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Certified D.O.G.

Discourse Outside Gluttony

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Three months had passed since their arrival to Hell. Weekly visits were made to Pride to check on their blood-sister – Maureen was a tough little warglet, er, Hellhound. And her best friend Octavia was pretty funny, snarky at times; and *her* mom was a bonafide nine, no wonder Da and Bee would sneak off with her. That bitch was fine as a fuck – and an orphanage in the third ring. Between those visits and the nightly parties Bee threw – surprisingly not an exaggeration, also a great way for him and Hatí to get laid; whether his sourpuss brother did or not, Sköll didn't care – Da would disappear from time to time.

“Working,” he would say when asked. Usually as he held Queen Bee in his arms and ran his hands over her weird oscillating stomach. Something that would then lead to her pulling him off to ‘satisfy’ her craving; Sköll had noticed one pink bubble would ascend within her stomach and the others would bobble about.

One of the globs of ‘honey’ seemed abnormally larger than the rest, with a darker orange curled in the core, and Queen Bee-Lzebug was even more manic than she was when they first met, more scatterbrained and occasionally hoarding food rather than packing away leftovers. Hours

upon hours of their days, there was a constant active buzz in the air as she worked on *something* in a private room neither he nor Hatí could find. But that wasn't Sköll's problem at the moment.

"You two need to get jobs."

Those were the six words their father decided to greet them with when he and his girlfriend finally decided to grace them with their presence one day. At noon. Sköll couldn't believe they had been up so late, after he and his twin called it quits at two in the morning. He also tried not to think about the reason for that. Yeah, he might be in the quadruple digits, but thinking about his parents getting it on – either together or with other partners – still gave him the ick.

"You *can't* be fucking serious." Hatí deadpanned as he lowered his fourth cup of Monkey-Brain Tea – side note: Queen Bee-Lzebub had an *awesome* assortment of teas, coffee and energy drinks; thus far, Sköll's preferred beverage was the Tapir-Snout Cilantro Ghost Pepper. It was fleshy enough to sate his early morning hunger and spicy enough to give his burnt up taste buds a small tingle to keep him awake – to the table.

"Oh, trust me, Ha-Kun, I am." Da grinned at them as he held a claw up. "You do have to repay the damages to the Second Circle you two caused. It's only a quarter million, won't take much time at all."

"You dropped three zeroes, G-Bear," Bee said from where she was throwing an assortment of things into a blender. Sköll was pretty sure that a replica of the kitchen sink was included in that.