

1421

"We don't know what happened," Jes said. "Just, some big, invisible creature came at us. For David specifically. But it couldn't touch him."

"It couldn't really touch anything," Caera said. "We could only see its footprints. It tried to lift a rock, and the rock broke apart. It slashed at David, but just hit the ground underneath him. Then it vanished. I mean, vanished even more than it already was." *WŴŴ.noʻrElʹW@Ⓢ.(:)(o)m*

"And why didn't you mention this before?" *(w)WŴ.N@ʋ@Ⓢworm.co@*

"We weren't sure we could trust you," Jes said. "Can you blame us?"

After a long, heavy snarl, Acelina relented, and relaxed back against her side of the alcove.

"An invisible monster stalks us. Did you ever plan on telling us?"

"I was gonna leave it up to Caera," David said.

Caera raised her good brow as she turned back and looked at him.

"Uh, I was expecting you to tell her."

Acelina groaned and covered her obsidian face with her claws.

"I am surrounded by morons."

Caera growled again, but a few strokes of her back spikes soothed her, and she set her head back on David's thigh. Which was perfect for Lasca, and she happily buried her face in the tregeera's huge breasts once again. The Las didn't give a shit about potential invisible monsters ruining their fun, and Laria continued to experiment with Acelina's overly long necklace.

"We don't know what it was," David said, "and I've been kinda distracted and..." He thumped himself in the head. "Not an excuse. I should have told you. The invisible monster probably has something to do with that thing at the bottom of the canyon under the Death's Grip spire now. They seemed similar."

Acelina shivered. "Then you should have indeed told me sooner. I probably would have left and gone to the Grave Valley on my own."

Jes laughed. "You need us. You ain't reaching Azailia without our help."

Silence fell on the room, tension drawing tight and ready to snap, but a few clicks from Daoka, and every demon relaxed once again.

"Whatever's going on," David said, "we'll get some answers at the Forgotten Place. If whatever made that crack in Death's Grip is going to do that to all of Hell, and probably worse, then I have to get there. Any help is appreciated, even if it's only temporary. And you have helped a lot, Acelina. I appreciate that. Thank you."

Silence again, and everyone slowly turned to look at the biggest demon in the room.

"Yes, well, I am zotiva. My value is high."

"High!" Giggling, Laria spun around a few times, and her new necklace clinked and bounced around against her chest. Unfortunately for her, a triple loop of any rope quickly turned into a noose if you spun it around, and she fell on her back and wings as she choked and gargled. *Wurw.no@eLworm.coM*

Acelina giggled. She crushed the sound quickly, but they'd all heard it, and she gave everyone a quick, eyeless glare before she scooped the little lady up, and saved her from asphyxiation. Laria cheered, but also took off the necklace and gave it back.

"Need shorter necklace," she said, whining as Acelina put her back down, beside her legs. The spire mother sat in her usual feminine way, on one hip and side, legs to one side, and Laria held onto them for support as she coughed and sputtered.

"Yes, well, perhaps I will shorten some for you." Acelina wagged her tail, just barely, and just the tip. "I have many."

"Yay!" With another squeak and giggle, Laria stepped around in front of Acelina, got on her knees, and buried her face in the woman's enormous breasts. Breast, really, just the lower one, plenty big enough to cover Laria's entire upper body. And even with her skin dark, Acelina's breasts were never quite as firm as everyone else's, and Laria sighed happily as she pressed her face into the giant pillow. So much for being scared of her.

Acelina looked down at the tiny critter, opened her mouth, and prepared what was bound to be an assault on the ears. But she said nothing, closed her mouth, and looked back to the rest of the group, daring them to say something. No one did.

A few clicks and chirps changed to pained coughs, and David forced his eyes onto Daoka. She squirmed as Jes checked under her leather bandage, and David squinted as he scanned for her reaction. The gargoyle smiled slightly, nodded, and knocked horns with Dao twice.

Jes looked his way, and his eyes fell. The sound of the gargoyle's screams after Dao had been stabbed rang through his head, and he winced. Caera felt it, and she looked up at him and raised her good eyebrow.

"You okay?"

"Y-Yeah, just--" He looked down into her good eye, and then her ruined eye. It was closed, but the gash had turned it into a giant scar, a mesh of ruined skin.

Lasca perked up from Caera's breasts and blinked up at him. The scar on her forehead would have been a death sentence if it'd been a single inch lower. *(w)w@.ñ0ʋe1worm.CoM*

He did his best to not show it, but he winced again and gulped down the rising bile in his throat. His heart rate picked up. He breathed faster. If he'd been on the surface, he'd have grown lightheaded, like he'd pushed himself too hard on leg day.

The sounds of two dying angels echoed in the black matter of his brain.

Caera slid a little closer, until her hair pressed to his stomach, and she rubbed her head into him as she snuggled into his thighs. His fingers combed her hair almost automatically, and he forced himself to breathe deep. Panic attack? He didn't get panic attacks, never. Not even that day at the funeral. That hadn't been a panic attack. That'd been something else.

Lasca and Caera went back to snuggling, and no one said a thing. Maybe they didn't notice.

After a few minutes of peace and quiet, Daoka chirped, and Jes motioned to David.

"Get over here."

Shit. Maybe someone had noticed. The riiva was smarter than she let on.

"Uh, sure. Caera?"

Caera smiled at him, got up, and once he got up and moved, she lay back along the alcove wall like a cat or dog getting comfy. Unfortunately for the tiger, the Las traded attention from David to her, and Lasca, Laara, and Latia snuggled into her long body and tail. Caera may not have been as big as Acelina, but she was still huge, with a lean, muscular, surprisingly busty physique. Lasca took to her breasts again, Laara snuggled up to her thick thighs, and Latia literally climbed onto her side and lay across her waist and torso.

The tiger rumbled, but any annoyance she had quickly faded, a tiny smile sneaking out as she closed her eye and got comfy.