

1422

Jes and Dao lay along the floor, Jes against the wall, Dao beside her, side by side like a couple in bed. David could have counted on one hand the number of times she'd left the satyr's side.

David got down on his knees beside Dao, and smiled down at her as he touched her shoulder and its black spikes.

"Yeah, Dao?"

Dao chirped up at him, sounds soft and gentle.

Jes laughed, shook her head, leaned in, and kissed her girlfriend.

"She wants you to pay some more attention to her. She's clingy."

"Oh? Oh! Yeah, sure. Um, ho--"

"Snuggle. Come on." Jes gestured to Dao's side with a wing.

David blinked down at Dao before checking back over his shoulder to Caera. Caera looked at him long enough to smile and wink, before she raised a hand up to Lasca's hair and combed it, encouraging the little lady to kiss and snuggle the tiger's bust all the more. Much as Caera and David were getting close, that didn't seem to register on the physical side of intimacy at all. Far as demons were concerned, romance and physicality had nothing -- almost nothing -- to do with each other. Hell was a strange place, but, also, kinda awesome.

He lay with Dao, snuggled up to her side, and leaned in close for a kiss on her cheek.

"You doing okay?"

She nodded and quietly chirped again.

"You nearly died," Jes said, "you dumbass. Stop playing it off."

With a small head shake, Dao clicked as she turned back to her lover, and headbutted her. Headbutt was too strong word for anything Dao could currently do, and Jes headbutt her right back, just as gently. Headbutt turned into forehead rubbing, some knocking of horns, and Jes laughed as she moved her hair out of the way and kissed her.

Dao smiled into the kiss, but her arm closer to David snuck up around him, and she got a set of claws into his hair. She pulled him toward her head, turned, and forced his lips to hers. Shifting weight was a bit of a problem, but David got some weight on an elbow so he could lean over Daoka, and kiss her. The gorgala was two inches from his face, and she smiled at him as she nuzzled in and kissed his cheek.

"You know I owe this all to you two?" he asked. "I mean, in a good way. Only reason I'm alive, and instead of using me as a bargaining chip or bait or an easy meal, you--"

Jes kissed him, closing her eyes. And then she headbutt him, not so gently.

Thunk. *WwW.mOvélworm.c.m*

"We get it," she said. "You owe us your life, we're awesome, how could demons be so nice, and sexy and beautiful, blah blah blah. You don't need to keep telling us."

"I--" *WwW.n@èlwOr.m.c.m*

She headbutt him again.

"Yeah yeah, but here's the thing. I can tell, and Dao can tell, that you're pacing yourself into a ditch in your head. Just treading around in a loop in your skull, worrying about shit." Dao nodded to confirm. "What we need you to do is figure shit out about you and the unmarked and whatnot, and stop worrying about us." *www.moveLwOr@c@M*

"I--" He pulled back to avoid the inevitable headbutt, but none came. "I'm trying not to, it's just..." He gestured around at all the ladies, Dao included. "You girls nearly died and--"

Dao clicked several times, frowning slightly.

"Dao's right. We're demons, dumbass. Fighting is what we do, okay? Let us worry about that, and about each other doing that. You just figure out all the strange shit happening to you, and how to save the world or whatever, and don't do anything stupid because you're worried about us." Jes reached out with a wing, hooked it behind his head, and pulled him in snug until his forehead pressed to hers. "Okay?"

"I... don't know if I can do that." *wwW.NOvélWOrm.Com*

"What? Save the world?"

"Stop worrying... caring about you."

Jes sighed, and her smile was heavy. "When Dao got stabbed, what did I do?"

"Threw yourself at--"

"I attacked a fucking angel. You know, an angel? They're strong enough to fight tetrads one on one, and win, but you'll notice I'm still alive, because I didn't run in like an idiot like a certain someone else did earlier, running across a battlefield."

He winced. "That was for Mia, and--"

Dao reached up and pulled him down to her. Her grip was weak, but it felt like a ship anchor pulling him down, and he pressed his forehead to hers, too. Quiet chirps and clicks resonated in the chamber. No one said a word. No one needed to.

He leaned into Daoka, and kissed her. She kissed him back. He nuzzled into her side, careful of her shoulder spikes, and elbow spikes, and knee spikes, and touched noses with her before they kissed again. Something hard touched his head, and he looked up to find Jes's horn nudging his hair as she leaned in, too, and demanded kisses. She shared a kiss with her lover again, before she pulled him in close and kissed him again, too.