

~~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.

**Be warned! This chapter is very erotic, with some reluctance/domination aspects.** Not all AToH chapters will have sex scenes, but sometimes I can't help myself.

~~~~~

~~Three years before the Arrival~~

~~Adron~~

The trip back from the spire took weeks. Diogo would ask him questions, but Adron had done this song and dance before, and lying to Diogo was easy enough. Diogo may have been bigger, stronger, and smarter than your average devorjin, but being smarter than a pile of bones wasn't saying much. Still, if Diogo ever figured out what was going on, he'd snap Adron in two. He had to be careful.

Adron sat on a boulder not far from Diogo's mountain cave, and watched. Little grems and imps glided by, hopping off the mountain the cave lay beneath, and catching what air they could before they landed on nearby mountains; Gorzen Mountains had plenty. Gorgalas did the same, and even a few Dilojas, but they couldn't catch the same distance as the little bastards.

He saw what he needed to see. The gliders were coming and going with typical frequency. Nothing crazy had happened, nothing he'd have to assess before returning to Diogo. Last thing he wanted to do was to walk in during a raid.

He approached the Gorzen Eye Mountain, and stepped into the stone fortress, Diogo's cave. No one guarded the entrance. No one ever did. Diogo probably had spies watching, maybe some of the grems and imps if he could control them enough, but Adron was convinced none of them had followed him when he left, weeks ago. Adron had done this a hundred times, and he'd do it a hundred times more.

He walked through the halls, talons clutching at the stone floor, tail slithering behind him. The path went down, and down, and winding left and right as it split off into new paths, the massive cave network that was where the bailiff of Gorzen Mountains always lived. Now it was Diogo. Maybe it'd be Adron some day? Not if he wanted to live. Nah, much happier on the sidelines.

Hopefully Hannah was still alive.

Deep through the tunnels, he walked past several chambers with demons enjoying themselves. A couple of devorjins, huge brutes, were fucking a tregeera. Of course, with a tregeera, you had to hold her down or she'd scratch your eyes out, and Adron wasn't big enough to manage a tiger, not easily, anyway. He was eight feet tall, but so were tregeera. Devorjin were nine feet tall, and hulking Goliaths of strength. It took the two of them holding her down to keep her from biting and clawing them to ribbons.

But based on the noises, that's how this tregeera liked it.

Adron moved on.

Another chamber showed a gorgala, and a human. Betrayed? Didn't look like it, based on the fresh cuts on his body. The gorgala spread her wings and smiled down at her prey, and thrust her hips into him, fucking him. She had him in her grip now, her sin overpowering his mind, and based on the sadistic look on her face, she wasn't going to let his erection die anytime soon. Poor bastard. Some demons just liked to play with — or fuck — their prey before eating them. As if Hell wasn't sick enough.

Adron rolled his eyes and moved on. His two horns hit against the cave ceiling as the tunnel tapered, and he was forced to crouch before moving into the next tunnel. His preferred path. Less demons he had to deal with.

But more remnants. One of the groaning dead reached out from the shadows and caught his ankle. He snarled and spun, and slashed the remnant's emaciated face open. The corpse died again, 156 changed to 155, and the corpse collapsed into a pile of skin, muscle, and organs. A mess that would stick around for days until either a starving imp or grem debased themselves by eating scraps, or maybe a brave lorad would sneak into the cave and eat the scraps, before a grem or imp ate them.

It only grew worse as he continued. Devorjin ignored this tunnel due to its size, so he wouldn't have to deal with them, but as the tunnel went on, with only small amber veins to light the way, he sometimes wondered if it was worth it. The groans grew louder, and louder, until Adron could no longer hear his own breathing.

Remnants. Some reached up from the floor, some from the walls, and some from the ceiling. Some were buried up to the neck in stone. Others dangled from broken knees. Most stuck out from the waist, pushing at the stone to escape its confines, but never able to. They cried endlessly, and wailed as Adron approached.

One of them grabbed one of his horns. They were big horns, all vratorin had big horns, but that didn't give some remnant the right to touch him. Adron reached up, and sank his claws through the remnant's face and skull. 450 became 449, and fell apart into a useless pile of gore, right onto Adron's head. Figured. Adron pulled the flesh and entangled intestines off his head and horns, and shook his head, sending red splatters everywhere with his tendrils. Blood seeped down over his body and in through the cracks of his armor of metal and bone. Hannah could clean it later.

The tunnel went on for a while, and the screams and cries of the dead went on with it. Every step meant he moved into range of several remnants, and they didn't hesitate to grab him. He didn't hesitate to kill them. Talons sank through muscle and skin. Claws tore through limbs.

"He... Help." One of the remnants reached out and grabbed Adron's arm around the bicep, using both her hands to do it. Adron may not have been a devorjin, but a vratorin wasn't an imp or grem. He was a plenty muscular creature, and the remnant couldn't circle half his bicep with both hands.

He didn't look her in the eye. He only glanced at her long enough to see the number etched into her forehead, 54, before he backhanded her hard enough her face collapsed in at the cheek, and her neck wrenched hard enough to tear. 54 became 53, and he moved on.

The tunnel ended, and opened up into one of the many chambers of the Gorzen Eye Mountain. Not so many remnants anymore, but there were some. Some lay on their side, most of their body exposed, slowly withering to time. Others dangled high above, out of reach. Some squirmed between rocks that crushed their guts into mulch. Some, Hell had used as mortar for stones along the walls, and

the remnants sobbed as they pushed against the rocks crushing their legs or pelvises. It didn't matter how hard they tried, they'd never get free.

Maybe Adron should leave Death's Grip? He hated this place, hated waking up to find a fresh remnant clawing at his tail. Sometimes they even managed to speak, and begged for mercy. Was it like that in False Gate? A land of metal, metal buildings, metal fortresses. Maybe demons could sleep there without being disturbed.

But Zel would mount his head on a spike in her throne room if he tried to leave Death's Grip.

Sighing, Adron wiped some remnant blood from his face, and moved on. The next tunnel took him past more chambers, deep in the cave near Diogo's throne room. This deep was where more of Diogo's trusted demons were, and on the path to where Adron's chambers were located.

One chamber held Zreeg, a borjin. Big, dumb builder creatures. Minotaurs, according to the humans. Demons didn't have fur, and borjin didn't exactly have snouts, but close enough.

Another chamber held Zola, a volara, succubus. In classic fashion, she did what she did best, fucking, and she was currently fucking a vratorin, like Adron. The succubus looked mostly human save for the red skin, the tiny horns, the devil tail, and the lack of human hair; even succubi had tendrils instead of hair.

This vratorin, a bit smaller than Adron, was over seven feet tall, with a mostly human body. Except for the long smooth tail. Except for the raptorial feet, and huge talons and claws. Except for the two massive horns. And most of all, except for the skull-like demon face that left many teeth exposed. Vratorins were scary, but also handsome, with big defined jaws, according to Zola. And as much as he couldn't trust Zola as far as he could throw a mountain, if there was anything a succubus knew, it was sex appeal.

But vratorins were common, a dime a dozen, almost as bad as the grems and imps. No demon looked at vratorins with curiosity or concern. Adron liked it better that way. Made it easier to do his job.

The tunnel opened up to the throne room, and Adron sighed as Diogo came into view. If the devorjin had been sleeping in his chamber, Adron could just talk to him tomorrow and save himself some pain. He needed sleep after weeks of trekking. But, Diogo saw him, and raised a hand for him to come closer.

Unlike Adron, Diogo was naked, and sitting on his throne of rock that'd been carved out of the cave wall. Chains dangled from the ceiling with skulls attached to them, with some chains attached to the throne, and bones hooked to them too. No remnants grew nearby, probably cleared by his servants

earlier today. But the bones remained, piles of them, stored around the throne and against the back wall, to make Diogo look a lot more important than he was.

Such a massive devorjin, almost ten feet tall, broader and stronger than his kin. Devorjin didn't have horns, spikes, tails, or wings, and their skull faces were more demonic than human. Their skin was dark, almost black, thick and almost as hard as meera metal. They were big brutes, enforcers, and they were very good at their job.

Diogo was aroused. Where his skin would be black, it was now dark red. And the softer parts of the body, normally dark red, now throbbed blood red, his abs and the inside of his arms and legs. And the giant cock he currently had a succubus and gorgala sucking on. The succubus knelt beside his left knee, the gorgala his right with her wings snug to her back, and both bathed the head of his huge dick in hungry kisses.

The devorjin definitely had his preference. Sitting on his throne while two, or three or four demons gobbled on his dick with either real or fake enthusiasm, was a big kink of his. Succubi were happy to indulge him. The other female demons were usually not.

Adron allowed himself one short-lived frown before he walked up to Diogo, and stopped ten feet from him. "Diogo."

"Adron. You were gone for almost three weeks."

"I got involved in a hunt that took me near The Red Pits. I got stuck over there for a while." A reasonable lie.

"Good that Khazeer didn't get you."

"As if he'd care if a vratorin entered his land on a hunt."

"He might, if he knew it was you."

Adron didn't flinch. Diogo didn't know about Adron's deal with Zel, he couldn't have. This was just Diogo being his usual asshole self, and assuming everyone was out to get him, out to screw him over. He wasn't wrong, but he also wouldn't kill Adron without having at least some idea of what Adron was actually up to. Adron was too useful.

"Then I'm glad he didn't find me."

"Must have been deadly prey, Adron."

"It was a group. A few humans that'd been surviving for at least a few months. It got hectic."

Diogo nodded, looked down, and set a hand on the succubus's head. She was doing her best to fit the bastard's dick between her lips. Trying and failing, but at least her head blocked Adron's view so he didn't have to see the details. The gorgala beside her kissed Diogo's length, her wings hooked over her shoulders like a cape, and tail slowly slithering left and right on the cave floor. She was aroused too, they both were. Considering the gorgala didn't look all that happy to be there, it was probably the succubus working her sin. Or maybe the gorgala actually liked being forced into the situation, like the succubus probably did.

"Tacitus has sent word," Diogo said, eyes still on the two women tending to him. "Keep an eye open for a riiva, Adron. Tacitus wants her."

"Dead?"

"Ideally no, but he'd accept it."

Knowing Tacitus, that meant he wanted to kill the riiva himself, and make a display of it, too.

"You want me to hunt her down?"

"No. I've sent Scilla after her. But in case she fails, keep an eye open for her."

"Alright. Description?"

"Six feet, several scars between the spikes of her shoulder blades. Extremely well endowed."

Adron raised a brow. Well endowed? Most devorjin would say 'big tits' or something. Either Diogo was getting smarter, or he was just trying to emulate Zel without understanding why she talked like that.

"Alright. Riiva, several scars, unusually large breasts." Probably why Tacitus wanted her, knowing his tastes. Should be easy to spot too, considering how most riiva were built. Amazing legs and asses sure, but not very top heavy.

"You may go." Diogo waved him off, and relaxed back in his throne.

Adron nodded, and left.

His alcove wasn't too far from the throne room, but he had to climb up a wall to get to it. The cave tunnels weren't smooth, with jutting rocks and piles of stone and bones on or in the surfaces he needed to scale. A remnant reached out from a crevice, eyes wide and filled with tears of agony, but Adron avoided it as he continued up and up. Let someone else deal with it.

Up in a higher tunnel, he lowered into a crouch, and prowled forward. Quieter up here. There were screams and moans, but they came from the lower tunnels. The upper tunnels were usually empty this time of the day, the way Adron liked it. More importantly, there were less remnants, less shrieks and wails of the damned. A lot of demons loved those sounds. They just made it harder for Adron to sleep.

The upper tunnels of the cave were dark, with only occasional slivers of amber. No devorjin came up here; they didn't climb well, and they didn't do as well in the dark as other demons. But there were several vratorins like Adron up here, succubi and incubi too, some gorgalas, and of course, plenty of imps and grems. They—

Pain shot up through Adron's spine as something sharp collided with his back. More than something sharp, something heavy. He fell forward hard, palms, chest, and face smashing into the stone floor. And predictably, another spark of pain shot up through his back, where the sharp thing was desperately trying to break through his skin. Trying, but whoever was trying to stab him had failed.

Hannah roared and drove the blade against his back harder, but Adron rolled over easily. He'd thought maybe the heavy thing had been some blade wielded by a succubus, but no, it was Hannah herself. She'd jumped his back, and had tried to penetrate his dark hide with what looked like a knife. A proper knife, curved and shining with sharpness, metal black, hilt of bone. A gift from Tillia, perhaps? Reminder: pay Tillia a visit, once Hannah was dealt with.

Hannah was a slippery one. The human managed to stay on top of him as Adron rolled onto his back, and she kept the knife in hand as she did, too. With the best roar a human woman could manage, she drove the blade down at his chest.

Adron knocked the small creature's arms aside with a quick backhand from his left hand, and sent the blade flying. Hannah was a few inches over five feet tall. He was nearly nine feet. The difference in size and strength was laughable, and he chuckled as he snapped out his right hand, and wrapped his grip around her throat, entirely.

She glared at him as she clutched at his wrist, her little hands barely able to half circle it. Weak as she was compared to him, she could do nothing as he pushed himself up to sitting, and then to standing, all the while holding her in front of him until her feet were dangling in the air. She kicked at him, bare feet colliding with his chest and abs, but he'd been kicked harder by a baby goort, let alone Hannah. She even tried to kick him in the genitals, but his body wasn't aroused, and his genitals were safely secure inside him. All she managed to do was hurt her foot.

“Hannah Hannah,” he whispered, and he pulled her in closer until his pet was only inches from his face. “How many times have I told you? Go for where the flesh is red.”

She glared at him with murder in her eyes as she held onto his wrist, desperate to keep her weight off the grip around her throat. The number 666 was etched across her forehead, scars of black and red.

He grinned at her, licked several of his fangs, and set her down on her feet before letting go of her. She gasped as she fought for air, but she’d learned enough to keep her eyes on him as she did. Angry and defiant, even as she struggled to keep from erupting into a coughing mess. He did love that about her.

“Fuck you,” she managed at last. “The fuck am I supposed to do? Go for your front?”

Laughing, he walked over to the blade and fetched it. He returned to her, and as he looked down at his little pet, he pointed the blade at his chest.

“Red flesh is soft. Soft enough at least for a human to puncture with a blade.” He turned a bit and pointed at his back, above the armor but below the neck where she’d tried to stab him, where the flesh was much darker, almost black. “No weak betrayer is penetrating that.”

“I’m not weak.”

No, she was not, at least not by the standards of human. Hannah, a human woman, was quite lean, with pale skin peppered with dirt, and short blond hair. Blue eyes. She’d built muscle since dying, giving her a lithe and athletic slim figure, compared to the stick woman he’d saved. And at the moment, she wore what looked like a goort leather heavy strap draped over one shoulder, and the brown material reached low enough to cover from her chest to her thighs.

He chuckled again as he squatted down in front of his pet, before he looked down at the blade in front them. And he cracked it in half.

She almost said something, but only glared at him.

He grinned again, and broke the hilt in half, and the blade as well, leaving the tool in bits and pieces. And with a single claw, he idly cut through the strap of her leather. Once it fell to the floor of stone, he scooped it up, and in a couple seconds, shredded the leather into ribbons.

She made no effort to stop him. She knew the rules. But she did make sure to glare at him with all the hate and vitriol she could muster as he left her naked. Her eternal body, like many women these days, lacked body hair of any kind, and he licked his fangs with his long tongue as he admired the way her abs looked above her smooth mons.



She didn't so much as cover her small breasts as she stared daggers into him.

"I had to do favors to get that knife."

"What a shame."

"And I had to kill a goort, and make those clothes on my own."

"Impressive."

"Christ, you don't care at all, do you?"

He grinned at her as he licked a fang once again. "I care."

"Uh huh."

He couldn't help but chuckle as his pet glared at him. She had come at him with full intent to kill, like he'd taught her. She deserved a reward for that.

He motioned for her to follow, and he started down the path. Curving paths of rock, a network of tunnels filled with demons of all sorts, and one of the safest places in all of Hell as far as Adron could tell. Hannah didn't know that. Sure, she'd been outside the cave plenty of times, and she'd been through torture and mayhem when the pearly gates dumped her ass in Hell. Maybe someday, he'd take her on a trip through the Gorzen Mountains, to see the Gazra Crag or the Geeraz Tombs. Maybe they could leave Death's Grip altogether, and live in Grave Valley or Angel's Spine.

Hannah thought the afterlife in Death's Grip was tough. She had no idea.

Diogo's mountain was cozy, in a strange way. Sure, Adron hated being surrounded by so much rock, but it was less the rock and more the company that it contained. Why Zel put up with all these schemers, he didn't know, but it made every moment he stayed in this cave an exercise in frustration and stress.

Good thing he had a pet, someone to take care of his stress daily.

He looked behind him, and his naked little pet met his eyes with a glare before she looked around, scanning behind her and in front of Adron, peeking around his sides. She used to be so timid, with eyes pointed down. It took a long time to teach her to keep her eyes up and open. Not that she could do much, since he destroyed her weapon, but it wouldn't always be like that. If a demon decided to go over Adron's head, and take or eat Hannah, it was up to her to survive, even if that meant running for her life. And if she got any better, even if it meant killing whoever was trying to kill her.

But for now she stayed close to him, protected by his position with Diogo while he was gone, and protected by him physically when he was here. Honestly it was easier to protect her when he was gone, when other demons couldn't challenge him cause he wasn't around.

As if Lucifer was listening to his thoughts, another demon stepped around the long, winding tunnel. Another vratorin like Adron, over seven feet tall with raptorial feet with long talons, a long smooth tail, two large horns, hard eyebrow ridges with deep set red eyes with black sclera, a large, defined jaw, and a flat, almost non-existent nose. Humans called it 'demon face', a blend of a human face and a skull.

It always came back to humans.

"Costel," Adron said.

"Adron." Costel walked toward him, tail slithering behind as he leaned forward like he was ready to pounce. "I've been waiting for you."

"I can see that."

Adron was larger, and stronger than most vratorins, but that wasn't always a good thing. In a contest of strength, sure, Adron won. In a contest of speed, it wasn't so simple. And Costel didn't need to be stronger than Adron to land a good hit with those claws, and eviscerate him.

"I want to talk about your betrayer slave."

Adron leaned forward, talons to the stone, spreading his center of mass out with his torso and tail.

"What about her?" he asked. A quick glance showed Hannah had walked up to Adron's side, a foot back, and stood close to him, closer than she usually liked.

"She stole one of my fruit."

Adron growled, and scratched his talons against the stone. "You saw it?"

"I saw her hanging around my alcove, and the fruit I stashed there disappeared."

"That sounds like an elaborate no."

Costel whip cracked his tail against the floor. "She stole from me. I get to kill her." He tilted his head to the side, and grinned past Adron at Hannah. "Or maybe I won't. I could have some fun with her first."

The human did not cover herself, like she would have in the past. Naked and angry, she stared at Costel like he was an enemy, like she was ready to gouge his eyes out if he lowered his guard. Oh how the little woman had grown.

Adron took a step toward Costel. “You’re not touching my pet.”

“I’m sorry, I don’t remember asking for your permission.” Costel came closer as well.

“And yet you need my permission, or Diogo will string you up by your entrails.”

“What a load of shit. Diogo doesn’t care about your slave.”

This was getting tiresome. Adron came closer, until the two demons were almost touching.

“Diogo values me, Costel. Don’t push me.”

Costel reached out, and shoved Adron’s shoulder. “About that. I’ve been talking to Tullius. He thinks you’re a problem.”

Adron let the bastard shove him, and slowly rotated to the side. Predictably, Costel strafed with him, and the two vratorin slowly circled the other, tails sticking out and slithering behind them, announcing they were ready to fight.

“A problem?”

“You’ve been sneaking out. Talking to people.” Costel nodded his head back down the tunnel path Adron came from. “Who you been talking to?”

“Why would I tell you anything?”

“Because Tullius and I agree. And you really want to fight a devorjin?”

Adron snarled. Yeah, fighting a devorjin was a bad idea. The one damn thing those hornless, tailless brutes could do, was fight. It was why Diogo was so dangerous. He could defend his title.

“You know Diogo wouldn’t allow it.”

“Maybe. Maybe not.” Costel continued to circle him, and Adron circled him in return, until Costel’s back was to Hannah, and he looked over his shoulder at her. “You want to risk that? A fight with Tullius?”

“No. I don’t.”

“Then give me the betrayer slave.”

“So what, you can say you’ll leave me be, only to stab me in the back? Go fuck yourself, Costel.”

His fellow vratorin slowly turned his head to look back at Adron, rage in his eyes, and tail twitching with obvious frustration.

“You should take the deal, Adron. I—”

Hannah threw herself onto Costel’s back, hooked her left arm around the stupid demon’s neck, and hooked her right hand around the ridge of his right eye. Costel roared in agony and fury as Hannah pierced his eye, and he immediately snapped up a hand and grabbed her wrist. It’d take him half a second to break it and throw her off.

But Adron was already close, and he attacked before the fool could do a thing. Costel managed to get the hand around Hannah’s wrist, but Adron slashed out at the same time, and brought his claws along Costel’s stomach, sideways. Hannah might have had trouble going for a proper soft, red place like the stomach, limited as she was, but Adron had no such limitations. He eviscerated the worthless vratorin, and immediately, the squirming, struggling demon’s guts spilled onto the stone at Adron’s already bloodied feet. The last thing you wanted to be doing with your abdominal cavity cut open, was to be standing, and fighting off someone on your back. His insides became his outsides in seconds.

Costel fell to his knees, Hannah still on his back as she tried — and failed — to strangle him. But she let go when she realized Costel had already fallen, and had let go of her wrist.

“Holy shit,” she said, gasping. Five seconds of struggling and she was out of breath. Humans.

Before Costel could say anything, or realize just how bad he fucked up turning his back to Hannah, Adron drove his left hand up into Costel’s throat and under his jaw. Vratorin had long claws. Half his finger sank into the soft flesh under his jaw as his claws pushed up into the stupid demon’s brain. The light went out in his remaining eye.

Adron lifted the demon by his head with his left hand, and with his right hand, stabbed up through Costel’s open guts, and ripped out the vratorin’s heart. With a quiet chuckle, he tossed the body aside, and it slumped against the curved wall of the cave tunnel. An imp or grem would come along soon and cart it off, either at Diogo’s request, or to eat the corpse and salvage what little resonance was left.

“I’m impressed,” he said, and he smiled down at his pet as he gently squeezed the blood-soaked heart in his palm. “You could have gotten us both killed. Not to this moron, but to Diogo.” A quick glance behind him and again in front of him showed what he realized, and what Costel had realized when he picked this approach. This section of the tunnel was a hard curve, and had no spectators. No one could say Adron killed Costel with help.

Since Diogo was the bailiff, he'd enforce a proper fight. This was not a proper fight. Costel wanted to fight Adron, but not have to face repercussions from Diogo who needed Adron's services. It backfired beautifully.

"I saw an opportunity. I took it. Like you taught me, right?"

"You risked both our lives, not just your own. Not the same thing."

She shrugged again as she frowned. "You could have just let me die."

"I could have. I should have. But I didn't." And he wouldn't.

They looked at each other for a while, silence falling on them in the depths of the mountain cave. But after a while, he nodded, smiled, and resumed the walk back to his alcove. And he ate Costel's heart as he did.

She jogged up to his side. "Why?"

"Why what?"

"Don't give me that shit. Why didn't you hand me over? Sure he would probably try and kill you eventually, but it'd give you time, right?"

He didn't say anything. It took a couple minutes to reach his alcove, a room high up in the wall, and he had to jump to reach the ridge of its entrance and pull himself up. Hannah climbed up, grunting with the effort as her small hands and bare feet found rocks or jutting bone, but she managed.

Within the safety of his alcove, he took off his armor. The skull of a devorjin he once killed. The skull of a tregeera he once killed. Several hard plates of meera metal. Several more hard plates of aera metal you couldn't get in Death's Grip. A dozen straps of goort leather that held the ensemble together against his massive body; massive compared to Hannah anyway.

She helped him, and set the pieces aside against the curved wall. And once he was naked, she grabbed a fallo sheet and wiped his body down with the white, absorbing fabric. She'd have to wash it later.

He knelt down for her, and smiled at her as she wiped the blood of remnants from his horns, head, and tendrils.

"Come on Adron. Tell me. You owe me that much, after... after everything."

He shrugged, and once the blood was mostly off him, he lay on his pile of furs. Hannah knew better than to take them for her idiot dress idea; he'd punish her harshly if she did. Skulls decorated his

room, the skulls of fellow vratorins, big devorjins, and a few eager tregeeras and gorgalas. And a dozen human skulls as well. More than their skulls, he kept the bones of his kills, demons and betrayers that needed to be put down, and good hunts that led to humans who put up a fight. Some hung on the walls of the cave, others decorated the floor, while many sat up against the wall, propped up on display.

The message was clear. Fuck with Adron at your peril. It worked for Diogo.

“Because you’re mine.” He shrugged, sat up against the back wall of the cave, goort furs underneath, and motioned for his pet to sit with him. “What, you think I’m not happy with my pet?”

Her expression broke, for a moment, before she returned to her angry glares. Regardless, she sat down in front of him, and after he motioned for her to come closer, she sat between his legs on the furs with him. She already knew what he wanted.

“Don’t hurt Tillia.”

“Ha, I won’t. Diogo likes her.” Liked to fuck her. He was the bailiff. He fucked who he wanted. And Adron knew better than to stir ripples in the blood. “But Tillia knows better than to touch my property. I will have a word with her.”

“She... didn’t fuck me, ok? I did a different favor for her.”

Adron squinted an eye at his pet, but the cold glare was enough to let him know she wasn’t lying. Probably. He shrugged and gestured to her.

“Good. Now, spread your legs, and touch yourself. I’ve had a long journey, and it will take a long time to satisfy me. Prepare yourself.”

A tinge of red ran through her skin, and she glared at him extra hard, as if she could will him to explode. But they had done this dance often enough, and she knew better than to defy him.

~~♥♥♥~~

So, on her knees, she slowly broke her eyes away from him as she spread her thighs, and slipped a hand down to her smooth mons. Her fingers found her lips and her clitoris, and she gently caressed them as she found enough anger to glare at him again.

Angry she may be, but they both also knew her body responded all too well, and her skin glowed redder by the moment as she touched herself. And Adron was content to watch. For ten minutes, he sat there, and looked his tiny pet up and down as she slowly warmed her body for him. And for the whole time, her face flowed between being angry with him, and blushing with both embarrassment, and arousal.

“I’ll get you eventually,” she said, voice wavering. Just a little, just a hint, something she tried to cover up. She failed, and she tried to cover it up with a harsh glare.

Adron smiled, and crept forward. She almost leaned back, but again, knew better, and the anger in her eyes slowly faded as her fingers worked her swelling lips.

He reached out, took her working hand, trapped it in his enormous grip, and pushed her. She fell onto her back on the furs, and groaned, frustrated and annoyed, and obviously horny despite herself. Well, he had been gone a long time, and the others knew better than to touch his pet. No one had fucked her in his absence.

She was his.

He got down onto his stomach between her legs, and smiled down at her little slit, and the first glistening beads of wetness. Growling down at him, she pushed at his head with her free hand, but his skull was enormous compared to her tiny hand, two horns towering over her. She might as well have been pushing against a mountain. He slipped his arms under her thighs, reached out with both hands, grabbed her wrists, and pinned them to the furs. She was trapped, her hands pinned at her sides, with his head between her thighs, her legs hooked over his shoulders.

She was so tiny compared to him, so small, it drove him crazy.

“I’ve missed you,” he said.

“No you haven’t.”

“Oh?”

“Like you’d miss a slave, Adron.”

“You’re my pet. My only pet.”

“Fuck you.”

“Ha. I’ve been gone a while, and aching to get back to you this whole time.”

“That’s not the same thing as missing someone. You’re just a horny animal.”

He growled down at her, loud enough to send a rumbling vibration through, and she squeaked. But then he winked at her again, playful, teasing, and earned an annoyed groan from her, before he lowered his mouth down onto her tiny slit. Careful of his many, many sharp teeth, he covered the entirety of her pussy and mons with his mouth, and pushed his tongue against her entrance. She

immediately clamped down and pulled against his hands, but she wasn't going anywhere. They'd done this dance hundreds of times, but every time, she insisted on fighting him.

It was part of the reason he loved fucking her.

Eventually, he forced his thick, long tongue into her squeezing insides, and he pulled another frustrated groan from Hannah, combined with one of her whimpering moans. She covered it up quick, and tried to pull her hands out from his grip, but it was futile. She could do nothing but lift her head and glared down at him, as he forced inch after inch after inch of his tongue into her depths. Already wet, he didn't have to push hard.

"Fuck... you..." She tried to keep her angry glare, but as he filled her with his tongue, with more and more of it until he was fighting against her stretching flesh, her angry glare broke. Guilty pleasure washed over her, and she struggled to keep her head upright to stare at him, as he buried her clitoris in rolling waves of his tongue that flowed down into her depths. Demons had very long tongues, and he forced more into her, until a distension showed along her abs where the rolling waves of his tongue pressed up against her until they stretched her depths deeper into her.

Watching, hearing, and feeling his pet grow hotter by the second ignited his own arousal. The colors of his body lightened and boiled with more red. His cock and testicles emerged from within his pelvis and pressed to the floor between his legs. And Hannah's eyes widened a little as she recognized the brightening color of his body.

She twisted and squirmed, and squeezed her thighs around his head. But he was massive, a titan of muscle compared to her. All she managed to do was force herself to squeeze harder on his tongue as he rubbed it against her clitoris harder and faster, all the while stretching her tiny slit more and more.

She managed one final glare before she collapsed against the leather, and came on his tongue. To cum that fast, she must have been quite horny while he was gone. How embarrassing for her. Tiny, whimpering mewls mixed with husky groans, and her legs shook around his shoulders as her muscles fought against him. Her juices trickled down over his tongue, mixing with his thick, hot saliva, before sliding down her skin onto the leather and fur.

But he didn't stop. He eased the pressure on her clitoris, but he pushed more of his tongue into her, every last inch, earning a shocked inhale from the squirming prey as he buried her deepspot in rolling waves of his tongue. He pushed it in deeper into her, causing the bulge on her abs to reach her navel as he stretched her, all while she gasped for breath as the orgasm tore through her.

Satisfied, he let go of her hands, sat up, and grinned down at her.



“Feeling better?”

“Fuck... you...” She forced herself up onto her elbows, and glared at him with that delicious mixture of frustration and guilt.

Chuckling, he lay on the leather beside her, facing her. She looked away, only more frustrated, but she did sneak a peek at him, his body, and his swollen cock, before hardening her gaze away from him again.

“Come closer.”

“No.”

Oh this woman. He laughed, leaned in, and ran his tongue along her neck, making her squirm and push against his chest with one hand. As she did, he slid in closer, propped his head up with one hand, elbow to the leather, while his other took her hip. She was a feather compared to him, and he easily rolled her onto her side facing away from him, and pulled her snug to his chest. He spooned her. And once the tiny, quivering creature was pressed to his body, he reached down, and pushed his cock between her thighs until it poked out from under her slit.

She was boiling, and soaked with a lot more than his saliva.

He leaned over her shoulder enough to admire the sight of his thick cock sticking out from between her thighs. Hannah refused to look at it, but her thighs shifted a little, rubbing at its thickness, and her heart rate soared.

His cock was a good deal longer than a human's, and over twice as thick. All in all, normal for a demon of his size and shape. And unlike a human's, the red length was covered in thick ridges at each inch, and he knew Hannah loved the shape of them forcing their way into her tiny entrance. It was why she squirmed now, and wriggled and tried to get away from him again. She knew what would happen once he was inside her.

He reached up with his free hand, and slowly wrapped finger and thumb around her neck. Instantly, a new sort of shiver went through her, the sort Hannah hated the most: excitement. He chuckled again as he leaned down over her head, and gave her cheek a long lick as he gently thrust his hips forward, softly nudging his cock a couple inches between her thighs, and up against her dripping slit.

“Put it in.”

“No.” She squirmed again, and pulled at the leather blanket with both of her hands. He did not release her.

“You are mine, betrayer. Put. It. In.” He spoke more sternly, and tightened his grip around her throat. His fingers were more than long enough to completely circle it.

Despite her obvious attempts to control herself, she let out a tiny mewl, before gritting her teeth and looking away again. But even as she did, she reached down, and pressed her hand against the underside of his glans. Her hand was small compared to his cock. Very small.

He pulled his hips back enough to help, and she groaned with more frustration and guilt as she pushed it up against her smooth little slit. They’d done this many times, and she knew she had to keep her hand there until he managed to spread her wide enough to take him. It was half the reason he’d spent so long stretching her with his tongue.

He eased his hips forward, and immediately her little slit spread tight, too tight. He pushed against it, and Hannah groaned as she squirmed against him, his hand still around her throat. With a little mewl, Hannah let his cock go, and his forward thrust forced it to slide along her pussy until the long shaft poked out from between her thighs again.

He tightened his grip on her throat a little, and grinned down at her as he licked her cheek again. “Try again.”

With another shiver, she reached down with both hands this time, and helped guide the huge head of his cock against her swollen pussy. Adron pushed his hips forward, and sure enough, Hannah managed to keep his cock aligned with her slit. The delicious, wet, hot friction of her entrance spreading around his glans was euphoric, and he rumbled his pleasure down at her, catching her eyes as they rolled up. Hate him she might, but she loved the sensation of his cock spreading her wide, and wider, until finally her taut slit slid past the base edge of his glans, and around the groove below where it was thinner. Slightly.

“Fuuuuck,” she whispered, closing her eyes and looking away.

He relaxed his grip on her throat, and she breathed deep, body relaxing. Of course, he took that opportunity to force another inch of his cock into her, and she clamped down immediately as a groan yanked the wind out of her.

Slowly, Hannah looked down, and as Adron forced another inch of his cock into her trembling insides, they both saw the distension on her flat belly grow. He forced in another, causing the bulge to move up her abs, and for another thick ridge on his huge girth to slip past her taut lips.

“Fuck... you... Adron.” Her voice was weak, barely more than a whisper, and it sent hunger through him like fire.

He was tempted to give a witty retort. Him and his slave often had banter when he fucked her, usually along the lines of ‘I’ll kill you’ responded with ‘bring it on’. But tonight, he didn’t feel like silly words. No, tonight, he was boiling with need for his pet, and dumb remarks would not do.

She had no idea how much it aroused him when she fought him. And if she ever did succeed in killing him, she had no idea how proud he’d be. But until that time, he was going to indulge himself, and her.

He pushed in another inch, pulling a moan from her as the fat head of his length, the size of her fist, finally pressed against her depths. A tiny wince of pain from her, and then a long, frustrated groan of pleasure, as he gently nudged his cock against her deepspot, pulling out an inch only to push it back in again.

He still had several inches to go.

“Masturbate,” he said, and he tightened his grip around her throat hard enough to block her breathing.

A moment of panic shot through her, making her clench like a vise and struggle to get away from him. He didn’t let her, pinning her to his chest and holding her there, until the inevitable happened. Hannah relented, reached down again, and began to play with her engorged, spread taut folds, and her swollen, sensitive clitoris.

He released his grip again, and forced in another inch, stretching her deeper again. Even as she trembled and her insides coated him with a new layer of juices, she knew better than to ignore an order. She continued to masturbate, fingers massaging her reddened lips between soft strokes of her clit, her digits occasionally brushing up against the thickness of his cock as he slowly forced more into her.

Spooning her meant he couldn’t get every inch in her; that was fine, it could wait. For now, he pushed forward until her firm ass of muscle molded to the hardness of his pelvis, and he’d forced plenty of his length into her squeezing insides. He smiled down at her, but she looked away like she always did, even as her whole face glowed red.

He pulled back a couple inches, and pushed them back in, the thickness of his cock forcing each ridge and vein to rub and press mercilessly against her g-spot, while he stretched her depths into her again. And from there, he picked up a pleasant, slow-but-not-too-slow rhythm.

“You’re... being... gentler... than usual.” She frowned up at him, expecting him to take the opportunity her words created to suddenly pound into her hard. If he did, she’d insult him for him, call him an animal like she sometimes did.

So he didn’t. Yet.

“A reward, for nearly killing me tonight. And for helping with Costel.”

“Pfft.” She frowned as she looked down at the leathers and furs, but her breathing only grew faster, and her insides clenched harder as he tightened his grip on her throat. But only for a moment, enough to let her realize her own body worked against her.

He increased the pace, still gentle but not so slow she could ignore him, and he withdrew a few inches after each thrust. The sort of rhythm that would slowly bring her to orgasm, and make her groan and squirm with each moment of it. No matter how hard she tried to ignore him, pushing his thick cock up into her clenching body and past the taut entrance of her slit soon had her more than just fighting to hide her groans. She masturbated faster, soaked fingers doing more than caressing her clit and lips. She wanted to cum.

He squeezed on her throat again, not so tight she couldn’t breathe, but enough for her to feel the pressure of his grip. He thrust harder, enough to feel her hard ass ripple against his pelvis. He pulled her tighter into his chest as well, pinning her head by her throat against his sternum as he fucked her.

And she masturbated faster and faster, until she suddenly stopped. She clutched at his wrist and held on as her body quaked, her insides tightened all the more, and a fresh coating of her hot juices flowed over his length. She started to mewl, but after a few seconds all she could manage was pants and gasps. She may have stopped masturbating, but he didn’t stop thrusting.

“Adron... st... op...”

He chuckled down at her as she looked up and met his eyes, her gaze wide and begging. He slowed down, but he didn’t stop. Stopping was no fun. Stopping would give her a proper break, a moment to cool down, and he didn’t want that. No, he only slowed down, forcing her orgasm on and making her tremble and clench and squirm until another coating of her juices leaked out of her.

And when she finally stopped squirming, he picked up the pace again, harder than before.

“Adron! I... need... break...”

He growled into her ear, and thrust harder, forcing his body snug to hers and sinking another inch into her at the apex of each thrust, stretching her deeper each time. Her groans turned into tiny squeaks,

telling him his little pet was going to cum again. Tingling warmth under his testicles, and sharp sparks of bliss flowing down from his glans announced his own growing pleasure, and forced him to push harder.

“Adron, please... need... br—”

He tightened his grip on her throat, blocking her voice, her breathing, as he thrust harder. The first warm gush of his cum poured through him and into her, sending waves of pleasure through his cock and out into his pelvis, and he rumbled satisfaction as he pinned Hannah tight against his chest.

She squirmed and wriggled, and pulled at his wrist, but a few rough thrusts from him, each flooding her stretched pussy in white, soon had his pet trembling as her insides clamped down, and her juices soaked his girth. Unable to fight him, she quivered as she came, and managed to look over her shoulder up at him as he choked her. He looked down at her, where her head was pinned to his chest, and growled, a hungry, animal sound, as he filled her with his cum.

It took a while to finish his climax. Each gush of cum quickly flooded her insides, only to pour out of her pussy and splash over her thighs and his testicles. Each thrust forced the bulge along her abs to reach up to nearly reach her navel. Each moment, he clenched her throat tight, choking her as he fucked her, forcing her little body to spasm and quiver on his cock. She melted into him as he did.

Finally done, he released her throat, and she gasped as her body at last released tension.

“You’re gonna kill me,” she whispered between pants, “one of these days.”

“Never.” He smiled down at her, and winked. Which earned an annoyed groan from her. Such a fun game.

He rolled her over onto her stomach, and he rolled with her. But instead of fucking her lying down, he knelt up straight, his legs outside hers, and his cock pulled free of her clenching flesh. A sliver of her pink insides exposed themselves as each thick inch of his girth pulled free, and she whimpered when finally the fat head of his cock popped free, allowing another gush of white cum to flow out of her.

She started to crawl away, but Adron chuckled down at his little pet, and grabbed her hips. She glared at him and pulled at the furs, trying to get away. He didn’t let her. She pulled harder, body quivering as she found some strength, but not much, barely enough to cause the heavy furs to shift underneath her.

“Adron, wait. I need... a break...” When she finally realized she wasn’t getting away, her eyes widened in panic as she looked over her shoulder at him. Anger was still in her eyes, intelligence, more

plans running through her mind about how she was going to kill him. But it all melted away as he held her waist, and slowly pulled her toward him. She grabbed the leather and pulled harder, desperate to get away, but she was weak, trembling, and exhausted.

With one hand, he set the soaked head of his cock against her slit, and guided it into her boiling flesh, as he pulled her toward him with the other. It was a lot easier to enter her now after stretching her, and soon enough, his glans slipped past the clenching muscle of her entrance. She tried to glare at him over her shoulder, with her now on her hands and knees, but her expression melted away as he began to penetrate her. The humans called it doggy style.

A guilty groan escaped her as he slowly sank inch after inch into her, until his glans pressed against her deepspot, and her spread taut insides were forced inward. He kept going, forcing delicious mewls out of her as he gently pushed in another inch, and another. Every futile attempt she made to crawl away caused muscles to clench and squeeze, and he rumbled his pleasure as he let her try to get away. He even let her succeed, a little, a couple inches of his cock slipping free as she crawled, before he pulled her back toward him.

He did love to tease her.

It took only a few moments to reach the depth he'd been penetrating her when spooning her. But he needed to go slow to stretch her those last couple inches. She was only human. But taking his time was half the fun, and he smiled down at her small, trembling body, the tiny waist and toned ass, as he pulled it toward him. She tried to crawl away again, and he punished her with a gentle yank, grinding his glans against her depths and earning a squeak from her. Eventually she relented, and glared at him all the more as he stretched her deeper, and deeper.

It took several minutes of gentle, playful teasing and grinding, but he made progress, and her drenched insides slowly stretched to accommodate him. Finally, he managed to force her lips around the last ridge of his length, and she groaned as her head fell to dangle between her shoulders. The sight of her tight, firm ass molding to his pelvis as he made sure to bury every inch into her, was glorious.

Trembling, she refused to collapse, and glared over her shoulder at him again. Defiant, and beautiful. She looked back to the alcove door, crawled toward it, and he let her yet again. She didn't get far. He looked down and watched her spread tight clenching slit squeeze on his girth, and as she managed to crawl further away, inches of his length pulled free of her, showing a sliver of her drenched, pink insides pulling out along with him. And whenever one of the thick grooves of his cock slipped free of her clenching pussy, she groaned again, paused, quivered, and resumed crawling.

When only the glans of his cock remained, he tightened his grip on her hips again, and thrust into her, hard, sinking every inch into her, and stretching her deep.

“Fuck!” With a high pitched squeak, she fell, arms giving out and chest flattening against the leather blanket. Her insides shivered between clenching spasms, muscles refusing to relax as she trembled. She didn’t orgasm again, not yet, but he recognized the signs. It wouldn’t take much to make her cum again and again until it hurt.

“You really think I’d let you get away?” Chuckling, he gently slid her forward, and yanked her back toward him hard enough her large ass rippled as it smacked against his pelvis. Hannah squeaked again, arms shaking and struggling to push her back up onto her palms. She managed, eventually, but another hard thrust quickly had her back on the leather, arms giving out and ass up in the air.

He spread his knees, lowering his pelvis so he could stay aligned with the much smaller creature, resettled his grip on her waist, and pounded into her. No longer hitting her with long single strokes, he thrust into her again and again, rapid thrusts that each withdrew half his length before slamming it back into her. His heavy testicles slapped against her dripping clitoris, soaked in her juices, and his.

A single minute was all it took to have his pet quivering on his cock, and dripping a new wave of juices over his testicles.

She stopped trying to push herself up. She lay there, moaning, legs occasionally kicking at the leather beneath them before going limp. Her toes curled hard, and her clenching insides rippled with spasms as she came. He didn’t stop, but he did slow down a bit. She was only human, after all. If he went too hard too long, she’d pass out, so he eased the pace for her, and gently slipped every inch of his length out of her quivering insides, save for the head of his cock.

And then he slammed the whole length of it back into her again, every inch, every bump and groove of the the thick girth. He buried it into her hard enough her ass jiggled against him, and poor Hannah managed another, weak squeak.

Right hand firm on her hip, he lifted his left hand, and slapped her ass.

“Nnnng!” Another desperate, weak squeak from her. She managed to turn her head enough to look up at him over her shoulder; he was leaning forward over her with how huge he was. The look in her eyes was delicious, and obvious. She loved it. A mix of exhaustion and guilty pleasure dripped from her eyes, mixed with tears from overstimulation.

He slapped her ass again, and relished both how her firm, round ass rippled with the hard impact, and how she clenched on him as her body shook. He changed hands, and slapped her other ass cheek,

earning the same result. He stopped fucking her, and gave her a little time to breathe and recover, but each spank ripped the breath out of her with a mewl or moan, and each one made her quiver on his cock like a trembling leaf as she clamped down on his length.

He took both her hips into his grip once again, and pounded into her, faster.

“Sl... slow... d... down...”

He growled down at his pet, deep and guttural, and reached forward. He wrapped his right hand around her neck, and his grip was large enough to cover both her throat, and much of her shoulders, back, and chest. Growling louder, chest rumbling as need boiled through him, he pulled on her torso, lifting her up until her torso was higher than her waist. Her arms dangled as gravity pulled her toward him, burying her balls deep on his length.

He thrust harder, left hand holding her waist and hip, while the other kept her torso raised, one enormous finger around her throat. Hannah managed only several more mewls and whimpers before she went quiet, struggling to breathe between her pants. But as she did, her insides trembled, and another wash of her warm fluids dripped down over his length and down his testicles.

He was relentless. The pleasure was building again, and he couldn't ignore it anymore, the pleasure, her, how her body and noises summoned the hunger in him. Eat her. Devour her. Take her and rip her open. Indulge in her resonance in the most satisfying way possible. Rip out her guts and listen to her screams before you tear her heart out and eat it.

He wouldn't be the first demon to kill and eat his pet in the middle of sex. He—

No, never. He would not kill her. She was his, but not his meal. He was not Costel, or Diogo, or the others. He was better than them.

He tightened his grip around her throat until she could no longer breathe, pulled her head snug to his sternum, and he came. Hot, heavy fluid poured into her, and he looked down over her to admire the sight of her lithe body struggle to contain him. She managed to peek up at him, arms still dangling, eyes glazed from cumming too many times, mouth hanging open. A bulge ran up the length of her stomach, passing her navel, showing how her tiny waist distended with the thickness of his cock. And as he flooded her insides, the bulge grew, only to shrink again as her clenching insides forced out his cum until it flooded down over his testicles, and both their legs.

He slowed his thrusts, but didn't stop. Keeping her head pinned to his chest with his right hand, his left hand eased her pelvis forward as he pulled back his hips, before he slammed his cock into her again. His pet tried to squeak, but his grip around her throat was tight and immovable. All she could do



was shudder, and slowly roll her eyes up as they partially closed, as she came again. He thrust again, admiring the distension his cock created along her belly, and hungry to feel her cum again. She clenched as hard as her exhausted body could, and drenched him in another wave of her juices, and another.

“You, are mine,” he growled, and he thrust into her hard again, several more times, all while relentlessly pinning her head to his chest, grip on her throat unending. Her eyes were still half closed, arms hanging, legs weak and useless beneath them both. Too exhausted to so much as lift her fingers, but as he filled her with the final gushes of his thick, heavy cum, she came the moment he said the words. She drenched him.

Satisfied, he stopped thrusting, released her throat, and gently set her down on the leather and short fur. Trapped between pleasure waves, his pet gasped as best she could, desperate to get air back into her lungs, even as her orgasm pulsed up and down through her body. With her chest once again flat to the leather, her ass remained in the air, his cock still buried inside her, and he smiled as he enjoyed the milking grip of her orgasm spasms. He set both hands on her hips, and gently ground her ass against him, keeping her balls deep on his length as she came, and milked the final tingles of pleasure of his own pleasure.

Once they were both done, he slipped his cock free of her, enjoyed the sounds of her whimpers, and the sight of her tight slit squeezing him on the way out, before pouring with another wave of his cum once he was finally free. He licked his fangs, sat back against the curved alcove wall, furs underneath him, and spread his legs out so Hannah lay between them.

He leaned forward, picked Hannah up, and gently set her closer to him between his legs so she was leaning on the inside of his thigh, her head by his hip, her back on the furs and his thigh, his cock lying along her breasts. Drenched in cum as his cock was, her breasts and chest were quickly coated as well, and she shivered in the groove of his thigh as his seed trickled down over her hard nipples.

“You’re not done.”

“Are you... fucking... shitting me?” she said, panting.

He hooked his left hand behind his head, relaxing, while his right slipped into Hannah’s hair, and nudged her toward his cock.

A mess of trembling nerves and utterly exhausted, Hannah sighed, leaned in toward the side of his cock, and planted a kiss along it. Not good enough. He pulled up on her hair gently, earning a frustrated groan from his exhausted slave, and she rolled over to get on her knees in front of him.

He smiled down at her, licked his fangs, lips, and jawline, and kept his one hand in her hair. Her head was small enough he could encircle and crush her whole skull within it, if he wanted, and she knew it. Even so, she glared up at him, angry — mostly at herself for giving in, he knew — and set her lips against the swollen head of his cock.

She had to use both her hands to keep his cock upright, its size and weight causing it to bend slightly against her palms. But she managed, and she glared up at him more as she stroked and milked his drenched length. He was too thick to fit in her mouth, no matter how wide she opened it; they'd tried, several times. But when she used both hands and kissed and licked the glans of his cock, it was almost as pleasurable as the throat of a gorgala or tregeera.

But it wasn't the pleasure he was after, not truly. He smiled down at his pet, and drank the arousal and guilt in her eyes.

"You can try to kill me again tomorrow," he said. "Who knows, maybe I'll let my guard down."

"You broke my knife, bastard."

"True."

"And you let your guard down this time. I just... couldn't hit you hard enough."

"I told you, go for the red. You hit my back." Chuckling, he ran his fingers through her hair, idly combing it as she kissed, licked, and gently massaged his dripping length.

"Your red stuff is all in front of you." With a shaky hand, she gestured to his cock, and then to his stomach, chest, and thighs. Now that he was aroused, his body was indeed a lot more red in those areas. Blood, red. Brighter, even.

"Well if all you had to do to kill a demon was stab them in the back, it wouldn't be much of a challenge then, would it?" He smirked at her, leaned back, and watched as his tired, quivering pet did her best to give him a blowjob. They had a lot of days and nights to make up for.

But then of course he heard noises, other demons. The reason he hated Death's Grip.

He raised his eyes to the entrance of his alcove as a couple figures stepped into view. Tullius again? If the fucker wanted to avenge Costel, or fight over kill rights, Adron would—

No, not Tullius, way too short. And curvy.

"Adron," Tillia said, and she finger-waved at him.

"Tillia," he said, voice deadpan.

They met eyes long enough she realized he knew she'd given Hannah a knife. Her smile didn't waver.

"Filica," he said to succubus standing beside her friend.

She waved her devil tail at him. "Adron."

Tillia and Filica were classic succubi, with red skin, a couple short horns — short compared to most demons at least — and long, thin tails that ended in tiny spades. They had dark head tendrils that dangled down to their hips, and their faces were very human, more than any other demon. A blessing or a curse depending on the demon they were talking to.

They were six feet tall, and stood naked as they looked at him and Hannah with devious smiles. Enormous breasts, tiny waists with subtle abs, muscular and curvy, but with very feminine legs, volara — succubi — were always absurdly, ridiculously sexy. Weak, and beautiful. And no demon with a sense of self preservation was stupid enough to let their guard down around one.

Hannah tried to lift her head to look behind her, but Adron kept his hand in her hair, and forced her to keep her mouth where it was: pleasuring him. As his still-trembling pet groaned, annoyed, and resumed her work, he slid his long fingers and claws through her hair, teasing them along her scalp, and she shivered again. She'd never say it, but she liked it.

"Still alive?" Tillia said as she walked in, offering only fleeting glances at the myriad of skulls and other bones that decorated his sleeping hole.

"No thanks to you."

Filica laughed as she stepped in beside her companion. "You seem fine. And Hannah seems fine." She gestured to the small human as she came in closer and closer, until she was directly beside Adron. "How was your trip?"

Adron eyed her. She didn't know Adron worked for Zelandariel, or he hoped to God she didn't, cause if she did she could easily spin that to get Diogo on her side. And Adron's head on a pike.

"Fine."

"Mhmm." Chuckling, Filica stood on his other side, before she sat down beside him, legs out to the side. Her eyes ran down his body before settling on Hannah again. Hannah returned the succubus's hungry gaze with an angry glare, but she knew better than to stop, and she ran her tongue around Adron's glans in circles as she stroked his length.

"I've been thinking," Tillia said.

Filica raised a finger. “We’ve been thinking.”

“Right. We’ve been thinking, Adron, that you’ve been entirely too distant.”

“Mhmm. Too distant.”

“We think you should let us get a bit closer. Tell us what you’re up to.” Nodding, Tillia sat down beside him, but unlike Filica, she made no efforts to hide what she wanted to do. She forced herself into the groove between his arm and chest, and pressed her massive, soft breasts into him as she ran a finger from his chin, down his chest, and down to his pelvis. “Filica and I can be of use.”

Of use? So they did know he worked for Zel, if they were trying to aim up like this, get on Zel’s good side. Or they were testing the water to see if he’d confirm he did work for her, or maybe worked for a demon they would prefer over Diogo.

Taking her friend’s cue, Filica cuddled into his side as well, and pushed aside the arm he’d had out to hold onto Hannah’s head. With a playful moan, the evil creature slid her own hand out and into Hannah’s hair, earning a small squirm from his pet. But once Hannah met Adron’s eyes again, she relented, and got back to work. With a little more enthusiasm than she had a moment before. A little jealous, perhaps.

“How stupid do you think I am?” he asked, rolling his eyes.

“Not stupid,” Tillia said, “but... maybe too distrusting?” Her teasing hand slid further down his pelvis, until she slowly wrapped her fingers around the base of his cock. His length was more than long enough that despite Hannah using both her hands on it, there was room for more hands. “We’ve known each other for years, Adron. It’s been months since we’ve last touched each other. Come on, let me in.”

He rolled his eyes again, grinned down at Hannah, and they shared a knowing glance. He’d told her about succubi, how evil and manipulative they were, and she’d seen it first hand in the year she’d spent in Hell. It was probably why Hannah went to Tillia for a weapon. Smart. His pet was very smart.

He pushed Tillia’s hand off his cock, and Filica’s hand off Hannah’s head. They both groaned in obvious frustration, and obvious arousal. The number one weakness of any volara or volarin was being denied what they wanted. They wanted him, his mind, his plans, and they wanted a piece of his body. Well, fuck them.

They didn’t hold a candle to Hannah anyway.

As both succubi quietly whined, still snuggled into the nooks of his shoulder and chest, Adron reached around them, and took Hannah’s arms.

“Adron?” she asked. “I... w-wait, I’m still... still really fucking sore... and... and...” Her eyes widened as he pulled her up toward them, and up and up until she was forced to climb onto his abs.

With one hand, he took her waist, and lifted her. With his other, he grabbed his cock, and aimed it up for her dripping, swollen slit. And he lowered her, slowly, taking his time to sink his cock into her clenching insides yet again.

Both succubi outright mewled with need as they watched, unable to look away from Hannah as her tiny pussy spread taut around the grooves and bumps of his cock. His pet let out a couple gasps as he eased her down, and she stared down at her own stomach as her flat belly distended with the thickness of his cock. Barely more than half of his length devoured, and his glans pressed up against her depths, and he slowed down even more, to let her tender body gently stretch deeper and deeper until she could fit more of him. Up and up, the bulge reached higher, until it pushed past her navel.

Succubi tried to act tough, like they were in control of their sexual hungers, but they were even worse than most demons. Both of them reached between their legs, and teased their clits as they watched, eyes unable to look away from the gasping Hannah as her swollen pussy pressed down against the base of his cock and pelvis. His pet’s clit was engorged, her small, pink nipples even more so, and she pressed her hands down against his abs for support as she tried to get comfortable.

“Adron, Christ, I’m tired and... fu... fuuuck...” Her words melted away as he tightened his grip on her hips, and gently ground her back and forth.

“Tillia, Filica, I don’t need you.” He grinned down at the two succubi, still snug between his arms and chest, half trapped since his grip was now on Hannah’s hips. “You don’t know what I’m up to, and I see no reason to change that. And I don’t want your sexual favors. Hannah does a better job of getting me off than either of you ever have.”

They were trying to dominate his mind with their sin; felt like a wave against the mind. Two succubi at once was a powerful force of sin, of lust, and poor Hannah was feeling the effects. As much as she tried to keep her eyes on him, she frequently stared at the two curvaceous creatures, eyes locked on how their enormous breasts pressed and molded against his chest, or how both women were still caressing their clits between closed legs. And as much as he knew she’d never admit it, it wasn’t long before Hannah ground her pelvis down toward him of her own accord, driven to it by the two succubi burying her with their sin, and by her own horny mind.

“She’s just a human.” Filica said.

“A betrayer.”

The two succubi were just trying to upset Hannah, because they were envious, manipulative, nefarious creatures. And it was working. She frowned at the two of them, even as she blushed with more than just arousal.

Adron rolled his eyes, grinned at his pet, and slid one hand up to hold half her torso, other still locked on her hip and waist, and he half squeezed, half hugged his little pet with his large hands.

“She’s mine, and I’ll happily take her over you two. Now shut up and watch, or leave.”

The two succubi groaned again, but when Adron sped up the pace of Hannah’s grinding, they shut up and melted against Adron’s chest as they stared on.

Hannah smiled. She wiped it away as quick as she could, but Adron saw it, and he winked at her as he sped her up.

Considering how long and hard he’d fucked her already, she wasn’t lying about being sore. But it also meant her body responded quickly and easily, and she trembled in his hands as she soon came, leaking more juices down over the mess they’d already made. Which of course had both succubi mewling with delight and masturbating faster, until they were coming too. And despite what they said, it wasn’t Adron they were staring at when as they fingered themselves. It was Hannah.

After a couple bounces of his mewling, drained, sweating, and tired pet, he came as well, and he relaxed back as he slowed everything down again. It wasn’t like he was immune to the two succubi’s sin, either. Resistant, not immune.

Trembling, Hannah stared down at the bulge along her stomach, and ran a hand down over it as it temporarily grew, only to quickly shrink again as her clenching insides forced out a wave of his cum. With her sitting on him, his cum poured out of her and onto his pelvis, thick waves of it that both Tillia and Filica ran a finger through, tracing white up along his abs as they snuggled into his side.

Hannah was utterly exhausted though, and the only thing keeping her up was his hands. So naturally, he let her go, and she collapsed forward. She tried to stay up, planting her hands on his abs, and then his chest as she came further forward, but soon she collapsed completely until her left cheek pressed to his sternum.

He set his palms on her back, covering most of her torso in his large hands, and pet her spine as she quivered on his cock. Filica and Tillia mewled and whined as they watched the little woman cum, and they fingered themselves all the harder.

Maybe fucking Hannah again was a bit much? He wanted to prove a point to the two conniving bitches currently snuggled into his chest, and he did, but Hannah had borderline passed out at this point.

She was strong though, and despite her complaints, her body didn't lie. She came just as easily as any succubus.

She was strong. She'd get him some day, he knew that. Some day, she'd get him, and kill him. And he knew he'd be damn proud of her when she did.

"Adron, please?" Filica whispered. "No games. Please? She looks so... delicious."

He frowned down at the succubus, but Tillia did the same, looking up at him with begging eyes. They were delirious with arousal; which was pretty much the worst torture a volara or volarin could suffer.

He rolled his eyes. "Fine."

"Finally! Thank you!" Tillia groaned with excitement and desire, slid down his body closer to Hannah, sat up, and helped sit the exhausted girl up.

"W-What... what's... wait... I..." Hannah's eyes widened as she realized what was happening, but she wasn't going anywhere. She wouldn't be able to push herself up off the floor, let alone his body while he was still inside her. Inside, and still fully erect.

Filica joined her friend, and the two succubi climbed up onto Adron, one onto his abs, the other onto one of his legs; he was too big for her to straddle both legs. And Hannah disappeared between their bodies as they squashed their breasts against her. Soon, Hannah rocked back and forth again, fucking Adron as the two succubi forced her to, hands on her body, making her move, even as they rubbed their soaked slits against her body, and his. Their lips found her neck, and it wasn't long before they both had their fingers in her ass, fingering her as they hugged and humped her.

All Hannah could do was mewl and cum on his cock again.

Adron hooked his hands behind his head, and watched.

~/♥♥♥~/