

Hell Of A Story
A Mercynaries Story from SinComics.com

Wesley gripped his briefcase tightly as he hopped over a puddle left by the day's storm. It had thankfully died off before his shift was over, signaling a perfectly acceptable way to end another day at the advertising firm. Sure the toothpaste and deodorant contract wasn't as glitzy as some of the other cases, but it was a necessary product, and judging by the people of the city, the word needed to get out about their powers.

Wesley's life was hardly exciting by anybody's standards. He woke up early, got ready for the day, walked to the office along the same route, put in a long day's work, walked home, and slept to be ready for the next day. Even Wesley accepted that this was less than thrilling, but the effort to shake things up might only make it worse, so he was pleased to stick with what he knew, thank you very much.

Walking under the scaffolding of the construction site, Wesley looked down to shield his eyes from any sparks or debris. The site had been an unwelcome addition to his morning routine with its noise and visual blight. Such is the price of progress at times, for there would one day soon be a gleaming new office building on this spot and the workers would be gone. Almost as if on cue, a chorus of shouting and cursing started up above him, followed by a booming metallic snap. If he had been a more daring man, Wesley would have told them to be quiet, but he was currently pondering why the lingering rays of the setting sun were blotted out by a shadow and there was the rush of a whooshing of air. He felt something start to press on the top of his head and then Wesley thought no more.

Wesley came to in a waiting room. It was dark and lit by an unseen flickering light source. The walls were cave-like and made of a reddish-orange stone. The whole room was hot, but it was a dry heat so it was fairly pleasant. Sounds and movement could be heard from the other side of the sliding divider that likely made up the receptionist's window, so Wesley did the proper thing. He sat quietly until he was called.

An indeterminate amount of time slowly passed as Wesley sat in the waiting room. An hour or two more and he would feel compelled to march over there and knock on the divider for some service. It was downright rude is what it was. Wesley politely stewed for some time more when the divider slid open and a woman's voice rose from beyond it.

"Uhh, 'Wess-lay'?"

"It's actually pronounced- "

"Cool, cool. Hey, here's your paperwork."

Wesley walked over to her and took the stack of paper. She was a pretty woman, deep orange hair, swept over one shoulder, her skin with a reddish hue. Wesley shook his head to himself. Young people always went overboard with tanning. And her outfit was completely inappropriate for an office setting. She was practically spilling out of her blouse. It would take at LEAST three more buttons done up before that went from an HR violation to just inappropriate.

The woman handed Wesley a pencil and flashed a grin filled with the brightest teeth he had ever seen before sliding the divider closed. The strangeness of the situation was finally starting to creep in. Wesley couldn't exactly remember where he was or how he got there. He had been walking home from work, and then... waiting room. Bizarre or not, Wesley had a stack full of paperwork, so the only proper thing to do was sit back down and fill it out. That's what paperwork was for.

With every word read and line adequately signed, Wesley walked over to the divider and rapped on it with his knuckle. "Ma'am?"

The divider opened once more and the woman held her hand out without looking away from her computer. "Hey, that's great. Sit back down and your Afterlife Counselor will be with you shortly."

The divider slid closed and Wesley stood staring at it for a brief time. Afterlife Counselor... He returned to his chair and pondered the ramifications of what was going on. It did make sense in its own way and it seemed fairly reasonable that the Afterlife might be an office, since that's what so much of life was. Wesley sat politely, but more introspectively this time.

The door beside the receptionist's desk swung open and another beautiful woman stood in it. She was slightly older than the earlier woman and Wesley was hoping he could have a word about proper professional wardrobe, but she wasn't much better. She wore a tight blouse and jacket that bulged with her curves and a miniskirt that would hardly be classified as more than a belt. Her long, shapely legs led down to ankle-high boots with a stiletto heel that just looked dangerous. Wesley felt that she stood towering over him, her chest at an uncomfortable eye level, forcing him to look up at all times, but with a flick of her long black hair and a puckering of her ruby lips, he was completely disarmed.

"Right this way, Mr. Wesley. I'll be your case worker."

She led him through a row of offices before motioning inside one. Wesley sat down on another hard plastic chair, while she plopped into a cushioned throne on her side of the desk. She leaned forward and grinned, Wesley was pleased that she had the courtesy to button her blouse all the way or this could have been a distracting meeting. She flashed a grin before leaning back in her chair, tossing the stack of papers to the side, and picking up a gray stone tablet that was on her desk.

"Mr. Wesley!" She ran a long fingernail down the tablet and skimmed it. "Let's see here. Normal appetites and desires for a human. Worked to your capabilities and didn't stretch yourself beyond your means. Kind of boring there on the sloths, greeds, gluttonies, and envies. Sure of yourself but never imposing it on others, so just that general pride and assuredness of your actions. Quietly raging about the injustices of the world and how much better things would be if everybody just following in your suit. That's a nice touch of repressed anger there, but you did so little with it! Shame... But lust, now this is where you get interesting..."

Wesley tilted his head away from the strange woman. "Pardon?"

Her grin returned as she skimmed the tablet. "Leaving a string of heartbreak in your wake. Oooh, one of them was a married woman! Thrown out of no less than nine strip clubs for getting a bit too frisky with the dancers..."

Wesley jumped to his feet and gestured in a fairly non-threatening manner. "Now see here! I will put up with the rather rude behavior and unprofessionalism of this staff, but these slanders are entirely uncalled for. I have never-

"Wes, baby, your permanent record doesn't lie. All your sins and misdeeds are recorded here for all to see. The list goes on and on! You've led a-" She licked her lips and grinned, "lustful life."

Wesley gathered himself, tucked his shirt back in, and sat down. "Then clearly there is a mistake. Your front desk person was none too attentive, so it would be safe to surmise that you have the wrong record. Perhaps some other Wesley..."

The counselor shook her head and clucked her tongue. "Are you trying to add blame and lying to your list of misdeeds? Everybody thinks they can live a life of frivolity but then tries to deny it when they come here. No mortal can change a record so don't deny your luxurious ways, love."

Wesley shifted forward to scold the woman once more but his voice was caught in his throat. He gasped but no sounds came out.

The woman smiled, shuffled his papers, and dropped the stone tablet on top of them. "By the power vested in me by the Netherworld, I now instate your ironic punishment. Served until you pay off your sinful dues." She blew a kiss towards Wesley and a pair of flaming lips sparked from her hand and dissolved into the air.

Wesley stood once more and tried to take a grand step towards her but he was frozen in place. Flames leapt around him, crawling up his body, swirling until they covered him head to toe, but there was no pain or heat. His body was numb. The smell of sulfur stung his nostrils but it quickly turned to an acidic but overpoweringly sweet citrus scent as it poured into his nose and mouth, filling him with each gasp.

His body tingled and throbbed, with a pressure building up inside him and yearning to push out with every breath. A flurry of sensations rippled through him as his chest pounded and his hips quivered. His work suit burned away until he was clothed only in the flames. They squeezed at his legs, moving up slowly, coating him in a slick black substance. Wesley was juted forward as thin spiky heels burst out from the substance on his feet, but the flames held him steady. It worked up his calves, reshaping them, traveling up his thighs as they became thick and powerful. The black substance stopped as the flames traveled up to his backside before it squeezed him once more, providing cover just as soon as his rear ballooned out behind him. His hips pressed out and he could feel the heft of his behind just barely contained in a pair of black short shorts. The substance once more stopped covering him as the pressure snaked up to his waist, squeezing it more and more. His waifish waist only made the curves of hips that much more pronounced and drastic. The slick coating returned as the pressure reached its boiling point at his chest. In rhythm with his silent gasps, his body pushed out and two globes inflated out from him. They seemed to grow endlessly as the pressure inside him bubbled and churned. Exhausted, Wesley shuddered as the mounds wobbled and he felt their heft pull him forward as the swirling flames finally moved on. They coated his arms in slick black gloves as his slender fingers grasped at the air. The flames licked up his face, softening, pulling, and rearranging his features as his breath finally returned to him with a gasping moan. The last of the flames swirled up his head, culminating in a twisting, undulating mass of red hair that dropped back down forcefully, resting to where it could draw even more attention to his generous backside.



Wesley continued to be held in place by shock, only able to get out breathy gasps, as the counselor fanned herself and grinned.

"Phew! Never get tired of seeing that! Hot stuff." She brushed her hair back and took a deep breath. "Your punishment for your life of lust is delivered. Your case can be rejudged when you have completed your purgatorial penance. Enjoy!"

Before he could move or protest, Wesley was picked up into the air and he flew out of the office and down the hallway, the sights zipping past him. Finally, he was thrown out a door, landing on his enormous backside with a bounce.

Wesley picked himself up, unsteady in his ridiculous getup, fighting to keep his curves from tipping him forward. He looked around and saw he was in a gleaming modern city. The buildings were made of a black rock that seemed to absorb all the light around them while mirrored windows shone in the pinkish light of the sky. Wesley stumbled forward, gawking at the sights of the bizarre city, teeming with people and humanoid creatures bustling every which way.

Forcing himself forward, Wesley took dainty, cautious steps in the new world. Keeping to the edges of the pathways, he found himself gawking at the city and its inhabitants, only to quickly see that they were returning the favor. A group was now surrounding him, looking him up and down, and grinning happily at the jiggling display. Wesley tossed an arm across his chest and another in front of his shorts for what little extra coverage he could get and backed away. His meaty backside soon bumped into another person and jostled both of them.

Wesley panicked and assumed a defensive position. "I'm sorry! I'm not quite used to-" He

looked the creature over and while it appeared to be human at first glance, its "hair" was made of slicked back quills and Wesley could see its maw was filled with hundreds of spiky teeth as it opened wide. Wesley yelped and startled backward, tripping over his own heels. A tongue shot from the creature's mouth, wrapping around Wesley's slim waist and held him up.

"Welcome! Haven't seen you around here before. And I'm pretty sure I'd remember curves like that." The creature grinned and sucked its tongue back in.

Wesley shivered but controlled his disgust. "Thank you, I must be going now..." He turned only to see the crowd had moved in closer. Several creature sidled up closer, trapping him.

A man with red skin and pointed ears gestured in a mock bow. "Stay! Stay! Let's get to know each other."

Wesley felt a hand grasp his behind and he instinctively kicked out, sending a small impish creature rolling back. "Hands off! Get away from me!" Wesley stamped the ground with his heel, the intention of a threat diminished by the comical bouncing and jiggling it sent through his new body.

The crowd seemed to enjoy the gesture.

"Show us more dominance, my lady!"

"Yes! Yes! We're here to be taught lessons."

"Teach us!"

Wesley cowered and pulled in, but saw a divide forming in the crowd.

"One side, cretins. Get a move on! Pitiful monkeys, shoo!"

A woman walked through the crowd, pulling the gawkers aside or checking them out of her way. She looked to be the same kind of creature as Wesley, only less balloonish, with pointed ears and the tiny tips of horns growing out of her forehead. She also wore the slick, black materiel Wesley was clothed in, but hers was stretched out into some semblance of a uniform. The kind of thing a stripper dressed up as law enforcement would elect to wear. She waved and threatened off the last of the crowd and shook her head at Wesley.

"You're going to have to do better than that to clear out THOSE types, girl."

Wesley stammered for a few seconds before managing to blurt out, "I'm new!"

The woman nodded as if that explained everything. "Bloody counselors never do any training. Just toss a young succubus out into the world and expect her to-"

Wesley's mind finally caught up to her terminology. "S-succubus?!"

"Sure thing. A demon of lust. We're pretty popular around these parts and you look like you're set to be a super star." She gave Wesley's chest a playful bop and smiled at the wobbling and bouncing that ensued.

"Stop that! I'm no... No demon! I'm not even supposed to be here. There's been a terrible mistake and I-".

The officer shook her head at the sob story. "I take it you're a human. Always the same story. Nobody is ever to blame. Everybody is innocent. I've heard it all before, sister. Let's get you a coven and put you on the road to redemption."

Wesley allowed himself to be dragged forward by this strange woman, but he was none too thrilled with the option.

The pair eventually reached a palatial estate deep in the heart of the city. The building was set up like a castle, lit up in pink with deep purple drapes and decorations all over. The officer showed him inside and presented her frightened ward to the woman at the front desk.

She looked up from her book, brushed back a strand of almost electrically flowing pink hair, and looked the two over. "Room for two?"

The officer shot the lass a scowl, but the worker just grinned. "Dropping this one off. Some of us actually do work around here." With that, the officer ruffled Wesley's hair, turned on her heels, and slipped out through the curtains, leaving her charge once again scared and confused.

The demonic worker looked over Wesley and nodded. "You'll do nicely. Let's get you set up!"

She led Wesley to a back room lined with closets and cabinets, instructing him to pick out whatever he desired as she walked back through the curtain. Wesley looked through the offerings, ashamed to even lay eyes on the clothing contained within.

"Don't you have anything... even remotely respectable?"

The woman paused to think. "There should be some tassels in one of the drawers. That's fancy!"

"I'm sure a suit is out of the question, but a dress at the least?"

"Oh, sure, the blue closet."

Wesley walked over, flipped through the outfits, and slammed his fist against the wall. "They're see-through!"

"Yup! Only the best for our girls. Besides, it's not like you'll be wearing it for long."

"...Pardon?" Wesley cringed.

"You're a succubus. You'll earn your redemption by having your lustful ways turned against you as you entertain demons and mortals alike. Shows, dancing, parties. The girls will show you the ins and outs. Ins and outs! You can use that line if you want."

Wesley grabbed the closest thing approximating actual clothing and sprinted for the window. He pushed and squeezed his hourglass figure through the window, before flopping to the ground and once again being slightly thankful for all the cushioning. Ignoring the stares of onlookers and the gyrations of his body, he ran as best he could away from the succubus den.

Roaming the streets, Wesley was despondent. Everything in this world was out to make a fool of him and punish him for crimes he didn't commit. No! If work was the way out of this torture, he would work, but do it his way. Hard work and perseverance could win over any horror the world threw at him.

Sitting in the waiting room of the office building, Wesley cowered at the creatures and monsters that passed by. A fair share of human-looking characters also walked through, so he was confident in his plan that a hard-working human could find redemption through toil. And toil is what office buildings were for. The rest of his mind was preoccupied with willing his outfit to contain his unruly curves. The blouse he has taken from the den was not made for a woman of his current proportions, so he used all his mental powers to hope that demonic stitching held together.

After some time had passed, Wesley was called into an office to make his case. The creatures he interviewed with ignored his credentials and tales of his fine GPA. He was regretfully thankful that his figure continued to hold their interest.

"I was a lead advertiser at Déesse Corp. Surely you've seen their campaigns even here!" Wesley gestured with his hands, pausing to hold together his blouse against the bouncing that accompanied such movement.

The female demon turned to her counterpart and gave a slight shrug. "The name rings a bell..."

Wesley slumped back and sighed deeply in despair. The extra intake of air was too much for the over-stressed fabric, and the blouse could take no more. A button shot from the garment, freeing its mountainous prisoners, and struck the wall behind the two interviewers. They suddenly snapped to attention and smiled widely.

"You make a convincing argument! Let's put you to work right away!"

Wesley wasn't sure if he was able to mutter his thanks or not.



Wesley soon found that the demonic corporate culture was less interested in his work ethic and skills than it was in just using him for amusement. At least the demons were more up front about their treatment of their workers. Coworkers constantly dropped small items for him to pick up off the floor once they found out he couldn't bend at the knees in his boots. As the crowd grew each time he bent over, more and more of them found things to drop for Wesley to retrieve. His supervisors would come to him with tasks that required him to run as quickly as he could across the office to obtain a file or coffee but Wesley never actually saw them use the items he procured. The previous worker's desk was replaced with a see-through glass table, requiring Wesley to be quite adamant about keeping his legs crossed in a lady-like fashion. Even the chairs seemed to get smaller, forcing him to tug and bounce his way out when his plump behind became stuck once more.

After a week of his constant humiliations and objectification, Wesley was greeted one morning by two women. The redhead held out her hand and spoke first.

"Hey there! I think you're our man."

Wesley rolled his eyes. He'd been mocked enough for that comment to hurt him. "Not interested."

The blonde stepped forward. "I'm Ruth. What my partner, Mercy, meant to say is that we're here

to get you out of this place."

Wesley glared. "And what, take me to some burlesque club. Or abandon me in the middle of the city in somehow more demeaning clothing? My standard punishment is more than enough, thank you."

Mercy tapped her chin. "This is either going in a much weirder or much hotter direction than I anticipated... C'mon, we're busting you out!" Both her partner and Wesley shot her death stares. "Okay, okay. Bad phrasing!"

Wesley bent back over the filing cabinet kept low to the ground, and the two women couldn't help but stare at the view. "You're distracting me from my work. I don't want to imagine what overtime is like in this place, so shoo!"

Mercy shrugged and walked away. Ruth paused and turned back to the client. "We'll, uh, figure this one out on our own then. We'll come back for you!"

Outside the office, the two women mulled over the situation. Mercy grumbled regularly.

"What a jerk! I say we leave him and find a client that's a bit more polite!"

Ruth shook her head. "That's not the right thing to do. Jerk or not, we have to help him. Poor guy is trapped in that body, so he's bound to be a bit uppity."

"I guess... I mean, you're stacked with supernatural chestiness too and tend to be pretty grumpy. Maybe there's a correlation between-" Her partner stormed off towards the counselor's offices. "Oh now you're going to be mean to me too!? The afterlife sucks."

The counselor eyed the two humans sitting in her office. "Mercy and Ruth..."

Ruth grinned. The benefit of working with the supernatural was that they were a lot more open to the oddness of the Mercs' job. "Glad we're well known. If you could just-"

The demon narrowed her eyes. "Yeah, I know about you. I've heard from plenty of girls up on the surface about you meddling in possessions, curses, and minor plays for domination. Do you know what it takes for a succubus to get a pass to visit up top? And then to get busted right away just because she tried to transform a few guys into servants!"

Mercy waved her hands. "We're just cops, man. Take it up with the chief. We don't pick our assignments. If demons would stop trying to give guys boobs we'd all be-"

"Enough!" Ruth slugged her partner in the shoulder. "Somebody that came through the system recently had an error. You filed him off on lust charges, but it's a mistake. You got the wrong record or something."

The counselor leaned back in your chair and looked down on the two agents. "No way. Everybody only has one record. It's created when you're born and then you're stuck with it for all eternity. There's no way we got the wrong one."

Mercy thought it through. "Then maybe there was a miscalculation! Maybe this guy is SUCH a stick in the mud that he's so lust-free that he like... rolled the counter back over? He's so pure, you took it as a mistake and filed him as impure!"

"Again, not a chance. The calculations are done by the Divine. No mortal or demon can even affect these if we wanted to. If the calculations are off than Divinity is so busted that you two have bigger problems on your hands."

Ruth pleaded. "Look, we work for the Divine so they recognized that something is wrong. Maybe they're fighting again, who knows! Just do us a solid on this and give us that one guy back. He's not even fun to torment! He's just going to keep the stiff upper lip thing up the whole time."

The demoness nodded. "But what's in it for me? This is a lot of paperwork."

Mercy slyly smiled. "The faster you give him up, the faster we go home. You wouldn't want two cops hanging out around here all the time would you? Interfering with the operation you have going on on the side?"

The counselor scowled. "All right! All right! Yeesh, I thought the Divine were supposed to play nice. Collect your mark and get him out of here. Jerks."

Mercy gave a bubbly thanks and hopped out of the room, her pigtailed bouncing feverishly as she jumped around. Ruth followed quickly behind her.

"Whoa, Mercy, nicely done. How did you know she was up to shady dealings?"

Mercy shrugged. "She's a demon lady in a corporate bureaucracy. She had to be up to SOMETHING she didn't want the boss knowing about. Let's go get the client."

The team returned to office building to find a cheering circle of workers. Ruth hunched forward, "Oh this can't be good." The pair pushed and shoved their way to the front of the group only to see Wesley bent over the knee of a gargantuan demoness. With each swat of Wesley's behind, a new round of cheers and laughter rose up around them. Wesley helplessly flailed his legs and was shouting something or other about remembering to refill the coffee machine next time.

Mercy dove in, yanked their charge free from his supervisor's paws, threw one of his arms around her shoulder while Ruth grabbed the other, and scrambled for the elevator amidst a throng of boos and jeers from the crowd. Once the doors were closed and they were safe, they tapped Wesley on the cheek.

"Hey, cheer up. Things can only get better from here, right!?"

Back on the city streets, Wesley massaged his sore bum, while the girls explained the situation, playing up their valiant efforts to thwart the demonic bureaucracy and win against all odds. Wesley didn't believe a word of it, but his time in the city had him willing to accept any means of escape. The women bid him a good afterlife and shoved him through a glowing green doorway that materialized

behind them.

Wesley wheeled backwards and landed hard on the flat bony behind he knew so well. He was back to his old self, complete with the store brand dress shirt and slacks he'd worn for decades prior. Wesley sighed deeply and collapsed back to the ground. He looked over his surroundings and saw the all-white expanse of the Limbo around him. Misty white clouds rolled across a cloudy white ground, while a white sky shone around him.

Wesley stood, turned around, and surveyed the nothingness. The calming, quiet nothingness. Then he sat back down, breathed deep once more, smiled, and sat politely to wait for somebody to collect his soul.

Read more Mercynaries comics and stories at: <http://www.sincomics.com/ddg.php>