

~~Author's Note~~

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

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

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

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This chapter is a fun, carefree read. If you'd prefer to not get spoiled about setting details, no need to read, or read this after having read a decent chunk of the main series. I'll avoid spoiling anything major in these novelettes, but I know some readers prefer going into a series as a blank slate.

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~~Fifty years before the Arrival~~

~~Galon~~

Panting, sweating, barely standing, Galon stood his ground as the tregeera demon slowly circled him. He still had his batlam rune, still wore his armor, but a gabriem angel like him wasn't exactly a juggernaut of metal. His helmet left his face exposed, and his armor had gaps at the joints where white silk flowed out. Gabriem weren't meant for the front lines.

And yet, just on the other side of a wall of fallen rocks, he'd slaughtered a dozen demons. Some small ones, imps and grems, and a few of the medium ones, a vratorin and a gorgala, the classics. All of them were filled with his arrows.

The problem now was he was bleeding, exhausted, and he'd been herded into a dark cave. And the even bigger problem, was the cave had collapsed behind him in the ruckus. A big wall of rocks that'd take ages to move, if he even could. The only light source he had, was a few amber veins overhead, and his bow's string.

The tiger demon circling him wouldn't go down to one arrow, and he only had one. Spend grace to make more? Bad idea. It took time to do that, and it'd probably leave him with one shot before he ran on empty. And the tregeera had armor, too, very unfashionable bits of bent black metal slapped onto her limbs and torso, and held down with dirty straps of leather. She had more than a few skulls hanging off those straps, demons, and humans. Galon was as tall as any angel, seven feet, but tregeera were taller, usually by a foot, and this one was no different.

A scary situation to be in, but he smiled at her, white and gold bow in hand, and strafed the same way, slowly circling her in turn, arrow knocked and ready to fire.

Whoever this tiger demon was, she walked on all fours, giant spiky tail waving slowly behind her. No helmet. Her dark hair-like tendrils dangled over her shoulders, and her two horns curved up and back. Big horns. Demons didn't grow old, no more than angels did, but unlike angels, they did get some physical changes: bigger horns, usually. Whoever this demon was, she had some pretty nice ones.

"I can't help but notice," he said, smiling at the only other being in the cave with him, "that you haven't attacked."

The demon laughed as she stopped prowling, and stood up straight. Her tail was almost as long as her whole body, and gently brushed the dirt left and right as it wagged. She was excited.

"You're an angel? I've seen devorjin stronger than you."

"Well, yeah. Devorjin are huge!"

She raised a brow, and eyed him with her black and red eyes. "You're admitting to being weaker than a devorjin."

"Big brutes? No horns or tail? Tall as all get-out?"

"Not much taller than me."

"You're tall!"

She laughed again. “You’re ridiculous, and weak. What is a pathetic angel like you doing down here?”

“Visiting. Heaven can get pretty boring, you know.”

“No, I wouldn’t know.” She got down on all fours again, and came closer, her huge claws gripping the stone. He aimed his arrow and eyed her, but couldn’t help but smile more. She laughed. “You’re gabriem, aren’t you?”

“What gave it away?”

She laughed again. She liked doing that.

“Rapholem use spears, halberds, and enormous shields. Mikalim use swords and shields. I’ve never seen a Gabriem’s weapon.”

He waved the bow a bit. “Well, now you have.”

“Not the best weapon for melee.”

“You’re telling me. I mean sure, I could smack your ass with it, and it might even hurt. But I’m definitely not meant for in-your-face fighting.”

Again she laughed, and came closer. He hopped to the side a bit and kept her at a distance, arrow still aimed at her, but if she charged him he wouldn’t be able to do shit.

“Why would a gabriem leave Heaven? Is being spoon fed resonance that boring?”

“Nope.”

“Is it the sex? Are humans”—she licked her lips—“not satisfying your lust? I bet you fuck a few women every day.”

“Sometimes men, too.”

She purred, and prowled closer. “Then why are you here? You might as well tell me. I might even let you live.”

“Let me live? You don’t have a choice. We’re stuck down here unless we help each other, or are you so strong you can lift those rocks on your own?”

How quickly her purr turned into a snarl. “I don’t need your help.”

“I think you do. I think we’re both going to suffocate unless we start digging our way out of here pretty soon.”

She growled and stood up again, a little closer now, more toward the center of the room so he couldn't just back off without pinning his back and wings to a wall. No death charge came, thankfully.

Tregeera demons had interesting faces. Humans called them tigers, but it wasn't really a good fit. They had mostly human faces, ish. They had the biggest, most sharp-teeth-filled smiles, and their mouths stuck out slightly along with their nose, almost like a very short snout, almost unnoticeable. And this one, whoever she was, had a bit of that mature vibe going with her very deadly, oddly attractive face. Compared to other tregeera, her tendrils were long, and her face had a narrow sharpness to it.

“Why are you staring at me?”

He shrugged. “Trapped in a cave with a pretty lady? Might as well stare a bit before she eats me.”

Chuckling, she thudded her huge tail on the ground a couple times. “I could eat you. That'd give me strength.”

“Not sure how much strength you expect to get from a depleted angel. Think it'll be enough to break down that wall?”

“Maybe.”

Eep. So much for that bluff.

“Or, how about this. Let's work together first to remove at least enough rocks so we don't suffocate? I think we'd both be much happier if we didn't die gasping. Then you can decide if you should eat me.” Having to worry about air was not fun, and he was very much looking forward to getting back to Heaven where he didn't have to worry about any of that.

She came closer. “I think you'll need to do better than that.”

“Better?”

“Tell me why you came to Death's Grip, for one.”

“Ah, secrets. I have mountains of secrets.” He had no secrets. “I'll share a few, if you'll spare me.”

“Like... why you came to Death's Grip, I assume.”

“Sure, sure.” When she found out, she was probably gonna kill him anyway. Not because she'd take offense, but because it was useless information. “And others.”

“Others?”

“Of course. I’ll tell you why I came here, and then because I’m no fool, I’ll share another secret every so often. And when we’re free, I’ll give you another as I leave. Yeah?”

She grumbled as she paused, standing tall and folding her arms across her armored chest.

“Can I trust you?”

“I’m an angel.”

“You’re a gabriem. Not exactly beacons of truth and righteousness, so I’m told.”

“You seem to know a lot about us angels. We visit that often?”

She snorted and licked one of her big fangs.

“I’ve see a few mikalim this past decade, doing checks on the spires. I’m smart enough to avoid them. You, on the other hand, are just a gabriem.”

“Pfft. I’m offended. I killed a dozen demons on my own!”

“You also put yourself in a stupid position you couldn’t escape. You’re not only not as imposing as mikalim, but you’re not half as tactically smart as a rapholem.” Wow, she really did know a thing or two about angels.

He shrugged and fluttered his massive white wings a few times.

“What can I say? I’m good at what I do. Daring adventures through Hell is, apparently, not what I do.”

She stared at him for a few seconds before she burst into laughter. The full body laugh, the sort that was contagious, had him chuckling too, and he eased down on the bow.

Which of course led to her pouncing him. Literally. She didn’t charge at him, or even make a sound. She pounced at him like a... tiger, and her claws grabbed his shoulders and pinned him to the ground. His bow and last arrow went to the side, bounced uselessly on the hard ground, before vanishing in a small glow of white and gold. He could resummon them, but it’d be useless with the giant demon on him pinning him.

She growled down at him as she licked her teeth, and her black and red eyes scanned his face a few times before looking out to his wings, then his armor, then back to him.

“You’re lucky it’s me who caught you, angel.”

“Uh, lucky?”

“Yes. Alessio is trying to lay low, and killing an angel would invite unwanted attention. It’d make my job harder.”

“Uh, and the other demons?”

She smirked as she lowered herself down onto him, using her entire body to pin him. Knees on his shins, her chest armor against his. If he wanted, he could get up, she wasn’t that heavy. But if she wanted, she could bite his throat out. Better to play the waiting game and charm his way out of this.

“One of Zel’s scout groups, patrolling the Black Valley border. You know how Zel and Alessio are.”

Zel sending scouts to the border of her territory? Interesting.

“Oh. And they attacked me, because...?”

“Because, unlike The Black Valley, Death’s Grip is confident in its strength, largely because of that moron Diogo. They were sure they could take you.”

“Diogo the devorjin? Big strong lug? Is trying to get into Zel’s good graces before probably slitting her throat and taking the spire for himself?”

“Diogo does not have the finesse for throat slitting. He’d try and rip out her heart.” She snarled as she came in closer, until her sharp teeth were inches from his lips. “You know more than I’d like. Maybe I should kill you—”

“Nothing the rest of Heaven doesn’t already know.”

She snorted, and put a claw against his forehead. One hard push and he’d be dead, and everything he would go back to the Great Tower. Him, his memories, his grace, all of it, gone to the after-after.

“Could you kindly not kill me? I do enjoy being alive.”

“I bet you do. With a pretty face like that, I imagine you really enjoy being an angel.” She came in closer, until one of her teeth lightly nudged against his nose. “But, you’re right. I could eat you, become strong, maybe even kill that Diogo fool. Or maybe I’d stay trapped in here and suffocate or starve. Better to keep you alive for now and use your help.”

He nodded with plenty of enthusiasm, each nod making his nose hit one of her fangs.

“Good plan, good plan. Especially if you don’t want Avinoam coming down looking for me, right.”

“That’s assuming they would.”

He looked up in thought. "I'd like to think they would."

Laughing again, the tiger demon woman got off, and walked over to the giant pile of rocks blocking the way out.

"You're a strange angel, you know that?" She climbed the pile of big boulders blocking their way out, put her claws around one of the huge rocks at the top, and pulled. It didn't move.

"I thought you said you avoided angels. For all you know, they're all as delightful as me." He got up, and after admiring her long tail and the very developed ass it stuck out over, he followed after her. "Who am I kidding. No angel is as delightful as me."

"Of course I avoid angels. I plan to live a long time."

"Good plan. I can agree with that plan." He hopped up on the pile of stones with her, and pulled at the highest one. Yeah, that wasn't moving. He tried again. It didn't move.

"Weakling."

"Hey, you're not moving it either. And I had to kill a dozen demons not long ago, remember?"

She laughed again. And unless his eyes were deceiving him, that was a playful smirk she gave him. A little hard to tell with the wide mouth on the short snout full of giant sharp teeth, but he did have a sixth sense for these things, and it was tingling.

"I saw the battle, and that you were surrounded. I wouldn't have approached otherwise."

"Ah, so you didn't think you could take me on by yourself?"

"I didn't. I do now."

"Because I'm weakened."

"Because now I know you're an idiot and were a weakling even before."

He scoffed with exaggerated flair, and yanked on the giant boulder again.

"Tell that to the demons I killed!"

Again, the tregeera laughed, a pleasant, full sound that made him smile. Instead of following it up with another insult, she got all her claws behind the rock he was pulling on, and pushed against the pile of stones with her large, and curvy legs. Sure enough, the rock teetered a couple times, and rolled. Crash, crash, clunk, the giant stone rolled down the short hill, and into the empty cave.

It wasn't the biggest cave. If they kept rolling stones down, they'd lose all their floor. Small price to pay for getting to live.

He looked to the groove where the rock had been. No light yet, so no air yet.

“Okay angel. Next one.” The demon woman slid over a bit, raptor feet grinding talons on the big stones she stood on, and she worked to get her claws behind another big stone at the top of the pile.

He groaned and did the same as best he could. Of course he was walking on the white and gold armor boots of Heaven, and they didn’t exactly agree with walking on a slope of huge rocks, each the size of him. But he made it work, and got his hands behind the stone near the demon’s.

“So what’s your name?” he asked.

“You want my name?”

“We’re trapped, and considering how heavy these rocks are, seems like we’re gonna be trapped for a while. A lovely opportunity to—”

“Wouldn’t have been a problem if you hadn’t got caught by those scouts like you had.”

They both pulled again, and the two of them let out some grunts and groans. It shifted, but rolled back into its spot. Damn.

“Hey, not even denying it. Doesn’t change my point, though. I’m Galon.”

She scrunched up one cheek and eye as she thought about it.

“Rexana.”

“Yeah? Not lying to me?”

“No I’m not lying to you. But could you tell if I was?”

“Sure. I’m a gabriem.”

Shaking her head as she chuckled, she pulled on the stone again, and both of them gave it a hard tug on a slightly different angle, getting it over the hump and rolling it down the hill.

“What does being a gabriem have to do with it?”

“I deal with people every day, you know. I’m a great poker player.” Ah, the joys of indulging in human games.

“Deal with? Ah, you mean fuck. Typical gabriem.”

He frowned at her, but playfully, aiming to make her chuckle again. He succeeded.

“How do you know so much about Heaven?”



“I keep my ears open.” She pointed a claw at her ear, a subtle thing, in the proper place for an ear but flat against her head and hidden in the shadow of her big horns. “So, explain. How could you tell if I was lying.”

“Like I said, I’m with humans all the time. It’s my job.”

“Job...” With another heavy snort, she gave a different rock a hard pull.

He laughed and joined her. God damn, heavier than the last one.

“I like my job.”

“I figured all angels enjoy being what they are.”

“They do.” Mostly. “And gabriem do more than sleep with the humans, by the way. We play therapist. Spend a hundred or so years listening to humans’ problems, coaching them, helping them, teaching them, getting them to talk to each other as much as us, and you learn how to read facial expressions pretty well.”

Another snort. She didn’t believe him.

“I’m not human.”

He took a break from pulling to point at his face. “You still do the face thing. You smile when you’re happy. Frown and scowl when you’re angry. Right?”

She paused. “Just pull.”

The rock was really big, really heavy, and blocking a lot of the other rocks at the top of the pile. They had to move it. The tiger put her feet’s talons against the wall, and pulled horizontally, putting all of her body into the pull. Galon didn’t get horizontal, but he did engage his wings, and flapped the huge walls of white feathers hard, sending enough air around Rexana’s hair tendrils flew around her face.

But they did get the rock to move. Damn thing was as tall as Galon and just as wide, and it rolled down the hill of rocks, onto the rock and dirt waiting in the cave alcove, and rolled into the cave wall on the other side hard enough it cracked in half. The cave shook with the impact, and now Galon knew what it sounded like to be inside a ringing church bell.

At last, light. More of the same red light Hell did seem to love, and pretty soft now considering it was night. Far as Hell was concerned, night just meant the burning sky got less burny, but that did mean a lot less light, not much more than the few amber veins their cave gave off. But, more importantly, it meant air.

Having to worry about air was annoying. Heaven took care of things like that. Need to breathe? You'd get air. Need space? You'd get it. Accidentally about to get your head cut off? Wouldn't happen, not inside the walls of Heaven. Hell, on the other hand, was an absolute bitch that took joy in making sure everyone who lived on her died horribly. He had to worry about things like breathing, and where his next resonance meal was coming from, and other annoying things like fatal injuries.

Both angel and demon took a breath, and relaxed against the pile of stones. He was sweating, buckets, but she was not. She was panting though, and just as tired as him.

"Must be nice, not sweating," he said.

The huge tiger demon shrugged slightly as she half sat, half laid back against the wall of giant rocks.

"Not my fault we're the superior breed."

He laughed. This woman was fun. Now, if he could convince her to not kill him, she'd be even more fun.

"Why don't demons sweat?" he asked.

"Why do angels?"

"According to the council, we're better mirrors than you demons. Lucifer's folly and all that."

She snorted, and tried to slam her tail down against some rocks between her legs. But she was too tired, and it came out as a weak pat instead.

"The council. I've never seen a council angel."

"Be happy you haven't. Good reason they haven't visited Hell in thousands of years, ya know."

"Oh?" She eyed him curiously. "Why's that?"

"You know all the old tales about angels ripping giant swathes of violence and destroying leagues of ground?"

"An exaggeration, considering every angel I've ever met, especially you."

"Those stories were about council angels." He nodded, and pumped his fist up toward the ceiling roof as if aiming for the sky. "Engines of destruction! And judgment, and other annoying things."

Again she laughed, hearty and full, and considering how big Rexana was, it was a bit bassier than a woman's voice usually was. And her smile was pretty, even when it showed off her many, many big

sharp teeth. Kinda especially then. Really gave her that ‘pretty like a surface rose’ look. Touch her and you’d get pricked. Or eviscerated.

“You don’t like your council?”

“Yeah well, they mostly just stay up high and never do a damn thing. Except get angry with us whenever we...”

“Take trips into Hell without permission?” She sat up and leaned in toward him. “You can’t tell me a gabriem would be sent on a scouting mission, Galon. Any mikalim could do that job and do it better. You weren’t sent here to scout, so that’s not your secret.”

Ah shit, she wasn’t as stupid as most demons. Damn. Life in danger, once again, if she already knew his ‘secret’.

“So I like to visit every so often. Just because I don’t use a fancy sword and shield doesn’t mean I can’t defend myself.”

“Why would an angel want to visit Hell?”

“Change of scenery?”

With a disbelieving snort, she climbed down the pile of rocks, sat down on the ground in the middle of the cave, and undid some of the leather straps holding slabs of bent metal around her thighs and quads. They landed with some very heavy clunks and clacks.

“You were visiting Hell and Death’s Grip,” she said, “for the same reason I was. You wanted to see what Zel was up to. Maybe not sent as a scout, but that’s why you came here.”

He scratched under his chin, one of the few places his armor left exposed.

“Well, I mean, she is a crafty one.”

“She is.” Nodding, Rexana undid the other leg, before getting comfortable on her knees.

“Are you... stripping?”

“I’m tired and hot, angel. Sorry if I don’t have some fancy rune to give me nice clothes. All I have is my armor, my trophies”— she gestured to the skulls dangling off her belt and loin cloth—“and my skin.”

“You know about runes? You are a certifiable threat to our intelligence agency. Or maybe possible hire.”

She snorted, shaking her head. “Me? Work for Heaven? I work for Alessio.”

“You work for Alessio because it serves you to do so, and it’s keeping your head on your shoulders.” He slowly slid down the wall of rocks until he plopped down on the ground on his ass, back and wings against the wall, maybe ten feet from the big tiger demon. “I bet I could convince you to work for us.”

More laughter, big and full and fun. But after she calmed down, she undid some of the straps of her arms, and her curved metal plates and curved bone shoulder pads fell on the ground with the rest of her armor. There were some surprisingly feminine curves hidden under that armor.

“You are ridiculous, you know that?” she said.

He smiled at her. “It’s very nice, by the way.”

“What is?”

“Your skin.”

She raised a brow as she watched him, slowly tilting her head to the side as she tried to read him.

“Why don’t you take off your armor? Or change your rune or however it works.”

“I want to. Keeping this going is exhausting. But, can’t say I really trust you yet.”

“First smart thing you’ve said yet.” Nodding, she undid some more straps, and undid the breastplate. Another strap later, and she was completely naked.

Much as Galon talked a big game, truth was demons and angels rarely interacted with each other, often going decades without so much as a single angel taking a trip into Hell. There’d been more lately, a lot more, but always at a distance, scouting trips, one of which Galon snuck in on as an opportunity to see something new. There was plenty of information about the demons, up in Heaven, books upon books of blessed pages that showed, in detail, the strengths and weaknesses of the various breeds.

The divine drawings didn’t do the living thing justice. Treegera were an interesting halfway between a perfectly normal human body, and a muscular dinosaur. She had long curvy legs that ended in raptorial feet, except now he could also see the perfect abs and small waist between her wide hips and her large, heavy breasts, and her large, firm ass. Her arms were muscular too, but there was no denying her feminine shape.

He stared.

“Never seen a naked demon before?” she asked, shrugging.

“Truth?”

“Truth.”

“Never in person.”

After another chuckle, she gestured to him. “I’ve never seen a naked angel.”

“Yeah well, unlike you, I’m pretty defenseless without my armor. And you’ve seen naked humans. Like that, just prettier.”

“You are fucking ridiculous.” Shrugging, she stood up, except on all fours instead of just her hind legs. She stalked toward him, very slowly, like a cat — or tiger — getting ready to pounce. Without the breastplate pinning her evidently huge breasts against her chest, the giant pillows hung underneath her, but they were firm. Too firm. Demon skin was dark red, hard, and tough unless they were aroused.

Still very pretty to look at, though.

“What’re you doing?”

“Come on, strip, angel. You said you liked my skin. Well, I want to see yours. Fair’s fair.”

“I didn’t tell you to strip.” Not that he minded. And his gabriem brain wasn’t going to look away from a beautiful naked creature prowling toward him. Without the armor, her large ass stuck up even more, now blatant behind her where her huge thick tail came out from over it.

“You said it’s exhausting keeping that armor and weapon summoned,” she said.

“It is...”

“I bet you want nothing more than to let that battle rune go, so you can relax and catch your breath before we try and pull down some more stones.”

“Maybe...” He gulped as she came a bit closer. Sure, he’d been flirting before, but he hadn’t really expected her to respond. Mental note for the future: demons, or at least tregeera, were not interested in subtlety. They were all or nothing.

She came closer again, and set her hands on his legs. She went slow enough that she never triggered any of his reflexes, and instead, he just stared at her as she put his legs together and pulled them out straight on the ground, before she came closer. She was close enough to rip out his throat at this point, but she’d had the opportunity to do that before. No point in trying to stop her now.

She sat down like a cat, straddling his shins and pinning them, her knees outside his legs and on the ground. And since she was sitting up straight, arms straight down, they rested on his knees with her biceps pushing her breasts together.

“I’m not going to hurt you, moron.” She grinned at him as she licked her teeth, and her huge, thick tail wagged slowly on the ground behind her. “You were right. Those rocks are huge and a giant pain in the ass to move. We got some air”—she gestured to the tiny hole they’d made at the top—“but it’ll be hours and hours of work to make it big enough for us to get through. We’re taking a break. And, this whole process will be easier if we aren’t wearing our armor, especially for you, sweating like some weak-ass human. Take it off.”

He eyed her closely, doing his best to not stare at her breasts each the size of his own head. She was toying with him. One of the things he knew about demon anatomy was when they got aroused, their tough skin got redder, and got softer. And the already soft parts of the body, the stomach and inner thighs, the neck, the breasts, they went from dark red to full on red. That wasn’t happening.

He blinked. Was that disappointment he was feeling? Yeap, that was disappointment. He wanted the deadly tiger demon currently sitting on his shin armor to be horny at the sight of him.

Seonaid was right. His dick was going to get him killed.

He let go of the batlam rune in his mind, and the potram rune replaced it, defaulting to it like a human relaxing a muscle. The armor went poof, layers of white and gold, shiny and almost silvery metal, beautiful and reflective, it all disappeared in a gentle glow.

The tiger demon purred, lifted her hands, and set them on his shoulders. Big hands, long claws, and he froze for a second, half expecting her to cut him up. It didn’t happen thankfully, and he managed a playful grin up at the demon.

Galon had long dark hair, deep brown eyes, light tan skin, and a classically handsome and beautiful face, with a masculine jaw and feminine lips. He was an angel, after all. That was par for the course.

The potram rune didn’t leave him naked. He had a white and sheer robe on, something that covered a bit of his torso and legs, but barely, and exposed his white loincloth. He was muscular and thin, tall, with broad shoulders. The perfect human physique, and seven feet tall. Flawless.

And yet, it was the humans the angels lusted for. He was no different. Sure, angels were attracted to each other, but humans carried a thousand imperfections within and without, that made them a thousand times more beautiful.

Demons carried imperfections too, different kinds, within and without. It wasn’t unheard of for angels to find them attractive. Hell, it’d been the focus of a few cautionary tales angels were taught, and the problems with Hell in general. No one would forget the tale of Ramiel.

“Ooh I like what I see,” Rexana said, purring a little louder.

Uh oh. She’d stroked his ego. He was now officially powerless to stop her in any capacity.

“I gotta admit, I am pretty gorgeous, even for a gabriem.”

“Confident, considering how easily I could kill and eat you right now.”

“I’m way too handsome for you to do that.”

Again, she laughed, a full and lovely sound, and her huge breasts jiggled lightly on her chest as she did. He stared at them. They were softening. They were reddening.

Which, of course, she noticed, and she licked her lips as she looked him up and down some more, before she inched her lower body forward, hands still holding his shoulders. Closer, and closer, until she was straddling him, and her pelvis pressed down on his.

The black, dark skin on her body was turning dark red, and the dark red places were turning bright red. His heart rate jumped, and he gulped.

“You do love to talk, angel. But I think in a sexual battle, you’d lose.”

“Sexual battle?”

She leaned in until her face was only inches from his. “Demons love to fight. Demons love to fuck. I’m sure all angels already know that.”

“Yeap.”

“And sometimes we love to fight and fuck at the same time.”

“You mean... wrestling?”

More laughter. He was getting addicted to that sound, especially now since she was so close, he could feel the vibrations.

“Sort of.” She let go of him, and for a second he was worried she was going to back off, and laugh at him for having successfully teased and surprised him. Or body slam him. But, nope, she cupped both her breasts with her scary-and-beautiful hands and long claws, and squeezed them enough to have their reddening shapes spill over her palms. Supple. Her nipples, a darker shade of red, stood out between her fingers, getting more swollen by the second.

“I uh, don’t think I’d be very good at wrestling. Can I interest you in a game of archery?”



She slowly licked her lips, and then some of her long fangs, before she lifted one of her breasts up, leaned her head down toward it, and ran her long tongue down its mountainous shape before stopping on her nipple. Around and around it circled, coating the swelling nub in saliva.

Well, that did it. Sure, he'd seen similarly busty angels do the same thing — with normal-sized tongues — and elicit the same response in humans, but something about a tiger demon a foot taller than him doing it, while sitting on his crotch, was a bit too much to ignore. His angelic blood flowed, and a bulge formed in his loincloth, right up against her slit. He hadn't dared look down at it, but he couldn't help it now, and he shivered at how it was also redder, and fuller, almost like a flower that'd bloomed. Hairless like every inch of her — hair tendrils weren't even hair — and with a clitoris that was already sticking out just slightly, begging to be touched.

It wasn't long before his loincloth was a little wet where the bulge rubbed her.

“Fight me, angel,” she said, voice quiet and suddenly as gravelly as a human who'd been smoking their whole life and still worked in the mines. She let go of her breasts, set her hands on his shoulders again, and grabbed his robe.

And no more robe. She ripped it off him as easily as tearing paper and threw the remains aside, leaving him blinking, and sitting in just his loincloth.

“This doesn't seem like fighting.”

She rolled her eyes. “That's because you're horrible at this! A devorjin would have pounced me by now, slammed their cock in me, and we'd both be trying to pin the other person.”

He stared. “While... having sex.”

She purred again, held his shoulders, and slowly worked her pelvis back and forth, grinding her wet lips against the bulge in his loincloth. She was warmer than angels or humans, almost hot to the touch.

“Yes, while we have sex. Come on, angel.” Casually and smoothly, she reached down, and snipped off his loincloth with one of her claws. Before he could say anything, she slammed her other hand against his chest, pinning him back against the wall, while she knelt up straight so she could yank the loincloth off.



His erection stood up straight, finally free, before it came toward his abs, nearly resting against his tan skin.

Rexana's purr turned into a hungry growl as she lowered herself, and set her wet lips against the base of his cock, pinning it against his pelvis and abs.

"A much bigger dick than you'd get on a human," she said, licking her lips a bit less sexily, and a bit more like a salivating animal.

"I'm an angel." He gulped as he looked down at her slit spread apart over the base of his cock, its exposed ripe glans already looking a little wet. Yeah, his penis was clearly on board with this, even if he was still a teeny little bit nervous about getting his throat ripped out.

"I bet those human girls love to get split open on something only a demon could really fit inside them." She shifted a little further forward, set her wet slit against the center of his cock, and slowly ground her hips as she looked past him to his wings. With one hand holding his shoulder, her other was free to run curious fingers and claws over the huge array of soft white feathers.

"The occasional guy, too."

"Ah yes." She purred louder as she stroked his right wing, and then his left, trading off hands on his shoulders so she could experiment, all while slowly grinding her clitoris down against his cock. "I suppose fighting while fucking won't be very satisfying with a weak creature like you. I mean look at these feathers. Soft." After a few more strokes of his wing's arm, she grinned down at him. "Can I take a feather?"

"It'll hurt if you do."

"So?"

His turn to roll his eyes. Which she took as submission, because she plucked the biggest feather she could find.

"Ow! Hey!"

"So very soft." She sat back a bit, still pinning his length against him, and she ran her claws through her long black hair tendrils before sticking the two-foot feather in between some of the tendrils along her temple. "I've seen human girls do this with flowers, gifted to them by men."

"In Hell? Oh, you mean in a scrying pool."

"Yes. Do I look like a sweet little innocent virgin girl, barely of age and aching to have a handsome young man teach me the pleasures of the flesh?"

He tilted his head a bit to look at the feather in her tendrils, before shaking his head.

“You look like a hungry, sexy big demon lady about to eat a very handsome angel who’s asking you nicely to not do that.”

She scrunched up her nose at him, slid her pelvis forward until her wet lips enveloped the head of his cock, and arched her back to tilt her pelvis back, her stomach and chest forward. He got to experience her huge breasts enveloping his face for a second before she slid her pelvis back, and took every inch of his cock into her clenching, boiling, soaked insides in a single second.

“Sweet Jesus,” he said, and he stared down at where her pussy was spread open by his girth, her almost sizzling hot juices soaking him, a couple drops of it leaking out of her onto his smooth pelvis.

Galon had had sex. A lot. Literally tens of thousands of times, with thousands of different humans, over many decades. Male angels quickly learned how to use their rather large phalluses effectively, without hurting their humans; unless that’s what the human wanted, which wasn’t uncommon. He’d never, ever had sex with someone who could take every inch of him so quickly. And at the same time, she squeezed on him so hard he was suddenly afraid she was going to rip his penis clean off with nothing but her clenching muscles.

“A perfect fit,” she said, and she leaned back enough so her hands found his legs behind her, her breasts half flattened against her chest, and her stomach stretched out, showing off her abs. And of course, below them, her insanely tight slit was on full display, another drop of her juices trickling out of her onto him as she squeezed. Way too tight, and he gasped as her hot depths clenched and massaged his length, earning another chuckle from her.

“I can... see why you’d call this... fighting.” He squirmed a little, before putting his hands on her hips. For a second he thought she’d take that as an invitation to grab him, pin him, and choke him out. But she just laughed, and held his shins as she slowly ground herself around and around.

“I’m treating you with more care than I’d treat a young demon. Even more care than I’d treat a fragile traitor I’m savoring.” With some more laughter, she slipped her hands behind his shoulders again, and pulled him to her. Considering she was sitting on him, and already a foot taller, it was easy for her to pull his head into her until it was between her breasts. “There, see? I’m even giving you an opening. Come on, grab me and roll me.”

“Roll you?”

“Get on top of me! Hold me down and fuck me. Silly angel.”

It wasn't an uncommon request from the souls he pampered in Heaven, once they were comfortable with being dead and enjoying Heaven's gifts. Women in particular usually wanted — or requested if they were bold enough — to be taken, pinned, dominated, fucked roughly, choked, spanked, and tied up. More than a few of them wanted stuff rougher than that.

Problem: tregeera were bigger than angels, and at least as strong as a gabriem physically. He couldn't even attempt to pin her, let alone do anything like flip her or choke her or do any of the things she was looking for. She knew it, too. She was teasing him.

Well, if she knew it, then maybe he could go a different route, and try something she'd probably never tried before?

Slowly, she got off her knees, and slipped her legs around him instead, letting her body weight sink her onto his cock. She was a big tiger demon, and despite her flat stomach, she was heavy as all Hell, and her dripping lips pressed hard against him as she got comfortable sitting on him.

"Pathetic," she whispered, and she hooked her feet behind him, burying him in her thick thighs as she also hugged him with her arms, keeping him pinned — gently, thankfully — against her large breasts.

"Hey, if you shrink a few feet and lose a few hundred pounds, I'd gladly throw you around and fuck you nice and hard."

"Not going to happen."

"Then I'm afraid I won't be much of a wrestling partner."

She rolled her eyes and groaned, before she laughed again. This close, the full vibration was positively intoxicating. With a happy sigh, she ground her hips into him, milking and squeezing on his length in spurts until her boiling hot juices dripped down his testicles. If all demons were like this, gabriem would be coming down in droves just for the sex if they ever found out. For all her words, Rexana's body lit up like a surface Christmas tree in June.

She relaxed her hug a bit, but no way he was going to leave where he was. He only pulled his head back enough to nudge his face into her right breast, and wrap it in his lips.

"Hey!" She frowned down at him.

"Wha?" he asked, mouth still on her large nipple. He kissed it, ran his tongue around it slowly, sucked on it gently, kissed it again, and sucked on it harder, enough he pulled his head back, and it came

off her chest with him. He let it go, admired how the huge thing rippled as it settled back on her chest, before he again buried it in kisses.

“I’m not a Spire mother.”

He shrugged. “Oh?” Couldn’t say ‘so’ with a mouth full of big, swollen nipple.

“Ugh, is this how you treat women in Heaven?” She frowned some more, but she didn’t stop him either. And to his delight, when he gave her nipple a more forceful suckle, she shivered ever so slightly, and her pussy clenched just a little more.

He finally let go, and smiled up at her. The other nipple demanded his attention, and he leaned into the other breast to bury his face in it, and bathe her nipple in his kiss.

She groaned, annoyed, but it wasn’t long before she relented. Her groans turned into quiet purrs, and her hands roamed his back, shoulders, and sometimes his resting wings, as he suckled. His hands teased up and down her back as well, planning to rub her spine, but finding a bunch of spikes instead. So, he took a stab in the dark, and ran his fingers down alongside them and between them. More purrs. Success.

“So this is what sex is like in Heaven? You just, cuddle each other? I was teasing you before! I expect you to fuck me, angel, not... toy with me.”

He shrugged again as he smiled up at her, and lowered his hands down past her huge, thick tail, and onto the huger, thicker ass cheeks of the demoness. It was his turn to groan as he sank his fingers into the meat of them, before he cupped them, squeezed, and helped the tregeera grind on his body. He couldn’t see, but he could feel her tail slowly wagging.

“Ugh. It’s going to take an age to cum like this.”

He pulled his head back and chuckled. “That’s a bad thing? We’re taking a break.”

“Well I was expecting to cum a few times at least, and I didn’t plan for it to take all night. I’ve seen succubi and incubi fuck with more enthusiasm than this.”

“Sorry if I feel like indulging in having sex with a terribly beautiful, sexy, and oddly fun demon.”

She opened her mouth, paused, and closed it. Had he found a chink in her armor?

“Just promise me we’ll fuck properly soon?”

He rolled his eyes, mirroring her frequent eye rolls, before he nodded and again devoured one of her nipples. If she wanted him to stop, all she had to do was stop purring, stop grinding into him in a

slow sway, stop clenching on his length so hard, and stop drenching him. He had no idea demons got this horny, and this ridiculously wet. It was amazing.

So they kept up the slow grind, him hugging her ass and helping her grind, and her hands roaming his shoulders and wings, before sometimes hugging him along with her legs, all while her tail wagged, and wagged, and wagged.

“Angel, I am one hard thrust away from cumming. If you don’t get me off right now, I am going to rip your head off.”

He pulled his head back, and grinned up at her. Play with fire? Play with fire.

“We still got at least thirty minutes of this. We can—”

She grabbed his shoulders hard, and threw him to the ground to the side, thankfully avoiding cracking his head against the wall that’d been up against. Now fully on his back on the ground, wings spread out over the stone, she leaned forward and drove her weight into her palms against his shoulders.

And then she fucked him. She growled down at him, showed more than few teeth as her beautiful — if slightly animal — mouth parted slightly, and she rode him. She slammed her pelvis down against him, taking his length to the base with each stroke, and she clenched hard on him in rhythm. Suddenly it didn’t feel like sex, it felt like a good workout. All he could do was grab her hips and hold on.

And watch. He got to watch, and it was a beautiful sight to see. As much as Galon loved having sex with humans, like all angels — and demons — did, they were small, and fragile. The demoness riding him now, with her huge breasts bouncing against her chest, powerful arms pinning him, and her hard abs and slender waist flexing with each thrust, was very much not fragile. She grinned down at him from under her huge horns, her giant tail between his legs flicking side to side and brushing against his muscles, and a single drop of drool fell from her tongue onto his chest.

“This,” she said between growing moans, and more growls, “is fucking.”

“I can see th—”

His voice cut off as she slammed herself down once, twice, and came to a stop. Her insides clenched like a vise, and a new layer of warm juices trickled out of her onto his cock as she shivered. So very warm, warmer than human or angel. It flowed out of her, drenching him. Without letting his shoulders go, she ground her hips down against him, and swayed them from side to side as she came, her eyes half closed and long tongue hanging out. A couple more drops of saliva fell from it onto his chest.

It wasn't the hard thrusting that pushed him over. It was when she slowed down and ground her hips toward him while her insides squeezed on him in random spasms that did it. He let out a slow sigh of bliss, and squeezed her ass as the first gush of warm cum poured through him and into her.

"What the fuck?" She purred, deep in her throat and chest as she looked down, and saw the white cum flowing out of her onto his pelvis along with her own juices. "I cum, and you cum? That is so romantic, I'm going to puke."

"Sorry," he said, after a quiver worked through him, followed by another gush of cum, and a rippling wave of tingling pleasure through his length, "but you're squeezing on me hard enough to break stone."

"Doubtful. You're just a weakling, and easy to break." Nodding, she sat up straight, and ran her claws along her huge horns before combing them through her dark hair tendrils. Was she showing off? "Tell me when you're done cumming, weakling, and we can resume." And to top it all off, she ground her hips down on him, and squeezed. Hard. Tightest milking he'd ever had.

Sure enough, she pulled another squirt of cum out of him, and he melted back against the floor as his eyes closed, and her boiling insides wrung that last bit of pleasure out of his orgasm.

"Look at this." She gestured down at his pelvis and abs, where his white cum had created more than a small mess. "I thought angels were supposed to be pure and virtuous? You cum like a devorjin. I could drown a human in this."

"Sorry, not sorry."

She blinked at him, and laughed. "So, let me get this straight." With a deep growl that gave him the distinct impression she was getting hungrier by the second, she lowered herself down onto him, until her breasts squashed against his face; she was a foot taller than him, after all. "Instead of angels being beacons of goodness, you're big-dicked horny fuckers who cum buckets?"

"I think," he managed to say as he raised his head enough to get his mouth free of the two heavy mountainous pillows, "that being horny all the time is mostly a gabriem thing."

"But the other stuff?"

"Very true." Angels were plenty comfortable with each other, and even occasionally had sex. It lacked the depth and joy of sex with the humans, so they much preferred to share their beds instead, often with multiple at the same time, and often with multiple angels at the same time. And Galon had had the occasion to share a human or three with a rapholem or mikalim. They had the same bodies as gabriem, just different proclivities.

Rexana licked her teeth, and wriggled her body side to side a bit, rubbing her breasts into his face.

“I bet the human girls in Heaven spend all day and night just writhing on a pair of dicks.”

“That... does occasionally happen.”

Laughing heartily, a rumbling sound that washed through him, she sat up again.

“You’re still hard, angel.”

“Of course.”

“Good. Get soft on me so soon and I’d be upset.”

He gulped. “I’d hate to upset you.”

“Smart.” Nodding, she gestured around them. “I could pin you down some more and fuck you until you break, and maybe I will. But you know what?”

“What?”

She laughed. His directness seemed to be please her, and he had to admit, it was fun pleasing her.

“It was strangely enjoyable, before, when you were fucking me gently and sucking on my tits like I were some Spire mother. It felt nice.”

Ah damn, he couldn’t help himself. He put on a big, jackass grin.

“Oh ho ho, big bad demon wants—”

She grabbed his throat with one hand, and half pulled him up.

“What was that?”

“Nothing,” he forced through a clenched throat.

“Damn right.” Nodding, she let go of him, and grinned at him as she licked her lips and worked her hips around a bit more. “But we tried your way first. So, if you wrestle me a bit, then we can fuck your way some more after.”

“My fair lady, I think you’ll find I’m not going to be able to beat a strong, beautiful warrior like yourself in a wrestling match.”

She rolled her eyes as she laughed and turned around.

“I’ll give you... what’s the word humans use? When swinging those metal sticks at the white ball on the grass.”

“A... handicap?”

“Yes! That.” With another hearty chuckle, she reached back, pulled on one of his arms until he was sitting up, got off him, and got onto her hands and knees, ass pointed toward him. His cock slipped free, and she wagged her huge tail with a little more enthusiasm once it did. “Oh no, look at me, a poor innocent demon who’s been defeated in combat. Now I’m all warmed up and waiting for the deadly angel who defeated me to have his way with me. I can’t stop him. Whatever will I do?”

Tregeera were mostly humanoid, but their legs had the muscularity and curve to let them walk on all fours. So when she got on her hands and knees, her feet’s talons were quite secure on the stone. She was most definitely not in a vulnerable, easily-wrestled position, especially not with her giant tail in his way.

“An angel would never take advantage of a demon like that.”

“Even if she’s dripping wet?” She wagged her tail some more, before curling the huge, thick thing around his back and pulling him toward her.

Well, it wasn’t like he wanted to stop anyway. He slipped one arm around the huge tail, in between the black spikes that ran along its top side, and his other arm took his cock in hand. He sank it into the tregeera’s clenching insides, and she purred as he took her hip with the hand and ground his pelvis against her.

“Your tail. It’s, um...”

“Come on, angel boy. You can handle it.” She grinned over her shoulder at him, and lifted her tail high, so it went over his arm and around it at the bicep, hooking behind his back under his wings. Thankfully the spikes pointed up, not out, and didn’t cut him. It also left both arms free, and the arm that he’d been using to hold her tail was now free to clutch her hip, and his other hand reached out higher, and grabbed onto one of the bigger spikes sticking out of her lower back.

“You mind?” he asked.

“Grab on to whatever you want. I can’t stop you. I’m weak and helpless and—”

He slammed into her, hard, harder than he’d feel comfortable using on a human, even the ones who liked it hard. Rexana let out a surprised moan, and she arched her back all too much like a stretching cat as she slipped her arms out in front of her along the stone. From over her, it was impossible to not notice how amazing her curves were.



He held on tight, and fucked her. No need to go easy on her, or slow down, or let her take a breather. He pounded into her until his balls slapped her clit, and wet flesh-on-flesh slapping noises filled the cave.

“There... we... go.” With a happy moan, she pushed herself back up onto her hands, and pushed herself back into him, matching his rhythm. “Fuck... yes...” Her insides clamped down hard, and she switched between moaning, groaning, purring, and growling, as the two of them ‘wrestled’ for who controlled the rhythm.

Before he knew it, Rexana arched her back yet again, pushing her stomach and chest into the ground, and her voice came out as a long, quiet moan, and her insides clamped down. Each thrust sent a splash of her hot juices against their thighs. He slowed down and blinked at the huge demon as she quivered, and he leaned back a bit so he could peek around and underneath her huge tail, to see her juices literally dripping out of her.

“Don’t stop!” she said, glaring back at him. Her black and red eyes looked less like her playful self, and more like the demon who’d been ready to fight and kill.

He tightened his grip, and slammed into her, shaking her body hard enough he could see the backsides of her breasts swing around underneath her. More of her juices flowed down his testicles, and he shivered with the heat of it. She was getting hotter, literally, and her cum felt like a really hot bath. Or, shower. It felt amazing.

He did slow down after a minute, when he noticed Rexana slow down as well as she lowered her chest to the ground again. Long, deep strokes, still hard enough to make her large ass ripple with each impact, but slow enough she was able to breathe again and recover from her orgasm. Her insides trembled, and random muscle spasms clenched on his cock in spurts, milking and demanding he cum inside her again as soon as possible.

He obliged, and picked up the pace once more. Rexana let out a happy groan, forced herself back up onto her hands, and pushed herself back into him. Okay, it really was like wrestling. She wanted to beat him, but unfortunately for her, the harder she tried the quicker she fell to her own pleasure. Every time she squeezed on him, she made herself shudder and groan, and it wasn’t long before she lowered her chest back to the ground again, and drenched his length in her juices.

It was too good. Each stroke had his length aching, ready to explode, and her boiling insides sent pleasure sparks from his swollen glans down through his length and into his body. His own warmth built up behind his testicles, and he shuddered as he slammed into her. His pace slowed, but his strokes grew long and deep, each a heavy thrust that made her huge ass jiggle, her tail bounce over his arm, and

her whole body shift back and forth against the ground. Each thrust poured cum into her, and he made sure to stay balls deep inside her between each, melting into the squeezing spasms of her pussy as he filled her.

After a few more thrusts, he stayed inside her, and let her clenching depths milk the pleasure and last few drops of cum out of him. Even down for the count and purring like a kitten, Rexana didn't let up, and she gently pushed her ass back into him. More than that, she squeezed down purposefully, and chuckled between her quiet moans as she tried to push back up onto her hands. Tried and failed, collapsing back onto her chest, and shivering.

"I win," he said between some panting breaths.

"Ha." Shaking and quivering, she crawled away from him a foot before collapsing again, and fell onto her side like a house cat falling over to relax on the carpet. She sighed bliss and shuddered a few more times, and her tail settled on the ground as his cum leaked down over her ass and thigh.

"Admit it," he said, and he came around to sit in front of her, knees apart and legs crossed at the ankle. "I win."

She scrunched up her nose, glared at him a few times, and sat up.

"Again."

"Wait, what?"

She crawled toward him, put her hands on his shoulders, and pushed him onto his back.

"Again."

"You look pretty tired. You sure you don't want to—"

She climbed on top of him, and with zero grace, sat on his cock, taking him to the base and locking her knees against his waist as she straddled him.

"Again. But... let's go slow again, like the first time. And... suck on my nipples some more. I liked that."

He grinned up at the demon, set both his hands on her ass between his thighs, leaned in, and took one of her big nipples into his mouth.

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Post sex with a demon was interesting. The fluids didn't last forever, eventually fading away like his sweat. And when his potram re-stabilized, his white silk robes and sandals reformed. It was like he hadn't just been fucking a beautiful, very tall, muscular, sexy as Hell — ha — demon.

And she sat beside him in classic cat position, on her butt and feet, sitting upright with arms straight and down. Her tail was curled around in front of her, and she plucked at it idly with one set of claws as she smiled. She looked happy.

She wasn't aroused anymore. It was so strange how her skin darkened, red parts turning dark red, dark red parts turning black, and the soft parts of her hardening. Her large breasts didn't jiggle anymore. Sadness.

"I think I like the way you fuck," she said, nodding at him before she looked back down at her tail, like she'd just said the most casual, normal thing in the world.

"Why thank you. I like to think I'm pretty talented."

After a heavy laugh, she pulled a tiny rock from between some of the spine spikes toward the end of her big tail, and flicked it at him.

"You're horrible."

"Then—"

"It was new, and interesting. It was fun. Got me all tingly. Normally I just cum, and it's like a quick explosion, and it gets hammered into me a few times. Then we're done. But with you, it built up, like someone turning a small fire into a big one. Felt nice. A bit boring at first, but worth it in the end."

He smiled.

"Demons don't do that?"

"Fuck no. Most demons need to rush everything." She found another rock in her tail and flicked it at him. "Last time I fucked anyone, it was a devorjin. We got into a fight over some food."

"You picked a fight with a brute? They're... quite brutish."

Her laughter was contagious, and he smiled as he watched her own smile grow. A bit scary, with the wide mouth filled with huge shark teeth, but it wasn't unattractive. It even looked beautiful, in that demony 'scary but hot' kinda way.

“Yeah, they are. We got into a tussle, and before I knew what was happening, he had me pinned on the ground on my belly, one hand on my horns, another around my tail, and a giant cock fucking me up to my lungs.” She licked her lips with her very long tongue, and grinned at him. “It was great, but over way too fast.”

“Well, angels do like to make things last. Souls stick around in Heaven for a long time before they move on. No rush.”

“Makes sense. Life can be pretty damn short down here.”

He leaned in and gave her a quizzical eye. “But you’ve been around for a while.”

Grinning, she leaned forward, sat up so she was on all fours, and prowled her way over to him. Before he knew what was happening, she lay her head on his lap sideways, facing him, her lower horn slipping between his thighs. Demons usually were confident, super confident, and they embraced death with the same mad joy of a battle hungry, crazed warrior. This one, on the other hand, while still as crazy confident, seemed to have a head on her shoulders. He liked that.

“I have been around for a while. Long enough to avoid the usual mistakes young demons make. And long enough to know how to have some fun when I see a chance.”

“Ah, so that’s what I was to you. Some fun.”

She reached out, and ran the blunt side of one of her claws down his chest and silk robe.

“Exactly.”

“I do hope you’ll let this fun continue to live after we get out of this cave.”

Chuckling, she slid the claw under his robe and traced a line along his abs.

“Okay, honestly, you’ve sold me. If you’d been some pompous asshole, judging me, yeah I would have killed you.”

For once in his long life, his wit and uncontrollable tongue had helped him out.

“Good thing I wasn’t a mikalim or rapholem.”

“Are they all self righteous and shit?”

“They can be.”

“Good thing then.” Nodding, she pulled her claw back and ran it along her horn, the one not between his legs. “And gotta say, it made me happy knowing I could get an angel hard. Kinda figured

you'd be completely spoiled on all that human pussy. Especially since humans in Heaven got, what, that better body than they get down here.”

How did she know about the prime bodies the souls of Heaven were blessed with? This tregeera knew entirely too much.

He chuckled. It wasn't always an easy thing to admit, but angels and demons would never, ever be as alluring, intoxicating, beautiful, handsome, or intriguing as humans.

But, angels and demons were pretty attractive, too.

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The two of them resumed rolling big rocks. It took a while. The rocks hadn't miraculously shrunk in size after their bout of sex, despite his best hopes, so they had to work hard to get them rolling. Lots of grunts and groans, which soon had the two of them naked again and fucking again.

It took two whole days to get a hole big enough for them to get out. He had wings, and she had big spikes and horns. The hole had to be pretty big.

Outside, the corpses were still there, decaying, flesh peeling away and exposing bone, thanks to Hell's ravenous appetite for the dead. Their bodies had also been plugged full of his arrows, but the arrows had either melted away with time, or had been stolen by curious grems and imps, and then melted away, leaving the hypothetical, curious demons disappointed.

Above, the sky burned hot and bright. It was day.

“Scavenged already,” Rexana said, grumbling as she gestured around at the corpses. “Nothing left for me.”

“I thought the hearts—”

“They melt away pretty quick, but not a couple days quick. Nah, this fight made a mess, and noise. Demons came, scavenged, took your arrows—”

“They'd fade in a day.”

“And took the hearts. Damn it, I'm hungry!”

He slowly turned to look at her through his helmet, complete with dramatic wide eyes. For fun. He knew she wouldn't attack him. Probably.

She grinned at him, and thumped her tail on the ground a few times before she leaned forward, fell onto her hands, and prowled around on all fours. And Galon made zero attempt to hide the fact he admired her ass as she did it.

“You should probably get out of here,” she said. “Quickly, before Zel’s other scouts show up.”

“Yeah... Yeah, I guess.” He flapped his wings a few times, testing them and embracing freedom once again, and got ready to take off.

But, he didn’t. He used his wings to smoothly hop over to Rexana, and gave her a brush of his wing against her whole torso. She still had his feather in her tendrils.

“Huh? Oh, right.” Laughing, she removed the feather and tossed it. “Can’t be seen with that. Questions will get asked.”

“Probably. It’ll fade soon, anyway.”

“Shame.” She grinned at him as she stood back up on two feet, and gave him a poke in the chest with a claw. “It was fun. I’m glad I didn’t kill you.”

“I’m glad you didn’t kill me, too.”

“Next time you get low to the ground, don’t get so close? Just because demons can’t fly doesn’t mean they can’t glide and catch your ass again.”

“I’ll remember that.” He rubbed at his leg, where one of the little bastards had jumped him. “And... hey, you—”

“Oh God, we’re not gonna do a long goodbye, are we?”

“I was thinking about it.”

“Please don’t.”

He grinned up at her and gave her another full-body brush with his wing, earning a grunt and claw swipe from her that almost got some feathers.

“Just, don’t get yourself killed, Rex? Please? I’d hate to learn you died.”

“Demons die every day, in droves, Galon. You get used to it.”

“I wouldn’t get used to you dying.”

She paused, looked down, frowned with realization, and glared at him.

“And what the fuck, I didn’t say you could call me Rex.”

“Too bad.” He pulled off his helmet and grinned at her. “And one other thing.”

“Yeah?”

He leaned in, gave her cheek a quick kiss, and took to the air. That, was playing with fire. She almost got him with a claw swipe, too.

“Asshole!” she yelled.

A glance back down showed her chasing after him, waving a hand with full intent on pouncing and hurting him. But alas, he was too high, and he waved at her as he slipped his helmet back on, and flew back to False Gate.