

A lonely sunset covered the grassy terrain of the park with an orange glow. The sounds of children playing on the playground were in the distance as a lone woman sat upon a smooth bench, hiding in the shadow of a tree. Her eyes appeared as if she was reading something left to right, though there was nothing in her hands or her lap to read. She muttered a little to herself about someone being late and a flash of irritation crossed her face before she looked somewhere else.

As she glanced to the left, she saw nothing save the grassy knoll that the wind caressed lightly. However, when she looked to her right, she saw a tall man in a tailored suit, with dark, almost blue skin approaching her. He wore a sheepish smile, and ran a hand through shoulder length black hair. He sat down next to her without a word, and briefly looked down at his digital watch, grimacing as he did so. His nervous eyes glanced over at his new companion with a hint of worry and maybe a tiny bit of guilt.

“You’re late,” she stated in her strict tone, “as I’m sure you know.” Her gaze, which was fixed to his, turned forwards again, losing its tenseness to a sense of calm. “But I suppose it’s fine, since you’re here now.” She smoothed out her midnight-blue dress and readjusted her black half-rim glasses on her nose. Her curly brown hair draped over her shoulder, the wind blowing the scent of lavender and coconut into the air. A moment of silence passed before she spoke up again. “It’s been a while... hasn’t it?”

“Five hundred years, give or take a decade.” The man responded somberly, looking ahead with a pensive look. “But you still look as young and beautiful despite the centuries that have passed.” He offered a tired sigh, glancing over at her. “Though you’ve ... ‘chilled out’ as the mortals would say. Would’ve been a time you’d try to lop off my head if I was a second late, let alone a half hour.”

“Yes, I’ve... grown some flaws, I guess. More than what I had.” She grimaced. “I... suppose there’s nothing wrong with having things to do or being distracted.” She crossed her legs. “It’s... normal to mess up. It’s taken a while for me to... fix my perspective, in so many words. Though, I suppose that’s not why we were cast down here.”

He stared silently ahead for some time, an unreadable expression on his face. “When our religion died... when the Divinists came and burned our people to cinders and enslaved what was left... I lost my way. I went primordial.” He stared ahead with sorrow brooding on his features. “Two hundred years of being a rabid beast that killed and inspired countless folk stories. I... wish I had been strong. Strong like you had been. That way... I could feel like I deserve you once more. To be able to look at you the way I used to without shame and tell you... that you’re as beautiful as the day I lost you.” He went silent again, this time staring ahead without thought reliving memories from lifetimes ago.

“You are strong, dear,” her small voice stated, a lot softer than it had been. “I believe it takes someone special to overpower the other races that live on this planet. They are very powerful, as I’m sure you know.” She held up her left arm, which was battered and bruised, looking down at it with remorse and self-guilt. “This has yet to heal...”

His eyes flicked to her with haste as he examined it. His voice came out low and almost in a growl, akin to how protective he had been in the past. “Do you know who did this?”

She looked into his eyes. “It was my boss. I had lost a case and he snapped a bunch of rulers over my arm.” The starting of tears were forming at the edges of her eyes, but after a blink they were no longer present. “He’s pretty strict and he had put me on as their lawyer because it was a marriage dispute and I’m usually pretty good at those...”

His eyes darkened, only slightly enough to be noticeable to those who knew him before when he was a god. They faded quickly as he took a deep breath and tried to calm himself. “I’ll... I’ll go have a talk with him. He can’t treat you like that. Not only because it is illegal given what we are, but because it is immoral. And...” He looked away, his cheeks turning a slight bit red. “Well, I’d rather not lose my wife, if I’m still allowed to call you that at this point, again.”

The darkness underlying her tone faded away with the new topic. “Then I offer you a dilemma.” She paused, her strictness and sternness returning to her body language. “Would you say that an oath can expire? Or that time could erase all notions of an oath ever being created or cause it to lose its meaning?”

He paused, looking up thoughtfully. “When we were together, despite my usual lateness, I kept my oaths, as most gods did. An oath is a commitment, a way of expressing yourself into words something that you swear you’ll keep and honor. Countries swear oaths, but many do not keep them because their signers are long since dead. People promise each other, but promises are fickle-”

“Stop stating the obvious and answer my questions.” She rubbed her temple with two fingers.

He stared into her eyes, his irises darkening. “I never took another lover, nor did I allow myself to love. What does that tell you?”

“It tells me that you are either loyal and honest or that you are an idiot and couldn’t think for yourself. Which, to be fair, isn’t exactly anything new for either option.”

He shook his head, his eyes returning to normal. “All of those, save for ‘not thinking for myself’ are true. But,” He held up a finger, his eyes softening a little as did his voice. “I thought you died. For four hundred and fifty years, I believed the only woman, who despite her terseness and stubbornness, had loved me in her entirety, was gone. Our oath, if you recall, was jokingly done in the vein of the mortals. So, if an oath expires due to age, I consider it a betrayal. I think an oath can lose its meaning, but never does it fully dissolve. But... I’m afraid that I do not know what has transpired in your time here. Or... if the love that swells in my heart... echoes in yours.”

After a moment of silence, she spoke up. “What are your thoughts on the carnal desires of the flesh?”

He raised an eyebrow, a blush coming to his face. “It depends. In what context are we discussing it in?”

“I... fell in love with another man... The oath we made, in jest or not, was very personal to me. It was always in the back of my mind. But, I couldn’t stand being without you... No matter how cheesy that

sounds. And, I had met this guy.... And my body felt... drawn to his.” Her gaze dropped to the ground. “I don’t want your opinion of me to become worse but... I enjoyed it... A lot... And eventually... he ended up... penetrating me when I asked him not to. And it got to the point where he would even physically... attack me... And the injury I have here wasn’t caused from that, but...” She sighed. “I... now shrink away from large men when they yell at me and attack me... I can’t handle the aggressiveness...” She covered her eyes in shame. “I... didn’t hold to the oath... and I am dirtied by another man... beaten and bloodied into this form... Made to appear as if nothing has changed me for the worse...” Her voice was nary a squeak as she continued. “But... I have changed... And I don’t like what I did and there were just so many unforeseen consequences from it...”

His eyes remained soft, a tinge of anger hiding between them. “Given the circumstances... you were released from your oath. You thought me dead as I di-”

“I knew you were alive...” she murmured into her hands. “But I knew that Divine Intervention would never allow us to meet again. Or, I thought I knew, anyway... I used that as my excuse... Not that it shied away any of my guilt...”

He turned his head, jaw clenched, but weirdly, no anger on his face. He stared straight ahead, fumbling with something in his suit. “That... ouch. I think you managed to cut through the formalities quite nicely.” He continued fumbling with whatever was in his pocket, not quite trying to pull it out.

She pulled her legs up to her chest, wrapping her arms around them. “I love you, no matter how hollow that sounds... But, I really don’t know if this was a good idea...” Her voice immediately softened into a few more words that she repeated over and over, though they weren’t audible without being right up next to her.

He didn’t look at her, as his hand stopped moving within his suit. “I was cornered by an Orc of all people at the end of my murderous rampage. He had me, dead to rights. His spearhead pressed up against my throat, while my rusty xiphos laid in the dirt, shattered. He asked me, ‘why do you rage, former god?’, ‘My love was taken from me and so my heart weeps eternally.’ He asked, ‘and how would she feel about this, you having slaughtered others?’ I answered, ‘she’d weep as she struck me down, hurt and betrayed.’ The Orc sighed and took his spear away. ‘Then... change. Make this world better for her, in whatever small ways you can and I shall always be by your side.’ I asked, ‘To kill me should I stray?’, ‘To guide you should you stray.’” The former God turned his head to look at her. “He didn’t live long; he died in battle a decade later, but his lineage still follows me around, still befriending me. They taught me compassion and remorse, kindness and humility. They even helped me buy things I could not afford.” He pulled out three small boxes and a medium sized one as well. “Things that reminded me of you. And while this does fucking hurt... I understand. This body, these feelings... they are different to how I felt when I was stronger. So I understand. I do not forgive you yet, but I understand.”

“It would be easier if you just hated me...” she muttered to herself.

“Why? What does that accomplish? You regret everything, judging by the look on your face, and how you’re cowering away from me like I’ll do something, even though I literally love you too much to raise a hand in anger.” He leaned back, sighing. “So... care to keep beating yourself up or can we drop the formalities and get to the meat of the issue: Do you still love me?”

“Binding Oath: Embrace...” Before either one of them could notice a shift in location, they were in each others’ arms, her face against his chest after her mumblings. “Had I not loved you, my power would not have been this effective...” She buried her face further into him, muffling her voice again. “If that answers your question...” Her cheeks, while not noticeable, were warming up to a tinge of pink.

His arms wrapped around her as a boyish-giggle, one that had not been heard in centuries, greeted her. “I forgot how cute you were when you blushed over the softer sides of our relationship.” His eyes softened. “And it does. And I make an oath to you here and now, perhaps a renewal to our vows: I shall be there to defend you from those with malevolent intent, and should I fail, avenge you to a suitable level. I will be by your side to give you the love and tenderness you deserve, and in return, I expect the same. As former King of the Spirits, Master of the Shadows, and High Judge of the Dead, I give you my solemn vow that I will not betray these oaths again; for I cannot bear losing you a second time.”

The calm winds suddenly raged around them, the leaves whistling in the wind. The former Goddess of Oaths raised her head, a single tear running down her cheek. The roots of her hair suddenly shone with intense brightness, a noticeable blonde color leaking through. “And I, as--” she choked on her words, pure emotion filling her heart, “as the Purveyor of Vows and the former Goddess of Oaths, I... I vow, promise, and swear an oath to protect you to the best of my own ability and... I will never fail yo-you... again... I will love you with all my heart until it stops beat-ting... and, most of all...” She fixed her posture by straightening her back. “I will adore you unconditionally, as you have with me.” She placed a hand flush behind his ear, dots of light on her fingertips. As soon as their lips met, the God of Shadows’ power surged, his muscles growing just enough to be noticeable. A small clattering to his right made a sound like metal on wood.

He held her gently yet firmly, his body pressing into her with a need he hadn’t ever encountered, one that he tried desperately to fight as he sought just the feeling of having her close.

She wrapped her other arm around his neck, pulling him further into the kiss. She grinded her lower body into his as her top half was pressed firmly into him.

He attempted to pull back from the kiss, the bench thwarting him in his attempts. Despite this tremendous setback, he muttered through her kiss. “Perhaws we showld gwo home?”

She pulled away, a little disheartened by his interruption. “Why should we do that? What are you planning on doing there that we can’t do here?” She blinked innocently.

He let out a hasty breath, his face flushed as red as it would allow. “Hey, all I’m saying is I’d rather I be the only one to see you with.... Without... er...” It seemed his face could turn a brighter shade of red, as he looked into her eyes almost pleadingly.

“Clothing?” She raised an eyebrow.

“Y-yes... that.”

“Well, I’m not an exhibitionist.” She paused. “But I wouldn’t be against it if you aren’t.”

He took a deep breath and tried to calm himself, despite the woman who still was on top of him, whose heat he could feel. “I’m not. But you grinding on me kinda makes me doubt that statement. Especially since we are out in the open where everyone can see.”

Her cheeks immediately reddened as she whipped her head around to the playground. All the kids had left and it was just the two of them. Even the sun had left, having finished setting. She slowly turned back to her man. “Uh... that wasn’t... on purpose.” She tried to look him in the eyes, but she seemed to have better luck looking literally anywhere else.

He pulled her in close for another kiss, this time more gentle. He pulled away after but a moment, her eyes entrancing him to some degree. “The lust, right? It’s hard to fight... and I’m pretty sure I might’ve squeezed something at some point.” He leaned in to whisper in her ear. “I’m more than happy to cave in to my, no, our desires...lets just do it somewhere more private, where we can have a longer,” He trailed a finger up her spine, “more fun,” He trailed it down, “time together. What do you think, my Goddess?”
Damn this Lust...

Her breathing became uneven as she shook uncontrollably within his grasp. “That... is not a nice thing to do...” She grasped onto his shirt, pulling on it. “Maybe you should be pulling this kind of stunt somewhere where I can’t be the one to attack you first. Because you’re--”

He cut off her reply as he started to gently nibble her earlobe, having heard from his assistant that this tactic would further arouse his wife and make him irresistible.

However, his effect may have been too effective as she muttered something into his ear. “Binding Oath: Restrain.” Before he could react, his body was forcefully pushed into the bench, arms at either side. She took a deep breath before she stared down at him. “Goodness... You really love to tempt me.” She pushed her hair behind her shoulders before she started to slowly pull his shirt up, tracing her fingers up his torso. “Not as big as you once were, but I think I prefer it this way.”

He let out a breathy sigh, content to let her do what she wanted. Then a thought occurred to him. “Shadow Dance: Opaque Shell.” A tinted dome made up of dozens of triangles formed around them, blocking sight from the outside world. “Now...” He angled his hips slowly using his next words to act as cover. “I think

I should show you that good time I promised~” He thrust, his clothed manhood rubbing up against her flower, as he started to grind into her himself.

Her juices immediately soaked through his pants, though they took a second to go through the second layer. “I’m sorry... I can’t help it...” Her cheeks blushed a vibrant pink, though she managed to make out another muttering before he could continue his assault: “Binding Oath: Reciprocate.”

A moan escaped his lips as an extreme amount of pleasure washed through him. He thrust faster, but not harder, trying to make the foreplay end as quickly as possible, his more human-side demanding release. “F-f-f-fuck...”

“Mmmm.... Nau-naughty boy...” She clutched his chest as best she could, trying to hold on to her own motor functions. She slowly slid down until his member was no longer aligned with her own parts, quickly taking advantage of the chance to pull his pants off of him, along with the underwear. Exposed, standing at attention a few inches from her face, was his manhood in full glory under the darkened sky. It twitched every so often with his heartbeat as she stared hungrily at it. Her tongue slowly inched out of her mouth as she herself inched forwards. She first made impact with the shaft before trailing upwards to the tip, playing around for a few moments. She traced the circumference of the head three times before plunging his entirety into her welcoming and gaping mouth, all the way to the back. As she did so, she let out her own moan of pleasure in synchronization to his. She glanced up to him in request for approval.

His tongue hanged out of his mouth for a moment as he panted, his own sexual stamina far less given that he had never indulged in the pleasures of the flesh. His gaze focused on her and he gave a small nod. “W-w-wish I could - F-fuck this feels amazing - could make you f-feel better.”

She shook her head, his member still in her mouth. However, there was a sense of some outside pleasure affecting his lower body. One of her arms was clearly moving around down south of her own body. With immense suction, she pulled his cock out of her mouth, albeit slowly for a moment but made sure to give it a good pop for the end. “I’m really sensitive. If you think this feels good, women feel ten times better. So, lucky you that I have such a weird fetishy power like this so that you can feel it too.” She immediately shoved him to the back of her throat again before actually putting in effort to give him a blowjob.

He squirmed in futility, his mind flush with pleasure and lacking any power to actually stop her even if he wanted her to. His tongue went back outside his mouth as he relaxed, giving up control of any movement to focus on holding out as long as possible.

The brightness of her blonde roots quickly faded back to the normal brown, and with it, the hold on his restraining and the speed at which she could keep up her offense. With her free hand, she pointed to her head, looking up at him expectantly.

He put a hand on her head, following along to some extent, his hand intertwined in her hair. His member twitched far more often, an indicator he was at his limit. His pleasure was far more vocal, as his mind was ravaged by sheer pleasure.

He felt a slimy plastic slide down his shaft before there was a lack of anything touching him. “Now, now...” She pulled her underwear all the way off, as it had been removed at least somewhat earlier, before mounting him, rubbing up and down his shaft with her clit. “I can’t have you shooting off your fireworks just yet.”

He shivered, biting his lower lip for a moment. He waved a hand as the barrier fell, before he uttered a few more words, “Shadow Dance: Ghostly Touch.” As she grinded on him, she could feel something playing with her breasts and teasing her nipples. Even her clit was not safe from the weird stimulation as she moved back and forth, her own pleasure being enhanced.

Before an inescapable moan could be let out, she covered her mouth. And, unlike what had occurred earlier, the sensations she was feeling from his magic were not reciprocated to him. “This is... Mmmm! Cheating!” She squinted her eyes closed before immediately shooting them back open and rolling them backwards, followed by a quick intake of breath as she grinded harder into his shaft.

However, strong arms lifted her up, preventing her from continuing as he quickly set her down on the ground, his own body semi-laying on hers. He lowered his head down to her ear. “Love... you seem to have run out of magic... and while I did enjoy the teasing... I think it’s time for the tables to turn.”

She looked up to the night sky, obscured by a few grey clouds. She glanced at some of the stars, her body relinquishing to his might. The magic she had over the both of them petered out as she slowly returned her gaze to his. “Then show me how it’s done.”

The shadows seemed to halt in their ministrations, as he slowly trailed a finger up her womanhood to her clit, and gently played with it. His other hand, trailed up from her dress’ start, going up her legs, past his other hand, past her belly button, and arriving at her breast. He slipped his hand under her bra and traced around the areola, before his thumb began to play with her nipple. He used his other fingers to squeeze as he applied his ministrations, watching her face with as stoical a mask as he could manage.

Her body convulsed violently with the waves of pleasure, her mouth covered by one hand while the other tried to grab some bed sheets, instead giving her a handful of grass and dirt. Her leg tried to push her body away from his torment, but he instead pushed into it further, preventing any escape. She tried to breathe before another wave overtook her, getting just enough air to survive the next one.

What she didn’t expect was for the hand to move from her slit, and for something bigger and far thicker to replace it. “This... this is how I do it.” He whispered, before thrusting into her, and burying himself all the way up to the hilt.

Even with a hand over her mouth, a muffled moan escaped as her whole body tensed at the new sensation, her insides grasping hold of him. As it reached its end, it rubbed against a spot she never felt touched before and shivered at his retreat. “O-oh? That’s all?” Her mocking was shoddy at best when her body was already completely surrendered to him.

His hand lifted one of her legs over his shoulder. “I-I guess... I need to go deeper then.” He then thrust back into her, trying to build up a steady rhythm that would render her speechless or better yet, give in to ecstasy.

The peak of his thrust constantly poked at her cervix, forcing a moan from her with each thrust. “O-kay! I’m-m sor-r-rry!” She covered her face with her arms, biting down on her lower lip while she moaned with his relentless thrusting.

At the sight of how close she was getting, something primordial took over, as his thrusts became harder, faster, and stronger, he started sending her body away from him, forcing the beast of a man, to pause his ministrations on her chest in order to secure her by grabbing her waist.

She quivered over his member, leaking her fluids all over him. She pulled herself into his shoulder, clutching him with closed, fragile hands. She breathed heavily into his chest, leaning into him. Her moans continued to escape as she tried to form words to tell him to stop, but nothing would come out. Instead, he got a lot more heavy breathing by his ear, followed by her clutching him tighter.

It seemed as though he somehow managed a second-wind, his body still working away at hers in earnest, using her moans, tightness, and the fact she was holding him closer to keep going, grunts replacing his moans from earlier as he attempted to make her come a third time.

She traced a jittering hand up the back of his head, taking real estate there with one hand as she looped her other around his back. Her body merely laid limp on the ground, every thrust now accompanied by the sound of wet skin colliding. “I-I-I ca-am-m-me... St-st-aha-ahp-p...”

At her request, the primordial look in his eyes faded, as he slowed down to a more manageable speed. He slowly lifted her into a sitting position, his own strength shaky, as his own orgasm wasn’t too far off. “S-s-sorry.” He whispered, this time avoiding her ear.

She moaned pitifully as she continued to twitch uncontrollably on his manhood, her insides vigorously caressing him with its own viciousness. She laid her head on his shoulder, clutching the front of his shirt as she shook in his grasp from what was definitely not the slight chill in the air. “Th-th-thank-k you-u...” She slowly shifted her head up, her face completely red as she tried her best to stare into his eyes with a lazy smile. A cold shaking hand slowly traveled up to his cheek.

He shivered more, not just because her hand was cold, but because she was still mounted on him. *I will not betray her trust... even though this mortal lust wants me to...* He lifted her up, this time using his old friend gravity, so he could slide out of her, shivering even more as he left. He looked around for his jacket, discarded on their romp on the bench. He grabbed it without much effort from behind himself, and draped it over her. “L-l-let’s get you h-h-home.” He said softly, searching around for her underwear to assist.

It only took one look at the condom for her mood to change. “You didn’t come,” she stated matter-of-factly. Her own privates, on the other hand, were soaked and as red as a tomato, quivering from his rough pounding.

“L-lost mys-self. W-w-wasn’t being cons-iderate.” He replied, finally locating her underwear. He held it in front of her, with a sheepish and slightly twitchy smile.

With one quick motion, her panties were wrapped around his face, the wet part on his nose and mouth. She rose over his still twitching member, spreading herself with two fingers and forcefully placing him within her confines once again. She let out a sensual moan as she grinded her hips into his. “I refuse to force you to refrain from coming inside me. So, you will come inside me and you will like it. Is that clear?” Her tone, although shaky, was serious.

His response was little more than a squeak of surprise, followed promptly by a moan. He opened his mouth to give his reply, albeit muffled by her lingerie, “Y-y-es, l-o-ve.” He squirmed, the pleasure threatening to finally overwhelm him.

“That’s m-more like it.” She twisted and wrapped her insides around him, forcing as much pleasure upon him as she could before she herself would climax on him again. Her breathing picked up again as she leaned close to his ear. “Do you want to get m-m-m-me pregnant?”

“On-ly if yo-u’re com-for-”

“Just do it! Do it, baby... Come for me...”

He shuddered as his body finally relented and began its attempt to make a baby, only to be thwarted by the condom. However, the sheer heat from his orgasm warmed her as he relaxed against the bench, unable to move.

She slowly slid off of his rod, letting it flop lifelessly to the ground. She expertly plucked the condom off of him without spilling any vital essence before lifting it towards her mouth and drinking it all. When she finished, she gave him a satisfied look before crawling up next to him and cuddling with him.

“Gods above... I forgot how rel-entless you are wh-en you make your mind up.” He murmured, wrapping an arm while the other grabbed the panties off his face. “You-’re still shiv-ering.”

“You made me com-m-me twice...” She licked her hand and started rubbing herself. “And to think, you were inside m-me only moments ago... Feels so em-mpty without you ins-side me...” She looked up into his eyes longingly before throwing her leg over one of his to mount it.

“Fuck...” He swore softly, his soldier standing at attention again, ready to go once more, albeit a bit slower. “A-are you sure?”

“I mean... You could take m-me to your house... And domin-nate me. Or the other way ar-round, if that’s your pr-refer-rence.” She rubbed herself up and down his leg, moaning every time she moved closer to him.

“I didn’t bring any condoms... and I don’t have any at home. So... if we try this...” He warned, trying once more to hand her panties back to her.

She slowly stood up, lifting her dress to reveal the long streams of liquid flowing down her legs. She took a step closer, her sex in close proximity to his face. “Want a taste?”

He lolled out his tongue almost without thought, her scent intoxicating to him. The former God of Shadows licked slowly but confidently, trying to hide the fact that he had absolutely no idea of what he was doing as most of his ‘moves’ were advice tips from friends.

“Fuck yes! Lick that fucking pussy...” She grinded her bits onto his face, using the back of his head as leverage. “Oh, that’s so good...”

Encouraged, he explored with his tongue, trying to reach every nook and cranny within her and claim it as his. A thought came to his mind as she continued to grind on him. He started humming, not a tune just a continuous note, hoping the vibrations would add onto the pleasure.

With her vagina as wet as it was, the vibrations shocked through her and she immediately started convulsing from his humming. “Oh-oh-ohh... Oh my go-oo-oooo-oodne-ssss-sss...” Her eyes rolled back in her head as her legs began the process of giving out from underneath her.

He quickly supported her against him, two hands cupping her ass as he ceased his tactic. He glanced up as far as he could, not quite able to see her face, but far enough to see her chest. He started measuring her breathing, trying to determine if she was hyperventilating.

Her gasps for air were caused by him, there was no doubt. Her quivering on his tongue eventually started to climb, as did her waist in preparation for climax. Her moans started getting more stretched out, as if she was just waiting for the final wave of pleasure to hit.

Realizing that he was being worried for no reason, he continued his ministrations, diving back into it with vigor. His vibrations picked up as his tongue finished claiming all the spots it could before he pressed her hips closer to him, his tongue going deeper.

With her clit vibrating uncontrollably and her insides thoroughly violated by his tongue, she came on the spot, clutching his head as she leaned over him, using him to keep herself standing straight up.

He drank every drop, savoring the flavor as it came. Licking back out over her clit, he gently squeezed her posterior as he smirked. “I think I should take you home before we end up here for another hour or two.”

She took a glance up at the night sky. The moon was now in view, only slightly obscured by the grey clouds. "I... suppose..." She tried to kneel down, which she successfully did, albeit shakily. She kissed him thoroughly, ravaging his mouth the same way he ravaged her.

Firm hands gripped her around her waist as she was lifted up onto her feet. He broke the kiss first after several moments, offering a goofy grin. "While I'm ready -and willing!- to go another round... It's cold and my place is far warmer. I can drop you off at your place or... if you want we can head to mine. My car's not parked far from here."

"Uh, I-I, woah!" Her legs suddenly gave out, requiring his full effort to keep her upright. In panic, she held onto his arms, pausing a moment to gather herself before giving him a worried yet cheeky smile. "L-let's go to m-m-my hous-se... C-close-ser..."

"As you wish... but first," He lifted her once more, setting her on the bench. He quickly grabbed her panties and attempted to slide them on. "Don't want to leave these out here."

"Don-n't want a s-sc-scaven-nger hunt?" She offered the same cheeky smile, legs spread to assist him. She pulled her dress up to look at the damage, as it had been throbbing for some time now. "Geez... M-my puss-ssy is so f-fucking re-red..."

He lifted her bottom up, causing her to lean onto him as he slid her underwear up all the way. "S-s-sorry... I shouldn't hav-"

"N-no! I mean-n... Good jo-job... Shit..." Her eyes were wide, clearly impressed by the job he did.

He raised an eyebrow. "As a medical professional in some format, I'm not sure that's exactly a good thing."

"We-well... I sure en-enjoyed i-it..." She removed her glasses, wiping them off on the top half of her dress; the only part that wasn't completely soaked.

"I saw no lasting damage... so I suppose all that matters is that you enjoyed it. And that you squeaked at one point. Cute." He picked her up, princess carry style.

"Oh th-thank good-dness..." was her reaction to being carried, immediately followed up by, "I don-n't squeak!"

"You do, at least, when I start thrusting into you." He teased, as he walked, vaguely realizing his pants were still down.

"Oh, k-keep talking, ex-v-virgin. Don't m-make me remin-nd you of th-the alm-most quicksh-shot BJ." She raised an eyebrow.

“If you weren’t shivering through that entire sentence, I might’ve been embarrassed. However, given that you need me to muscle you around, my dear, and keep you safe in my arms, I think you’re making yourself even more cute.” He teased before he quickly murmured under his breath as shadows briefly put his pants back up, a slight falter of his smile the only indication something was wrong.

“F-fuck you...” She crossed her arms and pouted.

“You already did. Thrice.”

“Exactly! S-so let’s go t-to my hous-se and go f-for round f-four!”

“You can’t even stand.”

“I don’t need to s-stand to be fucked, d-do I?”

“First you tell me to stop fucking you, then you jump me and start fucking me, now you wanna go again when you can’t even talk without shivering. You are confusing me with your dizzying logic, Remalia.”

“YesIcan,” she said quickly. “AndyesIdo.”

“Saying it faster doesn’t excuse the shiver.” The man sighed, tilting her up to kiss her cheek, no lust behind it, only the tenderness one can give to the love of their life.

“Alright...” Remalia’s expression immediately morphed into dejection. “At leas-st cuddles...”

“Of course. I’m not heartless.” He teased half-heartedly, as they neared his car.

Hehehe... But what he doesn’t know is that cuddles lead to sex every time... “No you’re n-not, sweetheart.” She gave him a heartwarming smile.

“I love you, Remalia. No matter how much time passes or what happens, my heart is yours and yours alone.” He said softly, looking directly in her eyes.

“And I love you, Erebus. No matter our past f-FUCK- fuck-ups, we can mov-ve forward together.”

“Hey, get your ass up! We got guests coming over so you need to put some glamour up so they don’t realize what you are.” The door swung open as a fairly large man with black braided hair that ended in a ponytail, the only unhuman thing about him being the bottom tusks that protruded from his mouth. “And I swear to whatever deity is still listening, you better have a shirt on. I do not want you flashing me. Again.”

The girl on the couch raised her arms up in a stretching motion, a familiar video game controller clutched in her right hand. “Nnh, well... it will be your fault this time. Just a bra and panties right now~.”

“It better not be, unless you’d rather try to find someone else who will feed, clothe, and give you a place to sleep.” The man grumpily replied, taking off his scrubs, the damnable things smelling of formaldehyde and vaguely of dead bodies. “So, you better make yourself invisible and head to your room.”

The woman slowly turned over, laying her arms on the top of the couch to face him while freely kicking her feet in the air, her cleavage showing just enough to leave something to the imagination. “How long do I have until I need to disappear? You know I don’t enjoy wearing those baggy garments.”

“They’ll be here in... an hour. Maybe two. And you actually have to be present, given they know I have a roommate.”

She grimaced.

“Hey, you’re the one who is mooching off of me. You don’t have a job you go to, despite me practically begging you to get one. So, you’re going to be on your best behavior... right?”

She sneezed, coins flying out of her nose and mouth. “Ooh, money!” She glanced up, a small innocent smile on her face. “Oh, right... Best behavior!” She sat up on her knees with a big smile, holding an enclosed hand to her chest. The same chest that happened to be covered only by a bra.

His eyes twitched as ethereal soldiers grabbed hold of her, holding her in place. One more formed and took the scrubs before turning towards the unruly demoness. “I’ll put my... what did you call it... ‘dead man’ clothes on you. That way you’re more decent.”

Her jet black hair flowed in the way of one of her eyes, so she looked up at it before blowing it away. It immediately came back, so she blew it some more until it cooperated. “Well, while that seems like a fun time...” Two large wings grew from her back, pushing the soldier’s faces away from her. “I’m afraid I’d rather get into my own clothing than your sweaty work clothes.” *Though his sweat does smell heavenly.*

“Fine...” He said grumpily before sighing, the magical soldiers fading away. “Listen. Seriously, I know I joke around and pretend to be a hardass-”

“And you are pretty good at that.” She winked.

“-but this is important to me. When these people show up, my job could be on the line, and while we’ve been friends since I was a kid, this is one of those times I need you to be serious, so I know you mean what you’re saying.” He said, his voice going low and rumbling slightly.

She slowly floated over to him, stopping to take a few slow, methodical steps towards him, her wings having disappeared somewhere along the way. She placed her hands on his cheeks, squishing them around as she spoke. "I will listen to everything you need me to do until they leave. And they will have a good impression of me and of you by the end of the night." She booped him on the nose. "I promise." She flashed him a quirky smile before turning around, removing her bra as a spare came flying towards her from her room at the other end of the house. She grabbed it midair, attempting to appear as if she was having issues attaching the back as she tried to put it on. "A little help?"

"Is this another vague attempt to seduce me? Because we've been over this, you have to beat me in Final Smash in order to do that..." He grumbled, as he reached out and assisted. He raised an eyebrow as he threw a jab at her pride. "And aren't you supposed to be able to do this yourself? I thought Succubi were masters of their clothes..."

"Had I been trying to seduce you... don't you think I would've had you assist in taking it OFF?" She raised an eyebrow over her shoulder. "And I'm not as dextrous as I used to be. With the laziness and all that..." After he affixed the boob holder to her bosom, she turned around to face him, arms up, as a fancy t-shirt fell over her body. "And the new update just came out yesterday. You didn't install the update last night and I've been playing all day. They recently buffed my main, so I think I have a good chance of beating you this time."

"Small King is still capable of kicking your Lilac's ass. Your attempts ain't going to change that fact." He raised a finger and booped her nose as she popped her head through the top of the shirt. "And no, you asking me to take it off has failed to do anything to me in the past. So you might've decided to switch tactics. Crafty, dangerous, but ultimately losing succubus girl."

"Damn... Your super armor is broken in-game and real life..." she muttered to herself. "I have that weird spraying counter that I keep forgetting about, though..." She then rethought her words. "In-game, I mean..." She looked around, pretending to be innocent.

"Go put some pants on, pervert. Or I'll take the controllers away."

"Yes, sir!" She stood up straight, immediately turning around before tripping. She fell to the ground, her rear raised in the air covered only by a pair of black panties to match what was the original bra she wore. "Oh, no! I fell over!" She floated back to her feet, offering a conniving smile over her shoulder as she walked towards her room, hips swaying side to side.

"To be fair, your ass is smaller than the ones I prefer, so.... Nice try." He hopped over the couch to land in a seat, grabbing a controller as he opened the main menu for his console. "And your boobs... eh. Not firm enough. Better to go find that guy you like to drain."

She feigned a look of shock and hurtfulness, turning the corner into her room. "At least I'm not demeaning to your self-esteem when I mess with you..." A small demon creature landed on his shoulder, stretching as soon as it sat down.

“To be fair, you just tried to seduce me, and broke our last agreement. I feel that’s fair payment. Besides, you’re not actually hurt. You talk differently when I actually have an impact.” He pointed out, opening up Final Smash. “Like if I talk about how sweet you are, or how thoughtful you can be... Let me know if I should continue.”

The little demon seemed to speak for her, its voice a higher pitch. “Oh, so those things you never say to me? I would think they would have an impact, but this is the first time I’ve heard these words my entire life. But... tiny ass? And flabby tits? That’s just mean... I can’t change those, you--”

“Two words: Plastic surgery. Boom. Just fuck the surgeon and you can change anything about yourself.” He replied, grunting as he started up a match. He grabbed the second controller and placed it next to him where he knew she’d sit. “Second, might I remind you the time you went too far with your seducing?”

“SHHHSHHHSHHHSHHH!” The demon moved up to his ear to insist his silence. “I was... in a phase... I moved past that... Not a very great point in my life, there...” She paused. “But I don’t want to do plastic surgery. That’s just... gross.”

“Why? Some of your friends do it.”

“Well... That’s because they’re with the times. I just don’t want to deal with plastic on my chest.” The little demon pouted, crossing its arms. “Is that so unreasonable?”

He turned his head as he sized up the demon on his shoulder. “If I said yes, would you believe me?”

It made a noise as if there was going to be an immediate response, but it instead shied away. “Yeah.”

He sighed, a look of guilt on his face as he set the controller down. He quickly hopped the couch again, and with a brief jog, arrived at her room. He knocked at her door. “May I come in?”

His cheeks were poked twice. “I’m not presentable. Not that you’d enjoy seeing me if I wasn’t... Like anybody else...”

“Look: I purposely make myself view you in different ways, ways that make me less likely to act like some kinda creep around you, because you get it enough whenever you head outside. That, and I want you to have a home where you feel safe.” He took a seat at the door, facing away as he continued. “So are you beautiful? Yeah, you are. Am I going to fall for you? No.” A pause. “I’m sorry. I’m... having a bad day at work, and with my family in town, all my siblings are flaunting off wives or husbands, houses and cars... then there’s me with an apartment and a bike. And I’m taking it out on you when I shouldn’t be.”

After a moment, the door cracked open. A formal-casual Succubus walked out, eyes pink from subtle crying. A few echoed steps from her heels and she was towering over him. She knelt down, grasping his face between her hands instead of the multitudes of squishing she had done before. “I don’t forgive

you. While I may receive compliments from strangers and simpletons, the last thing I need is for the person I care for most to look at me like I'm a cheap whore who doesn't meet his standards. I have always felt safe around you, Cesil. You're not creepy, even if you're coming on to me. Not that you do that anyway..." She looked away for a moment before gazing directly into his eyes. "I want you to feel safe around me. Especially if I'm invading your house. You're my best friend. Why would I want you to hate me? Why would I ever put you down? And when you suggest that I'm not attractive, that's... not exactly a very nice thing to hear."

He stood, and looked into her eyes, his hands firmly holding onto her face. "I don't hate you. I do think you're beautiful. You can be an ass, but most of the time when I've had a shit day, you drop whatever you're doing to try to make me feel better." His eyes looked tired and even his voice seemed worn out. "I'm sorry. That won't fix me being an asshole, but it's my attempt to start and my way of telling you that I was wrong. Like I said, I have so much stress on me, my first thought while coming home was to get wasted and maybe not think about everything that is happening." His gaze dropped to the ground as he continued. "I am stressed out, Cindy. I... I just want to scream right now. And it doesn't help that my bosses' bosses' boss is coming over. And I'm worried less about losing my job, and more about how this person is going to react to you and whether I should have you stay in my room so you don't have to deal with them."

Cindy looked into his eyes, laying a reassuring hand on his shoulder. She smiled, grasping hard onto his ear before pulling him towards his room. "Alright, where are you hiding the fancy clothes? I don't come in here as often as you'd think I would." She looked all around his room from the entrance, trying to find them without his help.

"I, uh... have a nice suit with a mustard stai-"

"Good enough!" She quickly pulled him towards the bed before kicking him in the rear, forcing him head-first into his mattress. She walked into the walk-in closet, searching for the suit in question. "Is it in here? Somewhere in the back or something? And what color is it?"

"Back of the closet, in a box marked, 'WTF, why do I need this'."

"I wonder WHY you'd need this, jackass..." She pulled the lid on the box, revealing a grey suit coat with a noticeable mustard stain as well as a white shirt hiding within the confines of the coat. "I'm honestly not a fan of this combo... Are there any-"

"Nope. What's there is all I got. I got slacks and shoes... I'll get those." Cesil casually went over to his dresser and opened it, as he started to look for the items in question.

"Fuck... Okay." She pulled out the dress shirt first, giving it a sniff. *Ooooh, yes... Wait, shit! Not the time! It smells fine, I guess...* She threw the shirt onto his head, where it landed perfectly, only slightly obstructing his vision. She then removed the coat from the box, grimacing at the stain. She got down on the floor, licking her thumb before rubbing away at it furiously. Had anyone but a demon attempted such a

feat, it likely wouldn't have been as effective, but with a little bit more friction, the mustard came off in tiny pieces of dried condiment. She gagged to her left at the texture and the smell, banging her head into the wall on purpose to distract herself.

"I have a sushi place I could take you to... as an apology." The man grunted out, finally securing his slacks around his legs, but without a belt they kept drooping down to the floor. He slid on his dress shoes effortlessly as he shuffled into the walk-in.

"Don't worry about it." She quickly turned around to the sight of a shirtless, loose-pants Cesil shuffling slowly towards her, a comical nosebleed dripping at the sight. She rushed to cover it, moving forward with her eyes trained on his muscles. "I-I can help you with the-the-the shirt..." She glanced away for a moment, but her eyes dragged her back to the hunk in front of her as she snatched the shirt that was out of her vision atop his head.

"Nah... I'll get it on later. Need to find one of my belts... Now where the hell is it...?" He started shuffling past her, his eyes scanning around for the item.

She reached to her left, taking it off the shelf. "THIS ONE. I GOT ONE." She panicked as she shrunk down to his ankles, pulling his pants up a little slower than one normally would. She quickly stepped behind him to button and zip his slacks before training the belt through the loops.

"Ooooookay, what's up with you, Cindy?" Cesil asked, raising a hand to scratch his head. "You're being a bit weird."

She took a quick intake of breath at his accusation. "N-" she started, before the smell of him invaded her brain. She quickly grasped onto him, face flat into his back. "Nothing..." she was able to breathe, trying to find a way around the musk surrounding the person she was trying to help. She was able to get the belt all the way through the loops, though she was starting to struggle with the belt, as she was unable to see it.

"I... appreciate your help, then?" He replied hesitantly, putting his hands over hers to grab the belt. "I can dress myself, so, uh... you can, uh... let go..."

"Huh?!" She backpedaled into the wall, bouncing off. "Oh! Uh, yeah... Heh..." She turned towards the entrance, holding the shirt behind her as she bit into her curled index finger. "Hyere yhou gho."

He raised an eyebrow as he finished securing his pants. He walked over and took his shirt, unbuttoning it as he stared at her. "What's wrong? You're acting really weird, Cin... wait... shit.... Are you sick?"

She clutched her heart. *I... can't take much more... of this...* "I'm fine! I promise. You need space, right? Let me, uh... Let me get out of your way..."

Cesil quickly grabbed her wrist as gently as he could while his other hand continued unbuttoning his shirt.

Shit!

“Hold up. You’re acting really sporadic... Did I do somet-”

“Nope! Nothing! Not a thing! I just want to give you some space to change, yeah? Oh, and I need to change too! I still need to do my makeup, spray some perfume, you know?! Heheh...”

“Shit... right, you gotta do all the girly stuff.” Cesil patted her shoulder as he brought her in for a hug. “All right, I’ll stop taking your time up then. I’ll come bother you in a half-hour to forty-five minutes, okay?”

Sharp nails shakily stroked his back, her entire body tingling. “Yep... Okay... Got it!...” She immediately clenched her hands, her nails shrinking in order to not stab herself. She tried her best not to breathe, but she was never that good at that to begin with, especially with a warm, intoxicating aura encompassing her existence. All she needed to do was take a single... breath...

He let go of her with a smile, unaware of her plight. “Okay. Final Smash before they get here?” He asked as he quickly put on his coat, his tusks snagging the shirt and trapping his head in the collar. “I never knew how much I hate life until this moment... and I hate life so much right now.” He paused. “Don’t worry about me, I’ll figure this shit out. Go get ready, Cin.”

Cindy’s heart was beating a million times a minute, her breathing something of a risk-reward to her at the moment, let alone if she even wanted to. Her muscles tensed at the chance to escape, but her body wouldn’t let her leave. She clenched her eyes closed as she neared him, taking as much of a breath as she could before all that was in the air was HIM. She quickly shot her eyes open, holding her breath as she made her best attempt to maneuver the shirt around his tusks, caressing one on the way out. She shook her head to clear her mind, set on the task in front of her. One tusk left. And... *Done! Let’s get the fuck out of here!* She quickly retracted her hand and turned around. “There you go! Should be able to get the rest on fine!” She quickly stepped out, closing the walk-in closet door behind her and leaning her head on it.

The door opened moments later, as Cesil stepped out, now with his shirt and suit on, but without fresh socks to accompany the more professional look he had. He gave out a squeak of surprise as his best friend fell back on him, nearly causing him to fall in turn.

She took a panicked breath on the way back, her nose immediately sensing the incoming hunk of a man. She tried to gain some sort of hold on him, immediately going for the waist as the first option that came to mind.

“Okay, I know you’re just fucking with me now. Trying to give me a heart attack so the apartment can be yours, eh?” He lightheartedly joked, as he reached down to help her stand up.

“Heheh... You caught me.” She smiled as best she could, trying her best to ignore his... presence. As soon as she was stable enough to stand, she ran out of his room, turning around just long enough to stick

her tongue out at him. As she turned back around and ran into her room, she immediately locked the door, walking up to the tall mirror by her window as soon as she took a few calming breaths. Reddened cheeks. Nervous stature. Shaky fingers and hands. Bloody nose. Erratic glances everywhere. Unstable breathing. She laid her head in her hands, exhaling a moan of anguish and relief that she was able to escape. As soon as she looked back up at her reflection, she had a determined expression, immediately walking over to her makeup to remove the demonic traces from her face that were likely to stay there for the next couple minutes until she calmed down fully.

Cesil, meanwhile, had resumed his post on the couch and began to keep himself occupied with Final Smash, using various Lilacs as testing dummies. “She wasn’t lying... this is a bit harder to beat...”

Eventually, she exited her room, glowing with both a supernatural and completely natural glow. “I’ve always hated the way this stuff cakes onto my face... Though, beauty is pain, as they say.” Her heels echoed through the living room before she sat down, picking up the second controller.

“Hey, to be fair you look stunning. So, even if it is caking, you’re pulling it off rather well.” He gave her a warm smile, as he ruthlessly destroyed the CPU he was fighting so that she could join. “One thing though... and I feel bad not saying anything beforehand, but you kinda left before I could say it.”

“You know... Just because you destroyed the Level 10 Computer doesn’t mean that I am any worse than it was.” She gave him a hard glare with a large smirk.

“Of course not. You cheat.” He teased, gently bumping her with his shoulder. “But I was talking ‘bout the glamour.”

“What do you mean?” she questioned as the announcer called out her character’s name in an echo-ey and epic voice simultaneous with Cesil’s.

“You mess with me while we’re playing.” He replied, as he hit start once and hit random for the stage. “I may have said that you were, uh...”

As the announcer counted down for the fight, she glanced over at him. “I was...?”

“An Elf. Didn’t give more description than that, but, uh...- truce for a moment?- I know glamour takes a lot of energy to use, so... I’m sorry.”

She pressed the pause button as she turned towards him, fangs growing over her teeth. “You owe me a kiss, then.”

“No tongue. I am still freaked out the last time you decided to mess with me like that.”

“Hey! I can control it now.” She tried her best to sound confident in what she knew was false.

“Riiight. Again, no tongue. Your prehensile bullshit freaks me out a little.” He wrapped a hand around the base of her head, pulling her in for a kiss.

As soon as their lips touched, she bit his lower lip. And after a moment, she bit until they both tasted blood. She scraped her teeth back across his lips on the way back, grazing him ever so slightly. She took a quick intake of breath as her form mutated with a shimmer: her eyes becoming sharper, her jawline becoming more defined and exotic, her fingers slender and straight. Even her breasts and buttocks grew a little. She took a look at herself, twisting her waist to see everything that changed. She quickly glanced up at him with a nervous smile. “Are these more to your liking?”

His face darkened, if only for a brief moment, before he resumed his smile. “Hey... you don’t have to show off for me. I was being an ass; I was casually tossing out insults trying to be playful. I think your natural proportions are more than fine.”

“Yeah... I think the butt could be bigger too...” She frowned.

“To be fair, most elves don’t have assets bigger than what you got right now... soooo... might want to pass.” He answered, his tongue rubbing the dull throbbing bite mark.

“Aww... You’re saying I have Elf-like proportions? That’s the sweetest thing you’ve ever said to me.” She tucked a few strands of stray jet black hair behind one of her ears as she glanced up at him with a blushing smile.

“Shush.” He started, unpausing the game. “Or I will hide all the video games in the apartment.”

“You’ll wish you didn’t say that as soon as you experience Lilac’s buffed grab range!” She immediately went into gamer stance, her smile sticking to her face like glue.

“Oh, yeah? I think you forgot.... Yes! My true combo!” He practically roared in triumph, as he executed said combo. “And what are we betting this time, Cindy? I think you scrubbing dishes for the next week fair.”

“Nonononono!” She screamed out as her character quickly approached the Dead Zone, her body leaning to the left as she tilted her control stick in the same direction. Lilac narrowly missed the Dead Zone as she started her floaty recovery. “Haha! You thought you bested me! And me, scrubbing dishes?! In your dreams, wise guy. I think YOU should be dressed in full drag for at least five hours. AND we have to go out in public.”

“Cruel woman! You wouldn- actually, yeah, you would. But how will you come back now that you’re so damaged?! I-have-the-power!” He grinned as he prepped for her arrival on stage, ready to pounce if she allowed him.

As soon as she grabbed the ledge, he approached her, charging a downward smash attack. She breathed in quickly before she let go of the ledge, jumping up to take him by surprise by shoving her character's explosive rear end into his face. As he was sent flying, she was able to make it back to the stage safely, now pressuring him into losing, as they were each at the same damage level.

"Damn that ass! I always forget that she can even do that..." He white-knuckled his controller, as he dodged several of her attacks, hid behind his shield, or on the occasional chance, parried her attack with one of his own. "You know, your bet is evil... so Imma up mine... Dishes and I get to poke your tail. It is for science that I must win!"

"You're on, PUSSY-GOBLER!" she exclaimed before there was a knock at the door. Instinctually, she paused the game before realizing who it might be. Her face immediately flushed red. "Oh, fuck..."

"Pussy-gobbler? I think you should elaborate on that one, friend." He said nonchalantly as he got up, his expression one far from calm. He took a deep breath as he put on the mask of a host.

"You know, uh... I don't think I will." She stood up slowly, clasping her hands together in front of her with a very fake yet welcoming smile on her face.

"Alright, then elaborate on how you know. Or is someone once again flirting with me?" He started walking towards the door, cracking his neck side to side.

"Sounds like someone's trying to connect dots where lines shouldn't be. Might want to ask me after we've dealt with-" Her voice went down to a whisper. "-the pests..."

He opened the door as a rather comically short human held out his hand. "I hope I got the right place... Are you or the missus a medical examiner named Cesil, by chance?"

"I am."

"Good! Very good. Mind if I come on in?"

"Yes, sir, feel right at home."

The dwarfish human dressed in a suit sauntered in with confidence and poise, his eyes glanced over at the kitchen table and the seats before making his way over to them. He climbed up one, his first ungraceful move, before clearing his throat. "As you know, we're looking at..." He glanced around, before he frowned, looking at the doorway. "Erebus, get in here. You're the one who wanted to review him."

The former God of Shadows stepped in, his wife trailing behind him with a face much more straight-laced than his. "Well, I figured that it'd be best to let you introduce yourself."

"S-so, sirs-"

“Stop shaking, boy. We’re not here to fire you. We’re congratulating you on your promotion.” The dwarfish man scolded lightly.

Cindy walked up behind Cesil and placed a hand on his shoulder in an attempt to steady him. She leaned ahead of him just enough to attract everyone’s attention to her instead. “Promotion? What’s this about?”

The strict-looking wife glared up and down at the two, counting just how many awkward actions they both made within the span of a single minute. *Certainly not married. Known each other for a while, that much is clear, at least. But a relationship... Not a romantic one. At least... By choice. Interested, clearly. Ah, the old ‘I don’t want to ruin this relationship’ story. A classic.*

“With the retirement of one of the other fully licensed M.E.s, you were the only logical choice to replace him, given your skills, talent, and experience to compensate.” Erebus answered, taking a seat as well. “So we wanted to congratulate you on your promotion. Of course, technically, you’re not getting the job just yet, Daniel has to retire first, but we thought we’d give you the good news ahead of time.”

“Thank you... but, and I mean no disrespect, but why is someone higher up into the corporate aspect telling me this?”

“Professionally, I wanted to meet you and judge your character. Truthfully, Erebus bribed me with five cases of beer.”

The strict woman adjusted her glasses, making it seem like there were more than just two people in the room judging him and his life choices.

“Oh. That’s good.” Cindy’s fake smile morphed a little to resemble a real one.

“Indeed. Now, young man, I’ll have my eye on you as one of our up and coming morticians, as work is getting rather busy, what with all the craziness between countries.” The short man started before hopping off the seat. “But I will be heading out now. I have my own missus to attend to, and they are not be ignored.”

“So...”

“You’ll be chatting up with your new partner Erebus and his wife. After all couples tend to get along with one another.” The man said as he opened the door and briefly looked back at them all with a smile.

“Congratulations once more, Cesil. Have a good evening, you four.”

The door promptly shut, leaving Erebus to clear his throat. “So... would you care to introduce us to your girlfriend, Cesil?” The man asked.

“This is Cindy, my best friend... but she’s not my girlfriend.”

“So, you live with your best friend platonically?”

“Not everyone who sleeps under the same house sleeps together, buddy.” Cesil grinned. “Or fucks up three cadavers while trying to help me finish work faster, then has the nerve to ask me to stay late so he can go on a date.”

Erebus let out a pained chuckle, one that practically begged his wife to bail him out of having to respond to the comment and was reinforced by the pathetic look in his eyes.

“I doubt he had any ill will behind his intentions.” The woman glared him down.

As Cindy started to think of a comeback, she immediately felt a chill go down her spine as the woman’s glare turned to her. “And you. I’m not sure I like you yet. You’re... hiding something.”

“I assure you. Miss-”

“Remalia.”

“Remalia... I have nothing to hide and Cesil doesn’t either. Now, why don’t we change the subject to something more-”

“I agree. I think I’m going to just sit down on your couch, if you don’t mind.”

“I... kind of mind...”

“Hmm? And why is that?” Remalia raised an eyebrow.

“Uh... no reason?”

Remalia’s stern look did not change, but she stood still where she was as silence overtook the room.

Erebus wrapped his arms around Remalia and pulled her in close. “Be nice... they’re still children compared to us. They don’t know any better and society hasn’t reinforced respect and discipline.” He whispered, kissing her cheek before continuing a bit louder. “So... Cindy. What do you do, occupation-wise? Probably something a bit nicer than handling dead people, right?”

“I’m... self-employed.” Cindy tensed up.

“She has a start-up, actually. Nothing concrete yet, but she has a rough business plan to follow, but, uh... she’s a bit shy about it, so...” Cesil answered, giving Erebus a pointed look.

“S-sorry... I sometimes forget that I should be a bit more careful of how I word things as of late. This one,” He kissed Remalia’s other cheek, before resting his chin on top of her head, “I may have annoyed several times by my tone. Thankfully, she still loves me and hasn’t tossed me to the streets yet. But Cesil... what was that about a uh... Dear, could you say the word, I don’t think I’m allowed to say it given that I’m a man.”

She raised an eyebrow. “The N-word?”

“The one that ends in Gob-”

“Nonononono! Nothing about gobbling was recently said in this house!” Cindy exclaimed, her face a bright tinge of red. “It was, uh... umm...” She slowly lowered her head and covered her face.

“Oh, pussygobbler, I believe it was.” Remalia turned to answer Erebus. “Definitely not the first thing I would’ve come up with...”

Cindy squeaked.

“But yes, Cesil, why was that mentioned?” Erebus looked over at the man in question, using the fact his coat helped to obfuscate him to press himself closer to Remalia.

“We, uh... we were playing a game?”

“Chess?”

“Video games.”

“Oh. Well, I have no such experience with those kinds of things.” Erebus replied before looking down at Remalia, whilst slowly moving his hips. “Honey, have you played a video game before and if so, is it a normal thing?”

“My boss’ son plays them.” She shrugged. “Otherwise, I know next to nothing about them.”

“It was... playful banter...” Cindy grimaced. “Though poorly timed...”

“Boss. I got something I need to talk about with you.” Cesil started as he grabbed Erebus and tried to pull him away only for the slightly taller man to pull his arm back, jostling his wife slightly. “Okay, I know you like your flame like, a lot, but this is serious.”

“I do and whatever you have to say to me, you can say in front of her.”

“You specifically told me to update you in person.”

“Well, old me is stupid.”

“New you is more stupid.”

“I disagree. Quantifiably, old me cannot ever learn while new me can, therefore old me is far more stupid than new me.”

Remalia glared down Cesil. “What... is this about?”

Cesil looked over at Erebus. “Look man, your wife will murder me with a trowel...” He paused as he finally noticed the bloodthirsty glare that Erebus gave. “And you’ll murder me with a shovel. Okay! I got an idea: how about you both drop the glares, or you know, potentially, *not* be so hostile towards me as if I murdered your child?”

Cindy took hold onto Cesil’s ear. Hard. “Don’t mind him. He’s just a little tense. He doesn’t usually have company over, and when he does, he hates every second of it.” Cindy proceeded to glare him down in accordance with the other two.

Remalia dropped her glare. “I’m not really the murder-y type, you know.”

Erebus followed suit as Cesil murmured something akin to an apology, looking suitably scolded.

Cindy glared at him for an extra second before letting go. Her glare was softened, but she made it clear she could bring it back in a moment’s notice.

“Would you mind telling this giant oaf what you’re talking about?” Remalia extended her arm out fully, poking Erebus in the cheek.

“They’re coming, Erebus. Hammerholdt. They want your head and your wife’s head as well... even mine if I interfere.” He said softly, eyes pointed at the ground. “That was the message.”

“What are you talking about?” Remalia’s stare hardened. “Who’s Hammerholdt?”

“They’re people that want to kill Erebus... because of what he did when my ancestor found him... think a fanatic racist organization that hides itself as a non-profit NGO. It likes Gods because it gets to try to kill them as offerings to the Divine.” Cesil answered, going into the kitchen and popping the cork off of two bottles; One for himself and one for everyone else. “And you now know that every shadowy figure or every alleyway is now equal in danger to a smiling stranger and an office building. Congratulations.”

“What do you mean by ‘Gods’?” Cindy asked inquisitively.

“The Divine exists, right? But we have other religions that popped up... some survived, some didn’t.” He took a big swig of rootbeer-flavored vodka. “You guys tell her. I need to focus on getting drunk...”

Erebus looked down at his wife, lifting a hand to brush her cheek. "Should we?"

Remalia appeared conflicted, her eyes darting between each of his. "I'm... not sure. It's not a very believable story."

"Well... what's the worst that could happen?"

"My best friend thinks you're crazy and begs me to take you to a mental hospital." Cesil replied, having apparently finished the bottle. He looked startled as he checked his pocket. He swore softly as he took out his phone and headed to his room. "Hey, Dwayne... yes... I'm stressed out..."

Cindy herself seemed a little overwhelmed. "I don't really understand what's going on... And I'll try my best not to think that you two are insane."

"Well, I suppose that's more than we could hope for." Remalia shrugged. "Should I? Or do you want to?"

"You're the logical one... so I think you should explain. Besides, my memory isn't the most reliable thing anymore. Don't want to confuse the poor child with differing facts." Erebus released his wife, sticking his hands in his coat.

"Around five hundred years ago, there was a massive surge of unwanted and weaker Gods sent to the surface of this planet. The Divine," Remalia nearly spat those words, "decreed as such. And, as a result, we were forced to live as one of you, stripped of our titles and most of our power." She crossed her arms. "So, you can see why we enjoy the company of Priests as well as their fanatics."

"That... sounds rough." Cindy frowned. *Though not entirely unrealistic. I mean... There have been demons banished from Hel. I can't imagine it's any different for them.*

"Extremely. We are weaker than you mortal races, but we are blessed with eternal lives." Erebus added, before offering a sheepish smile. "Though I don't know if we can actually die as a result of battle, but, given our weakened states... we don't really care to find out."

"I mean, we don't have a definitive list of who was sent down here and what happened to them from there." Remalia frowned. "All we know is that there was a point in time where The Divine himself used his power to keep us separated. But these glasses," She proceeded to adjust said glasses as she mentioned them, "brought us together. They work similar to the tech glasses that humans invented, but we somehow connected through them. Not everyone has figured out that trick, but all we know is that it allows us to bypass The Divine's will over our separation. Of course, our powers are still suppressed, though."

"But that is the general gist of what we are and our status." He paused, before glancing over at his wife. "Do you think one of my old buddies is in the city, hiding like we are? Like Sammy?"

“It’s not impossible, but there’s no guarantee that one: they were placed here and/or ended up here at this point after five hundred years, and two: that they weren’t killed, let alone if we could even recognize them.”

“Right...” Cindy pretended that she was following along, but was absorbing maybe half of what they were saying. She turned her head towards Cesil’s room. “Cesil. How much of this do you know?” she called out.

The tusked man didn't reply, instead Erebus did. "Everything. His entire family line knew as soon as I told their first ancestor who found me, and every one of them since who has taken on the role of my protector."

““Protector”?”

“Glorified bodyguards. Cesil’s lineage is a sort of protector against those who are trying to kill him. Or worse. Like what we were talking about earlier.” Remalia shrugged. “Not sure why they let me around him, then.” She gave Erebus a quick poke to the cheek.

“I told them about you, each bodyguard. Some of the jewelry I gave you was based on their suggestions and advice.” Erebus replied, raising an eyebrow. “And might I say you're rather chipper for dire news.”

“It just means I get to spend more time with you. Since it’s too dangerous to go outside now.” Remalia grasped onto his arm.

Cindy walked over to the kitchen, grabbing one of Cesil’s prepared beverages. *I'm starting to have thoughts of Cesil and I being all lovey-dovey like those two... Time to drink those thoughts away.*

Erebus snuggled into his wife before his eyes turned towards Cindy. “You sure you’re not dating Cesil? I’ve never seen him apologize with a tug of an ear and a glare, much less look ashamed.”

“Well, they’re clearly close. Sometimes friends are closer than lovers,” Remalia suggested.

“Yeah. That’s pretty much our relationship. Best friends, but no further. And we prefer it that way.” She forced a smile before downing a quarter of the second bottle of root beer Vodka.

“Alcohol consumption is rather lethal...” Erebus murmured quietly before sighing. “Regardless, who’s he interested in at the moment? I might be able to help fund a date as repayment for allowing me to go on mine.”

“That’s something to bring up with him. Because my lips are sealed.” She gave Erebus a wink before placing the bottle back on the counter. “And as for the alcohol... I know my limit. It’s pretty high, though. So even that will likely do nothing to me.”

Remalia frowned at the friendly gesture, but said nothing.

“Still, as a mortician, alcohol is a poison. A nice one, to be sure, but poison nonetheless.” Erebus reached into his pants pocket with his free hand, retrieving his wallet. “Could you at least give me his banking details so I can transfer the funds into his account?”

“You think he trusts me with money?”

“You’re roommates and you’re saying he doesn’t trust you with money?”

“Well... I never wanted that kind of responsibility.”

“Why?”

“I’m not so great with money.”

Erebus nodded. “Either way, could you please find out that info for me? I want to keep it a surprise.”

“I... can try. I mean, it doesn’t seem like something out of malice.”

“I heard malice and now I’m concerned.” Cesil said from his doorway, a raised eyebrow greeting and challenging Cindy.

“Says the host who left me with the guests so that he could be intoxicated in solitude.” She raised him a raised eyebrow in return.

Remalia leaned towards Erebus’ ear. “She has a point.”

“A phone call with my brother is not solitude. If it is even close to that, I’m a fucking newt.” He replied, crossing his arms. “I can still ban you from video games, if you don’t tell me.”

“I think they should just admit their feelings already.” Erebus whispered to Remalia. “Perhaps make-up sex would suit them far better than this tense affair...”

“Well, I doubt they’re rabbits like we are.” she murmured in response.

“It was the lack of malice rather than malice, weirdo. Erebus is trying to do something nice behind your back and I was against it. There. Is that what you wanted to hear?” Cindy crossed her arms.

The man looked at Erebus pointedly, almost questioningly, before turning back to Cindy. “Yes... but you forgot to call me Pussgobbler again.” He said, smirking as he relaxed his arms to his sides.

“I don’t think he realizes that he’s into her...” Erebus whispered again, as he slowly started moving backwards to the door to let the two have some privacy.

Remalia followed suit. “I think it goes both ways on that train, sweetheart.”

“It’s pussygobbler, pussygobbler. And I’m going to refrain from speaking to you so as to not give your boss and his wife a bad impression of you. You know, like we agreed.” Cindy frowned.

“Well, he’s not my boss anymore. He’s my co-worker now, so I can say things to you now that the bigger boss left. We can be a bit more casual.”

“He wasn’t here as long as I expected him to be.” Cindy sighed. “I wish he could see how irresponsible you’re being right now...”

Cesil frowned. “Look, you stay at home for most of the day, and while I’m happy to support you, you still don’t clean the apartment up and are usually almost naked, almost because sometimes you are.”

Erebus grabbed the door handle and slowly twisted it. “Nearly there...” He whispered.

“Naked? And they’re just friends?” Remalia furrowed her brow.

“Well, that’s because you’re better at video games! How am I supposed to get better without practice?!” Cindy stomped her foot.

“You still have to clean up around here! It takes maybe three hours to clean the whole apartment, and in that time you do maybe half of the shit that needs to get done! If you finished earlier with the chores then you’d have the whole day and probably most of the next day to play videogames.”

“See, they should just be a couple. They’re already having a couple’s fight, so why not make it official?” Erebus opened the door and silently stepped out with his wife in tow.

An Elven woman knelt in front of a marble statue, her hands clasped tightly onto a rosary. She murmured old words, her eyes shut as a brilliant stream of light sprouted from her back and a ring formed above her head. The woman looked far more attractive than she should have been wearing nun clothing, but physical attributes couldn’t be helped. “Creator Bless.” She finished, opening her eyes as the magical light faded away. She turned away from the statue as she heard fast footsteps, whoever was coming towards her obviously in a hurry.

“Lady Titania!” a boy’s voice called, echoing off the towering walls and ceiling of the cathedral. He wore formal-casual attire, consisting of a dress shirt, slacks and formal shoes, clutching the Holy Text to his

chest with a smile on his face. As soon as he was close to her, he stopped, his brown hair frazzled and unkempt, concealing the face of a human in his early teens as he kneeled over, out of breath. “La-Lady Titania... I... I did it!”

“Oh? And did you do it well, my dearest page?” Titania asked, her blue and yellow eyes wreathed in kindness.

He pulled out a packet of paper stapled together from between his book’s pages, holding it up to her. “Of course.” His smile radiated childlike happiness and pride.

She reached out a hand, patting his head gently with love and affection, before taking his paper with her other hand. She turned her attention to the paper in question scrolling over the contents.

He stared up at her, beaming. “So? So?”

She pretended to keep reading before turning her gaze from the paper to the boy. “You made a couple mistakes...” She started, offering a little frown before it switched into a smile. “But the essence of what you’ve written... You’ve done well, my child. Remarkably better than your peers.”

The boy’s smile was still present, but it definitely lost its radiance. “What can I do next time to make it perfect?”

She placed her hands on his shoulders and smiled. “My child, learning takes time, and with time, one can learn all of the Divine’s Truths. Even though you may have missed a bit of the Truth, you know far more than most your age. Do not worry about getting better: you are way ahead of the curve.”

“But... I need to become just as smart as you, Lady Titania. Then people will trust me and be nice to me. Until then... I will have to keep trying.” He clenched his fist, a determined look aimed at her.

“Oh? Have any of the other Pages been mean to you?” Titania asked, raising an eyebrow. She looked around conspiratorially before whispering, “Although I don’t think they would, I’m sure they’d stop if they knew I trusted you.” She gave a soft grin, patting his head.

“Well, I’m an orphan, Lady Titania. They’re making fun of me not having any parents.” He frowned.

She frowned and held her hands together, closing her eyes as a small ball of light formed in front of her, taking on the appearance of a bell. It gently landed on the floor, losing its radiance. The elf opened her eyes and picked up the bell, placing it in the boy’s hands. “Keep this bell with you as you go through your day. If someone misbehaves, say ‘Mischief undone’ and they will appear in front of me for a lecture. However... take care not to abuse this gift, for it will know if you are fibbing. Okay?”

“I appreciate your generosity, but...” He held the bell out towards her, “I couldn’t possibly accept this gift. If I am to earn their trust, I must do it my way. As I’m sure you have as well, Lady Titania. So...” He

looked down at his hands, sensing the overwhelming power and potential it contained at a mere utterance of two words. "I will have to return this to you. I hope you understand."

Titania smiled and patted his head with one hand, while the other took the bell back. "You passed your test, Ben. The Divine smiles down upon your good nature and for that... you may have access to some of the more senior texts available, and a bit of a larger allowance for freetime. Tomorrow, of course."

He blinked. "I... I did? Wh-what did I do?"

"You defied temptation and chose to labor for what you wanted instead. That is far more virtuous than if you had taken the bell; there would've been another test had you failed this one to test your intentions... but you did well. Good job, my child." She offered another smile as she took a step back.

"O-okay!" He made an attempt to smile, trying his best to appear that he knew exactly what was going on and what he did was totally on purpose. "Thank you, Lady Titania." He bowed to her.

"No, thank you. It brightens my day to see a young boy growing into a knowledgeable young man." She returned the bow, still offering a warm and kind smile.

His smile grew to become more genuine. "I will do my best not to let you down, Lady Titania!"

"I know you will, Ben." The words seemed to transcend time, ringing into the modern day with such clarity that the memory felt like the present.

Titania sat at a Starbucks, and sipped her espresso. She was dressed far more for the city; a tight clinging red top, a black leather jacket that was undone, cut up jeans, and finally a pair of red sneakers. However the bright energetic look in her eyes that the past had seemed to be replaced with pure exhaustion. This was probably due to her having stayed up for three days in a row, but such was the life of the dedicated clergy.

An older man walked in, scruff adorning his chiseled jawline as he sat down next to her, his leather coat loosely flowing to meet with his back. "So, mother. Where should I begin?"

His voice snapped her back to reality as she cleared her throat, a bit embarrassed to have been caught off guard. "There was a report at a park of strange occult happenings. You could check that out or... I've heard tales that a group of demons live within the city. We could start small with those and then work our way up. Your choice."

"The Gods formerly known as Remalia and Erebus were at fault for the occult happenings in the park. The Demons... I haven't looked into."

Titania nodded, and stood with her drink, taking a few sips of that blessedly relieving coffee. She really did need it. “Well, we could pay a friendly visit to one of the demonic sightings, see if we can find a connection between that and Erebus. Creator knows that thing should’ve been put down long ago.”

“Of course. ‘Those who go against the will of the Creator are to know true Hel’, was it?” As he recited the words, the glint of a halo above his head shimmered slightly. “And as we all know, any gods other than the Creator are blasphemous.”

“Especially a ‘god’ that spent its penance by murdering people,” Titania narrowed her eyes as she looked away. “Innocent people who should’ve enjoyed a long life.” She let loose a sigh as she took another sip of her coffee.

“What drives an evil force like Erebus to murder innocent people? Do you know?” Ben leaned over his arm, which was lying perpendicular to him on the table.

“Corruption... Laziness... Heartbreak. Things that he should have been better than but wasn’t.” She offered a shrug, before walking over to him and wrapping her arms around him.

“He’s no less than a Human, then.” Ben frowned.

“Ah, but he lost his comparability during his rampaging over the years. You can only kill if the other person would do you harm. His killings were never that, and therefore he is below every sentient being on this planet.” She quickly glanced over at her car, gesturing towards it as she shifted slightly towards it. “Wanna ride? Might help you relax a bit.”

He refused to move from his chair. “Didn’t we just get here? And you already want to leave?”

“Yes... and yes, I’d rather spend time with you, Ben. Is that wrong?”

“Well, we’re spending time right now. Where do you want us to go after inviting me here?”

“I was figuring a drive around the city to see the sights. It is important to relax after all.” Titania squeezed a little tighter, a happy smile on her face.

Ben leaned into Titania, looking up at her while her natural pillows encompassed his head, no noticeable bra or other support whatsoever. His cheeks grew a tad more pink. “Umm... You still look really young, Lady Titania.”

“Well, I’m an elf. It takes a bit for age to hit us like you humans.” She looked down into his eyes, before tilting her head. “And we don’t usually blush like you guys either. What’s up?”

His eyes wouldn’t meet hers. “Uh... Nothing.”

“Come on. I want to know... is it too embarrassing to say?” She whispered into his ear, confusion marking her face.

“You asked...” He sighed. “Do you always go braless?”

“Quite often. They’re unnecessary and they can cut me if they break, which they can do quite frequently. Why would I wear one if going without the damnable thing prevents injury? Especially in our line of work?” She replied before tilting her head.

“You’re the first person I’ve met to not wear a bra in public. Then again, I have a total of one person who I’ve even asked about the subject, so... Take that as you will.”

“Well, I’m unique like that. Brazenly so, Ben.” Titania gave a bit of a shrug before tilting her head.

“However, I’m a bit curious as to why me wearing a bra would matter. Is it a Human woman thing?” She gave a sheepish chuckle. “I kinda never asked any of my disciples that... uh...”

“They *choose* to wear bras. For whatever reason.” Ben shrugged.

“Well, they’re idiots. Boobs should always be free.”

“I think it’s for support?” Two fingers behind his neck pushed up one of her tits. He raised an eyebrow.

“Yep... Definitely for support. Some people don’t like flabby titties.”

She frowned. “That’s inappropriate to both say and do, Ben.” She huffed, as she relented from her hug and moved a fair distance away from him.

“I was joking!” His head continued to fall backwards, now staring at her upside-down. “Geez...” He tried to roll his eyes, but it was certainly a little weirder to do while up is down.

She moved closer, nearly taking her seat, her frown still perennial. “Y’know... in my society, women who have big boobs are shunned. Elven men don’t tend to like us and it’s a pain to make friends in our own race.” Her frown broke as she closed her eyes. “Which you wouldn’t know being a Human... I’m sorry Ben.” She opened her eyes and raised an eyebrow. “Though lifting one of the girls *is* something you should’ve known better than to do.”

“Well, I *was* going to apologize for that...” Ben bit his lip. “So, yeah... I’m sorry. I took advantage of your generosity and your patience. And for that, I apologize. I was incredibly childish and inappropriate and I knew not to do that. If it is something unforgivable, may the Divine strike me down where I stand.” He returned his head back to where it belonged: above his neck. “I mean... where I sit.”

She narrowed her eyes. “Do you promise not to do it again?”

“I swear.” He placed a hand on his chest.

She returned to her original spot, pulling him back into a hug. “Also, flabby breasts? I take it that my breasts fit such a description?”

“Anyone’s but yours would end up flabby without a bra. That’s all I’m saying.” He tried his best to defend himself.

“You’re lucky I consider you a friend... otherwise I’d have to knock you out with my overpowering strength.” She teased, jostling him a little in his seat with a playful shake.

“That explains why I was able to sleep so well after I joined the Church...” Ben muttered to himself.

“After studying the scripture hard, I doubt anyone would be able to stay awake...” She teased again, before she picked up her drink and began to head out the door. She paused as she looked back. “Come on. Now you owe me the drive around town.”

Ben slowly stood up out of his chair. “If you will forgive me for my transgressions, I would gladly accompany you on a drive. Do we have a destination in mind?”

“The troll seems nice. I kinda want to go see it. You okay with that?” She asked, tossing him the keys before fully exiting the shop.

“Oh, I’m driving? I thought you liked your car.” Ben raised an eyebrow, the door closing behind him.

“It’s a rental. So go wild, Ben. Just try to curb the perviness a bit.” She looked over her shoulder, flashing him a winning smile.

“Why do you have a rental?” He furrowed his brow.

She offered a shrug. “Had to take it in for some repairs due to the more mechanical stuff. Something about coding?” Her eyes narrowed as she suddenly looked on edge as if she sensed something, but couldn’t quite tell where.

“Alright. Then let’s drive.” His eyes flicked to the side, hinting that what she was sensing was behind him.

Her face reverted back to a more happy expression as she walked closer, a sultry smile playing on her lips, but the faint glimmer of her eyes tracking an unseen creature. “First, would you mind a kiss? You’ve been so nice, albeit sarcastic and vaguely perverse... but I feel I should at least kiss a cutie like you. Perhaps on your left cheek.” She offered a giggle, her serious eyes melting away for half of her words.

“It’s rude to deny a gift from a lady.” He took a step towards her.

She smiled and took a step forward, and when Ben dodged to his left, she raised her hands, her eyes turning white, as a halo and glowing wings appeared around her. “Demon, by the Almighty’s grace, I shall give you one chance to explain your presence. Should I find it lacking or if I find your reason heinous, I will banish you back to Hel with Angelic Fire.”

An average height, man with blonde hair and blue eyes. His horns materialized out of thin air, as if they had always been there. He paused and blinked at her. “Umm... I was going to get groceries...? I, uh, have a roommate and, uh...”

“Male? Female? Race?” Ben asked, insistently.

“Guy... um... his name’s Brendan. He’s, uh, human... My name’s Carl... uh... a Demon of Greed... I don’t do that anymore though, uh...”

Ben narrowed his eyes, but left it up to the angelic figure to decide his fate.

“Guilty. You have no viable reason to exist on this plane of existence. Begone.” Golden flames surrounded him as a sharp cry started, promptly before it cut off, the flames turning red for a brief moment. Several onlookers watched in a mixture of fear and horror or joy and pride.

“Come on, people. Carry on. This may be the first time you’ve seen a demon, but if you’re not a demon, there’s nothing Lady Titania can do to you. Nor would she. She’s a kind, gentle soul,” Ben explained.

Some of the most frightened crowd shied away, some reaching for phones to call the police. Titania’s angelic features faded as she looked over to Ben. “We might as well talk to the local officials and let them know we’re church-sanctioned.” She whispered, casting him a sly grin. “As long as you don’t try to grope the officers as well as me.”

“I’ve learned my lesson. What else do you want from me?” Ben rolled his eyes.

“To never let you live this down.”

Ben sighed. “Go figure...”

“You’re the one who feels like he has to lift a woman’s breast when she’s trying to be affectionate.”

“And I was just supposed to sit there and accept it? Every guy knows that that’s impossible.”

“So what you’re saying is you’re like every other guy...”

Ben shrugged.

“Shame. I thought you were better than most men.” She shook her head slowly as the police approached.

“Different. Not better.” Ben gave her a raised eyebrow and a small smile.

“Yes... you’re more perverted for one.” She whispered, offering him a brilliant smile which shifted to greet the officers approaching them.

“Would-” One of the officers, a more young-ish fellow started.

“I am Archbishop Titania and this is Bishop Benjamin. Would *you*,” She started turning to the senior-most officer on scene, “care to explain your officer’s lack of respect due to us or the fact that your lackadaisical efforts of recognizing demons on this plane of existence, had one inside a store filled with people.” Her eyes grew terse as her voice became cold. She crossed her arms and waited for their answer, practically daring them to challenge her.

The senior-most officer in question stepped away from his car and towards the duo, his badge engraved with the name “Jordan”. “I understand that this is a very personal issue to you and your church, Miss Titania.” He held up a hand. “However, we do not possess the technology to sense demons in the way that you do. Please understand that, while we try to prevent conflicts before they happen, there’s only so much we can do.”

“Which is why I will have an inquisitorial church established in your city to prevent further incursions. After all, if your city falls and becomes a bastion for demonic forces to inhabit, I doubt the world would last much longer,” She tilted her head to the side, “Lieutenant Jordan.”

“Bring that up with the Mayor. That is not my concern, but it would be a great help.” Lieutenant Jordan nodded. “We’re taping this area. See if there are any remains of this demon left we can analyze.”

She shook her head. “It didn’t meet the requirements for purging, only for being cleansed and sent back. Maybe you can find a residual trace with your four-end-sics...”

“Forensics. And we will do our best to keep you in good graces, Lady Titania. Just don’t push it.” Lieutenant Jordan crossed his arms. “This alone was a problem. We have a legal system to clear up situations like this. If we can find definitive proof that you sent back a demon, then your punishment will likely be just a mere warning.” He paused. “But... If he was a normal civilian, then that could be classified as a much worse crime.” The officer held up a defensive hand. “I’m not the one who will pass that sort of judgement, and it won’t be you either. I’m just saying that this situation could easily end with a wrongly accused or, to your benefit, be merely ignored by the court. But we have no way of knowing which way it will go. So, just be safe next time and don’t be afraid to rely on us. Leave the banishing and demon slaying to the ones that are proven guilty in court. We will ask for your help then.” Before Titania could give a response, he merely nodded before speaking again. “We will see you soon, Lady Titania.”

Titania bowed her head, not hiding a crumb of her frustrated frown. "Very well. I'll remain in the city; I'll be formally staging in one of the churches here so contacting any will alert me to any meeting you may wish to have."

Ben inched closer to her and gave her two pokes to the right shoulder blade, signaling that he wished for her to wrap it up and back away with him.

"If that will be all, Officer, I must be going..." Titania gave another bow, before she began her retreat with Ben.

"There's another demon nearby. Should we investigate?"

"Absolutely. We can't cleanse them though. But write down the appearance if you can." Titania gestured for him to lead the way, before she paused. She pointed at his pocket. "Car?"

Two beeps screeched from said car. "Absolutely."

Loud, bassy music, oddly-dressed women, and a pole upon the stage.

"Of course they're in a strip club..." Ben sighed.

"Fake... Fake... Fake... Real... Half... Real?" Titania started as she eyed some of the strippers and patrons, settling on a rather busty looking Elf with curly light brown hair. Upon seeing this individual, she slowly made her way over, making sure to keep her gaze on strippers to keep up appearances.

"What are you muttering about?" Ben questioned, keeping pace.

"So, anyway, Cinnamon is definitely more of the rough kind of girl, so... Maybe Violet is more your style..." Cindy was explaining to Cesil as the duo approached. "Violet really likes to take her time with customers. She's also a really sweet girl when she's not working too. You guys might get along pretty well."

"So, they're purpose is to turn me on? Why... can't I just pay them for a friendly chat instead?" Cesil practically begged, shooting her his best impression of Puppy dog eyes.

"I'm determining who has fake breasts or posteriors. Many of the strippers and even some of the clients have fake assets." Titania answered, turning to face him.

"I still don't see the appeal..." Ben shook his head.

"Well, yes, but actually no." Cindy looked a little disappointed. "You can pay for both, if you want."

"So I have to have a girl doing rather lewd things in front of me..." He paused. "I get that for free at home. Why, precisely, would I pay again?"

"Because my boobs are too small and my ass is too flat." Cindy raised an eyebrow. "Or, at least, says you."

"I said I was sorry... I still do not see why I have to do this as my penance. Isn't this akin to a reward? One you could easily do, but then we'd be breaking the whole 'no attempting to seduce one another' clause we have." Cesil poked her cheek in vague annoyance.

"Hey that's not my, uh..." Cindy stumbled when she noticed the new arrivals. "Hello." She put on her best smile.

"Hello! My name's Titania. What's yours?" She offered a warm smile in return, while her eyes showed some polite interest.

"Cindy. A pleasure." She held out a hand, her red nails sharpened to points.

Titania shook her hand. "What brings another outcast to a strip club?"

"Punishing my friend here for saying rude things about--"

"I will list out all of the pornographic magazines and the fetishes you're into if you say another word." Cesil threatened with a frown.

Cindy raised a challenging eyebrow, but ultimately withdrew with a shrug. "Alright. Wouldn't want to gross out the newcomers."

"Right..." Ben agreed, noticeably uncomfortable.

Cesil put a big hand on Ben's shoulder offering an apologetic smile. "Sorry about that. We're best friends, but we're usually bickering in various ways."

Titania closed her eyes and tilted her head offering a warm smile. "It's fine. Ben is from a monastery, so this place isn't exactly his cup of tea." She opened her eyes, her gaze becoming very warm and inviting. "So, if it's okay with you, could we change the subject?"

Cesil blinked a couple times before offering a warm, but less inviting smile of his own. "Why certainly. That is, if you're okay with it, Cin?" He looked over at Cindy, the warm gaze transforming into a curious look.

"With pleasure."

Ben took a confident step forward. "So, what's a Succubus doing in a--"

A passing scantily-clad waitress seemingly lost balance and toppled into Ben, knocking him prone.

Cindy quickly bolted from her seat, pulling Cesil along by the arm with all her strength.

Cesil was practically ripped from his chair, nearly falling onto his face but narrowly managing to avoid it. However before Cindy rushed out, Titania stood before her holding her hands out, "Wait, wait, wait! We're not here to hurt you!" She whispered loudly.

There was an immense narrowing of eyes and aura of doubt around Cindy as she slowed to a walk.

"Ow..." Ben tried to push himself off the floor, only to find his hand planted firmly into one of the lady's two plastic accessories.

"Listen: while we're clergy, we're on probation. We can't do anything to you and as such you have nothing to fear from us. We'll look into you later, but it'll be the normal amount." Titania lowered her hands. "We're just here to relax and take a load off."

"Hey. Pervert. Fifty bucks or leave. Choose."

"I don't have fifty- woah!"

Ben was lifted effortlessly into the air and thrown over the waitress' shoulder as she walked towards the exit. "Then you leave. Hands off the merchandise, asshole."

"Don't try to fight Kathie! She's not afraid to beat you up if you try anything," Cindy called after them, a smile on her face. "So," she started, returning to the conversation in front of her, "what do you want from us?"

"Your intentions mostly. Your... people aren't generally allowed because they have a tendency to wreak havoc. But I'm a pretty good judge of character" Titania shrugged. "And it's my job to be a good judge. But I also get to relax and let down my hair, so to speak."

"Right. So I get to be criticized while I'm also 'letting down my hair'." She looked at Cesil, then back at Titania. "Could you not? I'm not causing any problems, nor do I intend to."

"I could... but if you get found out again, you won't have a conversation with a judge like you are now, you'll just have an immediate trial... and most other judges aren't as nice as I am." Titania shrugged, giving the succubus a smile. "As for problems you've caused... well, it's... not that simple. I understand that you may have not done anything, but the devastation a succubus can do has been recorded. You're not the first who's promised that she wouldn't cause a problem-"

"Listen, Priest... Cindy has been my friend since we were children and hasn't harmed anyone. She hasn't actively tried to hurt any creature no matter how big or small and she has been resisting her demonic side to live in this world-

"Which wouldn't change anything." Titania said sharply enough to cause Cesil to hesitate. "All anyone needs to do is say that she influenced you from that young age to be her slave for her to be judged. Even if she lived out in the middle of a forest, all it takes is one report for her life to go awry."

"Who else besides you and the kid knows?" Cesil asked softly, his muscles tensing up enough to alert Cindy that he was going to do something drastic.

"Just us. But I will need to file a report due to protocols." Titania answered, seemingly oblivious to the threat Cesil posed.

"A report?" Cindy scoffed, putting a hand to her head as if she had a headache. "This is ridiculous..." Cindy shook her head before giving Cesil a stern glance between her fingers, telling him to wait a bit longer.

He had started to reach into his coat, pausing only because of Cindy's gaze. Titania, meanwhile, didn't look phased. "I have to. It's my job to... well, I banish demons, but I'm supposed to kill you. I generally dislike killing, unless it's the only option left." She paused a moment before gesturing towards Cindy. "However, I'm currently on probation, so even if I was ordered to by my peers and even some of my seniors, I cannot attack nor can I request you to leave."

"I will ask this once more because you're getting on my nerves... What do you want?" Cindy narrowed her eyes.

"Titani-Ow!"

A heel made direct contact with Ben's face as he attempted to get back into the building. "Stay out, hobo. No money, no service."

"I'll pay for him to stay, Miss Kathie." Titania said calmly, shrugging slightly. "I'm not allowed to do anything to you... but to answer your question... I'm here to tell you to hide. Hide and hide well. Because if I catch you, you'll more than likely be fine, depending if I see any relevant sins. But... if I don't get a hold of you, and another Inquisitor judges you... well, most of them are sadists who see this line of work as a way to get their jollies off. So, Miss Cindy... perhaps I'm being biased because you look like me. Maybe I'm just feeling nice. Whatever the reason, you should hide from everyone, myself included, come about... four or five days? Yeah, around that time. But... for the moment, consider me a valuable friend that you have on your side until then."

Kathie held out a hand to Titania. "Fifty."

"I don't see why you feel like you need to warn me that I'm going to die." Cindy stated. "What do you get out of this, 'Inquisitor'? Isn't it against your policy to play nice with me?"

"Well, at the current moment," Titania handed over fifty dollars before giving the woman a rather flirtatious smile, "I'm on probation, as I've said earlier. During this time, I'm no different than a regular citizen. And like I've said, my reason doesn't matter. What matters is you hiding yourself away when Inquisitors swarm this city. A demon is rare, two demons will be considered an infestation. So, for now... consider me a friend. Until your time ticks down and I'm reinstated. Unless you'd rather me be an active foe rather than an ally?"

"Honestly, I'd rather have nothing to do with you." Cindy smiled with an annoyed grimace. "So neither, I guess?"

"Keep it in your pants, sweetheart," Kathie replied, taking the money and leaving the three of them alone.

Titania chuckled at Kathie's retreat before shaking her head. "Well... that's understandable. I wouldn't trust the busty Elf woman either, especially if she told me I was going to be haunted down. But like I said... I want to help you... to some extent. Obviously, I can't tell you the various strategies we employ or who's coming after you. But I could teach you how to survive the upcoming storm. But again... there's no reason to trust me or believe that I have your best interest in mind. So how do I get you to trust me, Cindy?"

"How about not trying to kill her? I think that'd be a good start. Just tell whoever the fuck it is that you're not gonna go through with it." Cesil growled, hand still in pocket.

"Even still, I'd be stupid to trust an Inquisitor, let alone dead." Cindy waved a dismissive hand. "So keep your secrets. They'll do me no good."

Titania sighed, shaking her head. "True. Well... I hope I find you first. Hopefully I can get you on the exonerated list... Divine knows that it has been a struggle to expand it." Titania flashed her a warm smile, sticking her hand out. "It has been a pleasure, Cindy. I wish you the best in the coming days... and try not to use any of your demonic gifts, starting now. It'll help me give you a better verdict."

Cindy looked at the outstretched hand before looking up at Titania, crossing her arms. "'A pleasure', huh? Couldn't agree less..."

For a moment, a flash of hurt crossed titania's face before she nodded. She stood up, her features looking a bit older and far more tired. "You know... vilifying me for simply having my job... is the same as someone saying that because you're not like everyone else, that you're evil. I don't think you are... but I understand your hate." She gave a pain-riddled chuckle. "Still... I hope you make it through. Just be careful, okay? At least promise me that."

"What I do is none of your business." Cindy stood up, glaring Titania down and making it clear she had a lot of shit to say. "First off, why the fuck are you acting like I said something to hurt you? Like I said something outlandish towards you that wasn't expected? Secondly, hate?! I have no hatred for you, nor your job. I just don't like, I don't know, dying! My life would be fucking peaceful as shit if you bastards weren't around! And

thirdly, we're not all fucking evil! Obviously! Can't believe it took some fucking weirdo 'off the job' to fucking realize it. And fourth, why the fuck... would I trust you? If we're to put things in my perspective, which no one ever does anyway, I was hanging out with my best friend slash roommate before you fucking waltzed in here high on your attitude and fucking bothered us! Keep your fucking 'hope' and 'promises'. It won't do me any fucking good, no matter if I knelt at your fucking knees or stood up for myself. The result is the same either way. So I'll keep my fucking pride, thank you."

"Well... fair points." Titania said, her voice far quieter than normal. "But think about how I've been talking to you. I haven't been mean or bitchy... I've been trying to help you. I... thought maybe this wouldn't be the 'shoot the messenger' situation... but... I get it. I'll leave you be. I'm sorry that I disrupted your evening and that I bothered you. And for the record... there's a reason why I don't kill your kind. I view you as people, not as pests to be exterminated. But I understand that's not exactly... reassuring, nor do I think you care." She gave a smile as a single tear trailed down her face.

"Well, judge, jury and executioner, your rulings are biased at least and vindictive at most. So I'm sorry I hurt your fucking feelings. Better than a sword through the chest, though." Cindy shook her head. "Messenger, my ass..."

Titania seemed to recoil a little, before nodding. "I still hope you'll be okay. And for the record, I get the hate. My own race despises me, so this is nothing new." She started walking away, her head bowed and her gaze to the floor. "Goodbye, Cindy and Cesil. May the Divine bless and protect you both from harm."

Cindy scoffed as she flicked a finger towards Titania. "I will ignore your hoity-toity bullshit for one fucking second and give you one... fucking... chance. Because you are the only reasonable Inquisitor on this fucking planet that I've seen. Barely." Glowing on Titania's arm was an address sparkling in pink glitter. "Better write it down before it fades away. If you want to fucking prove something to me, then that's where to find me. If you are going to try to keep my ass alive with your own bullshit 'selfless' desires, then by all means. Give it a fucking shot."

Titania's eyes glowed a bright white as she stared at the address, a halo briefly appearing above her head. From just the brief amount of power Cindy could feel, Titania was rather powerful, and if she had wanted to, could've razed the club and killed everyone inside

"Good lord, you reek of ulterior motive..." Cindy pinched her nose.

"I want to help you... and get you on the list. A selfish goal and... a selfless one." Titania answered, wiping her eyes as she sniffled a bit and kept her eyes on the ground.

"I could always slice her throat, Cindy..." Cesil whispered, glaring at the Elf's back. "It wouldn't take that much..."

"This isn't your fight, sweetheart. Don't worry about it." Cindy gripped Cesil's wrist. "If you'd like to get my-our trust, being honest first would be nice."

“If I got you on the list... that’s a guaranteed promotion. For me. I might get sainted, I might not. But... it’s...it’s an incentive.” Titania brushed a hand through her hair. “Not... one I’m proud of.”

“Alright. Why me, then? I’m not the most well-behaved demon out there. And several demons who were more well-behaved than me have died.”

“Well, that’s the point. If I can convince the Inquisition as a whole that you’re... um... ‘bad’ and I changed your ways, that might stop a Crusade against you. Then we both win.” Titania turned around and offered a sheepish smile.

“So, you’re too lazy to actually do your job so you’re trying to cheat the system.”

“Doing my job means killing people, so I’m purposely lazy, yes. Would you rather me just kill demons and or torture them?”

“I mean... yes? It makes sense. This ring-around-the-rosie sort of method just kind of sounds elitist and annoying.”

“So you’re telling me... you want me to kill you, potentially torturing you, all to do my job? Weren’t you upset at me just for my job description alone earlier?”

“I’m just saying that it’s more in character for you guys. No need to stray away from the norm.”

“So... you want me to kill, torture, and since Demons don’t have the same rights as everyone else, treat you as an object? I think me straying is a bit better than... that.”

“From a moral standpoint... it’s a little gray, but I suppose that’s somewhat better than vibrant fucking white. At least you’re trying while simultaneously not really trying at all. Somewhat admirable, from a different standpoint.”

“Okay... just... mmm...” Titania rubbed her temples. “Do you want me to help? Because I would love to, I just... want the more mean comments gone, please?”

“Fucking deal with it. If you’re going to threaten us with this bullshit and you want us to be your meal ticket, then you’re going to deal with it. Unless... you don’t want that promotion?” Cesil still glared, taking his hand out of coat and wrapping it around Cindy protectively.

“You know... A moment ago you were begrudgingly going along with my- You know what? Nevermind...” Cindy started before returning her attention to Titania. “Uh, yeah. What he said... And then some.”

"I... okay." Titania nodded her head. "I'll... try to accustom myself to your words... and I'll do my best to show you that your trust was not misplaced, Miss Cindy and Master Cesil."

"I'm sure it means nothing, but I will hold you to your word." Cindy crossed her arms.

"I... will leave you be. Take care, Miss Cindy and Master Cesil. I'll be appearing at your residence tomorrow." Titania bowed her head deeply before turning to leave.

As soon as she was outside of earshot, Cesil whispered, "You should've just let me stab her. Would've solved a lot of problems..."

"And have created a lot more. Seriously, she's bad news. Going along with her ridiculous ideals is the best option in the long run." Cindy tensed up slightly. "Even if it kills me."

She was turned roughly so Cesil could stare in her eyes. "Not a fucking option. You're my best friend and no religious fanatic is going to hurt you or kill you. Not on my watch."

"Listen... If we can get those fuckers to leave us alone for good?... Then we won't have to deal with this shit again. Alright?"

"Not at the cost of your life." He shook his head. "I don't wanna lose you."

"And I'd be willing to chance it to get some peace and quiet. I'll be the pretty princess that follows all of mommy's orders and you can be the protective older brother." Cindy raised an eyebrow. "That work for you?"

"Why is it that you always have to make or say lewd things...?" He shook his head. "Just... be careful. You're all I've got, Cindy. And..." Cesil seemed to hesitate for a moment. "I'd be... lonely..."

"You know, demons tend to be the worst houseguests. I'm... honestly surprised you put up so well with my bullshit. You're the best... buddy!" She elbowed him in the arm before walking towards the exit. "Alright. That bitch soiled this place with her filthy Divine-given asshole, so I'm leaving. You wanna stay or come back home with me?"

Cesil quickly followed, letting out a mental sigh of relief that he wouldn't have to actually have a stripper, well strip or dance for him. His senses seemed to focus on Cindy for a moment as she started to walk away, her perfume, her smile... he seemed to follow her not of his own free will, merely going along for the ride. His heart hammered in his chest as his eyes flicked down lower, scanning her body. Yes, she could change it to anything he wanted, but in his mind, the added on curves faded away, replaced by what she usually looked like. He started to glance down lower but refrained, immediately shifting his gaze towards a stripper. *Don't... don't look lower. You know better... She can sense lust. And the last thing she needs is your horny ass trying to fuck her. Calm down... deep breaths... think of how she kicked your ass in Final Smash and changed her terms... Get irritated... no... she doesn't like that. Fuck! Ummm... Music! Think of all the classical artists that you listen to. Maybe some Orcish songs to remind you of home...*

"Hmm? Oh, are you saying you want to stay?" She raised an eyebrow as she opened the door, looking down at his pants and back up to his face with an assuming look accompanied with a smirk.

"I-I'd rather go kick your posterior at Final Smash in-instead." Cesil started awkwardly, stumbling over his own thoughts, words, and desires.

"Posterior? My, how formal~. Should we compete over a spot of tea?" Cindy's smirk only proceeded to grow more prominent.

"I-I-I insist a duel with o-o-our characters." Cesil's face grew more red as time went on as he shuffled a little in place.

"Oh please, lighten up already! What's with the whole nervous act now? We've known each other for how long?" She quickly strode up to him and grabbed his wrist, pulling him through the doorway. "Alright, big guy, it's time you shook off all the jitters. I know how virgins get with overstimulation." She patted him on the back, keeping her grip firm on his wrist.

As her scent seemed to permeate around him, he took a deep inhale of breath - not the smartest move he had done, but needed regardless - and followed her out, occasionally flicking his gaze away from her to look at anything but her. "Y-yeah..."

"She's driving me fucking crazy! Like who the fuck just waits for someone to come home in their lingerie?! Then does several different - revealing, I might add - porn-like poses and not expect me to be the tiniest bit horny? Like Godsdamn, I'm interested and you're making it hard to have any self-control!" Cesil screamed into a pillow, his face a bright red.

"Sir, this is a Wendell's." Jeremy joked, pushing his short blonde hair out of his eyes. He gave a concerned look towards his close friend. "Nah. I getcha. That sounds like a pain. How do you hide your boner, though? That's impressive that she hasn't caught on by this point."

"Change my gaze to something else usually... like she took me to this strip club, and I was having a hard time... in more ways than one, but when she turned around, I pretended to be staring at this other girl." Cesil groaned into the pillow, shaking his head. "But dude, hiding a boner isn't the problem, its when she gets close to me, right? Like she'll give me hugs after all that shit and I gotta angle myself in such a way she doesn't feel it. It's the fucking worst; worse than any boner, even the no-reason ones."

"I mean, is this anything new, though? We are talking about the same person, right? Cindy? Come on, man. You should know her well enough to know that she's probably just messing with you. Clearly, since there's been no reaction to her playful antics, she's likely to return to her normal self around you soon." Jeremy winked. "Just give it time."

"Unfortunately, that *is* the normal version of Cindy. She's always doing lewd shit around me, and the last time that I thought maybe I should see if there's a spark or anything, I got shut down. So, what the Hel am I supposed to do? I swear to the Gods, if she keeps this up, I'm going to explode."

“In what way?” Jeremy raised an eyebrow. “I’m joking, I’m joking!” He held up a defensive hand. “Like I said, she’s just messing with you. Try talking to her about it. You guys live together, man. It shouldn’t be awkward for either of you unless you want your relationship to be unhealthy.”

“How do I approach her when every single time I try, she tries to seduce me? It’s fucking hard man... if I could get her to listen, maybe we could have that conversation.” Cesil went limp as he just let out a groan of frustration. “This is what Hel must be like.”

“She *is* a Succubus... Sort of comes with the territory...” Jeremy pointed out. “Try setting the tone of the conversation before she can say anything. Just tell her that you’re serious. You really feel uncomfortable around her when she acts like that.”

“And what if she’s in her underwear - which she usually is - and makes me stutter before I can start talking to her?”

“Tell her to put on pants? Dude, I don’t have an answer to a question like that. You think I would know how to deal with Cindy? I mean, she’s told me how many guys she’s been with. It’s not a small number. I don’t even know how to reply to *that*.” Jeremy held a hand to his head, as if mentioning such a thing gave him a headache.

“She hasn’t even told me her conquests... how many was it?”

“She probably, oh, I don’t know, understands that saying such a thing would make you uncomfortable? Why don’t you ask her yourself? You know that any number coming from me is unlikely to still be accurate. It was a while ago, anyway.”

“But it at least lets me know the bare minimum. That sure was proper grammar...” Cesil shook his head. “It at least lets me know what my roomie is up to on a normal basis. And it’s safer asking you than her, lest she tease me and... well, get me flustered...”

“I don’t think I should be divulging her man count to you. Even if she does outwardly appear a little... loose.” The blonde man shook his head. “Look, I don’t want to intrude on her privacy if she’s not here. That’s not something I should be telling everyone. If she didn’t tell you... then I shouldn’t either.” He paused for a second, coming to a realization of a possibility. “What if... she thinks she already told you? You guys talk all the time, right?”

“Yeah...?” Cesil stared at Jeremy expectantly.

“Maybe she thinks she already told you how many guys she’s been with and since you haven’t asked or it just hasn’t come up, she hasn’t told you.” Jeremy continued. “So, try and ask her. If you’re so curious, it should come from her, not me.” He shrugged. “Besides, she’s your roommate, not mine. If you think it’s gonna make things awkward, don’t ask. If you really want to know despite any consequences that may

arise, go for it. But don't say I led you in one direction or another. 'Cause I didn't." He finished his line with a quick friendly nudge and a smile.

"Fuck... this is going to be the most awkward fucking talk I've ever had... I need alcohol of any kind... drinking grade, medical grade... it makes no difference. I just need to be drunk as hell." Cesil rubbed his temples as he got up, giving Jeremy a smile once he stood. "And thanks for the advice... I'm gonna need to think of a way to repay you later for just listening to me bitch."

"No need. You get the full force of it from me, man. It's cool." Jeremy waved a dismissive hand as he stood up as well. "So, when you plannin' on talkin' to her about it? Right now? Or you gonna wait?"

"I'll bring it up to her tomorrow. That seems more appropriate and gives me some time to think on how I want to word it." Cesil nodded to himself before sheepishly looking at Jeremy. "And it also allows me to procrastinate for a day."

"Well, you know what they say about things that will happen tomorrow..." Jeremy trailed off.

"It's also to not be exceedingly horny around her. If I isolate myself for a day, I should be able to cool off... and I'll go and speak with her now..." Cesil's head slumped as he resigned himself to his fate, a pained look on his face.

"Atta boy! I'll just go back to those stupid training manuals they're handing out. New systems. You know how it is. See ya 'round."

"I thought all guys liked strip clubs, ya know? I thought he would enjoy it." Cindy paused. "I mean, he did take a look at Rebekka on the way out, but still. Her ass wasn't even good enough to keep him there."

"Guuuuuuuurl, are you sure he isn't gay? When's the last time, before you took him out, that he even looked in a girl's direction? He might not swing that way and if so, can I have his number?" the man with his elbows firmly planted on the counter asked, giving Cindy a smile.

"I think you wear too much makeup, sweetheart. He couldn't bear to have no counter space in his bathroom." She gave him three quick snaps in a C pattern. "You haven't lived with him and grown up with him like I have."

"I do got another bathroom, though...and gurl, I do not use too much product... mainly because you raid my damn place twice a week." He snapped back, offering an adorable giggle.

"Hey! You know I can't afford makeup! All these guys out here want a girl who cares about how they look. I ain't about that shit. You know that." She tucked a stray hair strand behind her ear.

“I know, that’s why I buy so much. Gotta keep my gurl looking like the queen that she is, baby.” The man walked around her gently placing his hands on her shoulders. “But let’s talk seriously; have you been trying to seduce Cesil with your mind and body?”

She paused. “What? How did we get here and can we go somewhere else if this is where you’re tryna be?” Cindy shook her head. “Look, we live together, but we don’t have that kind of relationship. I’m just really comfortable around him. He’s easy to talk to, ya know? I don’t need his dick if I got literally anyone else’s.”

“That’s what we call husband material, Cindy; he constantly takes care of you and cares about you to the point that he lets you live in his place rent free. Besides... a man is a man, gurl, and he still has a sex drive. You sure flashing him in your underwear ain’t gonna make him pop a boner and question his life choices?”

“I’m not picking up what you’re putting down.” She held up her hand. “This isn’t a porno, alright. I’m not sucking him off for staying rent-free, if that’s what you’re trying to say.”

“Nonono, that’s not what I’m saying. I think that maybe you flirting with him is having some kind of effect. Succubuses... succubi? Succubi. Succubi have to seduce creatures to survive, right? What if you actually got him? Since you two have been friends for so long, he might be too afraid to say anything... I mean you two are basically married without any of the fun foreplay or amazing sex.... Like weren’t you saying how you had to go and do dress up when his boss came over for his promotion?”

“Okay, there are several things wrong with what you just said.” Cindy shook her head vigorously. “Okay, one, the flirting thing was a joke. He didn’t even react to it anyway. Secondly, are you aware that Succubi are demons? The whole point of a demon is to cause pain for others. Ergo, a Succubus is supposed to take something that people enjoy and make it painful-”

“Like a penis?”

“Shut it.” She reached behind her to clasp his lips shut herself. “If a Succubus or Incubus finds someone who they’re obsessed with, they will experience excruciating pain and suffering. While I’m definitely one of the tamer Succubi that exist, I’m not going to put him through anything like that. Third, he’s not interested in me. We were constantly told in school that we should be together. Usually, he would always just walk away and I’d have to come after him and console him. And if we want to talk about how I played dress-up, I do that all the time. If I had to do it for him so he can keep his job, of course I will.”

“Gurrrrrl, all I’m saying is ask if he’s getting flustered by you being half-naked in his place all the time. If he gets flustered or says yes, then you know you’re getting to him; if he says no, then you know you can keep teasing him. Besides, you’ve been raised human, maybe the way you obsess over your soulmate is constantly showing him your ass, one that I wish I had.” He grumbled slightly before shaking his head.

“So here’s my deal; go and ask him about whether he’s getting flustered over you, baby. In exchange, I’ll let you access my premiere product, the stuff I don’t let nobody use except for me. Fair?”

“Alright... I just... I don’t want to have to put on pants... And a bra...” She shivered at the idea of constantly wearing a bra. “That shit ain’t underwear, it’s a fucking straightjacket for women.” She pushed up her girls in tandem once she’d finished speaking. “Shit hurts...”

“Oooh, I heard there’s a new bra coming out, no wires or anything. I think it uses some new fabric from somewhere in Africa. Some people swear that it’s actually comfortable and better than the typical wire ones. Kinda like a sports bra, but more fabric less wire. I can take you to Maar’s later to go see how good they are.”

“I feel like that’s some sort of marketing ploy for women. It’s probably shit.” Cindy grumbled. “Made by men, for women...”

“If you can name one man named Lucina, I will give you one bottle of that perfume you’ve been wanting for years.”

“It might be Luke Ina. You don’t know.” Cindy replied defiantly, making it very clear that she knew nothing about the bra brand.

“Honey, give it a shot. If it works out, maybe you’ll have something that’s not ‘a fucking straightjacket for women’, right? Hel, I’ll buy it for you if you like it enough.” The man made his way past Cindy, hopping onto his couch as he talked.

“It’s not like they’re giving out free samples.” Cindy shot him a dirty look.

“No, unfortunately not. That isn’t negotiable... believe me, I tried to get you a free one.” The man’s voice simmered down to a more depressed, quiet tone.

“Aww, sweetheart. You didn’t have to do that.” Cindy smiled. “Although, I’m not sure whether to be proud or concerned that you know my bra size.”

“I reached out to a mutual friend for that info, but I’ll never tell you my source.”

“It was Cesil, wasn’t it? He’s the only one who does the laundry.”

“I can’t give any clues, darling. But she or he was very helpful.” The man stood up staring back at Cindy. “Sooo? Are we going shopping?”

“If you are going to be so insistent about it.” Cindy stood up, taking the chance to double check that she had all of her belongings with her.

“Well, I need a new dress and I’d rather go with a girlfriend who ain’t gonna judge me for looking cute as fuck. Besides, it’ll be good to socialize and who knows... maybe you’ll find a cute outfit too.”

“Bitch! You do look cute as fuck.” Cindy shook her head. “Ain’t nobody gonna tell you otherwise. Or they might regret it.”

“Oh and what would they regret? You pouting at Cesil to help you kick their asses?” He raised an eyebrow as he got up. “Or are you talking about unleashing a can of whoopass on them?”

“I don’t need Cesil to smack a bitch upside the head, bitch.” Cindy faked a swing against a phantom person about her height, giving him a defiant glare with a raised eyebrow.

“So aggressive! Fine, fine... before we go, you have your purse, right?”

“BITCH. You know I don’t have a purse. The politics and all that...” Cindy waved a dismissive hand.

“The politics... just grab one of my small purses to look stylish.” The man sighed, double checking his pockets to ensure he had his keys, wallet and other small necessities.

“Why is this purse smaller than my hand?...” Cindy asked, moving to pick up the other purse right next to the one she was referring to.

“Fashion before functionality, if I remember correctly.”

“Let’s just go...” Cindy shook her head as she left the room.

As Cesil was lying in bed, the moonlight shining through a nearby window through the blinds, the front door opened.

“This bra is a fucking joke...” Cindy complained, slamming the door a little harder than usual. She dropped her bundles of bags onto the floor, taking the time to shift her bra around so that it no longer was pinching the spot that it was pinching. “There we go...” She sighed.

“Mmm? Who’s...” a yawn interrupted Cesil’s words, lasting a few seconds before he continued. “Who’s there? Cindy?”

“No?” Cindy started, a little cautious. “Stay in your room. I’m not here...”

A thud, followed by an “ow” was her only reply before Cesil groggily stumbled out of his bedroom, one of his eyes darkened and swelling.

“Come on, man. I don’t even have my good makeup-oh.” Cindy dropped the rest of her bags that were lined up on her other arm and rushed up to him. “Dude! What the fuck?...” She touched near where his eye was swelling, her face covered in worry.

“Side dressers sure are sturdy...” Cesil murmured, wrapping his arms around Cindy. “Welcome home...” Another yawn. “Did you have fun while you werrr- let me try that again. Did you have fun?”

“Wow. Didn’t realize I was living with a zombie. It’s like some stupid light novel title.” She gave him a hug back, holding her breath so as to not go full predator mode. “I did. I got a new bra that supposedly doesn’t suck. Failing the test so far, but I might just need to break it in a little. I also got a new dress, but I kinda wanted to show you it, you know... with the full set.” The last sentence held a sharp annoyance.

“You got a dress... and a bunch of new stuff... to show off to me?”

“Believe it or not, I highly value your opinion.”

The hug tightened for a moment. “Then... thank you. I don’t know what I did to earn that, but I appreciate it nonetheless.” Cesil suddenly went limp, his strength failing him.

“Hey! Cesil!” Cindy grunted under the weight of the large man now applying his full body weight into her. “You’re gonna rip my new dress...”

“Sorry. Alcohol plus concussion doesn’t seem to be the best combination at making me steady.” He waved a hand as an ethereal soldier carried over a crutch for him to lean on. “And besides, I don’t think you need the full set. You’re stunning as is.”

“Your flattery will get you nowhere.” As she backed away from his clutches she steadied him by the shoulders. “No makeup means that there’s just a fancy dress on a girl. The presence of makeup turns me into a woman. Not that a man would understand that.”

“But you’re already beautiful even without makeup, though.” Cesil murmured, shaking his head.

“That’s just because you’re used to seeing me without it.”

“Say, do succubi change the minds of people, like with an aura or anything?”

“If they do, I can’t say... it’s intentional? Why? You know I’m a poor excuse for a Succubus.”

“Cause you’re teasing is affecting me. Like a lot. It’s kinda... what’s the word... tempting? Inviting? Something like that.” Cesil rubbed the back of his head. “Like back at the strip club, when you felt me getting turned on by something, I was looking at you and I don’t know... my mind went to how you usually look like and that was all it took for me to get turned on. I know I shouldn’t feel that way towards

you, we're best friends and this is supposed to be a safe place where you don't have to worry about that kind of stuff..."

"I mean..." Cindy tried to hide her blushing. "It's not your fault. It happens. I imagine it happens even when you don't want it to." She slowly removed her hands from his shoulders. "I-I... I can stop teasing you if you'd prefer it that way. I'll wear clothes like a normal person. I don't... I don't want you to be uncomfortable either and I know those things have been bothering you..."

"But you hate wearing clothes. Something about how stuffy they are... I don't wanna force you to live in a way that you hate. That's bullshit. This is your home too... debatably more yours than mine at this point. It's just..." Cesil frowned, his brow creasing in disapproval. "I don't know how to process these emotions, these feelings... I feel like I'm at war with myself. Like... part of me wants us to just be friends and hangout and shoot the shit with each other... and the other part of me wants more." His eyes widened for a second as he processed what he had said, realizing he had shared more than he had wanted to.

"No, I get it. I'll do my best to make myself less appealing around you. We should be friends. Good friends, sure, but I need to clean up my act so that I don't look like your girlfriend or anything."

"But you can't." Cesil murmured, his frown returning. "Cause I'm interested in the way you look normally... hel, I can see how you look normally even when you've shifted into something else. And you seem to have a hard time with me too. You act all weird when you're close to me..."

"You noticed?..." She grimaced, a small tear forming amidst the black eyeshadow. "Shit... I thought it was a little too obvious..." she muttered to herself.

"So... what are we going to do? Whatever choice we make, I just want you to be comfortable with it... I don't want to scare you away..."

Cindy took a moment to collect herself before she started slipping out of her dress. She dropped it loosely onto the floor to her right before she grabbed his shoulders again. "Alright, drunk." She attempted to spin him around back to his room. "We're going to bed now."

"Wait... 'We're going to bed'?" Cesil looked back at her, a soft, vulnerable question in his eyes.

"You're going to sleep next to me. Is there a problem with that?"

"We're... cuddling? Like a couple?"

"No. We're sleeping. Together. In the same bed." Cindy took a moment to flick him in the forehead before continuing to push him further into his room.

"Okay..." He murmured, groaning as they entered his bedroom. As he fell onto his bed, Cesil managed to form four words before unconsciousness took him. "I love you, Cindy."

When Cindy noticed his change in breathing, she snuck into the bed with him, covering him with the blanket. After several moments of silence, the heat getting to her, she took a deep breath, letting her instincts take over after suppressing them for so long. She refused to touch him, but she proceeded to touch herself, holding in any moans that would take the chance to escape and biting her lip. She rubbed herself harder and harder until it reached its peak where she spasmed and almost couldn't catch her breath. After basking in the afterglow, she removed her hand from underneath the blanket. With the evidence of what she'd done placed physically in front of her, she felt an incredible guilt wash over her. Her cheeks grew even more red than previously and she rolled over, pulling the blanket over her face to hide her embarrassment and guilt from the world.

Sometime during the night, Cesil rolled over, and gently wrapped his arms around Cindy, pulling her close to him. His breath steadied from his slight stir in slumber, but seemed to direct itself to Cindy's ear. "Mmm... Cindy..." He murmured in his sleep.

Cesil yawned as he woke up, his alarm to wake up and go prepare breakfast sounding off the song, "Hey Dad, I Made It". He groaned, stretching his shoulders. As his arms started to move, the pillow he'd always cuddled felt strange to him. In his hand, it felt... springy but somehow soft. "Cindy must have switched it out for a prank..." He murmured as he opened his eyes. Instead of a pillow, Cindy herself laid in his bed, with *his hand on her breast*. "Ohhhhh... Shiiiiiiiiit." He breathed out in both excitement and dread. He glanced down, realizing that his soldier was standing at half-mast, nestled firmly in a place he dared not investigate. "Okay... you're a smart guy, Cesil... how to get out of this... hand off boob, then slowly slide...?" Cesil started sliding down, his soldier bumping and pressing against... something just as springy and soft. "No? Then let's move back a bit... don't wake the helspawn..."

"Mmmm... Five more minutes... Or ten..." Cindy furrowed her brow in her semi-conscious state before smashing her face into the nearest pillow to quiet the loud noise in the room.

"Shit. The alarm... okay, she doesn't seem to be awake, so if I need to slide my way out of bed, now's the time..." His member pressed against the soft mysterious thing underneath the sheets, extending to full mast against his wishes as he tried to quickly slide out of bed.

As she felt the blanket slowly being pried from her shoulders, Cindy reached behind her and yanked on the blanket. "Mmmh..." She complained into the pillow.

Cesil groaned mentally, as he lifted the blanket up with one hand, pushing it back as he slid past her. Once up, he examined his pants. "I fucked up... Cindy's on the pill though, so maybe... just maybe I didn't fuck her life up..." He murmured as he quickly turned off the alarm, making a mental note to never drink again. He quickly undressed down to his birthday suit before grabbing his clothes and retreating out to the

living room to change into something more appropriate. As soon as that was done, he began to make breakfast, his left eye twitching from the guilt that was consuming him whole.

As Cindy was left alone to sleep in his bed, she shifted underneath the blanket. Her semi-conscious mind remembered what she'd done and why her legs would be wet. Her eyes shot open as she immediately jumped out of bed, fervently ripping off Cesil's bedsheets. "Please tell me he didn't notice!..." she murmured out loud, yet screamed internally.

She ran out of his room, a bundle of bedsheets covering her front. "If you need something washed, give it to me now!" She called out. "Doin' laundry, whites only please!"

"Cindy... mind holding up for a second?" Cesil called stonily, several plates of pancakes, waffles, and sausages

"Nope, I'm really motivated right now! Really don't want to-"

"Please."

"Nope, whites first, then talk!"

"I know why you're rushing-"

"Uhh... No you don't..." She immediately ripped off her underwear while still out of sight of Cesil and hid them between the washer and dryer.

"I do. I... felt what happened. I was cuddled up to you when I woke up. Please... let's talk."

Cindy rushed to push the bedsheets into the washer. "Gotta do laundry first! You-"

"Cindy, please!" Cesil shouted, as a slew of emotions hit him. He banged his head against the cupboards, his eyes closed tight. "Sorry, I shouldn't raise my voice. Just... please. We're both adults and we need to have this conversation."

Cindy's happy-go-lucky emotions switched off like a light, instead replaced with feelings of obedience and willingness to listen to her friend who's in pain. She paused, picking up her panties to wipe off any excess fluid dripping down her legs before hiding it again. She walked out from around the corner to where Cesil was, naked from the waist down. "Okay. I'm here. What do you want to talk about?"

"I'm..." Cesil started before banging his head again, this time a tad bit harder. "I'm sorry. What I did... was unacceptable. If you want I can sleep in my car from now on...."

"Okay, one, can you please, like, stop banging your head against the cupboard?" Cindy paused. "And two, what are you apologizing for? Okay, whatever, you got drunk. Big fucking-"

“I felt what I did. I think I was... excited when I was drunk and...” Another bang, this time hard enough to cause a slight gash.

In the blink of an eye, Cindy had Cesil pinned to the wall, teeth bared and long. “KNOCK IT OFF.” A red aura flowed around her, her eyes glowing a deeper and brighter red. Her hair lifted ever so aggressively off her shoulders, messy even while floating. “FUCKING. STOP. THAT.” Her nails, having extended, pierced through his shirt to the back of his shoulders, drawing a small amount of blood.

Cesil winced, not at the pain he felt, but at her tone. “I’m sorry.” He said softly, his eyes far more brooding than before. “I-

“YOU HAVE. NO REASON. TO BE SORRY.” She took a moment to breathe. “GIVE ME. ONE SECOND.” She held up a finger in his face, the nail dripping red, to signify that she wished for him to do nothing in that span of time.

When he refrained from speaking, she let out a demonic screech, the aura around her intensifying and resonating with all the metallic objects in the kitchen. Several knives fell out of the wooden blocks that kept them safe. Her hair shot straight to the roof, entwining around itself and mixing amongst the red aura that only grew a darker shade of red.

When her scream ended, her hair fell down to where it was before, the red aura and red glow to her eyes gone. “Sorry... about that...” She wiped her hair away from her face. “Continue? What was... going on again? I’m lightheaded.” She let out a small giggle.

“The bedsheets-”

“Oh those? Nah, that wasn’t you. I know that already.” She waved a dismissive hand. “Was that all?”

He paused, blinking in all consuming confusion. “I... what? But the sheets were-

“Nope. You’re fine. I have them in the washer.”

“Then did I drunkenly come on to you?”

“In what way?”

“Did I force myself-”

“Dude, come on. Is that what you think actually happened?”

“Then why were both the sheets and my pants wet? And why was I erect-... ing an alarm?”

“Uhh...” Cindy debated actually telling him the truth, but very much thought against it. “Morning wood? I don’t know. Who’s to say that you didn’t spill alcohol on yourself? I mean, I didn’t notice anything like that until I woke up.”

“Between something underneath the sheets that I refused to check on? Give me a moment...” Cesil murmured, walking with purpose towards his room, his brow furrowed with confusion.

With the problem child gone to go search for whatever he was looking for, hopefully two rather large band-aids, she immediately went in on the breakfast that was left for her, bringing the food up to her instead of sitting down and eating it like a normal person. “Mmm. I love when Cesil messes up sometimes. He makes the best breakfasts.”

“Cindy...? Why do my pants smell like cum?” Came a call a few moments later.

“Like I said, I don’t know.”

“Cause it doesn’t have my musk.” He said exiting his room with his pants held high. His face grew a bright red as he stared for a couple moments at her exposed downstairs before lifting his gaze to her face. “Why... are you... naked?” He squeaked.

As she finished the half of her pancake, she noticed his stare. “Uh... Pancakes taste better naked?” she tried to convince him.

His eye twitched. “That’s a bad lie. Even you know it.”

“I mean...” She took another bite. “I think they actually might.”

“The cum that’s not mine?” He shook the pants gently.

“Are you implying that it’s mine?” Cindy snatched a sausage off the plate and ate it whole.

“Cindy... what did you do?” He asked softly, his tone quieter and more reserved despite how flustered he was.

“I jilled off in your bed! Alright?! Is that what you wanted me to say?!” She hid her face behind her hands, dropping to the floor. “I didn’t want to say anything about it... I just wanted it to go away... I’m such an idiot...”

“...Why? I don’t understand why my bed was so enticing for you...”

“I already regret my actions... Just... leave me alone... I don’t want to talk about it... I’m sorry, okay?...”

Cesil tossed the stained pants aside opting to pick up and hold Cindy to his chest. “Hey... take a deep breath, okay? Just... stop looking so miserable. I... we’re besties, right? This’ll just be a story we’ll laugh about years later, so please... look at me.”

By taking his advice, she lost all sense of reason. When she looked upon his face, the only thing she saw was ‘prey’.

She lunged forwards into him, taking his lips by force against her own will. Saliva made her lips glisten, and soon after contact, even Cesil’s. A teasing bite played with his lower lip, hungry yet eager. Her lips curled into a smile as her teeth elongated once more. As soon as she was about to extend the kiss, she violently pulled away, tearing into the skin of Cesil’s mouth. “Nononono!...” Cindy shook her head, covering herself with her own arms in an attempt to hide away from Cesil.

The man blinked, paused, blinked again before shaking his head. No, he wasn’t dreaming, the blood and pain in his mouth proved that. He didn’t think he was hallucinating although that’s what someone who was hallucinating would think. He glanced down, noticing that somehow despite what had just happened, despite the hour it had taken to calm down, his soldier was ready again. *What the fuck is wrong with me? Can I not fucking do this right now?*

He leaned down and picked her up again. “I’m very confused, turned on, and strangely enough, not in too much pain. All I want to know is what that was... because I don’t think I’ll get it otherwise.”

“That’s what it’s like... being... with a Succubus...” Cindy shook uncontrollably.

“Being turned on, and then having said Succubus panic, causing injury?”

“Depends... There’s definitely... a risk... of that...”

“You panicking because you kissed me, then injuring me? If that’s the case, please don’t panic in the future.” Cesil said with a smirk. “Now, is this just lust or was it like a feeding frenzy... how would you describe it?”

“Both...” Her muscles tightened as she admitted it. “I can’t... I don’t want to... to do this... to you... I don’t want to hurt you...” Several tears fell to the floor.

“Okay... let’s... think about this. Logically. You’re craving me, right, for sustenance? Your body is actively taking away your control, forcing you to come after me. If I even dare hurt myself, you get extremely defensive. And if I left, I’d hurt you immensely.” Cesil brushed her hair unconsciously as he thought, which prompted her to flinch. “Not leaving a lot of options for me to choose from, Cin.”

“It’s not my fault... I didn’t ask for this... I don’t want you like that... I want to be friends... I want... want...”

“But subconsciously, it seems your body wants me instead. And so you’re faced with a bit of a moral dilemma; do you try to repress yourself so much that when you break, it gets real fucking bad or do you cave in and indulge every now and again? I think you’d come find me even if you left, so leaving is probably off the table. And I don’t want you having to hurt yourself every time you get hungry...”

“I won’t cave in... I won’t... I can’t do it... If you want to leave... protect yourself...”

Cesil, hesitating for a second on whether his next action was a remarkably dumb or incredibly stupid idea, shook his head and leaned down, planting a kiss on her cheek. “Cindy. I made a promise to be here with you. What makes you think that I’ll leave?”

“I might kill you? I might scar you for life? I might break your heart?” Cindy shook her head. “Nothing good comes of messing with Demons.”

“Lots of ‘mights’, not a lot of ‘for sures’ or ‘absolutes’. Tell me this; if we do make something of this, will you be okay?”

“If anything changes, it’s only likely to get worse...” Cindy clenched her head with both hands. “I don’t want it to get worse. I don’t want to be like that anymore... Why can’t I be normal?...”

“Stop. If I don’t get to beat myself up for *thinking* I was wrong, then you don’t get to insult my best friend with a *fucking lie*. No one gets to talk shit to you, not even yourself.”

“Can I... ask you a favor?...” She sniffled before looking up at Cesil.

“You can’t have my soul. Non-negotiable.” He looked down at her.

“Can you hit me?” She pointed to her cheek. “I want to know what it feels like.”

“Erm... okay...?” He clapped his hands over her cheeks, making a loud noise but not much else.

She sighed. “I should have expected as much...” She gave him a pleading look. “Please?”

Cesil winced at the request, pausing as he actually thought about it. After what felt like minutes, he slowly nodded his head, raising his hand up before slapping Cindy, wincing as he felt it connect.

“Ow!” Cindy paused, a hand hovering over her cheek. “Ow? It... hurt?” Her eyes glanced around, confused. “What the fuck?...”

“Slapping tends to do that... also not doing that again. That, uh, didn’t feel right...” Cesil shook his head, as if to get the icky feeling he had off. “Also, what was that about?”

Cindy leapt up from the ground and hugged Cesil. “Thank you...” she murmured into his ear. “I needed to know whether you slapping me would turn me on or not. Succubi have natural tendencies to... well, *enjoy* pain.”

Cesil flushed as he poked at something he had not mentally been prepared to poke at. “Erm... Cindy.”

“Hmm? Oh, shit! The injuries! Sorry!” She quickly retreated from him, worry crossing her face. “You okay?”

“Not what your name was used to address but okay. Let me take a- ow, fuck.” Cesil started as he gingerly touched his brow and his eye, wincing a little. “Mmm... these’ll hurt for a bit... two to three weeks max.”

“And whose fault was that? I know I certainly didn’t bash your head into those cupboards.”

“No, but you did dig your nails into my back.”

“I-uh... I didn’t mean to do that...”

“So... let’s address what’s going to happen: Your body and your subconsciousness are craving me to such an extent that calling me ‘your bag of crack’ wouldn’t be too far of a stretch. Two, you’re too horny to control yourself. Three, if you continue to bottle up this is probably going to be bad.” Cesil shook his head.

“I can hold it together! I really really really really really-”

He leaned down and kissed her.

She blinked. Her eyelids fluttered. “Hmm?”

“There. No demonic reaction, no intense lust, no biting and or death. Just you swooning a little.” Cesil said as he pulled back. “Which proves my point. You need some kind of affection from me be it kissing, or, if I’m correct with my new hypothesis, other lustful acts.”

“You don’t need to be a part of this... issue I have. I will handle it just fine. Today was... a fluke. It won’t happen again. I promise.”

“You bit me.”

“And it was hot. What do you want from me? What do you want me to say?”

“I’m sorry for making myself so repressed that I bit you.”

“I’m sorry that I bit you. And drew blood. And stabbed you ten times. With my nails. And... for masturbating in your bed...” She winced at the last admission.

“Well... apology accepted. Not forgiven. Dishes for the next week.” Cesil raised a disapproving eyebrow.

“Whaaat? You make too much food! And you use so many pots and pans and cooking utensils!” Cindy complained before calming herself down. “But, I suppose that’s fair... And I’ll even let you beat me in any video game you want... If that means we can be friends again...”

“You’re an idiot. We never stopped being friends, now,” He leaned down, delivering another kiss to Cindy, this time tilting her head back as he dipped into the kiss.

She pulled away slowly. “You’re taking advantage of an emotionally damaged woman, Doctor.” Cindy gripped firmly the package that lied south of her gaze. “But I’m sure you already knew you were playing with fire.”

Cesil jumped. “N-n-not a d-d-doctor. W-w-will be s-ooooooooon.” He shivered, entirely unaccustomed to being grabbed. “N-n-n-n-no d-d-d-d-demonic p-p-p-presence... tho-ough.”

“Mmm. Now I remember why I liked the virgins.” Cindy smiled.

“B-b-b-ut i-i-it’s true! Y-you’re fine.” He gave her a warm smile, full of many tender emotions. “Y-you’re n-not dangerous. J-just p-p-pent up.”

“Do you want to see what a Succubus can do~?” She looked down towards the soldier standing at attention then slowly drifted her gaze back to his. “Is that what you’d like me to do? Or do you have something else... in mind?” Her breasts pressed into his chest as she sensually bit her lip.

Cesil blinked and shook his head, some semblance of control returning to him. He cupped her face and stared into her eyes. “Hey. Enough with the sensual flirting. I know you’re giving me an out here, a way for me to back off if I don’t wanna go this far... but I also want you to be okay... no. I want you to be happy. So consider this my counter proposal: are you okay if we do this? If not we can stick to just kisses if that’s what you’re comfortable with.”

“If it’s not going to make our relationship... weird...” Cindy dropped her confidence for her vulnerability. “Are you interested in my body? If you are, that’s fine. We don’t have to be in a full-on relationship for that. But... if you really do want something more than that... Well, I think I already know the answer to that question... You did basically confess to me while completely plastered drunk...”

The color in Cesil’s face drained, as he stared at her in horror for a moment. “Mmm... that’s... mmm... you couldn’t have like... kept that a secret? Let me not know that? Let me be blissfully ignorant?”

“Listen. I literally touched myself. In your bed. With you. Right there. And when I woke up. Your bed was wet. And you had me feeling incredibly guilty. And embarrassed. Among other things. HOLD ON A MINUTE. Do you even know? Do you even know where I hid my drenched fucking panties? ‘Cause I don’t think you do.”

Cesil sighed, looked to the right in what appeared to be wistful longing. “No, Cindy... I don’t know where you hid your panties, because I didn’t even know you hid them.”

“Did you not think. Did you not THINK-”

“Nope, sure didn’t.”

“I know. Anyway. Did you not THINK. That I would come out here, naked from the bottom down. Had I not hidden my panties somewhere. Especially AFTER. You figured out that I sprayed my cum all over your bed.”

“You assume I’m smart to begin with, which is shocking to me.”

“You literally have degrees that say that you’re smart. I almost didn’t even get my high school diploma. And sure, I could have slept with college teachers, but why the fuck would I do that? Especially since you wouldn’t be very happy about it. And your happiness matters more to me than an education. Or lack thereof. I’m sure what I’m saying is making sense to you, because I don’t fucking know if it makes sense to me at this point. I’m just rambling.”

“Not rambling, nagging, but yes. I vaguely understand what you’re trying to get at here. And let me answer your previous question, that you’ve been deflecting with your nagging: Would you like to be my girlfriend? If that’s what you want, cool. I’m down. If you need me to keep your demonic-”

“No. Don’t even involve that in... this. I don’t want you to feel like you’re forced to ‘heal’ me. That shouldn’t-”

“Not heal; be a very good sexual snack.” Cesil raised an eyebrow, looking rather amused.

“Listen, don’t be fucking tempting me like this...” Cindy murmured. “Just because you are a snack doesn’t mean you can say shit like that...”

“But it’s true; I’m either your snack and your best friend or I’m your boyfriend... and a snack. I end up a snack either way. And I’d like to change my title to meal if I’m upgraded to boyfriend.”

“You’re already a snack. Or meal, or whatever. It’s up to me as to whether I’d even like to indulge myself, right? Or at least, that’s what you’re trying to tell me it seems.” Cindy shook her head. “I don’t want... that... to be any indication of anything. I don’t know how many Succubus hormones are flowing through

your veins right now, so I don't know how much of what you're saying is sexually charged by me and how much is genuinely your words... But-"

"The sassiness is me, one hundred percent. The tired annoyance... that's also me. Kinda wish you'd have... I don't know, fucking told me that you were lusting after me like a dog in heat."

"You LITERALLY told me that you noticed it. While you were drunk! I felt like shit! I didn't want you to know that! That shit's embarrassing!"

"Yeah, but you LITERALLY ripped my mouth with a bite because you wouldn't open up. For Hel's sake, I'm your best friend. I would've needed time to process, but I would've understood."

"The reason I didn't want you to know about it is that I didn't want you to feel any sense of obligation or responsibility towards my lustfulness. And I was right. I still don't know whether that's the case or not. But it feels like it is."

"Okay. Look down. You see the bulge there? You see how my pants are barely holding it together? Now, if I'm being seduced by your pheromones or whatever the fuck, it wouldn't explain the accidental prodding from this morning. I am interested in you, numb nuts. I also recognize that you need this as well. Now, are you going to stop, A, Nagging, B, Bitching, and C, Protesting about how unsure you are that I'm actually interested in you? And when the fuck did this turn into a fucking debate?"

"I'll have you know, the only time I got A's in my classes were when they did the debate thingies. AND I FUCKING KILLED THOSE. Everything else sucked. So yes, I do like nagging, bitching, and protesting. Because, guess what? I like talking about things I'm passionate about with the people I'm passionate about."

Instead of giving another answer, Cesil silenced her with his mouth, giving her a kiss whilst glaring at her in frustration.

"Mmm... Your counter-argument is a little... soft. And wet. Don't think that would give you an A." She kissed him back, a little more aggressive. "Unless I'm the teacher and you're kissing me instead."

Angrily and without considering how he would actually go about it, he trailed a finger down, gently rubbing against her button whilst his other hand worked on unclipping her bra.

She gave him another kiss, this one more sensual and wet. Once the bra fell off her body, she giggled, their mouths still pressed together. "Alright. I believe it's time I took care of those dishes."

He pulled back, still irritated. "No more arguments over nothing for the next hour."

"Then let me double check what my cold titties are implying: we're a thing now?"

He paused, the anger and frustration fading away into thoughtfulness. "I... suppose so."

"You... Suppose so?" She dragged her nails down his cheek while firmly grasping his chin.

"I'm not slighting you; I'm realizing that we are one... and it feels a bit weird to say."

"We are...? One?"

"Don't be coy. I can still try to deny you sex, not that my life wouldn't be forfeit at that point, my cute, annoying succubus."

Cindy's playful demeanor faded. "I hope you understand that I wasn't raised a Succubus. If anyone would know, I thought it would be you. These urges may seem obvious and expected, maybe even easily abusable, but I'm not exactly okay with them. They scare me, Cesil. Please don't joke about me being an uncontrollable horny demon. I didn't ask to be like this."

Cesil's gaze softened. "I'm sorry. That was insensitive... in truth, I know as much about demons of lust as you do. All I do know is this: you're not this horrible monster you make yourself out to be. You're kind, sweet, funny... argumentative as hell, and a bit of a brat when you want to be. You're also the woman who's been my best friend for almost my entire life. And you can control it to a degree. You can't stop yourself to protect me, but you can stop if you want to simply hold me. You can't be near me, but you're okay if I kiss you. I think the way to control yourself, is just love. I think you fell in love with me a long time ago, you just didn't realize that we could be anything more than friends." Cesil leaned down to kiss Cindy's cheek, before promptly lifting her up, one hand above her hips and an arm below to steady her. "Now, how about instead of just having sex... wouldn't you like it better if we made love instead?"

"You are a rather presumptuous man, aren't you?" Cindy poked Cesil's nose. "I can't tell if your newfound confidence puts me off or turns me on."

"I've always had confidence, just... not when it came to you." Cesil blushed, looking away as he started walking towards Cindy's room.

"Well, whichever it may be, the dishes are still dirty." Cindy flipped her messy hair back behind her shoulders. "At least, wearing as much as I am right now, I don't have to worry about getting my clothes wet. Again."

"Well- oh wait. Godsdammit... the ban on little to no clothing's gonna have to be lifted..." Cesil groaned. "Which is going to mean that I can't pretend to not be seduced... dammit. So many assigned chores... ruined." He leaned down sharing another kiss with Cindy, snaking his tongue inside her mouth.

"Mmm!" Cindy patted Cesil's cheek twice. "You understand that the dishes aren't going to get done at this rate?"

“And that’s fine with me. Besides... I’d rather spend time with you; whether that’s cuddling or something more intimate.” He stared into her eyes, offering a small smile.

“Yes, but that’s not as productive.” Cindy’s eyes widened. “Oh Gods, I’m turning into you now... Is this what it’s like to feel responsible for my actions?...” She pinched her nose and squinted her eyes shut as if in pain. “This sucks...”

As they entered her room, he simultaneously lifted her up while lowering his head down. “No, this does.” Cesil murmured, before popping her nipple into his mouth and gently sucking it.

“Ooh, you bastard. You just want to stick it in me by this point, don’t you?”

“Mmm-hm.” Cesil murmured, laying Cindy on the bed. Letting go of her nipple with a pop, he smiled at her. “But I’ll wait to do that. I want... to make this more sensual and special. And I want us both to have fun. So... would you rather I be on top or do you want to take lead?” His voice had gone soft, as his hands cupped her face.

“While I detest lacking any form of control...” Cindy hid her mouth with her hand as she blushed, looking away. “I want to see what you can do. Also, I’m... scared of hurting you...”

“Are you sure? I don’t have any experience in this kind of thing...” Cesil rubbed his neck. “I am a virgin after all... so I might not be the best partner you’ve had...”

“Well, I suppose that is another elephant in the room, isn’t it?...” Cindy sighed. “Well, one, I am very experienced. However, seeing the length you’re working with, I’m sure you’ll be fine. Just expect some pointers. And two, what are your thoughts on me sleeping with other men? I won’t tell you about them, I won’t have any romantic relations with them. It will purely be to satisfy my... demonic presence, I’ll call it in this case.” She raised an eyebrow, awaiting his response.

“Erm... I have a question to your question: What if I end up being enough to satisfy your demonic presence?” Cesil brought one of his hands to her breasts squeezing and kneading them gently, whilst the other hand traveled lower, hesitantly pressing on her button,

“That’s, uh... not how that works?” Cindy grimaced, holding a firm hand to his explorative wrist. “I’d, uh... have to... rape you? And kill you? Among other things?”

“But your demonic presence seems to cease when you’re around me. Like it’s content? Or something? Maybe?” Cesil frowned. “After all, we both don’t know enough to know what your demonic presence wants. Besides me, of course.”

“It wants blood and sex. But it, ngh... You’re making this VERY hard to explain... Cessie...” Cindy’s toes curled as her thighs threatened to latch onto his arm. “It likes you. A lot. Like I do. It’s exponential in... that way. DUDE. Fucking... The nip can wait! I, in fact! Can wait!”

“What?” Cesil glanced down, his hand still playing with Cindy’s breast unbeknownst to him. He willed himself to stop, squinting with the mental effort. “Erm... I see. Succubus pheromones. Got it. Kinda hard to resist it, but luckily I got a lot of willpower. So... how do we communicate with your demonic presence? Or find info on it?”

“Most Succubus are raised Succubus. The demonic presence and the person themselves are usually one and the same and, on top of that, share the same goal.” Cindy shook her head. “Since my goals and aspirations aren’t always to fuck and kill, there tend to be... complications.” Cindy paused. “In the same way that you pop a boner over a girl, I want to fuck the ever-loving shit out of another living person. So, take the urge that comes with having a boner... and multiply that. By like... infinity. That’s what it’s like.”

“But both sides of you agree that you want to fuck me though?” Cesil tilted his head, nodding a little bit in thought, as his more exploratory hand started up again. “And it came out when I hurt myself... so I think your demonic presence has already claimed me as a, biologically speaking, mate...”

“Succubi don’t tend to take m-mates. And if they do... they torture them. And, like I’ve mentioned before, I DON’T. WANT. TO HURT. YOU.”

“But you’re human-raised, not demonic-raised. If you’re demonic presence is as domineering as you’ve shown me, then you would’ve tortured me against my will years ago. I don’t think you’ll torture me, mainly because both parts of you don’t like me getting hurt unnecessarily.”

“Okay... Fucking Hel...” Cindy pulled on his wrist in an attempt to alert him to his actions. “Pin me. Please. It’s hard to talk when you’re distracting me.”

“It’s hard to know when I’m distracting you.” Cesil, however, acquiesced her request, using one of his hands to pin hers above her head. The other, wetter hand brought itself unbidden to his lips. With even more willpower it remained there holding as still as he could manage it. “Okay. previous point still stands... and you are very intoxicating...”

“Thank you... As I was going to say, I would never torture you. If I had the choice. I’ve been keeping a very firm leash on my urges as much as I physically can. I’ve made sure to never touch you. Every time I get close to you, I hold my breath. If I feel like the urges are growing too strong, I will leave the room and take a breather. All I’m saying is I don’t know what I will do if I do not resist it. And I don’t want to take any chances. Especially-”

“You fuck me up if I remotely start self-harming, you take me to strip clubs to test my self-control, and we’re about ready to become an intimate couple. I think I’m okay with a test run of what happens. And if you lose control, I’ll still be here to bring you back. After all... I still need to pay you back for beating me in Final Smash with an exploit...”

“I’m not apologizing. And I’m not doing it... I can’t risk killing you. I don’t want you to get-”

“Do you trust me?”

“I don’t trust myself.”

“Then trust me to be strong enough to keep you in check. I’m a lot stronger than I usually show off.”

“Do you want our first time to be scarring to you?”

“Cindy, I’m going to have scars on my back. I’m pretty sure I’m already scarred.” He held up a finger.

“And I’d rather you be able to let loose for once without worrying about the outcome. Trust me. Nothing bad’ll happen.”

“I already apologized for that. And I already let loose with random strangers I’ve never met. Them, I’m fine with. You, I can’t. I care about you too much to risk harming you in any way.”

“And that’s why there’s no chance I’ll get hurt. Both sides of you care too much.” He leaned down and kissed her gently, staring into her eyes. “Cin... I promise you this: Whatever may come, whatever storm happens from this, I will remain unweathered. I’m damn well wanting a life with you, so I promise you... I’ll be fine. So I solemnly swear to whatever Deity may hear me, I will be fine. Now... please. Let your restraints go.”

“I already know I’m going to regret this. I’m leaving you with any consequences that come from this.” Cindy grumbled angrily.

He kissed her gently, pulling her arms behind his head before he let go, moving both of his hands to pull her close. “I’ll say these words only once today: I love you, Cindy Rose Leblanc.”

She gave him a tight hug, as tight as she could make it. She took a deep breath in, letting his scent waft through her nostrils and go directly to her brain. Oddly enough, the dopamine hit her system quickly, but the urges weren’t as strong as usual. When she took another breath, clenching her fingers behind his back... that was when she was consumed.

“Hello, my resilient toy.” A small laugh escaped her lips. Cindy’s skin morphed into a light pink, her white scleras being overtaken with black. A forked tail emerged from her lower back, swishing back and forth to the side of the bed.

“Ah. Hello. I believe this is the first time we’ve met formally.” Cesil’s voice didn’t lose its warmth; on the contrary, he seemed rather jolly.

“Do you like chains and whips or blood and gore?” She laughed again, this time longer and deeper, almost as if it came from the pits of Hel itself.

"I work in the morgue, demoness. I can't say I like blood and gore. Besides, with the amount of drunk drivers, drug addicts, and various other dumb ways people have died, I can't say it appeals to me. Furthermore," He started, brushing a stray strand of hair out of her face. "I know you're trying to intimidate me. It would normally work, but..."

A small cackle arose from Cindy. "Intimidate you? But why would I do that? When I already have your full loyalty?" She licked his cheek, a very large grin present across her face. "But, I suppose you've made your choice?"

"Yes. I do want to enjoy myself, be it with this side of you or the other. But there are rules."

Mystical chains grasped onto Cesil, pulling him off of her. Cindy sat up on the bed, her man dangling above her helplessly. "Hmm... There are rules? First I've heard of these. Tell me, what are these 'rules'? And should I really care about them? I'm currently leaning towards..." She stood up all the way, bringing her face less than an inch from his. "Nope!" She smiled, poking his nose with her finger.

"As more... lustful as you are, I know you still care. Otherwise you wouldn't allow me to even make rules in the first place." Cesil replied, his eyes confident. "First rule... a safeword. Something to let me know when it's too much. Something a demoness as strong and as powerful as you could easily grant if she so desired. Two..." He flexed and moved the chains around his body, testing his range of movement. "Since your power is so great... I'm fine with being strung up like this and being toyed with. But I would like to ask if you'll let me tease you enough for an orgasm. After all, I want us both to have some fun."

"Honestly... I love to listen to you talk. And talk. And talk." Cindy traced a finger down Cesil's jawline. "You say some of the most entertaining things." The Succubus licked her lips, letting the chains on his legs drop him down to a standing position on the bed. "Hmm~... That's better." She scraped her sharp nails up his neck through his hair and up his scalp before feasting on his lips. She dragged her teeth into his lips, as if she were eating him like a meal. A small laugh escaped her. "Virgins are either scared shitless or overconfident. Good to know where you lie, 'Cessie'." Her smile grew wider at the mention of Cindy's nickname for him.

"How could I be afraid of the woman I love, even if she's changed into a more demonic form?" His loving gaze never left her eyes.

"Fear isn't necessarily a bad thing~." She kissed him again, this time more playfully as she trailed to his cheek and down to his neck. "I may not seem that scary, but I have killed thousands of men in my time on this plane. Drained them of all they were worth. I hope you will last longer than they did!~" Cindy whispered before she started to pull his shirt up, gasping at the abs that lied beneath before taking the chance to kiss each one separately.

"Be that as it may... my love is currently too strong for me to feel fear. Well, that and I already *know* you could kill me. I'm smart enough to know that you're going to drain me, the only question is how much. Drain too much of me and I die, meaning that you'll be even more repressed than you already are. Drain

me too little, and you won't be satisfied. If you're going to use me to feed, especially with how you seem to pop out to try to protect me, make me a recurring meal you get to have."

Cindy laughed again. "Well. Let's just say... you're throwing a lot of potential consequences at me for any actions I may partake in against you. You should just... relax. Take it easy. This shouldn't be a chore for both of us~. It should be... fun! Right~?" She pulled the shirt up and over his head, the fabric fading through the chains after they'd pulled his arms straight up. "Especially since it's your first time. I'm surprised, actually. Surprised you didn't want a lover's embrace as you tried to impregnate me~. You must want it rough~." She giggled, scratching him up and down his torso, but not enough to cause him to bleed.

"Actually..." He blushed, looking away. "I... did want that. A lot. And... I wouldn't be opposed to you... being on top. I'm not really sure if what I'm doing is actually pleasurable or not." Cesil admitted, his gaze shifting back.

"Oh, my dear~... You need not worry about that with me." She placed both of her hands on his cheeks. "I can make myself orgasm on demand. No matter how big, small, thin, thick, or shitty you are, I will ALWAYS enjoy myself." She laughed once more, taking the chance to drop his pants while he was still somewhat depressed from his admission. "Though, I'm sure that I may not need to use it with you~. I hope that makes you a little happier, hm?" She glanced from his dick back up to him with raised eyebrows.

"It... does. But I still should learn. You're not always going to be in this form when we have sex, right? So I should learn what you like and what you don't. Other people may be shitty and poor at pleasing a woman, but I would rather be something... better." He paused before his eyes shot open with sudden realization. "Oh, and I should probably ask this before we get too hot and heavy: what would you prefer I call you? You are still Cindy, if a tiny bit more assertive... but I could understand if you wished to be called something different as well."

"Call me... Goddess." Cindy laughed again. "I love the irony that comes with it. But, I suppose you don't know who or what I am now. Yes, I *am* Cindy, but... let me explain it this way~." She gripped his penis forcefully, giving Cesil a few moments to recover before stroking it. "You know that feeling... when you're almost about to cum... and you are focused only on that one objective in that one moment? That's me. Purely driven lust, whether it be sexual lust or bloodlust. That... is who I am." Cindy sunk down to her knees, scraping the side of her elongated tooth against his shaft. "Fair warning, though. Sex with a Succubus can be a bit... addicting. Should you survive~." She giggled, letting her long tongue roll out of her mouth and drag across the underside of his dick,

Cesil shivered, quivering under her gentle ministrations. "T-tell mmme. H-oh gods- how w-would I d-die? I- ngh- kinda... think that sh-should be a-avoided."

She removed his cock from her throat, where it had been during his speaking. "Hoh~? And who said you were making the decisions around here?" She put his dick in her cheek and pulled it out with a nice pop. "Mmm~. Nice sound on that one... You have a good texture~."

“Please... Goddess?”

“You’ll only die if you end up, say, bleeding out, dehydrated, experiencing shock, suffocating, being ripped in half, though I’ve seen one person survive that one, having a heart attack, bursting an artery, etcetera~, etcetera~. Should I go on~?”

“No, please don’t. May I make one more request, Goddess?” Cesil’s gaze drifted down to Cindy.

“Nope, because you already requested one just now~.” Cindy giggled. “Silly, silly Cessie.” She kissed him up and down his shaft, finishing with a full-on suck on his testicles.

Cesil shivered and nodded. He squirmed as his body was wracked with pleasure. His hands twitched, as did he, but his mind was thinking. Was Goddess going to kill him if he couldn’t service her back? When should he activate his fail safe? Why was she being so gentle with him? So many questions floated through his head that his brow furrowed although his moans continued unadulterated.

“Having doubts, my dear~?” She stood up from her playspace to look him in the eyes. She placed her arms around his neck, capturing him in her grasp. “I know you love to think~. But there’s no need to here. Just... enjoy yourself.” Cindy giggled, now somehow sitting on his lap, her legs wrapped around his waist. “We both know you’ve been working very, *very*, hard~.”

“Mmm.” His gaze darkened, growing more tired. “Contemplating mortality, especially when you’ve told me I’ll probably die, Goddess. It’s not... enticing, especially to someone who wants to have a life in the future. Family.” As he blinked he seemed confused; he hadn’t meant to overshare as he did.

“I appreciate you opening up to me about how you feel~. And yet, while you were saying all those very understandable things, you lost your virginity.” Cindy kissed him, then his nose, an incredibly large smile on her face that almost never seemed to leave. “Oh dear, and you just missed it, too~.”

“Felt it though...” Cesil sighed, his emotions still rather dark.

Without moving, Cindy’s insides wriggled and sucked incessantly upon Cesil’s cock, ravaging it with pleasure. “I’m pretty proud of my movements, if I do say so myself. How does it feel~?”

“D-divine.” Cesil managed to get out, almost wincing from the sheer amount of pleasure he felt, his brooding thoughts helping to quell the inevitable urge to cum. He still shivered and squirmed against his will, his body more or less working against him.

Cindy then started to shift her hips, backwards and forwards. “Glad to hear it~.” She pulled him into a hug, though where his face was in the hug was right between her boobs. “Mmm! You are so fun~.”

“Ngh... fuck!” Cesil moaned as his more gloomy thoughts faded away instead replaced by pleasure.
“L-I-love you- Oh Gods!”

“Ohh, Cessie~... I love you too~. I loooooove how you fill up my insides~.” Her hips girated harder and pushed into him as she tried to take every last inch of him inside her.

Cesil’s moans didn’t grow louder so much as they were choked back into his throat, his whole body shuddering, as his orgasm hit. His balls pumped as much seed as they were able into Cindy, his body unable to stop shivering as waves of pleasure wracked his very mind.

As he filled her up, Cindy made sure to moan as much as she could, forcing herself to orgasm on his throbbing cock. “Yes~, yes~, yes~! Give it to me~!” She pulled his head away from her boobs and kissed him, her long tongue snaking around his. She licked one of her nails, of which was covered with red liquid. “Mmm~! You taste *so* good~.”

Cesil’s sclera turned golden as his irises turned a shade of navy blue. Chains, similar to hers, snaked down from all around them and moved her away. He tilted his head to the side staring at her. “Tread carefully, Temptress. While Cesil may condone and embrace your existence, We do not. Should you draw too much blood, We will not cease until either reparations are made or your existence purged.” A plethora of voices both male and female, of various ages called out.

“Fuck off, you selfish pricks!” Cindy struggled at the chains with no avail. “I’m gonna be pregnant with his child and there’s nothing you old farts are going to do about it! Cesil is MINE! MINE! LEAVE HIM THE FUCK ALONE! HE ALREADY CAME INSIDE ME! YOUR NEXT IN LINE IS GOING TO BE A HALF-DEMON!”

“We are aware of his intentions, and his feelings. His love. How much he cares. His thoughts regarding you. That is why you’re receiving a warning from Us instead of a direct reprisal. We caution you again: Do not cause harm to him... within reason. Cesil Rokovir is protected and shall remain under Our vigil to his end of days. We plead caution, not for your sake, but for his. We know his heart would break if he awoke with you dead.” The voices warned, Cesil’s head tilting to the other side.

“Yeah, yeah... Just give him back so I can fuck the shit out of him.” Cindy rolled her eyes. “‘Please’.”

“We do not appreciate your tone, but We shall acquiesce to your request. For now.” Cesil’s head went limp, as the chains around Cindy released, dropping her onto the bed.

“Fucking... finally...” Cindy shook her head before pushing Cesil down, taking her place atop his crotch. “I think... I should blow off some steam... ‘Cessie’.” Cindy’s laugh turned maniacal as she ravaged his body.

Cesil's body laid limp as it bounced up and down with Cindy's rough movements. Against his will, his dick remained hard and relentlessly penetrated Cindy's hole. She pinned him by the shoulders, pulling him in all four directions with the chains. "You know~, it's a lot less fun without you here, Cessie~."

Cesil seemed to stir to half-consciousness, straining pitifully against the chains. "Cindy..." He murmured, his head twitching as the pleasure itself seemed to stir him but not quite enough.

With Cesil's stirring, it only incited Cindy to become more ruthless. "Come on~, my dear~! Wake up~! Wake up and enjoy this moment with me!" Her tail flicked back and forth, up and down.

Still, he didn't wake, instead continuing his rambling. "Cindy... love...mmm... snuggles..." The chains shifted slightly, as his body tried to lazily move.

"Fine. I'll just enjoy myself, then!" The chains pulled taught, almost pulling him apart from each limb. She watched his pained expression with glee as she scratched at his torso, making sure not to draw blood. "Yes~! Yes~! I'm cumming~!" Cindy spasmed uncontrollably on Cesil's dick, collapsing and proceeding to moan in Cesil's ear. Her ragged breathing started to slow as she laid on him, her forked tail fading the calmer that Cindy became.

"Ow... what... what happened?" Cesil glanced around, jolting a little upon seeing Cindy laying on top of him. "C-could you loosen the chains, Goddess? This is... painful. A-and if you let me move, I promise I'll coax at least another orgasm out of you."

"Uh..." Cindy looked left, then right. "Let me see..." She clenched her eyes shut and the chains pulled harder for a second before growing slack. "I think... that did it? Sorry..."

He pulled and, with a bit of a struggle, was able to cup her cheeks and kiss her passionately. "I love you, Cindy."

"I love you too, Cesil." She replied, her eyes slowly reopening after fully enjoying what he'd done to her. "Are you okay? Did I hurt you?"

"So your other self likes to be called Goddess, and she... didn't really hurt me. She just took pleasure in fucking me... gently. Not at all how I expected it to go."

"Well, I suppose that's good." Cindy seemed confused, but relieved. "And I still somewhat remember what I did to you... But bits and pieces. I can't remember anything concrete. It's all just... red."

"Well, you chained me up, asking what I'd like done to me; either being torn apart or BDSM. Then after being chained up, you started, uh... trying to swallow 'seamen'. Then you rode me until I came, and then... I blacked out. I woke up with you here."

"Oh Gods... I'm sorry." Cindy smacked her forehead into Cesil's chest. "I knew it was a bad idea..."

“What else... oh, and you shoved me into your breasts. Beyond that, yeah. That’s all that I can remember. You didn’t actually hurt me. Just... domineered me and serviced me. Not a bad experience all things considered.” Cesil nodded to himself.

“Okay... I guess, considering what I *could* have done, yes...” Cindy shook her head before plopping it back down around where Cesil’s heart was. “Please don’t ask me to do that again. I’m usually pretty nice for the first little while, but... it usually doesn’t last. It’s all to build up your trust...”

“Well, uh... question.” Cesil started, looking down between them. “Are you ready to have kids?”

Cindy furrowed her brow, slowly lifting her head to look into Cesil’s eyes once more. “What?”

“I can’t pull out from this position, not to mention you weren’t letting me.” Cesil stared back.

“I mean... I’m on the pill. And Succubi are hard to impregnate in the first place.” Cindy sat up and stared down at her pussy. “Holy shit... that is really red...” She touched her clit for a few seconds to see if it would hurt or feel good, but her reaction to doing so led to neither conclusion.

“So...” He shifted, his member moving inside her, which caused her to moan adorably. “I forgot what I was going to say. That was too fucking cute.”

“Shut up!” Cindy went to smack one of Cesil’s titties before her eyes went wide. “Uh... Cesil?”

“Hm?” Another shift of his hips.

“Nnh, fuck you!” She playfully shoved his shoulder before returning to her serious face. “Look at your chest.”

Lining his chest and stomach were the countless myriad of red scratch marks that Cindy had left on Cesil, forgotten and missed by both of them.

“Oh Gods... I knew it was too good to be true.” Cindy hid her face behind her hands.

He reached a hand to touch one of the lines, before he shook his head. “I’m fine. They don’t even hurt, so don’t worry, okay?” He shifted again, willfully ignoring the cuts on his back.

Cindy sighed before placing her hands on Cesil’s belly, pulling him out of her. Cum poured out of her with a gurgling sound as his dick slapped against his skin. “That’s... a lot.” She put two fingers inside herself and pulled out some of his stuff, spreading her fingers to see how it stretched between them, mesmerized.

“Erm...” Cesil rubbed the back of his head, his blush an almost tangible thing. “I’m... sorry? I guess I was backed up... um... so, uh... hopefully next time, it won’t be as much.” Cesil looked into her eyes, again, feeling a swell in his heart. Being unaccustomed to the sweeter side of a relationship seemed to coax new ideas... and worries out of him. Would he be able to satisfy her every time? Would he be able to keep her safe with Titania around? And why were they so drawn to each other? Did her other self actually love him? Was he expendable? So many unanswered questions floated in his head; he would find them all out in due time. However, given the woman on top of him was currently staring at his cum, he wasn’t so sure that he’d learn very much anytime soon. “Uh... Cindy? You there? You’re, uh, looking a tiny bit.. entranced there.”

"Oh!" Cindy clenched her fist. "Sorry..." She blushed, turning away. "It's just... I've never seen your cum before and... you gave me so much... and not even just for me but for... me..."

“Mmm... that sure was a sentence. Want to try again, Cindy?” He teased with a smirk.

"Please!" She smeared a wad of his cum on his cheek. "You know what I meant, dingus." Slowly, the succubus lied down next to Cesil.

"Hey." Her gaze was focused, curious and concerned as she stared into his vibrant hazel eyes.

“Hey.” He stared back, a boyish grin on his face.

"You okay? No doubts? No regrets?"

“I’m okay, with no doubts and not a single regret.”

"I will absolutely violate your asshole. With no lube. Tell me." Cindy squinted.

A pause. “Okay, a *single* doubt.”

"I do mean *any* doubts or regrets, Cesil. Not just with what we did."

“Well, that does unfortunately hit a lot of my doubts. No regrets, though. Well, *a* regret. Namely being chained up and being unable to prevent you from smearing cum on my face, but otherwise no regrets.” Cesil offered a shrug as he tried to make himself more comfortable.

"Well, maybe check your privilege next time and that won't happen." She leaned over him, taking a long lick up his cheek and removing his bodily fluids from him with a smile. "But I hope that fixed that one for you." He received a small wink.

He stiffened, looking down at his battered and weary soldier; sure enough he was already half-mast. Not exactly what he needed for a serious conversation. He glanced back up, meeting her gaze head on as he tried to retain some level of composure. “Y-yes... as for, uh, what you wanted to know... well, you’ve

been with a lot of other guys. I don't really know if I'll be able to... hm... satisfy you every time. For either of your two sides. I'm very inexperienced with sex, so..."

"Listen..." Cindy licked her lips, cleaning off the translucent liquid that still remained, drawing her attention to the chained arm nearest to her. "Let me... show you something..." She traced her hand softly up his arm, prying his chained arm free from the shackles with a hard pull. She gripped his hand firmly, making sure to give Cesil an affirming nod and a raised eyebrow for confirmation.

"Okay...? Sure?" He raised an eyebrow looking over to his hand for a moment before looking back at her. "Are you going to use magic on me? Some kind of 'show me how you feel' type of thing? Or is it something else?"

His middle and ring fingers slipped into her mouth, where they became violated with Cindy's viscous saliva. She popped them out for a moment to respond. "I've never tried anything like that before. If you can help me learn such magic like that, I would love to use it on you."

"I unfortunately don't possess such knowledge besides knowing it's possible." Cesil glanced over at his fingers before glancing back at Cindy, his bewildered expression making it clear he had no idea what was going on.

"Hmm... shame." She licked between his fingers and sucked on each finger separately before plunging his hand down south, refraining to have him enter before Ms. Succubus' class could begin. "Make a shape like this-" She held her other hand up, with her middle and ring fingers bent at ninety-degrees while her pointer and pinkie fingers were still straight, "and pull up-" She gestured with the tips of her two bent fingers fully touching her palm, "and that's it. And just keep doing that. Okay?"

"Uh, sure?" Cesil stared into her eyes with obliviousness that would have made anyone else question if he truly was smart. He followed her instructions once she guided him inside, a brief look of understanding crossing his face as he understood what she was trying to have him do. He flexed his fingers a few time, studying Cindy's face to see whether she liked it or not. "How's this, Cin?"

"Mmm... I am... way too fucking wet..." The squelching sounds coming from below backed up her statement. "I love you... Cesil!" Her thighs snapped shut around his arm as she draped her now free arm over his chest and shoulder. She leaned closer into his ear, letting her moans and hastened breathing excite him. "I promise I... won't use... my cheat... I won't forc-ce myself... to... cum!" Cindy clenched her eyes and tightened her grip to where she was gripping his neck instead of loosely laying on him. "Fuck, you're the... best!" Her body started to quiver as she bit her lip, almost unable to keep her eyes open or focused on anything.

Cesil blinked, as he tried to process what he'd just learned. *So... once she's super sensitive, she cums really easily, and... I think me being who she fucks is a turn on. Okay... and this motion she just taught me is great at coaxing orgasms out of her. What other secrets tricks are there? Is sex secretly easy to have? Have I been too busy with med school to- yeah, yeah I have. I should've at least known about this...* He

cleared his throat as he tried to form an old legend to sever the chains over one of his hands, his face burning red from all the moans in his ear.

"Hey Ces-Cesil... I nev-never taught you how t-to finish me off... just rub-b the lips and clit-t, the bean thingy at the-the top, like, really fast! Really fast! Whole hand! *Please!* It feels so go-ood!..." Her hand traced up his neck, scraping the backside of her nails against his skin and eventually into his hair.

Cesil retrieved his slickened fingers and started rubbing, shivering and twitching slightly as her moans returned. The chains over his free hand tightened before going completely slack, his eyes briefly turning gold for a moment. With more freedom than he initially had, he slid his hand behind Cindy's neck and pulled her in for a deeper kiss, intent on trying to please her - even if he wasn't exactly sure if this would be a turn-on for her.

"Mmm! Mmm!" Cindy mumbled into his soft and inviting lips before her legs and hips jumped into the air, twitching and drooling uncontrollably. She tried her best to breathe through her nose, but her rapid breathing only became more obvious with her face contorted into a loving marriage with Cesil's. She pulled away from the kiss just to be able to truly breathe as her spasms still reverberated her whole body. "Thank you... thank you... Cesil... Cesil, thank you!"

"I'll be honest, this is more or less you training me on how to please you; no thanks are required." He started as another chain for one of his legs broke, not quite fully releasing him to where he could easily satisfy Cindy's urges, but getting close. He continued his ministrations before letting out a giggle. "Although, you're really cute when you moan~"

"Shush~!" Her legs wrapped around his right leg, spreading her thighs just enough to where he could remove his hand from her clutches if he so desired yet still making it very clear that it was now cuddle time. "I know that's sort of the point, but... Cute is... demeaning, almost..." Cindy pressed her mouth into the crook of his neck. "But I don't hate it when you call me that..." she mumbled almost incoherently.

He stopped, gently brushing her hair with his freehand. "Then if that's what you want, I won't call you that anymore... during sex. After all..." He leaned in, whispering in her ear. "Teasing you is only fun when you're okay with it. Cin... I love you. And you're still the most beautiful girl in the world."

Cindy removed herself from her shame spot to look Cesil in the eyes again. "Even though I make you have so many doubts? Even though I can be choked up to 'horny demon lady who needs good dick'? Don't you fucking- you're laughing." Cindy sighed, shaking her head. "I'm being serious, you asshole!"

"Hey, in my defense, it's a funny description, especially without context..." Cesil wiped the beginnings of a tear from his eyes before staring into hers with an equally serious look. "Yes. Without hesitation. Because most of my doubts aren't really about you. They're about me, how I can be not only a better lover, but a better friend. I want to take care of you and keep you safe- despite the fact you don't need me to. So... yes, despite how I may have snickered like a child, I do love you and I want to be with you, if you'll let me."

"If anything, I leave a lot to be desired: as a roommate, as a friend, as a-"

"Nope. Shut it."

"BITCH. Did I *say* I was finished?"

"No, but you're not gonna talk shit about yourself. That's not gonna fucking happen right now."

"We call it a buildup, jackass. I wasn't going to *just* insult myself. I'm not you, weirdo."

"First... touché. Second, I don't care if you were going to insult yourself or not, stop it. Not only do I not want to hear the woman I finally opened up to shit on herself, I also *know* that doing so is fucking up your head. So cut it out." Cesil lazily booped her nose.

"All I'm saying is that I walk around the house basically naked and I don't do chores. Fucking Hel..." Cindy held a hand to her temple. "You give me a headache sometimes, Cesil. Please, calm thine titties a bit more?"

"Sure, just don't talk shit about yourself and I shall 'calm mine titties' down." He reached down, tucking his cock between his legs as the last chain was severed allowing him to cuddle up to her. "And how slash what do you propose we do to change that?"

"I was going to say that you should be proud of me."

"Did you get a job? Or make a chore chart?"

"I mean... No. What do you take me for, anyway?" Cindy shook her head.

"Hoping one day you'll become productive... although that is slowly but surely fading into a pipe dream..." He sighed dramatically.

"Demons are nothing if not reductive." Cindy gave Cesil a cocky smile with a shown fang and a poke to the cheek. "But no, I wasn't able to do the dishes because I was instead pleasing the master of the house against my will. And I pleaded and pleaded with him to just let me do the dishes but instead he insisted that he must have his way with me before I-"

"She says while I was chained up for the majority of it." Cesil grumbled, before shaking his head. "And no, not against your will. Again, I was ridden, not the rider." He tutted. "If you're going to tease me about chores, Cin, you got to remember... wait... what was that name you called me? Chore Hitler? Yeah, that was given for a reason. And if you had stayed silent... I would've forgotten. And done it myself. Sarcasm and teasing are double-edged swords, sexy."

"Yeah, and I made a promise, Chore-Hitler. I have some decency to uphold myself to it like a good little demon." She leaned in and gave him a slow gentle kiss. "Remember, I told you I would be wearing nothing at all. Which may seem like usual, but, uh... that does mean... everything is off." She pecked him really fast on the cheek. "Unless you have any recommendations~?"

"You don't need to tempt me; I'm still struggling to hold my dick between my legs. And... tempting as it is for you to wander around naked... or wear outfits for me... if someone does show up... that'll be more than a little awkward. Not including the fact of the windows in the apartment, showing you off to everyone else." He wrapped his arms around her possessively. "I'd rather not share that glorious sight with anyone else."

"We have blinds, dingus." Cindy squished Cesil's face with both hands. "Do I need to buy curtains for you to be satisfied?" She pressed her nose to his, squishing their two noses in odd angles. "And we both know that your work friends aren't going to show up randomly at your house. Our house. Fuck it, it's your house."

"Nope, too late. It's ours now. And yes. I'll go buy some today. All the curtains." He shook his head as a grin took hold. With a boyish giggle, he kissed Cindy back, pressing slightly into her, some trace of desire still in him before he pulled away. "As for uninvited guests, our landlord, the asshole that he is, comes by, remember? He has a key to let himself in if he needs to, which he gives to handymen if we call in an issue that he has to fix. I'd rather you not get caught parading around in your birthday suit or an outfit. Pretty sure you'd be more embarrassed than if you got caught that way."

"I haven't come this far without being discovered for no reason, my gifted friend." She flicked the door shut from the bed with the wave of a finger, an audible lock being heard where there was, in fact, none. "See?"

He nodded in respect. "Alright. Fair enough." Cesil sighed happily, as a brief lapse of his watch caused his manhood to smack against her leg. "Sorry! Must've shifted at some point..."

"The last thing you need to apologize for is your dick flying everywhere. In my room."

"Still. I shouldn't be smacking you with it, even on accident."

"It is a dangerous weapon." Cindy sat up, tucking her hair behind her ear.

"I wouldn't go that far. You, on the other hand..." Cesil chuckled, giving her a flirtatious wink.

"Dude, you would've bruised me had you hit any harder." She rubbed the spot on her leg where he smacked her.

Cesil looked down at his chest and then back up at her. "Mmm... I am very bruised and beaten. Happy and ecstatic, sure, but bruised nonetheless." His hand reached out, tracing down from her hip to where he

had accidentally smacked her. “Hmmm...” Was all he offered, as his hand explored, gingerly gliding across her skin.

“Boi.” Cindy sighed.

“What? I never had the time to explore; I was chained up for the most part with you in Lust and with you as regular. Besides... I’m not saying we should go again, I’m just... admiring how beautiful you are.” Cesil blushed, scrunching his face up in embarrassment.

Cindy blushed as well, trying her best to cover it up with her hands. “I mean... okay...”

His other hand joined in exploration as he traced around her navel, down to her thighs, back up and around her breasts, and her back. Nothing was left unexplored; all the while as Cesil watched her reactions, taking mental notes whenever she squirmed from where his hands were. “Hey... you don’t need to hold your moans back. I promise I won’t use the C-word.”

“That shit’s... embarrassing.”

“How? We just had sex. I don’t think moaning to your boyfriend is really embarrassing, especially when he’s doing something you like.” Cesil shrugged. “At least, that’s my thought process.”

“Well, you’re just caressing me. Letting out noises when you touch me in weird places is not exactly something I want to do...”

“Remember how I said I was a virgin? I want to know where just a touch makes you feel good. I want... well, I want to know how to please you better.” Cesil pursed his lips, looking away for a moment, before a more forced cheery demeanor spread across his face. “Besides, are you telling me that you actually want to go do dishes instead of slacking off and being with me?”

“Don’t put words in my mouth...” Cindy sighed. “But yes. As if you haven’t heard me saying exactly that this whole time.”

“I mean... I could put something else in your mouth.” He teased, giving a rather shy smile. “And in my own defense, I’m a rather dense man sometimes. Most smart guys are.”

“I thought you’d be thrilled at your friend finally wishing to do the dishes...” Cindy shook her head. “But I suppose Cesil’s finally thinking with his other head. Honestly, was thinking you’d end up gay at some point.”

“I both resent and agree with that notion. Your charm is a bit overwhelming, Cin. Especially when you’re trying to tempt me...” Cesil sighed, gently giving her a kiss.

"My charm... or my tits?" Cindy put a finger up to his lips. "Ah, wait. Couldn't be the tits. They're too small for your liking."

A look of pure guilt flashed over Cesil's features as his hands ceased their exploration. He bowed his head in shame, refusing to meet her gaze. "Right... I deserve that." He practically whispered, his voice small. "I'm sorry, Cindy..."

"Good, you finally snapped out of your horndog mode." She gave him a quick hug before slipping out of bed. "I'll forgive you if you make me lunch, okay?"

"As you wish." Cesil stood up, collecting his clothes.

"As you wish...?" Cindy trailed off, waiting for him to add anything.

The man kept his head bowed, putting on his clothes with haste. When he was done he made his way out of the bedroom and into the kitchen, heading directly to the sink to wash his hands as thoroughly as he possibly could. He pulled out a pot and filled it with water before grabbing pasta, tomato sauce, a cutting board, and some meat out of the refrigerator.

Before the pot was even sizzling, Cindy was cleaning the dishes, using the bright blue soap to lather everything with rainbow bubbles. "Do you need any of the dishes for the pasta? I can clean those first for you."

A slight shake of his head was the only response she received as he added the pasta in, setting the stove for the right temperature before he grabbed a knife and started sharpening it, making sure it was as sharp as possible before slicing up the meat on the cutting board. His gloomy expression was all encompassing and while he generally cooked with emotion, this wasn't how he usually was when he cooked..

"I didn't expect you to put your clothes back on. And you're being a little quiet right now. Are you okay or just focused?"

Cesil paused, mulling over his answer, before he shrugged. "I'm okay." He replied, his voice still quiet. He glanced over at the pot, making sure he had put the pasta noodles in before putting a wooden spoon over the top of it. He quickly resumed chopping, but it was very obvious that he wasn't looking at her; he seemed to shift his gaze towards anything else in the kitchen.

"You know what happens if you lie to me..." Cindy mumbled, making sure he could hear her. She strutted over to where the breakfast laid almost untouched, taking it to the trash and dumping it before throwing them into the sink. She absolutely took the chance to steal the sausages, though.

Cesil nodded slowly, not offering another word. After an hour or two, his toilsome work had finished; homemade lasagne, with a side of caesar's salad that he had whipped up last second. However, as he finished up, he simply walked over to the door and opened it before softly closing it behind himself.

Cindy merely waited on the couch until lunch was done, practicing her skills against a Level 10 Small King CPU. When she heard the door shut, she immediately glamourised herself and rushed out to catch him.

When he somehow wasn't there, she growled, unleashing her wings and taking to the skies. "Where are you, you bastard?... I'm not eating alone if I can help it."

The middle-aged lady sat at her desk, a lone candle lighting up her work space and reflecting off her thin round glasses, a small chain wrapping around her head to keep them from falling off. Her gaze was intense, enraptured in her pounds and pounds of loose-leaf pages stapled and stacked and kept in their binders. She would read, scribble, then read some more; small mutterings and affirmative moans escaping her lips at times.

Slinking into the room, a vaguely humanoid shape watched the woman toil and work. It moved across the carpet silently, not even a single breath escaping its lips. After a few seconds, it stood behind the woman towering over her. It hesitated for a second before gripping her shoulders to hold her in place. "Don't scream. Please." A deep, sultry female voice pleaded in a whisper.

The end of the middle-aged lady's pen tapped gently against the wooden surface of her desk. "I suggest you get along with what you're trying to say before I start considering it, then." Remalia stared blankly ahead, slowly lifting her rigid gaze to meet the open doorway ahead of her.

"You need to hide. Draw as little attention as you can. My love hunts for your kind and she'll do anything to save me." Sharp fingernails drummed impatiently against her shoulder. "So if you could kindly find any of your kind and hide them away for some time, I would be immensely grateful."

"You know as well as I that this is not the first I've heard the suggestion to hide away and cower in fear of what is to come." Remalia turned her head to gaze upon the intruder's nails. "And while I would love to assist you with your benevolent duties, I do have some business here I must attend to that takes most of my time. I suggest you find someone who is more chronically inclined to assist you."

"If you don't listen to me, Remalia... your husband is the one who'll pay the price. More than likely he'll be forced into having some of his life energy siphoned from him, if not outright killed." The voice grew more stern as the nails dug into Remalia to reinforce her urgency.

"You think my husband is the kind of person to listen to me?" Remalia let out a low chuckle. "Please. While I can certainly make an attempt, that man is the most stubborn thing I've ever met and I work in law." She took a deep breath, composing herself. "I assure you that I have less power than you think. Especially over that man." Her gaze drifted distantly off into the corner. "It's been centuries... We don't have the same relationship we once did. Time... has done terrible things to us."

“Then,” The mysterious woman started, leaning uncomfortably close to Remalia; so close she could feel the heat from her breath, “I suggest you find a way to convince him. My beloved doesn’t want me to starve, and honey, I’ve seen your husband. He’s quite handsome... and just my type... I bet his soul would be just mouth-watering.” Something wet licked up her neck, before retreating away. “So run-”

The multitude of shadows in the room snuffed out the candle, collectively surrounding the stranger with a crushing void. The candle flicked back on, lighting the stranger’s breathless body just well enough to gleam off a small scarlet drop of blood that escaped their lips, passing gently by Remalia’s glasses. Their body slammed to the floor before Remalia stood up, pushing her chair backwards. “I’m done listening to your warnings and ramblings. Out of my sight.”

The shadows swallowed the intruder, taking her away.

Remalia placed her head in her hand, dragging it down and smearing part of her well-crafted makeup. “Dammit... Can’t get a fucking break...”

A demonic growl echoed around the room, as the candle flared up, the flames nearly reaching the ceiling. A vortex of flames encircled the center of the room, revealing a winged demonic figure that stretched out a clawed hand. “I didn’t **fucking** finish. You will listen fully to what I have to say, regardless of your feelings on the matter, Remalia, Goddess of Oaths.”

“Start saying shit I actually give a fuck about and I will consider it.” Remalia adjusted her glasses. “Stop repeating yourself and just get to the damn point.”

“How should I put this to a sassy, powerless godling... Erebus or yourself are being hunted. Then you’ll be offered up as a sacrifice to me. I’ll drain either of you of life, drop your cold, dead, disintegrating bodies to the ground and you’ll cease to exist.” Her wings flared out of the flames, illuminating the room in vibrant reds and filling Remalia with an overwhelming sense of lust. “Did that make it past your thick skull? Or should I keep going, Godling?”

Unconsciously, Remalia conjured Erebus in front of her, tackling him to the ground. She buried her face in his chest, shaking. “Help... me...” she muttered, her fists clenched into tight balls of resistance.

“What’s go-” Was all Erebus could say before a sharp snap sent him away, causing Remalia to thud into the ground.

A few quick steps saw the Demoness crouching down next to Remalia, lifting her chin so the two of them could speak properly. “You can have him back after we’re done talking. For now, you **will** answer me. Do you understand the danger I’ve told you about? Yes or no?”

Remalia tried to prop herself with one arm while her other one attempted to snake down to her own nether regions, tightening once again into a ball to avoid embarrassing herself. As she was forced to stare into

the attractive demoness' eyes, teeth clenched violently, she closed her own eyes, shying away from her. "I didn't ask for this..." she murmured, her breathing and heart rate increasing rapidly against her will.

"You started this. You used magic where you shouldn't have, so I stopped holding back." The Demoness replied coldly, lifting her arm out of her pants before fully lifting and pinning her up against a wall. "Now speak, Remalia. I will not ask for your choice a fourth time." She leaned in close, her breath fogging the Goddess' glasses. "I'll merely take it that you want me to consume you~."

A small moan escaped Remalia's lips, causing her to clench her teeth even tighter. She shook her head violently as her thighs pinched themselves together. "If you have to take one of us... just take me... Leave Erebus out of this..." Electric pulses shot through Remalia's arms, the direct contact with the demon causing unreasonable edging pleasure.

"Good girl... But-" She paused as the lust finally hit her. Hundreds of years without being able to consume a drop of lust from the inhabitants of this world all ending with this lustful soul in front of her. She mentally steeled herself, but not before her tongue darted out eager to draw out further moans. It trailed down her neck darting under layers of clothes and almost immediately retreated. "Don't... don't tempt me with a meal. Not only will you die, but you'll leave your husband with a broken heart."

Remalia managed to gain enough control over herself to open her eyes and glare into the demon's. "Death is only temporary. I will be reunited with him once I've been consumed. And even if that doesn't happen, his life means more to me than my own."

"If my love wasn't actively hunting your kind, I think the two of you would be friends. However... you're too damn stubborn for your own good. So I suppose I'll have to force you into preserving yourself and Erebus." There was a pause as the Demoness' eyes softened. "When you regain your senses, you may curse your protector's name: Sul'tress, Arch Demoness of the Ring of Lust."

"Sul'tress... Wait..."

The Lust Demon gently pressed her lips into Remalia, flooding the former Goddess with her domain. The kiss deepened, with Sul'tress restraining herself mightily to not take things further; pulling away, she brought her attention towards Remalia's eyes, trying to see if the Goddess was fully under her control.

Remalia unconsciously pressed her lower half into the demon, her eyes closed as her body was wracked with pleasure. As the throbbing feelings subsided, her gaze awakened to one more hungry, more... lustful. "I... had an idea, Lady Mistress." She bit her lip seductively. "A way to convince... him." She shook her head. "Though, I don't think that's really important now." Her gaze grew ready, impatient.

"Tell me, pet~." Sul'tress smiled seductively, shifting her grip to Remalia's wrists. She gently took the Goddess' chin in her free hand and brushed her cheek almost lovingly. "What was your idea~?"

Her gentle touch sent shivers down Remalia's spine, causing her to squeal with glee and shift within her grasp. "I will tell you~... in exchange for another kiss~?" Her eyes begged for the demoness to accept the proposal.

Without hesitation, Sul'tress leaned in for another kiss, this one more hungry and demanding; her tongue snaking into her mouth and wrestling Remalia's. Her hand dropped away from Remalia's face and wrapped around her waist, pressing the Goddess into her.

Remalia shivered, climaxing uncontrollably against the Demoness' insistent power. She gasped for air, yet relished in her inability to breathe. She sought to be closer, more intimate, yet became overstimulated and tried to pull back, only to repeat the cycle.

Sul'tress pulled back, licking her lips as she watched Remalia squirm in her grip. Her mind wandered idly; if she just gave in, she wouldn't be hungry for a long time, long enough that she could look for better ways to stave off her hunger. However, she shook her head violently, trying desperately to fight off the thoughts. She closed her eyes, waiting for what she hoped would be a decent plan.

Remalia gasped and quivered, shook and moaned. After enough time, she managed to gain control of her body again. "Apologies, Lady Mistress... I figured I would tell you before I lost control of my body... Seems you were as hungry as I..." Remalia giggled softly.

"Oh... if you only knew, princess~." She opened her eyes, biting her lip. "Now, however, I think my good little pet said she had an idea she wanted to share with me~?"

"Oh, yes~. About how that man is very lustful and only has eyes for me~. And if you were to take me hostage, you may convince him to direct his energy into fighting your lustful partner~. Or hide? Was that the other option?..."

"It was. I'd rather not have anyone get hurt if I can help it~."

"Is your lustful partner as strong as you, Lady Mistress?"

"Far stronger. Angry and desperate enough to do anything to protect me."

"There's no way she's stronger than you, Lady Mistress~. Your humbleness knows no bounds." Remalia smiled. "Ooh, what if~... What if you took him and made him one of your servants? He's very good in bed, I'll have you know~. Would that be a safe place for him?"

"Sadly, with how hungry I am, he wouldn't last very long... neither would you~." Sul'tress had to pull back a bit further to stop herself, biting her lip as she stared into Remalia's eyes.

"Oh, I see..." Remalia seemed a little saddened. "But, but... But what if both of us were your partner? Would that be enough to make you full~?" Her eyes looked up, hopeful.

The Demoness paused, mulling it over in her head. “Maybe... and there’s a good chance you both would be okay afterwards...” She lowered Remalia onto her knee, gently grinding it into her. “But... that’d have to be a question for when both of you aren’t drunk on my powers~. Especially you, my lust-drunk slut~.”

Several loud moans escaped Remalia’s lips. “I promise, Lady Mistress~, even if I’m not lust-drunk, I would always be willing to mate with you~.” Remalia stared intensely into the Demoness’ eyes. “And I’m one hundred~ percent sure that Erebus would crumble at your knees given the chance to serve you, My Lady~.”

“I won’t hold you to your words, Remalia.” Each letter of her name was spoken with such care and affection, it almost seemed as if they were golden treasures Sul’tress coveted dearly. “But promise me you’ll at least talk it over with him~?” The hand around Remalia’s waist dropped, cupping her ass and squeezing.

Remalia squealed at her lady’s touch. “We’ve had sex outside before, so I’m sure getting a third person is substantially less kinky for a man like him~. Once he sees you, he won’t be able to resist you.”

“Good girl~,” Sul’tress cooed, unconsciously trying to coax another orgasm out with her hands groping and caressing Remalia’s perfect body. After a moment, she leaned in and whispered, “now cum for me, Princess~.”

As if on command, Remalia’s body shook, moans quiet enough to be gasps of air as her body went limp in the Demoness’ grasp, twitching uncontrollably.

The Lust Demon breathed deeply in, the light snacking she had inadvertently done spurring her hunger. She bit her lip hard, focusing on the pain to clear her mind. She allowed herself to remember the petty squabbles of Hel, the deep wounds that she had survived and hid away, that the love of her life had caressed. Her mind cleared with a vivid image of Seraphina, resplendent in her golden battle armor that seemed to only enhance her beauty.

With a sigh, Sul’tress set Remalia back in her chair, before conjuring a blanket to cover her. She needed to leave before she lost her hard fought morals. Taking a few steps back she covered herself in her wings and whisked herself away to a dilapidated church.

She promptly collapsed onto the sidewalk, her back leaned up against the stone fencing around the building. She waited patiently, her demonic presence a sure sign that her love would have to come to her sooner, rather than later. “Dammit... I’m so out of shape for this...” She grumbled as she closed her eyes.

With a flash of golden light walked out an Archangel, a flowy white and gold dress dangling gently down to her ankles. Her radiance sparkled all across her body, blinding to those who would see it. She leaned forward, sniffing the air. “Hmm... Smells like heresy in here. And lust.”

Sul'tress' eyes opened and she gave a tired smile. "You went off to go look for them too. I just found them first- and before you get mad, nothing too lecherous happened. She mostly just... enjoyed my presence. You know how they get when we stop holding back." Sul'tress coughed into her arm, briefly glancing at it before hiding it behind her back.

"So they're not dead, then?" Seraphina's harsh gaze stared down at the tiny demon on the floor. "I figured you would have taken their life force for your own by now. You decided to spare them? At the expense of your own life?"

"I don't want to kill anymore." She laughed tiredly, shaking her head. "Not even to preserve my own life. I'm probably one of the greatest immortal serial killers... definitely top five, at least." Sul'tress gestured beside herself. "Please..."

"Then, here's what we're going to do, Sul'tress." A spear appeared within Seraphina's hand before she slammed the butt of it into the ground. "You will take as much life force from them as you desire." Her grip on her spear tightened. "Then I will kill them for you."

"That is enough." Sul'tress snapped, her eyes glowing red. "Sit down. **NOW**."

Seraphina's hardened gaze stayed firm for a few moments before softening, slowly leaning down to sit on her knees, the spear laid atop her lap. "Due to my deep respect and love for you, Sul'tress, I will obey your small request."

"Good." Sul'tress gaze hardened ever so slightly, her anger on display for the first time in several centuries. "Now you will listen to me, you will not leave randomly, and you will hold me. Do you understand?"

"I suppose I could be willing to listen to my beloved tell me stories while we hold hands. I have the time for it, at least." Seraphina nodded, shifting closer to Sul'tress. "As long as it makes you happy."

"Babe-"

"Sera is fine."

"**Babe**. You have, unintentionally, hurt me. To stop you from doing something reprehensible, you caused me to use powers that only sped up my departure from this world. So you *will* allow me to say whatever the fuck I want, because you love me and you are currently in trouble." Sul'tress' glare could've bored holes through concrete with their intensity.

"You are granted that much. I will abstain from saying anything until you feel like you have said your piece."

Sul'tress sighed, her gaze softening as she leaned over to kiss Seraphina's cheek. "Thank you. I talked with some Godlings-"

Seraphina's brow instantly furrowed at the mention of speaking with them.

"-who I asked to consider my proposal. To... feed me, but not kill themselves in the process. I don't want anyone to die for my sake. I mean, for Utopia's sake, I've been living up here to be with you. To be better than what I was, to become a woman who you could value and respect. I threw away my position to give this-" She gestured at Sera, her face a light shade of pink, "a chance. And the first thing you do, is specifically the exact fucking opposite of what I told- no, BEGGED, you to do. And instead of sitting down, you went on some hairbrained scheme, alone, that could've gotten you Fallen! And I'm sorry, I'm yelling, but fuck! How am I supposed to live with myself if you get Fallen over me?! I'm not worth that much anymore! Not a ruler, but a lowly pleb who has nothing to offer but a cramped apartment and fucking soup!"

The Demoness dropped her head, shadows attempting to hide her features. "Regardless of my limitations... Regardless of how much you're willing to risk... why didn't you just stay and listen? Be with me?"

Seraphina waited slightly longer than what was comfortable, making sure she had truly finished speaking. "Because I didn't want to wait a second longer. Because I can't stand still while there's a chance. Because I want to make sure that if Plan A doesn't work, we still have time for other plans. And most of all, because I treasure my time with you so much that I'm willing to risk any option that succeeds and leaves us in the best position to live."

The Lust Demon looked up, tears streaked down her face as she tried to keep her voice steady. "And what happens when you're cast down, huh? You're fucked. There's no way for you to be able to redeem yourself and reclaim your place. And if all of this fails, and I'm gone, what will you have left?" She shook her head. "I love you, you brash and impatient idiot... don't just rush off on your own anymore..."

Seraphina paused. "If you truly can convince those heretical... 'Godlings', you called them... to bestow their life force unto you, are you aware of what that means for us?"

Sul'tress gave a tired sigh. "I'll be an even bigger, juicier, sexier, enticing-" She paused, catching Sera's expression before laughing, "target for your lord to come after. No Demon has ever enhanced themselves with His rivals before and I don't think he'll be too eager to learn of what I could potentially become."

She brought Sera's hands up to her lips, kissing them both. "He'll ask you to kill me."

"Which is why I need you to get as strong as you can so that, once I choose to..." Seraphina hesitated, "you know... you can bestow your power unto me and we can fight together. We can earn our peace, our tranquility, our-"

Sul'tress leaned in, kissing Sera lovingly. She wrapped an arm around her pulling her in for a deeper kiss, not with a desperate need, but with a tenderness that surprised both of them. Her body craved for more, but it was like a distant whisper in her mind, as she savored this rare quiet moment with the Angel who stole her heart.

As Seraphina pulled back, her eyes drifted down for a moment before returning to Sul'tress'. "You know not how much I struggle with my own desires. And I know I am unaware of yours. My impatience is my one core feature that I cannot disobey. And you make it very easy and tempting to just accept the consequences."

"I can guess, Cardinal. You've put on a brave face despite my constant teasing over the centuries, not once giving in to me. You..." She frowned, glancing away, "are the most amazing woman I know and I can't put into words just how I admire and adore you. Or how much simply holding your hand makes me feel." Her face became a bright shade of red, her blush even reaching her ears.

"I must admit, my feelings are rather similar." Seraphina furrowed her brow. "But I cannot stress how disgusting it feels to taste heresy upon your lips, sad as it is to destroy this precious moment we shared. This is not your lipstick on your lips... and I hate it."

Sul'tress laughed and wrapped her arms around Sera, drawing her into her chest. "My... you're already experiencing jealousy over me? Not to tease you, but... having one of your first emotions, even if its a bad one..." She bit her lip, "That's really sexy to me."

"I wouldn't call it jealousy. I legitimately despise how you smell right now because you smell like a heretical Godling. It is actively bothering me and what bothers me more is that I just want to enjoy my time with you yet you smell like an abomination." Seraphina leaned away from Sul'tress. "I cannot properly continue this bonding time until you have properly cleansed yourself of them."

Sul'tress giggled and snapped her fingers, yet the smell still persisted. "Curse my base instincts... but... if you want me to expend more power... I request a proper kiss from you- and you won't find another's lips on mine."

"Considering most of your power resides in your lips and we will be requiring it in the future, I have another idea."

"Oh? What is it?"

"Does it burn when you touch holy water?"

"Not more than swirling mouthwash, why?"

A devilish grin passed over Seraphina's face. Out of her purse came a bottle of holy water. "Seems like it's time... to cleanse you. Now, my sweet, emotional succubus, would you remove your garments? I must cleanse you under the moonlight."

Sul'tress smiled and stood up. "Enjoy the show, Sera~." She slowly undid her thin, suggestive dress, sliding her hands down sensually across her body, until her dress laid on the ground and all that remained were a red, lacy bra and simple, black panties. She bent down to give Sera an eyeful as she slowly undid the clasp; each one undone bouncing her cleavage tantalizingly in front of her angel. After what felt like ages, her breasts fell from their lacy prison and hung mere inches from her face. The Demoness couldn't help but shake them at Sera, watching her with a mischievous smile.

Seraphina raised an eyebrow to her shenanigans. "I feel like this is highly unnecessary, but you seem to be having your fun." She took the moment to stand, eye to eye with the towering seductress.

"Fine, fine... no reaction to me giving you a strip show..." The Demoness pouted, wasting no more time as she dropped her panties unceremoniously to the ground, fully nude in front of Seraphina. "Alri--"

A sloshing of water was heard before Seraphina's hand clasped her love muffin, clapping against it two more times before she slowly walked past her. She held her hand firmly against the skin and pulled sensually away from the area. Leaning up against her ear, she whispered, "Quiet now. It is time you received your punishment."

By this point, the holy water began to burn her most sensitive areas. This holy water was no ordinary holy water; it had been refined from the finest of holy sources amidst the lands of the Divine. While it burned her flesh with holy vengeance... it was also a sensual pain that only seemed to enhance the pleasure of affiliating with the opposing side.

"Y-yes, Cardinal." Sul'tress replied meekly, lowering her head submissively. Biting her lip, she tapped her fingers against her thighs in anticipation as electric currents of excitement race throughout her body.

"Tonight, I am no Cardinal." Seraphina smacked her ass with a wet hand, the sound reverberating through the church. "I am your Mistress." A large amount of holy water fell upon her nude body, washing over her like a wave. "And please make sure you keep your hands to yourself. We don't want to be seen, do we?"

"No, Mistress." Sul'tress squeaked, relaxing her hands as she stood up straighter. As if spawned by her own lust building, a demonic tail with a heart-shaped tip appeared, already pointed rigidly upwards.

"I am also referring to tails as well, my dear." She gripped her victim's tail and throat with vigor, stern and rough with her hands. "As you know, I have no mercy to offer demons... especially those who intend to devour me and take my purity from me." She bit her beloved's ear. "Mmm... Those desires of yours will be your downfall. But, so long as you stay where you are, your sins will be cleansed by my hand." She flicked the two prominent nipples with her fingers before grasping them. "These are far too large compared to an average mortal. These clearly are intended to entice the horniest of men, holy and sinful.

Yet they have instead aimed their voluptuous power in my direction.” Seraphina shook her head. “Honestly... how many sins am I truly going to be able to purify?...”

“Fuck...” Sul’tress moaned, entirely unused to being submissive. Her tail twitched violently as she struggled to control herself; sane thoughts like why hadn’t they thought of this before were dismissed in lieu of more primal urges. “Mis-”

A violent hand clasped her mouth shut. “Seems this one has a mouth on them. Swearing, in my presence?” A reddening slap erupted from the demon’s face before she roughly grasped her chin, forcing her to make eye contact. “I know you like it. Don’t look at me like that.”

Sul’tress licked her lips as centuries old self-control faltered, her eyes going completely black. She licked her lips hungrily as her long tongue licked over the slap mark. ”Mmm...” She moaned breathlessly, her fingers slowly grasping at the air.

“I can see it in your eyes. You touch me, you don’t get to cum.” Sera’s voice softened slightly yet her sternness was ever-present. Her other hand slowly drifted down, stopping two inches away from her most sensitive area once more. She raised an eyebrow, awaiting confirmation.

A low whine came from the Demon of Lust as her mind fought about what to do. Finally, after a few hesitant moments, Sul’tress relaxed once more, fidgeting in eager anticipation. “Mistress... make me feel good~.”

“My, my... Seems someone forgot that this was a punishment.” Her softened eyes grew stern as she slowly pulled her hand away from that sensitive spot. “I sensed too much hesitation to trust you on that. Seems like if someone really wants me to continue, they need to beg for it.”

“Please Mistress, I promise I’ll be a good and patient slut for you~.”

“You call that begging? I’ve heard better out of bleeding dying fools before I cut their heads off. You’ll need to do better than that.” She crossed her arms, waiting.

The Demoness dropped to her knees and stared up at her Holy Mistress. “Mistress, please! This desperate slut desires- no, needs your beautiful hands to purify her, to make her better. She’ll do anything you desire, anything you ask will be done, so...” She panted audibly, her hips gyrating of their own accord, “please make me think only of you, Mistress... please let me cum~.”

“On your back, legs spread. Now.”

Sul’tress followed her orders immediately; she laid on her back staring up pitifully at her Mistress with her legs splayed open, allowing Sera easy access. “Mistress~.” She cooed, already dripping with excitement.

“Such a vulnerable position...” Seraphina started, slowly pulling one of her heels off and pouring some holy water upon her foot. “Honestly, it’s one of my favorites. It suits you.” She plunged her heel into the demon’s clit, rubbing it around. “However, you are very good at being selfish. I put this entire outfit together, thinking I could impress my love with my gorgeous fashion sense. But instead, all I get is a horny demon who wants nothing more than for me to just take it all off.” She shook her head. “She didn’t even compliment it or anything. Honestly, so incredibly selfish.”

“S-Sera~! Y-you’re so bea-ah!-utiful! I l-love you!” Sul’tress cried out, her body desperately demanding more as she struggled to keep her legs spread. Her eyes stared lustfully into Sera’s, her expression one of absolute love. “I w-want nothing more than t-to spend the rest of ma-ah-h life with yo-ooo-ou.”

“Why is it always about what you want? What you feel? Surely, you can understand some things to be absolute fact. Like how this dress is gorgeous. How this relationship is an abomination. And how the both of us are meant for each other. Clearly, you can at least see that much with your lust-ridden brain.” Seraphina grasped the vulnerable woman’s legs, pulling her into her heel.

Sul’tress let out a shriek of pleasure, her entire body shaking. She tried to grasp at Seraphina, stopping short of actually touching her before her arms fell listlessly to the ground. “L-luv... yo-ou...!~”

A small smile spread across Seraphina’s lips. “I must admit, I’m impressed. I didn’t expect you to last this long.” Seraphina kneeled down, pushing on her love’s legs so that her naughty bits were facing straight up. “Now, I haven’t had a taste of this holy water in quite some time. Don’t mind if I do.” Her face met with the grateful orifice, her tongue exploring its wet crevasses with vigor. “Mmm... has a different aftertaste than I’m used to. But the initial flavor is enhanced by the added elements.”

The Demoness shook violently as she struggled to get out anything less than shrieks of pleasure. Her legs closed, squishing Sera between her thighs. As the pleasure mounted, her legs squeezed Sera tightly for a moment before she was rewarded with a thin spray that coated her throat. “SERA~!”

Sera accepted her fluids with grace, waiting for her shivering to die down before gently laying her lower half upon the ground. “Very well done. Even until the very end, you restrained yourself beautifully. I’m not sure even I would have been able to.”

Sul’tress lazily reached for Sera. “Cuh-”

“Cum? Again? My goodness, you are quite a greedy one, aren’t you?” She thrust two fingers into her hole, curling them upwards to ensure proper satisfaction. “There you are. I will make you cum again if you so wish. Happy?”

Sul’tress squealed happily, before her head twitched, one eye returning to normal while the other remained demonic. “F-fuck... S-sera...”

Seraphina slapped her pussy before plunging her fingers back in. “Language.”

“Nhhn!” Sul’tress squirmed, which only caused her even more pleasure. “Sn-snuggles! L-love!”

An elegant hand clutched Sul’tress’ neck violently, pushing her into the ground. Seraphina brought her own face closer to hers, a conniving grin spreading across her face. “One more, love. One more.”

The Arch-Succubus writhed under her lover’s grip, wrapping her arms tenderly around Seraphina. “Luh-luv you, S-sera!” She managed to squeak out between unabashed screams of pleasure. Her back arched as she shook violently, spraying Seraphina’s hand as she fell limply to the ground. “Mah-mine…”

“Once you put your clothes on. Otherwise, you know what will happen if you’re caught in such a precarious situation.” Seraphina placed her fingers into her lover’s mouth. “But first, clean up your mess.”

Sul’tress, without hesitation, sucked lewdly on Sera’s fingers, her shaky hands gently brushing through the angel’s hair. Her eyes, which had been pitch-black before slowly returned to their normal purple hue with one notable addition; her irises had turned into hearts, hearts which peered into Sera’s immortal soul.

“I hope you enjoyed that.” She wiped her hands clean on her clothes, standing up and towering over the pathetic demon twitching uncontrollably on the ground.

Slowly, as her arms and legs shivered and wobbled unsteadily, Sul’tress stood up and snapped her fingers. Her clothes, which had been discarded, reappeared on her body in pristine condition. Her wings encircled the two of them as she leaned in for a hug. “Th-thank you…” Sul’tress whispered, her hands gently resting on Sera’s back, “y-you saved me…”

Seraphina returned the hug, her adrenaline still surging throughout her body. “Glad I could help,” she whispered back.

“I love you, Sera.” Sul’tress raised her hands to cup Sera’s face, nothing but absolute and unconditional love on her face. “For now and always.”

“You are incredibly important to me, Sul’tress.” Sera clutched her tighter. “Admittedly, I was absolutely convinced you were going to stop at ‘for now’.”

“We’ve been dating how many years again? I’m not about to toss away the only sweet, beautiful, and amazing woman in my life. You’re a goofball, but you’re MY goofball, Sera. And nothing is ever going to change that.” Sul’tress tilted her head down to kiss the love of her life.

Sera accepted her gracefully, her lips spreading on impact. As she pulled away, she opened her eyes again. “I would not say I am ‘goofy’. I am rather serious all the time. I don’t see what you are seeing in me.”

“You’re so serious all the time, that sometimes you question and worry about things that won’t happen. Like me not loving you.” She lifted Sera’s chin to stare into her eyes. “If I left a vaunted position in Hel,

one I clawed my way up for a millenia, for you, what makes you think that you're not going to have me pestering you with my love? Dummy~."

"My bigger concern is how you think my stoic seriousness is 'goofy'. Not that you may not love me. That's not something I have any need to worry about. You've made that very clear." Sera's gaze steeled, her pupils locking on to her lover's.

"You are adorable and goofy in your own way. As much as you like to deny it... wifey~" Sul'tress teased, leaning down to kiss Seraphina gently.

Seraphina's nails scraped up the side of Sul'tress' face, her fingers tracing around her right ear. "I find your judgments to be noticeably delusional. Yet I cannot deny that I have my own delusions of you." Her palm flattened to form with her lover's jawline, taking her thumb and softly caressing her cheek. Sera's radiant golden eyes flitted between the devil's two deep violet pupils, unsure which to focus on.

"Regardless, it seems our interlude must cease for the time being. Suspicions are raised the longer we stay together."

"Dammit... fine. I suppose you're right." The Demoness sighed dramatically, the back of her hand resting on her head as if to ward away the inevitable. She stopped after a moment, her eyes searching Seraphina's with an equal intensity, her face a battleground of conflicting emotions. Finally, it settled on an emotion; pure, unadulterated love. Her smile was more melancholic than normal, bereft of its usual playfulness. She quickly sketched a symbol in front of Sera's eyes. "My name... my true name in its original form. It is yours. This is the most solemn of vows I can give in parting; my heart, my being, my existence. And should... should I not get strong enough in time, a way to save yourself. A deceit that doesn't need your steadfast honesty."

"That is far too much for you to sacrifice, Sul'tress." Seraphina's softer gaze quickly hardened. "I do not wish to hold such a burden for I cannot offer the same in return." She paused, registering that she referred to such a powerful and significant gift as a "burden". "I do not wish to hold such power over you nor do I wish to abuse it." She stood, looking down upon her significant other. "We are still enemies. I refuse to hurt you or betray your trust. It is better that this knowledge is kept close to the chest. For I would end up abusing it if you cannot do so."

"If you abuse it, that is fine. I understand and if the worst should come to pass, I'd rather you survive if I cannot. I love you more than life itself and if my death has to come, I'd rather it save you rather than condemn you." Sul'tress wrapped her arms around Sera, pulling her closer, their lips almost touching. "I love you, Archangel. And I always will, even if death should separate us."

"I feel the same." Sera paused. "However, I am not insisting that you keep your name secret." Her gaze steeled, leaning down to press her face against her lover's. "I am requiring you to. For you and for me."

“Then... I'll listen. Just this once. But if I have to die, I'd rather it be you. Dying in your arms seems like it'd be a nice way to go.” Sul'tress wrapped her tail around Sera deepening their passionate kiss. “I love you, Sera.”

“I hold a lot of care and love for you as well, Sul'tress.” Sera pulled away almost instantly, walking out of the building. Her wings extended, causing the room she was previously in to glow, illuminating the side of Sul'tress' face with golden light before the next moment she was shrouded in darkness.

Cesil let out huff, his stamina burnt as he finally took a moment to recover. He had half-jogged slash ran about ten miles without resting, zigging and zagging so Cindy wouldn't be able to find him. He paused for a moment eyeing up a C.J. Penny before running in. It took him little time to identify the men's section and for him to grab some suits and slacks to try on before he dove into the nearest changing room he could. He let out a sigh as he finally slumped down on the dressing room seat. He ran a hand through his hair, thinking about his poor actions that led up to this. How he simply couldn't handle his own insult, especially since his love had weaponised it against him.

After a few minutes of self-reflection, he stripped his clothes off and put his three-piece suit on. Surprisingly, it fit him well enough that even if he wanted to get it fitted, it would hardly be worth the effort. Striding out with the ensemble on, he quickly paid for the suit and after internally cringing at how expensive the price tag was, he left out of the side entrance. As he walked, Cesil's mind constantly questioned his actions; their maturity, their necessity, and their fairness. He wasn't the best with his emotions- and he was fine with that. He didn't need to be very sociable for being a coroner, and he definitely didn't need it most of the time with Cindy. In fact, she was so in tune with him that she rarely had to ask him to explain himself. It felt more like she simply knew his thoughts before he did... or at least that's how it seemed before they started getting closer together.

Finding himself at a bar that lacked much ornamentation, he quickly took a seat and ordered a beer. Given his current clothes he looked like some sort of businessman on hard times and as such some of the more seedier clientele seemed to eyeball him with malicious intent. Not that Cesil cared; he could probably beat the shit out of most people here and still have enough time to down four more drinks before the police arrived.

“Dat's a pretty shiny suit for someone so down in the dumps, man.” A string bean of a man wearing baggy clothes approached from behind him, taking one of the bar seats next to him, the legs scraping against the wooden flooring that was buffed twenty or so years ago. “The Hells happened to ya?”

“Nothing that wasn't my own fault.” Cesil mumbled into his glass, draining half of the pint of beer in one go. He didn't look at the man, instead opting for the comforting yellow of his beer.

“Well, bro, yer really harshing the vibe in here. Try to chin up.” The man seemed almost offended by Cesil's demeanor.

“And I really don’t care. Just leave me to get as drunk as I can, ‘bro’.” Cesil replied, finishing the rest of the pint. He finally turned to look at the man, with enough anger in his eyes to make an Archdemon impressed.

“The fuck is yer deal, bro?”

“Alright, that’s enough outta both a’ ya.” A wood elf woman strutted towards the two, pushing on the string bean’s shoulder. “Outta the way, ya bozo.”

“Hey! What’s the big-”

“And shut yer mouth while yer at it.” She gave his shoulder another shove, causing him to fall over, unable to catch himself due to his intoxication. The lady dragged up another chair next to Cesil. “Sorry ‘bout him. Name’s Jessie. You don’t look like yer from ‘round here, let alone look like you belong here. What’s yer story, pal?”

Cesil frowned, the pent-up anger retreating as the woman questioned him, he gave a shrug as he glanced away. “Just a bad day. Nothing more... and my name’s Cesil.”

She appeared to be pleased with his relinquishment of his name. “Cesil. Mighty fine name.” She pulled a cigarette from her back pocket, taking the chance to light it. “Well, Cesil. The day’s just about over. Tomorrow’s another day, as they say. What say you make the best of today instead of wallowing in your self-pity? And if you can’t do that, why don’t you tell me what’s got you so down? Couldn’t hurt none.”

“True... but why do you want to know? People don’t offer kindness unless something’s in it for them. They also don’t break up barroom brawls before they happen.” Cesil turned his full attention to the woman, examining her in more detail.

The lady was dressed in a short dark blue skirt with a black bustier, revealing a midriff and plenty of cleavage to leave nothing to the imagination. Her makeup was well-done for spending time at a run-down bar, expertly accenting her soft features and sharp eyes. Her brown hair was medium length and wavy, drifting lazily down to the middle of her back. A small beaded bracelet was noticeably front and center on her left arm. “You stick out like a sore thumb, my friend. The last thing you need is a pitiful fool who looks like the lead singer of Nirvano over here messin’ with ya.” She took a puff from her cigarette. “If I’m bein’ honest, I see somethin’ of myself in you: a corpo slave just wishing somethin’ would change fer the better.”

“Is that how I look?” He murmured, a faint ghost of a smile playing his lips as he ordered a glass of whiskey. “And what do you propose I change? My career?”

“Well, tell me what happened first. I can’t start fixin’ all yer problems without knowin’ what happened.”

“Got into a fight with my best friend a while ago and I said something I shouldn’t have. Despite everything that I’ve done to make up for it, my friend keeps... ‘jokingly’ reminding me of it.” Cesil started, letting out a mirthless chuckle as he stared up at the ceiling. “Of course, I fucking deserve it- I was being a bit of a piece of shit- but it doesn’t hurt any less. To make matters worse, I basically cooked breakfast for them and dipped. Good chance they’re actively looking for me, but at this point I’d rather just... unwind away from them.”

There was a long pause. The lady’s expressions did not match the lack of involvement that one would have expected as a reaction to hearing this. It almost seemed too... personal, like someone hearing something described that just happened to them. “I... I see...” The southern drawl all but disappeared. “I suppose it’s best I leave you alone then, Cesil.” A familiar voice muttered from this unfamiliar vessel. “I’ll at least pay for your next drink. Have a good night...” She placed a 20 on the table, sliding it towards the bartender. “Don’t do anything I wouldn’t-.”

“Cindy.”

The lady winced, refusing to answer to that name yet ceasing all movement, like just hearing that name made her turn into a statue on the spot.

“Sit.”

She hesitated, a blush rushing fast across her face. She refused to meet his gaze, but slowly she proceeded to sit down. A small tear started to form at the edge of her eye.

Cesil leaned back in his chair, running a hand through his hair. “I suppose I should’ve assumed it was you based on your abilities. Why else would you get involved? But I also know you deserve an answer instead of having to chase me down.” The glass of whiskey slid down the bar to Cesil, the man grabbing it and downing the entire contents in one fell swoop.

“You don’t owe me anything... I told myself, after that time when I used this power to deceive you twelve years ago, I would never do it again... And I fucking did it again... I wanted to comfort you, but I knew I wouldn’t be able to... And I don’t want you to-”

“Which is exactly why we need to talk.” Cesil stared directly at Cindy, unflinchingly hard in their resolve. “This tiptoeing bullshit needs to stop... from both of us. We got to actually talk to make this relationship work. I’ll go first-”

“I agree, but...” “Cindy” wiped her tears, a black streak now running across her face. “Can we... get out of here? We can talk on the way home.”

Cesil stood, leaning down to whisper in her ear. “Sure... but go to the bathroom to change. I’d rather talk to my girlfriend than some girl from the bar.”

“That’s fair, but I should change in the alleyway, just so I’m not confusing the bartender.” She stood up, her expression still uneasy.

Cesil walked out, cracking his neck to get most of the tension out of him, despite the sinking feeling it was a losing battle. As he rounded the corner, he waited, allowing Cindy to go ahead of him.

She strutted confidently into the alleyway, giving him one flirtatious glance over her shoulder before disappearing into the dark void. Moments later, a familiar face formed from the black, with boobs a little bit smaller than the last girl’s. Black hair draped across her face, stuck to her skin by the wetness of her tears. Her outfit was just as presentable, a small tank top and shorts. “I didn’t want to do this to you. I didn’t want you to distrust me, or distrust anyone else... I was hoping I could keep my feelings from getting in the way... But I couldn’t. I fucked up...” Tears began to truly stream down Cindy’s face.

Cesil’s face remained as impassive as it usually did, hiding his emotions better than Cindy. “Walk with me, Cin.” He said quietly, slouching a bit to help even their differences in height.

She obliged his request, still beating herself up over what she did. “It’s all my fault... I’m so sorry...”

He looked up at the night sky and marveled at the stars. “You did fuck up in trying to deceive me, but it’s not all your fault.”

“Yes it is... I kept giving you shit for that thing you said... I didn’t know how much it hurt you... every time I repeated it...” Cindy choked on her own words, clutching her chest.

“And it’s my fault for not communicating that to you and running away. Had I actually stayed to talk we could’ve actually had a proper conversation instead of... whatever this is.” Cesil sighed, running a hand through his hair. He reached a hand onto her shoulder as he stopped walking to stare into her eyes. “We’re dating aren’t we? We’re going to have ups and downs and while I’m a... sensitive ass bitch, this is a moment that’ll pass and we won’t have cause to worry. So dry your eyes and let’s go home. And if you insist on apologizing to me, then I’ll demand that you cuddle next to me. Okay?”

Cindy found herself unable to meet his gaze. She wiped one side of her face, but the tears were still running. She took a step forward, burying her face in his suit. “Please... please don’t run away from me again... I want to be with you forever...”

“I’ll try not to get so overwhelmed that I run. And you got to stop crying... it’ll make people think I did something to you.” He joked wrapping his arms around her, lifting her up to his eye level.

“Bitch, you *did* do something to me. You made me love you, dammit.” Her eyes furrowed in anger while a small smile played on her lips, truly gazing into his eyes for the first time in a while.

“Guess I need to take ownership of that, huh?” He teased, leaning in to kiss her lips gently.

She responded in kind, her lips still quivering. She wrapped her arms around his neck, burying her fingers in his hair.

Cesil stayed like this for a few seconds before breaking the kiss and resting his forehead on hers. "I love you, Cin."

Cindy couldn't contain her laughter. "I'm a fucking mess. I can't believe you can love someone so disorganized and messy." She bit her lip seductively. "But I love you too Cessie."

"I know that look. What are you wanting?" Cesil raised an eyebrow, his expression one of amusement rather than concern.

"I want you to still trust me. I don't want to drive you away from me. And I still feel bad for what I did." Cindy paused. "And yes, before you ask, I am *such* a bad girl. But that's not what I'm talking about." Her eyes pleaded with him, hopeful and apprehensive to hear what he would say next.

"Well... obvious jokes aside, I do still trust you, my bad girl." His playfulness started fading away into solemnness. "I... I'm bad at this, Cin. I've never been in a serious relationship like this and I'm very bad at talking stuff out. I don't think you'll drive me away... I think in the end I'll say something stupid and you won't want to be with me anymore." He started walking, adjusting her in his arms to carry Cindy better.

"Sweetheart, so long as you keep it about my appearance, I can always change it. Say something about who I am, then maybe you might be getting the horns." She pointed a finger to generally where her succubus horns would be. "Literally."

"So... what if I told you I like you the way you are? That the hottest transformation you have is just you yourself? That I just want to kiss you desperately right now?" Cesil blushed and looked away.

"Well, I would say you just have bad taste. Because I'm very bad. And you taste like me~." Cindy's smile grew wider before she burst out laughing. "Holy Hel, why does my flirting sound so fucking cringe when it's with you?"

"I have no idea... aren't you supposed to be the Queen of Seduction? Oh, how the mighty have fallen.~"

"If I called myself that, that'd be trying to take down the *actual* Queen of Seduction. And I don't have enough balls for that. I've only got two and they're yours."

Cesil snorted, shaking his head. "You're a fucking nerd."

"Yeah, well, I'm trying to keep my head from getting chopped off. I gotta know something about who my kind serve."

"Wait... there actually *is* a Queen of Sed-"

“OF COURSE there fucking is!” Cindy shook her head. “Bro, I’m literally a Succubus. You know, *magical horny creature*. You think there wouldn’t be one of me who is just way hornier than the rest who also happens to be so fucking powerful she can turn even you into her thrall?”

Cesil nodded and opened his mouth before closing it again. After a moment’s hesitation, he smirked and whispered, “I’d win.”

“With your cock bursting from your pants and face down into the ground, yeah. We can call that a win.”

“I have very stretchy pants... and my face is quite durable. I fail to see how I’d lose.”

“Think me but like a thousand times sexier and powerful. That’s what you’re dealing with. You can barely even handle me.”

“A thousand times? That doesn’t seem possible. You’re already the sexiest woman alive in my eyes... and I can handle you...”

“I’m the sexiest woman alive. She’s the SEXIEST. Period. End of story.” Cindy leaned closer. “And motherfucker, you passed out as I was riding your cock in a lust frenzy. Or did you forget?”

“Which is why I’ll win round two.”

“With the Queen, every round is round one.”

“I’d still win. Especially since I got a look at some of your magic. I can copy the shit outta hers and she’ll definitely lose.”

“I love you sweetheart, but you ain’t winning this one. I have the utmost faith in you, but fighting her is suicide.”

“I agree, it is suicide to try to fight me.” Came an amused sultry voice from behind them. “But I’m not the Queen right now, though I doubt whoever is sitting on my throne is as strong as me.”

Cindy’s horns immediately sprouted from her head within the Queen’s presence, to which she ducked down, laying her arms over her head in an effort to hide them.

Cesil turned his head to see an impossibly beautiful woman with perfect curves in front of him. Her smile could make Angels fall in love with her, if there were any. “W-who are you?”

“A prude, is who she is.” A tall figure with straight blonde hair walked up behind her, powerful and imposing in stature; the kind of person that wouldn’t take shit from anyone. Her white skin-tight dress stirred lightly in the breeze.

“As often as I try to flash you? Hardly.” The curvaceous woman shook her head before she stared at the couple intensely. “How cute; normally my kin aren’t as devoted to one soul as this one is. I wonder...”

“H-he’s my childhood friend, M-Mistress...” Cindy quivered in Cesil’s grasp.

“One of your kind? You are lucky this day, Hespawn. Any other time, you would be ash upon the concrete. Count your blessings I come with-”

“If you keep directing threats towards them, I’m not making your favorite soup tonight, Sera.”

“Again, who the hels are you two? I know you’re Sera now,” He nodded over to Seraphina, but glanced back at the curvy woman, “but I have no clue who you’re supposed to be.”

“I am the former lord your paramour would’ve served had I cared enough to wrench her from you. The ‘Queen of Seduction’ as you so elegantly put it.” She offered a shrug. “But right now, I’m just trying to get home to watch my favorite soap opera. Speaking of, Sera. Do we have eyes on us for teleportation purposes?”

“Almost certainly. I would suggest you refrain from using your powers so openly with me. It would be best so long as you don’t want me to behead you, Sul’tress.”

“Might make it easier to give y- I mean... okay, I won’t.” Sul’tress sighed, as she brushed past the two, tapping Cindy’s arm. “Go have fun, you two. Come, Sera. Hopeless Housewives is nearly on and Charlene is definitely going to realize her husband’s affair with the pilates teacher was due to the blackmail Samantha had on him.”

Cindy began quivering uncontrollably at her Queen’s touch, orgasming on the spot. Sera appeared slightly disturbed by her reaction as she kept pace with Sul’tress, not straying far behind her.

Cesil looked down at Cindy and gently shifted her so he could stare into her eyes. “Cindy? Cin are you okay?” His voice wavered revealing the panic and concern he truly had.

At this point, Cindy’s full Succubus form had taken shape. “I can-can’t control myself, Cesil...” She shuddered, trying and failing to push away from Cesil until another orgasm overcame her.

“Let’s get you home. Unless you need to feed on me again?” He asked, already beginning to sprint forward as fast as he could.

“Please... let g-go of me-e-e...” Every caress of the wind, every shift of Cesil’s burly arms, sent waves of pleasure over her, his body heat submerging her in ecstasy.

He didn't initially stop, opting for a park bench to place his girlfriend down on, feeling her convulsing uncontrollably. Within half a minute he found what he was looking for and set her down. Cesil kneeled looking into her eyes as he tried to make sure Cindy was okay. "That bitch... I don't know what she did to you, but I swear if she hurt you..."

Her claws snapped towards Cesil, but she managed to clench her fist in time so he wouldn't get scratched. "Y-you're in danger... I d-don't want to hu-hurt you..." Every sentence was interrupted with the sounds of Cindy trying to catch her breath, struggling to breathe between each bout.

"What do you need me to do? How can I take care of you?" Cesil asked desperately, his eyes searching hers.

"Ru-run! Hide!" Her body lurched forwards towards Cesil, but stopped short as she clenched her arms to her body. Her breathing was ragged, hungry, satisfied yet craving something more.

He stood up and heeded her advice running as fast as he could, not fully knowing what was going on, but trusting Cindy's judgment. He dipped into an alleyway only to realize it was a dead end. Thinking quickly, he spotted a dumpster and got in, holding his breath amidst the horrific smells.

"Cessie~?" came a sweet sultry voice. "My pussy is throbbing~ thinking about you being inside me again~. Won't you come out and play~ with me?" Her footsteps were uneven, the orgasms still afflicting this overstimulated lust demon with her switch fully flipped.

Cesil stilled his movements, realizing a little too late that his leg was pressed up against something sharp that threatened to go through his pants and pierce his skin.

"Go home... go home..." Cindy's voice repeated, struggling.

"Why would I go home~? Cessie is in here somewhere~."

"Go home... go home..."

"Fine, fine~. I'll go home. He's probably on his way home anyway. Can't wait to surprise him with full nudity~." The footsteps began walking away. "Oooh, maybe~ naked apron~ would be better~. Wait, we still~ have those candles~, right~?..." Her voice faded away just enough to leave Cesil alone amidst the squeaking of the rats and the whistling of the wind.

Moving as carefully as he could, Cesil scraped his leg away from the sharp object, but he felt the familiar trickle of blood from a minor cut. "Shit." He whispered, simultaneously reaching down to staunch the bleeding while moving his leg up so he could reach. *Don't come back, don't come back, don't come back...*

The familiar sound of Cindy's wings began flapping and soon couldn't be heard at all.

Cesil waited a few seconds before he hopped out of the dumpster and let out a sigh, wincing as he glanced at the thin cut that still seemed to be pissing blood. “Fucking Hels... Why is it always when she’s horny that I’m fucked?” He asked no one in particular.

Mr. Wolfe: Woof

Mr. Duck: