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~~Mia~~

There was no way this could be natural. Post death nymphomania? If only she had David around to ask. Sure, it'd be an embarrassing conversation, but she and her brother knew enough about each other to be at least a little comfortable talking about their absurd sex drives and weird kinks. Except, right now, she was walking around with literal beads of her juices dripping down her thighs. That was a new level of libido she wasn't used to.

Each step down the tunnel back to Vinicius, the sound of Yosepha's moans echoed along the stone walls. Mia leaned against a wall, hand against the rocks, and she ground her teeth as she glared down at nothing. She was mad, mad at her stupid body for its absurd reactions, but no matter how hard she tried to keep hold of that anger and frustration, it melted away as more of Yosepha's little squeaks and whimpers reached her.

Seeing the beautiful angel, her lean body, her muscular but feminine shape, squirm and writhe on the psycho demon's giant cock, was like someone swinging open a door Mia had thought she'd securely locked. Not thinking about sex. For a little while there, she'd been able to not think about sex too much. Apparently, according to her body, all she'd done was delay the inevitable, and make the rebound worse.

The aura poured out of her, so thick she could almost see it, almost hear it. It was hot in that enticing kinda way a sizzling shower is. It tingled along her skin, little electric sparks that flowed through her and into her. And the music in her soul thrived on it, played the inaudible sound faster, louder, and it filled the tunnel and beyond it. Back in the spire, her aura had always been contained to whatever room she was in, but it reached beyond that, now.

Calm down. Breathe. If you keep this up, the next demon that finds you is going to pounce you and do things to you. Nasty, horrible things that she most definitely did not want, like getting pinned down like Yosepha had been, choked, and filled. Nope nope. Clearly, those were bad things. Totally. Especially if it was two demons, and they both filled her until she was a trembling mess of orgasms, stuffed to her limits and dripping with cum. That'd be horrible. Utterly horrible. Bad.

Groaning, she covered her ears and marched hard enough her feet hurt. And because God was an asshole, the first demon she ran into further along the tunnel, was Faust. Directly behind him was Gallius.

God, they were so damn handsome. Sex demons looked similar to humans, with the same sort of body shape, just blatantly idealized, with all the muscles and in all the perfect proportions. They had the black demon dreadlocks too, and it matched their small black horns perfectly. Even their tails with their devil spade tips looked cool. Would it be so bad if she-*Ww.n@v(+)@w@r@.com*

Mia clenched her eyes shut for a moment and shook her head as she tried to walk past them.

Both demons tilted their heads to the side as they looked at her, both of them naked; they probably left their armor behind somewhere safe while they relaxed.

"Mia?" Faust asked. "You're..." Slowly, his face changed, and the playful smile of an incubus emerged.

"I have to go." She pushed past him. Surprisingly, he didn't grab her, or so much as tug on her shoulder and inquire more. Part of her wanted him to.

She didn't get far before running into more demons. Livian. She stood in the tunnel, behind her the path to Vinicius, and she walked along with the classic strut of a girl in high heels; it was the hooves that did that. And with an evil smirk almost on par with Romakus, she walked up to Mia, and licked her fangs. She had her armor on, unlike the two incubi, but it only took a few seconds of being near Mia for the huge Zel-look-alike to change. Her dark red skin grew brighter, and her smile grew larger.

"Wow," the ten-foot-tall demoness said, and she squatted down in front of Mia. "Faustinus, is this your doing?"

Mia looked back. Faust and Gallius had followed her, dicks out, erect, their eyes locked on Mia. She hadn't even heard them.

"No. She came out of Romakus's room, and..." He gestured to her, wicked smile also growing.

Gallius came closer, leaned on his shoulder against the wall, reached down, and casually stroked his cock. Not as large as a larger demon's, but still absurdly huge for someone who was only a few inches over six feet tall.

All Mia had to do, was walk up to him and touch him, and he'd be all over her. Him, Faust, the two other incubi that were probably around somewhere, maybe the other demons hanging out in the tunnels, everyone.*www.noV@Ww.com.cóM*

She refused to look at his big, thick cock filling his hand, a foot of red flesh that would have felt so perfectly buried inside her. Instead, she looked up at Livian, her short dreadlocks, her four huge horns, and her armor.

"This is... It's um... not important. Just let me pass, and I'll get it under control."

Livian tilted her head to the side, and looked past her to the two perfect, handsome, gorgeous incubi. Both were fully aroused, though only Gallius masturbated, grip casual and pace leisurely. Faust was content to watch Mia, arms folded across his chest, with no attempts made to cover himself or his now fully erect penis. Heavy as it was, it wasn't firm enough to stick up straight, but it was hard enough to stick out almost perpendicular from him, pointed straight at her.

"Wait a moment," Livian said. "I... want to experience this aura of yours."

"Well I'm not gonna fuck anyone!"*Ww.w.oVê(())w@r@.cóm*

She chuckled as she licked her fangs, and her lips, all too much like a hungry animal licking their chops.

"Romakus has given us orders to leave you be." With a slow, gentle motion, she ran the blunt side of a claw down Mia's chest. If she turned the claw around, it'd have easily destroyed the remnants of Mia's silk wrap. She didn't. "But if a succubus walked around parading such an aura, smelling that way, looking that way--"

"Looking!?" Mia stepped back, looked down, and covered her breasts with an arm. Okay, yeah, she was poking through her silk.

"Every demon and soul nearby would know she was asking to be fucked. And while a demon could resist a sin aura, a soul would be helpless to it. But this aura of yours... is... strangely similar to a spire's aura."*Ww.w.(n)@Vêlw@.com*

"A spire's aura?"

With a delicious sigh, Livian reached up, and undid the hook of one leather strap holding her breastplate on. And then the other. It fell to the ground, revealing the huge woman's gorgeous chest and small breasts. Small, relative to her size. Her nipples were very red, very swollen, and were pierced with tiny, black metal studs.

Mia stared at them, and then up and down the slim demon's body.

"A spire's aura," Livian said. "Spires can create varying auras, if you must know." She stood up and undid the leather straps holding metal over her crotch. Clank clank, it hit the ground with an almost surreal weight, and the giant woman purred as she slid a hand down her naked, flat stomach.

"I'm not going to fu--" There was a mark on Livian's stomach, right under the sternum where armor had covered. It was a rune. "What's that?"

"A horde seal." Chuckling, Livian squatted down in front of Mia again. "I know all too well what a spire aura feels like."

Mia stared at the seal. It matched one of the runes drifting around in her head, something about control, and domination. It beckoned her. It wanted her to touch it, to understand it. It wanted to fit into the puzzle in her mind.

Livian, naked and obviously enjoying making everything more uncomfortable for Mia, didn't seem to take issue with the idea of being touched, because someone had taken Mia's hand, put it on the mark, and the bolstara tetrad didn't stop her. Oh, wait, Mia did that. Livian purred.

The rune glowed in her mind. Control. Manipulate. Dominate. But it wasn't powered, and as much as touching it sent a tiny jolt through Mia's mind along the rune and the chains that connected it to other runes, none of them activated.

But it was there, and it made sense, in a strange way. Not completely, but it did. It just needed something else to connect it.

Livian shivered from horn to hoof, and touched Mia's hand.

"If you do not control that aura, little soul, I will ignore Romakus's words, and yours, and take you regardless."