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A set of claws slipped into his hair. He lifted his head, expecting to find Caera stroking his head, or maybe Dao or Jes, or maybe even the Las. But everyone was busy, lost in their own pleasure, while Caera had fun rubbing her face against Acelina's breast as David drank from it.

It was Acelina's arm. One of them half hugged two of the imps and grems to her other breast, but her other arm rested along Caera's back, across it, and her hand rested on the back of his head. Acelina had damn long claws, and she used them to hold his skull, gently caress and scratch his scalp, and nudge his face down against her nipple.

Acelina, being gentle, was beyond strange. She lifted her head long enough to aim her eyeless gaze at him, but it fell back to the stone as he began to move his hips again, slow and deep, and the giant demoness quietly moaned, even whimpered. Each gentle thrust felt beyond wonderful, especially with his own body pressing on her belly and his cock. But feeling the huge demoness purr with his face almost completely buried against her giant breast, was a kind of pleasure he hadn't expected, and he smiled into the softness.

She came again, and judging from the way she squirmed, it was the four sets of lips burying her swollen nipples and kisses and licks that did it. He followed right behind her.

~~♥♥♥~~

~~Mia~~

No one came to kill them in the night. That was good. She and Vin took turns on watch, like they'd done many nights so far, but it proved unnecessary. Whether that led to them not bothering taking watch shifts in the future while they stayed with the Damall, she didn't know, but one glance at Vin confirmed they'd have to stick around for a little while. His wounds were serious.

They didn't say a word to each other all night long. Anything Mia said would just hit a wall of anger and frustration, and she didn't need her psychology books to confirm that. She'd blocked Vin from doing what he wanted, and in the process had nearly gotten them both killed. She'd be angry, too, livid even. For a giant demon who basically embodied aggression and indomitable bloodlust, it was a wonder her leash wasn't automatically shocking him again to stop him from killing her right now.

"They let us rest," she said, gesturing at their alcove. No remnants. Not because none grew here; the mountain and tunnel were particularly dense with them, actually. But the tetrad had cleared out the nearby ones enough Mia didn't have to listen to their screams, at least not from close proximity. The distant wails of pain would have been enough to keep her awake for all eternity, back on the surface, but in Hell all she had to do was flip the mental switch and she was out like a light. Only a loud noise nearby would have woken her.

Vinicius said nothing.

She glared at him, and walked up to him until she stood between his legs. Time to do this.

"I've been thinking about what happened," she said. "It... It just came at us so fast, I didn't know what to think. And the angels, they didn't want to kill me. Maybe you, sure, but not me. They didn't want to, but they had to. And... And seeing them sad, but still trying to do that, it..."

Vinicius said nothing, but he did look at her. That was more than yesterday, at least.

Clutching her hands into fists, she took a deep breath. She knew what David would have done, yesterday. She knew what she had to say, now.

"I'm sorry. I was being dumb. If I'm going to do that... that thing, that the woman in armor said I have to do, that thing you think she wasn't lying about,"--eavesdroppers were a concern, so she dodged saying what specifically--"then I can't just roll over and die if angels show up." She looked back up and forced herself to keep eye contact with the twelve-foot-tall titan. "If it happens again, we kill the angels."

Vinicius smiled, and rumbled. It even sounded like a purr. A transport truck's purr.

"Good."

"But, understand that I'd rather we didn't do that, right?"

He nodded. Barely.

"I mean it!" she said, stomping a foot. "They're angels. As far as I'm concerned, they're good guys, just misled or confused or something." Or they weren't confused, and it really was better for everyone if Mia died. Gulp. "We should do everything in our power to avoid them."

"You assume the Damall will let us leave."

"They..." That was a good point, and one she'd been conveniently avoiding admitting to herself. Vin and she were prisoners, at least until Vin healed. Once her bodyguard was back to full strength, he'd probably be able to fight all the demons she'd seen so far, at once. Maybe not survive the fight, but he'd make sure none of them did, either. "I'll go talk to Romakus some more. You heal up."

He rumbled and nodded.

"Oh," she said. "Um, that fujara tetrad, the mini you. She--"

"Mini me?"

Mia choked on a laugh. "She looks like you, right? Four arms. Raptor feet. Tail." She gestured to those features. "She seems to like you."

"We've fought in the past."

"Oh. Uh, something tells me that only excites her more."

"Of course."

Forehead, meet palm. Silly her for thinking demons might actually hold a grudge after deadly fights, and not a sexual desire.

"You... attracted to her?"

He tilted his head to the side slightly as he looked at her, some strange awareness she recognized from nature documentaries when an animal was on the hunt. Thinking, except, through the lens of a predator. Which made analyzing him difficult.

"Cause, I mean, if you, uh... wanted to... I could go, and... you know, give you some privacy?"

Vinicius rumbled and slowly tilted his head to the other side, but still said nothing. Content to let her stew in her uncertainty, then.

"Okay. I'm gonna go talk to Romakus. You healed enough to defend yourself if you have to?"

He nodded.

She nodded, turned around, and began her quest to not die. Again. This time, it was to convince her current prison guard to think she was useful, and not eat her. Again. That part was a little easier this time, but that could easily backfire into a 'kill her immediately' situation.

The tunnels were complex, and remnants were everywhere. Some demons walked by, killing and clearing the remnants out, and Mia did her best to not look any of the dead or dying souls in the eyes. The demons, a brute and a bat, smiled at her as they walked by. The brute, over eight feet tall, all muscle, no spikes or horns or tail, looked at her with that typical 'I bet you'd taste great' look demons gave her, and as per usual, she couldn't tell if that was sexual or a desire for food. When in doubt, assume both.