

Hell Forged

Epilogue : These Things Come in Threes

“Deal,” Mathias clenched his fist around the demon, uttering the name it had given him in order to smite it. “Iris...”

“You bastard!” She shrieked as light enveloped her. The demon had been with Mathias for years and she was going to do big things, but now she was being exorcised!

It was fast, and painless, or as painless as holy light can be expected. Funny, Iris didn’t think the sensation of death would feel like falling. That was until she smacked the ground.

She was alive! That bastard didn’t exorcise her, he banished her!

Iris, the imp-like demon, her flesh red and body skeletal from malnutrition, looked up to see where she had landed. Her eyes went wide as she noticed the black marble staircase and the rivers of lava leading to the imposing black building. Her lungs filled with the reek of burning flesh, lava, and brimstone.

“Hell’s bank? No...no, no, no...”

“Iris?” A deep voice asked. She turned to see a couple of demon guards, their bodies human-like, but with cobalt skin and walrus tusks. They wore black suits and had golden rings on all their fingers as well as ties made of gold.

“Please, it’s not my fault,” Iris squeaked and tried to crawl away, but her body was too weak. The two guards simply gripped her by her arms and dragged her into the building. The doors of the bank opened for them and slammed behind them. Chained to various desks were humans, all with tired eyes and sunken faces. Their bodies thin and emaciated, their desks crowded with stacks of paper. Golden

stakes nailed them to their chairs and their wrists to the table just close enough to the keyboard to work. The fate of the greedy, the fools who thought money would excuse them of all things. This was the first stop for the rich and powerful on their way down to hell, their “experience” in money making them the perfect tools to abuse until they were broken.

The typical punishment was that for every dollar they accumulated on earth, they would be forced to earn the equivalent money in hell, but at their former lowest paid worker’s salary. And they would receive hefty fines for sleeping or “slacking” off. Even just breathing was charged as an expense. This was premium air they were sucking up. Nothing is free you know.

Iris loved coming to hell’s banks usually. She was actually one of the best at manipulating greedy souls, but she had been cheated out of Mathias’ eternity by some unregistered demon!

“Please,” Iris gasped as she was dragged through the halls of the bank and to a golden elevator. Her eyes widened. “Please...I can’t see him...I don’t...I can’t...”

The guards said nothing and pulled her along, taking her into the elevator and heading to the top floor. The guards continued to ignore the demon’s pleas as they dragged her past the demon receptionist, a busy lust demon who was filing her nails. They opened the giant double golden doors into an office. Molten gold poured in a river around an opulent desk, black marble encrusted with raw gems. The guards shoved the demoness to the ground before the desk.

“What do we have here?” A voice radiated from all directions. “A star employee with no soul to speak of? You’ve never missed your quotas before Iris.”

Chains of molten gold lashed out of the molten metal, chaining the demon down. Her flesh boiled and popped against the molten gold, but she didn’t dare scream.

“I’m sorry boss...I was cheated...from an unregistered demon.”

The molten gold bubbled before bursting forth and coalesced into a statue. The demon before her was a crocodile, his scales plated in gold and adorned with jewelry. His suit made of diamonds rubies and on his lapel a soul pinned to his chest with molten chains. His liquid form hardened and cooled, forming the image of an imposing golden croc, his teeth made of various gems and eyes a duo of burning coins.

“Unregistered demon? In a practically demon-free world? You were one of my few agents in play in that back-water shithole. What do you mean you were cheated?” A shattered halo, a crown of broken and melted angel crowns hovered above his head.

“I don’t know boss...he was clever and crafty. He wasn’t supposed to be there. He tricked me into breaking the code-”

The golden croc’s eyes burned with rage. More chains, strings of gold lashed to the demon and forced her up into a standing position, the demon croc’s fingers dancing like he was plucking the strings of a puppet.

“You broke the code? Did I hear that right?”

“It wasn’t me, it was my handler. Please, just look into my mind. I’ll prove...”

She was cut off as the croc flicked his fingers, the golden strings slicing the demon's skull from its body. It snapped to him and he palmed it like a basketball as it slowly melted into him.

“Don’t mind if I do,” the demon growled as he assimilated that demon’s essence into himself. The croc closed his eyes, his tail slamming against the ground as he reveled in the joy of consuming his subordinate.

“That smell...that smirk...” he mulled over the ideas and thoughts as he inspected the last decade of the demon's life until he fell upon Kaleth. How he grew, augmented, dealt, and steamrolled his way into taking that entire family right out from under him. Then he smelled the energy. The demon sniffed reflexively as though he were there in the room with that hell mage at the time Iris was banished.

The demon growled. “My boy...,” The demon’s eyes opened and he had a mixed look of pride and annoyance. “Are you still insisting on the name Bereft, I wonder?”

“It’s your son?” one of the guards spoke. Instantly, golden threads sliced him to pieces, his body falling in chunks into the molten gold below him.

“Speak when spoken to,” the demon looked over at the remaining guard. “Oh, sorry, thinking about my son there. He needs a good lashing from time to time. Guard, any other info that Iris had?”

“No boss,” the other guard said as though the casual disposal of his co-worker was just another file being submitted on time. “Would you like us to reprimand him?”

“Not yet,” the demon croc pondered while pressing a finger to his chin in thought. “What he does with his personal days is his business, though if he continues down this path...I hope he doesn’t think he’s ready for that kind of responsibility. He couldn’t run this bank to save his afterlife.”

The golden demon paced a bit before going to his desk and picking up a phone.

“Yes, of course it’s me,” he spat into the receiver. “Send a team of scouts to Iris’ last assigned realm. I want you to keep tabs on an unregistered there...no don’t kill him. Just keep tabs and report back to me directly. If he pegs you, exorcise yourself. He isn’t to know I’m onto him...yes...no one else is to know he’s my son. If you let anyone else know or find out, your pension is gone...a promotion? Ask again and I’ll demote you down into the depths of my nuts, how’s that for a promotion? Get to it.”

The demon slammed the phone down and cursed before sitting at his desk, the name plate blazing into reality. It read "CEO Mammon"

"Go, leave me be. I have plenty of work to do," the demon waived off the guard. He started to leave, but a few strings lashed onto him and forced him to stay. "Take her body with you before it stinks up the joint."

The guard obeyed and walked out.

"So, kid," Mammon smirked while forming a gold coin to roll between his fingers. "You think you can complete the ritual? Even found yourself a hell mage? It's nice to see you finally take some initiative instead of sliding your dick through the whore houses." He flicked his wrist, metal oozing out of his palm and forming a little platinum croc connected to golden threads. He chuckled as he played with it, the little puppet dancing on its golden strings. "Let's see how long you can keep this little stunt going. You chose one *heaven* of a realm to stake your claim. Let's see if you can keep your affairs in order long enough to keep it."

Mammon spread his fingers, the puppet pulled taught into a cross before popping apart at its hinges. The demon flicked the pieces back into his hand and they melted into his palm.

"At least, until you need daddy's help," the demon clenched his fist as he chuckled darkly.

You'd think being wet from the waist down would be unnerving, but when it's a mix of various fuck snots mixed together being lapped up by your cuck and your bitches, it's actually quite pleasurable.

"Holy shit...this is so amazing," Kaleth groaned.

“Yeah, it’s alright,” Bereft smiled, their hands behind their head while their thralls tirelessly sucked, bathed and debased themselves on their feet, legs, ass, dick and balls.

“Why, is this normal in hell for demons?”

“For some, if you’re good enough at what you do,” Bereft slapped Alice’s face with his sole while clenching his asshole around Mathias’ tongue.

“Were you good at what you did?” Kaleth was genuinely intrigued.

“The best, for a time. It got old so I hopped ship and came here.”

Kaleth knew Bereft was hiding something. He was being too vague in his answer. But a sudden suck on his sack reminded him why he didn’t care. Bereft’s past was his own. So long as they were in this together, it wasn’t like it mattered anymore. They were stuck as one...or maybe they got to be as one. The more Kaleth thought about it the more he enjoyed being bonded with Bereft.

“Oh stop it, kid,” Bereft chuckled. “You’re going to make me blush with all those mushy thoughts.”

“It’s true though-ah fuck!” Kaleth came in Chastity’s mouth while Mathias dug his tongue into his asshole and licked his prostate and as Alice sucked on his nuts. “I mean...” Kaleth huffed as they came down from their orgasm. “I probably would be alone on the streets right now if it weren’t for you.”

“Assuredly, but don’t forget our arrangement,” Bereft ran a claw down Kaleth’s soul, the feeling just a tender finger instead of a burning fear.

“Yeah yeah, whatever. For some reason I don’t believe you when you say that you’re going to eat my soul.”

“I wouldn’t be a very good vessel-mate if I wasn’t able to convince you of that,” Bereft smiled. Though it wasn’t completely untrue what Kaleth was stating.

“I’ve been thinking,” Kaleth started by putting his leg over the neck of Chastity and forcing her to deep throat their boner as he talked to his demon. “You said that hell mages bind with their demon and offer their soul as collateral.”

“That’s the basic gist of it, yeah,” Bereft answered.

“Well...collateral implies that it’s temporary. My soul is temporarily used to entice you for something else. Is there a way you don’t get my soul?”

“Put the whole idea out of your mind, kid,” Bereft smiled as he laid the bait out. “You’re too clever for your own good, and your kinling semantic instincts are too sharp.”

“Bereft, tell me,” Kaleth pursed his lips ready to pout to get what he wanted.

“In time, I promise I will,” Bereft didn’t need to promise in all honesty. Kaleth would learn sooner or later the full terms of their binding. For now, it was better to focus on something more important. “And you know I don’t make promises lightly.”

Kaleth wanted to know, he wanted to know so much, but he was also comfortable enough to let it slide...for now.

“Fine, but you’ll tell me soon,” Kaleth scowled and stuck his tongue out at Bereft. It looked like he was mocking the ceiling.

“All in good time, kid,” Bereft stroked the back of Kaleth’s soul soothingly. “For now, we have far more important things to discuss.”

“What could we possibly have to talk about besides my soul,” Kaleth narrowed his eyes. He was complaining, but he was also intrigued.

“Your soul is bound by our deal, but it’s also bound by other forces,” Bereft started as he trailed their thoughts down into Mathias’ memories. “Various systems are put in place to prevent kinlings from reaching their potential, and those that do, are leashed to the clergy. They all have one thing in common...”

“Blood binding,” they both said in unison.

“Exactly,” Bereft smiled as he pulled up images of Mathias’ computer, his password opening a database of info showing where the blood banks are for kinlings.

“Mathias was just the beginning,” Bereft continued. “Our revenge is just getting started, kid.”

Kaleth came into Mathias’ mouth while his family sucked on their demon nuts.

The local EC Office was having a regular morning. Sure, one of their district leaders was out, but that wasn’t too unusual. Mathias was an odd duck...rat? It didn’t matter. He had a family to take care of and was quite adamant about a work-life balance.

Even if he was an ass.

The office was running smoothly, even without Mathias present. He made sure to have enough employees to ensure operations ran smoothly even without being fully manned. The bullpen was full of officers having their morning coffee, exchanging pleasantries, and the occasional sexist joke. Most of the clergy was a man’s club. You had to be an exceptionally blessed woman to be able to rise to the rank of an EC officer.

None of them were woman in this office.

So, when a sister walked in, a snow leopard clad in navy blue habit and her platinum blond hair tied up into a long braid, she was stopped by the officers at the pen before she could get any further.

“Sorry Sister,” a hippo stopped her with a large hand. “Only EC Officers are allowed on this floor. Why don’t you go down a couple and get on the call lines.”

A couple of the other men chuckled and looked down at the snow leopard, her tail wrapped around her habit like a belt. It was her usual stance as she didn’t want her tail to be in the way when she fought, but it did cover up the platinum crest.

She blinked slowly at the hippo, a sign of minor annoyance, “Where is the district manager Mathias?” she asked.

“You ain’t going to go see the boss without an appointment,” A cougar chuckled from somewhere in the crowd.

In a flash, she pulled a rapier hilt from her habit, it was just the hilt with no blade, but fog rolled out of it like a bullet in the direction of that voice. The EC Officers in the pen jumped back from the blast and readied themselves. The officer who was hit was frozen solid, his body covered in frost.

“God in heaven, what did you...” the hippo was caught off guard as she swung her misty blade, his body freezing solid, ice forming in thick sheets over him.

“Just as I thought,” The snow leopard said, uncoiling her tail and showing the platinum crest of a demon slayer connected to a rosary on her waist. “Rife with sin.”

“A demon slayer!” one of the officers said. The snow leopard flashed her fog blade in his direction, his body frozen solid, thicker with ice than the last.

“What are you doing!? You’re killing our men! We’re on the same side you-” the officer was shattered as that blade sliced through him, frost forming on the habit of the snow leopard as she did so, crosses made of frozen fractals crisscrossed her layered clothes.

“If you are without sin, then the holy blade cannot freeze you. You call yourself exorcists? You’re protection racketeers at best.”

A couple men tried to pull some crosses on her, but they burned the hands of the men that grabbed them, the metal so cold it caused their palms to blister.

“Kill her!” One of the men shouted and they all leaped forward to stop her. She just rolled her eyes and clicked a heel on the ground. Ice flashed into existence across the floor, all the men instantly frozen to the spot except one. One man ran forward and tripped as the leopard side-stepped his strike. She flicked her blade and a spike of ice formed that rapier into a true blade and she aimed it at the lamb that had fallen at her feet.

“You are the most honest and pure here,” she commented, her eyes growing narrow. “Where is your district leader?”

The lamb's eyes went wide and he stammered, unable to speak.

“Don’t be afraid,” she said pointing the blade at his throat and thrust. The blade turned to fog and passed through him harmlessly. “If you are without mortal sin, I cannot hurt you.”

“Wait...” the lamb shuddered, the young man realizing who this person was. “You’re...you’re Sister Lorain! You’re the district demon slayer!”

“I am waiting for an answer to my question!” Sister Lorain shouted and pressed her boot on the lamb's throat. “Where is that rat-bastard Mathias!? There have been two reported demon attacks within two weeks and yet nothing is being done!”

The snow leopard's eyes were ablaze with rage. She snapped her fingers, the ice dissipating and freeing the men who hadn't already froze to death.

“Where is Mathias! Bring me Mathias!”

The EC Office was thrown into chaos as they scrambled to find their leader. A lone sister came walking up behind Sister Lorain, an arctic fox wearing glasses and a similar navy-blue habit holding a ledger.

“We don't even know if these reports are true Sister Lorain, no need to crack the whip just yet.”

“You saw how many men were affected by my blade, Sister Yule.” She said putting the hilt away. “This place is riddled with sin. That's all the evidence I need.”

“Then why didn't you report to the convent if you already suspected the attacks were true? We only got whiffs and rumors.”

“Because it's textbook demon corruption. A convent gets attacked twice and then a head officer is down? He's the hell mage, I know it. The Convent was just a cover for him to try and weed out other unsanctioned hell mages.” Sister Lorain spat on the floor in disgust. “From here on out you're in charge of the station, Yule.”

“Of course, what are you going to do while I sort things out here?” The arctic fox asked while adjusting her glasses.

“What demon slayers do best,” Sister Lorain folded her hands at her waist and curled her tail around herself again, “I’m going to exorcise some demons.”