

Demon Queened

Chapter 14

Written by Princess Kay

Warning: *This is erotica, meant only for those 18 or older. Only those who have reached the age of consent in the country where they reside should proceed. If you are not at least eighteen, please exit this page immediately.*

Important Note! So, those of you who read the chapter 13.5 interlude might notice that this chapter is pretty similar, at least at the start. There's a reason for that! See, I came up with a bunch of plans while I was burned out, and trying to figure what direction I wanted to take the story. Then I threw away all those plans and started over, because trying to make plans while burned out, without having read my own work over in the longest time, was an absolutely terrible idea. (Seriously. Things almost got dark. Or... Well, darker than I want. I prefer comedy and drama in balance, and that wasn't it.)

All that said, though, this interlude shifted from plot relevant to plot crucial in both iterations of my plans. It's undergone a lot of changes, too, so it's basically a whole new chapter that happens to share a couple of the same notes.

Another thing to note is that this chapter is a bit shorter than many I've posted. I generally prefer to fully write out a scene in one go, but posting the whole scene as one chapter is what leads to 10,000 word updates. I'm still planning to write out the full scenes, because that's what works best for my writing style, but I'm going to be splitting it up into chunks for the chapters, and there might even be times where I switch between different scenes to keep up with different characters. Seeing as how this is my first attempt, though, I'd greatly appreciate any constructive criticism. I feel like the cut off point I chose is a decent fit for it, but I'd love to hear people's opinions on the matter. This is also why it's only the final(ish) draft. At least in part. There's also the fact that I haven't finished editing the second part, but I'm not expecting any changes to chapter 14 as of now.

Tl;dr: Chapter 13.5 got a complete overhaul, and is now way more important to the storyline. Chapters will be shorter going forward. And if you saw any posts from me about shifting the tone, you can more or less ignore them.

“I’ll alert General Yara of your arrival. I’m sure she’ll call for you, soon.”

The dryad gave me a curtsy, lifting her skirt up just a *little bit* higher than she needed to - high enough to let peek at her green panties and dark thighs. And they were *nice* thighs, too. If I wasn’t so damn stressed out, I’d have taken her up on the offer and flashed her back without a second thought. Sadly, I wasn’t even sure I could make it through the meeting, let alone an after-work hookup. I still checked her out, though - just to let her know it was a “me” thing, y’know? Not that I really needed an excuse to take in the view.

If she was disappointed, I guess she was too much of a professional to show it. She just gave me a smile and turned towards the door. As for me? The moment she was out of sight, I shuffled my way over to the waiting room couch and *flopped*. Face against the cushions, body limp, and ‘professionalism’ told to fuck off for a bit. I had a few minutes, *max*, before Yara sent her secretary back to get us, and I wanted to squeeze every single second of relaxation I could get out of it.

“Maid shouldn’t let guard down.”

“I thought guarding me was *your* job,” I replied, lifting my head a little to glare at the speaker. The horned wolf in maid’s clothing had her arms crossed and her eyes narrowed at me, in a pretty good imitation of the pre-lecture look I’d occasionally use on Devilla. Of course, it lost a lot of its power when it came from the girl who’d put me in this state to begin with. “Just warn me when someone comes to get us, alright?”

“Maid is the one who always says act proper.”

“And you’re the one who only listens when it suits her,” I snapped back, letting my head drop back down. I knew from past annoyances that a mouthful of cushioning wouldn’t stop her from hearing me. “Do you even know what ‘proper’ means?”

“Expected thing.” Bailey growled. “Know words, Maid. Not *dumb*. Grammar just too confusing.”

“I never said you were dumb,” I replied, rolling my eyes. Not that she could even see it, what with me being face down. “Look, I don’t know what it was like in the wild, but growling at people isn’t ‘proper.’ Referring to people by their jobs,

instead of their name isn't... Well, okay, that one's maybe a tiny bit more complicated, but you could at least try! The other maids don't exactly like being called 'Servant,' you know!"

Bailey didn't answer me right away. Unless glaring counts? Because she was probably doing that. The whole "can't see someone's eyes if they're face down on a pillow" thing worked both ways, though, so at least I got to enjoy a few seconds of relaxing silence, either way. Not that it did me much good, in the end.

"Maid right that this not wild," Bailey eventually replied, speaking slowly. Carefully, even. "People hurt with mouth here, but not teeth. People say what they not mean, and act like they not say. And have weird names. Lots and lots of weird names. Hard to remember, harder to say, impossible to understand. But jobs different. They tell things - let everyone know where everyone stands. Queen in charge, Maid with Queen, I help Queen. Maid important to Queen, so I guard Maid. It simple. But not easy. Still hard to understand. To be understa...stood. Especially when Maid not *try*."

I grimaced. Honestly, this was *not* a conversation I wanted to be having right now. But it wasn't like I could actually say so. I mean, that little speech of hers was more than I'd ever heard Bailey say in one sitting - hell, by word count alone, it might've been more than I'd ever heard from her, *period*. And, as much as I hated to admit it, she maybe, sort of, kinda had a point about me not making an effort to understand her side of things. I mean, in my defense, even Devilla couldn't figure out what was going on in her head half the time, and that was with literal mind reading in the mix. And I didn't exactly regret telling her off for baring her teeth at people, instead of sitting her down and asking her why. But excuses weren't going to get us anywhere, so...

“Alright, fine,” I sighed, forcing myself to sit up. “Consider this me trying. But you've got to do your part, too! You've gone from stubborn to sulky since Devilla left, and I wanna know why.” I could deal with her constant glaring, and judgy grumbling. I wouldn't have lasted a week working for Devilla, if I couldn't handle at least that much. But it was different when it was coming from someone who insisted on sticking to me like glue!

Bailey frowned, furrowing her brow - or more like the area around her horn, I guess - and staring into my eyes. I have no clue what the hell she was looking for, let alone how she planned to find it - succubi eyes aren't exactly expressive, what with being pitch black and all - but I still made a point of meeting her gaze. I figured it was the thought that counted.

Even if some of my thoughts *were* drifting over to the realization that I could be rolling my completely uncovered eyes even now, and she *still* wouldn't be able to tell, facedown or not. When the hell did I start thinking of visible eye parts as the default? Maybe I needed to spend more time hanging out with other succubi.

“Not wear Queen's clothes.”

“Huh?” Had I missed something? “I thought you didn't want to wear them?” She practically threw a fit when I suggested it! Kept saying it wasn't right to wear anything with Devilla's scent - nevermind the fact that Devilla probably hadn't even touched half the stuff in her wardrobe. Or seen it. Hell, I was pretty sure she had a couple spare closets she didn't even know about.

“Wrong for me to wear Queen’s clothes,” Bailey said, glaring at me. And crossing her arms. Basically just copying my pre-lecture look, again - though with a bit more of an effect, this time, since I actually felt a bit bad for letting my brain wander.

So, getting back on topic... Maybe it was the argument over what to wear that had her out of sorts? But it wasn’t like we’d spent a ton of time bickering about it. I had plenty of coworkers with similar sizes, so borrowing a uniform was a pretty damn obvious solution. The only *real* issue had been keeping Bailey from scaring them away whenever I tried to ask for a favor. It wasn’t like I could blame her for getting upset about how everyone kept sympathizing with me, for being ‘stuck’ with a ‘terrible boss,’ who had ‘unrealistic expectations’ and ‘no sense of boundaries,’ but glaring and growling at someone like you wanna murder them doesn’t exactly help when you’re asking for a favor.

What else could it be, though? The only other clothes related thing I could remember was....

“Wait. Is this about *me* not wearing Devilla’s clothes?! I thought you were being sarcastic!” I mean, she suggested it right after telling me why wearing Devilla’s clothes was a terrible idea!

“Wouldn’t say if didn’t mean,” Bailey said, glaring at me. “Clothes serious. Wearing Queen’s clothes, having Queen’s scent, serious.”

“So, what, you wearing them would be bad, but me *not* wearing them is some sorta crime?”

“Yes,” Bailey said, with a nod. I stared at her, waiting for her to add something - *anything* - that would help me understand her. And in response, Bailey tilted her head to the side, frowned, and then finally said, “I and Maid different.”

“That’s...” I put my head in my hands and tried not to groan. Groaning was not going to help us figure this shit out. But maybe a bit of complaining was okay? *Constructive* complaining. “Did it ever occur to you to maybe try and explain yourself, instead of waiting around for everyone else to figure you out? You *literally* just gave me a whole ass speech about how hard it is for us to understand

one another, so stop acting like all this should be obvious and tell me what the damn difference between us is!”

Bailey snorted, turning her head away from me. She also pointed one of her ears at me, though, so it wasn't like she was done talking. More like she was being a petty little bitch about it, and didn't wanna admit I had a point. “I here to serve Queen. Maid here *for* Queen. Maid speaks for Queen. Carries Queen's will when Queen gone. Maid needs to wear Queen's scent, so everyone knows. Not complicated.”

I rolled my eyes. Again. Mostly because I knew she couldn't see it anyway, and I figured it was my turn to be petty. “I don't need to wear Devilla's clothes for that. It's not exactly a secret that I'm her personal maid, you know?”

Bailey growled. “Maid *job* not important. *Maid* important. It Maid Queen treasures, more than anyone, or anything.”

“...Don't you think that's overstating it a little?” I mean, sure, Devilla liked me. And yeah, she definitely valued my company - I'd have to be blind not to see that. But Bailey was *seriously* oversimplifying it. “The only reason she ‘treasures’

me the most is that I'm the only person in the tower that actually treats her like a friend. I'm sure she'll be the same with all the other friends she'll make, down the line."

"Later not matter," Bailey snarled, turning her head back around to glare at me. "Queen *now* loves Maid. Queen *now* would do anything for Maid. But most important, Queen now trusts Maid - trusts *you*. But when people say bad things about Queen, about how Queen treats you? You say nothing. Everyone knows you work for Queen. But not even Queen knows how you feel about Queen."

"That's..." not true, I wanted to say. Except maybe it kinda was? I mean, I didn't even realize I saw her as a friend until after she'd left. But as for speaking up for her? "There's..." more to it than that. Too much for me to explain, right now, though. It would sound like an excuse. "You have no idea..." what a bitch Devilla was to work for, just a couple weeks ago. But it was her relationship with *me* that everyone kept insulting. Something that didn't even exist back then. "They wouldn't..." believe me, if I said she'd improved. They'd just think I was kissing up to her. But why did that even matter? Lenora was the closest thing I had to a

friend among the staff, and she practically worshiped Devilla. “I...” had so many things to say, I wasn’t even sure where to start. Which probably meant I should shut up, and think for a bit.

This wasn’t the time or place for those thoughts, though. Right now, I needed to call a truce with Bailey so that we could both calm down a bit. General Yara’s secretary cou-

“Door.”

I straightened myself out in a hurry, standing up and facing the door with a smile. My hair was a bit of a mess, and my clothes were pretty wrinkly, but with the door already swinging open I didn’t exactly have time to fix it. I was a little pissed at Bailey for not warning me sooner - especially since she was making such a big deal about me representing Devilla, or whatever - but that didn’t last long. It was kinda hard to hold a grudge when I realized we were most likely *both* caught off guard.

“Ladies Abigail and Bailey, I presume?” the incoming maid asked, slithering - *silently* - towards us. She was a lamia - basic demonoid form from head to hip,

and a snake's body down below, with skin colored scales marking the border in between. She was hot, too. Dark brown tresses that ran straight down to the small of her back, sharp green eyes that matched the color of her tail, long, beautiful lashes, and absolutely *gorgeous* abs. I might have been the one to pull a curtsy-flash this time, tired or not, if it wasn't for one tiny little detail ruining the image - an *incredibly* fake smile.

Now, don't get me wrong, here - I wasn't expecting sincere happiness, or anything like that. Forced smiles are kinda par for the course, in the service industry! But we're talking 'a blank stare would have been more welcoming,' levels of fake, here. And then there's her way too stiff introduction to consider. I mean, the words were fine - a lot of the higher class maids tended to go with more formal speech - but she was way too stiff. And, again, it's not like I was expecting enthusiasm! More like coldness, or arrogance, or even annoyance, considering Devilla's reputation around here. But she just sounded *awkward*. Honestly, I would have assumed she was someone higher up the command chain, if it wasn't for her

outfit - a black breast band, with white frills could probably pass as street-clothes in the wild, but it pretty much screamed “maid” in any sort of formal setting.

“Who are you?” Bailey asked. Her voice was a bit different than I was used to - it had a sort of deep rumble, like she was trying to growl without *actually* growling. Which was honestly a pretty big step-up from where I was sitting.

“My name is Nivera. General Yara sent me to let you know that she’ll be busy for a bit longer, and to serve some refreshments on her behalf.” A wooden tray floated up and over her head, as she said that, coming down for a landing right on her open palm. All else aside, I had to give her credit for good magic control - and balance - because the two cups on top hadn’t even wobbled during all that.

“You can just call me Abigail.” I flashed her a (much less obviously) fake smile of my own, and reached out to grab a cup. Between all the weird, ‘unmaidenly’ behavior, and her way too conveniently timed entrance, I would’ve preferred to pass on the beverage, but with Bailey sniffing at the cup and glaring at Nivera, I figured at least *one* of us needed to be polite. “No offense, but it feels weird to be called ‘Lady’ by another maid.”

Nivera gave me an even wider (and faker) smile, as she shook her head.

“Oh, I wouldn’t dare speak so casually to the Queen’s personal maid, *Lady* Abigail.

Who knows what Queen Devilla might do, if word of my rudeness were to reach her ears? I’ve heard she’s quite protective of her only...” She paused, pressing a finger against her chin, and frowning at me. “What are you to her, anyway? Besides the only one in the whole tower who’d even consider sharing a bed with her, I mean.”

I froze. Not out of shock, or anger, though. More like confusion - partially from the way she shifted from awkward greeting to fluid condescension, but mostly ‘cause I couldn’t figure out what the hell she was thinking. I mean, what sort of idiot would insult someone by pointing out why it’s a terrible idea to offend them? Back before the rite, Devilla really would have thrown a hissy fit if any of this reached her! And she wasn’t wrong about Devilla being protective of me, either, changed woman or no. She hadn’t exploded on anyone since the rabbit girl incident, but I saw how she clenched her fists whenever someone made a snide remark about me. So in what world could it *possibly* be a good idea to purposely

piss me off? Not to mention the fact Bailey was here next to me, and she was pretty much infamous for... Wait. Why wasn't Bailey saying anything? I mean, her eyes were narrowed, but-

“What?” Nivera scoffed. “Were you expecting Devilla’s little lap dog to come to your aid? It’s Devilla she’s loyal to, isn’t it? Not some hanger-on who slept her way into her mistress’s good graces.”

I put the cup back on the platter - because screw being polite, and she probably spat in it anyway - and glared at her. “Look, I don’t know why the hell you think it’s a good idea to try and piss me off in the middle of your boss’s waiting room, but-”

“Oh, don’t be so dramatic. It’s not like there’s anything wrong with sleeping with your boss. Even if your boss *is* Devilla, of all people. I am curious as to what you’re getting out of it, though. It’s got to be more than a raise, right? Because I don’t know what she’s paying you, but it can’t possibly be enough to put up with her.”

“Not that it’s any of your business, but I don’t need money to sleep with people I actually like,” I replied, through gritted teeth. “Though, if it’s for a friend, I guess I can manage a conversation with girls I seriously dislike. No matter how bitchy they are.”

Nivera’s expression didn’t change, but I saw the way her fingers twitched, and started to curl. She had the same tell as Devilla, it seemed - and surprisingly thin skin. As nice as it was to score a hit, I’d have honestly preferred to keep my mouth shut altogether, rather than rising to this bitch’s bait. How the hell was I supposed to keep quiet, though, when I still had Bailey’s words running through my head?

“Wow...” Nivera whispered. “I heard the rumors, but... Devilla really *has* stooped to a new low, hasn’t she? I mean, taking a maid to bed is one thing, but making some random red blood pretend to be her friend? Does she think that’ll somehow make her popular, or something? Or is she just *that* desperate for affection?”

“I’m not pretending,” I said, narrowing my eyes at her. I wanted to ask her what the hell she meant by ‘red blood,’ but I figured she’d probably just mock me for asking. And it wasn’t like I could have trusted any answer she gave me, anyhow.

“Wait... Were you serious!? You *actually* like her? No way... You’re just putting on an act, right? Maybe trying to keep Devilla’s little pet from reporting back to her mistress? I mean, there’s no way you’d have come here if she actually meant anything to you.”

“What the hell’s that supposed to mean?” I demanded, in complete disregard of all those wonderfully rational thoughts about her baiting me and me not trusting her. There was something different about that last sentence, though. It wasn’t really anything concrete. Her voice was still annoying, her words were still bitchy, and her expression was so damn haughty that I was constantly struggling against the urge to punch her in the face. But for the first time since she entered, it felt like she was being *sincere*. And, judging by the way Bailey started growling, I wasn’t the only one to catch it.

“What do you think it means?” Nivera asked, rolling her eyes.

I continued to glare, but it didn't seem to have much of an effect. The downside of having pitch black eyes - great for hiding sarcasm, terrible for letting people know just how pissed you are at them. Lucky for me, Bailey was there to pick up the slack with a deep throated growl and a showing of very sharp teeth.

“Are you *seriously* going to make me spell it out for you?”

“Are *you* seriously still trying to fuck with me?”

Nivera snorted. “Please. I haven't even begun to fu-”

“What she means,” rumbled a voice from behind Nivera, “is that your request for a meeting ruined General Doll's efforts to shield you and Devilla from bloodline politics. And that she wants to know whether you're a well meaning idiot who actually cares about her precious childhood friend, or just a dumb bitch who just doesn't give a fuck.”

Nivera spun around to face the doorway, while I moved over to the left of her to get a better look without the lamia's bulk in my way. And to avoid getting splattered by the drink Nivera had been holding onto, which was currently rolling

its way across the carpet now that Nivera had given up on balancing the tray.

Bailey, meanwhile, seemed to have noticed the newcomer before either of us - I couldn't be sure, but it seemed like there was a pretty good chance the sudden aggression had actually been directed at *her*.

The woman in question was maybe four feet tall, with boots on, and probably smaller without. Not much smaller, though - her mud caked footwear was obviously built for function over height compensation. If anything, she seemed to embrace her stocky build, with tight blue shorts that hugged her wide hips, and drew attention to her thick green thighs. Her eyes were narrowed in annoyance, and her lips were pulled down into a frown, and while I've got no clue how she managed it from her height, there was something about the way she looked at me and Nivera that it feel like we were being looked down on, despite her needing to crane her neck just to look us in the eyes.

“What the hell, Yara?! What happened to waiting until I was done?”