

1351

~~Mia~~

Mia, Vinicius, Romakus, Julisa, Livian, Faust and the other incubi, and a bunch of other demons, stood in the big chamber. The primary chamber, with the biggest stalactites and stalagmites Mia had ever seen. Many demons sat on the huge rocks, or perched on them, and they watched with interest.

Vin stood, but he held a stalagmite, determined to not let his weight and wounds drag him down. It was strangely cute, in that boyish 'refuse to show weakness' kinda way. Then again, with demons, any sign of weakness was an invitation for a fight.

Julisa licked her lips, eyes constantly drifting Vin's way, and even wearing her armor, she rubbed her belly with her claws a few times. Remembering what it felt like to be so full, probably. Her first time sleeping with a child of the Old Ones, maybe, considering how rare they were, and she'd enjoyed it.

She also looked Mia's way and licked her fangs. So did Livian. So did Romakus, and the other demons. Faust and Gallius and the other incubi were a little more subtle, no blatant teeth licking, but they did look at her and grin. Only Yosepha didn't stare at Mia's naked body like she was a popsicle, though she glanced her way a few times.

Mia looked back at her, and her silk toga-like clothes. A rune pulsed in Mia's mind, and it grew brighter as she took in Yosepha's sandals and their laces that went up her leg, her gold jewelry, her gold tattoos on her dark skin, and her gold lipstick. The potram rune. Batlam and royam floated in the background, too, but potram glowed bright.

The rune recognized the angel. Or at least, it recognized what she was... wearing? Or, what she was doing? Some combination thereof? When she'd seen the angels in their armor with their weapons, batlam had been the one to glow brightest. Something to do with armor, and weapons, and battle. Potram was what? What was Yosepha doing right now that was worthy of a rune to describe it? To embody it?

Not fighting?

"We are gathered here today," Romakus said, and he pressed his hands together in front of him like he was praying, "to discuss the future of this unmarked soul, Mia. Mia... Mia what, exactly?"

She frowned up at him and folded her arms across her breasts. Time to take a page out of Vinicius's book. She said nothing.

"Alright. We're here to discuss the future of Mia the Unmarked. We, the Damall--"

"Is this all the Damall in Death's Grip?" Mia asked, tapping her foot. If she was going to do her best to be confident, not let her nudity bother her, and not show any weakness, she had to lean into it. "A couple dozen demons?"

The three tetrads grinned at each other. The other demons raised eyebrows. None of them were used to a soul speaking out of turn. Well, fuck them. She'd done the prisoner shtick before and she wasn't about to roll over and take it again. She had a mission this time, one she might actually accomplish if she could get Vin healed up.

"There's more of us," Yulia the bat girl said from atop a stalagmite. "We can't all just gather up in one place!"

Romakus held up a hand, blatantly mimicking a priest's mannerisms.

"Do not entertain the unmarked's questions. But, yes, it is true that there are far more Damall than present." Romakus flared his wings with a flourish. "But here in Death's Grip, they all answer to me. And if you do not answer me as well, I will--"
W(w).n(e)vEIW(e)rm.cOm

"Bring it." Mia tapped her foot a little harder, earning some laugh from Julisa and Livian. Even Vinicius rumbled a quiet chuckle.

"Romakus, enough," Yosepha said. "I don't know if the unmarked are souls worthy of Heaven's protection or not, but after seeing this girl and her brother myself, I am convinced she is to be spared. For now."

Romakus rolled his eyes with the exaggerated motion of an awful actor. Too much scrying pool.

Yosepha flared her wings and pointed at the demons with a slow waving finger.

"If any of you so much as touch the girl without permission, I will deal with you myself. Understood?"

Holy shit, the demons actually looked scared. All except the tetrads reared their heads back slightly, or looked down, or did anything to appear a little meeker than before. And that was weird. Demons didn't do that with other demons, even when facing a stronger demon.
W(w).no(v)èL(w)Om.COm

"We're going to exchange some information," Romakus said, hooking his wings snug to his back as he squatted down in front of Mia. "So far, we know that all the unmarked are probably the same age, and all died on the surface at the same time. We know they, or at least a sizable portion, all showed up at the Gate of Heaven before the Hell portal scooped them up. You bypassed the Gates of Hell." His tail snuck around him and pointed at her forehead. "Correct?"

"Correct." Answering questions was a tricky problem. If she answered too many, they may decide they didn't need her anymore, or maybe she'd accidentally say something Yosepha considered kill worthy. Where was David when she needed him?

"That has never happened," Yosepha said. "In the history of existence."
W(w)W.nóVeiwøR(m).coM

"The history of existence?" Mia stared at her, blinking. That was a powerful statement.

"Heaven keeps her records and keeps them well." Nodding, the angel paced in place as she pulled her wings in snug to her back. "If I ask of the council for confirmation, I will. But never has there been mention of unmarked souls in Hell."
W(w).no(v)@Iw(e)(r)(m).cOm

"Heaven has records? How far back?"

Yosepha shook her head. "The council keeps the records. I cannot simply walk into the great library and acquire that information."

"The council? The big angels, like the one I saw at the gate?"