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The imps and grems hated sitting around doing nothing, though. Lasca rubbed against his body, giggled, squirmed some more, and fluttered her wings. Laara and Latia sat with him on either side, while Laria sat with Acelina. They shared a few clicks, and Acelina groaned in that 'annoyed mother dealing with a child' kind of way, but at the same time, she didn't dismiss her. Maybe she kinda liked her?

The spire mother took off one of her many black necklaces and handed it to her. Laria giggled, spun around a few times, and put it on. Thrice. It had to be triple looped to not dangle so much, and three layers hung between her large breasts. She was the bustiest of the Las, and shortest, a certifiable shortstack.

Caera rumbled, plucked Lasca off David's lap, earned some squeals and giggles from her, set her aside, and replaced her. The huge tiger lay between David's legs, but way too big to actually fit, so most of her long body stuck out away from him into the center of the cave. But there was enough room for her to lay her head, and she did, nestling it along his pelvis. No need to ask. He knew what she wanted.

He slid his hands into her hair and combed her short dreadlocks. Demon dreadlocks had the same texture as hair, but smooth, black, and nearly an inch thick, super easy to comb, and reach past to massage the tregeera's scalp.

Lasca would not be denied. She snuck in beside the tregeera against his inner thigh, cozied up against her side and chest, and buried her face in Caera's breasts. None of the girls were aroused at the moment, skin all shades of black and dark red, breasts firm, but that didn't mean Lasca wasn't going to take an opportunity to snuggle Caera's large bust.

Daoka chirped, smiling. She lay on her back, the only demon wearing any clothes, the leather straps Jes and Acelina had wrapped her with. Treating a wound in Hell was weird, far less nuanced, and more just about the pure value of the most obvious thing: there's a hole, keep it closed, keep a full belly, and pray you can recover. The specifics of organs? Blood total? Electrolyte balance? Dehydration? Infection? None of that mattered, or even existed. Life -- or the afterlife -- in Hell was so very simplified, but that also made it kind of scarier. There were so many things that wouldn't kill you in Hell that'd kill you on the surface, and that meant your potential for long-term pain was so much higher.

But hey, at least they didn't have to worry about cleaning her bandage or anything. The blood faded, staining the leather a bit, but otherwise entirely evaporating. ☹www.n☹ve(l)wø℞Ml.ç(ø)m

David smiled as he looked around at the girls. Beautiful, fun, strong girls. How the fuck did this happen? Even with the weirdness about him, the whole being unmarked thing, meeting these girls was a collection of unusual events and straight up luck that warranted some thought. Divine intervention? Nah. Being unmarked meant weird shit just kept happening to him, and that included how people reacted to him. And from there, what sort of friends he made, or allies.

Greg met Cainites and became the leader of a fucked up cult; a cult that was still around all across Hell, don't forget that. If David had run into Cainites first, would he have become some sort of evil leader? No chance. But he might have lied to them about his intentions and played the role until something better had come along. Anyone would have.

Which meant there was a good chance the other unmarked were getting themselves into strange situations, meeting powerful demons, and making interesting allies, too. But none of them would be as awesome as these girls. He was beyond lucky.

And if they died, he was going to break. www.(n)Oveℒ(w)o℞m.☉OM

"You've yet to explain yourself," Acelina said, and she gestured to him with a wing. "How did you summon those blackstone spikes?" Oh no, not this conversation again.

"I told you, I just... played the strings, and Hell listened."

"Yes, but that is hardly an explanation." She held out a hand and started counting on her claws. "You can read the ancient language, and apparently know of runes, sisters of the ancient language, capable of powerful feats like imbuing weapons with hellfire. You can craft auras, and unlike a demon aura, they are auras of the world, like a spire's. When we were ambushed days ago, you summoned a gold light and defended yourself, but have no idea what you did. You experience the sinful memories of those you eat." She thumped her thin tail against the ground. "Am I forgetting something?"

Caera lifted her head and snarled at the spire mother, but David stroked her shoulder and back, settling her enough to stop her from throwing herself at the zotiva and get into an argument.

"We've all got a bit of cabin fever," he said, "and--"

Lasca perked up. "Cabin fever?"

"We're stuck in one place and going crazy."

"We are!" Laara said, and she perked up, too, but Caera used her tail to squash the impa back to the ground. Despite Caera being half serious, Laara burst into giggles and wrestled with the huge, heavy appendage.

David put up a hand in surrender; best to keep the other one still stroking Caera's back. ℱwŴ.Ńovelwø℞m.☉(m)

"All I know is, when I saw Daoka get hurt, I..." Sighing, his gaze fell, and he looked to the satyr. "I freaked out."

"I was there," Jes said. "I didn't hear you scream or anything."

He poked his temple. "In here, you know? I freaked out, and... and whatever those strings are I can feel, and whatever these fingers I have inside me, I used them to hit the strings really hard. And then... I don't know! Suddenly I was... pulled under. Something in me or around me pulled me into the vibrations, and before I knew it, I had access to... new strings, sorta? I could play different strings, and get different results, and..." He threw up both hands. "I don't know! I don't know anymore than you do, Acelina."

"Clearly you know something."

"I don't know! I don't know why that invisible monster is after me, either! I don't--"

"Invisible monster?" The Las asked as a chorus.

Acelina let out a slow growl. "Invisible monster?"

Shit.

Caera, Dao, and Jes all looked at him, and a pair of eyes rolled in their skulls. Of course, it was him who said the thing, first.

"An invisible monster attacked us," Caera said, "weeks ago."wℱw.n☉ve(lwø℞m.com

Even without eyes, Acelina's glare was deadly. "Explain."