[center]Chapter 16: Changes
<<<Selene>>>[/center]

Finding a Hell realm should have been a difficult task, involving daring heists from doomsday cults and such. But the reality was, it really wasn't that difficult in the slightest. For reasons Selene refused to give consideration, finding a rift to a Hell realm was easy. Too easy, honestly. Selene was hoping for some sort of adventure right out of a cosmic horror novel, and instead of peak horror… she got a big old nothing burger instead.

“I told you, Mistress,” Toto reminded her, sounding rather smug at her disappointment, “Despite what humans would like to believe, finding a way into Hell, or well a Hell, is a lot easier than they’d hope. And honestly? Demons thrive on that misconception. Makes it so much easier to meet their quotas when the humans think you can only enter Hell by dying,” She explained.

Selene heard and understood, but it didn’t change the sheer disappointment she felt. Also the thought of Hell having quotas like a corporation wasn’t as surprising as it probably should’ve.

Of course, going *into* hells seemed to be much more challenging than the reverse. She was able to walk *in* easily enough, though the flames parting for her told her there was likely more going on than it *just* being a portal anyone could use, but turning around and seeing a solid metal gate complete with spikes and a flaming soldier acting as a guard…

Well, it explained why demons normally needed to be *summoned*.

“Like a roach motel, once you check in you never check out…” Selene mused as she continued looking around.

“Of course, only those with demonic ties or a threshold of sin can actually pass through easily, which do you think it is for you?~” Toto purred in question, stretching as she ignored the crowd of baying demons forming around them.

They were mostly imps, but she felt stronger eyes on them further out.

“Quite the welcoming committee,” Selene commented, opting to ignore Toto’s comment about sin, she may have been led around by her dick more than she’s comfortable with but she liked to think she was capable of self-reflection.

“This riff-raff could never hurt even a regular magical girl, and they can tell you’re far greater than that,~” Toto teased, pushing away one that got too close (in her opinion) with her foot. “We could start with them… or we could go to the heart and take it all at once?~”

The demons seemed insulted, but also shirked back more than a few feet.

“Mmm… the Heart then we’ll work outwards,” Selene decided, “After all, I need a Hell to punish monsters, don’t I?”

“I think this hell would be best served for punishing people that refuse your tenets,~” She replied with a giggle, “For the monsters, well, we could always use their souls for other things. Eating them, as an example… the people that go here should be the people that try to avoid pleasure and sexual desire, people that refuse to praise *you*.”

Selene just shrugged. “Perhaps,” She said as she looked around at the Imps, “Though I am curious to see what these Imps would become. Like the Imps I created earlier, or something else? Maybe cherubs?”

“Let’s go full demon!” Toto suggested, “It’s meant to punish, after all! Sexy demons!”

Selene nodded, “Well let’s get the big guy and work it out,” She said, “Though… eh, why not?” With a shrug she released a surge of magic that immediately overwhelmed the imps and she just stood back to watch.

She was curious as to what would happen, as beyond having a vague idea of what she wanted she didn’t really give her magic in actual direction or instruction.

The change was immediate, easy even. They didn’t have much magical power to resist in the first place, and they were already *so* physically close to what they changed into that there wasn’t much to resist there.

If anything her magic just made them more aesthetically pleasing, gave them proper genders, made them *extremely* lust driven… and bound them to her: body, mind, and soul.

“Now, mind showing us to your former boss, my babies?” Selene asked with a smile.

“We’d love to mom, but well… he’d probably kill us all on sight.” The apparent leader said, an odd combination of adorable and sexy, as she cocked her hip out and smiled, “Though really you can miss’em. Just follow the really bad vibes!”

A lash of hellfire flashed across what acted as a sky in the realm; angry, violent, hateful in every possible way.

And, naturally, it came from a tower in the center of the place.

“Bad vibes, indeed,” Selene commented with a faint whistle, “Reminds me of when I woke up mom at three in the morning because I was too excited for Christmas morning.”

Toto laughed. “A little worse than that I think,~” She teased, “Shall we head there now?”

“We shall,” Selene said as she offered Toto her arm, “Milady?” She teased.

Toto snickered before taking Selene’s arm, pressing it into her breasts with a smile, “We shall!”

After a mere moment they simply… appeared within the tower. At its heart sat a chained being, the red hot metal searing flesh as hellfire poured from its slavering ever-hungry mouth. “I see I have *guests,*” It snarled, “Please be a dear and give me one of those fruits there, if you do I’ll see that you’re… aptly rewarded.”

“You know, you’re the first demon here that honestly looks like a demon, the others just look ugly,” Selene said, feeling this odd sense of detachment as she looked at the chained being almost clinically.

“Most are just human souls, twisted by their imprisonment,” It replied, head twisting and cracking its own neck for a moment, “This prison is mine, and mine alone. That they seek to further punish me, well, better to rule in agony than serve, isn’t it?~”

Toto just nodded, and after some thought Selene nodded as well, “Makes sense to me, but how would you like to properly rule? And actually enjoy it?” She asked, figuring she’d at least make the offer.

She was going to do it either way of course, but she’d like to give the demon a choice.

It laughed, “You’d make me a slave,” It wasn’t really *wrong* but… “You don’t even have enough Power to do to me what you did to those pathetic slummers, certainly not as you are! Get out of here before I devour you and your soul.”

Selene, for a moment considered the sight of the Demon and Ziz fighting over her soul… before she remembered that for Ziz this is really entertainment. And she’d just as likely just cut her losses and pick another dupe.

“Mm, he is right that as long as you retain an even *partially* human form you can’t really do it, you need to fully ***embrace*** your nature,~” Toto said from the nearby table, helping herself to the fruits atop it. “You can’t leave without doing it either, so it’s that or death.~”

Selene just sighed faintly. “I would’ve liked it if you told me earlier,” She said dryly before looking at the Demon, *“So, basically hold on to my tumultuous grasp on humanity and stay here, even die, or embrace the eldritch and hope I don’t turn into a traditional hentai monster?”* She thought.

Really it was cruel to give her the illusion of a choice when she didn’t really have one to begin with. A part of her felt this was the reason Toto seemed set on taking over a Hell realm. It honestly wouldn’t surprise her, but she bet her familiar would already have a rational explanation for it.

“It’s your one chance to refuse Ziz’s desires, dying here and being devoured…” Toto noted, “Of course… your family would be left without you, your sister, your mates… your children…”

The glare Selene shot Toto made the familiar freeze, “We are going to have words after this, Toto,” Selene promised.

Ignoring her familiar and the hateful, if amused, gaze of the demon Selene let that chokehold she had on her Outsider instincts loosen before releasing completely. And while nothing seemed to change, the Demon and Toto could feel it.

The familiar grinned in excitement while the demon just bared its teeth.

Everything happened all at once.

Time exploded before her eyes, realities and their layers getting oh so very *small* underneath her. It should have been painful to look at, but it wasn’t. She could see trees growing, but a closer inspection that she hadn’t needed to move for revealed what they really were.

Time, she was seeing trees of *time*. People’s choices, a countless infinite number of branches. Countless to everyone without a trillion eyes. She’d stopped breathing, or had she never started? A twitch from a limb that wasn’t really a limb showed her the hell she was in from countless angles, many of which she was pretty sure humans didn’t have names for.

Everything happened all at once.

The demon was powerful, it was shielding itself in hellfire and magic, enough that even as she was now piercing it wouldn’t have been possible.

But the demon was fundamentally limited. It couldn’t protect itself from that which it couldn’t see nor understand, couldn’t *hurt* her either. The tendril of her magic, the tendril of *herself* slipped around the sphere of protection from an angle that didn’t exist and pierced the demon’s soul.

A pulse later and the demon had changed, right alongside all else in the realm.

She couldn’t see the results of her own actions, she wasn’t strong enough to gaze that far, wasn’t wise enough to see the most likely paths that time would choose to take, but that didn’t matter for this. She knew all things that the demon knew, that *every* demon knew in that realm. It didn’t take much to see how her changes to it would propagate outwards, how it would alter the entire universe into something more akin to what Ziz had desired.

Everything happens all at once.

[center]**<<<Random Cultist>>>**[/center]

The preparations were complete! Soon they would summon a demon-servant of their Lord! They had already infiltrated Fuku High, and with their Lord's support soon their cult would swell with freshly indoctrinated members!

The fact that the members were all female and very attractive was just a side benefit, honestly, their main goal was to harvest soul energy to eventually free their Lord from his prison! Sure, it'd be faster to just harvest souls completely, but that would bring the Magi Force down on their heads like the fist of a vengeful god.

What was it the Americans said? Slow and Steady wins the race?

Whatever, it hardly matters. After checking the circle once again, and ensuring all the reagents were in their proper places. He went over to an altar where a baying lamb was tied down, while the ritual requested a virgin sacrifice, it'd be foolish to grab a virgin boy or girl off the streets and killing one of their new converts would be exceptionally counterproductive. So, hopefully, a newborn lamb would work just as well.

If it didn't… well, they could always try again.

Its bleating stopped as his knife was embedded through its heart and, with a quick chant and prayer, he held his breath. The ritual would either work, in which case all of the followers behind him would behold the glory of their lord, or it wouldn't and he'd have to explain that their lord desired more… worthwhile sacrifices.

"Oh, please, please, PLEASE work!" Not only because he was loyal, but because some of his fellows were rather… fanatical and they just might use him as a sacrifice, his status as the leader be damned.

His mentor taught him to never get involved with the fanatical, and he just had to ignore his sage wisdom because they're easy to control! Sometimes he wished he could've killed his past-self's ass for ignoring that wisdom.

Then the portal opened and he nearly collapsed in relief… before a wave of *lust* poured out, an odd sensation as his lord was known first for Gluttony…

It didn't take long for an orgy to start behind him while he kneeled frozen in place, a demon stepping out and looking at him hungrily. He was going to die, almost certainly, but it would help free his lord…

The demon… looked quite different from the last time he saw it- her. She smiled as her tail whipped around before she crouched down to his level. When did he fall on his knees, exactly?

It didn't matter, as his position gave him a clear view of some red inviting lips he could've swore demons didn't have in the first place…

"We've gone through some… reorganization," She said in response to his unasked question, ***"But we can talk business later, right now I think you deserve a reward for your clever thinking!~"***

He couldn't deny that he was… *extremely* aroused, but he controlled his shivers and desires, "I didn't do this for a reward…"

And he hadn't! He believed that his lord had been wrongfully imprisoned and that was a fate no one deserved! His lord had proved it to him!

She just smiled and patted his cheek, ***"I know, but still you've earned a reward. I should introduce myself shouldn't I?"*** She giggled before she floated into the air with a twirl showing off every new curve she possessed, ***"Please, call me Meru!~"***

[spoiler=It's Meru!][img]https://img2.rule34.us/images/3b/70/3b70cb40499e3816c4ea317626a615c0.jpeg[/img][/spoiler]

"Now, how about we get started on that reward, hmm?" She teased as she floated down to give him a peck on the lips, ***"I've got such wonders to show you and your cultists!~"***

"... was that intentionally a reference?" He asked, mind fuzzy in *need*. That he hadn't just dove into her and the orgy was a miracle, a testament to just how strong his Will was…

"If it was, it was completely by accident, now… take off your pants and show me what you're working with, Virgin boy!~" Her voice was excited as she pushed him back and, finally, lust and desire overwhelmed him.

He hardly noticed getting naked, not when she was so *warm*.

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