



Botched Hijacking

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Closing the heavy tome I was reading just as the first rays of sunlight pierce the darkened clouds over toward the eastern horizon lined with wicked mountaintops, the cool winds heralding the arrival of another day laps against my warm shoulders, tickling delightfully soft skin as fingers of air caress a pert bosom, filling my mind with memories of the previous night's events, along with how it ultimately ended, moving a long, slender arm to rub my stomach, wincing just a little when my curiosity aggravates a slightly bruised swelling near my still aching groin. A sign of the Prince's fervor and a sequence of events I would never be able to forget despite having experienced such a thing many times now, hiding the pleasant warmth bursting from my heart as I turn to face the familiar presence I felt walking up behind me from my perch over the castle



walls, muscular form hidden behind thin fabric. A sight that makes me wear the slightest hint of amusement on my face as I chastise him for waking up earlier than the maiden he had put to bed.

Unsurprisingly, his response was curt and just as crude as his bedraggled look, boasting about how he'd spent too much energy keeping me 'entertained' and therefore needed rest...not like I disagreed with him there...of anything, I would be inclined to say he outdid himself~

And to think that only a few months ago, I was supposed to kill the same man I've now become one with in accordance to the will of the demons in the far south...demons I once saw as comrades, brothers and sisters of fire and brimstone...now I feel nothing but contempt when I envision the powerful foes within Hell's ranks, supreme beings I once held with reverence and awe, all laid to waste once and for all.

Never did I imagine the possibility of outliving the Demon King, but neither did I expect to find love in the arms of another...with a human male to boot...but the heart of a maiden is a fickle one indeed, and its desires, much harder to resist. And before I knew it, I was swept up in the thrill of losing myself to a completely different body that had been bestowed upon me by accident.

Or maybe it was a coincidence? Who can say...

I was born into this world not as the fair beauty currently in the company of a mortal human prince but rather, a diminutive Imp of a special breed purpose built to hijack and sabotage the summoning magic my former foes heavily depended upon to bolster their military strength. For decades ever since Hell's ingenious minds found the vulnerability within the inscriptions and patterns commonly used across all forms and tiers

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of summoning, my kind became Hell's most sought after demon as multiple counters were invented through torturous experimentation and botched trials, all to ensure that whatever the human mages tried to summon came out...not the way they expected...for instance; subverting Winged Knights for Minotaurs or Cleansing Maidens for Bog Witches, all of which would bring swift death to the weak, fleshy humans sustaining the magic. The effects weren't expected to be immediate considering the vast armada of light aligned creatures the humans had summoned beforehand, but now that the demons had managed to put a stop to the source, a few years of fighting and Hell's forces were sure to begin pushing forward once more.

Being a living weapon, I was only ever meant to live long enough to cause as much harm to the humans as possible before they put me down. So when the rift my makers sent me through spat me out on the other side, I was fully prepared to begin lashing out at the closest human, not with rending claws or incinerating fire but with frail waifish arms bunched into fists and a slender body sporting petite breasts and a bundled mane of platinum silver hair that held surprising strength in unsuspectingly thin legs, grunting with an effeminate voice dripping with sultry undertones that sounded nothing like my previous grating roar. Not one to hesitate because of an oddity like this however, I sprang for the man closest to me, aiming to reduce his stoic visage into a pulpy red mist, letting out a throaty war cry as we Imps used to back when we hunted prey much larger than us, free from captivity and use as cannon fodder.

But after so many botched spells they had suffered at the demon's hands, they were ready for me, choking hard as something cold slammed shut around my neck, halting my assault before more restraints appear, weighing my arms down while the mages move forward, seeing their opening to plant a curious little tiara on my head. From there, my vision dulled before fading away completely. Despising the look of pity the man who was to be my kill shot my way as the world tumbled around me.

The next time I awoke, I was in a ramshackle hut that had been converted into what looked to be the private quarters for a high commander in the human army judging from the battle maps, logistics scrolls and equipment I could see scattered around the flea infested den. But there before me, stood the human I had last seen before losing consciousness, holding the tiara his men had placed upon my head as nothing more than a crushed, ruined ball of scrap and shattered gemstone.

Maybe it was the anger on my face or the tense posture I had taken, but he was quick to point out that I was safe, that I didn't need to 'fear' him or anyone else. I spat those words back at him, yelling about how I would kill him for even thinking of putting me in this situation.

"Like the demons who put your kind through all of this just to throw you away at the end? We know of the plight your kind has suffered at the hands of your elder brethren..."

I scoffed at him, called him a liar, but the more he spoke, the more I realized he knew far more than any ordinary human should have the right to. And to my surprise, he was all too willing to divulge the

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information behind his detailed knowledge behind my kind and their eventual subjugation, and what I heard left me stunned.

Coexistence with a human...an impossibility to my inept mind back then. As demons, Imp or otherwise, we were all raised in an environment that encouraged violent competition and a perceived superiority over other creatures not forged in the fires of Hell. To hear that one so old and wise as the individual described in this human's tale had bonded to, and even shared their experiences with a human...the human prince no less! It made sense then when I realized why he was so well guarded back in the room where I had undergone my rapid metamorphosis into my current form.

Seeing as he was so forthcoming, I pressed further, questioning him on where we were and what was going on, hoping to find something I could use against him, foolishly believing that my demon allies would come for me if they knew I was here, still drunk on the false notion that us Imps were some of the most important individuals around to waste.

It was then when he dropped the disheartening news that his armies were currently in the last stages of mounting a counteroffensive against the demon's frontline...and that I had played a major role without my noticing, all thanks to the accursed artifact currently lying by his feet, crushed and useless. According to him, I had come to possess the form of a Valkyrie instead of corrupting it altogether like I was supposed to, one of the holy plane's strongest beings and a rare commodity seeing as how they only came to aid whoever they saw as worthy masters.

A demon's mind in a Valkyrie's body, a powerful weapon that could turn the tide for whoever held sway over her...I failed a sabotage attempt only to awaken to the news that I had won a major victory for the humans I despised...and now they were going to kill me? I had assumed he was there to finish the job, to execute me now that my time as a weapon was over, discarding me just like he said the demons had done. But to my shock, he did away with the gauntlets weighing me down, removing them despite the danger of coming so close to me...close enough for me to smell the sweat that dropped off the back of his neck and the faint metallic tinge of spilled blood from his most recent outing on the battlefield.

That would be the first sign I failed to recognize as my displaced mind becoming adapted to this new body, only registering the innate estrus of the Valkyrie for discomfort as I fidgeted in place, unable to move until the prince stepped away, finally undoing my bonds while relieving my nostrils of his heavenly stench...I was left breathless and strangely exhausted, something the equally oblivious human would pass off as all the fighting my body had to endure while my mind was kept under lock and key, fetching me a mug of water my immature self had slapped away then refusing the act of kindness out of confusion and irrational hate, barking, demanding the reason as to why a human like him would do this. To free me meant to let a wild card loose, didn't he worry about the possibility that I would return to the demons? About me ending his existence right here and now?

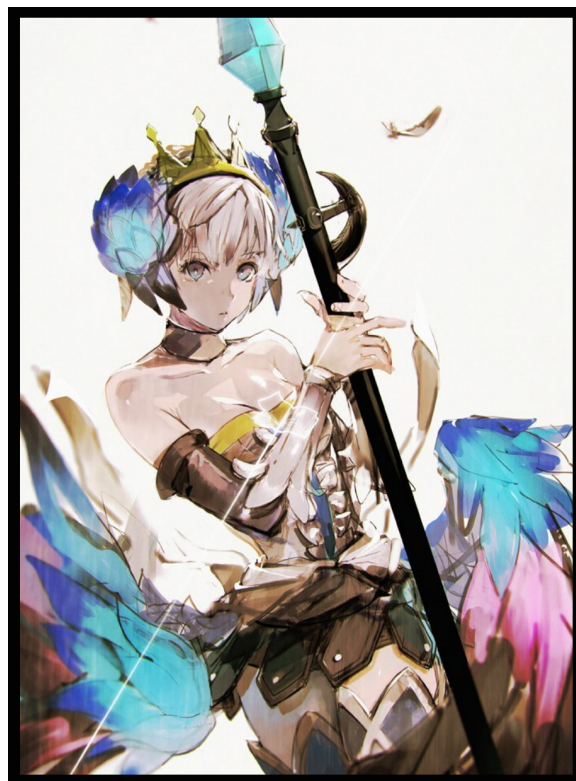
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And as if to prove my point, a crystal tipped spear I didn't even know I had manifests in my grip while multicolored wings emerge from above my rear, searing edge emanating holy light pressed firmly against the Prince's neck, one stroke away from piercing through his jugular. I'd expected him to run away then, or reach for a weapon. But he did neither, instead, he approached me, carving a long snaking gash around his neck, easily pushing aside the spear in his wake.

I hadn't been holding on to my weapon with force...in fact I seemed unable to, mostly because my Valkyrie instincts awoke then as he came to kneel by me, asking if I'd be interested in exploring the world through different eyes, free of the oppressive yolk my former brethren had subjected the Imps and so many others to till we couldn't see anything but. Despite my new body's instincts however, I myself, had to admit that I was curious in living a second life, free from the simple caves and forests that made up most of my life before being shipped away and disintegrated into soul dust and rage.

That didn't mean I readily signed on as a willing aide to the prince of course. Our relationship started off as a rocky one, especially after the other men within the human army found out he had shattered the artifacts keeping me bound and shackled once we returned to the capital. I still remember the way they stared holes into me, eyes narrowed in disgust, others with suspicion and most with anger. Despite the victory I had netted for them, it seemed they all knew what I truly was...and after all the lives lost and setbacks they had suffered, I was now an outlet for them to vent their anger on. I'd grown tired of playing the defenseless damsel the Prince was beginning to see me as so the moment I had free reign of my own, I took to the skies where none could touch me, keeping a watchful eye on the Prince below while I took in the sights and sounds of the world from a vantage point I never could have imagined before. Even as an Imp, the highest my diminutive wings could take me was above the gnarled peaks of the calcified forests where I could barely see anything beyond an endless sea of impalers and dead wood.

That first time? So high up in the skies? It was like the world was nothing more than a living canvas and I was it's painter, feeling as if I could just reach out with my spear and add more greenery to the sunscorched fields of No Man's Land or a smidge more blue further inland away from the glimmering oceans that made up the western view. If it weren't for the spiritual link I now shared with the Prince ever since my silent



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agreement to his proposal, I would've forgotten him entirely to the hunger for adventure burning in my heart as I saw the open world all around me. But I knew that until the war was over, I would never be able to explore this world to my heart's content without being hunted down relentlessly by both sides. The humans for my obvious renegade status as a rogue Valkyrie and by the demons for costing them the loss of an entire foothold they had maintained for the better part of the war. With that fact in mind, I fell back down to the Earth below, swooping inside the open window of the Prince's study where I would come face to face with the man's cheek as he makes fun of my short reverie by implying I was embarrassed, that was before I understood what jokes were, which made it all the more infuriating when his laughs increased in tandem with my rage...I had much to learn, and thanks to the Prince and his study's vast repository of knowledge, I had plenty of reliable sources to study and take notes from...all while getting 'acquainted' to my new body. Not to say I did anything inappropriate of course, with my new sensibility as a Valkyrie, I simply took more caution when washing my hair or ensuring my armpits and inner thighs were thoroughly cleaned! Rashes would be a detriment to combat and daily life after all...although I must admit, having a body as graceful as this was...enlightening. To put it lightly.

And so began our daily lives together. On paper, I was a bodyguard, someone responsible for the safety of their charge, the Prince was my charge, my Lord. And I was to follow his every command to the letter...but behind closed doors, the Prince and I preferred to stick to our own interests. Sometimes I'd catch him staring as I flipped through a hefty book while on other occasions, I would find myself gazing respectfully whenever the time came for him to train, and in the expanse of his study, the buffoon had set up a spacious miniature arena for sparring and sword practice, making it that much harder to focus on whatever I was doing whenever he started swinging.

At first, I thought it was simply my demonic impulses resurfacing upon the sight of slick human meat, but as the days passed into weeks and we got to speak more, swapping tales, catching up on our experiences etcetera etcetera, that simple flutter in my belly whenever I got to lay eyes on the Prince training without his shirt on would begin to affect my concentration both in and out of the study. Made worse when the time came for redeployment back onto a new front in the war that had opened in our absence.

It wasn't as if I found it unpleasant, but you have to understand I was a male Imp until not too long ago, to suddenly experience things a normal woman would when faced with an exceptional specimen of the opposite sex alongside the adamant urges to protect and serve the warrior I had bonded to as a Valkyrie was simply too much for me to understand right off the get go. The thrill of combat I thought would have been a most fitting distraction to keep my mind off the alien sensations plaguing me during my awkward stay in human territory.

But I just couldn't concentrate, losing my ability to conjure my wings or brandish my spear during the opening conflict, I ended up sidelined in battles that could have easily been won with my help. But no matter

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what I did, nothing came forth. The best I could do was to partake in battle like a simple footsoldier thanks to the inhuman strength possessed by my Valkyrie body.

After we cleared out the village of any remaining demon stragglers, the Prince had pulled me aside, more concerned about my safety despite my incessant complaints, feeling that strange tickle in my chest again as he grabs my shoulder, forcing me down to my knees after a dizzying wave of nausea rolls over my mind, reminiscent of the mental control the tiara had exerted over me before but not as intense, simply leaving me helpless to resist the Prince as he hoists me away to the horses, taking me to the medical tent for treatment...but nothing was diagnosed. No illness, no surprise injury impeding my performance, whatever had sealed away my powers with a curse of exhaustion hanging over me was more than just a surface level problem.

More time would pass, and most of that would be spent with me being forced to stay in bed despite my protests. I could still swing a sword just as well as I could sock someone with a club but the Prince wouldn't have any of it, staying by my side during my stay in the medical tent near the front whenever he wasn't off fighting to hold the line.

And whenever he did leave me alone in that dark, stale environment where the air reeked of sterile medicine and open wounds, my heart would begin to burn, all while an uncomfortable cramp consumed by innards, it felt like my shoulder joints were screaming in protest telling me to put down a sword I wasn't holding while my nails began to burn as if someone had lit coals and slotted them inside my fingers. It left me exhausted, soaked in sweat and oftentimes shivering in fear and uncertainty, not for myself, but for the Prince despite the link we still shared...but that was the thing, neither of us knew about it, we had simply assumed the magical hold over my mind and body broken, but thanks to the Prince's ineptitude and my own cluelessness, we had no way of knowing about the deterioration my very being was undergoing thanks to that act of supposed freedom.

And as it just so happens, one of the men responsible for creating that particular summoning circle used to summon the Valkyrie that was now my vessel had been sent to assist the Prince and his men. And once he laid eyes on me, the wavering flame of uncertainty in his eyes had been more than enough for us to catch on to the fact that he might know something about my affliction. Especially when he began to question the Prince about what had happened to my restraints with a worried tone. Sighing in exasperation when he heard about the reckless destruction of my restraints, making me jump to conclusions again as I threatened violence upon the fragile mage if he thought to shackle me in chains again like a dog.

"It's not control I'm worried about at this point, demon...but rather what will happen to your body if this keeps up..."

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Continuing with his cryptic warning, the mage had explained that the bindings served as more than just mind controlling implements to ensure obedience but it also allowed for 'ownership' over me to be flexible, passed from hand to hand without complaint from me about who I would serve as 'Master'. It sickened me and made the Prince frown in regret, but given the recent bout of demon sabotage against their summoning magic, it was a necessary precaution. But more pressing matters lay in the fact that I was now without a proper Master to serve under, no tether binding me to this world, no safety barrier to ensure neither side of this supposed contract ended up overwhelmed by the other. And now the Prince's superior strength was beginning to threaten my own by leeching off of my own energy stores, thumping himself in the knee with the realization as to why he suddenly felt so energetic recently...and the fact that I was hiding it all from him as the mage divulges all the symptoms I was experiencing to his lord without holding back; the strain of physical exertion, the searing but if claws and fangs transferred over to my pain wracked body, the mental drain of powerful spells being cast...the list went on and on.

I'd never seen a look of rage so clearly on the Prince's face before. In all the times I interacted with him, he was a goofball who never seemed to take anything seriously with a bog standard white knight personality that made me frown. But I wouldn't say he was insufferable, quite the opposite in fact, when he had so many tales to tell about his past and the demon he had befriended back in his childhood, plus he even helped explain things I didn't quite understand in the books I read without a hint of annoyance, even when I purposely goaded him with questions during sword practice.

So to see his brows furrowed, eyes wide with fire as he scolded me about keeping the pain I felt a secret, arms holding my shoulders down as his entire frame came down to bear upon me...it startled me...shook me to the core...made me feel...confused. Had I done something wrong? Why was he so concerned for me? I just couldn't understand...

I couldn't hear the rest of the conversation as the mage took the Prince outside the tent, leaving me silent and alone for the rest of the night where I wouldn't realize beads of shimmering tears were sliding down my face until I felt warm fingers cross my cheeks, wiping them away before my eyes began to burn from my nerves catching on to the fact that I'd been sitting there in a comatose state for what must've been hours now without moving an inch or blinking once. It was almost enough to make me think I was seeing things when the Prince's naked torso came into view as I rubbed my weary eyes, telling him to leave me alone.

Except when I moved to slap him after feeling his unrelenting grip try to pull me up and out of bed, I realized he really was half naked, making me squeamish upon the sight of his bare biceps approaching me as he lifted me off the sheets without trouble, carrying me outside before laying me down on a bench to enjoy the cool evening air despite being dressed in a sweaty medical gown I hadn't been out of in close to a day now. I would've enjoyed it, but I felt sick, worryingly so. And the moment my bum touched the wood, my pained cry had been enough for the Prince to return me to his embrace lying down, and the look on his face as he turned me over in the moonlight seemed to suggest things weren't looking good.

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I had been bedridden for so long to the point I wasn't even aware of just how much strength I had and was still losing. According to the mage, the contract, despite being shattered, was still active, albeit in a one sided connection. And as luck would have it, I was on the receiving end of it, meaning the Prince had been unknowingly draining me dry ever since he broke my restraints...and if nothing was done to stop the connection, come morning, my body would expire, and I would soon find out what awaited us all in the great beyond.

"In truth...Fenak knows of one way to tune the connection; to start a new contract. But he doesn't want me to go through with it..."

I could barely croak out a single word, let alone a question, speaking through cracked lips that felt harder to move than any boulder while my throat screamed in protest as air rushed through in a futile attempt to form words, this was bad...if the Prince hadn't come for me...then the most likely scenario was that I would've passed on without even knowing it, lying there with half lidded eyes stained with tears, a pathetic sight for all to see.

The Prince knew not to speak any further when he felt my arm clawing at his side, conveying my desperation to live another day. There was so much I hadn't done yet, so many new things I just learned about. To have it all taken away so soon...I couldn't bear the thought of this being the way my second chance at life would come to an end.

I couldn't hear what it was he was saying as my hearing began to grow muddled, but when I felt him peel apart my gown after undoing the single sash holding it together before laying me back down over the bench with a startling bite to my exposed back, I grew slightly panicked at the implications of what he was about to do, especially when he started removing his pants, untying the little string, kicking off the baggy white thing before shying away with a hesitant look on his face. Even though it was the dead of night and that part of the camp fell under his watch, it seemed he was still nervous about doing the deed in the open. But with no time left to lose, he knew he couldn't afford to carry me any further. He had to do it here and now, coming down over me like a swooping bat while all I could do was lay there over the hardwood, half lidded eyes mistakenly urging him on despite my own embarrassment once I caught sight of his massive pecker swooping down out of view before I felt something warm kiss the lips between my shivering legs...

I would only hear about the details after I made a full recovery a few days later, but apparently, the mage; Fenak, had detailed a ritual known as the Binding, an ancient ritual performed by pagan souls looking to curry favor with Hell through the sin of coitus between man and demon. In truth, it would strip the participant of their humanity, leaving them as little more than feral demons, a fitting end in their lust for power.

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But on rare occasions, when certain prerequisites were met. Both man and demon would enter into a mutually beneficial contract where their powers would be shared amongst each other as partners instead of one dominating the other. And all one needed to do, was to imbibe a curious fluid that would resonate with the demon upon insemination at the climax of what was supposed to be a depraved act.

Even now as I think back on my first time, I remembered the overwhelming pain from my weakened body protesting against the strain of taking a man inside of me, but when my partner leaned in to hug me while his slow thrusts eventually began to pick up speed, so too did I feel my energy reserves begin to return, and with it, so would my bodily functions be restored. And when my vaginal muscles clenched down around the warm rod pumping away against the entrance to my womb, the pleasure was out of this world...sadly I would never be able to know how it feels on the other side of the fence considering I never found a mate during my time as an Imp, but by the heavens, experiencing the orgasmic thrill of sex as a woman was enough for me...

Even though the Prince was being gentle for my sake, I could feel the tension in his movement as I slung my slender arms over his broad shoulders, arching my spine while pushing off the bench with my supple bum, bracing myself on heels, biting back moan and after sweet moan that refused to stop coming out of my own mouth. The uncertainty of my true self, who I was, demon or Valkyrie, all that was shoved aside for a new purpose as I shifted my weight around to more easily fit the Prince's pecker, letting loose a sparkling jet of fluids down between my legs as my toes begin to cramp from the glorious released of my first orgasm. But my



partner, my mate, wasn't satisfied, not yet, and in a carnal bid for his own release, the knight lifts me off the bench in one go, sopping wet snatch firmly impaled around his length as we dance together across the camp as naked as the day we were born.

Miraculously, not a single soul had witnessed our lewd romp through silent tents and empty huts, stopping occasionally when the Prince rudely slams me up against a rickety wall, arms planted firmly over mine as he takes me from behind, filling the air with the soft slapping of our bodies before I turn the tables, biting his lip as he attempts a kiss, pushing against his chest with my renewed power, but I wasn't strong enough, not when I could see my power flowing within him, bleaching his rustic head with my own as his naive yellow eyes darken into crimson orbs, an opposing shade to my aqua pearls. Brushing aside my fringe of snow white to gaze upon them in their full splendor.

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With out strength evenly matched and the morning sun about to breach the darkness of the hallowed hour, our lust subsides as I feel his load splurt inside of me, shivering in ecstasy as both of our sweat slick bodies cleanse themselves of grit and dirt while magical garbs drape themselves over our bodies. Decking the Prince out in crumpled yet fashionable clothes that bring out his handsome charm while a Valyrie's dress clings tightly to my petite form, leaving an enticing cutout around the nape of my neck and torso for my dear to savor as he pulls me close, just like that night when he first saw sense to free me from captivity...except now we weren't strangers...not anymore.

“Come to think of it...you never told me your name...”

I pause for a moment as I come to reflect on the Prince's words, glancing to the side as indecision returns once more...before I smile and shake my head, turning to face the now half demon Prince with confidence brimming within my heart as I caress his chiseled visage, giggling softly under my breath as I lean close...

...and land a rough slap strong enough to send him crashing through enough foliage for a good yard or two before stomping off back towards the camp in a huff. I knew the man was abit of a dunce but to think he had the gall of asking a girl her name right after fucking a sickness out of her! Even though I knew things needed more time before names were exchanged in a relationship, and as much as all three of my selves were in agreement that the Prince was a good man, I wanted to get to know him, to be at his side as a friend, and then a lover. Instead of an unfortunate casualty caught in the middle of a war.

For indeed, I would find out later from Fenak when he had come to talk to me that I was in essence, a perfect fusion of all three beings; A Valkyrie from the heavens circulating demonic energy in her being while maintaining human emotion in the otherwise apathetic summoned beings the human army was bolstered by. Even what rare few Valkyrie existed before me were emotionless husks more akin to dolls than living, breathing women of war. But unlike the Prince, Fenak, being amongst the few present to see me upon my rebirth, was skeptical, still not sure about the prospect of coexistence between man and demon despite the living proof before him. Believing I was a special case; a product of man tampering with the natural ways of the world. But I was adamant that it wasn't, telling him of my dream to see the world and aid the Prince in his effort to push the demons back, not to exterminate them, but to weed out the corruption making them the violent creatures the rest of the world thought them to be. Unfurling my wings before summoning my spear at hand, thumping it defiantly into the ground despite the rush of soldiers moving to surround me alongside Fenak, who didn't seem the least bit fazed.

Even as a Valkyrie, my Imp heritage wouldn't be so easily forgotten, and freeing them from their ongoing use as living weapons remained a priority before anything else. Speaking so despite the uncaring gazes from the soldiers and Fenak himself...that is, until a subtle hint of emotion crosses his stoic gaze, turning without

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another word as he takes his leave from the camp with a dismissive wave of the hand as if he'd just given me the approval to carry on...the audacity...

Turning to head my own separate way as I push past the flaps of the medical tent leading to the section where the Prince had been quartered after the fatigue of endless fighting and rough love making had done him in, I vanish my weapon before moving to bow by the man's side, brushing a stray lock of pale hair out of his face. From what Fenak had told me, once word got out of the Prince's 'affliction', his standing as next in line to take the throne could be in jeopardy. The people would most definitely riot if they found out a half demon was ruling over them and yet, he had carried through with the ritual to save me...I knew I couldn't let him down. Not after he had basically risked his right to the throne for me.

And so, with my vows made, I would stay by the Prince's side over the coming months, taking a more active stance when it came to our travels as the kingdom sent us from frigid wastes to arid deserts in a bid to halt demon incursions upon the land. And as we traveled farther, more and more people would begin to hear of the fiery half demon Prince and his ice cold Valkyrie fighting to reclaim human territory while promoting a neutral stance towards non hostile demons who wanted no part in the fighting. A feat made possible by the fabled hero's partner and her curious ability to speak their tongue...some of it might've been over exaggerated and embellished over time, but I'll have you know it's mostly true! But while they did hint at our budding romance, they never really got to see what we really got up to when our need for each other ran high~

During moments like those where we shared intimate moments together, my partner wasn't a Prince, and I wasn't his Valkyrie. We were simply a man and woman, in love with each other...though that bit wouldn't be realized until recently when he had consulted with Fenak about a subject that ended with my dear walking away with a bruise on his face.

After tending to his wound while inquiring about what happened between him and the mage, the cheeky Prince said that he had asked his friend if he knew how to improve his chances of knocking up a Valkyrie...I beat him silly afterwards, but in the end, I eventually acquiesced, allowing him to try out what he thought would definitely impregnate me after so many tussles in the sheets. Leading to the tender ache in my navel after what was essentially just 'harder rutting'.

By the time I knew it, the people's outlook on the demons and another war of extermination was beginning to change, slowly but surely. And with most of Hell's ruling heads and overlords defeated, the close of the Hundred Years War between both sides looked to be near its end.

"So? How are you feeling? The region we're headed to ..it's your original home isn't it?"

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Sighing as he shuts the window to the balcony while laying back down over the Prince's bed, I say I don't really know what to feel, worrying for my kind and whether or not they had been mistreated by the Bloodlord we had slain the day before, feeling dread creeping into my bosom at the idea of my old friends and family being executed as some sick joke by that tyrant. But the Prince swoops in by my side, face beaming with a faux smile.

"C'mon...don't panic...I know it's hard to introduce your future husband to your parents~"

Smacking him playfully on the side, I tell him to watch out and prepare for what his father and the army would lay out on us after declaring his intent to marry me, another thing to look forward to once we set down our weapons once and for all.

**"Would you be willing to give your all for me? A
Demon-Valkyrie abomination?"**

**"My abomination...and it would certainly help my
chances if you'd tell me your name dear~"**

**"Hahah! Maybe after we cuddle a little? I'm a little
nervous about the expedition..."**

"Anything for you dear..."

Shifting my weight to the side of the blue rosen sheets before allowing all weight to leave my body as the warmth of the Prince sidles up close next to me, both of our minds begin to drift off to the realm of comforting sleep, assured of the future we would both see through to the end...



THE END