

So I need to explain how the powers of angels and demons work. Both of them have 2 primary and secondary sources that fuels their magic. For angels it's love and justice. For demons it's hate and fear. Justice and fear is primary for angels and demons. Love and hate are secondary. The reason for this is because the stronger an angel's sense of justice is, the stronger their magic. This goes the same for a demon with fear. The more fear a demon can evoke, the stronger they become. Especially when this is coupled with their mind reading techniques to employ underhanded, dirty tactics—and that's just to start. This is why it's important for an angel's sense of justice to be strong against a demon to combat their fear mongering tactics.

However, the secondary sources of both angels and demons should not be ignored. Love and hate are volatile emotions that can amplify the primary sources of magic for an angel and demon to unpredictable levels. However, love and hate alone cannot be the main source of magic. Justice and fear can operate alone without love or hate. Love and hate always needs justice and fear as a base in which to channel that magic. Finally, both angels and demons have regeneration factors and killing power. Angels have a higher regeneration factor than demons, while demons have a higher killing power than angels. Angels usually have an advantage against demons because they can outlast them and pool from the unlimited resources of heaven. Demons, by contrast, have limited resources which is why it's important for a demon to kill an angel as quickly as possible.

So what does this have to do with anything? Well, remember my boss? I just think it's funny to call him my boss as if I'm sucking him off under the desk. Actually he would make me do it if he could but then Michael would yell at him. Look, I don't have time to explain to you why Archangel Michael, the golden boy, the greatest hero who ever lived, is YELLING at MY boss. Because he's my boss's boss. Just know that the man likes results. Luciel PRODUCES said results— and that's why every once in a while the perverted French angelic noble gets a slap on the fucking wrist. It's been implied that if they finally had enough and sent the poor fucker to hell, then he would be even more annoying to deal with. Because that's just the thing about my boss— HE'S ANNOYING! Like yeah, he's strong, but he's not the strongest like Michael solos him easy it's not even close. But goddamn it, he'll throw the books at you, tell you you're basic, spit in your eye and put his cigarette out in it. Then he'll masturbate about what he did. Because he's French. What was I talking about? Oh yeah, I'm trying to explain how Luciel engages in combat.

So for starters, he goes out of his way to avoid fighting, period. He's like this, self proclaimed pacifist. You wouldn't know it from how badly he beat the shit out of that one malevolent demon. His sense of justice comes from how he goes out of his way to avoid violence. He thinks that if he has exhausted all of his options, then whatever horrible act of violence he commits was completely justified in his mind. Like I've seen him do some seriously fucked up shit on the job. Mortals and humans effectively can't touch him because he can rapidly age their bodies until they're on the brink of death. Then he'll say some fucked up shit like;

"I'll change you back if you cooperate."

Another time, I saw him blind an uncooperative demon by drying out his eyeballs with holy fire. We were trying to get him to break his contract because— you guessed it: he didn't want us to use Magic AI to break his shitty contract. Then Luciel said some fucked up shit like;

"I'll give you your eyesight back if you cooperate."

By the way, this is his nonviolent brand of combat because— I really, really mean it when my boss really goes out of his way not to engage in direct combat. He thinks it's a waste of time, but that won't stop him from being good at it. For Luciel, engaging in combat is his duty to protect anyone who is not strong enough to uphold peace. For him, to act violent is a sacrifice he has to make because he is strong enough to— and that is just scraping the surface on what defines his brand of justice. Now, it would be easy for me to sit here and tell you that he is motivated by his love for me, but he's got fucked up kinks incase you haven't noticed?

So Luciel asks the same thing for his birthday every fucking time. In his most recent human lifetime, his birthday is December 19 so it's always around fucking Christmas. There's all this fucking holiday cheer while I'm about to get asked the most degenerate shit you have ever heard. Have I mentioned I'm fucking Jewish and Muslim? Just

because French Algerians celebrate Christmas doesn't mean he gets a free pass to do this shit! So what does he ask me for his birthday ever since I hit my 30s?

Breakplay.

What's breakplay you might be asking?

Oh it's just this fucked up shit that he fucking came up with while he was downstairs in grad school. You break the bones of your partner at the same time they cum so that the orgasm is stronger than the pain. This is something that can only work with angels or any divinity with a regeneration factor equivalent to one. BECAUSE OF COURSE FUCKING LUCIEL WOULD COME UP WITH THAT SHIT AND THEN OH THE FUCKING DEVIL IS ALL LIKE "wow that's great! do you mind if I use this for torture?" LIKE WHAT THE FUCK IS EVEN HAPPENING HERE??? This mother fucker has the audacity to come up to me and say;

"Ma cherie, mon coeur...! Please, I beg you..."

Then he makes a disgusting expression like he's getting off to his own request.

"Let me break one of your fingers. Please! I promise if you feel more pain than pleasure, I'll let you cut my dick off. I think that's fair. Please! Knowing that you trust me to do it..."

He finally collects himself after his pathetic display.

"It's a sign of true love."

Jesus fucking christ so how do I fucking react? Well the first time it happened, I blindly agreed because I'm willing to try anything once. Then all the other times he had to beg like hell and reassure me that he knew what he was doing. To his credit, the pleasure does override the pain, but it's still fucking scary and it still fucking hurts! Like, it's hard to fucking explain! Is anyone even still reading this shit or did I finally scare off the normies? Anyways, up to this point, this has already happened a few times so how do I react THIS time?

"You're such a fucking pussy. Really? Just my finger? Wouldn't you rather break my fucking SPINE from cumming so fucking deep inside me that even my BONES get pregnant? You better get my body doing ragdoll physics like a GTA mod or else I'll cut your dick off and tell EVERYONE!!!"

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So uh.

Yeah, about that.

Without even missing a beat, Luciel exhales, then sucks in his shitty French cigarette into his lungs like he's doing a deep breathing exercise.

"The safeword is 9/11."

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He pinned her against the bed by the small of her back and purred into her ear.

"You seem to be confused, ma cherie..."

His hand moves lower between her legs.

"I love pain, but I don't want you to *suffer*."

His fingers hook into her wet pussy as he enunciates the last word. She let out a yelp, but leaned into the palm of his hand, making sure he felt every ounce of her insides.

"When I make you feel pain, it's because you trust me with your whole heart. If I ever make you suffer, I simply don't deserve to live."

He rubs his length against her entrance to savor how slick it felt against him. Then he slowly makes his way inside, relishing in every inch that she would take. Once he was all the way inside, he sneered gleefully with his tongue rolled out like a dog in heat. Once he was balls deep, he lost his ability to be reasoned with.

"Fuck ma cherie!! I want to break your pussy, I want to break your pussy!! I want to feel your weak little human womb tremble from getting addicted to angel cock!! Merdeeeeeee!!"

He positioned himself to make sure his cock slammed down into her deepest parts. Usually he would have the decency to engage in foreplay but after the way she talked back to him on his own birthday, he can only show much restraint.

"Eeeaahh!! Aaahhh!! Fuuuck!! Daddy fuck!! Daddyyyy pleeeaaassee!! Slow down!!"

"Rrrgghnn ooouuuuuuu ma cherie, I want you to look me in the eyes when I break you. Fuck... Fuck!!"

Don't be fooled by the way she sounds. She'll never admit it but being able to trust someone to ignore her reflexive pleas is what turns her on the most. That's why she trusts him so much—to be able to see the fear in her eyes when she gets close.

"Daddy fuck! Fuck, fuck, fuck!! Please!! Fuck!! I need you to break me, I need you to break me fuuuck!! Make it hurt good!!"

The bones snapped a symphony as quickly as they regenerated while she howled in ecstasy. He cums deep inside of her with the intent to breed the next generation of nephilim. Then he holds it in so he can feel himself throbbing inside of her before pulling out. He lets out a long, satisfied sigh and lights a cigarette in his room.

"Aaahhhh~ I want to do that a few more times tonight~ I'm still really excited~ It turns me on so much that you trust me like this~"

"WHAT? WHAT DO YOU MEAN A FEW MORE TIMES? I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST THE ONE?"

"Ah~ ma cherie~ Did you not like it? I thought I clearly heard you begging me to break you~"

"SHUT THE FUCK UP!!! THAT WAS BECAUSE IT WAS YOUR BIRTHDAY!!!"

"Ahhh, I love the holidays~"

"I HATE IT HERE!!!"

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"I'll let you keep doing it if for MY birthday I'm gonna collar and leash you. Handcuffs too so you can't jerk off while we go for a walk. I haven't decided where."

"YES!"

"DID YOU EVEN THINK ABOUT IT???"

"I will do anything to break your pussy on my birthday from now on."

So because I wanted to talk shit earlier now he's gonna start asking for this shit the same way he does with anal. Yes it did feel amazing but I'm still always scared I'm going to die from pain or something. He does... make... me feel safe in his embrace. I know he'll catch me when I fall.