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"I guess that makes sense. Lots of animals get aggressive when they see wounded prey. Humans, too."

"Talk too much. No noise."

"Right, right. Fine." With a quiet humph, she hugged her knees to her chest, and watched the giant beside her heal. It wouldn't be quick. Hours, probably, before he could so much as lift himself up off the ground enough to find somewhere better to sit. Days, before he was well enough for them to get on the journey again.

She peeked down at him and the two giant hands he held to his neck and shoulder. Those demons had done a number on him. He'd managed to save her life, twice in a single fight, and kill five demons, all while being half starved. [www.novelworm.com](#)

He'd saved her life.

Groaning -- quietly -- she got up and slipped off her silk wrap. It'd been white, once. With the amount of times it'd gotten soaked in red, it was pretty much permanently pink, or freshly crimson when it got a new coat of paint like right now. But infections and stuff weren't a thing in Hell. No need to wash the silk.

"What're you doing?" Vin asked.

Naked, she squirmed a bit as she got on her knees beside the giant's head, only inches from him.

"I'm going to wrap your neck up."

"I'm f--"

"So help me god, if you say 'I'm fine' I'm going to grab that sword and stab you." She swatted the hand he held to his neck. Each of his fingers were almost as thick as her wrist, and they were all drenched in red. "Move." [www.novelworm.com](#)

He rumbled and glared at her, some anger coming to the surface.

She returned the glare. "Don't make me use the leash."

Somehow, for some weird, probably twisted reason, that made him laugh. Which was a bad thing, because he groaned and growled in pain immediately after.

"It'd kill me," he said.

"Well then, you really are in a shitty situation. So let me help!"

Some more glares. She stood her ground and literally got up so she could glare at him from on high. Being naked again was annoying, but it wasn't like the silk wrap was going to last much longer on a trip across Hell. [www.novelworm.com](#)

There were other reasons to stay clothed around Vinicius, though.

The colossus relented, rumbling his chest as he let go of his neck. The arm collapsed onto the ground beside the other, sending some nearby bones away with the impact. He was drained and exhausted.

"Holy shit, they got you deep."

"I've survived worse."

"No doubt." No reason to poke his ego right now. And right now, she didn't even want to.

She reached around him, slid the silk over the front of the neck, and under it, too. Considering his neck was wider than her shoulder width, it wasn't easy, but the silk wrap was very long, long enough she could get it under his upper armpit opposite the wound. She had to get up and walk around him to do it, dodging and stepping over his horns, but she managed to tie the wrap around the neck and armpit enough so it covered the wound.

"Put pressure on it," she said.

Vinicius rumbled, but listened, and put his hand back where it was.

"It's a good thing they didn't really get the softer stuff in the middle," she said, standing beside his head and gesturing down at his throat. "A wrap around the wound might just choke you."

"I would heal."

"Uh huh." Sighing, she put her hands on her hips as she looked him up and down. His giant chest rose and fell with each deep breath, and no more blood came gargling out of Vin's short dragon snout. He was right. He would live. But at least with a bandage against the wound he'd bleed less, especially when he eventually got moving. And she needed him and moving asap.

And she didn't like watching him bleed.

"Comfortable?" she asked as she squatted down beside him. Squat quickly turned into sit when she remembered she was naked.

He managed a cluck of the back of his tongue in his throat. All demon clucks and clicks sounded like nothing more than bird talk to her, or dolphin, albeit much deeper, especially when coming from someone like Vinicius. Maybe she'd learn how to speak Hellian some day? Or maybe you needed demon ears or a demon brain to understand it.

Ask him why he saved her? She wanted to ask him. Maybe he'd tell her. It could have been simple as thinking he had a better chance of survival with her around, or maybe the leash had some rule she didn't know about that he did, like if she died, he died.

Or maybe he actually just wanted to save her life? No, it couldn't have been that. He'd made it pretty damn clear he was a fucking asshole, only interested in all the nasty demon stuff that Kas hated about demons. [www.novelworm.com](#)

Strange that the big, quiet demon in front of her who just wanted to be left to his own devices acted so much like Kas, until the blood came out. Scary. It made her miss Kas, and Adron.

"Vinicius," she whispered, "you... you could have let me die, you know." God fucking damn it, Mia.

Vinicius turned his head a sliver to look at her with both eyes. His love for violence wasn't the only difference between him and Kas. The eyes. Vinicius had intense dragon eyes, red like other demons, with black pupils, red irises, and black sclera. Even when he was just being quiet and doing his usual, silent, stoic crap, his eyes sent tingles down her spine, the good and bad kind.

During the battle, they'd opened wide, and something different had come out. Something that'd absolutely loved what'd been happening.

She looked away. "Well?"

After a quiet, slow rumble, Vinicius looked back straight up, and rested his head and horns on the rocks again. He opened his mouth, ready to say something. But of course, he didn't. He closed his mouth and eventually closed his eyes.

Dead? She looked at his giant chest. Still moving, still breathing.

He needed to heal a little before he could move. If he could get up tomorrow, before the demon bodies and their flesh melted away, he could get the two remaining hearts. In the meantime, if more demons came, the two of them were absolutely fucked.