

The Devil's Details

a commissioned work by Corrupting Power

Chapter Two

“The next month of your life could very well be the *last* month of your life, Tabby,” Veronica said to her, a tail extending out from beneath the dark skirt, whipping back and forth as the woman moved about the room. Tabitha wondered where the tail attached to her body, and if it had pierced through the stockings or just gone over them. “Because if you fail, it's their job to kill you.” She gestured at the two men claiming to be gods, who both nodded cordially. “As it part of the duties of performing as judges for this content you find yourself in.”

“This has always been in the cards for your fate, young one, so harbor us no ill will for passing judgment one way or another,” Shango said. “If it was not us, it would be someone else.”

“And, should it come to that, we will make the matter as quick as we are able,” Zhurong said to her.

“Isn't the expression 'quick and painless,' when it comes to killing someone?” Tabitha said, the tone of her voice somewhere between fear and anger.

“There is always pain in death,” Shango said. “Which is why we strive to make the quick as quick as we are able.”

“So maybe let's talk about how I go about *not* dying, then, because even if I believed all of this, which I still kinda don't, I'm keen on remaining in the land of the living. Start there. Start with the not dying part,” Tabitha said, reaching up to tie her long wavy longs behind her head, making sure they stayed out of her face.

“You're going to have to build an empire. In a month. More specifically, a harem. Seven souls who will be bound to you by their love and your abilities,” Veronica said, walking closer to her. “They need to be semi-divine beings, so you can't just pick up seven random souls and call it good. They'll mostly be nephilim, like you, but never direct descendants of Lucifer herself. In fact, they'll almost all be descendants of non-fallen angels.”

“Angels go around having kids?” Tabitha asked, surprise in her voice. The more Veronica talked, the more real all of this felt, especially since she had two small horns on her forehead that Tabitha found herself unable to look away from.

As if to drive the point home, both Shango and Zhurong had removed their sunglasses, so wherever she turned her eyes, she was being confronted with visual proof of the unreality of all of it, gods on either side of her, a demon lecturing her about survival. “They're like anyone else, Tabby. They get bored. They fuck. Shit happens. And in some cases, these people are two to ten generations removed from their angelic ancestor. Sometimes there are outward signs, but in a lot of cases, there aren't. They'll be exceptional women, smarter, stronger, prettier than they would be without that stripe of holy blood running through their veins, but none of them will know they've got an angel somewhere in their family tree.”

“You said 'women,’” Tabitha said. “No men?”

“You're not into men,” Veronica said with a smile. “You're meant to be enjoying this challenge. It's been custom tailored to you, by me, your shepherd through the reeds.”

“Bending people to my will and forcing them to follow my every order?” Tabitha asked. “I can't imagine what would've possibly made you think that's something that's my speed.”

“You think you're hiding it, Tabby,” Veronica said, walking past her, tapping Tabitha's temple with one of her fingernails. “But it bleeds out of that noggin of yours. You may have tried to keep your life private, but the more you try and tamp it down, the more it starts to seep out and affect the world around you. It wasn't you see perversity in the world around you because you were looking; because you were looking, you brought perversity out into the world. You've always loved inflicting your will on others, reaching into their skulls and finding what deviant delights linger there that they're afraid to

let loose. Those people sucking and fucking, on the street corner, in the subway cars, in the shadowy corners of the hallways that you pass by? They're doing so because of you, Tabby.”

“Stop calling me Tabby,” Tabitha growled a little bit at the woman.

“Seven women, bound to your will, loving you, adoring you, engaging in whatever devilish idea springs forth into your head,” Veronica said. “Once you take them, claim them, make them yours. By the time you're done, they'll all be eager to press flesh with you as much and as often as you'll let them, even while you're overseeing your portion of Hell.”

“Portion?” Tabitha asked, arching a finely trimmed eyebrow. “You want me to jump through all of these hoops, and you're not even going to give me *all* of Hell if I succeed?”

“Hell is multi-fragmented kingdom at this point, segmented into so many tiny fiefdoms and principalities that it's far too large for any one being to control all of,” Veronica said, her long fingers plucking lightly at one of the buttons on her blood red blouse. “But the portion left for Lucifer's heir is sizable. It's under the watch of three barons of Hell at the moment, and they, of course, are the ones who've set up this little contest, to make sure that should one of Lucifer's heirs become old enough to assume their place lording over part of Hell, that they're capable of the task.”

“How many children has Lucifer had over the years?”

“That have lived long enough to reach the age of challenge? Four.”

“And how many have succeeded?” Tabitha asked, already dreading the answer.

“You know the answer to that, silly girl,” Veronica said with a soft, almost cruel laugh. “None, obviously. They've all been presented with the challenge, and they've all died, having failed to show the willpower needed to live with Queen Lucifer's blood running through their body.”

“Better to be a star in Hell than a slave in Heaven? That what you're saying?”

“You won't even get *that* far,” Veronica said as she slipped out of her suitcoat, hanging it over the back of one of the chairs. “When you're killed by a god, your soul ceases to be. No Heaven, no Hell, no afterlife of any kind. Your soul simply dissolves into nothingness.”

“How is any of this my fault?”

Shango barked with laughter. “Are you arguing that the universe should be *fair*, child?” he said, swinging an angry fist in the air as he spoke. “I took great care to provide for those who worshiped me, protecting them and striking down their adversaries, and yet, over time I have been lost and forgotten. Another lost god with no flock to tend. No followers to put their faith, their *power*, into my being. There is no justice, and nothing is fair,” he said, pointing a finger at her. “Ignore that lesson at your own peril.”

“How long do I have for all of this?” Tabitha asked.

“Until your 21st birthday,” Veronica said. “Which is pretty soon now, I imagine.”

“Why do I feel like you *know* that's exactly 31 days away?”

“Because I *do* know that's exactly 31 days away,” Veronica said, flicking open the top button of her blouse. “It's part of the rules of the challenge.”

“And I have to use these superpowers that I have and don't know how to use to do it.”

“They aren't superpowers, Tabby,” Veronica laughed. “And you learn how to use them by *using* them. You certainly aren't the brightest of offspring Lucifer's ever had.”

“I can't tell if you're trying to goad me into flying off the handle or if you think I'm not going to succeed, so you feel like you can talk shit to me.”

“No reason it has to only be one of the options,” Veronica said. “Motives are complicated things, and too often people only ascribe one when there are multiples at play.”

“Then tell me, Vera,” Tabitha said, deliberately shortening the woman's name, seeing if it would get to her like being called 'Tabby' was getting to her. “What sort of abilities do I have as the daughter of Lucifer, beyond seeing perverse sex dreams everywhere I go?”

“Much like your mother, you have the ability to guide people towards their darker natures, to unlock that repressed or hidden side of their personalities and get them to embrace their true fallen

nature, squirreled away behind lock and key,” Veronica said, finally unbuttoning the top button of her blouse that she'd been playing with for the last several minutes.

“That sounds an awful lot like turning people to the dark side,” Tabitha shot back. “What if I'm not cut out to play for Team Evil?”

Veronica rolled her eyes, clearly annoyed at the suggestion. “Evil. Good. I thought you'd be past such simple concepts by this point in your life. You've seen plenty of what the world is like. You had to go church every Sunday for over a decade, and you saw that both the just and the unjust had a home in the house of God. Such is true for the House of Lucifer as well. Everyone in the world is looking out for themselves first and foremost.”

“That's awfully cynical of you,” Tabitha responded.

“Is it?” Veronica said, her slender fingers dallying with the next button down on her blouse now. “You saw there were people there who were pure of intent, but you also saw that there were coveters, lusts, wrathers... all the seven deadly sins were on display if you looked hard enough. And I know you saw angels and demons fucking in the corner every now and again.”

“...wait, those things were *real*?”

Veronica strolled close, patting Tabitha affectionately on the cheek. “*All* the things you've seen were real, Tabby. Humans fucking succubi, demons plowing women, angels and demons and humans alike, all engaged in all sorts of deviant sexuality, just out of focus from anyone without angelic blood running through their veins.”

“*Angelic* blood? I thought you said I was the daughter of Lucifer, Queen of Demons.”

“The only difference between an angel and a demon, my dear, is that demons have rejected the collar that floats above an angel's head,” Veronica laughed. “When we pull the collar you people call a halo and cast it aside, the horns sprout automatically, like the collar has been keeping them pressed down the whole time. There's a good reason Lucifer is often called the First Among The Fallen. She rejected her halo long before anyone else did. These women, though, they won't be angels. They'll be just as human as you are.”

“So that's it then?” Tabitha asked. “Seduce seven women in thirty days or be destroyed forever?”

“You can't tell me the lure of the challenge doesn't appeal you to, Tabby,” Veronica said, the second button of her blouse the color of blood popped open by her delicate fingertips. “You lived such a harsh life growing up, the only girl of color in your entire school, picked on for being adopted, picked on for being smarter than the rest of the kids. And you were always polite. You always took it. You don't have to take it any more.”

“You think that it bothered me?” Tabitha shot back. “They were jealous, and when you're exceptional, you have to get used to people being jealous. I would expect you'd know something like that, a beautiful powerful woman like yourself.”

“When people are petty to me, I just squash them.” Veronica walked around the table and got close to Tabitha, close enough she could reach out and touch her. In fact, Veronica reached a fingertip forward and brushed it against Tabitha's cheek, pursing her lips. “You can do that, you know. You can just reach out and bend them to your will.” Veronica's forked tongue brushed across her cherry red lips.

“And there's seven *specific* women I have to get?” Tabitha asked.

“Well, anyone with angelic blood will do, but it takes a special set of eyes to be able to spot that, and so I've scouted out a suitable set for you,” Veronica said. “And it's not like you'll use them and get rid of them. Each one you claim adds to your power base, and you can use her to help you with the others.” Veronica traced a fingernail along one of Tabitha's pert and perky breasts through the cloth before pulling away. “Or, you can dismiss this whole thing as a fever dream, walk out that door and die in a month's time, never once having even tried.”

“Then where's my first target?” Tabitha said, standing up from her chair. “Somewhere within walking distance I imagine?”

“Not even that far, Tabby,” Veronica replied, her grin sinister and inviting. “You’re looking at her. Consider me the watcher at the gate, the first line of defense.” She turned and walked slowly away from her, swinging her ass back and forth like a pendulum beneath the skirt, her tail moving counter to her hips. “Do you think you can bend me to your will, Tabby? You think you can tap into my sexual desires and enflame them to the point where I am unable to resist your every command? Or are you afraid? Afraid to become who you are, what you were always meant to be? I don’t think you have it in you, Tabby. I think you’re going to fail...”

Tabitha stood up and her eyes flashed with a golden light for only the briefest of moments, something she wasn’t aware of but that the two gods in the room certainly noticed. “My name...” she said, stomping over towards Veronica, “is *Tabitha*.”

She reached forward and hooked her fingers into Veronica’s blouse, grabbing hold of it, pulling on it sharply to yank it open, sending all the buttons flying, exposing the insanely expensive bra beneath it.

“So that’s what you call me,” Tabitha said to her, seeing a slightly changed expression on Veronica’s face. “You *will* call me Tabitha.”

The forked tongue slipped out again, wetting her lips in anticipation. “Make me, *Tabby*.”

Tabby felt like something was awakening inside of her, some part of her that had lain in wait for what felt like an eternity, and was ready to make its presence known now. She reached her hand back forward again and grabbed onto the bra, pulling on the center of it, feeling the fabric resist her for only a moment before popping like a bubble, the two sides breaking away from one another, falling open to hang loosely and ineffectually on Veronica’s shoulders, exposing the woman’s slender breasts, around the same size as Veronica’s. Her areolas were small, barely nickels around her stiffened nipples, which were shades a lovely blend of pink and brown. One of the two woman’s nipples, however, held a silver barbell through it, with a little charm attached to it, a very tiny cursive L on it, to offer some contrasting color.

She reached forward and pinched her thumb and forefinger on the charm dangling from one of Veronica’s tits, pulling downward on it slowly but unrelentingly, making the flesh stretch and stretch even as the demon’s face seemed to cycle between pleasure and pain constantly, unable to settle on one or the other.

“I am going to make you orgasm so hard, your twig-like legs will be shaking so bad that you’ll look like a newborn foal when you try and stand up,” Tabby said as she finally let go of the charm, Veronica’s nipple snapping back into place. “And you are going to do everything in your power possible to return the favor, to show me that you’re worth a place in my harem beyond just being the girl I let lick my fucking boots.”

Veronica reached forward to paw at one of Tabby’s tits, but the darker skinned woman swatted her hand away, a slight smile crossing her lips. “Should... should we take this back to my office?” Veronica asked, feigning shyness where Tabitha knew there was none.

“Why?” Tabby said. “These two gods need proof of my accomplishments, so why not let them watch?” She snorted derisively. “If I wasn’t so adverse to sharing my toys, I might even let one of them have a crack at you. They both look like they’re desperate to get laid.”

Zhurong shook his head with a slight grin. “We both do well enough, child.”

Shango laughed heartily at that. “I would *break* your toy given half the chance, spawn of Lucifer. She would never walk properly again.”

“Even more reason not to let you near her,” Tabby said, amusement in her tone. Despite her newly found confidence and swagger, somehow she knew that her abilities would pale in comparison to those of a purely divine being, such as an actual god. They were neither friends nor foes, and she saw no reason to casually give them a reason to pick a side by being completely disrespectful. “Besides, if you’re doing well enough on your own, you don’t need my aide, now do you?”

“Not in the least,” Shango said. “We may not be gods in our prime, but we still have some

devoted followers willing to sacrifice themselves upon the altar of my lust.””

“We will not be opposed to the show, however,” Zhurong said, his long fingertips spreading atop of the table just a little. Let us see what you are capable of, little nephilim.”

Tabby looked back to Veronica with fervor in her eyes. “Hike that dress up,” she snarled, her tone implying she was almost annoyed that the woman had waited until she'd been commanded before taking any action.

“Up?” Veronica said, leaning her ass back against the edge of the table? “Not down and off?”

“Down and off makes you look more like a lady,” Tabby said, reaching forward to grab that piercing by the barbell this time, rotating and twisting it, as Veronica's face contorted all over again. “You haven't earned that yet. For now you're nothing but a high rent *whore*, until I decide whether or not I'm going to give you *meaning*.”

This new and unfamiliar side of herself still felt somewhat comfortable to Tabitha, as if she'd been simply hiding this part of her mind for a long time, and it was just revealing itself instead of being something new developing inside of her. This part of her had always been here, just below the surface, just waiting to bubble up, just waiting to be let loose from the shadows and into the light, and now that it had arrived, it wasn't going to disappear for anyone.

“Yes, Tabby,” Veronica said with a sultry smile, both of her hands reaching down and slowly bunching the skirt upwards handful by handful, exposing more and more of her legs until about mid-thigh, it became apparent that Veronica was wearing not pantyhose, but in fact stockings, attached to a garter belt.

As the skirt finally reached Veronica's waist, Tabitha could see the woman wasn't wearing panties, her freshly waxed and neatly tucked in vulva on full display, Veronica preening her hips forward just a little, as if to make sure Tabitha's eyes were drawn to it, unable to look away.

“Completely bare, are we?” Tabitha said. “Is that for my benefit?”

“Yes, Tabby,” Veronica said, licking her lips, reaching her hand down to push two fingertips on either side of her slit, making it pout and open just a little to Veronica's eyes. “I didn't want you to get any hair in your teeth.”

Tabitha laughed, a dark and hollow sound, quite unlike the sort of high pitched musical laugh she'd had most of her life. “You think *I* am going to go down on *you* this first time?” With her left hand, she pushed her palm against Veronica's sternum, forcing her to slide up and onto the table, as her right hand forced the lighter skinned girl to spread her legs wider apart. “If I truly have all these magical gifts you claim I do, I'm not going to need to, now am I?”

Veronica looked like she was about to say something, but to keep her from doing so, Tabitha slid her index and middle finger right into the woman's cunt, causing her to gasp sharply, a dramatic intake of air as the demon's eyes popped a little wider in shock at the suddenness of the touch.

“No, Tabby, you aren't,” Veronica said, almost a touch of shyness crossing the demon's face now, as if perhaps she hadn't realized how much she was awakening all at once, and now seemed a little daunted by beast stirring. “Your touch is like ice that burns, like shadows that blind. There are no words to truly describe it.” Veronica's tail snaked up and slowly wound itself around Tabitha's wrist like a whip. The skin over it was warm to the touch, the thickness of her tail about two of her fingers in width, a tuft of black hair at the end of it. “I beg you for more.”

“You will get what I choose to give you, slut,” Tabby growled once more. “And only when I choose to give it to you.” Tabby's two fingers curled, dragging her fingertips against the inside of Veronica's pussy, making the demon shiver and tremble visibly, her breath caught for a moment, trying to stifle a whimper of pleasure. “Did I tell you to keep those sounds in, bitch?”

“No Tabby,” Veronica said, letting a whorish moan drain from her lungs. “Please, Tabby. Control my body. Take control of all you deserve to own.” Tabby felt a slight tingling in the back of her brain, and wondered if she was employing her abilities to attack the woman's nervous system, making it even more sensitive to her touch.

“Then let these gods hear the sounds of you in the throes of your orgasm, in the depths of your submission, as you give yourself in to me,” Tabitha said as her two fingers started to jerk back and forth quickly, never coming fully out, pressing up and against that spot inside of the demon's pussy. She brought her thumb down and rubbed it against Veronica's clit, and within moments, the barrage of sensations was too much for the demon to handle, as her head threw back to look up at the ceiling, a ferocious shriek of pleasure filling the room loud enough to cause the glass to wobble just ever so slightly, the demon's tail clinging to Tabitha's wrist tightly at first before slowly easing up as her breathing began to return to normal.

Veronica seemingly couldn't help herself, as she leaned her head back up, reaching forward to grab the back of Tabitha's neck with one hand, pulling her in close to mash her own lips against Tabitha's, forcing her tongue into her mouth like a prayer of submission, desperate to display her affection to the younger woman, whimpering and whining into the kiss, even as Tabitha slowly pulled her fingers from the demon's cunt. “Let me worship you, Tabitha,” Veronica pleaded. “Let me feast upon you and show my thanks for your acceptance of me.”

“I haven't accepted you yet, Veronica, but I think I've displayed who's in control, haven't I?” Tabby said, pulling away from the taller woman as she slowly hiked up her own skirt, moving to sit down in one of the conference room's plush leather. She hadn't expected for anyone to see her panties today, so they weren't anything fancy, just some basic dark blue cotton panties from Target. Somehow that made her feel *more* powerful rather than less. “Feast upon my body and show me your devotion.”

Veronica couldn't fall to her knees fast enough, moving to lean her face between Tabitha's lean chocolate thighs, starting to kiss just above the kneecap before letting her forked tongue swipe out, tracing patterns along the inside of her thigh before one of her hands reached up to tug Tabitha's panties aside, baring her snatch to Veronica's advances. While she kept her pubic hair trimmed neatly and off of her vulva, there was still a wedge of black curls just above it.

“Convince me to keep y—” Tabby started to say, but Veronica pushed that long forked tongue inside of her cunt with such voracity, the sentence died midstream as she found herself unable to resist a moan, the snaking sensation within her so foreign and alien and yet so targeted on exactly the finer nerves within her hole. Her hands reached down to rub against Veronica's head, finding the small horns there, pleased they weren't so sharp as to scratch her, both of her hands getting lost in the dark locks, pulling her face more firmly against her twat. “*FFFFffffuuuck* you're good at that!”

The feeling of that split tongue painting sigils and runes along the inside of her cunt was surreal and powerful, and Tabitha had never felt sensations quite like the ones running through her body, her nerves almost immediately wanting to give way, but some sense of internal pride refused to let her go gently, so she pushed back the orgasm, trying to stave it off as long as she could. Veronica would not be satiated without a release, however, and so no matter how much Tabitha tried to keep her body in check, the demon could not be denied.

When the orgasm hit Tabitha, she felt alive like she never had before, every nerve in her body singing out in a kind of glorious harmony, and she could swear she could see golden light painting the ceiling of the room, as if it was erupting from her eyes, but that couldn't possibly be, she told herself, even as the flood of orgasmic energy thrashed over her body.

After the trembles had crescendoed and retreated, Tabby lowered her head down just in time to see Veronica pulling her mouth from Tabby's snatch, looking up at her with adoration and mischief in equal measure. “Think that's good enough for me to compel you to claim me, Tabby?” the demon asked.

“I think I claimed you before I even walked in this room, Veronica,” Tabitha said with a soft laugh. “Oh well, as my adoptive mother always said, 'Anything worth doing is worth doing right.' You do, indeed, belong to me.”

“You will need some way to mark your claims, little nephilim,” Zhurong said to her. “Something you can easily get displayed.”

“Stand up, Veronica,” Tabby said, moving to stand once more, smiling a little seeing how the demon's legs were unstable beneath her, the aftereffects of her mind shattering orgasm still not having fully faded. “And get all of your damn top off.”

Veronica had to keep one hand on the table, her stance wobbling and swaying, even as she peeled the blouse and the bra off, setting them on top of the table. As soon as she had, Tabitha grabbed the woman's hips, spun her around and bent her over the table, her back exposed. It gave Tabitha a chance to see how the demon's tail connected to her body, near the bottom of her tailbone, just above the cleft of her ass. “I feel like I have the ability to do this, but let's find out,” she said, holding her index finger up in the air, concentrating on drawing power to it.

On the dip of Veronica's back, just above her waist and tail, Tabitha drew her fingertip along Veronica's skin, tracing the shape of a T, the flesh darkening, as if a tattoo gun was painting in impossibly large brushstrokes, more like a paintbrush on flesh. To the left of the T, close in beneath the cover of the top, she drew a small s and to the right of it, a small c. The letters were done in a light shade of blue with contrasting red outlines, brilliant against the demon's pale white skin. It was a logo Tabitha Saint Cloud had been drawing since she was a child, her own little personal brand.

The marking looked to be just like a fresh tattoo, the skin angry and red, and Veronica had clearly been trying to swallow the pain of it, but breathed with relief when Veronica pulled her fingertip from the skin. “There,” she said. “I think that looks adequate.”

“We need to authenticate the capture,” Shango said, as both gods rose from their chair, moving to flank her on either side, Veronica still having not moved, prone over the table. Simultaneously, Shango drew a small lightning bolt shaped S on the left of Tabitha's sigil as Zhurong drew a fiery Z on the right of it, the two glowing with silver light for a moment before fading.

“There,” Zhurong said. “One down and six to do. We wish you the best of luck, little nephilim. Your demon knows how to contact us when you have another claim to authenticate.”

“Thanks gods,” Tabby said, “but why do I feel like your best wishes are not genuine?”

Shango laughed, clearly entertained by her bluster. “Then you do not know us at all, fledgling. We are just as happy to savor the failure of angels as much as we are as demons. We will see you soon.”

“I'm going to lose so much time to the commute while all this is going on,” Tabitha sighed, as the two gods walked out the door.

“You need not, Mistress,” Veronica said. “My home, my possessions, they are all now yours. I would be honored to share my bed with you. May I dress once more?”

“Mmm,” Tabitha said. “Alright. And let us head to your house, and you can tell me about my next option...”

“Yes Mistress.”

Mistress, Tabitha thought. I could grow to like the sound of that.