thing I'm plucking isn't?" Her shoulders slumped and she stared at the floor. "I don't know if I can get... authoritative, I guess?"

Zel tapped her chin a few times before she sauntered over to Mia, gently moved her to stand in front of Vinicius, and squatted down behind her. Even squatting, she was still taller than Mia, and she set her two higher hands on Mia's shoulders.