1407

"Belor fought off a hundred angels alone before. But he wore aera armor. And was in his prime." He held out a hand in front of him, and experimented with squeezing it, testing his wounds some more.

"You knew Belor?"

"Barely. I told him his attempts to control the False Gate spire in the new age was foolish. He disagreed."

Oh god he was actually talking about his past. Progress!

"He was a child of Abaddon, right?" she asked. "An abdarin?"

"Yes."

"And Abaddon was to False Gate what Belial was to Death's Grip?"

"Yes."

"So you didn't fight each other? 'Cause you wanted to own different provinces, right?"

He shrugged. "If things had gone according to plan, I would rule Death's Grip, he would rule False Gate, and we would battle to the death, eventually."

"What? Why?" It was a stupid question, but she couldn't take it back now.

The dragon snorted a quick chuckle.

"Why did Zelandariel and Alessio fight?"

"To... rule as much land as they could." All that warranted was a groan. It was so ridiculous, but this was Hell, a world of extreme absurdities day in day out. "Maybe Alessio will play nice if we run into each other while we cross the Black Valley?"

"Maybe. Or she'll be angry you killed Zel and not her.ƨwww.nóvⓈ[W]orld.com ⓒ

"God damn it." Sighing, she walked back up to her bodyguard and stood between his legs. Time for a topic change. "Speak with Julisa again, yet?"

"No."

"Okay, well, picture this." She held out her hands in front of her and framed an imaginary TV screen. "Us and the Damall, or at least this group of the Damall, going on a journey across Hell. We work together, watch each other's backs, and whenever the mood strikes us, we have an orgy! You're nearly all healed up. You can pick up Julisa and Livian and fuck both those tetrads into a coma, at the same time, considering how you're equipped. Sound good?"

He smirked, highlighting the size of his crocodile teeth.

"And you?"

"Me?"

"You said orgy. Who will you fuck?"

"I uh... I mean, if I decided to partake -- (ff -- then I guess, uh, Faust and the boys? They're fun, and handsome." And she still remembered how the girl she'd seen in the spire had been getting fucked by a bunch of incubi at the same time, Faust included. Human-like as the incubi were, they were still quite tall, a bit larger than human men, ridiculously inhumanly sexy, and had thick, nearly foot-long penises. And somehow, the betrayer in the spire had had one in her pussy and two in her ass at the same time. Just, how?

Vinicius half growled, half snarled, licked his teeth, and leaned down toward her. She almost jumped back. That was an angry-looking Vin.

"I doubt it," he said.

"What?"

He gently thumped his tail on the floor a couple times, licked his teeth a couple times to match, and said nothing.

She frowned up at him, folded her arms across her chest, and tapped her foot. Classic irritated mom pose, but she knew it wouldn't work on him. After a few more seconds of silence, she scrunched up her nose, grabbed her egg-puppers, and left.

Yulia joined her, without her own bodyguard, and her super skinny, dainty body walked with an almost surreal lightness to it.

"I'm surprised you can't fly," Mia asked, grunting with the weight of the egg. "Well, I mean, I guess I can understand why, from an aerodynamic perspective. Birds on the surface weigh almost nothing. But still, you look like you should be able to fly." Dilojas -- bat girls -- didn't even have arms, not really. They had wings with a finger and thumb claw on the main joint, instead of just the lone thumb claw like most demon wings. She used them to interact with things, like tongs. Click click.

Yulia beamed. She was so cute, with her tiny chipmunk nose and thin features, and considering she wasn't all that much taller than Mia, she was the closest thing Mia had to someone she could talk to that wasn't super physically imposing. Plus, she had long demon dreadlocks, thick strands of hair as thick as a finger, and they were so much fun to play with. She'd helped Yulia put them in something like a simple braid, and Yulia giggled as she gently shook her head hard enough to make it bounce against her shoulders.

"Angels are a lot heavier than me," she said. "They fly using their grace."

"They cheat."

"Exactly."

They laughed.

"Where's your buddy?" Mia asked.

"Having sex with one of the gorgalas."

"Oh. You two aren't... you know..."wŴŴwwW[w].worm.com

Yulia raised an eyebrow. Right. Sex didn't mean to demons what it meant to humans. Then again, sex didn't mean all that much to humans anymore, either, if it ever really did.

"Humans are so funny," Yulia said. "You're like the girls in scrying pools!"

"I am not. I... Which girls have you been watching?"

She shrugged. "The fun ones. Real stuff. They go to clubs and dance. A lot of the time they have sex while they're there, often where people can watch. Those are fun."

"That... sounds a lot like what happens in Hell naturally, though."

"No no! The boys and girls at the club, they're all sweet and innocent. It's fun, watching the sweet, innocent humans do naughty things."

"I'm not sure I'd say a bunch of drunk, tripping college kids are sweet and innocent."WWw.nOvⓈ[w]orm.fun

"But they are." She giggled and wiggled her nose. "But even they won't fuck anyone they want. They get worried about dumb things like what other people think about who they fuck. Who cares about that?"

"Well, I mean, social dynamics are pretty nuanced on the surface, you know? And..." From the look in Yulia's eyes, there was no point in trying to approach the topic with pragmatic, detail-oriented reasoning. "Humans care about a lot of stuff that doesn't really matter."

"I know! Just, fuck who you want to fuck."

"Girls can get pregnant on the surface from that."

"Condoms!"

"Don't always work."

"Pills!"

"Birth control pills are really rough on a girl's body."

"Abortion!"

Mia winced. "Uh, not so easy to do, for a bunch of reasons.%W@.more/WWorm.com

Frowning, Yulia flapped her arm wings a couple times, like a bird testing the air.

"The surface world is strange. Things are easier down here."

Mia laughed. "Simpler, sure, but easier? It's not life and death every day for most people on the surface. A lot of us die from boredom, not real problems."

Yulia scratched her hair and pulled and her black dreadlocks with her thumb claws.

"Boredom is such a strange problem to have."

"Very true. We..." Her voice trailed off as someone stepped around the corner, and their gorgeous eyes slapped the train of thought right out of Mia's head.

Galon. The angel.

"Galon!" Giggling, Yulia half glided, half ran up to the tall man, and hugged him. Hug included a kiss, too, and the angel smiled as he returned it. A cute, quick kiss, with all the emotional attachment of a helium balloon.

"Yulia," he said, voice smooth as singing silk. "Oh, and the unmarked girl herself. Mia." He approached, and once he reached her, Mia did her best to not fall over. That was a very tall man. Sure, seven feet tall wasn't all that big for a demon, and most vrats were taller than that, but it was different when it was on a human-like man, proportional and muscular. Not to mention the absurdly handsome face, clean shaven, tan skin, and long dark hair.

His deep, bronze eyes pierced straight through her, despite his warm smile and gentle expression. So muscular, but lean, too, not too wide like a brute. And in his potram rune clothes, he looked like a Greek god, white silk crossing one shoulder and one side of his chest, along with a loose skirt that didn't reach his knees. It wasn't as revealing as Mia's clothes, but it wasn't far off, either.

"H-Hi," she said.

"Hello. We never got to speak properly." He squatted down in front of her, head coming just below hers, and gave his giant, white, feathery, perfect wings a couple flaps. "I'm Galon, gabriem of the Heavenly Island Avinoam. You know Yosepha well, I assume."

"Assume?"

"We ran into each other as I flew back, but didn't have much time to speak." He stood back up. No taking of her hand and kissing her knuckles? Aw. She'd kinda expected it, judging from how hilariously confident and forward the man was.

The stories Yosepha had shared of the gabriem and the crazy things they did to sexually satisfy the souls of Heaven shot through Mia's mind like a tracer bullet. And behind it came images of this man in front of her, sitting in a hot tub, gently bouncing a small redhead girl on his huge cock at just the right angle to make sure its thick, swollen tip hit her g-spot with every stroke. A tiny redheaded girl he could lift like a toy and fill with cum, before he held her snug to his gorgeous body, combed her hair with his fingers, and hugged her as she came, too.