

Demon Queened

Chapter 37

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Devilla

I awoke early the next morning, to the feel of something soft and warm pressing against me. Or rather *someone*, and a rather naked ‘someone,’ at that. Lucy had apparently discarded her shift at some point after I’d fallen asleep. Which meant she’d either stayed awake long enough to see me off to the land of dreams, an embarrassing prospect, or she’d somehow undressed herself in her sleep... something I could honestly see her pulling off.

Regardless, I was currently graced with the admittedly pleasant, if somewhat dubious, honor of having her breasts thrust in my face.

“Lucy?” I whispered, not wishing to wake her, but rather wondering if she’d already awoken. The main response I received was from her nipples, which seemed to harden a little in response to my warm breath. Her breathing also hitched a little, as a soft moan came from her lips.

“Eena...” she murmured, her eyes still firmly closed. A moment later her legs tightened around mine. “Eat... so cute...”

I bit my lip to resist a repeat of our last night together, fighting back the urge to demand insight into her dreams. So far as I could tell, she was either dreaming

of a sexual act, or - much more embarrassing - watching me eat. Either way, the cute snore she let out at the end was reason enough to let her stay asleep.

Alas, my forbearance heralded my downfall, for a moment later her sleeping arms wrapped about my head, and pressed it in between her tits. A pillowy grave I might have very well died in, had I not come to a rather startling discovery: I did not need to breathe. Or, at the very least, I could seemingly hold my breath indefinitely to keep from waking Lucy.

Of course, that wasn't to say that abstaining from oxygen was a pleasant experience. One did not suddenly cease two lifetimes of habit without some form of mental discomfort, even if my body itself made no protest. Still, if I had to choose between waking up the adorable snorer, and doing without a basic necessity of human life... Well, I wasn't really human to begin with, now was I?

In fact, the more I learned about myself, the less human - or demon, or even *mortal* - I felt. To think, even my memory would work so differently than that of regular people... Just how much did I differ from those around me? What startling discovery would come next? First my memory, now being able to live without oxygen - would I next find that my heart didn't even need to beat? Abigail had told me, once, that as an angel - a 'divine being' - I had power beyond mortal comprehension, but I don't think I'd ever really processed what that truly meant.

How fully I differed from all those around me, and from the human I had been once upon a time.

Just how little did I actually know about myself?

“Mrrmmmm...” A sound came from above me. At the same time, Lucy’s grip about my head tightened for a moment, pressing me against her sternum, before loosening up and releasing me altogether. “Eena...?”

Placing my hands upon the awoken redhead’s shoulders, I gently extracted myself from within her cleavage, the better to grace her with a shaky smile. “Good morning, Lucy.”

“...Are you okay?” she asked, all grogginess disappearing from her voice as she stared into my eyes, as if expecting to find the answers looking back at her.

“I’m fine,” I promised her, shaking my head. At the same time, my smile became a bit firmer. “Or at least I will be. Your company is already making me feel better.”

Lucy frowned for a moment, weighing the truth behind my words. “Are you sure?”

“Positive,” I confirmed. “It was only some intrusive thoughts - the best cure for which is a good distraction. And I happen to find you rather distracting, even when you’re clothed.”

“Clothed...?” She looked down upon herself, taking in her naked chest with widened eyes. “Oh! I guess I got undressed in my sleep!”

“Let me guess - you normally sleep in the buff?”

Lucy nodded. “Yup! I mean, it feels good to just strip after a day in armor, you know?”

“I can’t say I do,” I admitted, shaking my head with a laugh. “But I also can’t say I’m surprised. Somehow, sleeping nude seems very... you.”

“I mean, it *is* something I do!” Lucy pointed out. “Though I’m not really sure how it’s a ‘me’ thing, beyond that? But what about you? Do you sleep in clothes?”

“Not generally,” I admitted with a shrug. “Though I can’t say I’ve ever undressed myself in my sleep, on the few occasions I’ve worn something to bed.”

“Maybe it’s a sign of how safe I feel with you!”

“Or how horny you are,” I teased, glancing down at her chest. Considering I was still eye to tit with her form, I had a rather good view of her perky nipples.

“Speaking of, did you want to start our morning off with a bang? Or should we be thinking about traveling?”

“I mean-” Lucy began, only to stop when we heard a loud yelp coming from outside our tent. “That was Feyra!”

Lucy grabbed my shoulders and leapt to her feet, barely taking the time to ensure I had my feet properly placed upon the ground before running out - still sans clothes. Not that I was any better off, following just a step behind. Yet for all our rush, we found only a fully clothed Feyra with her hand against her heart, staring down at a sleepy looking Bailey.

“Right,” Feyra muttered, seemingly to herself. “Monster wolf. Forgot that was a thing, somehow... Must have blocked out the sheer stupidity of me agreeing to it.”

“How *did* Lucy manage to convince you, actually?” I questioned, curious despite myself. I very much doubted that Lucy would use her authority to insist, favor to me or no.

“Gah!” was the only response I received, as Feyra seemingly became aware of mine and Lucy’s presence for the first time. “You’re naked!”

“That’s hardly an answer,” I pointed out, rolling my eyes as I moved towards the tent. “But I’ll put on clothes, if it makes you comfortable.”

“*Me?* You’re the one who’s naked! Or... well, both of you... Dammit, if the Goddess strikes me down for seeing her Heroine naked, I’m going to be pissed!”

“I don’t think the Goddess would do that,” Lucy protested, even as she followed me back to our tent. “I mean, what’s wrong with seeing someone’s nude

body? The church teaches that our form is a gift from the Goddess, so why would there be anything wrong with sharing it?”

“I’m *well aware* of what the church teaches,” Feyra replied. For some reason, her tone of voice seemed unusually dry. “I’m also aware of the fact that the *fucking Heroine* is buck naked in front of me!”

“Saying it repeatedly isn’t going to make it any less true,” I remarked. “But if you give me a moment, I’m sure we’ll both have it corrected.”

“A little late for that, unless you can somehow burn the image out of my brain?”

“Is it really that bad?” Lucy questioned. “I mean, I thought I looked pretty nice?”

“That’s not the... You can’t...” Feyra groaned, throwing up one hand into the air. The other was, of course, still occupied with shielding her eyes. “Just get clothed already, alright?”

I let out something between a grunt and a laugh, reaching into my pack and pulling out a red top that covered... well, the majority of my stomach. None of my arms, unfortunately, and admittedly very little of my chest. My skirt wasn’t much better, barely reaching a quarter of the way down my thighs. I only had so many outfits that actually covered me anywhere close to fully, though, and I figured it

was best to wear them during the times I'd actually be witnessed by more than three people.

"...I thought you were going to put on clothes," Feyra grumbled when I emerged. "Not underthings."

"I like it," Lucy declared, eyeing me up and down. "I mean, I think I'd like just about anything you wore? But I definitely don't mind getting to see more of you!"

"You're biased," I pointed out, a soft smile on my lips. "But thank you."

Feyra groaned again. "As if traveling with a literal monster wasn't bad enough, I've got to deal with an exhibitionist too..."

"You're rather grouchy in the morning," I remarked, eyeing her up and down. "And you still haven't told me how Lucy convinced you to allow Bailey's presence."

"She gave me puppy dog eyes," Feyra muttered, looking away from me. "And it's not like I could have refused you, anyway, is it?"

"You could have," I told her, frowning. "You still can, though I know full well you don't believe that. I only hope that by the time I've managed to convince you otherwise you won't actually mind our company."

“Yeah, yeah,” Feyra grumbled, waving her hand dismissively. “Come on. We’re burning daylight.”

I glanced at Lucy, receiving a helpless shrug in response. Followed, of course, by a bright smile, a hug, and a kiss on the cheek that had me bright red.

“Come on!” she said. “Let’s get everything packed up!”

“What about breakfast?” I questioned, eyeing the campfire. Or the ash that remained of it, at least. “Wait. Did anyone keep watch?”

“I have some hardtack!” Lucy informed me. “And a holy spell for keeping watch! It tells me if anything big or dangerous comes too close, so long as I cast it before sleep.”

“Hardtack does not count as breakfast,” I declared. Not that I knew much about the stuff, but from my understanding it was... not breakfast. “How about I get us something *proper* to eat? Seeing as how it’s already known that I have a way of traveling great distances in a hurry.”

“What?” Feyra asked. “You planning to fly off to the nearest town and bring us back some eggs?”

“Something like that,” I confirmed. “Though I think I can do a little better than just eggs... I still haven’t introduced Lucy to the wonders of the potato, after all.”

“I think I had some at the village?” Lucy informed me. “They were... okay? It was part of a stew.”

“You had the best they could provide, I’m sure, but trust me when I say I have resources they lack. I’ll have your tastebuds singing.”

“Alright!” Lucy agreed, giving me a bright smile. “I trust you. You’ll bring back something really good, right?”

“As quickly as I can,” I promised her with a smile of my own. Then it was off into the woods, so that I could teleport back to the tower and get us something good. Or at least something more worthy of being called breakfast than *hardtack*.

Lucy

I watched Eena leave through the trees, biting my lip a little as I curled a few strands of hair around my fingers. It was something I liked to do when thinking, and I had a lot of thinking to do! Even if I felt sort of guilty for doing it.

I’d told Eena I trusted her, and I meant it! And I wasn’t just talking about the food, either - I trusted that she was a good person, that she meant well by me. And that whatever she had done during her dark past she wanted to do better now...

At the same time, though, it was pretty obvious she wasn't just an ordinary demon! No more than Bailey was an ordinary horned wolf. I mean, I was pretty sure those couldn't talk so well! If you could actually call the mental communication talking? It was mostly images and feelings. Her image of Eena was all about Eena being a leader, though.

It made me wonder... did she have some connection to the Demon Queen? Was she some high ranking officer in her army? One of her generals, maybe? It might explain why she'd done things she regretted... and it might be why she had access to expensive stuff like super spicy hot sauce, why her clothes were all so nice, and why she could casually go somewhere to get breakfast. I mean, she obviously still had connections to some sort of demon encampment...

Still, I trusted her. I didn't know what she was after, but I knew she didn't mean me harm. She could have already hurt me, if that was the goal... and more than that, everything I'd seen from her said she was legitimately trying to do good! Like how she helped people, left and right, without ever knowing it would get back to me...

...Unless she did know? Somehow? But... I didn't think she did. I mean, for one thing, she seemed really bad at hiding things so far! Plus, even if it was somehow a ploy, that wouldn't change the fact that she'd helped people. That, of all

the ways she could have tried to get close to me, she did it by doing good. By trying to *be* good.

I didn't know what she'd done in the past, or why she didn't think she could ever do better. I didn't need to know, either, because I knew her heart was good. That she wanted to do good. She just needed a little help!

She just needed someone to trust in her.