

~~Mia~~

The twisting path between the mountains and rocks erupted into chaos. Screams, blood, figures in dark red cloaks, wielding big black swords and axes.

Humans. Humans with demon weapons, wearing demon armor. Humans with wide, crazy eyes. Humans screaming with... not rage. Hunger. Screaming with hunger, and grimacing with effort to lift the heavy weapons.

Mia, Hannah, the two men, and the two sex demons Diogo had brought with him all pressed against each other, back to back, as they watched the humans run at them. Whoever these other humans were with dark red cloaks, they weren't looking to talk, or negotiate, or anything. They ran at Mia with all the subtlety of a raging lion.

It was dark. The sky of fire still burned, but it looked more like dying embers high above, and the amber veins in the mountain had grown dim. Bright enough to see, not bright enough to see things hiding behind rocks, and the demons were already dark red and black, like the stones. Natural camouflage. It was probably why the humans wore those leathery cloaks, but they'd exposed themselves first. Because Mia and the others were bait.

Diogo and the other demons jumped down from the cliff overhead. And the ambush became a maelstrom of violence and blood in seconds. Five of the humans died instantly as Diogo and his two brutes each landed on a different human, and the two tigers did the same. The snap of bone was louder than the battle cries of the other seven, and the humans turned around.

Mistake. Adron and the other vrat jumped down near Mia, and rushed the humans in the back, and they had their own swords. Loria swooped down from above, wings spread, grabbed one of the humans by the shoulders, and lifted them up. The human had an axe, but they couldn't hold onto it with the gargoyle's claws sinking into their flesh. It landed hard enough to make sparks, and bounced toward Mia's feet.

She tried to pick it up, failed, and almost laughed. It was really heavy. No human could go around wielding weapons like these unless they were on steroids, and ridiculously big and tall to begin with. And she could see it in the way the humans moved. They weren't looking to fence, or fight with any expectation of surviving. They put their whole body into every swing of the weapons, leaving themselves open every time, fully expecting to either get the kill with the swing, or to die right after.

They all died, right after. It wasn't a battle. Caught off guard, the humans didn't stand a chance against Diogo. Two of them did manage to hit Diogo with the weapons, but he was the last target they should have gone for. One of them managed to draw blood from the giant brute, but it was barely more than a paper cut, and the other might as well have hit Diogo with a wiffle bat for all the damage they did.

Ten seconds. That was all it took for the bait plan to work, and for twelve humans to lie dead. Blood soaked into the stones, and most of it disappeared, flowing away into the cracks and crevices, some of it soaking straight through the ground like Hell itself... herself, wanted it.

It only got worse. The succubus and incubus joined the other demons, and eventually so did Hannah and the two men, in collecting their bounty. For the three brutes and two tigers, ripping open rib cages looked easy. The two vrats and gargoyle had a little more trouble, but not much, no more than someone cracking lobster claws with their bare hands.

The succubus and incubus split a heart among themselves. The other demons each took one except Diogo, who took two of course. What Mia didn't expect to see, was Adron handing a heart to Hannah and the two men, and for the three of them to split it into chunks using one of the axes. Watching demons eat human hearts was enough to make Mia sick, but some part of her accepted it as normal. Absurd, but normal.

Seeing humans eat a human heart, made her feel like dying.

She stepped back, dropped the axe, and looked away as she covered her mouth. The old urge to vomit came up, like she was sick, but whatever strange rules the afterlife followed didn't include a normal, working digestive system. You didn't really eat or drink, or shit or piss, or any of the normal, grimy crap that came with life. No vomiting, no matter how much she wanted to.

"Don't want any?" Hannah asked, coming over to her. "I know you just had a fruit, but better to stay topped off, you know?"

Mia gulped down nothing, and forced herself to look at Hannah, and not at the chunk of flesh in her hand.

"I'll pass."

"Suit yourself, Mia. You'll regret it if you get injured."

"Yeah, I probably will." But it didn't matter. Just looking at the meat in the girl's hand had her gagging. The memory of her brother on a metal table, getting his chest cut open and inside examined, only made things worse.

Her brother.

She forced herself to walk past Hannah, into the larger area of flat rock where she and the others had been playing bait, and she watched the demons devour. It hurt to look down at the corpses, but if David was in there, she had to know. One by one, she checked the bodies, each one of them on their backs, each one with open chests. It was easier if she thought of herself as a detective, in a cult crime scene, looking for someone she knew.

But David wasn't here.

"Got a fascination with the dead?" Adron asked, finishing up his meal and squatting beside her.

"N-No, no..." She stepped back, and did her best to not look into any more open chest cavities. "Just, still kinda... getting used to all this."

Adron raised a brow as he watched her, but shrugged after a few seconds. Him and the other demons each grabbed a body, and tossed them over the ridge into another nearby small ravine. The valley between the mountains was full of them, and cliffs, and large sharp rock faces, perfect for an ambush. Diogo was smart to pick this spot for the counter-ambush. If he'd wanted, he could have just rolled some big rocks down and probably killed a few of the humans before the fight even started. Or maybe just stay hidden and let the humans go past.

Judging from the sounds some of the demons had made during the slaughter, they'd enjoyed it. They wanted food, and they wanted violence.

So did the humans in cloaks. The look in their eyes had been more than just hunger. It'd been inhuman.

One of the tiger ladies grabbed a corpse, and made quick work of collecting a skull as casually as someone replaced their shower curtain with one from a dollar store. Apparently one of the skulls on her belt had been damaged. Unlike the remnants they'd slaughtered, human bodies were a lot more durable, and the corpse resisted being skinned. But the tiger demon removed the skull and skinned it smoothly regardless, like a serial killer working on preparing their thousandth trophy. Probably more reality than simile.

"We sleep for the night," Diogo said. "Adron and Loria, first watch."

"You got it, boss," Adron said, smirking slightly as he helped toss the last body away.

~~~~~

They didn't have any leather blankets with them. Sleeping on Caera's had been uncomfortable, but thankfully that first night in Hell hadn't been too bad. No trouble sleeping. She expected tonight to go the same. Maybe it had something to do with her afterlife body, as if it just knew to fall asleep at night if she closed her eyes and let it. The strangest possible blessing. Maybe tonight would go as well?

She lay on the rock ground, stared up at the dimming sky of fire, and closed her eyes. But before sleep could take her, stirring sounds drew her attention, and not subtle either. No one jumped up to fight off the sound though, so whatever it was, it wasn't a threat.

But she looked anyway. She shouldn't have.

Loria the gargoyle, on her hands and knees, wings snug to her back, lifted her tail, while the incubus came up behind her. They were maybe twenty feet away, Mia looking at their profile. Loria had a leather skirt thing on, with skulls and metal chains dangling from it, and the incubus moved it aside casually. Of course, the ridiculously handsome man wore a playful, charismatic, I-know-you-want-to-fuck-me grin, as he slipped a hand between the gargoyle's thighs.

With a contented sigh, Loria lowered her chest down, got onto her elbows, and relaxed, ass up in the air while the incubus did things to her. Mia couldn't see from where she was, but judging from his wrists and forearms, the man was caressing and teasing.

And the fact they were surrounded by demons, all lying down and closing their eyes to sleep, didn't matter to them in the slightest.

"You're supposed to be keeping watch," the incubus said, and he nodded toward Adron. The vrat stood nearby, looking out over the cliff edge to the ravines and paths below. But he did glance back long enough to smile and shrug at the incubus, before going back to his duty.

"Adron's got it," Loria said. "Just get me off a couple times. There's something... tingling, in the air. Fucking driving me nuts. I need some relief."

The incubus chuckled. Damn he sounded good, every word, every noise, almost a song. He continued to tease and caress, one hand sliding up and down, the other working a specific spot in a circle. He was caressing her lips, while his other hand traced gentle lines around her clitoris, like Mia had done to herself a thousand times before. And a thousand times, she'd envisioned something like that incubus, or maybe Adron, or... other things, doing that to her.

She forced down a groan before, somehow, finding the will to close her eyes. If she watched that any longer, she'd wind up with her fingers between her legs, and who knew how that'd go with giant

beasts like vrats and brutes around. They might notice. They might do things to her. And that'd be a horrible thing, if Adron or maybe Diogo and his brutes came over, held her down, and forced their huge lengths into her squirming, boiling, wet little body. Absolutely horrible.

Another moan slipped out of the gargoyle, a hungry one, and Mia covered her ears with her hands. What the fuck was this place doing to her?

She ignored the tingling, vibrating sensation inside her, something that flowed into her fingers and toes, and unless she was going insane, it... flowed past them, out of her, and out into the hard stones and warm air. Something she couldn't see, only feel.

It was just her being horny. It had to be. Out of her mind horny.

So much for sleep coming easy.

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~David~~

The trip back was easier, now that he knew the path. Knew-ish. It was like when you come out of a restaurant bathroom and you're trying to find your seat, but the restaurant looks different when you walk through it from a weird path. Same thing. He was thankful Jes and Dao led the way again, especially now that it was getting darker.

"Can we trust her?" he asked.

"Caera's one of the oldest tregeera around," Jes said with a shrug. "She used to spend a lot of her time digging up old ruins and shit. She used to be fun, too."

"Yeah, but, can we trust her?"

"She's working with Diogo only because it's how she'll get revenge. She'll happily kill him if she sees a different way to get it. Which is Dao and me, if we kill Diogo. Not the first time we've talked about that, but—"

"I know, but, can we trust her?"

Jes sighed, flared her wings in a dramatic shrug, and flicked him with her tail without even bothering to look back at him.

“Probably, yeah. And don’t interrupt me, fresh meat.” She chuckled as she made sure to whip him with her tail yet a second, painful time. Her version of playing and teasing, evidently. “I do think there’s more to it, though. Caera’s been working on revenge for almost as long as I’ve been trying to kill Diogo, and Diogo can help her do that better than we can. I think this is about Mia.”

“Mia?”

“Maybe she likes Mia.”

“She said she protected her for one night...”

“Long enough for Dao to start thinking of you like a pet.”

Dao looked back at him, and clicked a few times, smiling.

“I... guess that’s true.” He squirmed a bit, but managed to keep his eyes on Dao. That was an evil little grin she wore.

“And maybe Caera thinks the unmarked are important? She said the girl felt weird, and that you do, too. There’s definitely something in the air.”

“But, if she does think that, does that really matter? Unless she thinks she can use me or Mia, like Diogo thinks Zel might use Mia...”

Jes groaned, shaking her head.

“You worry too much, fresh meat. Today’s today. Tonight’s tonight. Tomorrow’s tomorrow. Worry about tomorrow tomorrow.”

He opened his mouth, stopped himself, and sighed. Arguing with someone like Jeskura was pointless. He’d worked — been forced to work — with plenty of people like her in his life, group projects and whatnot, the sort of people who just refused to plan ahead, and were utterly convinced they could handle things on the fly. Might as well have been dragging her claws on a chalkboard in his brain.

Better to just do what she said. She was the reason he was alive, no reason to rock that boat.

“Sorry.”

“And you say sorry way too much.”

He laughed, quietly but he did.

“I guess.”

“We’ll meet up with Caera tomorrow, and chase after Diogo. Maybe we’ll get lucky and find a way to kill him before he gets to Zel. And if not, we can figure out what to do then.”

Nails. Chalkboard.

Eventually they reached the cave again, totaling probably twelve hours of walking. He felt fine. Not thirsty, not hungry, just a bit tired. As long as he didn't get injured, he could live a long, long life without needing a bite to eat, supposedly. Would that be true if he had to do something that really drained him? Sprint up a hill? Lift something super heavy? He'd find out eventually.

Once Jes and Dao pushed the boulder back into place, hiding them inside their oddly cozy cave, Jes motioned for David.

"I'm not letting you have any weapons, but you can keep the cloak and armor and shit, when we're out. But when we're inside, hell no. Strip."

"Come on, really? You think I snuck in a weapon under the cloak?"

She came up to him, growling quietly as she glared down at him. With over a foot of height on him, it was impossible to not find the gargoyle woman imposing, let alone the claws, fangs, and horns and whatnot.

"We're going unarmored. You're going unarmored."

"You got skin like armor, and—"

She poked him with one of her wings' thumb claws.

"Don't make me regret being nice to you, fresh meat." She took a step back, and held up her arms. Without hesitation, Daoka came up behind Jes, and undid the straps of her armor. More than a few times, the satyr poked her head out from behind Jeskura, and grinned at David, particularly when she removed the breastplate.

Clicking and chuckling, Daoka cupped both of the gargoyle's large breasts, and squeezed. The skin might have been very hard and firm, still dark red, but that didn't mean it didn't look amazing, Dao's three fingers and thumb encompassing and hugging the two mounds while she stuck her head out to the side again. Even without eyes, it was obvious Dao was looking straight at David.

All he could do was stare.

"Dao, you horny little bitch," Jes said.

More clicks, playful and bright.

“Fine fine. But not until the fresh meat is tied up. I trust him but I don’t trust him that much.” Laughing, the naked Jes marched up to David, and undid the knot clasp holding his cloak to his neck with barely a flick of her claw. He didn’t resist. His life was in her hands already.

And he was having a hard time absorbing what he’d just seen.

Don’t get hard. Don’t get hard.

Jes took off his armor and loincloth with the same precision, tossed them aside, and pointed back at the wall she’d bound him last night. Well, fuck. He sat back down, put up his hands, and Jes bound his wrists to the weird hooks coming out of the wall, same as before.

Naked, sitting on the stones again. Ugh.

“You’re gonna have to trust me sooner or later, you know,” he said.

“Ha. Yeah, maybe. For now, how about we give this some time, fresh meat. We’ve known each other one day and a bit. Not exactly long enough for trust.”

“I... suppose that’s true.”

Jes laughed as she stood up, flaring her wings as she clutched her naked stomach.

“God damn, David. You are so damn reasonable, it is fucking hilarious.”

Before she could laugh any more, Daoka clicked a few times and held up her arms. Jeskura made short work of her armor, too, and tossed the pieces onto the pile next to David’s. He only had the cloak, half-breastplate, and the skirt, or kilt or whatever it was. A much smaller pile of stuff, compared to theirs. Maybe he’d get more if he survived? Gamer loot instincts kicking in.

Seeing Daoka naked yanked his brain out of gamer mode, and deep into sex mode. Jeskura had a taller, slimmer build. Daoka was slim too, not quite as slim, and her breasts were massive, each as big as her head, or maybe bigger. David couldn’t help but stare. With the way Dao had been treating him, it took every bit of effort he had to not drool.

“And you!” Chuckling, Jes pushed the now naked Daoka onto the bed, earning some giggling clicks from her lover. “You have been a hornball all damn day.”

More clicks. Daoka sat up on her knees, and looked David’s way before she reached out and pulled Jeskura into a hug. Bodies, together. Breasts, squishing together, the satyr’s body growing redder and softer by the minute, and Jeskura’s not far behind.

“Ha, you really think it’s because of the fresh meat?”



Insistent clicks as Daoka put kisses on Jeskura's neck, facing David. He gulped.

"If I'd known getting a pet would have had you this horny all the time, I'd have suggested a betrayer earlier."

Daoka shook her head, and gestured to David as she clicked.

"You really got a soft spot for the nice ones," Jes said. "The fuck did I tell you about romcoms? You're watching the scrying pool way too much."

Daoka grinned at David as she clicked softly, before again putting kisses on the gargoyle's neck.

"Really?"

Dao clicked gently, nodding.

"Poor guy is going to break, Dao, watching that. He can't even jerk off."

That only seemed to make the satyr happier, her grin growing. She let go of Jeskura, crawled up to the edge of the bed, facing David, and got down on her stomach. With her weight on her belly, she used her elbows to keep her chest up and face aimed at David, huge breasts half squashed against the blankets.

All he could do was stare.

Jeskura grinned at David too, before she got on her knees around Dao's legs.

"Look at the size of this thing," Jes said, grinning at David as she slapped the satyr's ass. Even with Dao's head and her huge horns blocking his view, he still saw the rippling of her ass cheeks. All that hopping around meant Dao's legs and ass were firm, curvy, and large, and Jes took full advantage, slapping Dao's ass a few more times and earning some playful clicks from the satyr. And, with Jes being nude as well, her breasts rippled on her chests with each slapping motion. David stared at it all.

Dao clicked a few times, gentle and playful sounds, but she never looked back. She kept her eyeless face pointed at him, and licked her lips.

He glanced down. He was hard. A perfectly normal penis, standing and pointing up and out, since he was sitting. No point in squirming, or twisting or anything, he was trapped, with two naked demons not even ten feet away from him, staring right back at him, getting ready to fuck each other. Wet warmth soaked the tip of his length.

"Really doesn't take much to turn on, does it?" Jes asked, grinning at him.

He blushed, head to toe.

“This... isn’t much?”

“Fuck no! We’re just starting. Gonna be an hour of torture for you.” Grinning, Jes let her head hang a bit, and let her long, long pink tongue dangle from between her sharp teeth. And with a wink, she lowered her head down, and ran the tongue up and down the riiva’s big, firm ass. It was a very long tongue.

Jes went lower, until David couldn’t see her head anymore. From between Dao’s thighs, Jes growled, and Dao moaned.

“Jesus,” he whispered, eyes locked onto Dao, and the blissful smile she wore as she looked right at him. The satyr squirmed, clicking a few times with some volume, before they settled into quiet, relaxed, consistent clicks. Her mouth half smiled, half opened with pleasure, and a moan slipped out, a sort of half human-like moan, half trilling sound. It sounded wonderful. The satyr was really enjoying herself.

Daoka shivered openly, tremors running through her thighs, face always pointed at David. Her massive breasts, still half squished underneath her despite her weight being on her elbows and chest pushed up, jiggled blatantly. For a second he thought maybe she was exaggerating, putting on a show for him, but the way her mouth hung open, and the way her tongue almost hung out too, wiped the thought away.

“Jesus is right,” Jeskura said, lifting her head and pulling in her long tongue. “The fuck, Daoka? Horny as fuck, because of this fresh meat?”

Daoka whimpered some clicks, nodding.

“I mean, he is pretty cute, and... and...” Jeskura set her red eyes back on David, and her mouth dropped. “What... the fuck...”

David gulped. He felt it pour out of him before Jes said, but he couldn’t see it. Feel it, but not see it, like a vibrating warmth that erupted inside him. A wave, like deep bass that he couldn’t hear, but feel. Something flowed out of him and throughout the cave, filled it, drowned it in... something, something from inside him.

He looked down.

“Oh...” He hadn’t been crazy then, and hadn’t seen a snake or anything this morning. His cock had grown, and grown... and grown.

The massive thing pulsed with blood as it continued to grow, until it couldn't maintain a hard rigid shape anymore. Collapsing under its size, his cock fell forward, bending in a gentle arc with its new malleability. Still hard, still full of blood, but too thick and long to stay perfectly straight. Long, twice as long as it'd been before. Longer. And thicker, thick as his wrist, and only getting thicker.

He forced himself to look up. Daoka and Jeskura were already off the bed and standing in front of him, both looking down at him and his new appendage.

"What the fuck," Jeskura said. "You're... You're..."

"What's happening to me?" He almost laughed. The way he said it, it almost sounded like he was mutating into some horrible monster, or dying of some deadly disease. It didn't make sense, but with each double, triple, quadruple take he did of the giant thing between his legs, the more it didn't seem so bad. "This... This can't be normal, right? Humans don't, um... do this, right?"

He looked up again, and gulped. It was hard to tell with Dao, with the bone plate covering where eyes should have been, but with Jes, the shock and confusion was obvious. And the fixation. The gargoyle took a step toward him, eyes wide, breathing fast, with a look he'd seen tigers give prey before pouncing.

"You're aura," she said. "The fuck did you do to your aura? How did you even get one?"

"My aura? I... I don't know..."

"Stop it."

"W-What?"

"Turn it off."

"Turn off what? My aura? I don't know what's... going... on..." His voice trailed away as Daoka stepped up to him, knelt down beside him facing his legs, reached out, and put both of her hands underneath his now massive length.

Someone else's hands, touching him. Someone else's grip around his cock. A fresh wave of whatever it was coming out of him, the invisible thing he could not see or hear, pulsed out, and his cock flexed slightly on Dao's palms. And it grew slightly bigger.

Both demons groaned quietly.

"Dao," Jes said, gulping hard as if Dao had just touched a bomb. "Dao, you don't... know... if he..."

David looked back up at the gargoyle, and froze, as she did the same as Dao. Slowly, as if trying to resist a siren's song, she hooked her wings to her back, and got down on her knees beside his legs, opposite of Dao.

She was hypnotized.

"I don't know how you're doing this," she whispered, reaching out for his cock with both of her hands, too, "but I'll... I'll..."

~~♥♥♥~~

He sucked in a breath, as both demons wrapped their hands around his cock's girth. Four hands, intertwining fingers and squeezing on his thickness experimentally. They lifted it so it stuck straight up and out from him, and stroked it, slow hands testing its shape and size. They pulled back his foreskin, revealed a ripe, swollen glans the size of his fist, and both women let out small sighs as they watched a drop of his precum sit on the tip.

"I don't know what's happening," he said, quivering. "I really don't. I—oh god." He twitched as a jolt of panic ran through him, as both demons leaned in toward the head of his cock, and opened their mouths.

But they didn't bite him, or tear his dick off. Instead, they both slowly leaned in closer, as if afraid of him, or still trying to resist him, before they put warm kisses on the tip of his length. The wave of tingling bliss it sent through him was euphoric. He groaned, and bit down the sound before it grew too loud. So that's what that felt like.

"I don't know either," Jes said, refusing to lift her lips up from his cock. "Don't care anymore. Give it to me. Need it."

"Give—" He sucked in a hard breath as Daoka opened her mouth wide, very wide, wider than most humans could, and wrapped the whole of his glans in her mouth. Wet warmth coated the sensitive skin, and something else, something that ran laps around it before burying its underside in heavy pressure. Her tongue.

He pulled at his wrists, trying to escape. But whatever insanity that'd given him a giant penis hadn't done a thing to his strength. He wasn't going anywhere. All he could do was stare down at the beautiful demons as they worked his length with their hands, and traded off who fit his huge glans into their mouths. How they avoided grazing him with their sharp teeth, he didn't know, but all he felt each time they took his cock's tip into their mouths, was boiling hot bliss and unending, massaging friction that sent jolts of pleasure down his cock into his thighs and pelvis.

He came. Normally he'd happily slow down masturbating to make things last. But he had no control here. He couldn't even say anything. He panted and shivered as the first gush of hot cum flooded up his length with a hard flex of his inner muscles. The next squeeze forced the cum out in a hard gush, and the familiar bliss of orgasm hit him. Heavier, harder, enough to nearly knock the wind out of him as the tingling sparks worked down his length. The unfamiliar sensation of lips suckling and milking on his cock's head as he flooded Jeskura's mouth with cum pulled another groan out of him, despite his best efforts to keep it down.

He came a lot. A lot lot. He stared at Jeskura's mouth as her cheeks puffed slightly, before a flood of his white cum poured out of her, down over his cock, over her hands, and Dao's. She lifted her head, mouth partly open, and stared at him as his cum dripped from her tongue and chin. Before he could say anything, Daoka aimed his cock toward her, and took his glans into her mouth too. Her tongue coaxed more cum out of him, gentle strokes along his tip's underside that sent almost painful jolts through him, forced his inner muscles to squeeze again, and earned another heavy gush of cum from him into her mouth.

Dao tried to swallow it down, but it was too much. It overflowed, squirting out from the tight suction her lips had around his glans, soaking her hands and his length all the more.

“What... the hell,” he said, staring down at his length, still in their four hands, as Daoka finally lifted her head, cum dripping from her lips and chin. “What's happening to me? What—” He blinked as he forced himself to lift his head, and look Jeskura in the eyes.

She'd looked strangely mesmerized before. Now she looked utterly hypnotized, like he'd cast a spell on her or something. Something was happening, something that vibrated inside him, and radiated from him. He didn't know what. He didn't know how. All he knew was he was bound, helpless, and two demon ladies were looking at him like they were out of their minds.

His life was in danger. And for some stupid fucking reason, that didn't douse his arousal at all.

Jeskura wiped her mouth free of his cum. Daoka used her tongue, and licked her mouth clean, instead. No smart remarks or insults from the gargoyle. Instead, she grabbed his legs.

“Ah! H-Hey, I—”

She yanked him down, away from the wall, and his bodyweight went out from under him. With his wrists locked up overhead to the wall, he didn't quite have enough slack to completely lie down. Close, but not quite, keeping his shoulders an inch above the stones, but his back, ass, and legs all lay straight on the ground away from the wall.

More than enough room for Jeskura to straddle him, her knees on the stone around his ribs. She leaned forward, glaring down at him like he was a meal, and she licked her fangs as she grabbed his shoulders, and pressed her slit against the base of his cock, pinning its length along his abs. Holy fucking shit his cock nudged against the bottom of his sternum, even stretched out like he was.

He stared down at his massive length, and the thick drop of cum that leaked from its tip, but much as the mutation of his body had his attention, the tall, athletic woman with large breasts sitting on him grabbed it instead. Her subtle abs, tiny waist, and breasts swaying lightly as she got comfortable straddling him, were beyond beautiful, and he gulped as he looked up past her swollen nipples, up to her.

She was dripping wet. He hadn't even touched her yet. Dao hadn't even touched her yet.

"I uh... um..." He sucked in a breath as Jeskura ground her hips forward, and dragged her smooth slit along his length. She angled her pelvis and rubbed her clitoris along his cock's underside, and coated her pussy in his cum, while coating his cock in her juices. She was so warm.

"I don't care why this is happening," she whispered, voice a quiet mess mixed with heavy breaths. "We'll find out later. Now, fuck me. Fuck me fuck me fuck me."

He gulped again, down into the pit in his stomach. He'd already cum once, and had fully expected to go soft. It wasn't happening.

"I... I d-don't know—"

She knelt up, reached down, grabbed his cock with a not-so-gentle grip, and aimed it up. But the thing was too long and unwieldy, and she had to get up from one knee up to her foot.

Dao, chuckling between quiet, husky moans, reached out and helped keep his cock aimed up. The gargoyle, now on one foot and one knee, slowly lowered her red, dripping slit onto the head of his cock.

He stared, mouth dropping, as her small entrance spread wide around his thick girth. Wide and wider, taut flesh soaking him and sending more jolts of bliss down his length as she squeezed on his sensitive glans in spurts. She kept going, her own breathing catching in her throat between groans as she forced herself down. She was having trouble fitting him.

"Fucking christ," she said, a heavy moan working through her as her pussy lips slipped around the base edge of his glans, sending sizzling, tingling heat through his length. "This is... gonna go deep..." She set both her hands on his shoulders again, got on both her knees again, and slowly lowered herself down while Dao held his cock with both hands, keeping it upright.

He held his breath, staring, mouth still open, as Jeskura worked herself down onto his length. She lowered a couple inches, trembled, and shifted back up one, before lowering herself down a couple more. Each inch she fit, her insides squeezed on him like a vise as her boiling depths drenched him. It was a struggle for her, fitting him inside her, but even when his glans pressed against her depths, halting her descent, she took a deep breath, and kept going. It was David's turn to groan again, finally forcing him to breathe, as the head of his cock slowly stretched her deepest places up higher into her body.

And he could see it all. A bulge formed on her slender stomach, a distension showing where his cock reached, how thick it was, how far it'd gone, and it pushed higher and higher up into her tall, slim waist as she forced herself down further and further.

"This is fucking nuts," she said, staring at him. Even with the sexual insanity before him, he couldn't help but look into her crazed, black and red eyes. "Bigger... than a fucking incubus."

Daoka clicked a few times, almost excitedly.

"You're right. He's bigger... than a fucking... vratorin... Christ, I've fucked devorjin with dicks smaller than this."

"I—"

With a heavy grunt, Jeskura forced herself down, and finally the spread taut lips of her slit reached his pelvis. She looked down at her stomach and subtle abs, leaned back, put one hand against his knee behind her, and used the other hand to trace fingers down between her breasts and onto the bulge along her belly. "Gonna... split me... in half."

"H-How... are you..."

"Demon. We like it big, deep." She tried to chuckle, but only a groan came out as her mesmerized eyes rolled up. She put both hands behind her on his knees and tried to grind on his body, and deep shudder rocked through her. "But... fuuuuuck that's deep. Fucking... breaking... me."

Dao, clicks melting into a trilling purr, reached out and pressed a hand against the bulge on her lover's stomach. David felt it.

"Fucking christ... right?" Jeskura tightened her grip on his legs, flexed her muscles, and forced herself to grind, pushing her hips back and forth while still leaning back, showing off her stomach and the distension reaching far past her navel. "Fucking... fucking... fuck."

With a hungry moan, Daoka leaned in over David, head aimed at Jes, and with one hand she guided the gargoyle's closer breast to her mouth. She kissed the swollen, red nipple, and her long

tongue slipped out to circle and massage around it. She reached out, took Jes's further breast, and squeezed on it, making its softness conform to her fingers, before the hand let her go and reached back down to her stomach again. And again, pressed on the bulge on her stomach. The gargoyle trembled.

"You can... have him after," Jes said between her groans.

Dao pulled away and clicked twice, before leaning back in and again bathing the gargoyle's large breasts with her suckling kisses and long tongue. Her hand crept lower, and pressed hard on the gargoyle's lower abs, right above her pubic bone. All David could do was squirm under the pressure, which multiplied as Jes clenched, burying every inch of his length in boiling hot, wet friction.

Jes leaned forward, grabbed his shoulders again, and fucked him. She half bounced, half rocked back and forth, making sure to slam her pelvis down into him with each thrust. Dao had to move out of the way, giving the gargoyle's breasts freedom to sway and ripple like heavy teardrops that hypnotized David almost as much as his aura evidently hypnotized them.

He wanted to keep watching, but Dao leaned in closer to him, closer, lay on her side beside him, squashed her enormous breasts into his chest, and kissed him.

His first kiss. His first fuck. Two different women, at the same time. What in the hell?

He stared at the slab of flat, dark bone that covered where her eyes should have been. She was kissing him. The demon satyr was kissing him. Frozen like a statue again, he let his eyes drift half closed, and focused on the entirely new sensation of someone else's lips on his. He didn't know how to kiss, but Dao did, and she moaned lightly as she nudged her lips along his.

He couldn't focus on it for long. Jeskura trembled on his cock, squeezed her hardest yet, and forced an almost pained groan out of him as her insides trembled in random spasms. Something warm dripped down over his skin, his pelvis, his testicles, and it wasn't his cum.

Dao pulled away, exposing the trembling gargoyle. Her mouth was hanging open again, and while she tried to bounce on him a few more times, all she managed were a few weak thrusts before she went still again, shivering like a leaf as she squeezed his shoulders.

"Fucking... god... fuck," she said, staring at him. "You're not human. You can't be. What—"

Dao got up, and with zero attempt at grace, pulled Jeskura off him like a kid pulling another kid off a seesaw. Jes didn't resist. Like a sandbag, she flopped over onto her side beside David, still moaning softly, while Dao straddled David's legs instead, and pushed his cock up and forward so it fell onto his abs with a wet flop.



Once she was close enough, she did the same as Jes did, knelt on one knee and stood on one hoof, took his cock into both hands, and aimed the huge thing up at her dripping, smooth little pussy. Clicking quietly between her mewls, she rubbed his wet glans back and forth along her puffy vulva, tiny lips hidden within, and spent more than a little time rubbing it against her clitoris. Satisfied, she pressed his glans against her slit, and lowered herself down.

Her clenching entrance fought him, but she was determined. Each time she tried to lower herself, his cock's head pressed up against her until her pussy went taut around it, and she gave up for a second, only to try again. Each time, she managed to get a little lower, until at last she slipped her spread pussy around his glans.

Her clicks melted away, and her mewls turned into trilling whimpers, as she slowly but surely sank herself down onto his length. Once she got on both knees, she held his shoulder with one hand, held his cock with the other, and kept it upright as she descended. The same bulge worked up her stomach, up and up until it past her navel, and higher, as the satyr forced herself down onto his length.

When she finally managed to take every inch of him, she leaned forward, hands on the ground around his shoulders, and pushed her chest down onto his face. After a moment, she tilted to the side slightly, and rubbed her right breast over his face until the massive, heavy pillow covered it completely.

He did the only thing he could do. He opened his mouth, and kissed it. Not a conscious thought, just a reflex, and it sent a shiver through the satyr that soon had her squeezing on his cock, and raised her whimpers to mewls.

"This damn riiva," Jes said. David couldn't see her, face still covered in heavy softness, but he could hear her.

Dao sat up with a jolt, earning a groan from David as her large ass hit against his thighs. His groan turned into a quiet yelp, as Jes turned Dao around without bothering to lift her. Her insides squeezed hard enough to hurt, just a little, with the sudden change in position. Now the satyr faced away from him, and her hourglass figure struck him silent.

The gargoyle straddled his knees, slid in close to Dao, and hugged her, face to face. Her hands took Dao's hips, and pressed down hard, grinding Dao into David as she pressed her chest into Dao's. For David, all he could really see was Dao's back, her huge ass on his lower abdomen, her spiky back and shoulders, and the sides of her huge breasts pushed out to the sides by Jes's.

It'd quickly become not Dao fucking David, but Jes fucking David, with Dao. Good god.

As Jes ground, and soon bounced Dao on his cock, earning high-pitched squeaks from her lover, it wasn't long before the tingling warmth of impending orgasm hit him again. Jes knew it, too. The gargoyle leaned over Dao's shoulder, and grinned at him with her lips on Dao's neck, while the satyr hid her face in Jes's neck, too. She bounced the satyr harder, and had Dao trembling from head to hoof as she hugged the gargoyle tight, and drenched David's cock in more hot juices.

He couldn't hold it in any longer. A hot gush of cum flowed into Daoka's insides, but everything was so taut and squeezing relentlessly, it flowed back out of her almost instantly. The warmth of his own fluids dripped down over his pelvis and testicles as Daoka trembled on him, her insides still clenching with spasms, her breasts rippling against Jes's, and her ass jiggling with each bounce Jes forced on her.

David tried to grab her ass, to feel the curvy, firm mounds in his hands. But he was still bound, hands up above his head and wrists attached to the wall. He could only squirm underneath Daoka, and Jes continued to milk his orgasm with her lover's body.

Everything slowed down. Jes stopped bouncing Dao, and instead gently pushed her back and forth, grinding her on his body. Dao continued to shiver, still holding Jes tight in a hug, their breasts squashed and pushed out to the sides where he could see them. Slow, very slowly, Jes continued to push her lover against him, until Dao's last few tremors milked the final drop of cum out of him.

Dao, limp in Jeskura's hugging grip, clicked a few times.

"I don't know," Jes said. "Don't care. Need it. Need... it..." She growled over her lover's shoulder, eyes aimed at David and eating him alive. "More."

"More? I... I already—"

Jeskura turned Dao around again, which left Dao a whimpering mess, insides clenching on David like her life depended on it. He was still hard, now very sensitive, and shuddered as the satyr's boiling insides sent almost painful pleasure sparks down his length with the twisting motion.

With a hungry groan, Jes helped Dao lean forward, until again the tall demon's breasts were smooshed into David's face and shoulders. He couldn't see a damn thing anymore. All he could do was feel.

Dao bounced harder on him, and harder, and from the way she clicked and shook, it wasn't her fucking him. Again, the gargoyle did all the work, bouncing Dao on him as much as back and forth, making her huge breasts sway and gently slap against the sides of his face. Eventually Dao collapsed

even more, body going limp, and he had to pull his head back slightly to keep from suffocating as Dao rested against his chest, neck, and permanently upright arms.

But he didn't do it for long. Her breasts were just so damn soft, and huge. He'd never felt something so amazing, and he pushed his face back up into the huge pillows, and kissed them as they jiggled with her rapid bouncing.

"More," Jeskura said. "More. Need... more."

He tried to say something, maybe beg for mercy, but the tingling waves that worked through his length and between his legs demanded he didn't. Somehow, his body was still going. And somehow, it wanted more, too.

Dao squeezed on his cock hard, and hot juices leaked out of her, more than a little bit of squirting out of her and drenching over his pelvis until it dripped off him. The pleasure squeaks and clicks of pleasure — and probably begging Jes to slow down — didn't give the gargoyle any pause. She continued to bounce Dao on his cock, until the riiva went limp again and trembled on his body. Jes didn't stop, forcing Dao to keep moving, her squeezing, soaked insides sliding up and down his length, coating every inch of him in hot friction.

Part of him thought maybe, just maybe, there was something bad about this, about his apparently inhuman body and its inhuman sexual stamina, indulging in a threesome with demons. A much larger part couldn't give a shit about anything other than Dao's pussy drenching him as she milked a third orgasm out of him, and continued to squeeze on his girth until he thought she might kill him.

Jeskura pulled her off and set her beside him. The odd angle would have broken his dick if it'd been harder, but apparently whatever happened to him to change his body meant his dick was massive, but malleable enough to bend, barely. He looked to the satyr, and she managed a weak couple of clicks as she cuddled into his side, buried her face in his neck, and pressed her breasts against the side of his soaked abs.

The gargoyle didn't wait. She slid forward again, got on one foot and knee, grabbed his drenched cock, and penetrated herself yet again. This time, she took him to the base much faster, and let out a deep, guttural groan, as she stretched inward to take him.

"Fuuuuck," she said between clenched teeth, and pressed both hands against the bulge running up her long, flat stomach, up to where it stopped a couple inches shy of the bottom of her sternum, between her large breasts. He felt every touch. She leaned forward, put both her hands against the wall over him,

and rode him. Hard. “More. More.” Her mouth hung open, her tongue dangled out slightly, and her eyes glazed over as she stared down at him. “More. Cum. Inside me. Now.”

Her nails dragged down over the stone, leaving scratch marks. Her tail slithered down between his legs and wrapped around one of his shins. Her breasts rippled underneath her as she bounced on his cock, and her insides squeezed, soaking him in boiling wet heat. Even as her own body betrayed her and shuddered as her groans melted into moans, she continued to bounce on him, as if her life depended on it. She slowed down when her insides buried his length in random spasms, but only for a few seconds, another coating of juices leaking out of her over his length even as she forced herself to keep bouncing. And again, she came, and groaned. It sounded like a frustrated groan, too, like she was annoyed with him for not cumming again yet. And she wanted him to cum again. She desperately wanted him to cum again.

“More.”

~♥♥♥~

~~~~~

By the time they were done, he’d cum once from the double blowjob, in Daoka twice, and in Jeskura twice. She’d rode him long and hard that last time, until he was a sweating mess and she was so exhausted she collapsed on him.

It was the most amazing night of his life. The best, most amazing experience of his life. In Hell. A threesome with a couple of demons while he lay helpless, hands bound to the wall, in Hell. Never in a million years could he have seen this coming.

He looked beside him, on his right. Daoka snuggled into his side, and pressed her breasts into his chest as she put a kiss on his cheek. Jeskura lay on his other side, her wings outstretched behind her, limp on the stone. She did the same as Dao, pushed her breasts into him, but didn’t kiss his cheek. Instead, she pushed up a little further on his chest, until she was almost directly on him, and grinned down at him with some evil intent he couldn’t guess.

She leaned into him, and kissed him.

He opened his eyes wide and stared into hers, but she closed hers a second into the kiss, like it was perfectly normal and natural. What the ever living fuck was going on?

She let up after a bit, her grin returning as she smiled down at him.

He gulped. “Uh... um...”

“You, fresh meat, are a fucking mystery. The fuck are you?”

“I don’t know. I’m just... David. Just... Just a guy.”

Jes laughed as she rolled her eyes, shook off her exhaustion, and straddled his waist again. He wasn’t hard anymore, but if she kept this up...

“I can still feel it coming off you, you know? It’s like... It’s kinda like an incubus’s aura, just... so much bigger, wider, harder to put a finger on. And when you got going, it was so much stronger.” With a shrug, she reached behind him, and wrapped her hands around his now flacid penis. “And if you’re anything like an incubus, give it an hour and you’ll be good to go again. Though even an incubus doesn’t get a dick that big, or normally cums five times, or cums that much.”

He had cum, a lot, and liquid soaked his pelvis and thighs. Any normal human would have died from dehydration. He felt fine.

“I’m a mess.”

“Ha, yeah. Don’t worry about it. Hell will suck it up in a few hours. You won’t even notice it disappearing.”

“It will?”

“Yeap. She’s a thirsty bitch. Blood, cum, flesh, all of it.” Shrugging, Jeskura stretched out her arms and huge wings, leaned back, and yawned. Fuck she was so damn beautiful. “Can you believe it, Dao? First human you want to keep, and it’s some unmarked dude with a dick big enough for a tetrad.”

Daoka clicked quickly, nodding as she leaned against David harder, and kissed his neck some more.

“Neither of you have any idea about me?”

“Fuck no, fresh meat. No humans walking around in Hell without a mark. No humans walking around in Hell with a giant dick, either. You’d have passed out from bloodloss getting a hard-on with a dick like that, on the surface, right?”

Dao clicked, trilling, dolphin laughter. For some mysterious reason, Dao thought her lover was hilarious.

“And,” Jes said, “no human walking around with an aura, either. I guess Caera had it right, the tinglies are coming from you.” She ran her claws up her long, slender stomach, up to her breasts, and circled their contours before reaching up to her horns. Her skin wasn’t as red as before, but it wasn’t back to black either. “You sure you’re human, David?”

“I mean... I think I am? I...”

“I what?”

“I... I hadn’t even thought about it. I’ve been so distracted, I forgot. But, how I died...” Maybe he’d get an answer. Finally, maybe he could actually get an answer to what happened to him.

“Yeah?”

“I just... died.”

Jes raised a brow. “What?”

“I just died. My sister and I, we were eating our breakfast and getting ready for morning classes at university. Then suddenly, we both clutched our chests. Pain hit us, went through us, like some sort of super heart attack, or maybe a lightning strike. Ten seconds later, we were both dead.”

Daoka lifted her head, and clicked slowly as she looked up at Jeskura. But it was obvious the gargoyle didn’t have a clue. She switched which eyebrow she lifted, looked at Dao, shrugged, and looked back to him, just as confused as he was. Fuck. He wasn’t going to get an answer.

“Poison?”

“Mia and I waited, as ghosts, for over two weeks for the autopsy. The doctor couldn’t figure out how we died. We just, died, for no reason. It wasn’t poison or any chemical she could find. Two perfectly healthy people, who just randomly died.”

“That, is majorly fucked up. What the fuck? You both just randomly died, at the same time?”

“Yeah, seventeen days ago.” He looked around. The amber veins were dim. It was night. “Coming up on eighteen, I guess.”

Jes got up off him, and what little shades of red she had left vanished. Everything went back to black or dark red, and everything turned firm. No more breast rippling. Even her vagina closed up and basically disappeared.

“That is seriously weird. That is...” She ran her claws through her tendrils as she paced around, near the bed. “Fuck, that’s a mystery. That is a big mystery, but, one that can wait till tomorrow.” And again, like a big winged sandbag, she flopped onto the bed.

Daoka grinned down at David, straddled him, leaned down over him, and let gravity rub her huge breasts against his face as she leaned from side to side. He stared up at her, but soon all he could see was her sternum and her chin. And then boobs, as she buried him with their immense softness. She was still red.

“Dao you horny bitch, come to bed. We got work to do tomorrow.”

Dao clicked a few times, but didn’t move. She pulled back a bit, enough for David to see her warm smile, before she pressed her right breast down on his face. Heaven.

“Yes, I know he’s your pet. Yes, I know he loves your tits. He can fuck your tits some other time. Come on.” Jes slapped the bed with her tail.

Dao sighed, but leaned down, kissed David’s forehead, kissed his lips, and joined Jes on the bed.

“Uh, we’re still going?” he asked. “Even though, I... I am... I’m apparently unusual?”

“Yes,” Jes said. “Nothing’s going to stop me from getting that asshole Diogo.”

“And, um... I’m still tied up.”

Grunting like an annoyed bull, Jes sat up and glared at him.

“You’re not human, David. All the more reason to keep you tied up! Now shut up. Sleep.”

“I should be offended by that.” He wasn’t, but still.

“We’ll figure out what the fuck is up with you later, but I’m not going to wait to act on killing Diogo. He’s on the move, and that means he’s vulnerable. We’re going to find a way to take advantage. Maybe Caera knows more about what’s up with you. Ask her tomorrow.”

He was going to utterly bury the tiger lady in questions.

~~~~~  
~~~~~

~~Day 18~~

~~Mia~~

She woke up to the sounds of grunting. A lot of grunting, and moaning.

At first she thought they might have been under attack. Hannah and Adron had told her Hell had hellbeasts, things like hellhounds, and goorts. 'Not hellgoorts?' she'd asked. They didn't laugh. Whatever hellbeasts were, they weren't sentient, and they were strong enough to give the demons pause. They were the bigger reason the demons took shifts sleeping.

Apparently none of them were sleeping anymore. Hannah brushed up against her, and Mia sat up with a jolt, only to find the girl managing a weak, exhausted smile, aimed right at her.

Adron was behind her, on his knees, fucking her. Long, slow, deep strokes, each earning a weak little squeak from Hannah as he sank his massive length into his slave. Hannah loved it. She tried to get up onto her hands, but a harder thrust from her master broke her, and she fell, chest and cheek to the flat stone beside Mia, ass in the air.

Mia had been tempted to run away during the night. They hadn't bound her, and if she'd been quiet, maybe she could have gotten away, but the talk of hellbeasts crushed that idea. That meant sleeping near a bunch of demons during the night, and evidently waking to them enjoying themselves.

Half of them were still asleep. Half of them were fucking. Apparently a lot of demons liked morning sex, judging from the smiles they had on.

One of the brutes was asleep, but Diogo was awake, and he and his other brute friend had one of the tiger ladies between them. Big as she was, she wasn't as big as a brute, especially Diogo. She writhed and squirmed, and did her best to escape their grip, but both juggernauts worked together to keep her hands held at her sides as they squashed her between their giant bodies. Her tail stuck out from between them, wagging. She was moaning.

Not far from them, the other tiger lady sat in a lazy position, half lying on her side, legs spread, while one of the human men buried his face against her sex. The other man knelt behind her, and seemed to be massaging her, drilling his elbows into her back between her many back spikes.

At first Mia couldn't help but watch Adron fuck Hannah into a whimpering mess. But the one tiger lady get double teamed and fucked in both holes by two dicks that looked big enough to be considered lethal weapons, slowly drew her attention. She had to admit there was something appealing about how the tiger lady was being treated.

The other tiger lady had it good, too. Two humans, massaging her and eating her out, at the same time? And she just lay there, basking in the attention of her slaves? That looked kind of appealing, too.

Not as much as being squished between two enormous juggernauts, though, pinned, trapped, and fucked.

Mia shook her head and forced herself to look away. Tingling warmth shot up through her, vibrated inside her, and it only got worse with Hannah's grunts and groans. Fucking christ Mia wanted to touch herself, masturbate, jill off, do something to take the edge off this unwanted horniness. This was not the time to get horny!

Thankfully, they were all finishing up. They'd fucked while she was asleep, and she'd been unlucky enough to wake up to watch them all end their weird little orgy. A tiny part of her knew, if she'd woken up sooner and had gotten to watch Adron force his huge cock into his slave, or watch the two brutes force their even bigger cocks into the squirming, moaning, roaring, writhing fighting and cumming tiger lady, she would have done something stupid. Really, really stupid.

Did the succubus and incubus do this? Hit them all with a sex aura, or however that worked? Didn't look like it. Both the ridiculously gorgeous demons lay sleeping, near the other sleeping demons. Did the group of demons that were supposed to keep watch decide to have sex for the last hour of the night?

Adron stood up, and Mia stared. So damn long, and thick, and dripping with juices, his cock slipped free of Hannah, and the poor girl rolled onto her side, panting and sweating. He stood tall, stuck his arms up, and stretched, showing off the long stomach of abs as he groaned with satisfaction. The red skin darkened, his penis and testicles pulled up and disappeared inside his body, and everything grew more firm, hard, and leathery.

The other demons followed suit. Mia watched, unable to look away from the gorgeous creatures finishing their bout of sex, while the sleeping demons woke up. Even the damn brutes looked handsome in that scary juggernaut kinda way. Seeing the tiger lady between them cum her brains out didn't help matters.

Two days in Hell and she was already being corrupted, and it was her own damn fault for all those years looking at monster porn. When in doubt, blame the porn.

The demons got dressed, helping each other put on their armor, and grabbed the couple weapons they had. Most of them seemed perfectly happy to use their bare hands to kill things, since they didn't bother picking up the weapons the humans they'd killed dropped.

"The tingling sensation remains," Diogo said to the group. Already standing at the head of the pack, he looked back to Mia, and squinted at her.

“It does,” the incubus said. “It has something to do with the unmarked girl.”

“Agreed,” Adron said, winking at Mia as he hooked one strap over the other to pin a slab of metal armor across his right arm. “Something to do with her.”

“Me?”

“You.” With a devilish grin, Adron reached down and gave Hannah’s ass a hard slap, before using the same hand and taking one of Mia’s wrists. “Something in the air. We can all sense it. We just can’t tell where it’s coming from.” And like she weighed absolutely nothing, Adron picked her up and set her on her feet. “We were tempted to wake you and get some answers out of you. But... yeah.” He gestured around at the now ended orgy.

“Tingling... I... I don’t know anything about that. I don’t know anything!”

The giant brute Diogo rumbled deep in his chest as he glared at her. He didn’t look convinced.

“I doubt it is her,” the succubus said. “At least, not her doing specifically. Whatever this strange sensation is, it’s vast. And this girl is nothing more than a weak human. Her being unmarked is—”

“Is something for Zelandariel to determine,” Diogo said, big booming voice almost bouncing off the mountain wall, despite his attempt to keep his voice down. “Let’s go.”

And just like that, everyone got on the move.

~~~~~

A few hours later, Mia found herself drifting closer and closer to the tiger lady, the one who’d been sandwiched. Much as both of the tregeeras had had fun, she was a little more interested in learning about the one Diogo and friend had been double teaming.

“So, um, hi,” Mia said.

The tiger lady, walking on all fours, big shoulders shifting up and down with each prowling step, looked up at Mia with a raised brow.

“You are the strangest human I’ve ever met,” she said, “and not because of the mark, or lack of one.”

“Yeah?”

“You talk... strangely.”

“Thought I just talked like a normal person.”

“The scrying pools show humans like you, sure. But none of them arrive down here.”

“I... I guess I don't know what sort of people come down here, to Hell.”

The tiger lady grinned. “Ask Hannah. She can tell you about the sort of person she is. The sort of things she's done.”

Wincing, Mia looked behind her to Hannah. She walked in the back with Adron and the gargoyle Loria, a little out of earshot as long as Mia spoke softly. Of all the things she wanted to ask Hannah about, the sort of things she'd done to warrant a trip to Hell were not on the list. It was so much better thinking the only other human woman around, wasn't deserving of who knew how many years and how much pain of this place.

“I wanted to ask you. Um, when I woke up, you were... you seemed kinda... like you were trying to escape? Are you okay?”

“What? Oh. Ha, yeah. Trying to get away while Diogo and Darvus fuck me really gets me off.”

“It does?”

She nodded, short tendrils of hair bouncing under her horns and over her neck.

“Demons fight and fuck, and sometimes they do both. You'll get used to it.”

“Oh.” Mia had figured out that much, but she hadn't really expected to see it like that, so close, from people she'd been traveling with.

“Ha. Were you checking up on me?”

“I mean, kinda?”

The demon rolled her eyes as she chuckled.

“Very strange.”

“So, um... do you know Zel?”

“I've met her a few times.”

“What's she like?”

The tiger lady shrugged, somehow, despite walking on all fours.

“You'll find out. Why ask?”

“Because I’m nervous as fuck. Everyone’s on this trip to make sure Zel sees me, as if she’s super important or powerful, but no one’s told me anything about her, not really.”

“She’s a bolstara, one of the tetrad. Bigger and stronger than any of us.”

“Bigger?”

“Yes.”

“That’s... big,” Mia said, gesturing to Diogo.

“The tetrad are massive. Not as big as the children of the Old Ones, according to Caera, but still big.”

Mia gulped. Diogo was already almost twice as tall as Mia, and there were things bigger than him, and things bigger than those things? The longer she was down here, the more Hell sounded like Jurassic Park.

“And... um, she’ll...”

“She’ll either eat you, lock you up, or keep you as a pet.”

“I suppose of those three options, pet is the best?”

“Yes.”

Mia smiled slightly down at the huge tiger woman. Apparently being a bit nice to her had opened her up a little, enough to talk to her. Maybe she could try being nice to Diogo, or Darvus, and find out if they wouldn’t mind talking to her and telling her stuff? Unlikely. But, it didn’t seem like there was a rule against telling her things, either.

“What would... being a pet be like?”

“You see what life is like for Hannah.”

“Just a sliver of it.”

“Like that, except bigger.”

“Bigger?”

“Zel rules the Death’s Grip spire. If you’re her pet, you’ll be around as she manages the spire, which is a vast and powerful position. And you’ll be around when she fucks her guards.” The tiger grinned up at her again, a knowing look in her red and black eyes. “Pray they go easier on you than Diogo and Darvus go on me.”

Well, fuck. It sounded kinda hot, until she considered the reality of two giant demons like that trying to fuck her at the same time. Less sexy, more ‘oh god I died, again’.

“Thanks, for talking to me.”

The tiger demon laughed, but nodded and shrugged again.

Mia looked to Diogo. No tail, no spikes, no horns, no hair tendrils, just a big tall beast of a creature walking on raptor feet, with thick muscles and a slightly hunched back. Or maybe not hunched, just, a mountain of muscle.

She took a deep breath, picked up her pace, and caught up to him and the two brutes at his sides. What to say? What words to use to poke at him and figure him out? With types like Diogo, big and powerful and full of themselves, but also kinda stoic and happy to use strength instead of words, it’d probably be best she use the least amount of words possible. If she wanted to figure out how to manipulate him, she had to be careful.

She fell into walking speed between him and the other brute Darvus, and didn’t say a word.

Diogo eventually looked down at her, and his bassy voice rumbled in his chest as he quietly snarled.

“You have gall.”

“I do.”

“You know I won’t kill you, because I think Zel will want you.”

“That’s part of it.”

“And the other part?” he asked.

“Just felt like exercising some free will. Kinda feel like that’ll be difficult, in the future.”

His snarl changed to laughter, and he nodded.

“Perhaps.”

“And, I also wanted to know... This all seems so, I don’t know, regular, and normal.”

“Normal?”

Okay, good, he was willing to talk. Being brave and quiet had worked.

“You’re marching me to see a big scary ruler, right? I expected to be locked up in a cage, carried by a dozen slaves, and for everything to be so much more... epic.”

“You think you deserve that treatment?”

“No. But I’m getting the impression even if I did, Hell wouldn’t really be able to pull something like that off.” And an insult to the man’s pride, to see if he’d talk more aggressively and spill secrets.

But Diogo just laughed again.

“Maybe in the Navameere Fields, or the Red Pits. But only here in Death’s Grip could the spire ruler’s call summon hordes of demons over the mountains to fall upon our enemies like a surface tide.”

Surface tide? Right, no moon down here, no tide, if Hell gave a shit about physics.

“Like... barbarian tribes.”

“Yes, though I don’t watch the scrying pools with the addicted mindlessness of fresh hatchlings. Ask Adron if you want to know more.”

“Yeah, but you’re in charge. You know how shit works in ways people like Adron don’t.”

Diogo turned his demon-skull face down at her, squinting slightly, small red and black eyes cutting deep. He was suspicious of her.

“You’re like every betrayer, fresh meat. You want to know more about Hell. Unlike most fresh meat, you seem willing to ask demons who would more than readily eat you.”

“I guess I don’t know what’s good for me.” She shrugged, and walked proud, even managing a tiny grin. It was fucking hard, ignoring that she was naked, and that she was walking between two enormous demons who’d just double teamed a big tiger lady. Now it was her between them, and it made her mind wander to scary, sexy thoughts.

“Regardless,” Diogo said. “This is Death’s Grip. We have no use for armies here, or grand marches and parades, or ridiculous spectacles. We are hard and simple, as the land is.”

“The land. Hell? I suppose it is land.”

“She is a cruel bitch of blood and pain, and she’ll devour you if you’re not careful, fresh meat. Try and stay alive until Zel sees you, at least.”

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~David~~

“We’re not gonna talk about what happened? Or…” Or maybe the fact they’d kissed him? Both of them?

The gargoyle shrugged as she and the satyr pulled aside the big rock blocking the exit to their little slice of paradise.

“Yeah, sure, but it’s not like we have any idea, anymore than you. Caera might know something, but I doubt it. Like I said last night, no one’s ever seen an unmarked, and no one’s ever felt a human with an aura, or seen one with what’s clearly not a normal dick.” She stepped out first, and Daoka waited for David to follow. Whether that was because she thought it’d be a better formation through the tight, winding mountain path, or they still didn’t trust him to not stab them in the back, he didn’t know. He didn’t even have a thing to stab them with.

“Not normal is an understatement. That… that was massive. And you—”

Jeskura’s tail reached out and jabbed him in the chest. He wore his armor and cloak again, but one half of his chest was still exposed, and she poked it hard.

“Don’t.”

“Don’t?”

“Don’t think about sex. I can already feel that tingling sensation start to bubble again, and we got shit to do. We can fuck later.”

“Oh. Okay.” Confirmation for more future sex! He smiled as he looked down, before his eyes drifted back up to watch the gargoyle in front of him, and the way her tail and ass swayed side to side.

“I said don’t! I can feel you getting horny back there! That aura is ridiculous. Fucking christ, I spent years with Leos but he never had an aura like that.”

“I’m sorry! I… I just…”

“You’re a fucking pervert.” Laughing, she looked back at him as she squeezed through a tight section of rock that pinned her back to the stone wall.

“You’re the ones that jumped me! I was cuffed to a wall!”

Daoka clicked several times between chuckles, and poked him in the back with a claw.

“She’s right,” Jes said. “Don’t act like you didn’t love it.”

“I mean… yeah, I did. I didn’t expect to lose my virginity like that, though.”

Back out in the wider tunnel, Jes stopped, turned, and grinned at him. But before she could say anything, probably some tease about his virginity, Daoka came up behind him, and hugged him. A tight, snug hug, and she rubbed her cheek against the back of his head, all too much like someone hugging their dog.

“Damn, that must have been an awesome night for you. We’re the best ways you could have lost it,” Jes said, winking before heading down the tunnel again. “But, much as I wanna know why you’re apparently not human, I want to kill Diogo more. We do that, then we take care of Tacitus if we can. Then we can figure out what’s going on. Or not. We can just live long happy lives, hunting, eating, and fucking.”

He managed a weak smile as he followed her, but it faded once Daoka let him go. Last night had been amazing, and he was having trouble not thinking about it. Part of him was still convinced it was a dream, but a quick pinch on his arm proved otherwise. He hadn’t dreamed in almost three weeks, anyway. He was in Hell, and for some reason had had one of the most indulgent, delicious, amazing experiences possible.

But he didn’t want to stay in Hell.

“I wonder about your sister,” Jes said, stepping out of the cave and into the open. “If she’s like you, I wonder how that’s gonna work.”

“I... hadn’t thought of that.”

“I can see it now. She unwittingly hits Diogo’s entire group with that aura, and then she’s got half a dozen demons dicks trying to fit inside her at the same time.”

“Please don’t.”

“She’s tiny like you, right? I wonder how much dick she can take. Maybe they’ll drench her in cum before they—”

“Oh my god please stop you’re killing me.”

Jes laughed, deep and warm, and poked him with her tail again.

“Just making sure you don’t hit us with that aura till later.”

“Mission accomplished.” Might as well have taken an ice bath. It would have been more comfortable.



~~~~~

Caera waited for them in a ditch crevice, high up on a mountain side. Getting to her had been a pain, but his feet were even tougher now, and more than a few times he'd stepped on a rock edge and been fine. A far cry from hooves, but still, it was damn amazing he felt comfortable scaling an actual, jagged, rocky mountain barefoot, exhausting as it was.

Why getting exhausted didn't make him hungry, but recovering from an injury would, was yet another mystery.

"Made us drag our asses all the way up here," Jes said as she hopped down into the crevice. "Fueled up and ready for the journey?"

"I am," the tiger lady said. She lay on her stomach, hands under her chest, head up, like a cat lazying about.

She really was a lovely creature. The black spikes on her back that ran along her spine, between the leather straps of her armor, all the way down to the end of her oddly thick tail, gave her a very alien creature vibe, but she was mostly humanoid in shape besides that. Mostly, with arms just long enough she could use them as legs, and a face that carried just a hint of cat-like bone structure.

Plus, she was huge. Standing near her felt he'd taken a trip to the zoo, and through some weird accident, now stood in one of the pens with a large tiger, or any other huge creature that could kill him with one swipe of the claws. She was intriguing.

"I picked this spot," Caera said once Daoka hopped into the little ravine with them, "because it cuts across the Gorzen Mountains from a higher vantage point. I don't want to stumble into Diogo. We want to ambush him, right? Not get ourselves killed."

"I could have handled it," Jes said. "I always do."

"You nearly got yourself killed, last time."

"But I didn't."

"And Zel isn't too happy with you because—"

The gargoyle slapped the ground with her tail.

"Zel can kiss my ass."

Caera rolled her eyes, but her tail wagged lightly. Whatever strange relationship she had with the gargoyles, there was more to it than angry words. It almost sounded like a friend being angry with another for being a dumbass who couldn't plan anymore than five seconds into the future. Maybe Caera was smart?

"So, we stick to the mountains," the tiger said. "I know a path. When we near the spire, we reevaluate. Maybe Diogo will return quickly, and we can surprise him then. Maybe he won't, and we'll have to reassess."

David raised a hand. Everyone looked at him, both the ladies with eyes cocking a brow like he was insane.

"Christ, fresh meat," Jes said, "just talk."

"I... wanted to know, you seem pretty strong. Right?"

Caera smiled, knowingly. "I am."

"Strong enough to fight Diogo?"

"No. He's a devorjin, and a big one. I can maybe, maybe kill one other devorjin in a fight, but there's a reason a big devorjin is the bailiff of Gorzen Mountains, David."

He nodded, forcing down a smile as she called him by his name. Her voice was nice. A bit deeper than Jeskura's, with less... punch.

"So, if we really want to kill Diogo, our only option is to—"

"Drop a rock on his head," Jes said, poking him with one of her wings' thumb claws. "Like I said. Or maybe trick those Cainite cultists fucks into fighting Diogo? Give them his position or something?"

"This isn't a cartoon," he said. "And I know you know what those are."

Daoka chuckled, hopped in closer, and sat down next to Caera. She clicked away, gesturing in a direction.

"I doubt that'll work," Caera said. "Those Cainian bastards aren't going to listen. And even if they did, I'm helping you, because you're going to help me kill them. You want revenge for Leos. I want revenge for Kia and Marquez. Remember?"

Daoka sighed, nodding, and clicked softly a few times.

"Dao's right," Jes said. "Ever since they died, you've really had a stick up your ass, Caera."

“You have nerve.” Caera slammed her tail against the ravine wall, and unlike Jes’s tail, it made a big impact. Thunk. “Leos died and—”

“And I haven’t let that stop me from doing my thing. You used to be fun, you know?”

Uh oh, that sounded suspiciously like one friend berating another. He inched away a little.

Caera growled in her throat.

“What if Daoka died?”

Jes opened her mouth, closed it, looked at Dao, sighed, and shook her head.

“Point taken.”

Caera looked ready to say more. Probably something like ‘Leos wasn’t a real friend if his death isn’t stopping you’. Or maybe she wasn’t. She was hard to read, like someone who maybe did used to be ‘fun’ like Jes said, but now, wasn’t. Mia could have figured her out on the spot. He couldn’t.

“What’s our contingency plan?” he asked. All three of them looked at him like he’d just spoken an alien language. “So, the plan is, we go to the spire, and figure out where Diogo goes next. But what if he doesn’t go anywhere? Or what if he leaves, with a bunch of new demons from Zel to help him on his trek back? What if... any number of things go wrong?”

“David,” Jes said, “the fuck did I say last night? We deal with shit when it comes up, not before.”

“That’s a great way for shit to go badly and for no one to get what they want!”

“Bullshit. Sitting around planning and doing nothing is how you don’t get what you want!”

Daoka clicked a couple times, earning a groan from Jes.

“Jes,” Caera said, “the kid makes a point.”

“I’m... not a kid.”

“You’re small enough I could fit you in my pocket, David,” the giant pocketless demon said. But she did grin after looking him up and down a couple times. “You’re in great shape though, for a little guy. You and your sister.”

“Thanks,” he said, suppressing the urge to squirm as his pale, freckled skin blushed. “We uh... we both wanted to live for a long time. Get laid a lot, and live a long time. We... did neither.”

The three demons chuckled.

“Lot of humans like that,” Caera said, shrugging. “So he’s yours, Daoka?”

Daoka nodded as she clicked a couple times, sat closer to David, and rubbed one of her big ram horns against his head.

“Cute little pipsqueak. Fuck him yet?”

Daoka nodded, a big happy smile on her face. David blushed more until his heartbeat pulsed in his face.

Before he could stop her, Daoka went on a clicking spree, complete with enthusiastic nods, hand gestures indicating size, and eventually held up her four fingers and thumb; she only had three fingers and a thumb per hand, so she used both hands.

“Not only that,” Jes said, “the kid’s got the craziest aura. You were right about the tingling sensation coming from him, Caera, but it got so much crazier. Dao and I were just swept up in it like a couple youngsters meeting our first incubus. Couldn’t help ourselves. Couldn’t even think. Just, had to have him.” Almost purring, Jeskura licked her lips as she looked at him.

Caera’s eyes slowly opened wider and wider, until she aimed her red and black gaze at David.

“You’re... not human?”

“I’m human! I... think? I was born, but my mom gave me and my sister up before we knew her. I had to eat and drink and sleep. I went to school. I did normal, human things. I had a perfectly normal anatomy!”

“Had,” Jeskura said, chuckling as she pat his leg. “Fucker nearly broke me in half. I haven’t been fucked that deep in decades, not since I worked for Zel.”

Dao clicked a couple times as she hugged David from behind, half resting her weight against him as she rubbed the side of her closest horn against the top of his head some more.

“I have to be human, right? I mean, yeah sure, the way I died was weird.”

“It was?” Caera asked.

No point in not explaining it. If anything, Caera was his best chance at getting some answers. He told her the story of how he died, and didn’t spare a single detail. The days since, the things he saw as a ghost, the autopsy, the walk up the stairs to Heaven, walking into the gate, being sucked down into Hell, everything.

“Same story Mia told me,” Caera said. “You’re sure one of the angels said ‘not again?’”

“Yeah. Whatever happened to me and Mia had to happen to someone else before, right?”

“Maybe. The angel could have just meant something similar had happened, not the same thing.” The tiger shrugged as she stood up, and David had to look way way up to meet her eyes. “I’ve read about a lot things, David. I’ve read about the Nine Spires War, the Second Age, and even found a few runes about the First Age. I’ve read things about Cain, and I’ve read things about the Old Ones. I even once found something that spoke about Lucifer, and the vortex they created. But I have never, ever read about an unmarked human, or about a human with... physiology like yours.”

Fuck. It’d been a long shot, hoping some random demon would know all the secrets and answers to the questions he had, the big ones anyway.

“She might not know that,” Jes said, “but Caera knows a lot of shit about a lot of shit. If you really want to know about how Hell works, bother her about it.” And like she’d just settled a debate, the gargoyle hopped back to her feet, too. “Now come on. We gotta get to the spire. It’s a four day trek, and we might even catch up to Diogo on the way. We can do all that planning bullshit while we move.”

Daoka hopped up too, and held out a hand. David took it, matching her smile. If shit hit the fan, Daoka would help him. Jes and Caera, he wasn’t sure about yet, but the satyr, he could trust her.

He gave her hand a small squeeze. Daoka smiled bright, clicked a few quiet times, and returned the squeeze.

“I want to see your physical changes, too,” Caera said, a tiny, mischievous smile on her face, aimed down directly at him. “For knowledge’s sake, of course.”

He gulped.

Daoka chuckled up at the tiger demon, clicking.

“Yeah,” Jes said, and she poked him with David tail before climbing up out of small crevice. “With this pervert, that’s pretty much guaranteed.”