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A tingling sensation hit her, and it didn't come from inside her. It came from outside her. That was a sin aura.

Mia shot Yulia a glare. "I feel that! Stop that."www.morclwdrms.com

"Aw. I wanted you to do the thing again. Faust and Livian and--"

"Well it's not happening!"

Yulia pouted and hid behind one of Galon's wings. For a bat demon, she had a good sin aura, strong, and sneakywww(w).ñôvêllWðRM.com

Galon smiled down at Yulia, patted her on the head, and earned a couple chirps from her, before he gestured to Mia.

"I did feel your aura for a moment there, Mia," he said. "A tricky thing, isn't it? Demons have to be subtle with their auras if they don't want someone to try to resist them. But yours is... there. I can't resist it."WW(w).(n)O(v)©L©vr(m).com

"That does seem to be the case, yeah. One of my quirks."

"A dangerous quirk. Yosepha had time to tell me she likes you, but to also be careful of your aura when you're aroused."

Mia blushed. "Y-Yeah."

"Yeah!" Yulia said, and peeked out from under Galon's wing. "She had half the Damall in an orgy not even a week ago! The aura filled the tunnels and everything."

"That's interesting." Nodding with furrowed, thinking brows, the angel walked around Mia, eyes down on the ground. "Auras are normally trapped to the room the demon or angel use them in. Like waves in water that die quickly."

"I know my aura has been... reaching further, than it used to. I don't know why."

"Another mystery. Maybe you're getting better at using it?"

"Maybe."

He clapped his hands together once and held them there as he stopped in front of her and hooked his wings snug to his back.

"Yosepha did also tell me you've been working on something else. Did you want some help with practicing that?"

"I do, yeah!" She beamed up at him. A demon would never offer to help, not so directly, but the angel didn't hesitate or ask for anything in return, and that just felt so damn wonderful to have around again. She missed Yosepha. And sure, Galon probably had ulterior motives, to keep an eye on her and figure out what her abilities were, but still.

"I know I can't come," Yulia said. "So come see me later." She pushed up on her tippy toe claws, and gave Galon a kiss on the chin. "Please?"

He smiled down at her and winked. On any other man, that would have looked dumb and cringe, but on this ridiculous angel, it was utterly perfect.

The souls in Heaven were lucky, if they were being treated and cared for by gabriem.

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"Still too heavy," she said, sweat dripping down her forehead.

"But you've managed to keep your potram on. That's good."

Galon sat nearby, leaning forward over one knee, watching her. Sure, he had the look of a playboy, with all those sexy smiles and stuff, but he was good at keeping his eyes on hers and not on her very exposed body. Much as Mia loved having clothes again, her dress was very much a 'fuck me' dress. She felt less naked when naked. But, sandals were a godsend, literally, and she wasn't about to give them up.

They'd gone back to the alcove Yosepha had first taken Mia to, high up and out of the way where demons would have trouble reaching, with all the remnants filling up the hole that led to it. Perfect for talking about secret stuff.

"It's getting easier," she said. "How hard is it for angels to use batlam the first time?"

"Not this hard. You're really struggling."

She threw up her hands. "Thanks for the words of encouragement!"

He grinned. "Would you want empty words of encouragement?"

"No..." She squinted at him. There was more to his playful looks than a playboy happy to seduce any woman -- or man -- who got within arm's reach. He was analyzing her. Yosepha had said gabriem weren't just experts at keeping humans happy, sexually or otherwise, but also at treating mental wounds. Maybe they could talk about psychology?

"We don't know what you are," he said. "You seem to be a soul, but something else, too, a first in all of existence. No one has the slightest clue about you."

"I'm not sure if I should feel bad or good about that."

"Well, don't forget you're in Hell. The portal to Hell literally came to Heaven to scoop you up, too, and that is not normal, either. And probably not a good thing."

Fuck. She sighed and sat down, not too far away from the angel, adjusted her borderline useless split skirt to keep her bits covered, and melted with exhaustion like a plastic toy left on the dashboard on a hot day.

"So I might not even be able to use the batlam rune."

"Maybe not. But if what you say about your knowledge of the runes is true, I'm sure you'll be able to eventually, somehow, and even other runes beyond the ones angels can use."

"You really don't know about the other ones? I can see ones for life, death, hellfire, healing water, all sorts of things."

He shook his head. "Just the three. Potram, batlam, and royam."

"Strange. There are so many! And the ancient language, they sorta... they run parallel to each other, in a way. It's like, the runes are chunks of the language all balled up and arranged into something... whole, something with power. And..." Sighing, she wiped the sweat from her brow, and patted the egg sitting beside her. "And I suppose no one's ever felt nests before, have they? Like, felt them, like a weird sensation in the brain, like someone touching your shoulder?"

"Nope."

She laughed. "I've spent the past hour just talking about me and my quirks. Tell me about you! What's Heaven like? What it's like being a gabriem? How'd you end up befriending the Damall? Why're you and Yosepha allowed to come and go from Heaven whenever you want?"

He held up his hands, surrendering.

"Yosepha and I can come and go from Heaven because we're not at war with Hell. There hasn't been a true war with Hell since the second war, Cain's War, tens of thousands of years ago and long before I was birthed."

"What about that fight with Belor? I thought that only happened like, a thousand years ago or something?"

"That was a... police action, if you want to think about it from a human history perspective."

Mia snorted, but gestured for him to continue.

"Heaven and Hell aren't enemies. Usually. And angels aren't slaves. As long as we maintain our duties, we can do as we wish."

"Full freedom?"

"Full freedom."www.m(c)veIlWðRM.©(c)m

"Wow. Heaven sounds nice."