

# Demon Queened

## Chapter 46

Written by Princess Kay

## Devilla

“Are you sure you wish to do this?” I questioned Lucy, unable to conceal my nervousness as I toed the ground of our tent’s floor. “It’s... I mean... it’s a bit soon, don’t you think? We’ve just barely begun dating...”

“I mean, we don’t have to if you don’t want to!” Lucy promised. There was no anger, no frustration, not even a hint of manipulation in her tone - she truly meant what she said. Yet I could see the hunger in her eyes. Just because she wouldn’t force me to take this step, didn’t mean she held no desire for it on her end.

“It’s... not as if I’m opposed,” I confessed, my cheeks bright red. “It’s simply... well, it’s... it’s my first time... Outside of sex, at least.”

“Then we can wait!” Lucy declared. “I don’t want you to make you do anything you’re uncomfortable with.”

I nodded, slowly, appreciably. Yet, for all that my head moved, my eyes stayed locked upon Lucy’s lips. My *girlfriend’s* lips... Was I truly not ready, I wondered? Or was I simply scared? Maybe I could push myself to-

“Don’t worry about it, Eena,” Lucy said, her voice firm. “I don’t want you to do this because you feel pressured! There’s no way it would taste as sweet as if you were willing.”

I nodded, again, a tension I’d been unaware of dissipating from my being. It wasn’t as if I didn’t *want* to kiss her. In fact, the way she respected my boundaries only made me wish to kiss her more. Yet it was nerve wracking, to declare my feelings for her in such a way. For a demon, sex was casual, little more than a pleasurable activity - I could literally name boardgames that felt like more of a commitment - but kisses? Kisses were *romantic*. They were declarations of love and affection. I... the mere thought of messing it up frightened me, almost as much as confessing my identity once did.

“Why don’t we talk about something else?” Lucy suggested. “Like your meeting with General Sallina and the others!”

I grimaced, my mood instantly shifting from romantic to reluctant. “You’re still intent upon coming along, I take it?”

“You’re the one who suggested making peace between demons and humans with my help,” Lucy pointed out. “And the meeting’s all about trying to figure that out!”

“It’ll be dangerous,” I warned her. “I’ve gotten Abigail on board, and I think Chloe and Nivera have more or less come around to it, but I still haven’t told Sallina about you. If she reacts violently to your presence-”

“Then you’ll be there to protect me!” Lucy interrupted. “Though it’s not like I can’t handle myself! I might not be as strong as you, but I *am* strong - and I feel like I’m getting even stronger, lately!”

“Strong you might be, but Sallina’s the General of the *seventieth* floor. She’s...” I paused. *Was* she actually stronger than the Generals of lower floors? She’d certainly been in the game, but it wasn’t like I’d purposefully picked my Generals in ascending levels of strength. At least not purposefully... In fact, I’d never seen any of them fight. “Well, she’s strong,” I finished lamely, unable to properly quantify her level of might. “And she might hurt you before I can react.”

“You can just heal me, then!” Lucy declared. “And it’s not like I’m unwilling to go into danger, you know? I’m the Heroine! It’s my job to take on things others can’t...”

“I know,” I admitted. “I just... don’t want you hurt. I don’t want *either* of you hurt, if I can avoid it...”

“We can’t make peace without some risks!” Lucy declared. “I mean, we’re trying to end two thousand years of war here! How can we ask your people to trust me with that, if I won’t even show my face?”

“...Fine,” I conceded, sighing. “But you’re going under a disguise.”

“But-”

I held up a hand to forestall her complaint. “I’ll still introduce you properly,” I promised her. “But I don’t want any random maids noticing a human in the tower, whether they realize you’re the Heroine or not.”

Lucy nodded, albeit with obvious reluctance, a slight pout upon her lips. It faded quickly, however, as she moved towards me and wrapped me in her arms. “I can’t wait to meet your friends and family!”

“That makes one of us,” I muttered in return, shaking my head even as my arms made their way around her form. “How is it that you’re literally walking into enemy territory *and* being introduced to the closest thing your girlfriend has to family, and yet *I’m* the one who’s nervous?”

“Because I believe in you more than you believe in yourself,” Lucy declared, with a smile. “That’s okay, though! We can work on your self-confidence issues together!”

“Hah... You’re not wrong,” I confessed, running a hand through my hair. “I just... after what happened with the cockatrice... I suppose I’m a little extra wary of things going wrong...”

“I told you that I don’t blame you for that,” Lucy reminded me, frowning.

“But if I’d been willing to trust you with everything - if I’d told you everything from the beginning, then-”

“We’d still be in the exact same spot!” Lucy interrupted. “If we were lucky, anyway! I mean, if you’d told me too soon, there’s actually a chance I wouldn’t have believed in you... but as things stand, everything worked out! You depetrified me, shared your story, and we worked through everything together!”

“The results are good,” I conceded, “but that doesn’t change the fact that the road was wrong. You could have been seriously hurt due to my negligence. Due to my fear.”

“Would it help if I forgave you?” Lucy asked. “Not that I think you need forgiveness, but...”

I shook my head. “I just... don’t want to make that same mistake again. Yet the people we’re dealing with today... I don’t know how to protect you without hurting *them*.”

“I can protect myself!” Lucy protested. “At least long enough for you to intercede? And maybe I could give you some fighting lessons, later!”

“Fighting lessons?” I questioned, arching an eyebrow.

“Uh-hmm! So you know how to take people down safely!”

“I’m... not sure how well human methods would translate to demons,” I admitted. “The body types differ rather dramatically... but fighting lessons in general might be nice. If nothing else, I’d appreciate it if I could stop getting caught in my head during decisive moments.”

“We’ll work on something, then,” Lucy promised me. “*Later*. Right now, we need to go to your meeting!”

I nodded, a touch reluctant but ultimately unable to deny her request. “Come on, then, I’ll set up the teleportation circle.”

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Lucy

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Eena's teleportation was interesting to see up close! Also to experience, for that matter! I mean, she basically filled me in on what she was going to be doing, but being wrapped up in someone else's holy magic was still pretty novel to me. It only lasted a second, though - first my vision went white, then there was this feeling of sorta being *stretched* and then it was just... over! And everything was different!

Sorta. The circle I was standing on still looked the same, and I was still wrapped in Eena's arms, all warm and safe, but everything else was different. We were standing in a room, instead of a tent, with carpet under our feet instead of dirt, and there was a *person* here. A demonic person! With black wings, and a thin tail tipped by a spade. She had blonde hair, cut right above the shoulder, and pitch black eyes that were staring at me in what I thought was maybe shock? It was kind of hard to tell, actually.

"You must be Abigail!" I said, gently pulling away from Eena's grasp so that I could hold out my hand. "It's nice to meet you."

Abigail didn't say anything for a moment. Her eyes just darted from me to Eena, and back again. Then, when she did speak, it wasn't to me. "You... brought the Heroine? To the *tower*?"



“Her name is Lucy,” Eena said, the corners of her mouth pulled down into a frown. “And she insisted. She wants to be an active participant in the discussion we’re about to have - and considering said conversation is partially about utilizing her influence to bring about peace between our people, I couldn’t bring myself to reject her.”

“She did try, though,” I pointed out. “Really hard! Is she overprotective with you, too, or is it just because I’m her girlfriend?”

“*Girlfriend?!!*” Abigail demanded. Still ignoring me.

“Girlfriend,” Eena confirmed, blushing a little. A lot less than the first time she said it, though! “It’s... new. It came up after I told her everything...”

“Girlfriend...” Abigail muttered, again. There was something weird in the way she said it, though. Like, there was exasperation, and a little annoyance, but also kinda... hurt? It reminded me of how Bailey had first brought her up to me - as another girl who was interested in Eena.

Maybe we needed to have a talk, later? I didn’t mind sharing Eena - there was nothing wrong with polyamory, after all! Though I guess I’d need to experiment and see how it actually made me feel, in practice? Either way, it was

something that needed talking about, on all ends, if it was going to work! Which meant that the first step was to get her to pay attention to me...

“My name’s Lucy!” I declared, deciding that the best way forward was just to dive into it. “Bailey told me a bit about you, already, but it’s nice to actually meet you!”

“...Same,” Abigail replied, finally turning her gaze towards me. Or at least I think she turned her gaze towards me? Again, it was really hard to tell without individual eye-bits like pupils and stuff! “Though I got my info from Devilla. She mentioned you were interested in dating her, but I never really thought... I mean. She *did* tell you who she is, right?”

“Devilla, the Demon Queen!” I confirmed, nodding. “But also Eena, a sweet girl who I really like! Which is more important to me than her title.”

“Well, that’s good,” Abigail muttered. She sounded a tiny bit irritated, though. We definitely needed to have a talk, later! Maybe when Eena wasn’t there to hear it? Since she seemed sort of oblivious to Abigail’s feelings, and all.

“Anyway,” Abigail continued, turning her head more towards Eena again. “What’s the plan? Please tell me you aren’t just going to spring the Heroine on everyone the moment they walk through the door.”

“Of course not!” Eena scoffed. “I’m going to cover Lucy in an illusion. At least until after I introduce her properly.”

“I could do it myself?” I pointed out. “I mean, I know I don’t have as much magic capacity as you do, but I can at least keep up an illusion for as long as needed! And it’ll be less obvious, that way, since there won’t be any threads of magic between us for anyone to stumble across.”

“I... Suppose that makes sense,” Eena confirmed. She sounded reluctant, though. I guess more of that overprotectiveness?

“Don’t worry,” I told her, reaching around her for a hug. “I can take care of myself.” Saying so, I drew on my magic, deciding to go with a relatively subtle illusion - maybe just a couple small horns? I probably needed to cover up my armor, too... I probably should have asked Eena for demon forms that I could turn into, actually, but if my first idea didn’t work out I’d just change it after the fact!

At least, that’s what I was thinking originally - but the moment my magic started to form into an illusion, it suddenly just... fell apart!

“Huh...” I muttered, before trying something else - namely forming an illusion in front of me. That fell apart, too, but this time I had a better idea of why. I could feel something in the air - so light that I hadn’t even noticed it, before.

Something *holy*. “It looks like there’s some sort of holy magic keeping me from casting illusions!”

“Really?” Eena asked, arching an eyebrow. “It never stopped *me*...”

“Well, you *are* the Demon Queen,” Abigail pointed out, as if that explained everything.

Which maybe it did? If the holy magic came from the tower, and the tower belonged to her...

A knock at the door interrupted my thoughts, causing Eena to send a panicked look my way. A wave of her hand sent her magical energy towards me, coating my body in what I guessed was an illusion. I couldn’t really see what she’d done to my face, but my armor was definitely different - it had turned into a green tank top, and a red skirt, neither of which covered much of me. In fact, it showed more skin than I’d ever shown anyone, outside Eena before! Even if it was illusionary skin... Not that I really minded showing off my body, though? I mean, it was a *little* embarrassing, but only because I wasn’t used to it!

“That should cover you, for now,” Eena said, as Abigail moved to open the door.

“Nivera,” she said, to someone out of sight. Probably at least partly for our benefit, so that we’d know who to expect, but also possibly just to be polite.

“Chloe. And you must be General Sallina?”

“Just Sallina’s fine, dear,” a warm voice uttered, moments before its owner slithered its way inside. She was a lamia, from what Devilla told me - not that I couldn’t have told, anyway, since they were a species the church had taken care to warn me against. Between the fact that their wild magic made them incredibly difficult to detect, and the fact that they could paralyze people they caught eyes with, they were a pretty big threat to low level Heroines! If you kept your cool, though, you’d realize you could still use your magic, even paralyzed.

This one didn’t really scream danger at me, though. At least not in *that* way. I mean, sure, her bright red scales were sort of flashy, and I was pretty sure she could crush me in her thick coils if she really wanted to, but... something about the way her hips swayed as she made her way forward made that feel more like a promise than a threat...

She had big hips, right where her flesh melded with the scales, and big breasts, which seemed to sort of strain against the green breast band she was wearing. Which was all she was wearing... Thankfully the only thing on full

display was her toned abs - if she had a visible vagina, I probably would have ended up blushing worse than Eena did when kissing came up!

“You’re staring,” Abigail whispered in my ear, causing me to flush anyway.

“Sorry,” I whispered. “I’m not used to seeing people show... so much...”

“Right...” Abigail muttered, parting from me, as two more guests came in.

One of them was another lamia, this time with green scales, and a more slender build. She was wearing a pitch black breast band, that left her just as exposed as Sallina. The other was a kitsune, in a black and white dress. Both of them were staring at me - the former with her eyes narrowed, and the latter with her eyes wide open, and her tail swishing rapidly back and forth.

“Queen Devilla,” Sallina said, drawing my attention. Her voice sounded a little... stiff. Uncertain. “It’s... good to see you...”

“And you as well, General Sallina,” Eena replied, with that same stiff tone. She looked to the side, then, where Abigail was standing and mouthing the words ‘go on.’ “I... it occurs to me that I haven’t really been the best with keeping contact. I more or less cut you off after you took Nivera in, after all. A mistake on my part. If... If I hadn’t... If I’d listened to you...” She trailed off. I could see the tears building up in her eyes, and I really wanted to go hug her.

Before I could, however, Sallina slid forward and snatched up Eena in her arms, burying my girlfriend's head against her chest. "It's not all on you, dear," Sallina whispered, her own voice suddenly hoarse. "You were a child. Alone, and feeling betrayed. If I'd handled the circumstances with more tact... been more careful about bringing you two back together... It was stupid of me to think I could make you two get along again just by forcing you into the same room."

A soft sound came from Eena. Then it repeated, again and again, until I realized she was *sobbing*. I'd seen her cry, before, a little, but I'd never seen her sob.

"At least you *tried* something," she choked out. "I'm the one who made that idiotic law about not saying Nivera's name in my presence... who cut off all chances of us rebuilding our bonds. Who snubbed you, at every turn, when all you wanted was to include me... Blaming you for taking her side, as if it was ever a choice. She needed you, after all. And you're family..."

"You *both* needed me," Sallina said, stroking Eena's back with the tip of her tail. "And I wanted to be there for the both of you. It wasn't a matter of priorities, dear, nor family. I just went after the child in front of me, first - when her parents told me she wouldn't need tutoring anymore... When they started talking about her

the way they did, right in front of me, I couldn't help myself. But that doesn't mean I ever *once* gave up on you."

"Even when I was a total brat?" Eena asked, sniffing. "When I'd chased everyone away, and convinced myself I didn't need them? When I ignored your every word, just because it came from you, and pushed my ideals and desires onto others without a care in the world?"

"Even then," Sallina insisted, backing up a little so that she could kiss Devilla on the forehead. "Even then, all I've ever seen is the little girl who used to cry whenever she got a question wrong during our lessons, because she was worried today was the day I wouldn't praise her for her efforts..."

Eena didn't say anything. She just cried, tears streaming down her cheeks as Sallina embraced her again, face full of motherly affection.

It was... eye opening, to be honest. I mean, I already knew Eena was a good girl, and I already trusted her, but... well, maybe some part of me had still worried about how Eena claimed that she was terrible, all the time. Worried whether she'd done something that actually deserved all that self hatred.

She hadn't. I still didn't know the full story, of course, but I could at least tell that much... She wasn't a ruthless tyrant, who'd come to regret her actions far after



the fact. She was just a girl who'd been hurt to the point where all she had left was regrets... and maybe some of them were there for a reason, but I was more and more sure that the reasons weren't anywhere near as bad as I'd once thought.

“Sooooooooooooo,” the kitsune drawled, after a long moment. “I’m Chloe!  
And you’re...?”

“I’m Lucy!” I replied, forcing a smile to my lips. It was important to smile when making new friends. “The Heroine!”