

~~Author's Note~~

Welcome. "A Taste of Hell" is a mini series of small novelettes, each told from a unique point of view of side characters in my upcoming main series "The Pleasures of Hell", a fantasy adventure set in Hell. While the main series will have two PoVs, both human (brother and sister) and not featured in this series, these prologue/bonus chapters will give curious readers a taste of this setting from the view of the various angels and demons that populate it, and a taste of the erotic elements.

These chapters are entirely optional. No need to read them if you'd prefer to go into the main series blind.

Erotically, "A Taste of Hell", and "The Pleasures of Hell", will focus largely on monster girls and monster boys, usually paired with someone not monster-y. Expect lots of kinks to be explored, with exaggerated proportions, size difference, deep/large penetration, harems and/or reverse harems, and plenty of others. There'll be fantasies for dominant and submissive readers alike. Erotic scenes that are particularly long and descriptive will be bracketed with ♥♥♥/♥♥♥ . If you're not looking for a juicy scene, skim the dialog in these sections so you don't miss anything important.

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~~Three years before the Arrival~~

~~Yosepha~~

She was Yosepha, born of the Heavenly Island Ravid, and one of the mikalim angels. Battle called to her. The sword and shield of Michael flowed in her blood. She would die upon the planes of Hell, defending the gates of Heaven from demons of grand design and delusions of power both.

Except, here she stood, bored and waiting in one of the adult caretaker sanctums of the Ravid island, one of the last places she wanted to be, and frowning at her friend Janiya. It wasn't that she had a problem with sanctums. The angels within performed many services for the humans, of all ages, depending on the sanctum. Some played with the children who died too young. Some tended the war torn, and soothed the wounds on their souls. Some jostled verbally with the quick witted, or played games with the humans who wanted to spend their time in Heaven enjoying themselves, until they decided their time had come to move on.

It was just, this particular sanctum was one where the humans came to satisfy their sexual desires, an adult sanctum, and Yosepha did not want to be here. For many humans, sex was a great way for them to heal the damage to their souls. For others, sex was a game, one of many they wished to play to enjoy their time in the afterlife, until they were ready to move on. Janiya preferred to work with the humans who had suffered while alive, and who needed a gentle, sexual touch, to heal. And when her patient started to heal, she indulged their newfound joy with increasingly erotic treatment.

The white marble around them, with hanging drapes of almost clear silk, and open archways that allowed the eternal sky to shine light into the sanctum, was beautiful. The gold vines that swirled and lined each curve of the building shone brilliantly in the white rays of Heaven's light. This sanctum, meant for humans old enough to understand and appreciate sexuality, could not be entered or seen into by children, for which Yosepha was thankful; she couldn't stand the little brats. But there were plenty of things in the sanctum to annoy her regardless.

Yosepha sighed, and looked up and away from her friend, and the human man on her lap. But Janiya's sigh of pleasure brought Yosepha's eyes back, and despite herself, she found herself watching.

Janiya sat within one of the pools, with no roof above to hide them from Heaven's sky. The water reached her waist, where a man's head and shoulders rested on her thighs, his legs out on the bench built into the white marble pool's wall. Naked, the man sighed softly into one of Janiya's enormous, pale breasts, and nudged his face into it where it sat against his lips and nose. Janiya's breasts, utterly ridiculous in size, were more than capable of reaching the man's face on her lap, her left breast covering most of it. And when she leaned forward a little, her long red hair stirring behind her, she helped guide her nipple into the man's mouth.

The human man was plenty tall, six feet, but Janiya was an angel, standing six and a half feet tall; average height for an angel of female tilt. The large man was more than well kept in her hands, and he sighed his own pleasure into her soft breast as she made sure to press it down against his face. With her wings relaxed against her back, Janiya stroked the man's long black hair against the back of his head with her left hand, combing it through the water, while her right hand gently stroked his hard penis, just under the surface of the hot pool.

After fifteen minutes of watching this coddling, Yosepha groaned loud enough for her friend to look at her.

"Janiya, come now, can't you do this another time? I wanted to speak to you," Yosepha said. The humans had all the years they wished, to satisfy their desires. Their endless indulgences could wait.

The damnable woman smiled up from the pool at her, emerald eyes shining under wet strands of red hair. She shifted her shoulders a bit, large, soft wings resettling against her back and where they met the wall of the pool, and she shivered as she leaned back again. Even leaning back, the soft woman's ridiculous breasts were large enough to reach the man's face and bury it, so he could continue suckling on her, while she massaged his girth.

"You may speak. Jomei is relaxing."

Relaxing, right. The Asian fellow definitely looked relaxed.

Yosepha rolled her eyes, and looked across the small pool to another angel who sat with his patient. Masada was a beautiful angel of male tilt, and well over seven feet tall, slightly taller than angels of male reflections. Short brown hair, azure eyes, tan skin, and the musculature of any mikalim. He was no mikalim, but he looked the part, save for the gentle, tender look in his dreamy eyes.

Like Janiya, he sat on the ledge built into the pool wall, water up to his waist, and like Janiya, his patient sat on his lap. Unlike Janiya, his patient was a human woman, and rather than rest her head on the man's lap, she leaned back and away from Masada's chest so she rested horizontal along the surface of the water. Masada held the small, blond woman's hips, and he gently eased her back and forth in the water, slowly sinking her down onto his shaft until her body accepted every inch of him, before he just as slowly eased her off half his length. Back and forth along the surface of the water, the human woman let out quiet whimpers and moans, as she melted into what looked like a very soothing, pleasing pace.

Of course, Masada was massive compared to her, and angels were well endowed relative to humans, even relative to their own size. There was a discernible bulge along the small woman's belly showing how much her caretaker filled her, a sensation she obviously enjoyed. Leaning back as she was, Yosepha didn't have to lean over very far to get a peek at how much the woman's smooth, tiny slit was spread around the angel's thick girth, spread utterly taut, and how her juices coated him; the water of the pool would not wash such fluids away, such was the adults' sanctum pool.

"Masada," Yosepha said with a grumpier tone than she meant. Ah well, too late now. "Be careful with the poor girl."

"I have been taking care of Jennifer for years," Masada said, and he smiled up at Yosepha with the same damn, perfectly patient and charming smile as Janiya, before he slowly, tenderly, eased the woman down and down onto his long length, until her lips met the base of his girth. The distension along her belly reached past her navel. "I know what she likes."

Jennifer managed to open her eyes enough to smile up at Yosepha and nod, before she closed them again. She whimpered, obviously struggling to manage how deep the angel penetrated, and how thick he was. But Masada was right, he knew what he was doing. Which of course made Yosepha all the more uncomfortable, standing around, watching two angels and two humans enjoying themselves.

Yosepha didn't normally have much of a sex life, but her last encounter had etched sex so deeply into her mind, she couldn't stop thinking about it. Even watching Masada now, an angel she never really thought about in a sexual manner, was stimulating. The way he held onto the small human, and penetrated her so deeply...

Yosepha took two steps back to stand over and beside Janiya's shoulders, and let out an annoyed groan, hoping to grab her friend's attention. Janiya ignored her. In fact, her friend sighed heavy bliss, let go of her patient's length, and instead used her right hand to stroke her free breast. Fingers gently plucked and softly pinched the swollen, pink nipple, while the man on her lap suckled away, earning some more groans of pleasure from her. She quivered, and her moans turned into light mewls, betraying a creature as grand and powerful as her.

But soon her noises settled, and she relaxed back against the pool wall as she took her patient's penis back into her grip.

"Really, Janiya?" Masada asked from across the small pool. "Orgasm, before your patient?"

Janiya laughed, a soft and fluttering sound, shrugged, and stroked her patient's head lovingly, as well as his length. "Jomei refuses to let me treat him without indulging me."

Yosepha grumbled under her breath, quiet enough to keep the two chuckling angels from hearing her. Damn gabriem. She sat down on the edge of the pool, and let her bare feet dip into the warm water. Everyone else was naked, but she wore her white silk robes and jewelry, and it'd be staying that way, no matter how many times they invited her into the water.

Unlike her friend, Yosepha was of dark skin, with short curly black hair. At slightly over six feet tall, she was shorter than most angels of female reflection, and she carried a little more muscle on her lithe frame than the soft Janiya.

Plenty of the humans desired Yosepha, and more than a few had asked if she wished to join them in the adults' sanctum. They said they liked her obsidian eyes, her sharp face, and often said things like 'her ass was to die for'; the pun was not humorous. She said no. She had little interest in most humans. Though, watching Masada with his patient now, she had to admit there was a certain appeal in her smaller, frailer body compared to the angel's. But not enough to draw her sexual desires.

The things that did...

Sighing, she got up, and stepped over to one of the nearby mirrors, tall enough for any angel. Angels within sanctums were always in their rest state, holding the potram rune in their minds that came naturally when they weren't fighting, or debating. Yosepha's garb with potram was lovely, a white silk robe that left her arms exposed, gold bracelets and chains that circled her wrists, biceps, her tiny belly, her ankles, and several gold necklaces and earrings. Gold mascara and lipstick as well, all part of the presentation of her potram and her latest reflection.

Romakus said he loved the way the gold contrasted her dark skin.

She shivered, rubbed her arms, and looked over her shoulder to Janiya. The man in her lap had gotten up, stood in front of her, and now merrily thrust his length between her breasts as she sat for him. The girl on Masada's length now sat upright, and pressed her chest to his body, hugging him, and bouncing on him desperately. There were other couples in the pool, humans, quiet in the presence of angels. Some were masturbating, and others engaged each other sexually. They'd also worked themselves closer to climax, until even their hushed voices were laced with moans.

Rolling her eyes, Yosepha leaned against a pillar overlooking the pool, and watched. Just because she didn't have a particular desire to join them, didn't mean the sight wasn't slowly growing on her. Janiya and Masada were gorgeous, and ridiculously charming. Heaven knew what it was doing when it birthed them, and the other gabriem. Humans melted at the sight of them.

Yosepha smiled down at the small woman on Masada's lap, and how, despite her attempts to take a more aggressive role, she was quickly overwhelmed and forced to lean back, limp in Masada's hands. The human was tiny, compared to the angel. It was easy to imagine Yosepha on Masada's lap, except, not Masada. Romakus. His huge hands on her body, his titanic wings burying her in shadow.

Yosepha shivered, and watched.

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"I think you should avoid him, Yosepha," Janiya said, shaking her head as she slipped her toga back on.

Tell her? Don't tell her? She wanted to. It ached, not telling her friend what happened. But it was better to get her opinion without bias, as painful as it might be.

“He helped me defeat several devorjin, Jan. And we both know he’s working for the Damall.”

“The council has officially ordered all angels to consider the Damall as dangerous, and not to be trusted.”

“I did! I treated him as hostile when I first met him. But... but he saved me.” She hugged herself, rubbing her bare arms where her white robe didn’t cover. Her fingers trailed over the gold bracelets around her biceps, and she fiddled with them as she looked down.

“Yosepha, any mother could see you’re hiding something.”

Yosepha rolled her eyes. Janiya wasn’t a mother, though the gabriem certainly had a habit of thinking of themselves as parents.

“I talked to him, ok? After... after the fight.”

Sighing, Janiya sat on her bed. High in one of the white towers of Ravid’s gold city, Yosepha stood in one of the open archways, half a mile above the streets of gold. An angel flew by, and then another, mostly gabriem heading to various sanctums to spend time with the humans. Games, sex, the socializing sanctums were always popular. But there were other sanctums as well, where angels helped humans overcome the damage to their souls, often with nothing more than an open ear and open arms. It was the children, who often needed those sanctums.

“What lies did the serpent spin?”

“He didn’t lie. There was little to lie about.”

Janiya joined her in the archway, sliding the clear silk that hung from above aside as she did. “Yosepha, I can’t imagine he wasn’t trying to manipulate you in some way.”

“Why would he? The Damall have been killing demons for centuries.”

“Demons have been killing demons for centuries. Why should we treat the Damall any different now?”

“Because we’ve worked with them before. They’ve proven they’re trustworthy.”

“We have never worked with them. Sharing a goal does not necessitate cooperation.” Janiya sighed and shook her head. “Perhaps they simply bide their time, until they can steal a spire for themselves.”

There was no denying how terrifying a thought that was. Someone like Romakus, with the power of a spire in his grip, would be dangerous indeed. But, worse than any of the spire rulers Heaven

currently contended with? She didn't know. But, Romakus didn't rule the Damall. No one knew who did, and the idea of a mysterious figure no angel knew of, becoming a spire ruler, was even more horrifying.

“Then all the better I learn what I can from Romakus. I don't intend to share any information with him.”

Her friend shook her head. “It could end poorly for you, Yosepha. Just because you tell him nothing, doesn't mean he might not... hurt you, or worse.”

“As you said, the council has ordered they be treated as dangerous and not to be trusted. I am doing just that. However, the council has made no decree blocking me from seeing Romakus again.” The council made few decrees, but no angel that wished to stay in Heaven could go against the rules of the council. Luckily for her and her plans, the rules were not specific enough to prevent her from speaking with members of the Damall.

The few rules that existed were enough to protect the human souls, and maintain the balance of the Great Tower. Little else was needed. Protect Heaven and ensure it continued to perform its purpose, all rules served that goal. The rules said nothing about angels and demons interacting with each other, as long as it didn't violate council decrees.

“Arioch—”

“Cannot order me to do anything, Janiya, and you know that.” The horns had not been sounded. There was no war. Yosepha was free to do as she wished, and Arioch could not command otherwise. If she wanted to scout the vortex, she could. If she wanted to visit Hell, and risk her neck on her own foolhardy goals, she could.

“I wasn't going to suggest he could. But Arioch is clearly concerned about you, Yosepha. This will be, what, your tenth excursion in the past year?”

She sighed and nodded. It was true.

“Others may be willing to let the demons amass, but I'm not.”

“I understand you're restless, Yosepha. But why are you willing to risk your life on a whim?”

“It's no whim. The Damall are amassing, and Romakus is willing to speak to me. I have to learn more.” And save the fool's life, if she found him in the same circumstance as last time. “If the council refuses to order our forces, and Arioch refuses to acknowledge the threat, I will deal with it myself.”

Janiya grabbed her wrist. “Please, friend, you are one angel.”

Smiling, Yosepha turned and pat her friend on the shoulder with the other hand. “Then come with me?”

“You know my place is here.”

“You are not bound to this place.”

“No, but I would not forsake the souls here. I do not want to. They need my help, Yosepha. You may not feel for the humans as I do, but please understand that they have earned their place here.”

“It need not be for long. A week. Maybe two.”

Janiya shook her head. “And if something happened to me? I am sorry, dear friend, but my place is here, taking care of the souls within.”

Yosepha would never understand Janiya, or any of the gabriem. But then, that was how it should be, how the creator had intended it to be. Yosepha was mikalim, and it would do her no better to fault Janiya for her heritage than it would for her friend to fault her for hers, and her need to fight.

“Do you truly think it impossible for a demon to be trustworthy?”

After a long, heavy sigh, Janiya let go of her wrist. “No. But only a fool would consider it a wise choice to trust one before they’ve earned it, Yosepha.”

“Of course. This will take time, but I think it would be more foolish to simply ignore what the creature has to say. I will be careful, and take every precaution before I so much as suggest cooperation with the brute. But... I will speak with him again.”

Nodding, Janiya kissed her on each cheek, and bid her farewell.

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Bookmark: I saved your life, well I saved yours!

Yosepha flew back to her room. It was plenty large, a single floor of one of the many great white towers, and each outer wall comprised of numerous arches that served as windows and entrances. She pulled closed her white curtains for each window, announcing to her fellow angels that she wished for privacy. Sighing, she stood in front of a grand mirror, framed in spirals of gold, and she admired her reflection’s reflection.



She was more fond of this body compared to her old one. The dark skin and lean frame, and short, dark curly hair, were lovely. A sleek and mischievous face with obsidian eyes. The gold tattoos that many angels' reflections bore these days, both angels and humans found them beautiful; as it should be. The gold lipstick, gold eye shadow, and gold fingernails, the gold and silver earrings, necklaces, rings, and belly chain, all given to her by her latest reflection and its potram rune. Upon receiving the new reflection, she had been delighted by its elegant beauty and contrasting colors.

She had realized it would delight someone like Romakus, as well.

She shivered and rubbed her arms as she looked at herself in the mirror. How could she have let that beast do what he did? She should have smote him, drove her blade through his skull, and rid the Great Tower of a great and terrifying demon. But she didn't. A part of her felt guilty for sparing him. A much larger part of her felt guilty for what came after.

Was that what this foolish quest was about? Simply a guilty angel seeking an excuse for her behavior? But then again, if Romakus, and indeed other Damall, could be convinced to cooperate with the forces of Heaven, perhaps actual progress could be had? Perhaps she could even learn who ruled the Damall?

“But if I bring this to the council, they will rebuke me, and likely order that I cease this foolishness.” Better she pursue her goal without the council, before an official order could be given. “Better to ask forgiveness than permission.” Something a demon would say. A rather eloquent demon, but a demon nonetheless.

Worst of all, worse than this quest she found herself in, was an itch she could not quite admit. An interest in Romakus, perhaps? Or, an interest in what he had done to her?

Foolishness.

Nodding, she stood up straight before her mirror, and focused. Slowly, she pushed the potram rune from her mind, and replaced it with her batlam rune. A powerful gold and white set of lines, beautiful, intricate, unknowable, hidden deep within her mind. Did all angels' runes look the same? No one knew. They could not draw them, or even describe them. But they were there, inside, and very real.

In a gentle gold and white glow, everything changed. The jewelry vanished, replaced with her armor, thick plates of shining white lined with gold. Heavy plate armor from head to toe, complete with a helmet that hid the face save for T-shaped visor. Beautiful armor, marked with the gold spiral patterns of Heaven. The battle armor of a mikalim. Nodding at the mirror, she stretched out one wing, and then

the other, and they glowed yellow as they prepared to carry the great weight of a mikalim angel ready for battle.

She flexed her left hand. Immediately, her shield erupted into existence, bathed in more of the glowing light of the angels, before solidifying. Triangular in shape and three feet tall, it bore a white face with gold trimmings, similar to her armor. The shield of the mikalim paled in comparison to the shields of rapholem, but she was no guardian. She was a warrior. She needed to be able to move.

She held out her right hand and flexed. Her sword burst forth, and she squeezed the grip. A white grip, with a gold guard and pommel accented with more spiraling lines. The blade itself bore no color of its own, a perfect mirror surface along a thick blade three feet long. She smiled through her helmet down at her familiar blade and the reflection of her helm on its mirror surface, and unflexed her hands. Both the shield and sword vanished into her, disappearing into her grace, to be summoned for battle when needed.

There was a very good chance she'd need them.

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Her wings glowed bright gold as she cut through the vortex. Raging winds, swirling sparks of red lightning, thunderous booms, and deadly maelstroms of ice shards or volcanic dirt from below. She followed it down, riding the outskirts where it cut through the clouds of Heaven. Down, and down, and down she went, expertly flowing over the harsh winds, striking a balance between where the winds pushed her down, and where they pushed her up. It was never quick for an angel to fly the vortex, but it was far quicker than a trip to the gates.

She kept her arms at her sides, and flapped her massive wings against the harder winds that sought to pull her into the vortex's center. No matter how many times she flew these winds, there was a thrill to getting so close to the center of the vortex, where its energies would rip her to shreds. A thousand trips, probably more, and she still found herself inching closer than she should, for a hint of that thrill. The humans called it adrenaline. To an angel, it was far simpler: her grace enjoyed it.

Eventually she broke free of the currents, and she sucked in a hard breath as she descended below the inferno clouds of Hell. Scorching heat burned at her body, but her armor protected her. Her grace protected her.

Below, was Hell. As enormous as Heaven was, Hell was larger, a vast landmass covered in pain, misery, torture, and hate. Up here, she was safe to soar the skies; no demon could fly this high. Up here, she wasn't able to hear the screams and cries of the humans below. She would be forever thankful, as every trip she made into Hell only served to remind her how truly blessed she was to serve Heaven, and how truly cursed the demons and the humans in Hell were.

The demons didn't seem to mind. The humans did.

Sighing, she began the descent. With the power of her wings, fueled by her grace and the light of Heaven, she could travel quickly. But quickly covering a landmass the size of Hell was no easy feat. Even with the light of Heaven fueling her wings, it would take days to reach Death's Grip.

These trips were never easy, and few mikalim took them without reason. And after stories of Ramiel spread, they now had more reasons to not. Leave the demons to their machinations and slaughter, the council advised. Well, advice was not an order, and Yosepha did not trust the demons below to remain as warring states. Sooner or later, things would change, and she would not let it be a surprise. They had to be prepared.

Three days of flying, and she found the peak she was looking for. The spire of Death's Grip reached even higher than its extreme mountains, but she avoided it by miles as she found the specific mountain she was looking for. The angels called it Eve's Bosom. The demons called it Eve's Tits. Crass beasts.

As she descended, she looked to the spire, many miles closer to the center of Hell. It stood ridiculously tall, with dozens of black, metal spikes jutting from its cold, hard exterior. She had nothing to fear, not from this distance, but she continued to glance its way as she spiraled down toward the twin peaks of the mountain, one slightly taller than the other. Closer, and closer, until she found the flat point upon one of peaks where she'd met Romakus before.

Her breath froze, as did her heart, as she saw the brute waiting for her. A part of her had hoped he would not be, so she could dismiss the whole situation and forget the dangers she placed herself in. A larger part of her was glad he'd arrived. Finally, she could speak with a member of the Damall, and do what other angels refused: make progress.

The flat bed of rock was raised on its edges by twenty feet of stone, making it a sort of pit, or arena, hiding the ongoings within. And within, stood Romakus.

The brute was a gorujin, one of the 'deadly four' breeds. Deadly four, because wherever trouble stirred, one of those four breeds was always at the forefront. It was understandable. Few breeds of

demon could match their might, while also being capable of scheming. The fact one of these breeds was her contact with the Damall was not a good thing. The simpler breeds like devorjin or tregeera could rarely see past their stomachs, but the four could lay plans for centuries.

He was huge, a brute of muscle and power. Ten feet tall, with a set of wings of his own that utterly dwarfed hers, demon wings, with claws tipping each wing finger and thumb. Two arms and two legs, and he walked on giant talons on raptorial feet, with a long, solid tail behind him. Like most demons, his skin was crimson, dark to the point of black where his skin was hardest, and red where it was soft. He carried four black horns upon his head, gigantic, and imposing. He wore bits of armor across his body, sheets of dark metal strapped to his limbs and waist, and more than a few skulls of demons and humans dangled from metal chains.

It was his face that was particularly frightening. It was a scary face. Not grotesque. Not ugly. But there was no denying it was the face of a demon, with deep eyes below heavy eyebrow ridges where his dark horns connected. His mouth was large, and even when he closed his mouth, many of his enormous, sharp teeth were visible. The hard cheek bones and pronounced chin would have been handsome on any human or angel's face, and indeed, many of the male angels had such features, usually the gabriem. But on a gorujin, they also served to highlight his many teeth, and the strong angles of his skull as it connected to his almost regal four horns.

He grinned up at her, and bowed, a deep bow complete with a flourish and spreading of his wings. His wing span was ridiculous, twice the length of hers, and she gulped as she slowly lowered herself down into the pit.

"Yosepha. Couldn't get enough of me." A statement, not a question. The brute licked a few of his fangs with his large tongue, and he casually stabbed his sword into the stone. Like him, it was a brutish blade, probably something smashed together from the blades of other demons, forged in one of the spires, and stolen by him.

Or perhaps, he still worked for one of the rulers when he acquired it? She truly knew little of Romakus, except that he was an esteemed member of the Damall. This trip had a second purpose: learn more about Romakus.

"I've had quite enough of you, Romakus," she said, and she landed a couple dozen feet away from him. By the Lord, he was tall. She was over six feet tall, a touch short for a female angel. But even a large angel of male reflection would look a child compared to a gorujin.

"Don't say that, Yos. You came all the way to see me, didn't you?"

“Don’t. Call. Me. Yos. Such an insult.”

The beast chuckled, deep voice booming in his large chest. “What brings you here, angel?”

“To talk about business. I assume you saw me approach, and decided to meet me?” Slowly, she strafed the beast, her heavy boots quietly clinking as they met the stones of Hell with each step.

“Mhmm. A couple other nearby demons saw you coming, too.”

“And you—”

“Ate them, naturally.” He licked his teeth, and winked. Despite his playful act, Romakus was a predator, and his red eyes made her feel like prey.

Angels were strong. Angels were powerful. But all angels knew to avoid an engagement against one of the terrible four when alone. If this secret meeting turned sour, it could mean Yosepha’s death.

But if Romakus wanted to kill her, he could have, the last time they met. Easily.

“Tell me about yourself, Romakus.”

“Oh shit, is this a date?”

She frowned from inside her helmet, continuing to strafe the beast. “You watch your scrying pools far too much.”

He laughed, and returned the gesture, strafing her and keeping forty feet between them, leaving his enormous sword behind. His strafe looked far more natural and imposing, with how he leaned forward and let the weight of his long, thick tail counter balance him.

“Surprises me you angels don’t act more like your humans. You talk to them all the time, don’t you?”

“I’m mikalim, not gabriem. You know that.”

He purred, an almost growl-like sound, and chuckled. “That I do.”

She did her best to ignore that sound, but she couldn’t. It was a delicious sound, dark and heavy, and something she’d felt tingle through her whole body before.

No, it was not delicious! Keep your head on straight, Yosepha. This brute isn’t even an incubus. Stop thinking about him that way.

“Speak, demon. What are your intentions with the Damall?”

“I don’t control the Damall.” He shrugged again, and came closer, still strafing around her but closing the distance by a foot. She let him.

“I know. But you’re a gorujin.”

“So?”

“You’re no pawn. You’re manipulating the Damall.”

“Manipulating is such a strong word. I help them, they help me, everyone wins.”

She frowned inside her helmet and pointed a metal-clad finger at him. “Are you after a spire? Death’s Grip’s spire?”

“Well it’s not like I’d say no if someone offered me a spire. I’m a gorujin, like you said.”

“Are you saying you’d march on the walls of Heaven if you controlled a spire?” She held out her hands to her sides, and with a single thought, etching the creation rune of batlam into her mind, her hands glowed. Once the shining aura of gold was gone, her sword and shield materialized in her hands, and she pointed the sword at the brute, shield at her side. “Tell me now, beast.”

He came closer, undeterred. “Oh, would we fight if I did? I’m down for that. You’re hot as fuck when you fight.”

She swung the sword through the air down at her feet, cutting a gash through the stone. “You underestimate me.”

“No I don’t. You’re an amazing fighter.” He came closer, and slowly spread his wings, as if preparing to fly, or pounce. “But, I’m not after a spire. I don’t want that responsibility. I’m happy to sit on the side lines, you know?”

“I found you fighting Zelandariel’s personal guard!”

He shrugged again, and came closer yet again. “I was spying. They caught me. I had to cover my tracks. And I was hungry.”

“The Damall wouldn’t send you to spy, Romakus. Do not lie to me.”

After another infuriating wink, the beast stepped closer again, and the two continued slowly circling each other. His tail was longer than her total height.

“Actually, I’m here because Zel and I are secretly lovers. I was there to fuck her, but I was spotted, and she had to keep up appearances, you know? Can’t let people know she’s actually fucking one of the Damall. We’re rebels, after all.”

She sliced the ground again.

“I said do not lie!”

The damn demon grinned, showing many of his sharp teeth. “But I’m so good at it.”

“We know Zelandariel despises you, Romakus. She has for centuries. You two are not lovers.”

“Lovers? I didn’t say anything about lovers. Jealous?” He came closer, smiling incessantly, and flexing out his wings some more. He liked making himself look big, bigger than her. And there was no denying it, he was utterly huge compared to her. Only the council had wings as impressive as his, but even they weren’t nearly as large.

Again, she did not back off. Showing weakness to a predator, demons included, was always a bad idea.

“Don’t be absurd.”

He laughed. “Don’t be like that. Come on, we saved each other’s lives. We can be honest with each other.”

“I saved your life, demon.”

“Oh? You mean that devorjin that jumped your ass wasn’t about to cave in your skull?”

She winced, thankful her helmet hid her expression. “I…”

“You were pretty surprised I helped you, weren’t you?”

“I expressed my thankfulness!”

He chuckled, and the dark vibrations tickled up her spine.

“Yeah, you did. I loved every second of it.”

She wanted to take a step back, but didn’t. She could not expose even a hint of fear, not to a carnivore like Romakus.

“That is not what I meant.”

“Sure it wasn’t.”

“It was not!”

Chuckling, he came a little closer, occasionally licking his fangs as the huge beast treaded along silently around her.

“We saved each other’s lives, Yos. You know what that means.” He gently tapped his tail against the stone underneath him before resuming his prowling, looking her up and down like his next meal.

“It means some trust has been earned. Some! It is hardly unheard of to save the life of another, in order to come under their good graces, with full intent to deceive them in the end.”

“Jesus, you think too highly of me.”

She winced again. “Highly?”

“To think I’m really thinking that far ahead.” He shrugged again. “You want to know what really happened?”

Nodding slowly, she relaxed her arms somewhat as she strafed him, though she did not release her weapons.

“Yes.”

“I was taking a peek at what Zel was up to. Believe me or not, that’s what I was doing. Got cocky, got jumped, had to fight off her fucking devorjin. Dumbass brutes.” Again he shrugged, and he came a little closer. “Then an angel came out of nowhere and helped me out. Of course, she got cocky too, and because I’m such a nice demon, I helped her out. A truce was made. And then we—”

“Enough. Keep your secrets, then.”

He sighed, but chuckled all the same. “Really, it should be me asking why you were there.”

“I—”

“But I don’t ask. Angels do angel things.” Another shrug. “We all know what you’re about. Good enough for me.” With a heavier sigh, he stopped prowling, and folded his arms across his half-armored chest as he faced her head on. The brute glared down at her, eyes hard, small dots of black inside predator red irises.

But slowly, the bastard’s sinister mouth of sharp teeth widened into a smile. A smile she recognized.

“How about,” he said, “we have some fun, and I’ll tell you more.”

Oh no.

“Romakus, we’re... we’re not doing that again.”

The gorujin licked his lips with his very, very long tongue, and he undid the leather strap holding one of his metal wrist guards. It fell to the stone with a heavy clank, hard enough to dent the black rock.



He did the same with the other as well, exposing enormous scars that ran the length of his dark skin. Dark, but growing redder by the minute.

Finally, she took her first step back, eyes growing wider. She gulped and pointed her sword up at the behemoth as he reached down, and undid the strap of his black leather and chain loincloth. It fell, as heavy as his gauntlets, the dozen different skulls attached to it bouncing and clinking as well. He took a step toward her, and undid the straps of his greaves, each only just large enough to cover the quadriceps of his titan legs. They fell as well, exposing more scars, and more muscle. He dug the talons of his monstrous raptor feet through the hard stone, tearing it up, and he chuckled darkly as he stalked toward her.

“Romakus, I’m warning you…” She flared her wings and glared at the man through the slit of her helmet. But her sword arm shook, and her voice wavered. She wasn’t afraid to fight him, but a different kind of fear tingled on her fingers. Memories teased through her mind, reminding her of the demon’s touch, the way he felt, the things he did to her.

Her focus faltered. But did not break.

“You’re not like the others,” the beast whispered, gravely voice tingling up her spine. “Come on, angel. You like a good fight, same as me. And you like a good, proper rough fuck, right? The humans are too fragile for you, and you probably don’t care for you pretty, pristine angel buddies either, right?”

She frowned harder, and squeezed her sword harder, as if that’d help stabilize her focus. It did not. The beast was unapologetically crass, and his words grated on her. But, they also sent her imagination wandering into carnal territory, even if she didn’t want it to.

“I didn’t come down here to have sex, Romakus! I came to speak of your hunt, and the Domall. You don’t get to—”

Her voice froze, and her grip wavered, as Romakus’s arousal continued to build, until the once black skin of his arms and legs were dark red, and the once dark red of his chest, inner thighs, and stomach were blood red. From within his goliath body of muscle, his penis emerged, along with his testicles between his thighs, the shaft filling with blood and desire in seconds.

It was too large, and too heavy with blood to stand upright, but that didn’t change that it was a very aroused member, half pointed toward her as it collapsed forward with gravity. And it swayed like a pendulum between his legs as he took another step toward her.

Romakus spread his wings wide, and the massive span of them blocked out the flames of Hell’s sky, casting her in shadow.

As her eyes looked him and up down, her focus finally broke. The rune of battle faded from her mind, replaced with the sheer reality before her. A gorujin wanted her. One of the terrible four wanted to fuck her. And it wouldn't be the first time.

Her armor fell away, dispersing in small showers of gold dust that faded into the aether. The helmet, the suit of full heavenly metal, the sword, the shield, they abandoned her as her mind let go of the rune. The rune would stay with her if she was in danger, or if she wished to be the danger, for those were mindsets that aligned with the rune. But now, as a gorujin, one of the deadliest creatures in Hell, descended upon her, the rune no longer fit. Her potram rune replaced the batlam rune instantly, adorning her dark skin with her white silk robe, and a host of gold adornment. Lipstick, mascara, gold tattoos, jewelry of a dozen kinds, she looked even more out of place in Hell now than she did in her armor.

Heat coursed through her, heat she knew from earlier, the heat she felt when she watched that human woman penetrated by Masada, him being so much larger than the patient. And Romakus, was much, much, much larger than Yosepha.

“Damn you,” she said, lowering her now empty hand.

Romakus laughed, sprinted toward her, reached out, and grabbed her waist. Panic hit her, but it passed when she saw the mischievous gaze in the terrifying demon's eyes. Scary as it was, being scooped up by a ten-foot-tall titan with a wing span that dwarfed hers, she didn't fight back. She couldn't hold onto her rune anymore, but the demon's reddened body spoke the same of his intentions and vulnerabilities. His skin had softened, because one thing was on his mind: sex.

High upon one of the highest peaks in Death's Grip, the gorujin lifted her to be eye-level with him, as he used his free hand to run a claw over her body. It would take more than a single, teasing claw to penetrate her armor, but that armor no longer protected her. Within moments, the robe was gone, lost to his claw, cut and left to fall from her dark skin.

The demon looked her nude body up and down, and purred satisfaction. Her heart beat like drum played swift, and she grumbled as she looked to the side, ignoring that fact as best she could.

“You angels, so righteous, always refusing to listen to your bodies.” He leaned in closer, until his evil, grinning lips almost touched her own. Meeting his eyes was like, as the humans said, meeting the eyes of a tiger. Demons often played with their prey. “You're reflections of the surface, same as us. Don't act so high and mighty.”

She growled at him. It sounded pathetic, compared to his bass-filled rumbles.

“You know how absurd that is?” she asked, squirming a little in his grip. He was careful to keep his massive hand around her waist and lower back, so he did not press on her wings. But, careful as he was, she was still a tiny thing compared to him, and the fact he could almost circle her waist with a single hand, was terrifying.

He chuckled, and walked toward a raised wall of stone. Licking his lips and enormous fangs, he set her down on a ledge seven feet off the ground, with only enough room for her to sit on it with her back against the stone behind her.

“How many demons have you fucked, angel?” He leaned in closer to her, and with her new high perch, she was eye level with him once again.

She frowned at him, pressed a small hand against his forehead of hard bone and horn, and pushed him back.

“I have never had sex with a demon!”

“Ha, except me.”

“Except... you.” She turned her head away again, doing her best to ignore the heat in her cheeks.

The demon chuckled all the more, and breathed in deep, smelling her. He liked what he smelled from the look in his eyes, and he lowered his mouth of deadly teeth down over her small breasts, and down past her abs.

“You’re the first angel I’ve ever fucked. And I hope to do it again. And again. And then some more after that.”

She groaned and pushed at his head again. He didn’t back away this time, keeping his hot breath on her bare midriff and hardening, dark nipples.

She outright squeaked when his two mammoth hands took her legs, each fully engulfing her shin and calf as he spread them.

“You’re vile. You kill for sport, and you fornicate with other demons nightly. I can smell it on you.” Which wasn’t true. She could smell him, power and aggression and desire, and for the life of her, it was all she could smell.

“And yet, for some reason, the uptight angel who only wants to fight, has come to fuck the vile demon.”

“I told you! I didn’t come to... have sex. I came to talk of Damall. You owe me answers.”



He grinned at her, and lowered his face lower, and lower. With a deep, monstrous rumble, he let loose his enormous tongue, and teased its wet, boiling tip down over her abs, down her smooth mons, and then, onto her engorged clitoris.

“Romakus! I did not say you could—” She squeaked again, and grabbed the brute by two of his titanic horns, as the beast pressed his huge tongue’s girth against her clitoris, hard, burying it in wet heat. The massive, pink appendage, as thick as her arm, lowered further while continuously pressing against her sex, dragging delicious friction along her aching clit and swollen lips.

She was wet already, and the demon knew it.

He grinned at her, tongue still hanging from his mouth between a myriad of sharp, pointed teeth, and he leaned down between her dark thighs. The huge slab of meat pressed against her clenching entrance, and she squeaked again as the brute forced the tip of his tongue into her insides.

Before she could say something, maybe yell at him for being so direct and forceful with her, he shoved more of his tongue into her, more, and more. She no longer squeaked. She groaned. Her grip tightened on his horns, and she pushed against him harder, but he did not relent. He forced inch after inch of the gargantuan tongue into her clenching depths, and her body trembled as her own desperate squeezes heightened the blissful friction he filled her with. Again she wrestled with his horns as she tried to close her legs, but his grip on her shins and ankles was absolute, and the beast was far too strong for her to push away.

“Romakus, wait! You... damn... brute...”

She erupted into whimpers as his tongue rolled inside her, waves that pressed up toward her belly in rhythm, and she stared down at the growing bulge along her abs as the beast forced in another inch, and another, between her taut slit’s lips. The beast’s tongue pressed higher, already stretching her wide enough to near bursting, but now stretching her deeper as well, until the distension along her warrior’s stomach reached, and slowed moved past her navel. Only when the brute’s upper lip found her mons did he run out of tongue to shove into her trembling body, but that didn’t stop from him forcing his tongue up and down around inside her, as his lip massaged against her clitoris.

She stared down at the writhing bulge along her abs where the demon's tongue explored inside her, thrusting up into her in waves, but also pressing left and right, causing her insides to clench hard and try and fight the unexpected angles the soaked muscle moved in. And the harder she clenched, the more powerful the growing sparks became.

The harder she tried to resist the pleasure, the harder it hit her. It took only several minutes before the first waves of orgasm consumed her, and she squeezed on the monster's horns all the harder, like handles, something she could use for balance as the growing jolts of pleasure in her depths and clitoris exploded outward, reaching up into her chest, down through her legs, and into her curling toes. More of her growing juices flowed onto the monster's tongue, mixing with his saliva, until she knew most of the fluid dripping down the demon's lips and jaw, were her own.

To cum on the tongue of a demon was embarrassing enough. To cum in only a few minutes, announcing how aroused he'd made her, had her whole body burning with shame. Why did she respond so quickly to his touch?

Of course her orgasm only spurred the beast on, and she squealed as he forced every inch of his giant tongue into her harder, stretching her deeper before he rolled his tongue in waves again. And as he did, he again forced it side to side, and she stared down at the bulge along her belly as it shifted left and right several inches. He was not gentle, but the hot, flesh texture of his tongue made every exploring probe and hungry thrust trigger more and more waves of pleasure she could not ignore.

"My insides... are not... to be... treated like... nnnng!" Oh no. She leaned forward as she squeezed the beast's horns again, and her thighs trembled around his head. Orgasm tore through her again, but the brute did not cease, and she let out little squeals as more of her dripping juices fell over his tongue and down her thighs.

Finally, he stepped back and drew in his tongue with a heavy chuckle and sinister grin. He looked utterly pleased with himself, and she dare not insult him while her whole body still quivered with orgasm aftershocks.

"Do your friends know?" he asked.

"No! No. I... had planned to talk to one of my friends, but..." She couldn't bring herself to tell Janiya this.

"Quite the guilty little angel, aren't you?" Chuckling, he reached out for her, and scooped her up again, enormous hand holding her waist. She didn't fight him. With an increasingly evil smile, the demon tilted her horizontal, and lowered her down until her body lined up with his pelvis. And with his

free hand, he took his heavy, hanging, malleable shaft, and set it along her stomach as his other hand brought her in closer, until her dripping slit pressed against where his shaft and testicles met.

Yosepha glared at him, but her eyes drifted down over his titanic body, the sheer size of his muscles, chest, abs, and arms, and then down to the hand holding her. She grabbed his fingers and claws for balance, and gulped as she stared at the enormous thing resting on her hard stomach. As large as her fist, perhaps larger, the head of his cock almost came to rest between her breasts, and thick droplets of precum oozed from the tip onto her dark skin. Mostly human in shape, the red shaft had bumps and ridges on it that served absolutely no other purpose than to be felt by whoever the monster penetrated. She shivered with the memory.

“Must you... take from me, so forcefully?”

“Ha. Angels always asking for permission. And yet, here you are.” He slowly moved her body underneath his cock, hand holding her lower back in his palm so his hot length slid back and forth along her skin. More drops of his precum dripped onto her skin, and more, coating where his girth rubbed along her. “I think you’re sick of angels, of Heaven, of always asking for permission.”

“You’re mistaken. I don’t—” She squeaked, and squeezed on titan’s thumb and index finger around her hips, as he moved her higher, and used his other hand to hold and set his cock’s swollen head against her slit. “I don’t... want...”

She sucked in a breath hard as Romakus pulled her body toward him. Her quivering muscles met the head of his length, and clenched immediately, trying to stop him. But Romakus pushed against her drenched opening harder, determined and ravenous. He was relentless, probing against her engorged flesh with determined force, soaking his glans in her cum. When he finally managed to push past her entrance, six inches of his cock sank into her immediately with an audible splash of soaked flesh.

“Ah! Slow! Slow, please!” Gasping, she stared down at her tiny, dark lips, swollen, and spread utterly taut around the monster’s thickness. Far thicker, and somewhat harder than his tongue, his cock created an obvious distension along her abs, highlighting the beast’s size. She hadn’t even taken half his length yet.

“You’re not the first angel to want a taste of demons,” he said, chuckling down at her and filling her body with its dark vibrations. “Lots of angels come down in secret to fuck an incubus here, a succubus there. A few of the braver ones fuck a devorjin or tregeera. But it’s been centuries since I’ve seen one with a taste for a gorujin like myself.”

“I don’t—” Again she gasped, and she stared down again at the huge thing filling her, as Romakus slid her body back and forth. He set both hands on her waist and hips, net his fingers together underneath her, and held his thumbs aside along her chest to keep her stomach uncovered. He wanted to watch how his cock looked pressing against her abs from within, the monster.

She was like the tiny human in Masada’s hands, enjoying her time in the adults’ sanctum, leaning back horizontal in the water. Except, that didn’t nearly do justice just how big Romakus was compared to her, and how endowed he was. If he wasn’t careful, he could truly hurt her.

And for some reason she could not understand, that danger was a delicious spice on what was happening.

She squirmed in his absolute grip, mouth open, more gasps escaping her, and try as she might to control them, soon her gasps turned into pants and mewls, as Romakus sank another inch of his length into her, and another. Her insides, already swollen and aching with desire, sent jolts of pleasure through her insides as the demon’s cock filled her, and his glans stretched her deeper, and deeper. What pain there was from being filled to the brim was minor, and disappeared under the waves of bliss, as the bumps and ridges on the beast’s cock rubbed against taught insides.

She stared at the bulge on her stomach as it reached higher, even as her muscles clenched and forced more of her juices to soak the demon’s cock. The sheer size of his glans created immense pressure on her depths, every inch of them, and she trembled all the more as he again pulled her closer to him. And with every inch, the pressure against the walls of insides was unending.

“Ha. I like you, Yosepha. Stubborn as all Hell, but damn, you’re a horny thing, aren’t you?” Romakus masturbated with her body, and sank himself further into her, the bulge along her small stomach moving well past her navel. With a dark chuckle, he sank her deeper again, and she squeaked as the monster’s cock stretched her to nearly reach her sternum.

“Enough! Enough, no more! I... I’m near to break.” She whimpered, unable to settle her wavering voice as she clutched the brute’s fingers tighter. Her legs dangled around his, thighs spread and shaking, with her juices trickling down them. The beast still had several inches left of his length, but even her angelic body would tear to take them.

Again, danger, a sizzling spark that coursed through her. Combined with the constant pressure of his glans on her deepest spot, and his girth on her... everything... every breath she took was a struggle, pants and moans mixing into them.

“Damn you are tight. You angels never fuck, or something? Thought you guys had fuck sanctums, where you just fuck all the time.”

“Not all angels use the adult sanctums! And their purpose is not for us.” She glared daggers up at the brute, but all her anger did was earn more chuckles from the monster. “And... and you know angels are not as absurdly massive as your kind.” Not since the First Age.

“Well, guess I’m lucky I found an angel who likes me.” Chuckling again, the monster resumed masturbating with her, easing her back and forth a few inches. The friction of his thickness along every inch of her taut, stretched insides, was maddening. And the depth, the way his glans filled her and pressed against her swollen, aching insides, sent deep waves of tingling bliss relentlessly through her core and into her chest and legs.

She forced her eyes up from the long bulge along her abs, and up to the titan holding her like a toy, as she came again. More of her juices leaked from her, and she blushed horribly as the warm fluid trickled down her thighs. With each stroke, her tight insides almost pulled out along with Romakus’s girth as he withdrew a few inches, exposing a sliver of her pink flesh and her copious juices, before he pushed most of his absurd length back into her.

“I... I d-don’t like you,” she said, barely audible and wavering as her climax slowly faded.

“Ha! Yeah you do. Sick of your angels and their stupid ceremonies and shit.” Shrugging, Romakus pulled her toward him again, as deep as he could go before she squeaked and shook her head in desperation. “And you’re not like other mikalim either. You like a good scrap, don’t you?” He licked his lips, and resumed masturbating with her, faster, making her squeak with each deep, penetrating thrust.

Soon, he purred, heavy and powerful, filling her body with the vibration, and she went limp in his hands as he started to fill her with his cum.

She gulped, and set one of her hands on the distension along her abs. The beast flexed his cock inside her, and she whimpered as each flex earned a gushing wave of heat. It overflowed instantly, and came squirting out of her where her slit wrapped his cock tight, thick waves of white that gushed over his cock and splashed against his own, titanic slab of abdominal muscles and thighs. He rumbled pleasure, deep bass that filled her with more vibrations, and he continued to gently grind her with what must have been over a foot of length stretching her tenderized, trembling depths.

At last, he pulled out his length, and she whimpered loudly as her clenching muscles milked him every inch. By Heaven, she could see a sliver of the pink of her insides drag out with him. Once he was



free, instead of letting her go, he set his cum-soaked length along her horizontal body again, and pulled her close enough for her slit to meet his testicles. His glans, resting along the bottom of her sternum, flowed with heavy waves of cum, white rivers that coated her dark skin, oozing down over her chest, her ribs, her breasts, her collar and neck, and down her abs and waist.

“Are you... done, finally?” she asked, eyes staring at the enormous thing resting on her body. It rose with each of her panting breaths.

“No. But we can stop, if you want.” Chuckling, he continued to move her back and forth, sliding her body along under his heavy cock, and spreading more of his cum over her skin. “Or, we can keep going, and I’ll tell you why I’ve been hanging around Death’s Grip.”

“You cannot be serious. Sex, for information? Surely you cannot be so vain!”

The giant titan of death and destruction shrugged, grinning with frustrating confidence. “Seems like a good deal to me. How many times have you cum already?”

She glared with all the fury she could muster; not much, considering how far her batlam rune was from her mind. And Romakus knew it. He chuckled, and sat down, leaning back against the wall of stone, wings snug to his back and shoulders. Naturally, the brute kept her snug against his body, her pussy nuzzled against where shaft and testicles met. Everything was soaked, and with him sitting and leaning back, his heavy cock lay across his abs. At least he let her sit upright.

“You’re deplorable.”

“Ha! You’re the one cumming her brains out like a fresh succubus. Can’t control your desires at all, can you?” He reached out, and lightly traced her left wing with his right hand. She tried to move the feathers away from his grip, but her body continued to quiver as orgasm aftershocks tingled through her. “Mmm, soft.”

“Stop that.”

He laughed, an almost warm, if insidious sound, and he wrapped his left hand around his cock. She stared at his massive grip, and how his thick, drenched shaft filled it.

She outright squeaked when his right hand lifted her up, and he guided his cock underneath her, until his thick glans pressed against the crack of her ass.

“Romakus!”

“Don’t act surprised. You think I don’t remember how much you enjoyed it last time?”

“I did n—nnng!”

Slowly, the beast pressed the drenched head of his girth against the entrance of her ass. She wriggled in his grip, and stared down at the cum-soaked girth about to enter her. Memories teased through her, reminding her of what happened last time, of how deep she'd taken him, of how good it felt to be so full. Her body boiled, and her wings fluttered as he guided her down lower, her tight hole clenching and relaxing against the sensation of wet warmth soaking it.

She grabbed his wrists and held on, mouth open and eyes locked the sight of her slit, her mons blocking her eyes from seeing where the beast penetrated her. But she could feel it, feel the heat slowly spread her open, feel his thickness begin to enter her, and feel the flesh compress and fight against her tight muscle, working slowly deeper into her, until at last the glans of his cock pushed in.

She whimpered as she stared, unable to look away from his girth as it began to disappear into her body. The brute chuckled, and slowly lifted her, earning another shivering whimper as her insides stretched wide around the soaked length. Hot flesh spread her ass, filled her depths, and she outright groaned as the sheer thickness of him pressed against the wall of her sex, and put pressure toward her g-spot, and deeper, toward her belly, as he again lowered her further.

The bulge reappeared against her abs, and once the beast reached her navel, he gently worked her up and down a few inches, each making her tremble, and filling her body with rolling sparks that shot outward from her depths. That spot, that deep spot, his cock pressed against it, squashed it toward her belly, and each time he moved her, she could feel pressure against it, made all the worse by the defined ridges and bumps along his shaft.

She still had half of his length to go.

She squeezed on his wrists tighter, moaned as she clenched her insides, and a tiny splash of her juices shot outward from her slit onto the second half of his cock. And another, and another, as he fucked her a few inches, up and down. Try as she might, she couldn't stop her legs from trembling, and her toes curled all the more.

Romakus chuckled, and sank her deeper onto his length.

"Slow! Slow, please! I... I must rest..."

"You cum so damn easily, I love it." Chuckling, he sank her further still, until only a few inches of his girth remained. She'd taken him deeper than her sex could manage, stretching her ass and her insides deeper, and deeper, until she struggled to keep her eyes open as the sensation of being filled overwhelmed her. Thank the Lord Romakus knew to go slowly, but he was also relentless, and she squeezed on his wrist in futility as he sank her deeper, and deeper, until she felt like she'd burst.

At last, her ass found his pelvis and thighs, and she whimpered as she trembled like a leaf. So much of the beast filled her, she could barely breathe.

“The sounds you make would make any demon blush.”

“Don’t be absurd!” Demons fucked and fought all night and day. His words were nothing more than lies and teasing. But she found herself blushing all the more anyway.

She leaned forward and set her hands against his chest as she fought for breath. The enormous thing filled her, left no room inside her, and she trembled as she stared down at the demon between her legs. Vast as he was, she could not hook her legs around him completely, leaving them to hang limply outside his hips, feet to the stone.

Mewling, she looked down between her cum-soaked breasts at the distension marking the brute’s depth. She’d taken every inch, and his cock now filled her ass and insides until she was sure he’d wound her. But he hadn’t. She sat on him, every inch of his shaft inside her, her ass spread around his hot girth, and her insides holding him tight.

The bulge along her belly reached so high, she almost didn’t want to look at it. But, she did, and she whimpered at the sight of it and how it nudged against the base of her sternum, between her small breasts.

“Gentle! Gentle, Romakus, please. I... I can barely... move...”

“Mmm,” the beast rumbled, sending more vibrations through her. “You do like it deep. Really deep. I must be the luckiest demon in Hell, to catch the eye of an angel with an ass as perfect and horny as yours.”

She glared up at the crass monster, and punched him once in the chest. Pointless. Gorujin were made of pure might, and even aroused and red, their bodies were slabs of muscle. She’d get better results punching the mountain.

“You could have hurt me!”

“I didn’t hurt you last time. Besides, I was keeping an eye on you. Think I’d hurt my first angel friend?” Chuckling, he set his giant hands on her hips, and gently moved her back and forth as he pressed her down on his cock balls deep, earning some wavering mewls from her. Deep. So very, very deep. “I wasn’t lying earlier. I was scouting out the spire, and Zelandariel. The Damall have been keeping an eye on her.”

“Death’s Grip’s ruler? Why? I—nng!” She mewled as the beast gently lifted her several inches, and sank her back down onto his length again. The ridges and bumps along his cock massaged her squeezing ring of muscle, but it was the pressure the sheer size of him placed against her pussy and depths that had her body singing.

“Azailia is cooperating with her.”

“She... she is?”

“Yes.”

“But why? She—” Her hands snapped down, and grabbed the wrists of the titan as his two hands gently bounced her. Her wings fluttered as she melted into the rhythm, and her eyes struggled to stay open as Romakus moved her body in a circulation motion. Up and forward, down and back, each downward bounce causing his cock to press toward her pussy, her deepspot, and higher, causing the bulge along her abs to grow and recede with each bounce. He wasn’t gentle, but not too rough either, enough to make her ass ripple with impact, but not enough to hurt her stretched insides.

“Why do you think?”

“To... to take... another spire for themselves.”

“Exactly.” He slowed his pace, and instead forced her down until her ass molded to the shape of his pelvis, before he gently eased her back and forth a single inch once again. Like a human man, masturbating and changing pace and rhythm. “Nothing new, spires conspiring. But these two are crafty. They might succeed.”

She didn’t say anything. It was a terrifying idea, two spire rules acquiring a third. Uniting demons would be a horrible problem. But, she didn’t say anything, because she knew the moment she did, Romakus would use it as a signal to change his pacing again.

He chuckled down at her, and changed the pace again anyway. He resumed bouncing her, hitting a faster rhythm than before, easing only a third of his massive length out of her before sinking it into her ass once again.

She held on, and glared daggers up at the brute as she came. No matter how hard she tried, she couldn’t keep her face stern, and she knew her expression softened as the waves of pleasure coursed through her. Eventually, she stared down at the beast’s body, at his enormous belly of hard muscle, at his pelvis her slit sat above, and at the juices that literally squirted from her onto his reddened skin. And of course, Romakus didn’t stop. He continued to fuck her, using his hand to move her up and down like a toy, until at last her orgasm faded, and she’d thoroughly drenched him.

“I tell you, I’m loving this anal kink you got, Yos.”

“Sex is not a... dirty act for you to poison, demon!” Sounding angry was hard when she kept panting between words. “It is a wondrous act of... shared pleasure, and far too good for the likes of you.” Anal sex was common in the adults’ sanctum, after all, and how many humans and angels preferred to enjoy their sexuality.

“Ha, yeah, but I have a sneaking suspicion most other angels would call you”—he gestured down to her smooth mons, and how the empty slit continued to occasionally drip juices onto him—“a pretty naughty angel.”

Naughty? She flexed out her wings and pushed against his chest to try and stand up, but all her efforts earned were hard clenches of her muscles, milking the beast and the hot, heavy thing filling her ass. He did not release her hips.

“I am a... warrior. A mikalim. You—”

The titan purred a deep, bassy rumbled, and leaned down over her, dwarfing her under the size of his chest and horns.

“You are. A damn fine warrior. And a damn fine piece of ass.”

She frowned and turned away, but her face and body blushed to near bursting at the vulgar compliments.

“Brute.”

He chuckled as he leaned back again, and while he continued to masturbate with her body with his right hand, his left released her, and drifted upward. His claws found her left shoulder, and he wrapped it in his grip, index finger and thumb circling her neck while the rest of his hand covered her arm and half her chest and back.

She mewled, and held onto his hands with hers, as the beast tightened his grip.

“Romakus!”

“Relax, Yos. You trust me, don’t you?” Chuckling, he tightened his grip a little more, and Yosepha shivered as the power of the brute became all too apparent. She was a tiny woman, in the literal palm of a titan, and his fingers were around her neck.

Yosepha was confident she could defeat most demons with her bare hands, and with the power of the batlam rune, even one of the terrible four could not simply dismiss her might. But, she could not summon that rune to save her life right now, and one of the terrible four breed had his claws around her,

with his cock buried inside her. And, as the beast tightened his grip just a little more, ensuring she felt the power of him around her throat as he started to gently lift her up and down on his length, she couldn't help but groan.

She stared down, past his titan hands on her body, and down to her sex, eyes half closing as pleasure flowed out from her depths, and dripped out of her onto the beast's pelvis.

"Demons are always fighting to be... top, as the humans say," Romakus said, voice a rumbling whisper. "But this, this is great, how easily you submit to me. And you're fun to talk to. I hope to see more of you."

As her legs finally stopped trembling, she managed to glare up at the giant.

"I am... not... submitting! I am not some... toy for you to fuck... when you desire, Romakus." Try as she might to sound angry and serious, the beast continued to gently ease her up and down on his length, withdrawing an entire foot of it out from her clenching ass, keeping his thick, bulbous glans inside her, before sinking her back down until her ass molded to his pelvis. Each stroke filled her insides to bursting, and she mewled as her aching, swollen pussy and deepspot were squashed forward against her belly by the sheer size of the brute.

The monster bounced her a couple times faster, making her squeak, before he slowed down again, and she breathed relief as his grip loosened as well. Shivering from head to toe, she looked down at her belly, and the bulge under her sternum, and she moaned as heat flooded her depths. A moment later, that same heat flowed out from their connection. He was cumming inside her, filling her depths, and her tight muscles forced his fluid to flow out of her ass and over his body.

He chuckled, and bounced her a few more times, and a few more again, each working her only a few inches on his ridiculous length, and each causing more heavy gushes of cum to pour into her. Her abs distended only momentarily with the heavy volume of his fluid, before squeezing and forcing the copious amount of thick, white liquid to come gushing out of her.

"I didn't think you were a toy," he said, grinning at her as he continued to ease her up and down, growing faster, and causing more of his cum to gush into her. "First time I saw you, I thought, damn, that angel is badass, and sexy as all Hell. I hope I'll get the chance to fuck that ass."

Before she could respond, the brute bounced her faster, and harder, still pumping cum into her. Space inside her vanished, muscles clamped down, and her wings spread out before going limp behind her. Her legs dangled over his hips, and her hands weakened, until they too eventually fell, arms dangling underneath and behind her as she leaned back in his grip, as she came yet again. For the first

time, she closed her eyes completely, and let the pleasure waves pulse through her without resistance, her insides clenching in rhythm with the beast, milking him, and her toes curling hard. More of her cum splashed against him, copious amounts, splashes she felt against her thighs.

She didn't want to see how much of a mess she was making on the demon's pelvis. Everything was soaked, and she was embarrassed enough already.

"From the... first time?" she asked. The first time they'd met had been mid battle, after all.

"Yes. You were beautiful in your armor. I was damn happy to see you were even more beautiful out of it." He chuckled again, and pressed down on her, pinning her ass to his pelvis and keeping it there nice and firm, as the final waves of his cum leaked into her insides. "Happier, to see you cum faster than a demon who's just learned how to fuck."

"I... I do not." She wanted to stare at him, but it was hard to look away from the bulge on her belly, and how it'd grown since he'd started cumming inside her.

"Ha! Yes, you do. I've fucked succubi, fujara, tregeera, diloja, even fucked a bolstara I hunted with for a while. I've fucked some wanderers, too. None of them came as easily as you." Chuckling all the more, he lifted her, nice and slow, and she whimpered as the huge phallus stretching her ass was pulled out of her. Inch after inch, each accompanied by a flesh groove that her clenching muscles milked, whether she wanted them to or not.

But, instead of leaving her completely, he kept his glans inside her, and turned her around. She squeaked and looked over her shoulder at the brute, but Romakus smiled, winked at her, and leaned her forward toward the ground. Soon she found herself on her hands and knees between the giant's enormous legs, his right hand still around her waist, and she fluttered her wings in panic. She had her back to him.

"That ass," he said between dark, sinister chuckles, "is fucking amazing." Obviously, the creature's dark red eyes were locked onto her butt and refused to look elsewhere.

She glared at him as hard as she could, but as the beast pulled her toward him, fast enough that her ass gently slapped against his pelvis, her body went limp. The only thing that kept her from collapsing against the stone, was the brute's grip around her waist. He sank her balls deep, faster than before, and she whimpered as the impact caused his testicles to gently slap against her empty pussy, and for more of his cum to leak out of her stretched insides.

"How much... longer... are you going to... f... fuck me?" she asked, voice a wavering mess.

“That depends. I got a few more secrets to share, if you’re willing.” Chuckling again, the beast bounced her against his pelvis, fucking her much faster than before. Massive as he was, he didn’t fuck her hard; he’d hurt her if he did. But he still doubled his pace from before, enough that she knew her ass hit his pelvis hard enough to ripple blatantly, and his testicles continued to slap against her empty slit with each bounce.

She went limp, trembling like a leaf as she squirted onto his testicles, splashing more cum against her thighs. Beyond embarrassing. And, the hardest she had ever cum in her long life. Her wings went limp around her, half resting on her back and on the demon’s legs, and her elbows and knees shook relentlessly. There was no point in denying it at this point. This was what she craved, to be at the sexual mercy of brute like Romakus, and fucked deep.

Embarrassing, and oh so terribly pleasuring.

“Good... secrets?” she managed to say between waves of bliss.

“Nah, nothing super useful. Just a few minor details you’d probably figure out on your own anyway.”

Sighing and nodding to herself, she shivered as she slowly regained control of her muscles.

“Then... let’s... continue.” Any secret was worth learning, right?

Romakus laughed. Such a deep, powerful, and strangely joyful sound. He tightened his grip around her waist, and bounced her more, resuming the heavy speed that had broken her seconds before.

He came twice more, filling her insides to near bursting, before they were done.

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