

## **Changing in Hell's Arena**

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Months had passed since the fall of the Order of the Sword and things were finally starting to look up. The city was rebuilding itself and people were starting to recover and make peace with what had happened.

Despite their victory and the reconstruction, there were still plenty of demons running around that needed to be dealt with and not enough Devil Hunters and members of the Order of the Sword. The order might have no real leader anymore, but they still clung to the original ideas of the Order and sought the destruction of all demons. They could believe in whatever they wanted to for all he cared, so long as they didn't allow someone like Sanctus to gain power.

Nero parked his bike in front of a large old factory complex. He kicked the stand and got off the bike. He looked for the address on a stone fence and saw an old bronze plaque with the address on it.

"So, this is the place," Nero said. He pulled out a piece of paper with the contract to check the address and saw that it was. The building itself seemed like a regular building, if a bit rundown, however, his contract said there was an underground section that was where an underground demon fighting ring was taking place.

Normally he wouldn't have to gather information, but the fact that they said humans were hanging out there as well, and NOT becoming food for the demons. It told him that something was wrong, possibly building up to something, and if it was, it couldn't be anything good. If he was going to stop this group than he needed to stop it at the source. He would need to find whoever was in charge, and put a stop to them, one way or another after he found out what their goals were.

Nero found the entrance and saw a few guys pay a large bald guard that looked like he could be a mixed martial artist. The guard let them inside. He walked up to the guard half expecting his demonic limb to go off, telling him that the man was a demon, however, it didn't, informing him that he was human He said, "Hey, I want to get in."

"Got the cash to get in?" The guard asked, eyeing the sword on his back. "It's going to cost you 200 to get in."

Nero nodded, having to hold back a frown. He pulled out the money needed and paid. If this job went right, then he wouldn't have to worry about any of his losses.

The guard looked over the money and nodded when he saw that it was the correct amount. "Don't start any trouble, and hope you enjoy the show. If you're feeling lucky then feel free to do some gambling. You might get your money back."

Nero didn't answer and strode past him. He followed the guys that walked in, and where the guards were directing them. They led them deeper into the complex and down into the basement of the building. He could faintly hear what sounded like fighting and the cheers of what sounded like a crowd of people.

As he walked down the stairs, he passed by a boring looking man in his early thirties with brown hair and eyes wearing a long white sleeved shirt that was leaving and felt his demonic appendage react. He forced himself not to strike the man and continued to walk deeper into the complex. Strangely though, some of the people that he passed by didn't get any reaction when his Devil Bringer brushed past them, indicating that they were a normal human.

When he reached the bottom of the steps, he entered a room that was far too large then it had any right to be just a basement. It was a dimly lit massive coliseum with two corridors that led to where the demons were kept. In the center of the room was a large white floored wrestling ring with black posts and red straps. It was surrounded by dozens if not hundreds of reclining seats. Numerous guards were walking up the aisles and standing in the back, keeping an eye out for trouble.

Nero frowned. They must have built this arena and all the rooms underneath the whole property. This had to have taken them months to build. He sighed. It didn't matter at the moment, he would stop it and whatever connections they had in the end. He looked around until he found an empty seat in the back and took it, waiting for the next *match* to begin.

Multi-colored lights filled the arena as smoke covered the floor of the ring and the corridors. Despite that, he could see a tall red and black humanoid goat demon with long pointed horns and bat-like wings. The demon howled as it spreads its arms and wings out.

More lights went off as a demon that looked like a grim reaper walk into the room from the other corridor and raised its arm and howled as if it was was a popular celebrity. The two stood across from each other sizing each other up. The crowd cheered, wanting to see the fight. The lights settled on the monsters and the crowd quieted.

### ***Fight!***

An unseen announcer exclaimed. The moment that word left, the two monsters let out a roar and charged at each other. They threw punches, kicks, elemental attacks, and grappled with each other, desperately trying to best their opponent.

The crowd cheered as the fight continued and the goat demon was able to separate the reaper demon from its weapon and mercilessly clawed at its stomach with its hands. The crowd cheered louder, and Nero knew that they didn't care who won in the end. They just wanted to see a good brutal fight.

The match ended with the reaper looking demon pinning the goat one on the ground, it pulled on its arms and they broke with a loud sickly snap that sounded like wood breaking. The reaper howled as it charged forward and grabbed the goat's horns and ripped its head off.

When the first match was over, he stayed quiet as the rest of the crowd cheered. There was honestly nothing really special about that fight. He would have been able to finish that fight in a fraction of the time it took those lesser demons.

If he had any doubt that this place was a nesting ground for demons, it was gone now. He watched a few more fights, wanting to see more of what they had here. All of the demons that fought were lesser demons. None of them were exceptionally dangerous to him, but to normal humans, without any

training and the right gear, it would have been the same as trying to stand up against them with a toothpick.

After another match, the quarter demon stood up and started looking for doorways and places that he could go to. If he hadn't seen a match he would have thought that it was a standard underground fighting ring.

After a fruitless search, he wondered what he should do. He was able to find the bathroom and a few places marked as employees only, but security was tighter than he thought it would be. He wanted to slip into them, but there were guards outside and he could hear people behind the doors.

He was sure that he could deal with whatever they got, especially since his Devil Bringer hadn't gone off at all around the men stationed outside. If they were demons, he would have just killed them, but the fact that they were normal humans made him stop. He wasn't afraid of hurting people, but only if he had to, or if they were the type of to sacrifice or kill innocent people.

It wasn't just that. There was also the possibility that someone might get caught in the crossfire and panic might breakout. If it did then whoever was in charge might decide to leave, and whatever connections that they had would be lost.

So far, it only looked like that they were guilty of was for being morons and thinking that they could control demons. Still, the fact that other demons weren't leaving the arena and killing everyone around them told him that something strange was going on and he knew he had to get to the bottom of it. For all he knew, this was only the beginning before something like what the Order of the Sword pulled happens again.

Nero heard the crowd roar and an idea came to him. If he couldn't get closer as an observer, then he just wouldn't have to be one anymore. He walked up to a nearby guard, whose body tensed on his approach.

"Can I help you?" the guard asked carefully. Just like the one at the entrance he braced himself for trouble, his eyes locked on the sword on his back.

"Mind calling your boss for a moment? Want to talk to him," Nero requested.

"About what?" the guard asked tentatively.

"Want to see if he has a job offer. I want to fight," Nero continued. He noticed the guard blink behind his glasses.

After a moment the guard recovered and said. "One moment. Let me call him up."

The guard pulled out his phone and looked through it. After a moment pressed a button, causing a ringing sound to come from it. After the first ring, it stopped. "Hey boss, got someone who wants to talk to you...We're in the hallway by section D... He's coming here."

Nero and leaned against the wall. Still, he wished that he could have just started fighting demons already. He saw the guard put his phone away.

"He's coming here. Wait here." The guard informed.

“Alright,” Nero sighed, somewhat surprised. This was going better than he had thought it would. He thought the guard might have laughed in his face or something, and he would have to make demands.

He didn’t know how long he waited there. He heard footsteps and saw the guard look at where they were coming from. The source was a handsome young man with a sharp face who looked to be in his early or mid-twenties. He was tall around his height, with fair skin and broad shoulders. He had shaggy sandy blonde hair that covered his ears. Dark chocolatey brown eyes. Despite the dark blue shirt and grey jacket the man wore, Nero could tell the manager was fit with strong toned muscles hidden underneath his attire which would belong perfectly on a professional weightlifter.

“You wanted to talk to me?” The man asked.

Nero stood off the wall and turned to the speaker. He said. “Yeah, I’m looking for a job, wondering if you have something.”

He didn’t know if he really was the owner of this place or just the manager for what was going on. It didn’t matter when he learned everything that this place had, and how this was going down he would reveal it all. If these idiots thought working with demons was going to end well then, they would be in for a horrible reckoning that would lead to them and innocent people dying.

“Yeah, he said that. My name’s Rodin. What were you thinking about doing exactly? I don’t need any more security,” Rodin asked.

“Are you looking for wrestlers?” Nero asked. “I want to fight.”

“You sure that you can fight without that sword of yours?” Rodin asked.

“You going to turn me down?” Nero countered.

“Nah, just wondering if you can actually fight without that. This isn’t a standard fight after all,” Rodin then informed.

“Well then what better way to show you what I got, then by giving me a shot. Besides I ain’t as normal as you think,” Nero replied as he raised his demonic arm and tugged a little of his coat off, revealing the appendage.

Kyrie might have accepted him, but he wasn’t stupid enough to think that other people would. Some people would no doubt stop and stare, and maybe even freak-out. It was best to simply keep it hidden until he ran into the demons.

To the proprietor's credit, he only blinked in surprise. He cleared his throat. “If you would follow me to my office, we can fill out the proper paperwork.”

Nero nodded and followed him out. He ignored the crowd and heard the sound of fighting, but didn’t look. He focused Rodin and where they were going. They walked towards a hallway on the other side of the coliseum that had multiple guards standing out front.

“He’s with me,” Rodin informed as the guard’s merely nodded in acceptance.

Nero’s eyes darted around the corner, looking for something, anything that stood out and memorizing the passage. At the end of the hall was a door with ‘manager’ on the glass and a guard standing outside.

They went inside and Nero's eyes roamed around the room. It looked normal if a bit sparse, and his Devil Bringer wasn't sensing anything demonic in origin.

"Alright, we got a few forms for you to fill out. Simple stuff like how we aren't responsible for any injuries." Rodin instructed. "Also, an NDA."

"Sure," Nero replied as he looked at the paperwork and began signing it, not bothering to read the paperwork. He wasn't going to tell anyone anything later, only break this organization up when he found out what their goal was. They stood there for a few minutes, the Devil Hunter signing where ever the owner told him to on the papers.

"Alright, now that that's done with you can officially wrestle. We can set you up with a series of matches that will be happening one right after another in an hour or two to see if you are as good as you think you are," Rodin answered. "Until your match is about to start, you'll be waiting in the locker room. Just tell the guard outside and he'll take you there. If you need to get changed into something, I'm sure my guys can get you something."

"Right," Nero replied nonchalantly, leaving the manager alone in the room.

Now that he was alone, Rodin smirked as he looked at the paperwork that the silver-haired young man had signed and patted it as if it was a prized treasure. A gleeful yet sinister laugh left his mouth at his good fortune, and it was only thanks to his extreme focus on the prize that he could have gained that stopped him from letting anything show.

"Everything's going just as planned..." Rodin muttered with a smirk. "I knew that sending out that job would bring him here, and the cash reward it offered would be too good for him to pass up. Thank you, god, or whatever deity decided to let him fall for this. Soon, one of Sparda's bloodline will be doing whatever I want."

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Nero breathed in and out through his nose, getting himself psyched for the match that was to come. Security was tighter back here than he thought it would be. He would have to wait for a moment when it was a little lax so he could slip in when a new patrol came.

The door opened and he braced himself to attack if they were hostile. His body relaxed when he saw that it was Rodin. He still didn't trust him since he was able to keep a business like this running, but he didn't seem physically threatening.

"Almost showtime. You ready?" Rodin questioned.

"Yeah," Nero replied as he cracked his neck. Whatever he was fighting he knew that he would be able to crush it. Just like he always did whenever he took a job.

"Mind ditching the coat?" Rodin asked. "If you're going to fight, might as well show off a little. Want to fill them with a nice bit of, shock, awe, and wonder of what you might be able to do."

"Fine," Nero replied casually as he took off his coat, exposing his demonic arm. He thought. *'Just do it so you can earn his trust and learn what you need to.'*

“Alright then, stand by the entrance of the corridor to walk in from. Then after you’re introduced just walk into the ring. Feel free to play with the crowd a little,” Rodin instructed.

“Sure,” Nero simply replied as he cracked his arms. He leisurely walked over to where he was instructed to and waited, leaning against the wall, slightly eager and curious about what he would face.

“And I better hurry up to the booth to manage the lights and cameras,” Rodin whispered and vanished in a dark blue light.

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The arena was ablaze with blinding light and a faint purple glow coming from the ring. The coliseum was filled with excited hoots from the people in the stands. People outside of their seats quickly rushed back to their seats with fresh food and drinks as they could tell the next match was about to begin.

Up in a large booth out of the public eye, Rodin hummed as he dutifully checked the lights and cameras. He poured his magical power into the system and could feel the various enchantments on the lights activate. When he was sure everything was ready, he spoke into it exuberantly, as any good professional announcer should.

***FOR THOSE OF YOU ARE JUST JOINING US WELCOME TO WHAT WE CALL HELL’S  
AREN! WE HAVE SOMEONE NEW DECIDING TO FIGHT IN THE RING, TONIGHT  
FOLKS! PLEASE ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE OUR NEWEST WRESTLER FOR  
TODAY’S MATCH, NERO!***

Nero walked out and waved his hand towards the crowd. Some of the crowd, however, let out a little cheer, while others looked like they didn’t really care and even booed him. Others in the crowd were quiet as they looked at his demonic arm curiously. He wasn’t bothered by it all, having received the same kind of looks from the people in Fortuna after the Savior Incident.

The young man smirked and rolled his shoulders as he stepped into the ring. “Well, not unexpected I am the new guy after all. Looks like I’m just going to have to change their minds.”

“Alright then, let’s get this party started,” Nero confidently declared as he cracked his knuckles as a yellow spotlight beamed on him. He grinned eagerly as he wanted his opponent to appear, so he could show the crowd what he could do, and why he was better than anything they have seen tonight.

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Rodin smirked when he noticed Nero get antsy in place. A sure sign that the lights were already taking effect. This was arguably the most important light. With this one, his contestant would be so focused on fighting that he would never notice anything happening to him outside of the fight. He would be like a hunting hound that was focused only on the task at hand.

He flipped another switch, activating a special ability that the lights had on the audience. The lights that shined on the audience made it so that they thought the fighters always looked like that, but he only used when it when he had human-looking fighters. That way the people wouldn’t notice the transformation and if people asked them if they saw them for a missing person report, they could

honestly say no. A level of security that was essential for what he was about to do. He hired people to handle the lights normally, but for special events like these, he had to do it himself.

“Now for his first opponent,” Rodin declared excitedly as he pressed a glowing red button.

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Nero saw the outline of his opponent entering from the other corridor and had to stop himself from reaching out with his Devil Bringer to grab it and crush it like a grape. He just wanted to cut loose and fight. To destroy the enemy in front of him but restrained himself. This wasn't a mission to destroy the demons as fast as possible while keeping the collateral damage to a minimum. This was a match, and he had to wait till the announcer said so. No matter how painful the wait was.

On the other side of the arena, smoke filled the other corridor, making it harder to see. Through the smoke, Nero could make out a tall brawny demon covered in spikes. It growled as it walked closer and when it stepped out of the smoke, it started growling at the silver-haired young man.

The monster looked like a dark-blue lizard-like demon, with large ice shards on its back acting as spikes. Its right arm had a large chunk of ice that was shaped after a shield, and its right had large spikes of ice that acted as razors. It had a long tail that was white as snow.

Nero immediately recognized his opponent was a Frost. He smirked. He'd beaten plenty of these kinds of demons easily. This fight would be no different. He cracked his knuckles and waited to be given the go-ahead to crush his adversary, grinning cockily.

### ***LET THE MATCH BEGIN! FIGHT!***

Nero stood where he was, waiting for the beast to make the first move. He didn't want to end the fight too quickly. He wanted the audience to be surprised when he bested this demon without any real effort.

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“Now where to start with Nero? Let's start with something small,” Rodin remarked as he looked on in anticipation. “I don't want to spoil myself on the main course, or dessert. Might as well just start with the hair and go from there. Let's make that just a little longer.”

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A green light landed on Nero and he balled his hands into fists. He watched as the demon charged at him and raised its claw to strike at him. The young man skillfully moved to the side, avoiding the blow with ease. He muttered with a smirk. “Too easy.”

He grabbed its leg and started spinning it around like it was a lasso. After a few spins around he slammed it down on the ground and the arena let out a loud bang. The demon wailed in pain as it was being used repeatedly slammed on the ground as if it was a toy in a rambunctious child's grasp.

As he was demolishing his opponent, Nero was completely unaware that his hair was slowly growing. As it did, it gained a silky-smooth appearance that made his hair shine with new life. As if he had spent years grooming his hair. The growing strands of hair felt like soft silk as they lost all tangles. It finished growing when it reached the bottom of his chin.

Sparda's scion threw it up into the air and leaped after it. He summoned a spectral version of his demonic limb to grab the beast and pull it closer. He wrapped his arms around it and started spinning as he angled its head down at the ground. The monster struggled as it tried to escape, but before it could go anywhere, Nero pulled its chest upward so that its body was straight.

Nero grinned when they crashed into the ground, but he didn't feel any pain as he heard the Demon's neck let out a sickening snap, and the ice around its head and shoulders fall apart, its shield arm looking more like a small frisbee. He chuckled as he got back up. With how he angled its body, he made sure that the demon would take the brunt of the impact.

He grabbed the monster's neck with his Devil Bringer and slammed its head down on the ground. The head shattered like glass and the body decomposed in his hands. He released its remains and they disintegrated before they even hit the ground.

***AND WITH THAT NERO HAS DEFEATED THE FIRST ONE OF HIS OPPONENTS! THE YOUNG MAN HASN'T EVEN BROKEN A SWEAT! CAN HE BEST HIS NEXT CHALLENGER WITH SUCH EASE? WE'LL FIND OUT!***

"That better just be the warm-up, or else I might have wasted my time here," Nero chuckled with a smirk as he flicked his wrist. This was going to be easier than he thought if this was it.

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"Don't worry it was," Rodin muttered. "Let's see, change that cocky voice or bring out a more feminine build? Both have their benefits. Do I really want to hear a seductive and beautiful voice escaping a strong masculine body?"

The manager stopped for a moment as the thought of that voice escaping the cambion's mouth made him shiver in disgust. "Well, that made my decision."

He looked over the cheering crowd, demanding that the next challenger enter the ring. The manager shrugged as he flipped a switch. "Well better send out the next one."

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Nero watched his next opponent enter the ring. It was a large bipedal lizard that was various shades of green, similar to the Assaults that plagued the outside of Fortuna. He had killed dozens of them and in his experience, the only time that they were a real threat to him was when they were fighting in groups, but alone it might as well have been a Scarecrow.

***NOW IT'S TIME FOR THE SECOND MATCH! CAN OUR CHALLENGER WIN WITH SUCH EASE AS HIS FIRST ONE? LET'S FIND OUT! FIGHT!***

"Alright then, let's get this over with buddy," Nero declared cheekily as he propped one foot behind him and held his hand out as if he was asking a beautiful young woman to dance with him at a ball. He taunted. "Shall we dance?"

The demon hissed as it charged at the quarter demon. It lunged at him with its limb pulled back, but Nero merely tilted his body to avoid the attack, barely moving. He heard the crowd cheer and smirked



over the fact, that he was winning them over. He wondered if any of them had placed bets on him. If they did, he would make sure that they made a killing tonight. They deserve something nice for believing in him and knowing who to bet on.

A dark orange light fell on Nero as he continued to dodge, continuing to put the bare minimum movement and effort into doing so. Despite the situation, he was disappointed with how boring and predictable the monster was. He even went as far as bringing his hand up to his mouth and letting out a fake yawn.

Unknown to him, his body was starting to change. The hair that was visible on his human arm was starting to smoke as if it was being burned off. It disappeared in small patches, falling off onto the ground as if they were being burned at the base. The burning strands of hair were completely incinerated before they touched the ground. In moments, the limb was completely smooth and hairless, lacking any sign of dirt or hair that had been there previously.

The chest hair that he had started to simmer under his clothes. The hair there started diminishing in large circular segments. The patches grew one by one, merging as they did until his chest lost the last speck of hair that he had was gone as if it had been waxed off his body.

When they reached his thighs, the hair that was there started to burn away just like his chest. The hair at the bottom of them disappeared as if hot wax paper had been wrapped around them and quickly pulled off. His thighs shook for a moment as the feeling of another wrap was wrapped around his thighs, right above where it had been previously. The wrapping sensation and hair loss continued, with the new strap going right where the top of the last one had been previously. The young man's legs quivering grew as the process continued, and he wondered if he was getting a cold or something. When the top of his thighs lost the last trace of hair on them, the process stopped. His legs were smooth, clean, and without any trace of the hair that they had previously.

Unknown to him, his legs went through the same change. The hair on his feet started to vanish as if someone was taking an invisible razor to what little hair was there. The changes continued up his legs and the hair that was on his shins and knees started to disappear in droves as if they were being waxed off his body.

If one were to look, they would think that he had meticulously spent hours grooming his body and removing any hair below his eyebrows. The loss of hair would have made people pause in surprise about how clean it looked. So much so, that it added more feminine quality to him to his appearance.

He failed to notice that the demon was starting to seem a little larger as he dodged its attacks. He would have looked around to see if it was just the demon, but a moment's distraction could mean an injury. If the Devil Hunter did, he would have thought that the monster was using some weird power on him to mess with his perception of the world.

In reality, his height was decreasing, small cracks going through his body as he moved. Soon the transformation finished as he avoided several more attacks. He was so focused on his opponent's movements that he didn't even give it a second thought. The young man that was originally a towering 6'2 was now a modest 5'10.

For a moment, Nero felt a little weak in his knees and almost got hit by one of the demon's attacks. The Devil Hunter flexed his muscles down there and felt his body warm-up and the sensations pass, causing him to shrug in response. He shrugged, thinking it must have been a little muscle spasm and nothing more.

Nero's face twitched as the demon started to slow down. His clothes felt different to him. The fabric felt coarser. His attire felt itchy as if it needed to be thrown in the wash. It rubbed against his body as if it had been covered in dirt and sand and riding up in all the wrong places.

He shook his head to clear his mind, as his bloodlust remind him of where he was. He could get some clean clothes or wash these when he was done. Right now, he needed to finish these fights without ruining his clothes.

The silver-haired demon hunter dodged another swipe at him again, and the demon almost stumbled over. The hunter grabbed his opponent and lifted it in the air by its neck. As he held the demon, he failed to notice that his strong muscular body was slimming down to a more feminine appearance, his Devil Bringer included. His arms and legs finished with shrinking with noticeable muscle that showed she worked out regularly to maintain a healthy build that would have perfectly belonged to a female fighter.

A small grunt escaped his Nero as his waist slowly curved inward, almost as if he was a container of toothpaste that someone was squeezing. The defined six-pack that he had underneath his jacket started to fade as if it was being hidden. In reality, it was changing into a powerful slim stomach that didn't have any trace of fat. When it was finished, the feminizing quarter demon had a smooth sexy tight core and a slim waistline that would have been desired by many female models.

As Nero dodged another swipe, his hips started to widen, letting out low popping noises, but the sound was completely drowned out by the cheering crowd. As he dodged, his hips felt like he was going through the first days of his training with the Order of the Sword all over again as a dull ache and burn built up there as they continued to grow. When they finished, his new hips were so striking, that it would be impossible for him to walk without a seductive sway in his hips that would have been like a hypnotizing pendulum. The only thing which would have completed the image, was if he had a large seductive womanly behind.

His muscular thighs started to change as well, almost as if they were responding to the loss of height and mass. They slowly grew larger, as the muscles inside them changed slightly to fit his feminizing build. They grew with a sensuous curve that added more feminine appeal. When they were finished changing, they had a strong, powerful, athletic, and yet seductive appearance that lightly shook and jiggled like pudding from his movement.

Nero smirked as the demon struggled in his grasp. It grabbed his hand and tried to pry his fingers off, and tried to twist his arm but it still couldn't do anything to hurt him. His smirk grew as his face started to change. His eyebrows thinned down as if someone was trimming them, plucking every stray bit. They rose higher and took on a more arched appearance, leaving him with feminine clean brows that looked like they had just gotten out of a spa. His nose grew smaller becoming a cute button nose. His lips plumped up a little larger. His cheekbones rose higher, sliding up his face and giving it a more rounded appearance. His chin started to accommodate the changes to his cheeks and rounded out as well, completing his face's transformation into a beautiful young woman's.

Now no one would be able to tell what Nero's real gender was at first glance if they saw her body. At first, they might think that he was an effeminate young man or a cute girl who didn't have any real curves. The moment they looked at his face they would believe that he was a young woman.

The clothes he wore felt looser on his lithe strong frame, but he didn't care. He could adjust them when he was done or maybe get some new ones. Right now, he had some fights to win.

"Game over," Nero declared with a smirk, and pulled his Devil Bringer back and slugged the demon's face. He heard a loud crunch and could feel the bones inside its skull cave in slightly. He pulled his arm back and hit it again. Again, the bones in its head moved deeper in, and a few teeth left its mouth, along with some blood. He grinned savagely and slammed his demonic arm into it one more time. This time its head caved in and he could feel its insides become little more than mush. The moment it was done, the demon's body started to dissipate.

Nero removed his demonic arm and threw the corpse onto the ground. He looked around the room arena as the crowd cheered for him. His cocky smirk changed into a genuine smile. He threw his hands up in the air and the cheers of the spectators grew even more.

***AND AGAIN, NERO DESTROYS HIS OPPONENT WITH EASE! WILL HIS NEXT FOE BE ABLE TO GIVE HIM A TRUE CHALLENGE?***

"I highly doubt that if this is what you got!" Nero rebuffed. "Considering what I've dealt with so far I might as well have an arm tied behind my back to make things more interesting."

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"Now I can do the voice and change his attire without getting any nightmares," Rodin declared. Now that the light finished making the Devil Hunter's body as feminine as it could, it was time to move on to the next light. The manager flipped another switch. "I knew that he was going to be a tough one. Looks like I'm really going to have to take things up a notch if the crowd's going to get any enjoyment out of this. Better send in the reigning champ for last. He will certainly push him and put on a show."

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Nero leisurely leaned against the rope as smoke filled the other corridor again. Through the smoke he could see the demonic figure with a hood, holding what had to be a weapon. He quirked a brow when the demon stepped out of the smoke and saw that it was the reaper demon from earlier.

"Oh, I see that you're back in perfect health. Didn't think that we'd run into each other. Oh well, Let's see how well you can do," Nero laughed tauntingly.

***READY? FIGHT!***

The demon howled as it raised its scythe and flew forward. Nero waited for it to swing and jumped over his foe. He smirked as he looked down at his surprised foe and chuckled. He gracefully landed on the floor and turned around, making a come-hither gesture.

“Oh, is that all you got? You have to be faster if you want to hit me,” The effeminate young man teased. His voice cracked halfway through and he frowned. His throat suddenly started to feel like sandpaper had been shoved down his throat and he hadn’t had a drink in weeks.

The demon turned around as it swung its weapon, Nero stepped back to avoid the attack. He rolled his mouth and quietly cleared his throat to fight the tickling itching sensation in his throat, but to his annoyance, it was still there. He sucked his saliva and had to hold back a relieved sigh at the scratchy feeling reducing slightly. He continued to suck on the saliva in his mouth as if it was a juicy piece of fruit and continued to dodge.

He could hear the crowd telling him to fight back and finish his opponent, but he wanted to wait till after his throat was cleared. A quiet relieved moan that sounded higher pitched than it should have been. The changing young man continued to let out moans that were almost pleasure sounding. As his voice continued to rise in pitch, the sandpaper feeling that he had was dying down, as if he was drinking a pitcher of ice-cold water. After a few more seconds of sucking it was gone, and he felt normal again.

Nero smirked. Now that, that whatever bothersome issue was gone, he could finish this fight. He moved behind it and wrapped his arms around its back. He German suplexed the demon and repeated the process again and again.

The quarter demon stood back up and grabbed it by its legs and started spinning around. When he reached the apex of his spin, he let go. The demon howled as it flew into the straps and bounced off them, back at him. The cambion smirked as flew towards him. He balled his Devil Bringer into a fist and pulled it back and before they collided, he slammed his fist into its gut.

The monster let out a weak screech of pain as it back roughly collided with the ground. The monster’s arm weakly rose into the air, as if it was trying to reach out to something, only to fall back onto the ground. Its body went limp, and just like the other contenders dissipated into nothing.

“And another one bites the dust,” Nero chuckled. The voice that left his throat wasn’t the same strong powerful masculine voice that was there previously. Instead, the voice that left his mouth was that of a seductive young womanly voice that would have been wonderful to hear singing. “Now who do you want me to crush next?”

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“There we go much better,” Rodin sighed in satisfaction, a slight smile on his face. He could hear the voice in his head as if she was still speaking and loved how she pronounced every syllable in his mind. “That voice will be the one that men imagine as they imagine a romantic or naughty fantasy.”

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Nero grinned as smoke filled the arena the next opponent entered the ring. He could make out the outline of the beast, and when it cleared, he could see the demon looked like a black and red lizard, with the red scales, being the same shade of blood. It stood head and shoulders taller than him.

“So, you’re the last one for me to crush then? Can’t wait to see your bloody form when I’m done with you,” Nero said with a prideful smirk. He unconsciously cocked his hip and placed his demonic hand on it. “I wonder if the blood that leaves your body will match your scales.”

***SINCE NERO HAS DESTROYED ALL THAT STOOD AGAINST HIM WITH SUCH EASE IT'S TIME TO SEE WHAT HE IS TRULY MADE OF AND THROW THE BEST THAT WE HAVE AT HIM FOLKS! TONIGHT, YOU GET TO SEE THE CHAMPION OF THE ARENA FIGHT!***

“So, you’re the best then? Well, you don’t look like much. I already killed your cousin earlier. I hope you put up more of a fight, but I won’t be surprised if you don’t meet them,” Nero cockily remarked. “Can’t be that good considering the others weren’t even worth a second thought but try to keep up. I want some fun tonight.”

The demon didn’t answer. Just eyeing him, like one would watch a target. It’s flexed its fingers and wiggled its clawed toes, but it stayed put. It cracked its neck and rolled its shoulders.

***NOW FIGHT!***

The moment those words were uttered, the demon vanished in a red mist. For a moment a faint outline of its remained before it disappeared. Red trails of light moved around the arena at breakneck speeds, almost as if someone was waving a powerful red light.

Nero blinked in surprise at how quickly the demon moved, and before he knew it, he was sent flying back. He managed to recover in the air, but again before he could do anything he was slammed from the side and sent into the straps. He bounced off, only for it to suddenly stop its arm held out. His head bashed into the demonic appendage and he roughly landed on his back. The cambion hummed in thought. The demon wasn’t teleporting like he first thought. It was moving so fast that it was leaving afterimages. The small red trails were actually where it had been.

“Fast bastard aren’t you,” Nero muttered as he stood back up. He looked around, wondering where it was going to attack from this time. He eyed the trail and quickly moved to the right to avoid another swipe from the demon. He grinned, a wave of excitement coming over him as he cracked his fingers. “Color me surprised. After everything I fought here tonight, I thought that I wouldn’t have a true challenge. Looks like this will be fun after all.”

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“Looks like he’s finally being pushed,” Rodin stated. He knew that Nero was going to be a tough one, but the fact that he was able to quickly adapt to his opponent’s style spoke volumes of his skill. He chuckled as he realized what he needed to do next. He pressed a button to start the next light and leaned back into his seat. “Now that he has a feminine build, and a seductive voice, it's time to truly begin his transition.”

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Suddenly, the spotlight on Nero changed to a pink colored one. He growled as he kept moving around. He only had a second to react when it attacked before it would boost its speed again and vanish. His eyes roamed all over the arena, trying to find a pattern or a tell that he could use to his advantage. The light wasn’t helping him. It made the red trail that it left harder to see.

Between his legs, his manhood started to warm up. His junk started to stand proud against his pants, adding a layer of tightness that wasn't there and making them slightly more uncomfortable to bear. Still, he persevered and did his best to focus on the fight in front of him as his balls started to rise higher. They started to push against his body and after a moment one of them slipped into his body. He bit his lips as a surge of cold went through his body as if someone had dunked a keg of ice-cold water over him. His legs quivered as his other ball went into his body and his fingers started to spasm. Moments after, the head of his penis was all that remained of his manhood, and just like his balls, it slipped into his body. His balls and male reproductive organs changed inside his body and turned into a warm vagina.

For a moment, the quarter demon shivered and blinked as a sudden warmth spread through her body. She felt weak in her knees again, almost as if they were going to give out on her and a glazed look came over her as a pleasing warmth came over her. Her arms went lax and rested at her sides as if she was getting a delightful massage. A happy content grin formed on her as she stood there, staring off into space as her mind was overloaded by the pleasure she felt.

That moment was all the demon needed to surprise her and pin the momentarily distracted devil hunter, who berated herself for losing her focus. She was punched in the head before blocking another blow. She raised her arms as the demon started pummeling her, thinking about what she should do. The demon summoned a bright blade on its arm, and she used the strength of her hips to push the demon off her and quickly stood back up and charged at it.

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"Not even focused," Rodin remarked as he once more adjusted the lighting. He had made sure to keep a few cameras ready to move with how quickly the hybrid had to move around the stage. He had gotten his newest fighter's diminishing masculinity from start to finish, just like the rest of her downward slope to womanhood. "Now that *smudge* is gone, time to move on the fun stuff. You're going to be the sexiest woman to ever live by the time that I'm done with you. Now one of the most important questions known to man. Tits or ass?"

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The demon charged forward and grabbed the new woman's lower cheeks, its hands squeezing her butt. It lifted Nero off the ground and slammed her down onto the arena. It picked her back up and tightened its hold on her body.

Nero couldn't help but smiled as she struggled in its grasp. As much as she didn't want to admit there was a part of her that was getting turned on from having her butt grabbed and squeezed. She just wished that it was a human doing so, and not an oversized iguana.

***LOOKS LIKE NERO IS FINALLY HAVING SOME TROUBLE! COULD THIS BE THE END OF HIS WINNING STREAK? WE ALL KNOW THAT HE PROBABLY ENJOYS BEING HANDLED LIKE THAT!***

The demon continued to slam the silver-haired young woman against the floor but received only small grunts in return. It slammed her down on the floor and quickly crawled over her. One of its arms let go of her and a long crimson blade appeared on its forearm. It pulled back and moved to stab her chest.

Nero quickly reacted and with her demonic limb blocked the blow. Against her demonic arm, the demon's blade felt like a light slap at best. The quarter demon smirked. In all the time that she had this arm the only thing that had managed to cut it was Yamato, and that was in her arm.

She quickly grabbed its arm and pulled it off her. She pushed the demonic spawn down on its chest against the floor, reversing the pin. It struggled in her grasp but could not escape. The cambion giggled as she adjusted her stance so that she would have more control and emphasize her ass for the people behind her.

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"That's a money shot, if I've ever seen one, and makes my choice easy," Rodin declared. He eagerly licked his lips in anticipation of what was to come as he quickly switched to the next light and adjusted the cameras so they would be able to get her butt from every angle. "Now let's give you an ass that will make humans and demons everywhere wish to grab."

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Blue lights settled on the quarter demon as she lifted the demon off the floor without any second thought, holding it up in the air like a trophy. She smiled at the crowd. She felt good like she was out at a carnival and having the time of her life winning prize after prize and having a wonderful snack.

Nero's brown boots steadily changed color into a dark black. When they were finished changing color, red formed on the sides of the bases of her shoes. It sneaked up her shoes and started forming a flame pattern.

Her pants legs broke apart from her hips and quickly started shrinking as the fabric started to cling a little tighter to her frame and gain more of a shine. Her pants legs quickly slinked up her body and continued doing so, until her plush thighs were fully exposed. A black band formed on her left thigh as they stopped shrinking at the bottom of her thighs. What was left of her pants legs merged with her boots, making them into a pair of thigh-high boots. The flame pattern traveled up her boots, making the flame pattern more prominent. The fabric of her pants finished changing, completing her pants transformation into black spandex short shorts. A diamond pattern appeared on the sides of her pants that exposed a little skin on her hips. With how tightly her pants hugged her lower body, it served as a wonderful sight to onlookers.

"Take this!" Nero declared as she started to repeatedly slam its face down on the floor. The demon let out pained groans, making the woman's smile turn into a sadistic smirk. She moved faster as she slammed its face back on the ground, its painful screams sounding like a catchy new song.

As she punished the demon, her butt started expanding at a rapid rate, as if the girl's bottom cheeks were a pair of balloons being filled with helium. The pants strained against her developing buttocks, making the curve of her ass especially prominent. The ballooning cheeks quickly grew into a bubbly bouncy form that would have filled someone's hands marvelously, but still, they continued to grow. Her pants strained against her growing derriere, hugging her cheeks tighter as they swelled, and making it plain to see the growing wiggle. It continued to bounce as she punished the demon. When she had gotten bored slamming the demon on to the ground, she slammed it down as hard as she could one last time, killing it. The quarter demon's buttocks had finished growing and become a massive blimp of a

rear that would have been impossible to walk without a healthy bounce. The shorts that she wore looked like they were painted on as the word *JUICY!* suddenly appeared on the shorts.

The crowd rallied as they watched the match with renewing interest. They enjoyed the violence, but none would deny the enjoyment that they were seeing. Especially those even slightly interested in women, who enjoyed seeing Nero's new voluminous behind bounce. They took pictures of her or recorded her as she walked around the stage, mostly centered on her butt.

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"Now for the part that everyone will love to see. Especially me," Rodin chuckled as he activated a dark red light and moved it onto his newest addition. He made sure to have a few of the camera's zoom in closer on her flat chest. He smirked when he saw her nipples hardening and starting to poke through the fabric like knives.

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"Eat this!" Nero ordered as she forced the demon into a headlock. It pulled on her arm and tried to pry it off to escape, but she was able to keep it in place. She kept it off balance by moving it around so that it couldn't try to run off.

As she tightened her hold on the demon, she never noticed that her chest had as a certain amount of puffiness that it certainly didn't have a few moments ago. A budding warmth started to build on her chest as it started to balloon and quickly formed a pair of small, but noticeable set of breasts that continued to grow. Pleasure surged through her spine like electricity as the demon kept trying to escape her hold.

"Die! Die! Die!" Nero cried sadistically as she rapidly punched the demon in the face. Savoring the crunch as her fist collided with its face and feel the bones inside cracking against her blow.

As the expanding breasts continued to grow larger, they started to get squished against the demon's face as they became hearty handfuls that would have been a perfect fit in someone's hands. Nero held back a moan as her body continued to heat up from her developing bust being pushed against her foe, and the way its face kept moving around, riling her body up even more. The thought of a handsome young man playing with her hooters crossed her mind, making her pussy ache for attention.

The growing pair of breasts finally ceased their expansion when they were a truly massive set of J-Cup breasts that looked to be larger than basketballs. They strained against her top, making the outline of her more than generous bust visible to all as they jiggled violently from her actions. Her top exposing an immense valley of fair tantalizing cleavage which was all but begging to be gawked at. If anyone would have been lucky enough to feel what her wonderful breasts their fingers would have been hidden from the sheer amount of flesh escaping their grasp as they savored the soft pillowy flesh.

As she continued to wail on the demonic beast the remainder of her attire started to change. The sleeves of her top broke off and slithered down her arms. Small bands formed on her biceps that emphasized her muscles as the cloth went further down her body. The sleeve on her right arm faded into nothing, while the one on her left arm continued down her body. It reached the top of her forearm and part of it stayed there as it continued down her arm until it reached her wrist. It hardened and



formed into a tight red fabric arm guard with a flame pattern on it that covered her wrist and her forearm.

The bottom of her top crept up her body, just like her pants had earlier. Her shrinking top quickly exposed her smooth strong core and thin waistline. Her jacket stopped shrinking when the bottom of his changing jacket reached the bottom of her chest. The moment it stopped shrinking, the cloth started to cup her chest, as the fabric changed into a polyester top mixed with spandex. The zipper melded with the cloth as a rip formed down the center of her jacket and when it finished changing, it turned into a black and red halterneck bikini top with red and yellow flames on the cups of the bikini with a matching flame emblem around her neck.

Nero stopped pummeling the demon and held it up in the air, giggling happily. She felt hot between her legs, and her breasts felt as if they needed to be caressed. She would really need to do something about it after she won this match.

“Not done yet!” Nero declared. She threw the demon into the arena’s straps and it bounced off back to her. She grabbed the demon’s head and slammed it onto the ground as hard as she could.

### **CRASH!**

Visible spiderweb cracks formed on the ground where the demon’s body hit. The audience cheered as its body started to disintegrate in her grasp. She smirked and let go of the corpse.

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The owner soon smirked at the victory. Rodin pushed flipped a few switches and pressed a few more buttons. Everything to mold her into his willing lover, employee, and alter her mind and memories to make her a show-off that would make those attracted to her go wild. The new Nero would know how to inspire and rally the crowd as she fought in a way that would make them fantasize about her giving them a personal show. He muttered. “Now for her to remember who she *really* is.”

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Nero stood up, feeling her lust for battle start to die down as she breathed heavily. For a moment something felt off. She couldn’t quite place it. Her body felt off, and familiar to her. She muttered quizzically, “Something’s wrong.”

She looked around the crowd for a moment, trying to find some guidance. She could tell that they were looking at her lustfully, staring at parts of her body. She focused more on the heavy feeling on her chest. She shouldn’t have such weights on her body. She didn’t have them earlier did she? Nero looked down to investigate and feel them, but a flashing strobe light went off.

For a moment, she was blinded by all the sudden lights. A wave went through her as the confusion in her mind started to clear. Memories came forth of her becoming a fighter, her younger years, and those close to her. She shook her head as the unease in her stomach vanished as certainty about who she was and the heaviness of her chest. She didn’t have them at first, but she was certainly blessed when puberty hit. She quickly recovered as a smirk graced her face. She declared confidently. “Hell yeah, that’s another win for me!”

### ***THE WINNER AND THE NEW CHAMPION IS, NELA!***

Nela smiled as she was proclaimed the victor. She sultry strutted around the arena, flexing as she shook her chest. Her breasts swayed side to side as she made sure to add an extra shake her to buttocks. She felt so free, so powerful like she could do anything she wanted, and no one would be able to stop her. The patrons hooted and hollered as their cameras flashed.



Nela giggled playfully and turned her ass to the crowd and pushed it out, making her ass bounce. She roughly placed her hand on the bottom of her booty and squeezed pushing it up and down, smiling as her ministrations made her feel alive and desire to play with herself more intensely. Her ass bounced, making the crowd go wild once more. She wiggled and thrust her butt back, making her badonkadonk go wild. She giggled as the crowd's fervor continued to grow, enjoying the attention and the crowd's lust for her. As the arena started to darken, she sighed. "Looks like that's all for now! Until next time folks!"

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Rodin licked his lips at the woman's display. Oh, the lights did their job perfectly. He was more than happy with how she turned out. She turned out perfect. Huge breasts, a thick lower body. Nela had turned out perfect, no to use perfection would be an insult. She was a living dream come true. He declared joyfully as he stood up, leaving the council. "Excellent. Time to go *congratulate* her."

-

With the match won, Nela strutted off the stage and back to the locker room. Her body felt like electricity was coursing through her body. Her nipples were poking against her top and her crotch was burning for attention.

"I'm going to need some help to deal with this," Nela eagerly decided as she grabbed her breasts and squeezed them. Her pussy ached and she moaned as she felt it call for attention. Her toes curled in her boots. She was going to need some help with this one, and she knew the perfect person to go to.

"Fantastic work like always Nela." Rodin praised as he walked over to the silver-haired woman.

Said woman giggled in response as she started stretching in an alluring way, purposely bouncing her breasts as a result. Nela replied happily and seductively. "Thanks, boss! Those losers had nothing on me!"

"No, they didn't my dear," Rodin laughed, not even trying to hide his lust-filled gaze that was locked on her bust. He knew that the former boy would have turned into a knockout, but he didn't think that she would turn out so well. He should have remembered that her demon blood would have only added to her development, but this was beyond his wildest expectations. He grabbed her melons and gave them a gentle squeeze, savoring how the pillowy flesh felt in his grasp.

"Mmm, you know how to please a woman boss," Nela remarked in flirty amusement.

"I should, after all, you are my best girl after all," Rodin laughed as he wrapped his arms around her and pulled her close. Her chest was smushed against his broad chest. She felt perfect in his arms and felt a peace and contentment that he didn't expect. He enjoyed the way her body felt against her, enjoying every little aspect of her, and he could see that she felt the same. He gently turned her around, her ass being pushing against his growing erection and grabbed her breasts again, squeezing them like a toy. Her breasts were far too large for him to fully hold, but he didn't care. He just loved the way they felt in his hands.

"So, forward like always boss," Nela teased.

"We both know that you love it that way," Rodin remarked with a smirk. "Your body is all riled up isn't it, just like after every match?"

"You know it!" Nela replied cheekily.

"They why don't we take this back to my office where we can have some fun, and won't have to worry about any...*interruptions*," Rodin asked charmingly.

The man picked Nela up, surprising the female wrestler and making her let out an adorable yelp. She giggled as she ran her hands over his body and could feel the strong muscles hidden underneath his outfit that made her lick her lips in desire. She wanted to see those muscles that he had in all their glory. The desire made her snuggle against bit her lip as naughty fantasies went through her mind.

"Now why don't we do some photoshoots later," Rodin suggested. "I'm thinking of swimsuits, maybe a few costumes as well. Maybe we could expand on your career and check out some other avenues."

"Mmm, sounds like fun!" Nela replied as she licked her lips in anticipation of the thought. What better way to build things up then with a bunch of sexy outfits and poses. She imagined her in sexy bikinis and

one-pieces showing off her butt and bust, like her holding her breasts, one of her hips cocked. She was getting hotter at the thought of the fun that it would inevitably lead up to if Rodin was there.

When the two arrived at Rodin's office, Rodin placed the silver-haired beauty on the desk. Nela immediately turned around and bent over the desk, her huge butt perfectly on display. She slowly rocked her hips, making her butt bounce slightly. She giggled in anticipation her finger bouncing on the table as she eagerly waited for the next part.

Rodin bit his lips as he studied Nela's butt. Her spandex short shorts looked like they were close to exploding off her body. He knew that he gave her a huge wonderful ass, but seeing it up close, and able to do whatever he wants with it was practically like a dream come true.

"Is something wrong?" Nela seductively asked with a teasing grin on her face as she looked back at him.

"Of course, not my dear. Everything's perfect dear," Rodin laughed as he then reached out and started groping her buttocks as he let out a content moan. He started to spank her rear, his eyes locked on it, as it jiggled like pudding. "I was just admiring that succulent booty of yours."

"I wonder what people would think if they knew what our relationship was really like. Probably think that it's so scandalous~" Nela remarked.

"Not sure about scandalous, but doesn't that only add to the appeal babe?" Rodin chuckled as he leaned over her back. He whispered into her ear, making her shiver. "And this will be our...little...secret for now."

Nela in response let out a playful purr to this suggestion. "I would love that boss. Now how about we take things to the next level? I feel like I'm going to go crazy if you don't stick it in me soon."

"Well, we can't have that!" Rodin laughed as he continued to massage her rear for a moment, and then slowly pulled the top of her shorts down. The moment her pants came down, he worked on his own pants. The moment his pants hit the floor, he smiled as if he had just hit the jackpot. The eager squeal that the former hunter turned lusty and seductive fighter let out only made his joyous feeling grow. He was gonna enjoy this greatly, and he knew that she was going to as well.

## **Epilogue**

Everything had been going well for Nela and Rodin. After of year of wrestling, Nela's career in fighting had soared and she eventually had gotten into and modeling, becoming the top of both occupations as a result. She had been kept busy, making appearances and doing photoshoots for television, magazines, the internet, almost every form of media that she could think of as she practically became the world's idol.

Rodin had used his magic to hide Nela's demonic limb when they were out in public. It would have been bad for her career is others saw it, not everyone was as accepting as her Rodin. Life would have been more of a hassle if normal people saw that she had it.

Nela didn't care, she could have gone out with him in just a bikini and heels, and it wouldn't matter. As long as she was with him that was enough for her. She even enjoyed killing demons when she needed

to, like when she fought or decided to go out and do it. Someone had to help keep the world spinning and was happy that she wasn't the only one. In all, she was happy and content with her life.

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Speaking of the world's idol...

"Aaaaaah," Nela sighed contently, wearing only a shimmering silver bikini as she laid on a beach chair while the summer sun shined on her. She looked over the pristine blue sea in front of her and smiled. She sighed in bliss and stretched her arms in her seat. "This is soooooo peaceful."

This was a nice change of pace. She enjoyed fighting, modeling and showing off her body, but even she sometimes just wanted to lay down and relax. Her popularity made it hell at times for her to do so and had to bundle up and take steps to hide her identity so people wouldn't swarm her with questions or autographs. So, it led to her making a purchase to ensure that she didn't have to worry about anyone spying on them.

She had bought a small personal island home that was worth the purchase with how she didn't have to worry about any paparazzi, and nosy tabloid people wanting to find anything to make her look bad and get a quick buck. More for their sake than hers cause if they tried any blackmailing to make her look worse than they would have been on the receiving end of some of her moves. It might lead to her getting in trouble, but she believed that it would get her point across if they did so. If they didn't learn, then they deserved what they got.

A pair of strong hands landed on Nela's shoulders, causing her to look behind her and she smiled as she saw it was Rodin, who was only wearing a pair of white and blue swim trunks. She happily greeted "Hey boss."

Rodin smiled as he admired her attire. He had thought of giving her a golden one because of how rich she had made them and being his little golden goose, but silver fit her much better in his opinion. He complimented, "As stunning as always Nela."

Nela giggled as her face burned. He had complimented her countless times, and yet every time he did, it still felt as if he was complimenting her for the first with how it made her feel so good, so special. She used her biceps to push her breasts together in a seductive manner. "Thanks, boss, I love this swimsuit you gave me."

"Not a problem," Rodin chuckled. "The moment I saw it, I immediately thought of you. It complements your hair and skin perfectly."

"It really does go with my hair. Not to mention it really shows off the goods," Nela remarked as she slowly stood up, making sure to emphasize the slight bounce of her bust. When she fully stood up, she gave her breasts a strong shake to make her breasts jiggle.

**BOING!**

"Oh, someone's feeling naughty," Rodin remarked as pulled her close. He warmly stared into her eyes, so lost in those blue orbs that he almost didn't notice the way she was pushing and rubbing her crotch against his own. After a moment he gave her a passionate kiss on the lips.

Nela immediately returned the kiss and allowed him access to the inside of her mouth. She moaned as their tongues fought for dominance and stopped grinding against him. The kiss felt magical and made her feel safe, loved, and protected, despite her being more physically capable between the two of them. People would say she shouldn't be with him because he was her manager, but their relationship and all of the intense nights of lovemaking that they had made her shove their arguments to the side. As long as she was happy then that was enough for her.

Which was another good reason for buying this island, privacy just for the two of them. They didn't have to worry about any matches, photoshoots, or any demons coming to fight, kill her for whatever reason or even rarely, mate with her. She only needed one person in her life to fill that last spot and he was currently kissing her.

"Why don't we take things up in the bedroom boss?" Nela suggested playfully.

Rodin pulled her close and wrapped one arm around her shoulders as she nuzzled her head against him, almost as if she was a cat. He chuckled and allowed himself to relax. The perverted part of him wanted to grab one of her immense breasts or butt and give it a squeeze, but he didn't. There was little point with what was to come. Besides, there were moments where he just wanted to relax with a beautiful and sexy woman, or in his arms as they watched something.

He felt her demonic arm wrap around him, pulling him closer to her as she pressed her gigantic breasts into his body. He chuckled as he felt better and happier than he had in a long time, so much so that it only reaffirmed something he thought long ago. Getting her was the best decision that he had ever made, and tonight when he gave her his gift it would be official, and the rest of the world would know it when they left their private paradise.