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The joy fell away, and she stared at the red silks that covered her body the same way they covered Yosepha's. A fitted toga sorta thing that covered her shoulders, and fit snug around her waist. The chest had plunging cleavage, all the way down past her navel, down so low her pubic hair would have been on display if she'd had any. The skirt was long, with several splits up to the hip, so every small step showed off her legs

Black jewelry. Just as Yosepha wore gold bracelets, necklaces, and rings, so did Mia. It was a bitch without a mirror, so with exploring hands, she found a bracelet on each wrist, a few black rings with some very, very shiny amber stones, black sandals, a thin black necklace, an equally thin black belly chain, a tiny navel stud piercing, and a couple tiny earrings that, as far as she could feel, were black chains.

A ginger girl, wearing red silk and black jewelry. A lot of black jewelry. If she'd had a mirror, it might as well have had 'villainess' painted across it in lipstick.

"I... I um..."

Yosepha frowned and folded her arms across her chest.

"You used the rune."

"I did, yeah, but I didn't know it'd..." She ran her fingers through her hair. Even her hair was smoother, like she'd spent some time with a comb. "Oh god, am I wearing black lipstick, too?"

"No. But that is black eyeliner and some mascara I see."

"Oh god oh god. I look like a fucking evil... sorceress, don't I?" She reached behind her. Awe, no wings, but her back was exposed. The toga was far more revealing than Yosepha's, and the angel's was plenty revealing as was.

"I admit, seeing you dressed like this does not fill me with confidence about trusting you." The angel walked around Mia, eyed her, occasionally touched her with the tip of a wing, and even touched her back with a finger. Mia almost jumped. "The three angel runes summon material from existence, using God's language, but the rune must fit you. Many gabriem with more sexual obsessions -- most of them -- summon potram with plenty of skin visible. But even they wouldn't be so exposed."

"It's... not that bad, is it?" Mia spun around and looked down at herself. No underwear, no bra. Only the snugness of the silk kept her small breasts covered, and even then, their inner contours were completely exposed. The tiniest hint of her areola were visible. And every step she took really did show off her legs, and now that she looked back, a bit of her ass cheeks, too.

"It is positively seductive. How sex obsessed are you, unmarked?"

"Hey! That's..." She threw up her hands. "Very, okay? Super very. I was a virgin who masturbated every night and bought every kind of vibrator and dildo I could afford and--"

Yosepha held up a hand.

"I believe you. My concern is, every demon who sees you wearing this is going to come to the same conclusion. That you are asking to be--"

"Hey! That is really fucked up. Just 'cause I'm dressed this way--"

Yosepha hit the whole top half of Mia's body with a wing. Thankfully, it was a gentle tap, and the soft feathers felt wonderful, but it shut Mia up and had her sputtering as some feathers hit her lips and got in her mouth mid word

"Social and sexual dynamics from the surface do not apply here, Mia. Rules and ethics from the surface do not apply here. It is Hell, a Hell you have seen but a fraction of, and the pleasant side of that fraction at that. Rape and murder occur on a scale in these barren wastelands that make the surface look like a paradise. You have been protected from it by circumstance, by your lack of a mark, by Zel, and by Vinicius. Do not forget that."

Shit, she was right. Sighing, Mia looked down at her beautified self, and did another little twirl. Much as it was her damn right to wear whatever the fuck she wanted, Hell was Hell and it didn't have any rules except the bigger demons did as they pleased. Walking around with a sign over her head saying 'ooh I'm special and dressed all sexily, come fuck me' was a bad idea.

But for now, and maybe while with the Damall, she could keep it on.

"You're right, you're right. But hey, I used a rune! The uh, the thing inside me that's creating the aura, it's like... almost like sign language, done with fingers. Sometimes they're plucking strings inside me, creating the aura, but just now they touched the rune, and kinda signed it? And now the rune's glowing in my head, attached to me, like by a string that reaches into me."

"That is... not how angels use runes. We do not sign them with any sort of... inner fingers. We equip them in our minds, as a glove, like I said."

They both looked down and thought about it. This was beyond important, potentially world changing stuff, if the woman in aera armor was to be believed, but neither Mia nor Yosepha had any clue how to approach this.

"I wasn't able to use it until I touched you," Mia said. "Once I did that, while you were waving the rune around, it was like... like downloading the translation." Would an angel know the word downloading?

"I see." Apparently she would. "I have no idea what to say to that, Mia. You are no angel, or demon. But, you do not seem to be a soul, either."

"So... what do we do?"

"For now, let us see how you fare with the potram rune. Tomorrow, we can speak of runes again."

"Okay. Tomorrow." Maybe tomorrow she'd tell Yosepha about other stuff. But, knowing that Mia actually collected sinful memories from the hearts she ate might be the final nail in the coffin, and drive Yosepha to kill her. Maybe better to keep that one secret.

Fuck, she sucked at risk assessment.

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