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"There," Livian said, let go, and licked a claw as she smiled at Mia again. "Do return quickly, Faustinus."

"Will do." He stepped away from the orgy, and walked with Mia. Naked. With semi-hard cock hanging between his legs. It'd disappear into his body when he stopped being aroused, but he'd keep it out until he was back with Livian, and got to cum on her, and in her, a half dozen more times.

His alcove wasn't far, and Mia sighed with relief when they entered it. He and the other incubi slept in it at night, and their chunks of meera armor and weapons sat about in four distinct piles. No trophies, because the Damall never stayed in one place long enough to bother with them, or because the incubi didn't care for them. Hopefully, the latter; the Damall seemed to be the 'nice guys' of Hell, after all.

"Here." He pulled a long sling out of his pile and handed it to her.

"Ooh!" She plucked it, hooked it around her shoulder, and chuckled as she admired how the thick leather sling had a fat, cute pouch at the base. It'd taken work to get the leather, meant to hold a chunk of meera metal to a limb, into this shape. Faust had been busy.

"Will it work?" he asked.

"I think so, yeah." She punched the pouch a few times. "I mean, it doesn't really have a deep dip, but it should be good enough. Thank you!"

"No problem." He winked at her, but at least he kept his hand off his dick. In Hell, that was quality manners. "You sure you don't want to join us? Livian would enjoy your company."

"I uh... I think I'll pass. For now?"

"For now?"

"Well, I mean, Galon tells me I should be... looser, essentially. You know, the whole 'enjoy what pleasures you can when you can' sorta life advice."

"And you disagree?"

"No, but..." She shrugged, and kept her eyes on the sling hanging against her stomach. A much less sexy sight than naked Faust and his large, hanging penis. "I'm just not comfortable with the idea yet."

He nodded, and the two of them stepped back out into the tunnel.

"Well, I think you should trust the gabriem, but it's not like you can trust my words."

"Definitely not." *wWw.novEiLWóRm.cO@*

Laughing, he walked backward, away from her, back down the tunnel toward Livian and his buddies.

"Up to you. No pressure. But considering that aura of yours, it might be a good idea to get used to sex, no? Might help you control it more easily, if you got more comfortable with it."

She rolled her eyes and waved him off, earning some more laughter from him as he disappeared around the tunnel corner. He wasn't entirely wrong, but not exactly right, either. Marathon masturbation sessions on the surface had long taught Mia she wasn't the sort of girl to find an orgasm took the edge off her desires. It just carved it deeper into her mind, and sometimes she had to abstain from masturbating to stop herself from doing it three hours a night, every night.

Sighing, she looked after the path Faust disappeared through. It'd be so easy to follow him and get what Livian was getting, and with Faust and the others, she trusted them to not hurt her, and she could really give in, and just cum, and cum, and cum.

Mia, you really are an idiot. It's Hell. Everyone's dead, dying, a demon, or a remnant. Stop holding onto your ridiculous ideas from the surface, like planning for the future, saving up an RSP, and looking for romance. Every day is life or death, literally, and you're worried about... what? Preconceived notions about what a healthy approach to sex was?

Thus, it was decided. Go, enjoy sex. A lot. Just, not right now. Later.

A big surprise waited for her in Romakus's alcove, or rather, a lack of one, which was the surprise. No sex. No Yosepha, either, since the woman was still on a return trip to Heaven, but that didn't mean Romakus wouldn't fuck someone else in the meantime. Did it?

The winged demon sat beside Julisa, and while the four-armed woman analyzed some meera knives -- swords, for someone Mia's size -- with exploring claws, Romakus did the same for his giant sword. *Wwww.nOvEi(ó)(r)m.c.rMl*

"Mia," he said, "expecting a baby?" *www.novELWóRm.Com*

"I--oh." She laughed as she looked down at her leather shoulder sling. "I mean, kinda?"

Julisa snarled, but didn't lift her eyes from her weapons.

"That baby is going to rip your throat out, unmarked," she said.

"Maybe. Maybe not. Demons tame goorts, and you said some manage to tame cannams."

The demoness sneered, but rolled her eyes and continued her work.

"What brings you to my alcove?" Romakus asked. "Hungry?"

"I... I mean, a little. But that's not why I'm here. I wanted to say Vinicius is mostly healed and looking to leave."

"I figured."

"And... how's that going to work?" She came closer, refusing to be intimidated by the ten-foot-tall demons and their giant weapons. Not true, she was very intimidated without Vinicius nearby, but she wasn't going to let them know that. "I'm not an idiot. I can't believe you're going to just let us go. You let me keep this leash because you want to keep me alive, for Vin to keep me alive, and you want to keep me under your thumb, right?" She came closer again, until she was beside Romakus's giant sword that he callously held tip-down on the rocky ground. "You want me to succeed, and you want to be a part of it."

He listened, evil smile growing more evil by the second, and he twirled the huge sword. How someone had made such a thing, she couldn't even guess, except by literally throwing a dozen other meera swords into a pile and smashing them together with a hammer.

"All true," he said.

"So... what now? We wait for Yosepha?"

"We wait for Yosepha. If we have to go before she arrives, then some of us will stick with you, but ideally we wait for the angel and get an update about the situation in Heaven."

"Makes sense. And, uh, how's that going to work? Because as much as I can order Vinicius around, this leash can only stop him from doing something I don't want him to, not actually make him do anything. Zel was using worse torture than this leash can cause, and she couldn't break him."

Julisa licked her teeth. Something Mia said intrigued her. *wWw.nO(v)elWorMl.coMl*

Romakus nodded. "Indeed. We'll figure something out."

"Figure something out? No backup plan prepared?"

He laughed again, leaned in, and brought his face within inches of hers.