

# **Forced Birthing**

t'Sade



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# 1

Summer rain drizzled down on the streets of Cornan, the largest city of Sisonmor. The water ran along the grooves of the white marble streets and poured into the gutters along both sides. Sunlight sparkled on the ripples of water before the rain disappeared into the sewers below.

Sanai smiled as she walked along the side of the road and enjoyed the water splashing on her face. It ran down her honey blonde hair in rivulets before soaking into her white cotton stola. Droplets of water clung to the pastel pink ribbons in her hair and around her waist. The ribbons matched the color of her nails. Her intimate tunic underneath her stola kept the wetness from clinging to her small breasts and narrow hips, but she still found pleasure in the caress of water that moistened her skin.

She reached into her shopping basket and ran her fingers along the edges of her latest purchases: a romance novel and a pair of roses. A towel protected her goods from the rain. Her other hand held the basket in the crook of her arm as her hand rested on the swell of her belly. Even though it had only been five months since she first missed her monthly cycle, she still loved the thought of new life growing inside her.

“And there is my wife.” Cules stepped out from a store which relief carvings indicated it was a clothing store, “The most beautiful woman in all of Sisonmor. No, among all of the Ten Siblings.”

Sanai blushed appropriately and bowed her head. The rain ran down her neck and she felt it trickling along the line of her spine. It stopped right at the small of her back and down between the seam of her buttocks. She shifted her hips from the faint discomfort.

He crossed the walk, his boots tapping on the bricks, and pulled her into a hug. She breathed in the scent of his body. Cules worked hard as one of the city guardians, a paladin of the country. He was also a good man of Sisonmor and his faith clung to his body in a cloak of incense.

She lifted her head and looked up into his brown eyes. Leaning her head on his chest, she let out a contented sigh but never tore her gaze away. "I love you, husband."

Cules slipped his hand around her waist and drew her close. He reached out and pressed his hand on her belly, right over her fingers. "And how is the little one?"

"She was kicking after lunch." They only found out their daughter's gender a week before; they would have done it earlier, but Sanai wasn't sure she wanted to know. But, even knowing, it was still a joy every time they referred to the growing girl inside her. They even picked out a name for her: Charie.

"And do you think she liked that iced milk you were enjoying?"

She crinkled her face and stuck out her tongue. "No. And she didn't like the sorbet you forced into me."

Cules gave a gasp of mock surprise. "Forced? You were the one who wanted thirds."

"It was the baby," declared Sanai.

He laughed. "Right, my love. Come, we have reservations at Quantis in a deciday and you need to get dry."

Sanai pouted for a moment. In her belly, she felt her little girl kick and smiled broadly. In the back of her mind, her humor evaporated with a single thought: please, let this one live.

Walking home didn't take long. They shopped near the center of town, where all the store fronts had relief carvings to indicate their wares and the buildings reached twenty stories up. But, only a few blocks away, the buildings grew shorter and the reliefs less dramatic. The marble roads and sidewalks became more mundane stone bricks and boardwalks. Twenty blocks later, a good walk, there were only darker marble houses with enclosed courtyards and elegant fences. A few kilometers out, all the buildings would be wood but this close to the center of town, there was still the distinct feel of prosperity.

At their home, Sanai stood underneath an alcove as Cules unlocked the gate. Rain splashed down harder and it rumbled against the roof of their home. The inner courtyard was drenched in water and it plunked into the three tiered fountain with a musical cacophony. The warm moisture sent tiny thrills along Sanai's senses and she felt a warmth growing in her pussy as she thought about the day Cules and she finally conceived their child with her bent over the edge of the fountain, clinging to the little statues.

The gate squealed open. Cules swept his hand to offer her entrance. His toga, a deep green, set off his brown eyes. "After you, my queen."

"We don't have a queen, remember?" She patted his chin, but let her fingers run through his beard before slipping inside.

"In this house, you will always been queen."

She giggled and headed around the covered area of the courtyard to her bedroom. Like most couples, Sanai and Cules slept in separate rooms but frequently visited each other in the dead of the night. "Don't let Parliament know that."

"Maybe I will." Cules headed toward his own room.

In her room. Sanai stripped off her stola and tossed the soaked garment into the bathtub. She looked down at her intimate tunic, a thin fabric that clung to her body. Her large nipples poked up from the fabric on top of her small breasts. Below, she admired the swell of her belly and ran both hands along the bump. Her left index finger caught her belly button and she dipped her finger in it; it was deep and narrow but when the baby was ready to be born, it would pop out.

"Good thoughts?" Sanai jumped as Cules spoke from the door of her room. She turned and admired his body. He stripped down to his shorts and held his formal tunic draped over one arm. His muscular chest was covered in light, curly hair that matched the colors of his beard. The rain still clung to him and the droplets of water sparkled like glitter across his body.

Sanai nodded. "Yes," she smiled, "very good thoughts."

"Good," he said in deep voice. He stepped into the room and reached out for her. "Because tonight is not the night for bad thoughts."

Unbidden, the dark thoughts he referred to came back. Sanai was pregnant twice before and she lost both in tragedy. Her hands pressed tighter to her belly as she promised not to lose this one, no matter what it took. She tore her thoughts away and slipped into his arms and pressed her body to his.

“Cules?”

“Yes?”

Sanai lifted her head to look into his brown eyes. “Do we really have to go tonight?”

“We should. I got the reservations two months ago and the captain did pull a few strings. Why?”

Outside, the rain pounded on the roof. Sanai let a smile curl her lips. “I want you tonight.”

He kissed her. “We can always do something after dinner.”

She caught his lower lip with her teeth and tugged playfully. “It won’t be raining then.”

Her body grew hot as she felt him tense up underneath her. Below her swollen belly, she felt his cock beginning to stir. She lifted one leg up and brought it to his hip. She pulled him close to her and molded her body to his. “I want you. In the rain. Like the night we conceived her.”

Cules made a humming noise as if he was thinking, but she already knew the answer. She could feel it pressing out from his shorts.

She turned around and pushed back until she felt his hardness between her buttocks. She drew one hand to her breast until he cupped it and held his other over her belly. Behind her, his cock grew harder with only two pieces of thin, wet fabric between them.

Sanai whispered. “Please? I need you inside me.”

He nibbled on her earlobe as an answer. His fingers clamped on her nipple and sparks of pleasure coursed through her body. His cock surged hotly between her ass cheeks and she moaned with the need to feel him inside her. Cules’ lower hand slid over her rounded belly, then delved between her legs. At the first touch of his fingers along her pussy, with only the damp fabric between them, she let out a long moan of pleasure and leaned back on him.

Cules stroked her nipples and clitoris with slow, steady movements. Her hips rose up to meet each of his strokes, humping

against his hand until she felt the pleasurable agony turn into an ache.

He drew back his fingers glistening with moisture, of rain and her excitement. His lips parted on her ear as he whispered, "Suck on them."

Sanai moaned and grabbed his wrist with both hands, pulling his wet fingers to her mouth. She tasted herself on him, the sweet and tangy flavor of her excitement. Her lips ran down to his knuckles, sucking on two fingers like a cock, then slowly withdrawing. The effect was immediate; Cules ground his cock against her ass and worked the tip down toward the cleft outside her puckered opening.

He pushed her forward toward the garden. Sanai gave him a smile and swayed with his movements, guiding him to the side long enough to grab a bottle of olive oil she kept nearby. When they reached the inner gardens, the warm rain splashed down on her face, soaking the intimate tunic immediately. She gasped at the electric feel and looked through eyelashes dripping with water at the quiet, peaceful garden. Taking a deep breath of anticipation, she padded over to the fountain. Looking over her shoulder, she stared at her husband as she knelt down on the edge, her legs spread apart and the rain-soaked fabric clinging to every curve.

Cules groaned as he fumbled with his shorts. He managed to pull the wool down over his cock and it sprung out ready for action.

Sanai weaved her hips in a circle. She reached back and tugged the resisting fabric up until she felt the rain dripping through the hairs protecting her nether lips. She closed her eyes as she listened to her husband splashing through the rain. When he touched her bare buttocks, she jumped and pushed back into his rough, strong hands.

Fingers stroked between her legs, working through her hairs to spread apart her labia. She felt a prickle of concern but Cules didn't penetrate deeply. He trailed his fingers up and down her slick opening, finding her clitoris and flicking it with his fingernail.

She moaned and pressed back on his fingers. He found her opening and dipped two fingers into her pussy. She hissed and he withdrew his fingers. The missing fingers were a void inside her, she wanted them back in her.

"Think I could... put it in... just a few times?"

He wanted the same thing as her, for him to drive his cock as deep as possible into her pussy. But, after they lost their first two unborn children, they didn't do anything that would risk the third. Now, only his fingertips caressed her pussy lips and only a few stolen thrusts to keep the passion up.

She pushed the vase of olive oil back. The vase scraped on the wooden tiles as he picked it up. She pressed herself down on the wet stone, aiming so her breasts were squeezed by her body's weight. Her nipples caught on the edge of the stone and the motion sent a thrill along her body.

His knees caressed her inner thighs. She felt his cock, hot and silken, rested on the crack of her ass. Her wrinkled opening clenched with anticipation. Oil splattered down around his cock and dripped into the valley of her buttocks. She moaned and gasped with anticipation.

His hands rested on her hips. She spread her legs more as the tip of his cock pressed against her anal ring. Slick with oil, he pushed into her body and she let out a long, guttural moan at the feeling of being filled. Ever since they knew about her pregnancy, they changed to anal sex to avoid risk. At first, it was tight and uncomfortable, but after five months of it, his cock sunk into her rectum smoothly. The intense feeling of being filled blossomed inside her and she let out a moan of need.

Rain splashed around them as Cules stroked inside her, plunging his oil-slicked shaft to the balls in her ass and pulling out with a long, slow movement. He jammed forward, driving her into the stones of the fountain. Her fingers clutched the edge of the stone, fingernails digging into the mortar as her husband pounded her from behind.

Sanai whispered meaningless words of pleasure, crying out for the gods of pleasure but she was already blessed by their hand. She tightened her rear around his cock and he gripped her tightly to drive with long, deep strokes. His balls smacked against her sex with every stroke. It felt good, a drumming against her body that forced more pleasure slamming through her senses.

Her orgasm came slowly—it always did when he fucked her from behind—and she held on to the fountain as it filled her. The

pleasures blinded her and she pressed her face in the puddles forming on the stones.

Behind her, Cules dug his fingers into her hips and plunged into her. His cock drove into her with slurping noises. She felt the heat growing in her bowels as he came while still thrusting. She clenched tightly and pushed back to meet his every thrust.

Her orgasm finally crested and her entire world shook with the intensity of it. She clutched the stone as tightly as she could, her knuckles cracking from the effort.

Cules drove hard. His efforts slammed her breasts into the fountain with hard, almost brutal strokes. More liquid heat flooded her bowels.

Sanai heard a cracking noise. Gasping, she looked up to see the tiers of the fountain shaking violently. She pushed back and felt Cules' cock drive deep into her ass. "Cules! S-Stop."

He stopped, but the fountain continued to shake. The glow of sex faded quickly, but the world continued to buckle violently underneath them. The fountain splashed on her face and she sputtered as she sat back. Her husband's cock slipped from her rear with a flood of cum and oil.

"What's happening?" Cules stared at her with concern.

Sanai looked up at the night sky. The water splashed across her face, but she saw a red glow spreading across the night. It came from the east and looked like blood spilling across the inky night. The crimson light highlighted clouds previously hidden in the sky, but as it stretched past them, she saw them dissolve like a hand just brushed them out.

She heard her husband standing up. With a frown, she reached back for him. His strong hand caught hers and he helped her stand. The rain continued to splatter around them, splashing down on the bricks of their garden, but Sanai and Cules were staring up at the rain and growing red stain on the sky.

"Sanai," Cules sounded worried, "I think you should go inside."

She turned to him and wiped the rain from her face. "What is it?"

"I-I don't know. But, I don't like this. Something is wrong."

"Is it the capital?"

Cules didn't answer. A scowl etched itself on his face and he pulled up his shorts to cover his now forgotten cock. He gave her a single worried look, then padded out toward the gate of their house.

Heedless of her almost nakedness and the oil dripping from her ass, Sanai followed as her eyes lifted to see the red glow that filled the eastern horizon. There was a brief silence as the roof stopped the warm rain, but then it rushed back down and sluiced off her body as she followed her husband into the street.

Outside, they could see the source of the glow: a pillar of crimson spearing up from the horizon. It didn't come from the capital, but some place further away, at least a hundred miles. From her vantage point, she couldn't get a sense of scale of the pillar but she could see where it appeared to splash against the sky. The crimson light boiled and writhed as it spread out like an umbrella. As she watched, the spread of crimson continued to spread out steadily and it would be above them in only a few minutes.

"Is that," asked the neighbor across the street, a curvy woman named Polina, "the capital?"

Cules answered in a distracted voice. "No, further away than that."

"Further away? Cornan is on the coast. What is beyond that?" Polina's eyes glanced down at Sanai and a smile crossed her lips.

Sanai blushed and tugged down on her tunic, as if the rain-soaked and almost translucent fabric could hide her body.

"No," muttered Cules, "that is coming from Disemad."

Polina gasped, "The Brother?" They lived in the world of Ten Siblings, named after the ten continents of the known world. Nine of the continents were sisters and the last was the brother, Disemad. "What is happening over there?"

Cules continued to grumble as he balled his hands into fists. "I don't know, but I don't like it. Sanai, I think you should go inside."

She ignored him as she stared at the red glow spreading out above them. The world took on a crimson cast, as if the air turned to blood around them. The warm summer rain splashed down on her face, blurring her vision, but she couldn't tear her gaze away from the red spreading above her.

The rain stopped.

Sanai gasped and wiped the water from her face. Her brow creased into a frown as she stared at the reddish haze that spread out over their house. It continued to travel to the west, casting the land in the same crimson glow that now surrounded her. She felt fear filling her and she reached out for her husband.

A droplet of hot liquid splashed on her face. She blinked with surprise and wiped her face again. When she brought her hand down, she saw a smear of dark liquid on her fingers. Another splat hit her face, followed by a third. She used her other hand to wipe it off, then stared at her dark-smearred hands. Curious, she sniffed her fingers, then gasped at the copper smell. "Is this blood?"

Cules' head snapped around. He stormed over to Sanai and grabbed her wrist.

Sanai whimpered. "Cules?"

He brought her fingers up to his nose and sniffed twice. He dropped her hand and stepped away. "Both of you," he turned around, "in the house now." There was no questioning his voice.

Cules brought his hands up above his head and clapped them together. The image of Cornan's seal appeared above him then expanded out in a flash of light. Magic coursed down from his hands, following the curves of his muscles as his eyes glowed with a bright white light. The light solidified into armor, covering his chest with the brilliant silver breastplate. The city seal glowed brightly. A helmet formed over his head, then the light continued to cover his arms and legs, creating solid armor to protect him. As he turned around, he snapped out his right hand and a long sword appeared from the light. The hilt, like his breastplate, glowed with the city seal of the capital.

Sanai grabbed Polina and pulled her away. She didn't pull her gaze away from her husband as fresh, hot blood splattered down on her face and body. She could feel it sticking to her skin as she yanked her neighbor into Sanai's home. Halting underneath the roof, she looked back at her husband.

He was standing in front of the gate, brandishing his sword. The bloody rain splattered around down around him. It steamed off his pristine armor and curls of reddish mist gathered around him.

The droplets of blood grew larger, going from a drizzle of red to wet, sloppy splats of crimson. It came down harder in curtains of

red and stained the marble walls and roads. A bucket's worth of blood splashed down on the far side of the path, next to Polina's house. More globs of blood followed, pouring into the street and splashing up against the formerly pristine white walls.

Polina whimpered. "My house!"

Sanai patted Polina's arm. "Don't worry, we can clean up—" She turned to look at the bloody rain staining her own courtyard, "—both of our houses after this."

Blood continued to pour down into the streets in thick rivers. It dripped down the houses and soaked the white marble red. It ran thickly, like cold syrup, and slopped down in a deep puddle on the street. It didn't pour into the sewer like rain; instead it pooled until it formed a mound of dark, evil-looking liquid.

Cules turned on the largest pool and stormed toward it. His sword glittered brightly.

From the pool of blood, a claw reached out from the dark surface. Sanai gasped and clutched Polina as a second hand reached out. The surface of the liquid bulged out as a fanged mouth pushed out from the steaming blood.

Cules slashed down into the forming face. His sword crashed loudly on the white marble, bisecting the gathered slop. A guttural scream ended abruptly as the blood burned away into red mist. He spun on his heels, his metal boots clanging on the marble, and headed to the next pool where claws were already reaching out of it. He brought his sword into an overhead swing and blasted it away.

She didn't know why, but Sanai felt a relief seeing her husband destroying the animating blood pools. She clutched Polina's arm tightly. "Polina, Cules will save us. He is the greatest warrior in the city."

Polina wrapped her free hand around Sanai's. "I know," but she sounded just as worried as Sanai.

They watched in fascination as Cules blasted away the pools as fast as they formed. He worked steadily and the ground shook every time his sword crashed into the ground.

Sanai felt sick to her stomach as she clutched to Polina. Around her, the bloody rain continued to hammer down. Everything was red, from the mist that boiled along the ground to the stained

marble walls. Above them, she could see the crimson glow still spreading out across the sky; it looked like everything was on fire.

Polina jerked back and screamed. Her hand slipped out of Sanai's grip. Sanai spun around. When she saw the creature, she screamed.

It was at least three meters tall and two meters across. Formed from the bloody rain, the creature looked bulbous and slick. It had four arms as thick as her thighs and too many joints between the thickly corded shoulders and the massive paws ended with four jagged spikes. Two of the claws were pinning Polina between them, holding her half a meter off the ground as Sanai's neighbor kicked desperately.

"Sanai! Help me!"

Behind the blood creature, a second one rose out of the fountain. It was slender compared to the first, but the long claws and fangs looked just as deadly as the first. It reached out around the first creature and grabbed Polina's breasts with his hands. The soaked fabric grew taut over her breasts and outlined Polina's shallow nipples.

Polina screamed shrilly, trying to pull the claws away from her.

The thinner creature's hands bulged as the claws dug into Polina's breasts. It let out a hollow scream as it yanked its claws away from her, tearing the fabric apart so Polina's breasts popped out. Eight bloody lines, claw marks, welled up from the scratches the creature left behind. As Sanai watched in horror, the blood oozed down Polina's stomach before it pooled in the deep notch of her almost perfectly circular navel. It took a half second for it to fill her belly button before it dribbled out underneath the remains of her outfit.

Cules rushed past Sanai. He slid on the blood-slicked ground, sparks flying up from his armor, and dove past the two demons. His booted feet banged loudly on the side of the fountain and he jammed his sword up between the legs of the thinner of the demonic creatures. The magical sword flared brightly and the creature burned away from the inside.

The second creature, the one holding Polina, scrambled away from Cules and held Polina like a shield. His clawed feet stepped over the low ridge of Sanai's garden and he stepped heavily in the blood-soaked soil.

Sanai didn't want to tear her eyes away from Cules and Polina, but she heard a wet slurping noise behind her. Shaking with fear, she backed up against the wall and looked out into the street.

More demonic creatures were forming out of the puddles. Each was different in shape, but they were all crimson-skinned and dangerously clawed. They stepped out and swayed for a moment as their forms solidified. Beady eyes, obsidian and inhuman, turned to stare at Sanai.

She let out a scream and grabbed the gate. She slammed it shut and threw the bolt. She didn't know if it would stop the creatures but seeing the wrought iron gate between her and the demons gave her a small measure of comfort.

Sanai spun back around and hurried away from the gate. The sick feeling in her stomach continued and she held both hands over her swollen belly protectively as she inched around the garden.

The demon still held Polina, but it was no longer using her as a shield. The curvy neighbor flung back and forth as she tried to cover her large breasts and keep the fabric from tearing further apart. The demon used two of its hands to hold the top of a stone bench, using it as a shield to parry Cules' attack.

Cules struck faster and harder, his sword ringing off the stone. It flared from the inside and the blows cracked the stone. As the warrior accelerated, the demon dropped Polina to hold on the stone bench with all four hands.

Sanai rushed forward to grab Polina. Sobbing, her neighbor pushed her blood-streaked brunette hair from her face and stood up. Her outfit, a bit more concealing than Sanai's translucent tunic, was torn clear down to her hips. It revealed a thick patch of pubic hair and the generous amount of padding around Polina's waist. Her belly button was deep, just a shadow, and the bloody rain pooled before dribbling down. Her breasts, tipped with a large aureole and flat nipples.

Polina clung to Sanai as she regained her feet. They backed away from Cules and the demon. Sanai held her arms over Polina's breasts, protecting the soft mounds from the demon's leering gaze.

The demon staggered back at Cules continued to attack with rapid-fire strikes. Sparks and shards of rock flew in all directions as the sword cracked through the stone. It would only be a few seconds

before the demon's shield was gone. And only a few more before it would be defeated by Cules.

Sanai held her breath, waiting for the killing blow. In her arms, she felt Polina shaking with her sobs. Sanai held her tighter for comfort.

The demon's footsteps disturbed the garden he was crashing through. A few insects rose up from underneath her roses. The demon reached out and grabbed them with one hand. It opened its palm and Sanai could see the bugs trying to escape the blood-slicked surface. As she watched, they sank into the demon's skin and disappeared.

It bent over and hissed as if it was in pain. It continued to parry Cules' attack but the bench was crumbling around it. The stone splashed down on the creature's skin and sank in like the insects. With a roar, it threw the bench at Cules.

As Cules flew back, his boots sparking on the stone, the demon crashed into the ground. Chalky white streaks blossomed across its form as its shape bulged and boiled. The skin grew harder into an insect-like carapace, but it had the dull look of the stone bench it used to carry.

Cules staggered to his feet. He rushed forward, his sword flashing.

The demon caught the blade in mid-strike and the impact rang out as if the sword struck the stone bench. They both stopped, looking at the impact of the sword. Tiny cracks of stone dust fell from the demon's hardened palm.

Swinging his other clawed palm, the demon smacked Cules in the side of the head. It hit with the force of a stone pillar and Cules flew across the garden. He hit the wall with a metallic clang and slid down.

Sanai screamed out for her husband, then clamped a hand over her mouth as the demon started to turn toward her.

"Keep-" Cules stood up with a strained voice, "-away from her, demon."

The demon turned and two large faceted eyes stared at Cules. It crouched down for a moment, then stood up sharply. Thousands of insect wings, large and small, burst out from the creature's back. The largest was eight meters across and the smallest looked like

moss. They beat rapidly as the demon turned its back on Sanai and Polina and faced Cules.

Cules took a step forward. He gripped his sword with two hands, holding it tightly, as the glow from inside the metal increased to a brilliant intensity. It lit up the entire garden and shone up into the crimson sky. He charged forward for a killing blow.

The sword slashed down into the creature's chest, cutting through its collar and through the stony carapace. Black ichor spewed out from the cut and poured out over Cules' chest and face.

Thousands of wings buzzed angrily. The demon wrapped its arms around Cules. It surged up, jumping, but instead of landing, the wings burst into movement and the demon launched into the sky.

Sanai felt a terrible sick sensation slam in her as the demon carried her husband out of sight. She released Polina and held out her hand as she screamed. "Cules!"

From outside on the street, there was a dull, meaty thump. Sanai spun around and saw her husband prone in the middle of the bloody road. She screamed out his name and rushed to the gate.

Cules staggered to his knees as the stony insect creature landed heavily in front of him. Other demons gathered around. Most of them were still the bloody blobs but others were shaped like plants and creatures, but the shapes were distorted and obscene.

Sanai's hands clutched the gate but she didn't risk opening it. She watched in horror as the surrounding demons attacked her husband. Cules parried the first of the blows and sliced through the demons. Bloody mist exploded out from him as he slashed through a dog-like creature with slobbering jowls. A skeletal creature jammed ten claws into Cules' back.

Cules bellowed out in pain. He spun around, ripping the claws from his body, and cut through his attacker. The creature fell in half and dissolved into a bloody mess.

Two more demons attacked Cules. He staggered forward from the attacks, blood flowing freely from his injuries. Before he could recover, the insect demon reached back with a paw filled with serrated claws. It slashed down, slicing through the metal and cutting through Cules' face.

Sanai screamed out shrilly as the demons fell upon her husband. She saw his metal-armored hand reaching out through the press of

demonic shapes, then his arm went limp. A wet tearing noise echoed down the street and one of the demons stepped away with Cules' arm in its mouth.

She screamed out his name, but she knew it was too late.

Blood, human blood, flowed freely as the demons tore her husband into pieces. When they stepped away from his corpse, they were nosily chewing on the remains of his body.

Hot tears ran down Sanai's cheeks as she watched the demons gnawing on her husband. The shattered remains of his magical armor dissolved into motes of energy, fading away with the passing of his life.

While most of the demons already took on the shape or attributes of the plants or animals, two of them were still animated blood. As they slobbered on Cules' limbs, their shapes changed. Their bloody forms grew more distinct, growing thinner and more human-like. Their height shifted until they were just over two meters tall, with thick bulging muscles and powerful legs. The claws on their hands shortened into sharpened fingernails. As one, the two demons turned toward the gate.

Sanai froze, her fingers wrapped around the gate. The two new demons grinned at her and took a simultaneous step for her. They reached out for her as cruel grins stretched across their faces.

She backed from the gate, pulling Polina with her. Her lungs hurt from her panting. As she came out into the open, hot blood rained down on her, soaking her once again. She shivered, despite the heat, and shook her head. "No, please no."

One demon grabbed the gate. The metal rattled as the demon yanked on the metal, but the locked gate refused to open. The demon released the gate and Sanai felt a small measure of relief. Then, both demons grabbed the gate. With a screech, they ripped it from the wall and tossed it aside. As they walked past the threshold, their bodies twisted as their forms refined. To Sanai's horror, she saw each of the demons grow a cock from their almost featureless groins. The cock on the left demon stretched out like a tendril almost a half meter in length. It swayed in the air, bobbing back and forth like a snake. The tip was wedge-shaped and the size of three fingers bunched together. It stopped moving and split open to reveal a bulbous eye surrounded by teeth inside the cock's mouth.

The other demon's cock just grew like a trunk from its crotch. The shaft was lined with thick veins and ridges, but unlike the first demon's, the entire girth was larger than her fist and the head looked like two of her hands clasped together with fingers or bumps sticking out in all directions from the top.

When she saw the cocks, Sanai knew that the demons didn't have death in mind. She sobbed and her body tensed out. Then, she felt her baby kicking. It was the wrong thing to happen to her and she felt panic surging through her veins. She had to save her child. Her heart beat faster, dangerously fast, and it slammed on the inside of her chest. She panted for breath and looked around for some shelter against the demons intending to rape her. Seeing the door to her room, she pushed Polina toward it. "Move, move, move!"

They made it to her room in only a second. As soon as she entered, Sanai spun around and slammed the door shut. The impact of the door in its frame hurt her ears. She looked around for something to block the door. Spotting a nearby dresser, she reached out to drag it closer but her fingers skittered uselessly on the top.

Polina rushed up to the other side of the dresser. She grunted as she bore her weight on it and it slowly scraped across the floor toward the door.

Underneath Sonia, the door buckled as the demons finally reached it. She screamed and tried to hold it close until the dresser could block it. Powerful fists slammed into the door, jerking it open with every powerful blow.

"Polina, hurry up!" screamed Sanai.

"I... am!" Polina shoved the dresser.

The door slammed open, throwing Sanai back. The edge of her bed caught the middle of her back and she felt a bone crack from the impact. Her head smacked on the mattress but she slid to the floor in stunned pain. Her eyes focused to see the two human-like demons push their way into the room. The one with the thick cock headed straight for Polina while the thin-cocked one came toward her.

Dazed, Sonia tried to fend off the demon. But, her fists made no impact on the hard-skinned creature as it towered over her. She tried to get to her feet, but the creature's attack kept her helpless against the floor.

The thin-cocked demon grabbed her head with both hands. She felt the nails digging into the side of her face. She tried to pull away as the demon lifted her body as his animated cock came down. She came eye-to-eye with the inhuman appendage. It hissed, then thrust forward toward her mouth.

Sanai clamped her mouth shut, but the demon cock bit her lower lip. She felt it grind its teeth into her cheek and a thin trickle of blood oozed down. Sobbing, she tried to push it away, but it dodged around her fingers and nipped her cheek. She sobbed, tears running down her cheek, and turned her head away. The demon cock peppered her face with tiny bites, always nipping at her lips and throat.

She fought off the cock and the bites grew more insistent, digging deeper. Trickle of blood ran down her face and throat.

Then, the demon released one hand from her head. She slumped to the side and flailed to escape, but the demon grabbed her hair and yanked up. The other hand reached down and grabbed her small breast. She tensed, but she couldn't anticipate the pain as she felt the claws digging into her tender flesh. The demon twisted hard and she let out a scream.

The demonic cock shot forward and barreled into her mouth. The side of the head pried open her jaw and she felt a pain in her cheeks. She expected to feel the teeth on her throat, but it just plunged down her throat and choked her from the inside. She clamped her mouth down on it, but her teeth couldn't get purchase on the rubber muscle that suffocated her.

Releasing her tit, the demon grabbed her head again with both hands. It started to pound her face, slamming its belly into her nose as the writhing cock reached down her esophagus. She could feel it twisting and bunching, moving around and giving her only a few sips of fetid air. It reached clear down into her gut it felt like and it burned with her stomach acids with every stroke.

Eyes watering, Sanai continued to flail at her rapist. Past the demon's hips, she could see Polina on the dresser. The demon with the huge cock had her legs spread unnaturally far and was pounding his terrible length into her pussy. Blood poured down from their junction and splattered to the ground with every thrust of the unnaturally strong creature.

She thought about the child in her belly and the two rapists. Either could kill her baby. Even in the horror of the moment, she tried to find some way of protecting her unborn child. Someone would save her, she just had to survive.

The demonic cock in her mouth sudden swelled as hot liquid flooded through it. The pressure pried her mouth apart. It pressed against her gag reflex, she tried to cough but couldn't make even a sound as it filled her throat and blocked off her vocal cords. Panic surged as the pressure continued down her throat. She felt it spew into her stomach, a searing hot liquid that sent agony coursing through her senses. The demon continued to pump until she felt her stomach swelling from the pressure, distending her belly and increasing the pressure on her womb.

Sanai flailed around frantically, trying to push herself up to her feet and away from the cock. The demon lifted her by her head and the cock slipped past her lips. She choked on every ridge and vein of the long, animated member. Suddenly, her mouth was filled with cum as the cock continued to spew vile-tasting liquid into her mouth. She choked on it and gasped for breath.

The demon threw her on the bed. Powerful hands grabbed her ankles and pried her legs apart.

Sanai flailed and managed to yank one ankle from the claws, which left lines of bloody scratches on her ankles. She flipped over and reached for the edge of the bed to pull herself away.

The hand grabbed her free ankle and pinned her to the bed. She strained to keep her legs apart, but the demon's strength easily pulled her legs apart and exposed her sex to the demonic cock. Sanai screamed out as she felt the cock seeking out her pussy. It slipped along her lips. The swollen head slipped on the oil coating her pussy and bumped against her anal ring.

It reared back to rape her but Sanai already had an idea. Reaching back, she grabbed the cock as it began to work her labia apart. With all her strength, she hauled it up and pressed the thick member to her ass. Her muscles strained and she shivered with fear of it embedded in her bowels, but she prayed it would save her child.

The demon's cock drove into her ass. It was thicker and far longer than Cules. She screamed as she felt her back-most entrance

tearing from the violent intrusion, but her scream continued as she felt it writhing and wiggling through her bowels, following the lines of intestines. Her belly distended painfully as the cock buried its entire length through her rectum and she felt the demon's hips slam against her buttocks.

Her scream died in her throat as the demon fucked her. Long, hard strokes that withdrew half a meter of cock from her body and drove it deep inside her. Her entire belly swelled with the pressure and the sensations were overwhelming. Sanai sobbed into her blankets as she felt the demon rapist violating her depths.

Forever passed before she felt the demon coming again. The long, flexible cock expanded inside her. Her anal ring ripped as huge surges of cum forced itself into her. The cock swelled inside her, filling her to the painful limits as she felt every centimeter of the demon's length expand and grow hard with pressure. Something inside her tore, but she couldn't think past the pain as liquid finally jetted out.

Her belly grew swollen in an instant and she felt her deep belly button inverting itself from the pressure. She sobbed as the pressure had to go somewhere. It pressed up and she felt it rising through her throat before she started to cough more of the foul-tasting cum.

The demon yanked its cock from her body but it took painful seconds before the massive cock head popped out. Cum spewed out of her ruined ass and splashed down; it sounded like someone emptied a bucket on the bed. The painful pressure abated almost instantly as the abyssal cum continued to pour out of her.

She slumped on the bed, shuddering from the fading pain and relief that her rape was pausing, if only for a second. She almost missed when the demon released her ankles to let her fall to the bed in a puddle of cooling cum.

Her body responding slowly, Sonia turned her head to look for Polina. She saw the demon on her neighbor finishing himself. His massive cock slipped from her pussy in a flood of cum and blood. It splashed down in a large puddle. Then, in the gaping opening, Sanai saw Polina's cervix. It was ripped open and bleeding, giving Sanai a clear view of the woman's womb. The thought of her own womb being violated sent Sanai into a high-pitched panic.

She slipped off the bed, slurping through the cum that pooled on the ground. She clutched her belly as she got up on her feet. Her eyes scanned the room, trying to find a way to escape the demons.

“Help... me...” Polina’s broken whisper drew Sanai’s attention.

Sanai glanced at the demons, but they were growling something to each other. Her eyes dropped down to Polina who was reaching out for Sanai as she crawled through the cum for her.

For a moment, Sanai considered leaving Polina to the demons, to distract them long enough to escape. She felt ashamed for even thinking about it. She peeked up at the towering demons’ faces then reached out for Polina.

Polina’s fingers clasped herself and Sanai helped her stand up. The woman trembled with pain and more blood and cum poured out of her ruined pussy. “S-Sanai, where are we going?”

Sanai thought furiously. At first, she only considered running. Then, she remembered something her husband said. “Cules has a chest in his room,” she whispered into Polina’s ear, “he said it would survive the destruction of the world. We’ll lock ourselves in there, maybe it will work.”

“I... hurt inside.”

“I know, we just need to get out of here.” Sanai spotted her soaked stole in the bathtub, only a meter away. An idea blossomed. Still holding Polina, she grabbed the long soaked fabric. Hefting it in her hand and prepared to throw the wet fabric into the demon’s face. “Ready?”

“Y-Yes.”

With a grunt, Sanai whipped the fabric at the demons. It caught their faces and wrapped around it. Triumphant, Sanai stumbled for the door. Her insides ached with the dull pain. Next to her, Polina struggled to keep up. Both women clutched their bellies, one to protect her child, the other to push back the pain. Their bare feet slapped on the ground as they raced as fast as they could for Cules’ room.

Sanai stumbled when she saw a man standing in the middle of the garden. He didn’t look demonic or even abnormal, but the absurdity of a man standing in the bloody rain caused her to be distracted.

“Sanai, run!”

Sanai stared at the man but when he didn't make a move to stop her, she continued to run. She was a few steps behind Polina. "Polina, the chest is to the left-"

Something slammed into Polina. In the flash of bodies and movement, Sanai feared it was the strange man in the garden attacking Polina, but the buzz of insect wings identified the attacker. The insectoid demon yanked Polina from the wall and pulled her into the garden. Polina's scream echoed off the walls as the demon took off with the woman caught in its four arms.

"Polina!" Her scream echoed in the nearly empty garden. Sanai's gaze returned to the man in the center of the garden. Unlike everything else, he wasn't touched by the bloody rain. At first, she thought he was a figment of her imagination, but there was no way she would imagine someone wearing a pinstripe suit in the middle of the devastation. The brilliantly white shirt underneath his jacket was unbuttoned down to his belly button. Underneath, she could see six glowing runes in a line from his collar to right before his navel. It took her a moment to remember the lessons from school. It was a devil, an infernal creature. Demons were creatures of the Abyss, personifications of chaos and violence. Devils, on the other hand, were cruel and calculating, the ordered application of evil.

The devil raised his hand. He wore bright white gloves and a single ring with a red ruby. With a flip of his wrist, he pointed to Sanai's left.

She frowned with confusion.

The devil gestured with his head, pointedly looking to the left.

Sanai turned and saw the two demons racing for her. Their wet feet smacked on the puddles of blood. Their mouths were opened and both bellowed wordlessly. She screamed and spun on her heels. She raced to her husband's room, but her bare feet caught on a pool of blood and she slipped. Her rear hit the marble tiles hard and she felt sparks of pain shooting up her spine. Lights danced across her vision as she blindly crawled for the room.

Hands grabbed her ankles. She screamed as she was dragged into garden. The hot rain splashed down on her body, heating her skin. The rough rocks scraped at her belly and breasts. They left tiny scratches across her entire body. The demons dragged her to the fountain. Sanai kicked out with a desperate attempts to free herself.

The larger demon grabbed her hair, the thick fingers catching the honey brown strands. At the same time, the thinner demon came up behind her and reached around to maul her breasts through the remains of her intimate tunic. The fabric tore underneath the sharpened fingernails and she felt the sharp points digging into the fleshy mounds.

Sanai sobbed and tilted her head to look at the devil. "Please?"

The devil shrugged. He pulled an umbrella from near his leg and opened it up. The bloody rain pattered against the leather surface and slid off the edges. He turned away and casually walked to the gate.

Behind her, the thinner demon ground up against her. Its flexible cock bumped against her ass, then plunged deep into her body. Sanai screamed out at the intrusion, but then she felt the other demon poised to tear into her pussy. Fear for her unborn child sparked brightly.

"Save my child!" she screamed out, her eyes fixed on the devil.

The devil stopped and looked over his shoulder. His black eyes peered at her through the curtains of the bloody rain.

The larger demon's cock ground against her pussy. The tiny pubic hairs were no defense against the intruding cock. It felt like two fists were crushing her labia against her pubic bone. There wasn't room for her body to spread open for the immense cock, but she knew that the creature's strength would crush her flesh and crack bone. She only had seconds to protect her girl.

"I'll do anything. Please!"

"You," the devil spoke in a cultured, hissing voice, "are already dead."

The demons didn't respond to the devil's words. The demon behind her drove his cock deep into her, distending her belly as he filled her intestines clear up to her stomach. In front, the larger demon dropped his hands to her hips and gripped them tightly. The pressure on her pussy increased to painful levels as her flesh gates were crushed against her bones.

She gasped through the pain, "P-Please, save my little girl."

The large demon drove forward. Sanai heard her pubic bone crack from the pressure as her world exploded into pain. The thick

cock tore into her pussy, ripping her open and slamming against her cervix.

Sanai screamed out in terror, fear, and pain.

The devil said some word that Sanai's fragile mind couldn't comprehend. Sanai's scream echoed shrilly in the garden but died down when the demons didn't continue to rape her.

She could feel the larger demon buried in her pussy, his thick cock impaling her and her body trying to handle the huge cock inside her. The other demon's cock coiled through her intestines, but didn't even make a twitch.

Sanai opened her eyes. The rain didn't fall, but the bloody droplets hung in mid-air. She tried to move, but the two cocks inside her kept her from slipping away. And they were too deep inside her body to pull herself off. The demonic hands grabbing her breasts and hips kept her pinned in place and gave her no way to escape. Her body squeezed around the cocks but couldn't force them out any more than she could slip their frozen grip.

Shaking, she turned her gaze to the devil who stood there. The runes on his chest glowed brightly, a sickly light that highlighted the look of rapture on the devil's face.

The devil's eyes glittered as he stepped closer. His shoes tapped on the ground, as if the bloody rain was solid rock. "I am open to negotiation."

"Please, save us?"

"You are dead. Your insides are perforated by the fanged creature and soon your insides will be ground to paste by that cock about to impale you."

"Save Polina?"

He looked up into the night sky. "She won't die for a long time. The demon who took her wants her body for its eggs. And, she has nothing I want."

"My child?"

"Yes," hissed the devil, "I'm willing to negotiate for her."

Sanai sobbed as she tried to escape again. Her body refused to move and her helplessness only added to her desperation. "Anything."

“Anything is a big word.” He smiled with needle-sharp teeth, “I am willing to save her, but I have limitations.” He pointed to the symbols on his chest.

“What limitations?”

His finger stopped on the second rune. “I can only work with the raped and the violated. Your daughter is neither.”

“But, what about me?”

The devil shook his head. “Rules are absolute for a devil. I can negotiate with you since you have... are being raped. I could deal with your friend Polina, but I choose not to. For your daughter, I cannot touch her unless she is also raped or violated.”

Sonia sobbed as she reached down to her belly. Her hand rested on the sticky flesh and she felt the baby kick underneath her hand. Her other hand dropped lower to the thick cock already violating her. “S-She won’t survive him.”

“No,” came the simple reply.

“Y-You can’t help me.”

“I can, but I require,” his finger moved to the sixth rune, “consent by you to do it.”

“But, if you can’t touch her unless she... oh, god, you want to rape my daughter? She’s unborn! She isn’t even aware!” Sanai’s voice rose to a shrill peak, “You can’t rape her!”

The devil smiled and he shrugged. “Those are both resolvable. I can save her, if you consent to her being violated by these,” he gestured to the demons, “brutes.”

“No,” Sanai sobbed, “I can’t do that.”

The devil shrugged. “Pity.” He turned and walked back to the gate. As he stepped through the threshold, the world started to move again. Slow droplets of blood splashed against her face. Deep in her bowels, she felt the fanged cock chewing on her insides as it started to twist. The movements were slow but growing faster with every pounding heartbeat.

The immense cock punch her cervix. She felt the wet tearing sensation rip through her senses, followed by an absolute terror as a rush of amniotic fluid poured out around the demonic cock. With terrifying clarity, she felt the sac around Charie’s body tearing from the penetration. And, with equal clarity, she felt every centimeter as the demon cock rushed toward her unborn daughter.

“Yes!” she screamed.

The world stopped instantly. The large cock was deep inside her, but she couldn’t move from the paralyzing agony that held in her place.

Footsteps filled the garden as the devil returned. “The next time negotiations break down, there will be no chance for this again. Do we have an accord?”

“Yes.”

The devil stopped inches away from her. His breath smelled of ozone and blood. “Say it.”

“S-Say what?”

“Tell me what you want me to do?”

Sanai’s eyes filled with tears. She opened her mouth, but no words came out.

The devil cocked his head. His finger caressed the top rune. “Take your time.”

“I-I can’t.”

“Pit-”

“No!” she said quickly. Gulping, she fought against the pain that threatened to consume her thoughts. “Give me a second.”

“Take your time,” repeated the devil.

Sanai rested both hands on her belly. She could feel the tiny life inside her and the tears ran down her face. “Save my daughter.”

The devil prompted her, “How?”

“R-Ra... oh, gods... rape my daughter and save her.”

The devil smiled. He reached out and pressed his cold hand against Sanai’s, pinning them to the warm flesh of her belly. His other hand caressed the third rune which glowed brightly.

Inside her belly, Sanai felt her child kick out again. Then, something changed. She suddenly could feel her child’s appearance inside the darkness of her womb. There was tiny sprouts of hair on her child’s head and blue, unseeing eyes hidden behind closed eyelids. Sanai sobbed as she could picture how the tiny little fingers felt on her palm. It was as if she got the memories of her child.

“tel: Mommy?” It was her girl’s thoughts in her head. She could feel the words in both her own head and the little girl’s. It felt intense as she both struggled with the first words.

“I-Is that you?”

She felt her little girl decide to kick out, then felt it underneath her hand. Sanai gasped and her eyes watered. She forgot about the pain of her impaled pussy and ass and just felt an incredible joy coursing through her. She raised her gaze to the devil's black eyes.

"I-I-" She had trouble speaking, "I can feel her."

The devil nodded. "Yes."

"Why?"

The devil's finger rested on the third rune. "To give you a chance to meet with your daughter before what must be done is done."

Sanai frowned, wondering what the third rune meant, but then she felt her little girl's mind reaching out for her own. "tel: Mommy?"

"Yes," she gasped, "little Charie?"

"tel: Charie? Is that me?" A picture of the tiny girl inside Sanai's womb came up.

"Yes," sobbed Sanai, "and you are the most beautiful girl in the world."

Love resonated through their shared mental condition. Sonia could feel it inside the girl and also filling her. Tears poured down faster on her cheeks as she rubbed her belly.

Charie kicked back before she pressed her hands on the inside of the womb. The joy of new sensations and thoughts filled the tiny girl.

Sanai felt the palms pressing out and stroked them. "I love you so much."

As she spoke, she saw the devil move. The creature lifted his hand from Sanai's and rested a hand on each of the demons. His eyes closed for a moment.

"Devil, what are you doing?"

"Abyssals," hissed the devil, "have a fluid form. I am changing their bodies to suit my needs. It is easier with these new creatures. In a moment, you are going to experience a measure of pain."

"What-" The words died in her throat as both cocks spasmed inside her. The demons were frozen, but she could feel the cocks coming to life. The long, flexible tendril buried in her ass sudden ripped free. She felt her intestines tearing open like overripe sausages. Intense agony slammed into her as her body was shredded from the inside and the cock burst free into her organs.

The pain leaked into her daughter and Sanai felt Charie experiencing new agonies for the first time. They both screamed but Sanai felt her unborn daughter's terror as painfully as brand against her skin.

The large cock swelled up, cracking bone and ripping the thin layer of flesh between Sanai's pussy and her ass. With terrible clarity, Sanai felt the animated cock snake into her pussy to wrap around the thick cock. It sank into the thick cock and sprouted out from near the top. It reached up into Sanai's womb and caressed Charie.

"W-What are you doing?" Sanai could barely talk through the dual agonies of herself and her unborn daughter.

The devil said nothing as the cocks finished merging into one. She could picture the intruding cock easily in her mind. A thick, swollen cock that would destroy her pussy, tear her insides, and kill her. And the smaller one poised to rape her unborn daughter just so a devil could save her.

It was the worst of all worlds.

But, her daughter will be saved.

The agony of her torn insides faded when the cocks stabilized. She could feel the ache burning in her torn guts, but found that she could push it back. Even the agonies her poor daughter felt, the unfamiliar pain leaked from her own fragile human senses faded with time. It was a breath before the storm, a moment before everything ended.

She sobbed and clutched her belly tightly. Charie pressed her hands against the flesh between them, as close as they could to hold each other's hands.

"I love you, Charie. Please don't ever forget that."

"tel: I love," it came as an intense and innocent emotion, unfiltered by anything but a girl's love for her mother, "tel: you, mommy. I love you very much."

Sanai bobbed in the love from her daughter, but she knew that it had to end. She opened her eyes and looked at the devil through tear-blurred eyes.

He didn't seem excited by anything, but he stroked the runes on his chest as he watched. Many of them flickered and pulsated and

Sanai half-wished she knew what they meant. Or why the devil was helping her.

“I... I’m ready.”

The huge demon cock punched into her body, cracking her hips and tearing her vagina. She felt it through her daughter as it barreled past her unborn child. The thinner cock pushed Charie to the side and the thick cock punched into the top of Sanai’s womb.

Hot rain splattered down on Sanai’s face and the world came back to speed. Neither demon seemed to notice the changes in themselves or Sanai as they continued to rape her with hard, brutal strokes. Sanai could feel their cock inside her body, the large one punching the bottom of her lungs before he yanked it out. The other fucked into her ass and she knew that the hot liquid coursing out of her ruined pussy and ass was not just precum from the demons.

Pain consumed her thoughts, but the agony doubled as she felt Charie’s own sensations on top of her own. The transplanted cock was slithering over the tiny girl, letting her experience the sensations of being touched before it pressed its wedge-shaped tip to the immature slit of her being.

Sanai sobbed, regretting everything, but it was too late for her. Her body tore open with the every stroke as the larger demon pounded in and out. His cock shoved her belly out to grotesque proportions before he yanked it out.

And deep inside, her daughter was about to be raped. The wedge narrowed into a needle-like point. It pressed against the opening, then shoved into it.

Sanai jerked violently as she felt her own daughter being violated. Both of them felt the flesh tearing and the cock burst into the excruciatingly tight and virginal opening. The violation was excruciating, but the emotional damage more so as Charie felt the agonizing loss from her mother. It was a complete violation as the tiny cock surged deep. Flesh torn and, just like her mother, her pussy and ass were ripped into a single bloody opening. The cock head slammed against the tiny bump of the unborn girl’s cervix. It was battered open, ripped beyond ever being used, and the cock found its goal of the miniature womb.

The smaller cock filled Charie’s womb to the brim; it stretched tautly around the demonic intruder. The larger demon withdrew his

thick cock and the thinner transplanted cock slipped out of her child. When the demon rammed it back inside Sanai's, so did the thinner cock. It plunged deep into Charie and Sanai felt it as if three cocks violated Sanai at the same time.

There were no more tears. Instead, bloody rain ran down her face and Sanai couldn't stop sobbing. She was dying, torn apart by the demons raping her. And her mind fractured from the triple rape that ravaged the two bodies.

When she felt the demons about to come, she was thankful. The three cocks swelled. The two in her own physical body swelled to immense proportions before they spewed hot, demonic cum deep into her body. The cum filled her in any direction it could; she could feel it surging up into her chest and up her throat. She let out a scream which turned into a gurgle as the foul-tasting cum burst out of her throat. It spewed out of her ruined openings, splattering in all directions.

Her stomach ripped open and she exploded in a shower of cum and blood.

Sanai's last thought was for her daughter. Her throat wouldn't work so she sent it out in the same connection her daughter used. "tel: I love you, Charie, with all my life."

—

Seven years later, Charie stood next to her mentor, the devil Rastalis, and looked over the blood-drenched remains of a city. The demons swarmed through the ruins, just like every other city on the continent. Packs of demons carved out tiny kingdoms that appeared and disappeared overnight. They fought for the only things of worth in this crimson land: humans.

On the farms, there were hundreds of men and women being forced to procreate. Those precious places were defended the most. Even Rastalis wouldn't dare attack the thousand Abyssals defending those places. He didn't attack the demons at all. Instead, he would just walk among them as if he didn't even exist.

"Master?" breathed Charie. Her crimson wings fluttered in the hot, humid air and she refolded them against her back. The rain, which never stopped falling, splattered against her skin. It was one of the constants of her life and it stained her pale skin red. Her lower mouth, where her pussy and ass would be, cracked open and a

tongue reached out to lap at the blood. She parted her legs to let the mouth open further. A long tongue, tipped with a ridge of spikes, reached up and lapped up her bare, hairless stomach. It left a trail of slime on her stomach before it nestled the tip into her navel, caressing around the narrow opening before forcing its way in. The spikes disappeared into her belly button and she felt it push to the back, at least an inch deep, before it slipped out. Withdrawing its tongue, her nether mouth closed its mouth with a snap of teeth.

“One moment, Charie, I’m waiting for that-” He used the handle of his umbrella to point to a small pack of demons wandering through a former residential area, “-pack to move on.”

She nodded. As she waited, she looked down at the runes on her chest. She only earned two runes and each one was centered on a tiny, perk nipple. The left was pain and her submission to the devil lord Pafidam Estol. The right marked her submission to the Fidirior, the devil of time.

Rastalis had seven runes, though the last one he just earned when she was born. Each rune marked an Infernal lord who granted Rastalis powers. He also submitted his soul to all seven lords.

“Come, it is time.”

Time came to a stop as Rastalis stepped forward. Charie took to the sky and flew after him, her wings beating against the rain still hanging in the sky. Her lithe body was soaked and she had no fabric to shield herself. Instead, she just lived with the discomfort of always being wet.

It only took a few moments to land in front of a house with an inner garden. Rastalis padded inside, pushing aside the droplets of rain. He stopped at a shattered wagon.

Charie looked around curiously. In one corner, a curvy woman was pinned to a wall with webs. Her body was naked but curiously pale; the ceiling above her sheltered her from the red rain. But, streaks of crimson still ran down her breasts, clinging to the almost flat, large nipples. Her stomach was distended with thousands of eggs. They pressed out of her skin like large lumps. Her master stopped time just as she was giving “birth” to them and the tiny devil could see the eggs pouring out of the woman’s cunt like a river. Thousands, maybe millions, of empty egg casings piled on the ground underneath her. There was a haunted look on the woman’s

face, a look that gave her a thrill as she felt the pain and terror filling her. She was a pain devil and she gained life-sustaining power from the pain of others.

“Look here,” ordered her master.

Charie looked away from the woman and down at the ground. A dark stain marked the ground where even the bloody rain couldn't wash it away. There were bones on the ground and Charie was surprised that the demons hadn't taken them apart. Curious, she squatted down in front of them. Both mouths opened as she reached out and grabbed the bone.

It was hot underneath her touch, but it wouldn't move. It seemed important, but she couldn't imagine why some mortal's corpse would ever matter to her.

“Charie, do you know who this is?”

She toyed with the bones for a moment. Then she pushed back her red stained hair over pointed ears. “No, master.”

“That's your mother. The woman who carried you into the world.”

Surprised, Charie looked up. “I have a mother?”

“Yes,” Rastalis smiled broadly, “you do. Do you remember her?”

Charie looked down at the bones. They were stained by almost a decade of being rained on, but otherwise they looked like the human bones she's seen so often in her short life so far. Charie tried to think back to her birth, but all she could remember was the first touch of air on her skin as she was ripped from somewhere wet. The memory of her first rape still burned on her mind; her nether mouth ground together with the thought of it.

In the further depths of her mind, she remembered a woman's thought welling up from the memories of rape and pain. A woman declaring her love just as Charie was thrust out into the world, impaled on a demon's cock. She could almost remember being held over the split open corpse of mortal's body. She remembered honey blonde hair, the same color as Charie's before it was stained by the constant bloody rain.

Charie knew that Rastalis needed her not to remember her mother. It would be an emotional anchor that would prevent her from truly submitting to him. But, that memory of blonde hair stuck in her mind. She squirreled it away and stood up.

“No, master.”

# About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, [tsade.com](http://tsade.com). Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

*t'Sade*

# About the Publisher

Curious Cabbit Press is a small erotic press located in the heart of the United States. They can be found at [curiouscabbit.com](http://curiouscabbit.com) or possibly at your favorite retailer.