

~~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 monstergirls and monsterboys, 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 ♥♥♥♥/♥♥♥♥ .

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~~Three years before the Arrival~~

~~Jeskura~~

Her stomach was going to get her killed.

She stepped closer to the hole, talons scratching over the stones of the mountain, and she took a deep breath as leaned over the pit to take a peek. Of all the mountains in Gorzen she'd explored in her life, she'd never come to this one. Scary stories. Humans dying in the mountains was perfectly normal, but demons? She shivered and rubbed one of her wings with the back of her claws.

She looked up and sighed. The brimstone clouds were settling, and the burning vortex grew darker ever second. Night was coming. Go back home? Home, in her delightful little hole in a mountainside, she could sleep for the night and go on a hunt tomorrow. She'd be safe, no one would find her while she slept, and she'd be rested and less likely to break her fucking neck on Thorn Mountain. God damn, maybe her tree might have even grown some fruit?

Probably not. If she went back to her hideout, she'd be sleeping through the night hungry, get shit sleep at that, and wake up even more tired. No, she had to complete this hunt now, instead of betting on her tree being unusually charitable.

“Well Thorn Mountain, if you don't mind, please don't kill me? K? K.” With a quiet gulp, she perched on the edge of the large hole, practically a portal into a second Hell from the looks of it, and sank her talons into the stone of the mountains for grip.

She stared down at the hole, and at the bloodgrip vines and the blood on its thorns. Stupid humans just never learned. It was called bloodgrip for a reason. Well, whoever it was she was hunting, they were dumb, and following the smell would be easy with the idiot leaving behind a literal blood trail. If the fucker got himself killed before she could get his resonance, she was going to cry, cry like a fresh hatchling.

She breathed deep the scent of his resonance, and licked her lips and fangs as her stomach growled at her. Yeah yeah. She reached up and ran her claws along her horns a few times, then down her head's tendrils as she hooked her wings over her shoulders and around her neck like a cloak. Having her wings spread in the hole would just get her hurt, torn up on bloodgrip. Not good.

She sank her claws into the vine, careful of the angry thorns jutting from its dry, brown skin, and she climbed down. And down. And down. Yeap, this hole was where she was going to die, deep in Thorn Mountain where people knew to not go, cause fuck Thorn Mountain.

A thorn scraped against her wing, and she froze. A few amber veins lined the large hole, tiny and mostly buried in thorny vine, providing just enough light for her to see a vine cut across the center of the hole and nudge her wing. Fucking. Wonderful. She tightened her wings to her back as best she could, and kept going down, cause while that thorn might have drawn a bit of her blood, she could smell a lot more blood from the fucking human that didn't have the God damn decency to just let her eat him.

So, like any demon, she followed her stomach.

A tug on her horns almost got her panicking, but she forced herself to take a deep breath, and pull her head down. The vine scraped along the horn, thorns digging into it fruitlessly, and she sighed relief as she got past the vine. With her long, thick tail hanging beneath her, she felt around in the darkness for anymore fucking bloodgrip, going slower. She was stupid enough to follow her stomach into a big pit, but not stupid enough to let it kill her. Hopefully.

Her tail found ground, and she hopped off the wall. She landed silently, wings catching the air as she unhooked her wing claws from around her neck. Ok, landed, still alive, and only bleeding a little. Could have been a lot worse. And no way her prey was coming out that hole, meaning she was free to continue the hunt.

And damn, it was dark. Most caves had more amber, veins that caught the magma streams and let some light in. Not Thorn Mountain, no, because it was, as the humans put it, a shit hole. She groaned under her breath, and stepped over to the nearest visible wall. She placed her claws against it, and grinned. Blood, human blood, trails of it lined the amber veins. Her prey had come to the obvious conclusion that their only chance of not dying a horrible, thorny death, was to follow the light, what little the amber veins here provided.

They had to know this chase was doomed. The fuck was a stupid wanderer going to do in Thorn Mountain, other than die horribly, bleeding and spilling their guts as if they'd tried to climb through a patch of... of... what'd humans call it? Barbed wire? She'd check the scrying pool later to find out the name.

She leaned forward and prowled ahead, body low, tail out behind her to keep her balance as she stalked on her talons. Slow steps, quiet steps, so not even the stones of the cave announced her presence. There was enough room she could unhook her wings from her shoulders and keep them out a little, ready to spread to their full length and help her run someone down if she had to. But the amber veins were tiny, and didn't catch much of magma, leaving the cave too damn dark for running or flying.

So, prowling it was. Zel told her once she needed to slow the fuck down and learn patience. Now was a perfect opportunity, cause if she didn't, she'd get herself killed.

Drops of blood, barely lit by the amber, took her deep into the mountain, and deeper, and deeper, until the air grew thick and stale. The wanderer she was chasing didn't know this mountain used to have demons living it, from the Spires War. That meant traps and other nasties.

Fuck, she was going to be so damn pissed if her prey died before she could find him.

The tunnel opened up into a large cavern, and she stopped in the entrance as she looked the huge room up and down. Holy shit. This must have been one of Valzanal's torture rooms. Demons from the Third Age were fucking assholes that tortured wanderers they captured for the fucking fun of it. Some holdover idiocy from the old legion, probably. There were still a lot of demons like that, but not to this point, with actual torture devices. Christ, one of the nearby devices looked like one of those chairs humans on the surface sat in so someone could shove something up their ass. And in Thorn Mountain, that something would probably make the surface's pineapples look gentle.

Jeskura shivered as she stepped up to one of the torture racks up against the cave wall. Made of black metal, the damn thing was obviously meant to cut up skin without immediately killing the human. Jesus fucking Christ, the fuck was the point in that? Just eat and be done with it.

She moved along. It wasn't long before she found some bones, and she sniffed them as she passed them. More wanderers, long dead. She touched one, and the bone crumbled, femur turning into dust. Holy shit, how long had—

Something groaned, and she jumped back, every muscle tightening and her claws digging into the stone beneath her as she prepared to fight. But nothing came at her, no lunging, frothing wanderer with an axe or anything. Frowning, she stood up again in her prowling stance and moved forward, squinting to see in what little light the weak amber provided.

Movement, along the walls. More groans in the darkness, and shifting silhouettes that cut across what light she had down here in the black. She took a deep breath, and stalked forward more slowly, turning each step into a touch test. And as she sank deeper into Thorn Mountain, she grit her teeth as her eyes adjusted to the increasing dark.

Remnants reached out from the walls, emaciated skin highlighting their frail bodies, eyes wide with both pain, and emptiness. Hairless bodies scarred with burns swiped at her, long, cracked fingernails, and lower bodies merged into the walls. Some had their stomachs open and guts hanging out, and the stupid bastards were too dumb to even try pushing them back in. They moaned, groaned, and slowly waved their arms at her as they reached out for her, tears on their cheeks, probably thinking she could free them, if they could think at all.

She pulled her wings in snug around her like a cloak again, and stood up straight as she stepped past them. Fucking remnants. She bit down her snarl; wouldn't be good to make noise her prey might hear. But, as she continued stalking forward, she couldn't help but look to the remnants around her. 34. 45. 322. 121. 99. Dozens more. The numbers carved in their foreheads caught just enough light from nearby amber that she could read them, despite the squirming and pained, slow wriggling.

The fuck had Val done to have so many remnants in one hallway? Sweet Jesus, the power she must have wielded for remnants to emerge here. Diogo's home had remnants, sure, and there were always remnants at the Spire, thousands and thousands of them. But down here deep in a mountain with nothing but bloodgrip and stone, there was no reason for remnants to grow, especially now that Val was dead.

The fuck did Val do down here?

One of the remnants managed to get a hold of her tail, and she growled as she turned to face the fucking thing. A slash of her claws, straight down through the thing's — some old man — face, and he collapsed, body going limp. Like the others, he stuck out from the wall at the waist with no lower body, and he dangled down against the remnants below him. They didn't respond, groaning more and still reaching out for Jes. The one she cut, the number on his forehead changed from 121 to 120, before the remnant began to collapse.

Collapse, like, come apart at the joints collapse. Off came the head, the limbs, the guts, they all spilled down over the remnants below him in a waterfall of blood and gore. She frowned down at the sensation of the blood against the balls of her talons, and continued on. Just a remnant, useless, no nourishment there.

Through the groans and past the moans, she heard shuffling feet shift across stone. A pebble hit rock, and she snapped her gaze back to the path ahead. Dark, not enough amber to see anymore than ten feet, but if the human had gotten this far through this path, then she could risk some speed.

The tunnel went on for a while, and she did a better job keeping her tail away from the remnants. They dangled from the walls, from the ceiling, and every so often some poor bastard grew up from the floor, often with only their face emerged. They never stopped groaning in pain, a chorus of misery and agony she was very familiar with from her days in the Death's Grip spire, but that didn't change how fucking fucked up it was. One of them, some bitch dangling from overhead, managed to get a hand around one of Jes's horns, but remnants were too weak to do anything but cling like little hatchlings. Jes yanked her head free and suppressed the urge to kill this one too. Last thing she needed was body parts raining on her.

Ten minutes of sneaking through the tunnel of the damned — probably what that bitch Val called it — and she was finally out. It came out to a cliff edge, except she was deep under a fucking mountain, so calling it a cliff didn't make sense. She crept low, getting on all fours as she peered over the lip of the edge, and she peered around into the vast darkness, doing her best to catch what amber light she could.

A huge cavern, with stalactites and stalagmites; nasty, sharp and jagged copies of their surface sisters. Bones everywhere, mostly human, some not. Remnants dangled from various chunks of wall, some with amber veins cutting over their limbs and burning them, others dangling by ankles or waists from the stalactites. And there was more. Bits of metal sat around, probably meera from how the black color shined, swords, battle axes, armor with enough curve and mass to protect the muscles on demons a shit load bigger than Jes, like devorjin and borjin, maybe even a fujara.

It was an arena. The cliff edge she hid along circled the pit, with plenty of stalagmites for holding onto and standing around. She could picture it easily, demons of the second generation, demons like Val, cheering on as brutes fought each other, or fucked each other, probably with humans caught in the middle in both circumstances. Considering it was Val's arena, it wouldn't be good for the humans either way.

Noise drew her attention down to the pit. Not the groans of the remnants; basically just background noise at this point. Someone was moving around down there in the pit, and with how little amber there was down there, with no bush fires nearby, shit was dark. Shit was really fucking dark.

But it was a big open cavern. She wasn't some fucking tregeera or devorjin, she was a God damn gorgala. With a small grin, she licked her fangs, spread her wings, and took to the air. Plenty of room below the stalactites, and she took a deep breath as she soared over the spikes below. A hint of amber here, a hint of amber there, but never enough for her to get a good look at what was beneath her. The human was in there somewhere, she could smell him, and she was going to find him.

One of the bigger rock spikes that stuck out from the ground, close to the center of the arena, didn't have the same jagged edges as the others. She glided toward it, caught her weight on it with claw and talon, hooked her wings to her shoulders and back again, and looked below. Noise. Someone below her grunted and growled, and it didn't sound human. Fuck.

She snarled as quiet as she could manage, and lowered herself down the huge spike, one slow step at a time. Another deep whiff confirmed her worry: another demon was in here, and probably for the same reason she was. Fuck fuck.

She hopped down, and marched forward toward the sound. All sense of caution, gone. All worry and fear, tossed to the lava pits. Someone else had found her meal, and she wasn't going to let that happen. She—

“What the fuck!?” As she stepped around another enormous stone spike, she found the body of her prey. A man, probably in his thirties, naked and fat and oozing sweat and blood. He was missing his arm, and a chunk of his back. Someone had gotten to him, killed him so fast he didn't get to scream, and had already eaten chunks of him. Someone... someone who sat by the prey's head at this very moment.

A riiva demon. She squatted beside the wanderer's torso, her hoof feet surrounded in his blood. She had the man's heart in her hands, and she bit into it with gusto. That bitch.

Whoever she was, she stood up quick once she saw Jes, and stared at her. Or at least, probably stared at her. Riiva demons had four horns, two that came up out of the back and side of their head, like Jes and other gorgala's, but they also had a couple that came out of where eyes would normally be. Big, beautiful horns, sure, but riiva demons were strange in how they didn't really see, they sensed. How they sensed, no one knew for sure, cause they didn't fucking speak Estian. Understood it, but didn't speak it.

No wings on a riiva, and no tail either; this one was no different. Typical colors, lots of black, with red where the skin was soft, like Jes. A human face, like Jes, except for the giant horns coming out of a dark bone plate where eyes should have been. Humans called them satyrs sometimes. Riiva didn't have tendrils though, but that just made their four huge horns really pop. Fucking beautiful.

Except this beautiful bitch was eating her prey!

"I've been chasing this wanderer for hours, you fucking... arg!" She stomped over to the riiva, flared her wings, and stared at where her eyes should have been. "I should kill you! I should—"

Something happened then, that Jes was pretty sure was impossible. Never in her whole God damn life, not even as a hatchling, had this ever happened. The skies practically opened up, and for just a fucking God damn second, Jes could understand why the angels insisted on being such fucking assholes with sticks jammed right up their tight asses.

The riiva held out the half of the heart still left, to her.

"... you... you're giving this to me?"

The riiva nodded, and clicked in her throat several times. A high pitched, pleasant sound, almost like the dolphins Jes had seen in her scrying pool, but softer.

Jes squinted, obviously suspicious, and reached out for the heart. As she did, she braced her talons for a fight, digging them into the stone underneath them, but when her claws took the heart, the riiva didn't attack. Demons fucking loved to attack when someone lowered their guard, but this one didn't. Hell, she smiled, a tiny thing, and took a step back once Jes had the prize.

Jes kept her eyes on the riiva when she bit into the heart, but it was damn hard to keep her eyes open. So good. So damn good. The resonance dripped down her throat and filled her with the happy buzz she'd been craving, and the hunger vanished. The next bite turned the buzz into a full on bliss high, and she groaned as she scarfed down the flesh. Not that the flesh mattered. The resonance in the flesh, that was the good shit, that was what made the heart so God damn fucking amazing.

"Th... thanks," she said as she wiped her lips. "But, uh, why share?"

The riiva shrugged, and clicked a few times as she gestured to Jes.

“Yeah, I get that he was my prey, but I was just angry. You know the deal, riiva. Finders keepers. You got him. Didn’t have to share.” Of course, there wasn’t any reason Jes couldn’t have fought her for the kill, either, unless the riiva was an enforcer. Damn unlikely, though.

The riiva shook her head, dragged a finger along a stalagmite near an amber vein, and drew some runes. Riiva couldn’t speak Estian, but they generally knew enough to write some basic words, or their name. In this case, name.

“Daoka?”

Daoka nodded, and clicked her voice a few more times enthusiastically.

Jes couldn’t help but smile. God damn it, this riiva was cute. Whoever Daoka was, she was dressed for battle, same as Jes, lots of thin meera metal plates strapped to her chest, stomach, thighs and calves, bent, scratched, and dented with history. She had the skull of a devorjin on one shoulder, and those were big mother fuckers, so whoever this Daoka was, she had chops. Or she was a scavenger.

“Daoka. How’d you get down here? Different hunt?” Jes asked.

Daoka nodded.

“Been hunting here for a while?”

Dao held up three claws.

“Three days, nasty. Surprised one of Val’s traps hasn’t got you.”

With a heavy sigh, Daoka squatted down over their prey, and leaned her head forward, exposing a nasty gash under one of the larger horns.

“Ouch. Well, you... you didn’t have to share, but you did.” Jes squatted down next to her, and held out her hand. “Thanks. I’m Jeskura.”

Daoka stared at her — probably — and after a time of what was probably some shock, took her hand. Yeah, this wasn’t exactly common behavior, and they both knew it.

“Don’t be like that,” Jes said, laughing. “You were nice to me, first.”

Dao clicked a few times, quiet things, and she looked down. Almost looked like she was ashamed, but without eyes, it was damn hard to tell.

“K, well, I’m fed. I’m heading back to my den.”



Dao's head shot up at the word 'den', before slowly lowering to look back down at their meal. Dao's meal, really, considering she'd jumped the wanderer, and killed him so damn fast Jes hadn't even heard it. That took some skill.

"What? That why you been down here for three days? No den?" Jes asked.

A shudder ran through the riiva's body before she nodded, clicking quietly. A sad sound.

"This... this isn't a good place to hide just cause you have no den. This mountain's going to kill you." Jes gestured at Dao's head and the gash on the back of it. "What, did you get into trouble with Diogo? Can't be seen around Gorzen?"

Again, Daoka sighed, and ripped off another chunk of the kill. They got the heart already, that's where the resonance was. Everywhere else was just scraps, with only little bits of resonance. Shit to feed to cannam. If she was willing to eat more of the human, other chunks of muscle and skin, just to get a sliver more resonance, than she was hungrier than Jes was.

"Ok, you're coming home with me."

Dao tilted her head as she looked up at Jes. Didn't need eyes to show confusion. So Jes just laughed, shrugged, and took her hand.

"I don't care what happened between you and Diogo. I have a score to settle with that sack of shit already." She shrugged again, and pulled Dao up to her hooves. "You can sleep a lot better there than down here. Fuck me, I just know some leerp is gonna come around and get into my brain, if I slept down here." Laughing, she pointed at her temple and pretended a leerp was worming its way into her skull through her ear.

Dao chuckled, and smiled. A big, happy smile, big enough to show her fangs. She had a cute smile, despite the sharpness of her chin and cheeks. Well, that was riivas for you, though this was the first one Jes had ever met that'd been generous. And damn it, that was like finding a forbidden fruit in a pile of shit stains like Diogo.

"Seriously though, fuck Diogo."

Dao's following smile and nod sealed it: the girl had bad history with the local fuckhead.

"I don't care if he's the bailiff, I'm gonna kill that sack of shit the moment I get the chance."

Dao gasped and clicked a bunch in panic.

"Don't gimme that. More than just me looking to off that bastard."

Dao let out a long sigh, nodded, and chirped a few times. Quietly, as if Diogo might be listening.

Jes stopped, and looked at the riiva closely. “You’re afraid of him.” Dao hiding didn’t necessarily mean she was afraid of the bailiff. But her new friend’s response did.

Any normal demon would deny being afraid of anything. Of course, self respecting demons got themselves killed because of that pride, all the fucking time. Smart demons knew how to admit fear. And Dao looked down as she nodded.

“Yeah, me too.”

The riiva’s head lifted, startled, and Jes had to yank her head back to avoid the horns. Big horns on them riiva demons.

“But he’s just a devorjin. Dumb as all fuck. I’ll drop a big rock on him or something.”

That managed to earn a chuckling chirp from Dao, but her head lowered a moment later. Yeah, she knew the problem with Jes’s plan. Not only would dropping a giant rock on a devorjin probably not kill them, Diogo was just a little smarter than your average devorjin. He might actually look up.

“Come on, let’s get out of here.”

The walk back to the entrance was infinitely less scary with a friend. Eyeless demons handled the dark a lot better, and Daoka took lead, guiding Jes through and between stalagmites, up over the rocky wall of the pit, and back up to the outer edge that led to the tunnel.

“So, Dao, how—” Even with Dao in lead, there wasn’t any way the hoofed demon could avoid every spiky, nasty thing on the ground. So naturally, Jes tripped, the smooth side of her talons catching some vine. “Shit!” Down she went, onto a whole fucking bunch of stone and darkness. She managed to land on her hands at least, but some bloodgrip got her along the wrists and palms, and she growled with pain. “Fuck.”

Dao turned and squatted down in front of her, head tilted to the side; seemed to be her ‘are you ok?’ body posture. Slowly, she helped Jes back to her feet, and took a moment to gently run her fingertips along Jes’s skin, careful with her claws. That was a lot more touching than Jes expected from the riiva, but she didn’t stop her. Eyeless demons could feel things other demons couldn’t. Besides, she was hot.

“I’m fine I’m fine. Just, this place is such a pain in the ass without light. And the walls, all the fucking bloodgrip, big problem if I get it in the wings.” If they had some bushfire, it’d be easy enough

to make a torch, but she didn't see any bushes. "No wonder gorgala avoid these caves. One false step and I'm grounded for days." And getting around Hell wouldn't be easy without her wings.

Dao chirped happily, took Jes's less injured hand, and got walking. Jes blinked down at the riiva, her three-fingers-one-thumb clawed grip, and how she guided Jes forward like she was guiding a hatchling. It was God damn adorable, except, Jes was on the adorable side of action, and she wasn't used to that. She was badass, a fighter. She had three vratorin skull trophies dangling off her hip! She was not used to someone actually going out of their way to help her.

Felt nice, honestly, and Jes smiled down at Dao's hand. It also worked following her, since Dao didn't have a tail or wings or anything to get in Jes's way. If there'd been more light than just a few amber veins, and if Dao hadn't been wearing metal armor like Jes, it'd have been a great opportunity to check out her ass, too. Riiva demons always had great asses, jumping around like they did.

The walk through the tunnel with all the remnants sucked. Jes stayed low. Dao stayed super low, with how big her horns were. The crying faces, the swiping hands, the moans and groans, the thousands of fingers, it sent a chill through Jes's body just as bad as the first time.

"Valzanal must have been a really bad bitch, to earn this," Jes said, gesturing around them at the remnants. She had to speak up, to get over the sounds of the damned.

Dao chirped, also loud enough to punch over the moans surrounding them.

"Yeah, horrible." She ducked under one remnant who hung low from the ceiling. Another, she smacked with her tail, getting the fucker across the face. Better that than having the disgusting thing grab her. "I don't think I've seen you around Gorzen Mountains. You from the Crag?" Most riiva were.

Daoka nodded, and chirped a few times. Soft, sad clicks.

"Shit went down in Gazra Crag with Tacitus?"

More clicks, sad and weak.

"That sucks. Sorry to hear that. I've never met Tacitus, but from the few times I've flown by the Crag, he seems to run things pretty tight, and he's a sneaky fucker. Saw more than a few demons skewered." Not like it was only remnants getting tortured out there. Bailiffs did love to make examples of demons that stepped out of line. Caught stealing from a bailiff? Skewered on a big pyke of meera, right up the cunt or ass. Caught messing with the bailiff's enforcers? Skewered. Caught getting a piece of ass from the bailiff's favorite betrayers, fucking or eating? Skewered. Caught taking any fruit from any forbidden tree the bailiff might have? Skewered.

Doaka shivered, clicked several times, quietly, and shook her head as she stepped out of the tunnel of remnants. Out here with more amber veins, it was easy to see Dao was scared.

“Well, I’ll help you get set up here in Gorzen. Until you are, you can stay at my place. Safe there, hidden.” And it had a treat waiting for them, if they were lucky.

Dao looked back at her, smile growing, and she nodded as they stepped into the subtle light of the hole above. Night had come. The red clouds above lost their light, the burning eye of the vortex shut tight, and the amber veins in the cave dimmed to a gentle glow. But it was still brighter than the pit they’d just come from. Not bright enough she felt comfortable climbing up through a deep hole with shit loads of bloodgrip everywhere, though.

“Uh, maybe we should wait till morning? I’m gonna get my wings all cut up climbing in the dark.”

Dao let go of her hand, tilted her head to face up into the hole above, and jumped, grabbing some rock and bloodgrip without issue. With a few happy chirps, she scrapped her hooves against nearby vines, and the dark hooves cracked them off. Crack crack crack. They fell like rain, and Jes smiled as she watched them bounce and roll along the cave floor. Daoka used her huge horns too, grinding them against some vines, hooking them, getting the back sides of the vines smooth before she moved onto the next one.

This girl was too nice. Maybe she’d be happier in the Geeraz Tombs? She was way too good for the likes of Gazra Crag, or Gorzen Mountains. Or Death’s Grip, for that matter. Maybe she’d be happier in Grave Valley? Fuck, that was so far away, but Jes had heard Azailia and her bailiffs weren’t such hard asses, like Zelandariel and Death’s Grip’s bailiffs were.

Leaving Death’s Grip? Ha. Fat fucking chance. The trip would kill them both.

Jeskura tightened her wings to her back and shoulders, nice and snug, and once Daoka created the room, she jumped up. She might not have had Dao’s legs, but that didn’t mean she couldn’t jump a good ten feet. Claws found vine, and she winced as she prepared for pain. No pain. Dao had done a damn good job.

It took them almost an hour to climb a hole Jes had originally come down through, slowly, in twenty minutes. Most of the time was spent waiting for Dao to clear a climbing path for Jes, but she worked fast, and Jes couldn’t help but chat while Dao worked. Clickers like Dao weren’t usually interesting to talk to, but this one was strangely fun, and good at getting a lot across with only pitch changes.

By the time they got to the top, they were both laughing. And that was strange. Christ, when was the last time Jes laughed when on a hunt? Two years? They—

A roar boomed through the night air as Jes pulled herself up, and hopped out the final few feet of the hole. The surface of Thorn Mountain was sloped, and damn high, high enough Jes could see much of Death's Grip below her. In the distance, there was the Geeraz Tombs, giant structures of spiked metal and twisted, carved stone. Beside that, the Gazra Crag, a giant, steep cliff, with stones so sharp they were practically weapons, and a ravine below, stretching for a hundred miles. Where they connected, the spire stood, nearly touching the burning clouds above.

And in front of all that, charging up Thorn Mountain maybe a hundred feet away, was a fucking tregeera.

Tregeeras stood eight feet tall, when they walked on their hind feet. Usually they went on all fours, like this one was, and their talons were so God damn fucking massive, they tore up the stone they ran on. They usually went nude, mostly black skin thick enough to serve as armor, with red underbellies and red along the soft side of their arms, thighs, and face. Wanderers called them tigers sometimes, sometimes weretigers. They did kinda have a feline body shape, except, ya know, the giant, fat tail covered in spikes.

But they had faces like gorgals, human-ish and female, with hair tendrils and a couple of horns. Unlike gorgals, tregeera could smile real wide, and show off a set of teeth that put most demons to shame.

And Jes knew this one.

“Scilla! The fuck are you doing!?”

The huge bitch smiled as she came barreling toward them, the short black tendrils on her head bouncing around behind her long, sharp horns. Her dark red eyes looked hungry.

“Diogo and Tacitus send their regards!”

“What!?” Jes spread her wings and readied her claws, but as Scilla got closer — didn't take her long — her target became clear. She was running at Doaka.

And as much as riivas could jump around and scale steep cliffs and shit, this part of thorn mountain was mostly flat, perfect for a tregeera to run them down.

Dao tried to jump out of the way, but Scilla predicted it, and pounced to meet her. Dao wore armor, but tregeera were bigger, stronger, and those claws could get through meera metal if she had the

strength to back it up. Scilla did. She was an up-and-comer in Diogo's enforcers, and a bitch Jes knew to avoid.

A second later, Dao fell to the mountain side, pinned under the much larger demon.

Well, fuck that. As Daoka cried out, a wavering shriek mixed with a thousand chirps, Jes threw herself at Scilla's side. Fucking tregeera had a lot of spikes on their big tails, but the spikes on their spine weren't too huge or in the way. Jes managed to get her claws into Scilla's back, through the black hide, and sink them into her, drawing out a roar of pain from the bitch. And that's why, even with a thick leathery hide, demons should wear armor. All Scilla had on was a big goort strap around the chest to keep her tits in check. Dumbass.

Scilla stood up and spun around, but Jes kept her claws where they were, spinning around with Scilla like she was attached. She basically was.

"Jes! Get off! Diogo has a deal with Tacitus."

"I don't fucking care! You're not killing her!"

Snarling, Scilla spun around faster, then twisted side to side hard, before she finally got smart, got back on all fours, and rolled over. And much as Jes saw it coming, her claws were a bit too deep in the bitch's thick hide. Jeskura went under the large creature's weight, and she roared as she pushed up against her. She was strong enough to keep Scilla from crushing her, but not strong enough to keep some of those spikes from cutting her forearms in the roll.

Scilla rolled back onto all fours, the angle thankfully enough to leave Jeskura on the ground, claws coming free. Roaring until the mountain almost shook, the grinning beast turned to face Jes, and licked her many, many sharp teeth.

"You got nerve fucking with Diogo, Jes. Don't think I won't tell him about this."

Before Jes could sit up, Scilla pounced, and slammed one of her big, clawed feet down on her. She flexed her talons, and they dug into Jes's armor, and through it, deep enough the tips of her talons reached Jes's chest.

"I didn't do shit to Diogo!" Jes clawed at the leg pinning her, and Scilla withdrew before Jes could get her claws through the dark skin.

"You're interfering with my hunt! This riiva ran from the Crag. Tacitus sent a gremlin with a message that he wants this particular riiva dead. Had some of her blood. I've been tracking the scent for days."

Well, that explained why Dao was hiding, then.

“Fuck you.”

“Ha! Stay out of my way, Jes, and I won’t—” Scilla flew forward, and fell onto her tits and stomach hard enough she slid five feet over the harsh stone of Thorn Mountain, before she rolled over several times, bloodgrip cutting at her.

Daoka stood where Scilla had been, leaning forward, with bits of blood on her horns. Holy shit, she’d rammed Scilla in the back. Dao’s armor was shredded, exposing bits of red skin underneath. Scilla had been playing with Jes, but she straight up meant to kill — and probably eat — Dao.

And Dao was the first demon Jes had met in fucking years that she kinda didn’t want to die.

Jes didn’t wait for Scilla to recover. She spread her wings, aimed at the bitch on the ground, and leapt toward the tregeera. With enough speed, the air caught under her wings, and she took flight. As Scilla got up, Dao thankfully got the hint, and charged again. Scilla recovered fast, and leaned down to catch Dao’s oncoming charge with her hands. Dao’s huge horns landed snugly in Scilla’s grip, and the tall beast roared down at the riiva.

Jes pulled her wings in snug, and fell onto Scilla’s back and shoulders. Stupid bitch, so preoccupied with her hunt. Now her only pair of hands were busy trying to stop a riiva demon from ramming a hole straight through her gut.

Scilla picked Dao up by the horns, and threw her. Jes almost took off to try and catch her new friend in the air, or at least stop her from rolling down the mountain until she broke all her limbs, but if Jes did that, she wouldn’t be able to deal with Scilla. Please be ok, Dao.

“Get off! Get—”

Jes sank her claws into Scilla’s neck, and ripped out the bitch’s throat. No showing off, no bravado, no boasts, that was the sort of shit that got demons killed, demons like Scilla.

Scilla’s whole body went rigid for a second, before she reached up, grabbed Jes, and threw her down onto the ground in front of her. Ow.

“Gl... ga...” Gargling on blood, the big bitch fell onto her knees, and then crashed onto the stone slope of Thorn Mountain. She twitched a few times, big spiky tail trembling, and died.

“Dao!” Jes ran off in her direction, spread her wings and caught the air again, ignoring the new pain in her wings, and quickly swooped down to find her friend.

Thank God, the riiva sat up. Jes landed beside her and helped her stand, and Dao had to hold onto her arm for balance.

“You ok?”

Dao managed a slow nod, and clicked several times. There were deep gashes in her armor, and the devorjin skull on her shoulder was cracked. Bits of blood trickled down her legs, and a few nasty cuts marked her arms and shins where the armor didn’t cover; riiva had a few small spikes on the elbows and knees that got in the way of armor more than gorgalas.

The riiva clicked several times questioningly as she looked around, and Jes gestured to Scilla’s body.

“Dead. I’m not sure what you did to piss off Tacitus so much, but it’s probably better if you don’t tell me. Scilla was one of Diogo’s closest enforcers, so, I guess whatever deal he worked out with Tacitus... yeah.” Before Dao could respond, Jes held up her free hand, other still holding Dao up. “Whatever, doesn’t matter. She’s dead now. I’ll take care of it.”

After a long, heavy sigh, Dao leaned in toward her, and rested her weight over Jes’s shoulders. She was six feet tall, but Jes was six and a half feet, and had no trouble holding her up. A demon leaning on her for support? First time it’d ever happened in her whole damn life, and Jes had been around for a good while. Whoever Dao was, whatever her past, she was too precious to let die.

Jes smiled at her, hooked her closer wing around Dao’s back and further shoulder, and the two of them walked over to Scilla’s body. Unexpected second meal. Nice.

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She was going to tear the bailiff’s head off, and wear his skull as a helmet.

With a heavy sigh, Jeskura walked through the tunnels of Diogo’s cave, and she made damn sure every other demon she ran into knew she was angry. Easy to do, with a tregeera head dangling from her hand by the dead bitch’s tendrils. Everyone in the cave gave her space, which only made her more angry, cause she was itching for an opportunity to rip something in half, anything to blow off some steam. A gorujin? A fujara? Bring it.

Her talons scratched along the stone floor, announcing her annoyance to anyone within earshot. Her tail slithered behind her, helping her keep balance toward her talons, in case she needed to pounce



some fucking asshole. With her wings wrapped around her shoulders like a cloak, she looked almost regal, like maybe she should be running this province. Maybe she should? Zel would probably be happier with her running the place. Diogo was just a stupid devorjin. The fuck could he do to her?

Quite a bit, if the big asshole got his hands on her.

Growling, at herself more than anything, she forced herself to stop and take a breath. She was in Diogo's home, and surrounded by his devoted servants. Lucifer take her, if she let her temper get her into trouble again, she probably wouldn't survive it. She ran her claws up over her horns and down her tendrils, like human girls did, and sighed again. Deep breaths. Slow. Calm down. It didn't matter that she was smarter than Diogo, if she couldn't physically wrestle his title from him.

She ground her teeth together, licked a fang, and continued along the hall of stone. Occasional chains dangled, hooked onto spikes, each decorated with skulls, some human, some not. Veins of amber lined the cave walls, lighting the place up with hints of hellfire. The vines of thorny bloodgrip dangled from the rock above, daring her to use her wings and get torn up. A remnant here or there hung overhead, slowly clawing at the blood-soaked cave wall that held them. Some of them were tangled in chains, and they bled from spikes that cut through their flesh. Some of them were crushed under giant rocks, mortar for walls either Diogo or Hell herself wanted, and they squirmed as they writhed in agony.

Demon moans and groans echoed through the cave and its hundreds of tunnels, some pained, some pleased, most from the exertion — and exhilaration — of combat. Of course, the closer she got to Diogo's throne room, the more the moans leaned toward pleasure.

The path went straight, but she passed a dozen different paths she could have entered. Most ended in alcoves of different sizes, or connected to other tunnels, but as she grew closer to the heart of the Gorzen Mountains center cave, she found herself slowing down. Yeah, she was angry. Yeah, she might just get into a tussle with Diogo, and maybe get killed doing it. Yeah, she was boiling and ready for a fight. But, fuck, she wouldn't be a demon if the possibility of an upcoming fight didn't get her in the mood to fuck. And this deep in the tunnels of Diogo's cave, demons were everywhere, fucking.

On her right, a devorjin, not Diogo, was having fun. Devorjin were huge, nine feet tall, all thick with muscle, thick wrists and thick ankles, thick backs, thick everything, with the thickest black hide of any demon. No horns though, or wings, or tails, with tiny eyes in deep, tiny eye sockets. Basic, stupid brutes. And this devorjin was wrestling around on the stone floor of his room with a tregeera. Sexy, seven feet tall, lots and lots of claws, a big scary smile on a mostly human face.

Jes made sure to keep Scilla's head out of view as she took a peek. No need to get this girl's attention about her fellow tregeera's death. Not that this girl would give a shit, but still. And damn, seeing the devorjin pin the girl underneath him and ram his ridiculously massive cock into what was evidently a very wet hole, was fucking hot as well. Even a demon as big as a tregeera struggled to handle something as big as a devorjin, and a bulge rammed up along her belly with each thrust, forcing happy grunts from her.

When tregeera fucked, it could get pretty hectic; they didn't like to lose. Lots of fighting for top, lots of biting and scratching. So good.

Jeskura watched for a few seconds before she kept moving. Now she was ready to fight and fuck too, damn it. She looked down at her arms, and grumbled as the softer parts shifted from dark red to blood red, announcing to everyone who bothered to look that she was horny. Well, it's not like she was the only demon in Diogo's cave walking around all aroused and shit.

On her left, another hole opened up into a small room, and she stopped by it as she smiled.

"Zreeg, still alive?" she asked.

Zreeg looked at her, and tilted his head to the side, confused. Well, he was a borjin, and she'd be lying if she said borjin weren't just as dumb as devorjin. If anything, they were dumber, and Zreeg was no exception. But he was her friend, one of her few.

The huge demon smiled as he slowly came to realize who it was. And then raised a brow, as he looked at the head in her hand.

"Jeskura. Happy? ... not happy. Angry?"

"Yeah, I'm pretty angry, but not at you. Got a bone to pick with Diogo." She stepped a little ways into the big hole in the wall the demon sat in, and grinned at him as she looked down at his body.

Borjin were big brutes with no tendrils anywhere, like devorjin. But borjin had tails, long and thick and mostly smooth. And they had some really sweet spikes coming out of their elbows and back, and a couple sweet horns. Humans sometimes called them minotaurs, though borjin didn't have snouts, just a pretty typical scary face. And no fur of course, just leathery skin like all demons.

Borjin were also usually pretty calm, relative to other demons, and Zreeg was no exception. He sat there, big dumb dopey smile on his face, legs spread, and he let out a satisfied smile as he reached down, and ran his hand down the back of the impa currently trying to fit his dick inside her. A cute little thing, four feet tall, with wings, talons, horns, and a tail like Jeskura, just on a much smaller package. A

much smaller, much more harmless package. The best any impin or impa could manage against a proper demon was a scratch or small bite mark.

Jeskura stepped in a little closer, and admired the sight of Zreeg's body, the giant chest, the abs, the thickness of his arms and legs, all of it blood red as the demon was obviously aroused as all Hell. She squatted down beside the little impa, and watched as the tiny creature, on her hands and knees between Zreeg's giant legs, tried to push herself back toward the beast. A distension pushed along her tiny belly, and her tits jiggled underneath her as she rocked back and forth, each motion making her squeak and her small wings tremble.

She'd managed a lot of Zreeg's cock, but still had half to go.

"How'd you convince an impa to hop on your dick?"

Zreeg shrugged. "She needed favor. Helped build her den."

Ha, typical. Get the borjin to do heavy lifting in exchange for some pussy.

The impa mewled as she managed to look at Jes, but her eyes closed and her arms gave out, letting her chest fall to the stone, once Zreeg gave her hips a hard tug toward her. Borjin smiled down at the little creature, and gently worked her body back and forth, forcing a good three more inches into her slit. Jes squatted lowered, and licked her lips. Yeap, the little impa's belly showed how deep Zreeg was fucking her. His cock nearly reached her sternum. Fucking hot.

"Whose head?" he asked, gesturing to Scilla's head with his free hand.

"Some bitch named Scilla. She pissed me off, fought me for territory."

Zreeg raised a brow, cast a glance at the head by his doorway, and smiled. "You killed tregeera? You strong."

Jes grinned, stood up, and pat her friend on the shoulder. "Damn right." After a flex of her wings, showing off, she picked up Scilla's head again, and walked off. But before she left, she looked over her shoulder back at Zreeg. "Be careful with her, dumbass. Go any deeper and you'll puncture a lung."

Zreeg shrugged, and groaned deep as he looked back down at the impa on his dick. Lots of trembling and squeaking from her, which only encouraged Zreeg to continue working her on his length, and force another inch into her.

He wouldn't actually puncture one of her lungs. Imps and grems could handle basically any dick size, which was always fun to watch. Jes was tempted to do just that, because it was a guaranteed

spectacle when one of the big demons got their hands on one of the little fuckers. But, she had a prior arrangement.

The main chamber in Diogo's cave was large, and a slope of rock had been carved into a seat; not tail friendly, but fine for a devorjin, like Diogo's predecessor, and now Diogo. And the demon himself sat on it, his small eyes pointed down in thought, massive arms of thick muscle resting on the chair's arms. Chains dangled from the ceiling with skulls attached to them, with some chains attached to the throne as well.

Diogo, like most devorjin, didn't bother with armor. The fuck did he need armor for? Skin so dark it was almost pure black, hard as fucking rock, and without any horns, spike, or tail, they were juggernauts, perfect for fighting in tight spaces. And Diogo was bigger than other devorjin, almost ten feet tall, and thick as the God damn mountains he owned.

Normally a succubus and gorgala would be sitting around Diogo's legs, sucking on his dick while he gave orders to visiting demons, like Jes. He spent maybe a total of thirty minutes of the day doing that, probably seven hours getting his dick sucked, and five more hunting and eating. Bailiffs weren't picked for being smart. They were picked for strength, and Diogo was strong. And, to Jes's frustration, just slightly smarter than other devorjin.

Diogo lifted his head, looked at her with his tiny eyes, and rumbled quietly, deep in his chest. The bassy rumble echoed in the huge cavern until Jes felt the vibrations in her bones.

"Scilla," he said, and he gestured to her head, still hanging from Jes's hand.

"Yeah. Tried to kill me."

The bastard lightly scraped some of his talons on the floor, and some of his claws on his stone throne's arm.

"Did she?"

"She did. Sounded like she thought I was stopping her hunt. We got into a tussle. And she was a cocky bitch."

Diogo snorted, hard enough Jes felt the hot air hit her. "Do you expect me to give you her role?"

"No, fuck that, I don't want that job. But I'm claiming kill rights. You know the deal, immunity, and I get to keep the trophy. It was a fair fight."

"You have no witness."

Jes pointed to the puncture marks on her armor, upper stomach, where the bitch had pinned her under her talons. Six talon marks. Only tregeera had six talons.

“It was a fight. She nearly had me. I won.” Snarling, Jes spread her wings wide, exposing more of her torn skin. Plus, it was dramatic. This was a kill claim, and devorjin responded best to boasts. “Others have claimed kill rights for less.”

“Hmm. True. Very well.”

Oh. Well, damn. She was kinda hoping to make a fight out of this. Not that she could beat Diogo in a straight fight, but a yelling match was fair game.

She growled, nodded, and turned her back to him, ready to leave.

“Be careful,” he said. “She was supposed to deal with a riiva, one that left Gazra Crag, after killing one of Tacitus’s enforcers.”

Jes froze. Took a shit lot of effort to not completely freeze though, and she managed to keep her tail flowing behind her.

“Sounds dangerous.”

“Keep an eye and ear open for her. Name’s Daoka.”

“Do I get kill rights for her if I get her?”

“Yes. Tacitus wants her dead, not her stuff. Besides, she has nothing left.”

“She has her skull, that’s enough.” Nodding, she walked off as she hooked her wings over her shoulders, wing claws around her neck, and did her best to keep her face cold and calm so the nearby demons watching wouldn’t know how much she’d just lied.

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Taking Daoka back to her place wasn’t easy. It was high up, and normally Jes would find a tall ruin or something to hop off of, and glide to it. But riiva demons didn’t have wings, so they weren’t doing that unless Jes abandoned Daoka, and she wasn’t going to do that. No way in Hell.

So, that meant a long path winding through mountains, big ass rocks, old ruins, a swim through a shallow red river, and then the hike up Adam’s Back. Unlike Thorn Mountain, Adam’s Back was just bumpy, lots of boulders and steep cliff faces, but no bloodgrip or whatnot to fuck her up if she

misstepped. But, walking a long distance? Ugh, tiring. Her talons did not like, and soon Daoka pulled one of Jes's arms over her shoulders to help carry her, and hold Scilla's head for her.

Hooves. The damn woman had hooves. This trip was easy for her!

They came to a tiny crack in a wall of stone, and Jes guided Daoka through it. A winding path in the dark, lots of different ways to go, each only a couple feet wide, like veins in a mountain. It took ten minutes if you knew the way. It was a death trap if you didn't.

They came out in a cave, with amber lines covering the walls, lighting up their path and hitting Jeskura with a wave of relief.

"Home sweet home, as the humans say." Laughing, she reached behind her and helped Daoka out the final few feet of the tight wall crack. Her new friend clicked several times with excitement as she looked up around her. "Yeah, pretty, isn't it? Lot more amber veins in this mountain than Thorn Mountain. Really catches the glow." Nodding, Jes took Scilla's head, and tossed it aside against a nearby wall. Ka-splat. Laughing again, Jes waited for Daoka to step clear of the wall, before she grabbed hold of a massive bone, and used it as a lever to role a big fucking rock over the crack in the wall. Say one thing for Adam's Back, there were big ass rocks everywhere.

Daoka clicked her admiration, and Jes laughed again as she took the demon's hand, and guided her through the cave. A big cave, lots of alcoves, each about fifteen feet tall, and each well lit with amber veins, all except one: her bedroom. Daoka erupted into excited clicks when she saw it.

"I know! I found this cave years ago, and there was a bed here." Most demons didn't bother with beds, considering the amount of spikes, horns, talons, and claws most of them had. But when Jes found this place, she damn well fucking learned how to sleep on one, because someone put in the effort to make it, in this cave. "I'm guessing someone who worked for Valzanal had it made, maybe as a hideout." Well, that must have been hundreds of years ago. Whoever it'd been, they hadn't shown up in years, so fuck em.

Shrugging, she stepped over to the bed, spread her wings, and sat on its edge. Daoka clicked a few curious sounds at her and gestured to the bed as she walked over, and pressed on it experimentally.

"Nah, it can't be as soft as a human bed. Have you seen what humans make beds with on the surface? This fucker's made with goort leather, and filled with beram skin for the softness, I'm pretty sure." Shrugging, she pat the dark brown and red leather, and motioned for Daoka to sit.

She did, and she clicked like a happy hatchling as its softness molded to her armored ass.

“Heh, yeah. I—” Jes stopped, blinked at her new friend, and sniffed. Daoka tilted her head to the side, before she took a big sniff too, and stood up. Jes followed suit.

Someone else was in the cave.

“Wait, I know that smell. Leos! Leos you here? You Lilith fucker, if you’ve fucked up my tree.” Growling loud enough she knew the bastard could hear her, wherever he was, she marched toward the cave alcove that held the forbidden tree.

Like all forbidden trees, a bunch of amber cut along the ground to reach it, disappearing into its roots. This one was small, and didn’t produce fruit very often, but still, it was probably why some demon from the Third War had created this little hideout. Even a small forbidden tree was a great find, if someone could keep it a secret. She could, and Leos could, cause if he didn’t, she’d kill him.

Sure enough, a demon stepped out from behind the brown, sharp, leafless tree. He had a smile on his beautiful face, and he leaned against the tree as he folded his arms across his bare chest.

“Jes, hey. Glad to see you’re alive.”

“Don’t give me that shit. You’re here to steal a fruit from me.”

“Nonsense! I’m here to claim what’s yours as mine. I’d heard you went hunting in Thorn Mountain, so naturally, I’d assumed you died. No stealing.”

She rolled her eyes, and marched up to the asshole as she settled her wings on her shoulders again. That was enough to let Daoka know this wasn’t going to get violent. Probably.

Leos was a volarin, or incubus according to the humans, which meant he was fucking gorgeous, with the body human males wished they had. His head tendrils were long, obsidian, and almost shiny. His skin was a dark hue of reddish purple, darker where the skin was thicker like on any demon, and almost bright where the skin was soft. Gorgeous eyes, vibrant blue, and with a couple bone-colored horns that curled backward from his forehead. A very thin tail coiled around behind him, tipped with a small spade.

Daoka and Jes wore bits of armor made of bone and dark metals, enough to cover their chests, stomachs, biceps and thighs. While Leos, in stereotypical incubus fashion, wore nothing more than a fucking leather skirt that didn’t even reach his knees. It’s not like armor would help him much; he didn’t stand a chance against any real demon that wanted to kill him. So, he used his best tool to keep himself alive: the body of Cain himself.

“Then why hide when you heard me coming?” she asked.

“I didn’t realize it was you.” He nodded past her to Daoka. “Who’s the riiva?”

“This is Daoka. She helped me in Thorn Mountain, and helped me—” Wait, don’t tell him. The fewer that know, the better—“treat some wounds, after my fight with Scilla. You’ll find her head by the entrance.” Jes stepped back and slipped a wing behind the riiva. “Daoka, meet Leos, a useless, conniving wimp. But he’s got his uses. And he’s a great lay.”

Daoka erupted into nervous clicks, and she lowered her head to look at the floor as she squirmed.

That was the second time Daoka showed shyness. Humans were shy. Demons were not. And as the two demons, strong and deadly, stood in front of the weak and helpless incubus, Jeskura couldn’t help but notice the softening of Daoka’s skin, where the armor didn’t cover some of the softer bits. The sight of Leos was turning her on.

Fuck, that was just too damn cute, and hot.

Jes winked at Leos while Daoka was busy looking down. The incubus raised a brow at her, but said nothing, expression quickly returning to its usual, seductive, pleasing, frustratingly enticing norm.

“Dao, the cave has a scrying pool too, just down that way and to the right. Wanna check it out?”

Dao chirped excitement, broke into a big smile, and hopped down the path. Perfect. Jes came up to Leos and leaned in for a whisper.

“What’s this about?” he said.

“I like her. A lot.”

Leos raised a brow, before he walked over to her bed and sat down. “Oh?” Unlike Jes, whose talons lightly tapped and scraped as she walked, or Dao, whose hooves clop clopped, Leos had human feet, aside from some short, dark claws. His steps were silent. Say one thing for incubi and succubi, they could be sneaky when they wanted to be.

She followed him, sat beside him, and whispered, “She could have let me die, but she didn’t. She even shared food with me. She’s fun. Easily excited. And I think... she might be a little shy.”

“Shy?”

“Shy. You saw the way she reacted to you, you fucking slut. So, you are going to make her night.”

He grinned at her, the cocky bastard, and licked his lips in that slow, sensual, subtle way only human mouths could; sharp teeth got in the way. “Am I?”



“Yeap. Or I’m going to hurt you for trying to take my shit.” She held out one of her hands in front of her, and made sure to give him a good showing of her three-inch claws.

He put up his hands in surrender, smile unwavering. “Fine fine. She was pretty damn cute.”

“Don’t give me that. You’ll fuck any demon with a female reflection.”

“I can’t help that I like demons of female form. I am a demon of culture, after all.”

~♥♥♥~

She rolled her eyes, stood up, and undressed. Which Leos loved of course, the asshole. But, much as he was an asshole, he was her asshole, a conniving fucker, but he’d never done her wrong. And he was a great lay; being a volarin, of course he was.

When other demons looked at Jeskura with a need to fuck, she might reciprocate, might not. Really depended on context and if the demon did something for her sex drive. But an incubus? His inviting blue gaze was warm and perfect, and she tried to ignore it as she exposed more and more of her body to him. She knew it was pointless. Every time she got undressed around him, she was aroused before the final bit of armor came off. Tonight was no different. By the time she’d gotten the black, metal chest plate off her, they were both aroused, and Leos tossed the skirt aside as he watched her.

Jeskura had large breasts for a gorgala, which Leos complimented and massaged incessantly, every chance he could get. Like any demon, her soft skin grew softer when aroused and the color brightened; in her case and for most demons, brightened to red. The insides of the arms and thighs, the chest and stomach, the front of the neck, even the face a little, all of it shifted color to announce that she was ready to fuck. Her nipples and areola swelled, becoming a blood red color darker than the skin around them.

For demons with a male reflection, the effect was more obvious. They had all the same skin color changes and skin softening that demons with female tilts did, but also, they grew dicks. Normally hidden inside their thick skin, their skin softened and a dick and balls came right on out to play, pumping full of blood.

Leos smiled at her, leaned back on her bed, and slipped his fingers around his cock. With slow strokes he worked the massive length, and Jes quickly wrapped her wings around herself like a cloak to

hide how fucking arousing that was. Despite looking mostly human, Leos was a demon, and that meant a huge dick; Dao was in for a treat.

“Daoka, wanna come here a sec?” Jes checked her wings, making sure they hid her body. Being naked wouldn’t spoil the surprise, but a body glowing red and demanding sex might.

Daoka hopped back out of the cave, clicking and chirping content noises. Must have enjoyed taking a peek into the human world, excited to the point she came over to them and reached them before she realized something was up. She looked at Jes and tilted her head to the side, before looking at Leos, squeak-clicked once, and quickly lowered her head. Lots of nervous clicks followed, each growing quieter and quieter than the last, and Jes chuckled. So damn cute.

“Daoka, you’ve really helped me out, and so far you’ve been awesome. Least I can do is pay you back with a little of my favorite activities.” She came up behind the riiva, and unfolded her wings. Dao looked over her shoulder, and clicked nervously, growing louder as she realized Jes was naked like Leos, and blood red on all her soft parts. “Don’t think I haven’t noticed how you were looking at Leos.” She set her hands on Dao’s shoulders, and undid the clasps holding her breastplate snug against her skin.

Dao let out a whimpering click, and put her claws against the breastplate, holding it in place.

Leos laughed, got up, and walked over to them, giant dick dangling in front of his thighs as he moved. “Uncouth swine, you’re scaring her.”

“What the fuck, uncouth swine? Don’t make me kick your ass, dick-with-legs.”

The incubus rolled his eyes, and batted a hand at her gently. She frowned daggers at him, but did as told and stepped away from Daoka. Smiling with that sexy, too human and too handsome smile, he took Dao’s hands by the thumb claw, and gently pulled her toward him. She clicked a hundred little, quiet, nervous clicks, like a fresh riiva hatchling, and kept her hands where they were to keep her breastplate up. Which meant she had to step forward to keep from falling over as Leos pulled on her, and she came closer to the incubus.

His tail slithered around and nudged against Dao’s leg. “She doesn’t understand, Dao. All she knows are brutish types.”

“Ha. You’re as brutish as a gremlin, Leos.” Fucking asshole.

Leos grinned at her, but his smile softened as his eyes looked back to Dao. “You’re not as rough and tumble as the other demons, are you?”

Dao lowered her head, and shook it. Leos had to lean back a bit to keep her horns from hitting him.

“Well, I can assure you, I’ll be gentle... r.” Chuckling again, he pulled on her hands more, and again she had to keep moving forward to keep the breastplate on. But when he reached the bed and sat, she finally succumbed and let her breastplate fall.

Leos and Jes both groaned, good groans, excited and damn horny groans. Jes had large breasts, but Dao had enormous breasts, like, succubus-level tits. Poor girl probably struggled to breathe in that breastplate, considering how form fitting it was.

“God damn,” Jes said. “No wonder you were embarrassed. Never seen a pair of tits like that on a riiva.”

Dao turned and clicked at her angrily, but they were weak, tiny clicks, meaning little. Jes grinned at the girl, and as she did, walked up to her back, and helped Leos remove armor from her new friend. Again Dao clicked nervously, but didn’t stop the incubus as he undid the clasp holding up her black metal leggings. Clink, clank, clonk, bits and pieces of the heavy, thick armor fell away, each taking some time as Jes made sure to slide the pieces up and off Dao’s skin with care, avoiding hitting her knee and elbow spikes.

Jes gulped, and groaned. “Oh yeah. You’re secretly a succubus, just got hatched in the wrong body, right?” How a riiva came out of Gazra Crag with a body like this, Jes had no idea, but it was clear from getting a good look at her that Dao would have given any succubus a run for their resonance. Jes was built for war. Dao was built for fucking, with curvy thighs and a tight little waist, wide hips, and an hourglass figure that was fucking insane. And the way her huge tits hung and pressed against her chest with their weight was God damn glorious.

From how red the soft parts of Dao’s body were, she was so horny, she must have been going out of her God damn mind. Her large, crimson nipples were beyond swollen, areola engorged and begging to have a set of lips on them. Even her vulva were swollen, puffy and almost glowing red, tiny lips hidden inside the wet flesh.

“Leos! Don’t work your mojo on her without her permission.”

The incubus threw up his hands. “I haven’t done anything.”

Jes frowned at him and pointed a claw at his chest. “Swear to God?”

Leos laughed, and drew a cross over his chest. “Cross my heart and swear to die.”

Well, damn. Jes grinned at Dao, who squirmed and squirmed some more, raising her arms to cover her breasts — failing horribly — and her slit. Didn't really mean much. Leos and Jes could smell arousal all over her.

“That body!” Leos said, licking his lips, and he walked closer. “As fit as any riiva, but wow those curves. Volara indeed. I can't—”

Jes shoved Leos onto the bed, and poked him in the chest with her tail. “Hey, she's my friend! No touch. Now lie back and keep your hands under your back. If you move, I will kick you out and let that fujara bitch you pissed off have you.”

Leos gulped, eyes wide, and did as ordered. Despite the shut down, the man's giant cock remained unchanged, and it was big enough, and just barely soft enough, that the huge thing flopped down on his abs past his navel. God damn.

Dao, still squirming, looked between the two of them, and clicked a few times, confused.

Jes laughed, winked at Dao, and stepped behind her. Dao clicked nervously, but Jes took her new friend's wrists into her hands, and slowly guided Dao's arms down off her body.

“Don't worry. Leos and I fuck all the time, and he's a good listener.” Jes stepped forward, forcing Dao to come closer to the bed, and closer, and closer. If she wanted to break away, she could have, easily. Riiva were strong as fuck. But Jes could feel the heat coming off her, and the smell of need and desire dripping off her, way more than Jes. Girl wanted to fuck, even if she was embarrassed, and Jes was itching to help her.

Jes guided Dao onto the bed from behind. They knelt around Leos's legs and crawled forward, Jes still holding Dao's wrists and literally guiding them. Dao's clicks softened, and turned into chittery mewls when Jes let go of her, set her claws on Dao's hips, and guided the girl down to sit on the bottom of Leo's fat dick, pinning it to his abs with her pussy.

“Bet that feels good,” Jes said. With Dao sitting down, Jes knelt upright on her knees on the bed from behind her, and peeked over the riiva's shoulder. Past the valley between two giant tits, and down past Dao's flat stomach, she could see where Leos's cock spread the riiva's puffy slit.

Dao clicked anxiously, and tilted her head to look — much as a riiva can look — back at Jes, careful of her horns. Jes laughed, and pushed her friend's hips forward, earning trilling, high-pitched clicks, as the woman's spread pussy dragged along Leos's cock. And when Jes pulled her back, the woman's body left a coating of juices on the incubus.

“God damn you are a horny thing,” she said.

“Agreed. I—”

Jes snapped her tail around and slapped the incubus in the chest. “Quiet you.”

Leos rolled his eyes, but nodded.

Daoka chittered a few times, lifted her hands in front of her, and fiddled with her claws. Naturally, Jes took her wrists again, and set Dao’s hands on Leos’s chest, earning a few more excited clicks from her. It was the first time she’d genuinely touched the man with her hands, and incubi had the sexiest God damn muscles that felt so damn good.

Sure enough, Daoka purred, and lightly pressed her claws against the man’s pectorals. A second later, she slowly inched her hips forward on her own, before bringing them back again in a slow, heavy motion she put her weight into. A few strokes was enough to completely drench the incubus, and earn groans of pleasure from him, groans that must have sparked something in Daoka, cause she rubbed herself back and forth faster and faster. It didn’t matter how inexperienced or embarrassed a demon might be, once they got into the motion, everything became natural.

Kneeling up and looking down over Dao’s shoulder, it was easy to see how much her friend’s giant tits were bouncing around. So naturally, Jes cupped her hands underneath Daoka’s breasts from behind, and held them steady, like a good friend should. Daoka clicked excitedly a few times, but didn’t stop grinding on Leos’s dick; Jes fondling her breasts barely registered. Groaning, Jes’s cupping hands turned into massaging hands, and she gently squeezed the enormous, heavy, supple pillows. Her fingers found Dao’s nipples, and she teased them with her fingertips, careful with her claws as she caressed her friend’s swollen areola.

Of course, despite how horny Daoka obviously was, Leos came first. He half closed his eyes and smiled up at Dao as his cock flexed underneath her, and a gush of his thick white cum flooded over his upper abs and sternum. After the first squirt, the following gushes came out slower but with just as much volume, flowing from his cock’s fat head down onto his abs, filling in the gorgeous indents of the muscles. Dao slowed, but didn’t stop, and she clicked happily as she inched herself up to Leos’s glans, before easing herself back until her drenched slit reached the base of his length, earning another heavy wave of cum from the incubus. So much cum, it was enough to start dripping off the sides of his waist, overflowing his abs.

“Hot damn, Daoka. You milked him like a... well, a succubus.”

Slowly, Dao turned her head again and pointed her eyeless, beautiful face at Jes, and clicked hungrily. Shyly, but hungrily.

Jes laughed. “Alright. Kneel up.”

Dao, shivering with what must have been a mix of nervousness and excitement, knelt up, weight on her knees. Jes reached underneath her, took Leos’s — fucking soaked — cock into her hand, and pointed it up. With her other hand, she grasped Dao’s hip, and helped guide the riiva down onto the incubus’s cock. Jes couldn’t see, but she could feel how Leos’s cock flexed and tightened as his glans spread Dao’s slit wide, and Dao purred deep little chitters as she sank herself down.

Jes held on long enough for Leos’s cock to not slip out, before she crawled out from behind Dao, around her, up onto Leos, and turned to face her new friend. With a big smile, she set her knees outside Leos’s arms, and sat down on his face.

Dao sat back, surprised by Jeskura’s new position. Sitting back also caused Dao to take the incubus’s cock to the hilt, and she clicked a few times, loudly, and sucked in a breath as she looked down. A small bump cut up along her abs, reaching a little past her belly button. An incubus didn’t have the dick of a borjin or anything, but that didn’t mean it wasn’t huge.

Her hanging open mouth was too cute. Jes laughed, and wiggled her hips, rubbing her pussy down onto Leos’s lips. But to get the perfect position, she had to lean forward, and set her hands on Daoka’s knees. Dao clicked several times, not sure what was happening, but her clicks turned into more quiet, chattering purrs, as Jes let out a deep, growling groan, when Leos opened his mouth enough to devour her clit with the better angle. It was familiar pleasure, and very much welcomed, tingling sparks that spread outward from her swollen clit with almost painful bliss as the incubus licked her.

“Yeah. He’s gonna make me cum in minutes. Fucker knows what I like.” After another groan, Jes slid her right hand up Dao’s knee, up her stomach, up onto one of her breasts, and she gently teased one of her large, swollen nipples with the smooth side of a claw. “How about you?”

Dao clicked a few times, and squirmed a little. Jes leaned in closer, and Dao squirmed a little more. Ah, so Jeskura’s closeness was making the riiva get all excited? Fucking hot. With an evil grin, Jes set her hands on Dao’s hips, and pulled her closer. Dao chattered, sudden forward motion forcing her to grab Jes’s arms for balance. Jes helped lift her a bit too, before she pushed Dao back down balls deep on the incubus’s cock.

Dao let out gasping clicks, high pitched and full of trembles. Jes bounced her a few more times, and stared at her friend’s enormous breasts jiggling everywhere as Dao melted into the rhythm. But Jes’s eyes drifted up to stare at Dao’s gasping mouth, as the riiva came.

Leos groaned into Jes's clit, a sound she recognized. Dao was clenching on him hard enough to nearly hurt him, but she knew the fucker loved it. The riiva certainly did. More of her juices trickled out of her spread pussy and onto the incubus's smooth pelvis, but Jes made sure to bounce Dao a few more times anyway, earning some desperate clicking squeaks from her. Jes loved it when Leos got a few strokes in while she came, and apparently, so did Dao. So naturally Jes bounced her again, and again, Dao's grip on her wrists tightening, and her clicks melting away as her pussy utterly soaked the man underneath her.

Of course, Leos didn't stop licking Jes during this; fucker knew better than to stop unless she told him to. It didn't take long for Jes to melt into her own orgasm, and she struggled to keep her eyes open and watching Dao, as the pleasure shocks exploded outward from her clit. Leos slowed his licks to almost nothing, and Jes struggled to hold still as her muscles clenched, forcing her to shift slightly, and rub her now way-too-sensitive clit on the incubus's tongue.

Her eyes snapped open, as Dao let out some purring chitters, set her hands around Jes's shoulders, and pulled her forward. Jes was still mid orgasm, but now suddenly had to compensate for the position. She flared her wings for balance, tail sliding over Leos's face as she knelt forward, ass up, hands planting hard into Dao's hips so she didn't fall forward and bang her forehead into Dao's. And Dao being a riiva, she'd definitely win a headbutting competition. Jes tried to get back, and—

Dao kissed her.

Jes blinked, unable to see anything but Dao's big, black bone plate that covered where eyes should have been, and the two huge horns coiling up past their foreheads and back over Dao's head. But if Dao noticed Jes's surprise, it didn't stop her. She kissed her, and kissed her, and hugged her as she did.

Well, holy shit.

Jes smiled into Dao's sharp lips, but before she could say anything, a deep groan forced its way up from her belly. She managed to pull back her head and glare at the bastard behind her, who'd taken his hands out from under his back, and had slipped three fingers into her pussy. And because the bastard knew her too damn well, he wasted no time, and drove his fingers down against her g-spot, while his other hand spread fingers over her vulva, massaging her wet lips and caressing her hyper sensitive clit.

"Oh you fucker, I'm going to—" She clenched hard, and struggled to keep upright as new pleasure tremors shot through her, boiling up and out from her insides, and coursing through her like waves, straight into her chest and legs until her toes and claws curled. Juices flowed out of her, over Leos's hands, and a little part of her hoped the asshole drowned, as he continued to finger her, harder.

Dao purred, and pulled her closer, pressing their chests together as the riiva buried her lips in more kisses. And as she did, she shifted her hips back and forth, probably desperate for another orgasm, while Jes did her best to manage the current one her bastard friend was inflicting on her.

She did not expect Dao to kiss her. Sure, Dao had been unusually nice to her this whole time, but into her? Like, into into her? She'd expected Dao to throw herself at Leos once he got his dick in her, but not at Jes.

Jes smiled into Dao's kiss, and relaxed her wings as she leaned forward, squashing her breasts into her friend's as Dao insisted on hugging her as close as the position allowed. Leos finally stopped, and once Jes got some control of her trembling muscles, she sat on the incubus's cum-soaked abs, and got a good grip on Dao's hips again. Dao held on, hugging her, and kissing her relentlessly, as Jes helped bounce her on Leo's dick until the riiva's cum trickled down her thighs.

Ok, new development. She liked this riiva. She liked her a lot. A lot lot. It didn't matter if Dao pissed off Tacitus. No way she was letting Daoka get hurt, not now, not ever.

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