

Demon Queened

Chapter 23

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Devilla

It would seem I had underestimated Lucy. Or her *endurance*, at the very least. Considering how quickly she'd tired out the night before, I'd expected her to want nothing more than a quick tryst in bed to start the day. Instead, I had to bring her to orgasm *three times* before she was satisfied - and she'd *still* seemed rather reluctant to let me go, in the end.

Not that I really minded, per se. It was obvious that she was seriously sex starved. Probably touch starved too, judging by how everyone seemed to treat her. In fact, I likely would have agreed to keep going, if not for the fact that I was rather overdue for a check-in at the tower. As it was, I had little choice but to beg her leave to depart the bed and inn alike, citing business elsewhere.

The details I could give were rather sparse, seeing as how words like 'demon tower' and 'angry maid' would have been a bit too close to the heart of my secrets, but Lucy didn't press me in the slightest. She'd only asked that I meet her back at the inn when I was done. A promise I was more than happy to give.

Thankfully, my trip to and from the tower would be a short one - at least, in theory. All I really needed to do was leave the city, head into the depths of the

woods, far away from prying eyes, and pull out my portable teleportation circle.

From there, I would focus on the disk, concentrating on the place I'd left its paired mate, and apply my arcane magic to travel instantly to the tower.

At least in theory.

Yes, in *theory*. Because in *reality*, the thrice damned thing wasn't working as it should! Which wasn't to say that it did nothing at all, mind you. Simply that it was doing something it shouldn't - specifically, the moment I fed it arcane energy, I felt it begin to pull hungrily at something *else* inside me: my holy magic.

It hadn't done that in the tower! There, the only requirements for using a teleportation circle was knowing where its mate was kept, and having been to that location at least once before. And yet now, out in the wider world, it was reaching for an entirely new energy source? What precisely did that mean? Was it a matter of distance? Did it need more energy than arcane magic could give, past a certain threshold? Or was arcane magic never enough to begin with? Did the tower, perhaps, somehow provide it with holy magic? That would mean that the tower itself had some of that energy at its disposal... A not entirely preposterous idea,

considering how long the tower had stood for - I was fairly certain Luci herself had built the damn thing.

I wished I could experiment. No, more than that, I wished I'd paid attention to my lessons to begin with. To think that I might know so little of my own home was rather maddening. It almost made me want to find one of my old teachers and beg them for remedial lessons. If only I had the time.

If only I was actually on speaking terms with the one teacher who'd ever succeeded in making me give a damn.

If only I hadn't promised Abigail that I wouldn't experiment with spacial magic. I was pretty sure that feeding the thing holy magic at random would count against me, there. Which meant I'd be in for another lecture, even if it succeeded. She was surely mad enough at me, already...

With a sigh, I placed the circle down upon the grounds. With luck, I'd be able to use it to get back in a hurry, but for now? I had quite a bit of flying to do.

Abigail

“Devilla!”

I don’t know what I really expected to feel, when Devilla *finally* came home. Anger at her being so damn late, maybe? Relief that she was okay? Or maybe more like ‘relief that she hadn’t run away,’ considering she was the damn Demon Queen and her getting hurt was practically a non-issue.

Happiness that she was home? That one probably would have been pretty low on the list of possibilities, if I’d made one. Which made me feel a bit weird about the fact that I got hit by all three in equal measure.

Maybe it had something to do with the whole ‘I see her as a friend’ realization? Though considering how long it took me to *have* said realization, it’s pretty easy to see that I suck at the whole ‘figuring out my own emotions’ thing.

“Where the hell were you?” Of course, friendship or no, I was still feeling pretty pissed at her for disappearing. Seeing Devilla *flinch* when I snapped at her, though... “Are you okay?”

“Why does everyone keep asking me that?” Devilla muttered, crossing her arms. Her pout looked kinda cute, to be honest, but that wasn’t going to distract me from the bit where she didn’t answer the question.

“Maybe because you’re generally *not*? Also, it’s kinda normal to worry about someone when she doesn’t come home for two days, after promising me she’d try and check-in at night.”

“...I thought you’d be mad?” she muttered. Her eyes were pointed towards the floor for some reason.

“I *am*. Also worried. And kinda happy to see you? *Apparently*, I can be all three at once!”

“Anger usually leads to a lot more yelling,” Devilla pointed out, finally looking up at me. There was something weird about her gaze, though. Almost... Scared? “You yelled last time.”

“Last time I didn’t know what the fuck was going on,” I pointed out. “And I was running around like a chicken with its head cut off, trying to make sure nobody panicked about the missing Demon Queen. *This* time I’ve got Sylvanna taking... care of all that....” Okay, was I imagining things, or did she flinch *again* when I said Sylvanna’s name? Just how bad was her relationship with that woman?

“I’m making strides with Lucy,” Devilla said, uncrossing her arms and then... Crossing them again. Like she didn’t know what to do with them. “She’s agreed to give me the depetrification spell, though she apparently doesn’t have it memorized, so it might take a little while for her to get ahold of it. And she’s promised not to press into my past, so I have time to work on properly befriending her. Though she seems insistent that we’re already friends... A strange concept, I know.” The laugh she left out after that was *bitter*. “I fear I’ll need to go back sooner than later, though. I wasn’t able to utilize the teleportation properly, you see. I need to run a quick test on it, in the tower, where it’s safe...”

“Devilla...” I kept myself from glaring at her. She didn’t need that right now. “You know you don’t need to give me a status report, right? I’m not your boss here. Hell, you’re *mine*.”

“I’m also Sylvanna’s,” she pointed out. “And that’s never stopped *her* from lecturing me on everything I’ve fucked up.”

“Yeah, well, I’m not Sylvanna. And Sylvanna’s not your *friend*. I am.” Devilla’s eyes widened. She looked like she wanted to say something to that, but nothing was coming out. So I just barreled ahead to keep things from getting any weirder! “And besides, if anyone has something to report, it’s me... But that

sounds awkward as hell, so why don't we just tell each other about our days, instead?"

Devilla stared at me, wide eyed for a moment. Then, she smiled. It was kinda cute. Cuter than her pout, even. "I'd like that."

Lucy

Sex was great! And Eena was great at it. She'd given me *three* orgasms! *Three!* But she only let me give her two before leaving... Not that it was a competition, or anything! But I really wanted to get more practice at sex in, so that I could get better at it. That way I could take charge in bed, and make sure Eena got her needs met!

I mean, maybe she already was getting them met? Maybe she needed less orgasms than me to be satisfied? I didn't want to assume! She definitely seemed like the sort of person who ignored her own wants and needs to take care of

everyone else, though. Or more like the only way to get her to care about her needs was to focus on how much I wanted to meet them...

I guess there wasn't much point in worrying about it when she wasn't around, though! Though that wasn't to say there was *no* point. I did definitely do my best thinking after the fact - I tended to act on impulse, in the moment - so it was definitely good to give everything a *little* thought! But I also didn't want to spend all day laying in bed, thinking about having sex with her!

Though maybe I could spend a little time laying in bed, wondering about the other mysteries surrounding her? Like what she needed the depetrification spell for... I mean, it wasn't like anyone but me could cast it? Except *maybe* for the Demon Queen? I'd heard she had some sort of weird dark and twisted version of the goddess's magic, so it was maybe possible she'd figure out a way to depetrify people if she had it? I didn't think that was necessarily a bad thing, though.

I mean, she already had a way to petrify people, from what I'd been told, so there's no way she would use it for *that*. And if she used it to *depetrify* people the past Heroines used it on - or people she herself petrified.... Well, I wouldn't wish petrification on even my literal worst enemy, so it was fine!

I really hoped that Eena needed it for a different reason, though. Not that I knew what that reason could be... But trusting someone didn't mean having no

doubts about them. It meant pushing those doubts aside, and having faith in them! And I had faith in Eena. Specifically, I had faith she was a good person, who wouldn't use what I gave her for evil! Which was why I was going to keep my promise and respect her secrets! And stop overthinking things!

I was also going to get cleaned. And dressed. And start writing a letter to the church, asking for the depetrification spell. And maybe the petrification spell, too? Since it would look really weird if I only asked for one... But I'd just cross that one out, and make sure not to memorize either before handing it over!

And after all that, if Eena still wasn't back yet? Then I'd go visit my friend Eff!

Or. Well. My *acquaintance* Eff. She didn't like it when I called us friends. Said I was going to bring trouble down on both of us, if word got out that the Heroine was hanging around someone from a cursed bloodline... I didn't really get it, but it basically meant I had to be very careful. I couldn't even use her full name, in case I slipped up!

Eff definitely needed my company every bit as much as I needed hers, though. I mean, she had even less of a support network than I did! Though she was weirdly good with people? Specifically, knowing what made them tick! She gave the best relationship advice!

Not that I really had anyone to compare her to? She was the only one I could go to for that in the first place, but she was still good at it!

I was hoping she could help me figure out how to get a little closer to Eena. Even if she couldn't help, though, I really wanted to talk to her, and tell her how things had been going for me. And I also wanted to thank her!

After all, it was her advice that helped me get this far with Eena in the first place!