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"Picture this, then, little soul. You, sitting upon a throne, with a host of demons at your beck and call. A crown sits upon your brow. A princess of sorts. Your servants bring you silks from the Scar province. Succubi and incubi try them on for you. Devorjin and tregeera guard you, ready to die for you. This beast, yours to control and bound by a leash"-- she gestured to the leash she had hanging on a hook behind them--"kneels beside you, ready to kill at your command."www.novelworld.com

"A princess?" Ah shit, she said the magic word. A world flashed before Mia's eyes, her wearing a pretty dress and sitting on a fancy throne in a big castle. The castle could be old stone, or Gothic architecture, or even a fancy giant cottage of wood, but she would be beautiful and doted on. People from other kingdoms would come to talk with her father or mother, or her, people who wanted to make deals for land or money or goods. Soldiers everywhere, in armor or fancy tattoos or nice suits, all there to protect her. A giant beast under her command. Dangerous. Sexy.

And of course she would have bigger tits, because why the fuck not. www.novelworld.com

"Hold onto that image," Zelandariel said, "and do what it is you do."

Deep breaths, deep breaths, find the strings, the vibration. She closed her eyes and went digging, the same way she had with Kas earlier. If she plucked the strings, and pressed on them in the right spot to change the tone, she could make them vibrate emotion, whatever emotion or mental state she was feeling. The feeling of being in control. The feeling of being adored. The feeling of knowing other people would die for her if she ordered them to.

It might not have been the cold, harsh, cruel authority Zel probably wanted, but Zel mentioned the princess idea for a reason. Mia couldn't be a cold, harsh, cruel person, but she could definitely be a princess, and to turn that into an air of authority, of control, of respect and servitude, was possible.

Sure enough, she plucked the strings, and whatever it was she was touching, it resonated. The new tone vibrated out through the area, starting from her, and it poured out into the air, the metal beneath her feet, the metal walls, all of it.

Obey me. You want to serve me. You want to do what I say, because you love me. I am your princess.

Zel stood up. Mia almost dropped the feeling, half expecting Zel to hit her or something, for daring to emit the aura over her, too. But the giant, four-armed demon walked back over to Vinicius, and stood beside him, half facing him half facing Mia.

"She is a strange thing, isn't she?" Zel said. "Even now, I can feel this odd... presence, flowing from her. It asks me to take care of her. Protect her. Serve her." Her grin was gone. Instead of flirting with Vinicius, and pressing her breasts into him like usual, she folded her arms across her chest, both of them, and nodded slowly. Her attitude had changed. Was she trying to resist Mia?

Vinicius rumbled, but it was a quiet thing, soft, and... submissive? Zel had said he was always half starved of resonance, which might have left him easily affected.

"What do you think, young soul?" Zel motioned her closer, and after another slow breath, Mia joined her, now only a few feet away from the titan. "Is he bound to your will?"

"No."

"You can tell?"

Mia shrugged. "No, but I... I know I'm not doing the aura thing as strong as I do when I'm... you know..."

"Aroused?" Zel's smile returned, but only slightly. "Agreed. When you are delirious with need, it is as if the air itself burns with hunger. I have but to be near you when you crave sex, and soon it is all I can do to not find the nearest demon or soul and indulge myself." Despite the sex talk, she spoke with a solid tone. Mia's aura was definitely affecting her. "Now you must achieve the same strength for other mental states."

"I don't know if I can... get the aura to do that." She was horny girl, always had been. The moment puberty hit, bam, her internet history became a minefield and she indulged herself in a thousand kinks, always hungry for new things. Stories about ladies getting into scary situations with giant sexy monsters who ultimately ravaged the lady, only for the lady to then 'fix' them, and then bloom a romance, were her guilty pleasure. Really fucked up stuff, psychologically speaking, but a guilty indulgence she -- and as far as the internet showed, a lot of young girls -- loved. Of course Mia would have an easy time creating a powerful sex aura with her new magical super powers.

Auras for other mental states? Not so much.

Zel tapped her glowing horn, kinda like someone tapping their chin in thought. www.novelworld.com

"Stay here. Focus. Practice your aura. I will return." The enormous demon woman walked away, hooves quietly clacking on the metal floor with each step. She closed the door behind her.

Which left Mia alone with Vinicius, in a large metal room, with dangling skull braziers lighting the space in its flickering, living light.

Mia looked up at the dragon. The four-armed titan looked back down at her. She squirmed and looked down. Okay, eye contact was a little too intense with the demon, like trying to look into the eyes of some sort alien, unknowable intelligence. He wasn't that, though. He was a demon, and far as Mia could tell, demons were pretty simple, even smart ones like Zel. They wanted to fight and fuck, to eat and survive, and mostly just enjoy their lives. For some of them, that meant being crafty, ruling a kingdom, and striving to spread their influence. For others, like the one in front of her, that meant wanton slaughter.

"I'm... sorry," she said. "About, uh, the... fellatio, before. I forced that on you, didn't I? With the aura, I mean." And because she couldn't fucking help it, the first thing she did to the giant deadly murdering monster beast once she was alone with him, was apologize. Even her princess 'obey me' aura disappeared.

Vinicius said nothing, not even one of those tongue clucks. Just because his mouth was bound didn't mean he couldn't do that weird clicky language some demons like Kas and Acelina liked to use. Zel probably had his snout wrapped with chain for a different reason.

"I... I don't know why I'm talking to you, honestly. Far as I know, you're a big bad demon, and it'd probably be a good thing if I learn to control you." She took a step closer, and forced herself to look up at the juggernaut. Why did he have to be so huge? Twelve feet tall to her five? She could literally walk underneath him and her hair would only graze his crotch. "I guess I'm talking to you, because... I want some kind of proof you deserve it?"

The beast said nothing. He did rumble though, a quiet thing, and unless she was going crazy, he managed a small shrug.

"Well, Zel isn't here, and I don't think Hell has monitoring devices. So... if I ask you a question, will you answer me?"