

## 1293

But her memories were cruel. She thought about Vinicius and his two cocks. She thought about Kas and Adron squashing her between their bodies. And then, she thought about Hannah.

It still hurt. Not as much as it used to, but it still did, and it ripped the desire out of her. Good. If she had to think of Hannah to keep her stupid sex drive under control, maybe she should. That was fucked up, very fucked up, but this wasn't normal. She'd had a ridiculously high sex drive when she'd been alive, but it was even higher now, and it was going to be a problem.

What did David do? David apparently had a very attractive gargoyle at his side, and judging by what Mia saw of her, she was awesome. And if David had the same issue Mia had, he was probably sleeping with her frequently.

All Mia had was Vinicius, a giant asshole.

A giant asshole who'd saved her life [www.neverforem.com](#)

Sighing, she relaxed and let her arms hang at her sides. Vinicius rumbled, clicked once, and tilted his head slightly.

Chuckling weakly, she turned around, and gestured to Vinicius. The fingers in her chest didn't pluck the sex strings anymore, and for a while, plucked the cold, heavy strings she felt every time she thought of Hannah. But she calmed those, too, and muted the strings as best she could. She succeeded.

"You can look all you want, but injured like that, you couldn't get hard even if you wanted to. And if I don't use my aura on you like last time, would you even want to, if you were healed?"

His dragon gaze stayed on her as she walked up to him and stood between his giant legs.

"I would."

She squinted at him, even as she blushed. According to Adron, demons were attracted to humans pretty much by default, and a lot of demons took that too far. Way too far. Hell was a horrible place for a human. It was one of the many things Kas absolutely hated about his own kind.

"I'd be flattered, if I didn't know what demons were like. How many of the humans you fucked weren't willing? How many did you eat after?" Her horrible imagination changed 'after' to 'during' and she winced. But she didn't close her eyes. She kept her eyes on Vin, and waited. [www.Neverforem.com](#)

"Why do you care?"

This again. So much for sexiness a moment before. Maybe she didn't need her memory of Hannah to squash her sex drive, not when all she had to do was think of how horrible a monster Vinicius was. A horrible monster... who'd saved her life, when he didn't have to.

"I don't understand you," she said. "I really don't get you at all. You could have let me die, but you didn't. So I start to think maybe you aren't so bad. Then you say something to prove otherwise! Unless Adron and Kas were lying to me, you have a history as one of the most violent demons in Hell."

"You underestimate other demons and their desires." Sighing, he released a slow breath, and warm -- thankfully mostly odorless -- air flowed over her. "I have power. They do not."

"So the only reason most demons don't go around on mass killing sprees is because they aren't strong enough?" [www.neverforem.com](#)

"Yes."

She folded her arms across her chest. "I don't believe you. Adron wouldn't do that. Kas wouldn't." Wouldn't. Not wouldn't have.

"Weak."

"Weak what? Weak mind? Bullshit. You didn't see Kas and the sort of demon he was. And you saw Adron fight the rider, even stab him. After you burned him!" There it was. Anger. Anger was good. She was okay with being angry right now. Better than being horny, or sad. "Why did you save me? Be honest."

Vinicius rumbled and watched her with a strange, almost passive expression. Curiosity? Intrigue?

She gave the flat of his big raptor foot a kick. Without shoes, the best she could manage was a light kick with the side of her foot, barely hard enough to move a soccer ball.

"I want you to tell me about yourself."

Nothing.

"I want you to tell me about the things you did before Zel locked you up."

Still nothing. She kicked his foot again, not hard enough to mean anything, but still, it seemed like the right thing to do.

"I rescued you from Zel's dungeon. You owe me."

"You did that for yourself."

Oh, that's how it was gonna be. She glared up at him, walked closer until her shins were almost pressed to his -- thankfully flat -- crotch, and with his giant legs on either side of her, she reached out and poked him in the sternum.

"I wanted to save myself, sure, but the first time I saw Zel hurt you, I felt horrible for you. Adron and Kas told me about you, and I still felt horrible for you. When I realized maybe I could save you, that was the tipping point. I wasn't just saving myself. I was saving someone who'd been suffering torture for so long I couldn't even wrap my mind around it." She turned, face his right leg, casually grabbed the big black spike coming off his knee, and tugged on it meaninglessly. Almost as hard as steel. "See, here's what I think. I think you're a horrible monster that's raped and killed tens of thousands of humans and demons. Hundreds of thousands, with how old you probably are. But I'm the first human you've ever dealt with that wasn't a horrible person, aren't I?"

He growled, but said nothing. His stoicism meant she got to talk as much as she wanted, and as long as she was quiet about it, she had no reason not to. Besides, the demon heart had her brimming with energy, and she needed to let some out.

"You don't really know how to deal with me, do you? I'm the first person you've ever dealt with that genuinely doesn't want to hurt people, or want to use others to get ahead, or any of that."

After a rather abrupt growl, he turned his head slightly and looked away. [Bingo www.neverforem.com](#)

"You're stumped." She leaned in toward him, pressed her hands against his giant abs for balance, and checked the gut wound Zel had given him. Healed. "You probably think I'm going on this journey to save my life, right? Or my second life or whatever."

"You are."

Another piece of the puzzle, found. Figuring out the sort of person Vin was wasn't easy, but she was getting there, and her poor, helpless victim didn't even realize it.

"You think?" She stepped up onto his leg on the same side as his wounded neck and lifted his fingers. Surprisingly, he let her. She had him on the ropes, stunned and confused. "Then it'll surprise you to know I'm going on this journey because the idea of everyone dying hurts me. That's how empathy works. Yes, I'm terrified of dying... again. I'm horrified of the idea of becoming a remnant, and I'm terrified of the idea of who I am, my thoughts, my memories, all that disappearing. But I'm going anyway, because yes, I want to save myself, but I also want to save everyone else. Knowing that everyone could die if I don't do something? It hurts me, right down in my fucking soul."

Sighing, she lifted the wrap that covered his neck enough to check the wound. Not bleeding anymore, a paper-thin layer of new, bright-red skin growing over the gashes. He was healing rapidly. Nodding, and even giving the giant asshole a smile, she climbed back down, stood between his bigger-than-Mia-sized legs again, and met his eye; with his head turned, she could only see the one.

"Don't get me wrong, Vinicius. I'm no hero. I'd love to go find Kas and Adron, mourn Hannah, and spend the rest of my time enjoying great sex. Fuck, if I could actually live again, that'd be even better. Just spending my days reading my psych books and trying to fit oversized dildos inside me while I read shitty monster porn stories? That's what I want to be doing, not this fucking trip across Hell, risking my neck. But I'm going anyway, because I don't want to die again, and because I don't want everyone else to die, either."

No response, so she pointed up at him, and poked him in his sternum.

"You still don't believe me, do you?"

"No."

Rolling her eyes, she poked him as hard as she could, but a solid wooden wall would have yielded more.

"Well, I'm dragging your ass across Hell, whether you want me to or not, so you're gonna get to see a whole awful lot of this tiny little ginger girl crying her heart out every damn time something bad happens." Nodding, she sat down on his leg, both her feet on the ground between his thighs, and she folded her arms across her small breasts. "Because I am an overly empathetic, sensitive mess of a girl who can't help but cry when I even think of a sad movie. I can already guess there's probably going to be really stupid situations where I try and help someone I shouldn't, my naiveness nearly gets me killed, and you'll have to save me."