

1405

"We come?" Latia said. "We can come?"

"Yeah, you can come. We want you to come. You've proven yourselves more than useful to the group, and... we like you." He kept his palms out. "We killed the Cainites. Your mountain and tunnels are safe... er. I completely understand if you want to stay here, but we're also inviting you to come."

The four ladies looked between each other before leaning in close and looking past him to Acelina. Caera was already on the way over, but it was the biggest demoness they were worried about. *©Ww.Nove(1)WóOm.CoM*

"Zotiva can be scary," Laara said. "She wants us?"

Caera chuckled as she sat beside David. A weak chuckle, but better than nothing.

"Don't mind Acelina. She wants you to come, too. She's just a mean bitch."

The four ladies all looked to the giant demoness, who was sitting with Daoka and monitoring her, before they looked back at David and Caera with uncertain eyes.

"Beautiful," Laara said, nodding.

"Mean and beautiful," Laria said*wW.N(ó)velwORM.COmm*

"Beautiful and a big meanie," Latia said.

David laughed. The little ladies somehow turned every conversation into a fun game. He'd really hate it if they left.

"She won't bother you. And we're dropping her off at the Grave Valley spire, next on the list of places we're going to."

"Never been to Grave Valley," Lasca said. "Dangerous?"

"Very," Caera said.

Latia came in close and pressed her bloodied body up against David's side, complete with big, wondrous eyes full of determination.

"Las protect!"

"Las protect!" the other girls said, and they swarmed him, surrounded him, and each hugged him. They were short, four feet tall, but that wasn't so short he wasn't engulfed, and they giggled as they rubbed their foreheads and the blunt side of their horns into his shoulders.

"I think David will be the one protecting us," Caera said, standing up so she towered over them, "if he can figure out how to do what he did here today." She pulled the Las off him, but they giggled and ran back to hug him again.*WŴw.(n)ovclwORM.c.cM*

"David protect us!" Laria said. "We princesses! He protect!"

The other three Las all gasped, let go of David, and immediately put their heads together in a hustle. Their voices blended.

"David protect us?"

"Unmarked protect us!"

"Unmarked is cute."

"Unmarked has aura! And special powers!"

"And giant cock."

"Cock!"

"Sex, and protection!"

"And food."*w©Ww.noVe/wo(r)(n).coM*

"Food!"

"But why he protect?"

"We are princesses. We are hot."

"Sexy."

"Beautiful."

"Trade sex for protection? Like on surface?"

"Yes, good plan."

"Like that plan."

Caera rolled her eyes and chuckled, and David did, too. They were just too damn cute. And sexy, in that strange 'tiny demon that'll potentially bite off your nose' kinda way.

They faced him, and Lasca stepped forward from the group, gaze filled with the determination of a leader.

"David protect us! In trade, David can fuck us. All the time! Whenever!"

"Whenever!" the other three said.

Trading protection for sex was one very fucked up idea, except it was obvious the Las were being silly and really just wanted to have as much sex as they could. Demons were horny, twenty-four-seven, and the imps and grems were just as bad as other demons, if not worse.

"It'll be dangerous," he said. "I could die. You could die."

The little ladies shook their heads and gave him the same determined expression of their leader.

"We live! Lived Cainites. Live across Hell!" Lasca said. "And maybe find other imps and grems? More friends!"

"More cocks and pussies!" Laara said, and she fluttered her wings.

"I... hadn't thought of that." That was an image, for sure, of dozens of pairs of wings and horns and boobs all struggling to get a turn on his body. Or, on Acelina's body, considering how much the Las had liked her, too. An army of horny little critters.

He laughed.