

In the year 2003 the prophecy came true over 20 years ago. Sahara made a contract with the Devil and Luciel was already preparing for war. Luciel instructed the deal breakers to notify him from his training when it happened. He had provided strict instructions to collect a dossier on her and nothing else, not even her photos. Luciel was under the impression that by the time she was well into adulthood, he could reintegrate himself into her world. He thought that the deal would be made when she had the maturity. The deal breakers say that the day Sahara was born was the day that Luciel abandoned his pacifism. He instructed them that he would begin his training and that he should not be interrupted under any circumstances. If any information on her before adulthood was even uttered, he would erase his own memories. It's one thing to erase the memories of others, but to willingly erase your own memories is the kind of insanity that puts Luciel in a completely different class from the other angels.

The deal breakers were terrified. No one wanted to give the Grandmaster Deal Breaker of Lust the bad news that Sahara made a deal with the Devil at the age of 12. The other Grandmasters had to handle top priorities not to mention no one knew which vice this contract would fall under so it was out of their hands. The amount of fear that Luciel commanded among his own brothers and sisters was so great, they had to hide behind a demon girl. She was the same age as Sahara as a human living in her world.

Luciel was practicing deep breathing in space. On purpose. You're not supposed to breathe in space even if you're a divinity because the oxygen will start expanding and rupturing your lungs. Then your blood starts boiling and bubbling which would kill a human in a matter of seconds. Luciel doesn't have to breathe in space, but he chooses to so that he can strengthen his healing factor because he said that "If I cannot handle this pain, I simply don't deserve to breathe the same air as her". That's not including the genuinely inhospitable locations he would try to breathe in like the bone crushing depths of the mariana trench, where most submersibles would be crushed. He would fill his own lungs with the bitter cold ocean waters. Then he started making his way to other planets because the forces of nature on Earth were not enough to hurt him.

He was located at Deneb, inside the constellation of Cygnus, by the head of the Northern Cross. He was roughly 2000 lightyears away, but angels don't use light speed to travel. Angels use teleportation which bypasses the laws of physics depending on how strong your magic is. Luciel would stop by these uninhabited hostile planets where he could unleash the magnitude of his power without restraint. He would train on those planets until he destroyed them and moved to another. Luciel mustering the amount of power and speed necessary in order to accomplish these feats was something that surprised even Michael. He even modeled his new training regimens in his garrison after the psychotic lengths Luciel was willing to go to prove his right to be with her.

"Why are you here?"

He communicates telepathically since there is no sound in space. All of his senses were being torn apart by the vacuum of space, so he could only use his magic to communicate. He couldn't see or feel, he could only sense her.

"My father has made a contract with her."

"How old was she?"

"12."

...

What felt like a trillion Tsar Bombas going off, Luciel annihilated a neutron star from the sheer pure rage he felt after hearing this. For scale, the average angel can destroy an earth sized planet. He stopped breathing and easily regenerated the damage he sustained. He used his magic to replenish his senses so that he could bypass the laws of physics. He looks upon this little demon girl who wasn't so much as phased by what she witnessed.

"Did he touch her?"

"What?"

"Did. He. Touch. Her."

"No. He said he would discuss her payment when she reaches adulthood. 13 months after the payment is made, you will be allowed to review his contract."

...

"Tell your father that if he lays a hand on her that I'll put his reign as a 'necessary evil' to an end."

"I really don't care. Next time don't have your pathetic deal breakers hiding behind a little girl just to take care of your problems."

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7 years later.

I remember when I showed up to the gates of hell with all the powers of heaven vested in me to take on the Devil's contract. I have worked tirelessly for hundreds of years in the world of my lover to ensure that I would have all the holy powers of France at my disposal to fight him. I remembered what I told my brothers and sisters before I descended into the depths of hell.

"If we allow an innocent soul to be abandoned at the hands of the Devil, then we are not worthy of calling ourselves angels."

One of my own dared to criticize me.

"She abandoned god when she killed herself! She's a lost cause!"

I sliced their neck and picked off their head with a strike between the eyes. Then I used the boot of my heel to pull their skull off my blade and crushed it.

"How dare you call yourselves angels. You would condemn a child for her sins only to pay with her body when she reaches adulthood?"

The rest of my peers groveled at my feet for their mistakes. The same way I'm going to make these demons suffer for what they have done to her and as the gates of hell opened I made my presence known. I start indiscriminately smiting the demons that stood in my way. I'm not a violent man, but when the woman I love depends on me to save her, my pacifism crumbles. It doesn't take long until my teacher finally shows up.

"Hey, hey! You didn't get a permit to start exterminating the demon population! Christ, I can't tell if you angels get off to doing this or if you actually want us to take care of it."

I'm not in the mood for his attitude.

"You know why I'm here."

I don't waste my time and I hand him the paperwork.

"By the holy powers vested in me as the Marquis of the esteemed Ducasse Languedoc family and the Grandmaster Deal Breaker of Lust, your contract is now under review."

The Devil scoffs.

"Your titles mean nothing to me. You're just here because you want your little human bride back."

"TA GUELLE!!"

"Now, now. I'm not in the mood for one of your little outbursts. You can have her if you want her. I really don't care."

The Devil sneered at me.

"To be honest, you're lucky she didn't become my ward. Otherwise you would never see her again."

I broke my blade trying to lop off his head and he doesn't even so much as blink.

"Really? That pisses you off? I didn't even get to tell you what I did with her."

The Devil shrugs.

"You can review my contract all you like, but you're not getting access to the NDA. As much as I would love for you to simply take her off my hands, I simply can't let my contracts be broken just because one of my favorite students asks me nicely."

I wasn't going to take that lying down.

"Don't act as if you don't care. I know you gave her the Devil's luck when she was 12. Why?"

My teacher paused, taking my words into consideration before he responded.

"2 blessings aren't going to be enough for her to take it all the way to game 5."

Only the crackles of the flames that lined the gates of hell filled the silence.

"Mark my words. Your contract will be broken and she will join me in heaven."

My work here is done. Now all that was left for me to read her dossier now that I have initiated the process of reviewing the Devil's contract.

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No one had heard from him ever since he locked himself into his study to go through an entire dossier worth of information. Luciel can process information at blinding speeds but the longer it would take for him to come out, the more terrified the other deal breakers would become. He wouldn't even ask for her picture because he wanted to treat this mission like he does with all of his missions: professionally. Finally the door creaked, signaling his completion. No one else would dare say a word to the Grandmaster Deal Breaker of Lust except for a novice that is in charge of improving the Magic AI they use to break contracts.

"What do you need from us, sir?"

The deal breakers were all ready to do whatever was necessary to aid Luciel in his mission to break the Devil's contract.

"A new identity. I'm going back to San Francisco and Paris to collect my things."

"Ah, that should be simp—"

"I will save her."

"Excuse me, sir?"

"THAT FUCKING DEMON!!!"

He ripped off the doors of his own study and threw it out the window.

"HOW DARE HE GETS TO TASTE HER BEFORE I DO!!! HE DIDN'T EVEN FUCKING WAIT!!! THAT FUCKING BASTARD!!!"

He readjusted his uniform after that display of unfiltered rage and collected himself.

"She is a sweet girl who rejected the offer to become his ward out of the love she has for her younger autistic sister. In exchange for a second chance at life, she would pay her end of the deal when she reaches adulthood. Those are the basic terms of the contract."

"Th-That's fine sir but..."

Even the novice was at a loss of words and he's the one that's better at being able to reel in Luciel's dramatic bouts of fury.

"A sweet girl should not have to face the Devil alone with no one to save her. For her to have survived for as long as she has... and she's just a human too... a human...!"

Luciel's lust was being put on display. This doesn't usually come up because he conducts himself professionally with other divinities. The deal breakers weren't prepared to see the Grandmaster Deal Breaker of Lust actually display his lust in front of them.

"I am madly in love with this woman. I am making this mission my top priority."

He finishes his statement by giving the deal breakers one task which is to get him a new identity for where he was going which is very par for the course but...

Everyone looked around at each other as if to verify if everyone heard the same thing— that he was madly in love with her?

"What did he mean when he said..."

The novice decides to clear the air and put the other deal breakers at ease.

"Don't think about it. It's better not to get in too deep with things that are NDA. I learned that the hard way."

—

It's October 17, 2011 and I treat this mission like I do any other mission. I didn't do anything differently, I didn't make any prior preparations beyond memorizing a dossier from a young woman's lifetime. I haven't even seen her picture yet. It's just going to be a mug shot that comes with a brief mission report that I'm going to receive from my smartphone. I do my best work when I am focused and act with reason. This is a matter of serious importance where I have to break the Devil's contract with the woman I love.

Time dilation in hell functions differently from other domains. Time runs twice as slow in hell in order to prolong the agony of the torture not just for the sinners but for the demons respectively who have become accustomed to it. However, that doesn't mean that the Devil cannot manipulate the flow of time in hell to suit his needs. Especially if he wanted to... INDULGE... in her longer. I was told that while she is 19 years old, her... shall we say MENTAL age as

that of someone who is in their early 30s. Which means that for every month spent in this world, a year has passed for how long the Devil kept her around. I will have to be VERY careful when I approach the situation and I cannot make a single mistake. I don't waste any more time and pull up her mission report.

...

Oh...

She looks very young.

She's very...

Cute.

Nothing like what it said in the dossier. I'm sure I read somewhere she crushed a tall can on her skull without sustaining any injury.

Anyways I need to stay focused. I fly over to Russian Hill in San Francisco where her art school is. The conditions for breaking the contract is to "fuck this girl better than he can" which is a crude way of putting it, but at least it is open ended. If he had said anything about love it would be a different story, but sex is much more complex. If I thought my love alone would be the answer, this contract would be an open and shut case, but I have to satiate her appetite. To satisfy her needs in a way he never could. Fuck. I'm supposed to be the one trying to save her, not indulge in her. My teacher clearly did this on purpose to fuck with me.

I made sure no one was on the roof access of her school so that I could make my entrance. Fuck... She's got her legs all spread out. She's lucky I don't breed her on the spot.

"Sahara Borowski. I am Luciel, an angel sent from heaven to break your deal with the Devil. I am here to indulge in your fantasies... that will put any time you have spent in hell to shame. You only need to say the word."

Her brow furrowed in confusion as all humans do when they gaze upon an angel. Fuck... she's really pretty up close if only I could see through her clothes. Wait... where are her eyes...

...

She.

She touched my dick.

She touched my dick, she touched my dick.

She didn't even say anything, she just walked up to me and touched my dick and I can't even feel her soft hands touching it directly.

Fuck.

Ok.

Focus on the mission.

"I see, you're eager to get started."

"Wait! Hold on! since when do angels fuck!?"

...

These are her first words.

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"To put it crudely, we have always 'fucked'."

I was briefly referencing the book of Enoch until she waved off my explanation.

"Look, I don't know about that church school shit. Plus it's not like you can grow tentacles like one of my hentai animes."

...

You know what fuck it.

"Oh? Child's play."

I know one of the first things he did to her was that fucking tentacle hentai bullshit. I haven't had to think about Japan since the bubble era but that was what little information we could get on her that wasn't locked behind an NDA because she drew it.

"What the f-"

I rip off her clothes and seeing the look on her face when her pussy gets exposed to me makes up for her bratty attitude. I am well aware of the fact that she is still getting out of her delinquent phase but I want to know what kind of sounds she makes. I take the gloves off and get a good look of her pussy that is being hoisted up effortlessly by the tentacles she asked for. I'm going to taste her before I get to share a kiss with her... Fuck!

I plunge my tongue deep inside of her and she still fights back with her words which makes her taste all the more sweeter to me. It's hard for me not to enjoy myself even when I tell myself I'm doing a job.

"So you got a few tricks up your sleeve... but you can't make me forget about losing my first time."

"Well, you know what they say. The first time is always the worst."

I take this brat by the chin so she can't look away from me.

"Besides, I can at least give you your first time with an angel. Or would you prefer I wine and dine you first?"

She didn't even flinch.

"I'm not getting to know some limp dick try hard unless you can fuck the curls right out of my hair."

Fine. I... admit I could have chosen my words a little better. I admit they weren't very uh... CREATIVE.

"Such foul language coming from a pretty mouth. I think I can find a better use for it."

I just whip out my cock and let it flop on her face. She couldn't even believe it. I admit when I get excited I actually do let out an aphrodisiac that mimics the sensation of a pleasant smell. I even explained it to her while I'm sure she didn't even retain that information with a mouth full of my cock.

Fuck.

She doesn't give a shit.

She is still looking at me so stubbornly.

"You know when you make that face... it only provokes me more..."

I made her choke on my cock but let her return to tease the tip. She's... skilled for someone this young. I wonder if those are 13 years of experience with time dilation in hell or if the Devil taught her that.

"Fuck...! You're gonna milk me dry like that...!"

"Don't be a one pump chump now."

Even when she has drool and tears running down her chin she is still talking shit to me. She truly doesn't give a shit.

"Can't take a compliment, hm? Luckily I like brats like you."

I shove my cock all the way down her throat and make sure she doesn't look away from me.

"You better get used to this taste. I'm going to have it burned in your memory."

I just grab her fucking skull and cum down her throat.

Fuck.

What was my job again?

Oh right.

Breaking the Devil's contract.

"I-I'm not going to give in so easily!"

Oh? Is she starting to stutter? Fuck that's cute. She's been talking shit the entire time but now she's trying to put up a tough front while her cute little pussy is inches away from my cock.

"I'm sure of that, but I'm patient."

I say that out loud but this is what I have to remind myself so that I don't just default to my primal instincts.

"We'll have plenty of time to get you used to me. Try not to cum too fast now."

I say this all the while I finally get all the way inside her.

...

Oh.

I was in love before but-

Is this what Aphrodite meant when she said this is what it would be like?

Falling in love a second time?

I could fall in love thousands of times over if I got to feel this pussy no matter if it was young or old.

"I can see why the Devil picked this cherry... I'd go to hell and back for this pussy!"

I start to lose my composure a little bit I admit. I snaked a tentacle into her tight little asshole to make sure none of her holes are neglected. I can see her cumming and quivering against my body with each thrust. I want her to trust me so badly but it's hard to control my emotions.

"Don't be embarrassed. You have nothing to hide from me."

I start listing her hobbies, little things about her life. Honestly things that would make me sound like a stalker out of context, but you have to understand my frustration at this point. I finally get to meet the woman I love whom I was prophesied to meet here for her final lifetime with nothing but her dossier. I wouldn't even look at a picture of her until it was time for me to take this mission.

"You shoplift. You cheat on tests. You drink, you smoke. Everything about you makes me want to punish you more."

"Ahhnnn! What the hell is the point of-Ahh! A date you already have me read like an open book!?"

"Only the little things. I'm impressed you can still talk back. Trying to put up a tough front while cumming every time I scratch that itch? It's rather cute."

I really enjoyed myself this time. Monitoring all of her reactions, everything I want to look at for eternity. Fuck I'm trying not to cum just looking at her. Why the fuck would the Devil tell me I have to fuck the woman I love better than he can? As much as I want to make her mine, I can't rush into things. I better wrap this up before I start just fucking her for hours on end with time frozen. Then he'd just call me a hypocrite for doing the same thing he did with time dilation. Fucking bastard.

"If you ask me nicely, I'll give you a break and we can pick this up next time."

"Eeeuuh! P-Please...! I'm gonna pass out at this rate-! A-Ahhh!"

Fuck she looks good all fucked stupid like that. I take a nice handful of her breasts before I really get into a deeper position and let her know the type of influence I'm going to be in her life from now on.

"I'm going to fuck those memories you spent in hell right out of you."

"W-What the hell kind of angel are you!?"

"The kind for lost causes like you."

I pound away inside of her before blowing what felt like several lifetimes worth of cum. Fuck... I really lost my composure. I ripped her clothes off and everything. I did replace her clothes by recreating them but that doesn't make them the same. I don't know if that makes a difference to a human who is in tune with their sixth sense but she seemed to put her clothes back on without much complaint. She even asks me an honest question for someone in her position.

"Let's say... hypothetically... you break my contract. Would you go away?"

If only I could tell her how I really feel, but it's too soon.

"Once I break your contract... I will retire from breaking demonic contracts to become your guardian angel and make sure nothing like that ever happens again for the rest of your life."

I meant every single word. If I break her contract, I have nothing else left to prove. All I can do is to keep strengthening the institutions that are already in place to be able to do more for souls like the woman I love. I can't help but want to hold her in my arms, to do anything to make her feel safe.

"Don't you like the sound of having a guardian angel protect you?"

"Cut the shit. You really think you can fix my problems with your dick? I have to go to class and I still don't know if this is real."

Of course that would be too easy.

"Your skepticism is understandable. I hope with time I will earn your trust. Until then, Sahara."

I fly towards Coit Tower from Russian Hill, then I perch myself on top of the Transamerica pyramid.

And I masturbate.

I can't even control myself. I know she had to go to class but I can't stop jacking myself off. I'm fucking disgusting just like Aphrodite said, but I simply can't live without her. She wanted me to promise her that I would always love her unconditionally no matter who she is reborn. I finish a few more times until I calm down.

I need to save her and I will.

As long as my justice is unbreakable.

END PART 1