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It felt so damn fucking good. The warmth spread into her limbs, filled her with tingles, and she sighed bliss as the ache in her joints faded away. She'd never done heroine, but from what her psyche books told her, the feeling was similar. Pain, discomfort, they disappeared as the warmth of a dead demon's heart filled her.

The memories hit her a few seconds later. Hands, around a throat. A sword, through the guts. Sex. A lot of sex. The vrat had a taste for men, too, and what could have been an enjoyable, erotic memory, was tainted by the screams of pain. Rape.

Mia growled as she lowered her head and glared at the ground. At least she didn't pass out, this time.

"Kas was right. Demons are horrible."

Vinicius said nothing.

She took another bite. More memories of the same vein, and a lot of them. Whoever this vrat was, he'd had more than a few years on him.

Another memory, a blurry thing, showed slaughter from the vrat's eyes, and a rather angry bolstara tetrad that looked suspiciously like Zel yelling at him. Was she upset the vrat had disobeyed her dueling law? It might explain why a vratorin this old and strong was out here, in a random tunnel, and not at the spire or something.

She stared at her empty palms. Empty. Her hands were empty. Oh god, she'd eaten the whole fucking thing. [@w.w.nOvE@Worm.c\(m\)](#)

"I... didn't mean to do that," she said. [wW@.n\(e\)@eIWôr.m.co@](#)

Vin turned his head just enough to look down at her, and half rumbled, half chuckled as quietly as his gigantic chest and throat could get away with. And thank god he said nothing because right then she'd have probably punched him right in his wounded throat if he'd commented on how overpoweringly delicious a demon heart was, or that she had the appetite of a pig.

"I do not think hellbeasts will come," he said after a few minutes.

"How do you know?"

He lifted a free hand and gestured out at the bones.

"No path."

"There's... no path. Right." Hellbeasts would have carved a path through the bones, especially that worm thing. It and other hellbeasts must have used a different path, one of the forks they'd passed. "Only realize that now?"

"I've been distracted."

She smiled up at him, got up, and stood in front of him. No hellbeasts didn't mean they could afford to be loud and give away their position, but if she whispered, it should have been fine. Besides, after the noise she'd just made cutting up a vrat like she was chopping wood, anyone nearby was already on the way.

"Death's Grip seems to have a lot of these... groups, I guess, random demons going around hunting and raiding and shit."

Vinicius clicked once, deep in his throat where the sound was low.

"How big do the groups get?" she asked. "I know there's three big ones, with bailiffs. Diogo had one." She shivered. "Tacitus has one, and he's on this side of the canyon, right?"

He clicked once for yes.

"Think we'll run into him?"

Another click, but with a different pitch. No. Hey, look at her, learning the language.

"Good. If he's running a chunk of Hell, I can't imagine he's too nice." Rolling her eyes, she gestured to Vin. "Not that you're nice, either, but at least I can stop you from eating me."

Vin's eyes slowly looked her up and down, his tongue slipped out from between his crocodile teeth, and he licked them. He took another look, and a quiet, almost purring rumble flowed through his giant chest. It wasn't the first time she'd heard that rumble. Adron made it a few times, and Kas made it often, when he was getting ready to...

She looked down at herself. Covered in blood and sweat, her long red hair stuck to her shoulders, and crimson dripped from her fingers. She looked... kind of awesome, like she'd walked out of a Robert E. Howard story.

Groaning, she turned slightly and covered her small breasts with an arm. [Ww@.oVe\(\(\)\)w@r\(m\).c\(m\)](#)

"That's not what I meant when I said eating me." [w.w.nOvELW@RM.com](#)

He rumbled again, another long purr that bordered on earthquake, a rumble only someone -- something -- as big as Vinicius could make. If transport trucks could purr.

Yesterday, she'd have brushed him off, maybe thrown an insult or two his way. Right now, she had a fresh demon heart pulsing through her, and while the flood of new energy settled her aches and pains, it also brought something else with it. And now, the fact they'd just killed demons and barely survived the battle didn't seem so horrible anymore. It seemed... exhilarating.

The fingers inside her chest plucked the strings, and the silent music grew faster and louder as memories of Vinicius's cocks -- plural! -- pouring cum onto her body resurfaced.

"No no, no. We're not doing that."

He rumbled and clicked twice.

"It's not my fault!" It was difficult to whisper and yell at the same time, but she managed. "It happens every time I eat. Just... like... I don't know, taking an aphrodisiac and energy drink at the same time. Not my fault."

He said nothing.

"Stop looking at me like that!" She turned around and faced away from him, but of course all that did was put her bare ass on display. Her great, amazing ass. Her firm ass would definitely look even more amazing with one of Vin's giant cocks--

Stop thinking like that. Stop letting the weird thing in your chest plucking strings immediately jump to sex. How much of that was because she was inhuman, and probably had succubus blood or something, or because maybe she was just a naturally super horny girl? She had no idea, but whatever the reason, it was something she had to deal with. Stop thinking about sex. Stop thinking about her small body squashed between two huge demons, filling her, stretching her, making her wriggle and squirm. Stop thinking--

She threw up her hands, grabbed her hair, and pulled on it as she stomped her feet a few times. Vin wasn't using a sin aura, not when he needed every bit of resonance he had to fuel his recovery. Nope, this was all her, and that demon heart energizing her.

Back in university, as a gift to herself for doing really well on her exams, she'd bought herself some dildos. Some very big, very inhuman dildos. And because her horniness level had gone through the roof, to the point she'd seriously been considering seeing a doctor about nymphomania, she'd tried to fit both dildos into her at the same time. She'd only been partially successful. But down here in Hell, Kas and Adron had fit even larger things into her, all the way to the base. They'd filled her up in ways that only worked down here in Hell, and she'd absolutely loved every moment of it.

She wanted that. She wanted more of that.