



Spell Thief Gil



Gil-anon

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Black Tome of Sorrows

The year is 2078, and humans and demons live side-by-side on Earth. It is three decades after the Rapture War, during which the demons invaded Earth. The humans fought back fiercely, with their advanced technology and weaponry matching the arcane power of the demons' dark magics. During the war, Hell became fused with Earth, changing the topography of the planet forever. It was a long and bitter conflict. The Rapture War came to an end with a truce between the two sides. Realizing that prolonging the war would only lead to mutual destruction, the two sides laid down their arms and are now attempting to rebuild a ravaged Earth. Still, tensions remain high, prejudices remain, and old grudges die hard.

You are Gil, a thief living on post-Rapture Earth. You are known as the Spell Thief. You make a living stealing magical artifacts for high-paying clients. It's a dangerous and often unrewarding job, but you do it more for the thrill than anything.

One day, you receive a peculiar job request outside of your usual channel. The request came in the form of a letter, delivered right to your secret hideout. It reads:

Greetings,

I heard of your exploits on the black market. I'm impressed with your skills and reputation.

I would like you to perform a job for me, one that even the most skilled black market mercenaries wouldn't dare take on. 10,000 jewels will be yours if you accept.

An associate of mine will meet you a jazz bar called The Shade at 5 PM.

Should you refuse this offer, there will be consequences.

Count Grey

The letter has an emblem on the back, a circle with an 'X' crossing through it. It's the symbol of the demon Count Grey.

You've had dealings with demons before, but they were all boring jobs. As it turns out, demons, for all their reputation, are just as cheap as humans when it comes to paying. Count Grey is apparently one of the few demons who isn't cheap. He is one of the few demons who have managed to create a genuine alliance with humankind rather than keeping to their own. Rumor has it he's managed to come out of the war with even more wealth, as he managed to exploit both sides. The Count has a reputation for pulling off impossible jobs.

Despite this impressive track record, you're still hesitant. Count Grey is a demon, which means, in your experience, he's not to be trusted.

> You accept the Count's offer because you're both curious and broke.

You accept the Count's offer because you're both curious and broke. You haven't had a decent job in awhile and your fridge is starting to look empty.

You head to the bar The Shade. The moment you enter, you see a demon sitting at a table. He looks at you, his eyes burning red.

"Ah, it's the Spell Thief," the demon says, his voice taking a raspy tone, "I've been waiting."

> You introduce yourself and ask the demon if he is Count Grey's associate.

"Call me Gil," you say.

"I am Count Grey's representative," the demon says, "please, sit."

You sit down, and the demon smiles at you. He is bald and clad in black, with sharp teeth. His eyes are sunken in, giving him a gaunt, skeletal appearance.

"So, tell me about this job," you ask.

"You've heard of the magical island of Rask?"

"The one controlled by the necromancers?"

"Yes," the demon says, "We need you to go there and steal a powerful spell book. The book is called the Black Tome of Sorrows."

You frown.

"Is that it?" you ask.

“That’s it,” the demon says, leaning back in his chair, “Now, this job can be dangerous. The island is guarded by undead creatures and magic. You don’t have to do this, if you’re not up for it.”

“How much is the pay?” you ask.

“Ten thousand jewels.”

The demon reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small black gem, placing it on the table. A small flame flickers in the gem’s center.

“Once you take the job, that gem becomes your contract. If you try to screw us, the gem explodes. And trust me, you don’t want that to happen.”

You look at the gem, then back up at the demon. You might be able to grab it and run before it explodes. Or you could just punch the demon in the face. Either way, it seems like this mission is going to be dangerous.

> You say “Half up front, that’s the way I work. Take it or leave it.”

The demon laughs.

“Count Grey mentioned you would say that,” the demon says, as he reaches under his barstool and pulls out a large revolver, pointing it at you.

“Here’s the thing. I know you’re faster than anything we’ve got. So this revolver is enchanted. It shoots demonic bees that can track you anywhere. It’ll sting like a bitch, and then some.”

You look down the barrel of the gun, pondering your options.

> You say “What’s the matter? The Count can’t spare a measly five thou? You’re not going to find anyone better than me, I guarantee that.”

The demon laughs.

“Five thousand? Oh, that’s not the issue. The issue is I don’t trust you. You’ll just take the money and run. And then the Count will have your head on a spike, but I’ll save him the trouble.”

The demon stands up from the table and starts walking towards you.

> You call the bar's security on the demon - no violence is allowed in The Shade.

“What are you going to do, call the bouncers on me?” the demon laughs.

The demon's eyes bulge in horror as he notices that two of the large orcs who are usually standing outside the bar have appeared behind him, grabbing him by the shoulders. The orcs look down at the demon, and one of them grabs the gun from his hands.

“Oi! I paid for that!”

> You watch as security drags the demon's ass out.

“Thank you for notifying us of the disturbance,” the orc says, handing you the gun.

You pick up your pack and head out of the bar. You're heading to your hideout to consider your options. You could wait for other jobs to arrive, or go steal the Black Tome of Sorrows.

> You decide to steal the Black Tome of Sorrows from the necromancers for yourself.

You wait until nightfall, and then set out towards the necromancers' island.

It takes about an hour of rowing to get there, but you eventually find it. You drift closer to the island, scanning for patrols. You see none on this side of the island, and drift closer.

The large tower where the Black Tome of Sorrows is kept comes into view. You can see a single guard at the entrance.

> You stay hidden and observe the guard's movements.

You stay hidden in the darkness, observing the guard's patterns. Every few minutes, he walks five steps left, five steps right, looks around quickly, and returns to

his original position. After a few minutes of this, he steps inside and out of view. You row closer to the island.

There's a ledge near the base of the tower that you could climb up to reach the entrance. But if you're caught...

> You channel the strength runes engraved on your leg, and quietly jump to the ledge.

You channel the strength runes into your legs, and quickly jump to the ledge. You pull yourself up and hide behind a corner, waiting for the guard to return. You wait for two minutes before the guard steps out of the tower once more. You grab him from behind and put your hand over his mouth. He struggles, but you put him to sleep with a sleeping spell.

You search the guard, taking his keys and opening the entrance to the tower. You enter, and find yourself in a dimly lit foyer. A set of stairs lead up to the first floor, as well as a hallway leading deeper into the tower.

The Black Tome of Sorrows is said to be a book bound in human skin. Why the necromancers would do such a thing is unknown. But what is known is that it contains dark rituals that can raise the dead, as well as dark secrets and forbidden knowledge. Such books are usually kept by the fearful necromancers, as a sort of security that they will be safe from any potential attack by their brethren.

> You sneak through the tower, looking for the Black Tome.

You walk down the hallway. The tower has no lighting except from a few candles here and there, and so the darkness engulfs you. You look around, trying to make out something in the darkness, but you see nothing.

You feel a sudden cold breeze behind you, and quickly turn around, your dagger drawn. You see nothing, but you feel like you're being watched.

> You channel your focus runes and see if you can suss out your stalker.

You quickly channel your focus runes and try to suss out your stalker. It doesn't take long before you feel a presence. A shadowy figure lurks in one of the side rooms, keeping out of sight.

You look around, but see nothing. You wonder if it could be some sort of invisible demon. Or maybe even something worse...

> You try to lure the figure out by pretending to drop your guard.

You drop your guard, and wait. You hear the sound of a blade being drawn. It's time to strike.

You leap out, dagger in hand, and try to find your prey. But you see nothing. There's no one there. You run forward, into the room where you saw the shadowy figure, but there's no one there either. Whoever it was has already hidden, or fled. You curse as you realize you've been had.

> You continue searching for the Black Tome, while staying wary of your stalker.

You walk down the hallway, trying to find your way through this accursed tower. You feel like you're being watched. You assume it's your mysterious stalker, but you see no one. It's almost as if they're invisible...

Suddenly, you feel a sharp pain in your back, like a knife wound. You collapse on the floor, and feel a dark shroud enveloping you.

> You channel your recovery runes and tank through the pain.

You focus your recovery runes and channel the power of your mind to push through the pain. You're determined not to let this phantom get the best of you.

You stand up, and keep walking. You need to find that tome. You walk down the hallway, and as you do, the walls around you seem to be... moving. It's almost as if the walls are made of living tissue.

> You whisper “Gross...” and move through staying careful not to touch the walls.

You walk down the hallway, staying away from the walls. You pass by a large room where you see a huge ball of slimy tentacles writhing and lashing about, as if it’s looking for something to grab and crush.

“What the hell is that?” you think to yourself.

As you stare at it in horror, your stalker reveals themselves. The hooded figure stands before you, revealing their face. The face is gaunt and haggard, with bulging eyes. The face is quite obviously deformed, as if it’s been crushed from exposure to some great force. The figure is tall and thin, with a dark robe covering its body.

“You...!” the figure says to you, their voice like the scraping of a shovel on concrete. “What are you doing here?”

You’d recognize that tone of voice anywhere. Their voice and appearance might be disguised, but there’s no mistaking it. It’s Tifid.

“Tifid?!” you say, in shock. “What are you doing here?! This is my job!”

“No it isn’t! It’s my job! You’re not supposed to be here!”

Tifid raises her hands, and a ball of fire appears in her hands.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about. I got hired to steal the Black Tome. It’s mine, go away!”

Tifid fires a ball of fire at you, and you dive out of the way.

Tifid has always been the more skilled spellcaster, seeing as how she’s a demon and all, so you’d be crazy to stay and fight her.

<Tifid’s POV>

I fire a ball of fire at the filthy rat, but he’s too quick and manages to dodge out of the way.

“Bitch! I’m not here for you! I’m here for the Black Tome! Now get out of my way!”

The pest has some balls coming in here trying to steal the job from me, especially after he turned down his client!

He’s lucky he has a nice ass, because that’s the only thing keeping me from killing him where he stands.

“This gig is mine! Get out of here, before I make you!”

<Your POV>

Tifid raises her hand, a ball of fire appearing at the tips of her fingers. You jump up and back, narrowly dodging another ball of fire.

“Tifid, you bitch! I’m here first! Get out of here!”

“Fuck you! You get out of here!”

Tifid fires another fireball at you. As you dodge, you see your chance. Tifid’s weak to cold damage.

> You throw some ice talismans at her.

You reach into your bag and grab one of the few talismans you managed to find. A small blue piece of paper, glowing faintly in your hand. It’s cold to the touch.

You make a few gestures, and then throw it at Tifid. She lets out a shriek as it hits her chest. Her clothes freeze solid, and she falls over. Her clothes shatter like glass as she hits the cobblestone floor. She lets out a scream, as her skin freezes over.

You quickly approach her, and pull the talisman from her chest, so she begins to thaw out. Tifid shivers as she scowls at you, still naked, but unhurt.

“Y-You b-bitch! W-What did you do to me?!”

> You say “It’s called getting outplayed, sweetie! Don’t worry, I’ll go pick up the Tome for you!”

You smirk, and turn around.

“Hey! You can’t just leave me here naked!”

You don’t respond, and just walk away.

“Get your ass back here! I’m gonna get you for this, you bitch!”

You continue walking, leaving Tifid naked and shivering in the hallway.

<Tifid’s POV>

“I can’t believe he left me like this...”

You begin to cry. You’re cold, naked, and embarrassed. You’ve never felt so humiliated in your life. You consider whether or not you should get revenge on

Gil, but decide that it won't be worth it. He's probably going to just laugh about this anyway. After a few minutes, you hear an unfamiliar voice.

"A naked demon girl? In this hallway?"

You look up, and see a necromancer. You cover your breasts with your hands, and try to cover your privates with your legs.

"W-What do you want?"

"You're in no position to be asking questions, little demon." "Please...Get me some clothes at least."

The necromancer chuckles.

"Hm. I don't think I will. Let's see...I could turn you into my experiment. What do you think of being half-corpse, little demon?"

You shudder at the thought. You'd rather die than become a mindless zombie. The necromancer must have read your fear, because he chuckles again.

"Good. You're afraid of me. You should be."

The necromancer uses his magic to levitate you in the air. You let out a scream, and he covers your mouth with his hand. He uses his other hand to put a long, cold metal rod inside of you. You let out a scream of pain, as he continues to thrust the rod in and out of your body. He laughs sadistically as he does this, even stopping at one point to kiss you on the lips.

"I'm going to enjoy this."

He finishes, and then throws you to the floor. You let out a groan, and begin to weep again. The necromancer looks down at you, unzipping his pants.

"Now...I'm going to show you true pain."

You hear a gunshot, and the necromancer howls in pain. You look up to see that he has been stung by a massive bee.

The necromancer collapses to floor and convulses before falling unconscious.

Gil stands at the end of the hallway with a smoking pistol in his hands. You let out a sigh of relief, and quickly get up.

<Your POV>

You walk over to the necromancer's body. He groans and is starting to wake up. The bee gun stings like a bitch, but it isn't fatal. You shoot him a few more times in the chest.

A loud buzzing sound comes from the gun, and the necromancer coughs up blood before falling still.

Tifid gets to her feet, clutching her naked body. You run over and give her a quick hug.

“You’re alive! I thought you were dead for sure.”

“I’m fine,” says Tifid, her voice trembling.

> You feel a bit guilty and say “Heh, those necromancers sure are huge pervs, huh?”

“He was a fucking dickhead, just like you!”

“How was I supposed to know he was going to do that?” you say, chuckling.

“Fuck you, this is all your fault!”

“How is it my fault?”

“You froze my fucking clothes! If I had been wearing anything else, I could have defended myself!”

> You say “Boo fucking hoo, you should be thankful I saved your stank pussy from an undead beating!”

Tifid’s eyes narrow.

“At least I don’t have crushed balls.”

“What?”

Tifid punches you in the crotch, then grabs your head before kneeling you in the face. You fall to the floor, clutching your face and manly jewels.

“You fucking bitch!” you groan.

“And you’re a fucking asshole. No wonder nobody likes you.”

Tifid stands over you, giving you a moment to reflect upon your mistake.

> You say “Nobody likes you, either! You don’t even have any friends!”

“Nobody likes you, either! You don’t even have any friends!”

Tifid steps on your hand.

“Ouch!”

“That’s nothing compared to this!” she says, and breaks your pinky finger.
“Fuck!” you yell, clutching your hand.

> You bite her ankle.

You bite down on her ankle, causing her to fall backwards in pain.

“Agh! Fuck!” she yells, clutching her leg.

“You bitch!”

You kick her in the stomach, knocking the wind out of her.

“Ugh!” she groans, falling to the floor.

> You leave to go find the Black Tome.

You search the necromancer tower for the Black Tome, while Tifid curses and swears at you.

“Fuck you, asshole! Stupid son of a bitch!” she yells as you look around.

> You say “Quit following me, you dumb slut!”

“Quit following me, you dumb slut!” you yell at Tifid.

“Asshole! Son of a bitch!” she says, not stopping.

“Stupid whore, get out of here!” you say, annoyed with her.

Tifid points her finger at you in anger.

“You take that back!” she says, angry as can be.

> You say “Put some clothes on ya skank, I can smell your gross labial waft from here!”

“Put some clothes on ya skank, I can smell your gross labial waft from here!” you say.

Tifid’s anger reaches a boiling point, and she conjures two large, twisting spires of flame that last for a few seconds before disappearing.

“Oh yeah? Your dick probably smells, since you’re a filthy, disgusting, human pig!” she yells.

You attempt to tell Tifid how much of a dumb bitch she is, but you are cut off when she begins to throw books at you.

“Go home, idiot! Go write a stupid poem about your feelings and jerk off to it!” she yells, not missing a beat.

You dodge the books that she throws at you, but one catches you in the face, knocking you backwards into a bookshelf.

> You start throwing books back at Tifid.

“My poems are not stupid! You’re a stupid, uncultured moron!” you yell, tossing books at Tifid.

“At least I’m not an insecure asshole who gets scared of ghosts and writes poems about it!” Tifid says, dodging the books.

“Those poems are beautiful! You don’t understand anything!” you yell.

You’re about to toss another book when you notice Tifid has stopped throwing books at you. You turn around to see her holding the Black Tome of Sorrows.

> You lunge for the Black Tome.

“Give me that!” you yell, lunging for the Black Tome.

Tifid holds the book out of your reach, and smiles.

“Looks like I’m a little smarter than you,” she says.

You attempt to jump at Tifid, but she uses her magic to push you back. You try to rush past her, but she casts a small bolt of lightning at your face.

> You clutch your face, but keep charging into her.

“Stop it!” you yell, grabbing her shoulders.

Tifid’s eyes widen in surprise as you push her against a wall.

“Let me go, pig!” she says, struggling.

She knees you in the stomach and you stumble backwards. She takes this opportunity to blast you with fire. You roll around on the floor in pain as she picks up the Black Tome of Sorrows before dashing out of the room.

“Fuck! Fuck! Shit!” you say, as you rip off your burning clothes.

> You chase after Tifid.

You spring to your feet and rush out of the room, clad only in your underwear. “Tifid! Stop!” you yell.

You run down the hallways, following Tifid’s path of destruction. She killed a few necromancers along the way. You follow her into the courtyard, where you see her trying to open the portal to return home.

> You channel the strength runes in your legs to speed up and tackle her before she can get inside the portal.

You speed yourself up as you see Tifid nearing the portal. You dive, tackle her, and send the pair of you tumbling to the ground. Tifid groans in pain as you roll around on the ground.

“Ew! Why are you naked!?” she says, trying to push you off of her.

“You burned my clothes off, you idiot,” you say.

Tifid tries to kick you in the balls, but you dodge. You try to snatch the Black Tome of Sorrows out of her hands, but she holds on to it.

“Get off of me!” she says, as you begin to realize just how soft her skin is.

“Give me the book,” you say softly.

“Fuck you,” she replies.

“Is that an offer?” you say.

“Pig!” she exclaims, smacking you in the head.

You both roll around on the ground, each trying to snatch the book from the others grasp. Tifid tries to knee you in the balls again, but you turn your body so it only hit your thigh.

> You yell “Stop going for my nads you violent cunt!” and grab her hair.

You grab a bunch of Tifid’s hair and drag her around, trying to get her to let go of the tome. She screams in pain.

“Shut up! Shut up! Shut up! I don’t want to hear your fucking voice anymore, you evil, violent bitch!” you say.

“I should have killed you when I had the chance, you bastard!” Tifid says, before kneeling you in the balls.

> You cry for your boys, then kick her right in the pussy.

A single tear rolls down your cheek as you cry out in pain, then follow up with a powerful kick to Tifid’s pussy.

“Ugh!” she says, doubling over.

The two of you fall to the ground, having caused mutually assured genital destruction.

“What the hell is going on here?”

You turn to see a bearded old man in robes standing at the end of the courtyard. You recognize him as Gideon, leader of the Raskian necromancers.

> You try to scramble to your feet and grab the Black Tome.

You stand up and begin to run, only for Gideon to fire a beam of dark energy from his finger, which strikes you in the back and flings you to the ground.

Tifid begins to cast a spell, but before she can complete it, Gideon has raised his hand, and Tifid is unable to move.

“Naked thieves!” Gideon says. “I knew something was amiss when I saw a demonic looking woman wandering the halls. I would have known sooner, but I was in the bathing chambers, and by the time I got out...”

Gideon walks over to you and grabs you by the hair, yanking your head back

> You say “H-Hey Giddy, my man! I’m not with her! I was trying to stop her!”

“WHAT?! You liar!” Tifid says, struggling against the magical hold.

“Silence, demon!” Gideon says, and casts a spell, sealing Tifid’s mouth shut with a touch of his finger to her face.

Gideon pulls out a short sword, and puts it to your throat.

“Tell me why I shouldn’t just kill you,” Gideon says.

> You say “Uh... both our names start with ‘G?’”

Gideon stares at you for a second, before breaking into laughter.

His laughter gets louder and louder, until it becomes cackling. Soon, Gideon is rolling on the floor laughing.

“HAHAHA! You... hahaha... got a... hahahaha... point, ‘G!’” Gideon manages to say in-between laughs.

Gideon is laughing so hard that he’s starting to lose control of Tifid. As his magical hold over her begins to fail, she takes the opportunity to cast a fireball in Gideon’s direction.

Gideon is still too busy laughing to get out of the way, and the fireball hits him head on, engulfing his entire body.

Gideon’s laughter stops immediately as he lets go of your hair and staggers backwards, yanking at his burning clothes.

“SHIT!” he screams in agony.

Tifid takes the opportunity to knee Gideon in the balls. Gideon collapses to the floor, screaming in agony.

“RRRAAAAGH!” Gideon screams as he lets out a spray of vomit over Tifid’s body. She shrieks in disgust and falls backwards.

“The hell is going on...?” you say to yourself.

> You try to grab the Black Tome of Sorrow before Tifid recovers.

You leap forward, grabbing the Black Tome of Sorrow off the ground and lifting it up into the air.

“Yes!” you say.

Suddenly, Gideon grabs you by the ankle and trips you from behind. You yell as you fall face first into the stone floor, breaking your nose.

“Bitch,” Gideon says, vomit still dripping from his face.

> You pull your demonic bee gun out of your ass and point it at Gideon, shouting “Let me go you crazy old dickwad!”

You pull out your demonic bee gun and point it at Gideon, who flinches.

“Let me go you crazy old dickwad!” you say.

Gideon lets go of your leg and holds up his hands. You get to your feet, and Gideon backs off towards the corner of the room.

“Please... don’t hurt me,” he begs pathetically.

“Fuck you!”

> You pull the trigger and unleash the bees.

You pull the trigger and release the bees. They immediately begin stinging Gideon, who lets out a horrible scream.

“Noooo!” he screams as he begins to smoke. “I’m on fire again! Help me!”

“What the fuck?” you say, stepping back from the crazy bastard.

Gideon screams as he begins to melt, his clothes and skin burning away to reveal a mess of melted flesh and organs. He collapses to the ground, and you watch in horror as he desperately tries to crawl over to a nearby birdbath to douse the flames. He doesn’t make it in time, and quickly burns to a smoldering crisp.

> You pick up the goddamn Black Tome and get out of here.

You turn to pick up the Black Tome so you can finally be done with this ridiculous job.

However, when you try to pick up the book, you realize that Tifid has also gotten to it. The two of you stare at each other, and then you both reach for the book at the same time.

“Fuck you,” she hisses.

“No, fuck you,” you respond.

Tifid and you grab the book at the same time. You begin pulling, and suddenly she begins shifting into a monstrous form to try to intimidate you. It doesn’t work. You’re not impressed.

> You say “Change into whatever you want, idiot! You’re still covered in old man barf!”

Tifid shifts back to her natural form, but she continues trying to pull the book away from you.

“Fuck you,” she says. “Let go of the book, or I’ll kill you!”

“Just fucking try it! I’ll murder you, demon whore!” you say.

The two of you scream in frustration as you continue to pull the book back and forth. Suddenly, you hear a rip, and the book splits in half down the middle.

Tifid and you stare at it in shock. The Black Tome has been destroyed.

“What... what have you done?” Tifid asks, looking at the torn book in horror.

“You did that!” she says.

“No, you did that!” you reply.

> You get into a slap fight with Tifid over whose fault it is.

You and Tifid begin arguing in a slap fight, your hands flying everywhere.

The two of you are too busy fighting to notice that the book’s destruction has summoned a portal.

Suddenly, you see something reaching out of the portal... it’s a skeletal hand. It reaches out to grab Tifid.

Tifid doesn’t notice, but you do, and in your shock you stop fighting her.

“Tifid...” you say, but she’s still focused on fighting you.

The hand grabs her by the leg and yanks her into the portal.

Unfortunately, since she was holding onto you, this yanks you in as well.

> You scream in horror as you tumble through the portal with Tifid.

You fall through the portal, not knowing what to expect. Tifid manages to grab on to you as she falls. The two of you are still naked.

You fall through a portal of darkness, screaming all the way. You have no idea where you're going to end up, or even when. You hope you're going to be alive when it's all said and done.

You keep falling... falling...

Then, suddenly, you hit the ground HARD. The fall knocks the wind out of you, and your vision swims. When your vision finally comes back, you find yourself surrounded by trees. Dead trees. The trees are dead and rotting, and fungi is growing all over them. You don't know where you are. All you know is that the portal has dropped you off in the middle of a dark, depressing forest.

You hear something. It sounds almost like... laughing?

Looking around, you find a strange, clown-like figure weaving in and out of the trees. It sees you and stops, staring at you.

"New arrival?" it asks. "Oh dear, a bare naked couple! Hello!"

The figure walks over to you.

> You say "First of all, I would NEVER date this bitch. Second of all, where are we?"

"Naked couples need to be educated!" the clown says, apparently ignoring your question.

The clown pulls out a dog-eared book and flips through it.

"Ah yes, I can fit you in," the clown says. "The two of you need to learn about sexual health. We'll go over genital herpes, gonorrhea and syphilis."

You look at Tifid. She looks back at you. The two of you are naked, in the middle of a creepy forest with a creepy clown.

It's time to run.

The two of you turn and run. You have no idea where you're going, but anywhere has to be better than here.

"Oh dear, running is an excellent way to spread the disease!" the clown says, bounding after you.

The trees are thinning out. You think you can see the edge of the forest...

"You've gotta get rid of your sexual guilt!" the clown shouts, still chasing you.

> You use your strength runes to speed up and try to lose the clown.

You concentrate, focusing on your strength runes. Your body surges with power and strength, and you're soon faster than you've ever been.

"Hey don't leave me behind!" Tifid says. She transforms into a snake and wraps herself around your neck.

"Let go of me!" you shout. "I can't concentrate with you slithering around my neck!"

Tifid slithers onto your arm instead. She's not exactly heavy, but it's enough to throw you off balance. You quickly recover, but it's enough for the clown to catch up. It grabs you and holds you in place.

"It's time to get educated," the clown says.

You scream as the clown opens its mouth. A huge, slimy green tentacle comes slithering out of the clown's mouth. The tentacle wraps around you, squeezing tightly, making it hard to breathe.

"This is just the first part of your sex education," the clown says. "In order to have sex, you need to get big and long. But not too big and long. Otherwise, it'll hurt. You wouldn't want to hurt your partner, would you?"

> You say "FUCK FUCK FUCK!! BITE HIM OR SOMETHING YOU IDIOT!!"

Tifid launches herself at the tentacle around your neck and bites down, hard. The tentacle goes limp and releases you. You stumble back, coughing.

Tifid turns back into her natural form and spits out the tentacle. She begins to gag from the rancid taste.

“Oh dear, you’ve been a bad girl,” the clown says.

The clown turns to you and its eyes are burning red. It swings a fist, smacking you in the face and sending you to the ground.

“Now you’re going to have sex with my friend here.”

The clown turns and points to a woman standing next to him. She’s pale and dressed in a tight black leather outfit. Long, black hair goes down her back. Her lips are painted red. She smiles at you seductively, looking like a 1960s screen siren.

> You say “Whoa. Heh. Really? That’s not so bad.”

“Damn right it isn’t,” the woman says.

The clown smiles.

“Have fun, you two,” the clown says, turning and walking off into the woods.

“Well, I suppose we should get started,” the woman says, turning towards you.

She grabs you by the hand and pulls you to your feet. She starts undoing your pants. You watch in anticipation.

Tifid moves up from behind the woman and slits her throat with the sharp end of her tail.

The woman makes a horrible gurgling noise as she clutches her throat. Blood seeps out between her fingers. She tries to scream but can’t.

You watch as blood drips out of her mouth. Her eyes roll into the back of her head and she falls backwards, knocking against the ground.

Her corpse transforms into a million flies, all buzzing around and filling the air.

> You say “Holy FUCK.”

“You’re welcome,” Tifid says.

“Did you know that was going to happen?”

“Of course,” Tifid says.

“Why the hell didn’t you warn me?” you ask.

“Would you have believed me?” Tifid asks in return.

You are silent.

“Thought not,” Tifid says. “Too busy thinking with your other head.”

> You say “This whole thing never would have happened if you hadn’t fucked around with MY heist!”

“YOUR heist? You rejected Count Grey, that’s why he hired me. If you want to blame anyone, blame yourself!” Tifid says.

“I would have done the job if he paid me!” you say.

“I doubt that,” Tifid says.

“I would have!” you protest.

“Well, regardless, this whole thing is pretty pointless now that we’ve gotten lost in the forest. If I were you, I’d start thinking about how to solve our problem.”

You’re silent.

> You scowl and say “Yeah, sure, and I’ll keep it to myself when I do, bitch.”

Tifid laughs. “You’re funny,” she says.

“The funny thing is, I actually do have a solution to our problem,” you say.

“Oh? Go on then, tell me.”

> You say “You can shut the fuck up. That will solve a lot of things.”

“You sure you want to piss me off like that?” Tifid asks.

“You’re a demon, not the boss of the fucking world,” you say.

“Sure, whatever you say,” Tifid says. “If that’s how you want to play this, fine.”

The two of you square off. Tifid materializes a fireball in her palm, while you draw your bee gun.

“Let’s see if I can’t give that face of yours a whole new expression,” Tifid says, and fires a ball of fire at you. You dodge out of the way, and begin running, as Tifid fires another fireball. You return fire with your gun, unleashing a torrent of bees at Tifid. She bats away the bees with her flames, and they fall to the ground, in a pile of ashes.

> You say “NOOO NOT THE BEES! TIFID YOU BITCH!”

“Oh, how precious,” Tifid says. “The bees! The bees!”
Tifid transforms into a wolf, and leaps at you.

> You grab her neck and wrestle her to the ground.

You throw Tifid to the ground, but she punches you in the face and claws at your eyes. She smacks you in the balls with her tail, and you crumple to the ground.

“Take that!” she says, and begins to jump on you and stomp on your body.

> You grab her wolf form’s nose and squeeze.

You grab Tifid’s snout and squeeze it as hard as you can, stopping her from jumping on you. She flails her claws, trying to hit you, but you use your legs to push her off of you. You stand up and kick her in the ribs.

“Oof!” she says, reverting to her normal form as she falls away from you.

You raise your fists, ready to fight. Tifid leaps up, and swings at you with her claws, but you block her arm with your arm. Using your other arm, you punch her in the jaw. She falls to the ground and spits out a fang. She gets up and tries to claw your eyes out, but you catch her wrists and twist her around. You place your foot on her back, pushing her to the ground.

Just when you think you’ve got her pinned, she wraps her tail around your groin and yanks it back, then smacks you in the head with her clawed hand. You fall to the ground and writhe in pain. Tifid jumps on top of you and puts her hand around your throat.

“Say nighty-night,” she says.

> You grab her throat as well.

“I don’t think so!” you grunt as you reach for her neck.

You both start to choke each other, and try to push each other off. It becomes a battle of strength, and circulation.

> You gurgle out “Heh... I don’t... even... need air...!”

You struggle to breathe, but continue to hold on to Tifid’s neck as tightly as you can.

“Me... neither...!” she says.

The two of you end up choking each other until you both fall to the ground. You gasp for air and try to catch your breath.

The clown looks worried. “Oh no! I didn’t mean for you both to fall unconscious! Come on, get up!” he says.

> You scream in fucking terror along with Tifid.

The two of you scream at the top of your lungs at the clown’s sudden reappearance.

The clown, who goes by the name of Chuckles, walks over to you and offers you a hand.

“Well, this is just tragic. You’re my first visitors in so long!” he complains.

Tifid gets up slowly, clutching her neck. You stay on the ground, struggling to breathe.

> You gasp “Who the fuck are you? And what is this place?!”

“My name’s Chuckles, and this place is the Fucktopia Forest! It used to be a regular forest until I moved in. Since I’m such a ‘fun guy’, the forest’s name changed to match mine! Isn’t that right, Lynne?”

Chuckles snaps his fingers, and a woman with her face obscured by flowers comes running up to him.

She gets closer, and you realize the flowers ARE her face.

“Yes, my love?” she says in a sickeningly sweet voice.

“Fix these two idiots so they know their place!”

The flower-faced woman approaches you and Tifid. She begins caressing your bodies, causing both of you to relax and feel pleasure instead of pain.

“There we go. Now, both of you, listen carefully. You are in Fucktopia Forest, where all your desires become reality! Anything you want is yours! All you have to do is ask for it!”

You and Tifid look at each other.

> You say “Fuck that! I know how this goes, you’re probably a million spiders in disguise!”

Tifid brandishes her tail like a blade and slashes the woman’s face apart. Petals fall to the floor as the woman shrieks in agony as she falls to the floor.

“You idiots! You’ve ruined everything!” screams Chuckles, turning into a cloud of gas and disappearing.

The forest begins to rumble, as tree roots tear up from the ground. The ground splits open, and you fall through with Tifid following behind you.

> You grab the side of the crevice.

Your hand slips as you and Tifid fall through a tunnel of shit.

You end up in a lake of boiling water, which washes off the shit, but begins to scald your skin.

The water’s too hot for you to stay in for long, so you swim away from the scalding waters towards the other side.

You swim until you reach solid ground. When you look behind you, you see Tifid floating above the water, flapping her soaked wings as she tries to stay afloat.

> You lie there and heal your wounds with your regeneration runes.

You fall asleep.

When you wake up, Tifid is standing over you.

“What happened?” you ask.

“Nothing. They stopped chasing us,” she says.

> You say “Where the fuck is this place? Do you know, Tifid?”

“Fuck if I know, I wasn’t aware places like this even existed on Earth.”

“They don’t! There aren’t any fucking evil forests, or underground lakes of boiling water,” you say. “Maybe this is hell?”

Tifid roll her eyes.

“It isn’t hell. Hell was destroyed following the Rapture. That’s why we demons had to invade Earth,” she says.

> You survey the area.

You are on the shore of a boiling lake. Behind you is a forest. There doesn’t seem to be an exit from this area.

Tifid sits down and begins to sigh.

“How do we get out of here?” you ask.

“I don’t know, let’s think,” Tifid says sarcastically. “Hmmm... I wonder how we can escape this insufferably stupid place.”

> You say “Don’t be a bitch, you got us into this mess, now I have to fix it because you sure as hell won’t.”

“You fucking cunt,” Tifid hisses.

Tifid’s eyes begin to turn red, and she growls at you.

“You know what? You’re right. I did get us into this mess. So, let’s see how you like it when I enslave you,” Tifid says.

Before you can react, she punches you in the gut and you fall to the floor.

> You sweep her legs and yell “You can’t enslave shit you useless demon!”

You sweep Tifid’s legs and yell “You can’t enslave shit you useless demon!”

Tifid falls to the floor. She is incredibly embarrassed, she poises her pointed tail and glares at you.

“Fuck you,” she says, thrusting her tail at you.

The tail stabs your leg and you fall to the floor in pain. You grit your teeth to avoid crying out.

> You grab her tail and bite it.

You grab her tail and bite it. Tifid is in pain. She begins to panic and growl.

“Ow! Stop it!” Tifid says, as you bite deeper into her tail.

She tackles you to the ground and starts slapping you, forcing you to relinquish her tail.

> You get into another slap fight with Tifid.

You get into another slap fight, throwing your hands at each other with reckless abandon.

Tifid falls to the floor. You follow her down and hit her in the face. She punches you in the eye.

The two of you trade blow until you fall over. You’re dizzy from the fight.

Tifid collapses beside you. The two of you are completely naked, and covered in cuts, bruises, and each other’s blood. You pant and catch your breath.

You and Tifid have a moment of silence as you stare at the sky together.

“We fucked up, didn’t we?” you say.

“Yeah, I think we did,” Tifid replies.

> You say “Maybe... maybe we should save the fighting for later...”

Tifid agrees.

“Yeah, I think you’re right,” she says.

> You say “Temporary truce?”

“Fine,” Tifid replies.

You hold out your hand reluctantly, and Tifid reluctantly shakes it.

The two of you agree to disagree on certain issues. You don't like each other, but you won't fight.

You have a moment of silence as you stare at the sky together.

> You say "Who the fuck was that clown? And what kind of name is Fucktopia Forest?"

"Fuck if I know," Tifid says. "This place gives me the creeps."

"The creeps? But you're a demon!" you say.

"Shut up!" Tifid yells, hitting you in the face.

> You say "Ow fuck! Do know how a fucking truce works you dumbass?"

Tifid gets in your face. You stare at each other, neither of you willing to back down. You notice her breath smells like roses.

"Of course I know how a fucking truce works!" she yells.

"Then stop fucking hitting me, bitch!" you yell.

You stand up, and begin to walk away from Tifid.

"What, you're going to just walk away? You fucking pussy!" she yells.

"Watch your fucking mouth," you reply. "I'm not the one who fucked up our truce in the first place. You are."

"You're a fucking bitch, you know that?" Tifid says.

"Yeah, yeah, I know," you say.

You continue walking away from Tifid. You notice the trees of Fucktopia Forest look like dicks. You laugh at this realization.

"Hey, wait!" Tifid yells.

"What?" you ask, annoyed that she is still here.

"Don't... don't go," Tifid says. "I don't want to be here by myself."

"What are you, five?" you ask.

"No..." she mutters, looking away.

> You sigh and say "Come on. And don't hit me any more, idiot."

Tifid glares as she walks towards you, but doesn't say any more.

“Come on. Let’s go,” you say.

“But what if Chuckles jumps out at us?” Tifid asks, terrified.

“Just don’t make any loud noises and he won’t jump out,” you say.

You continue walking through the forest.

> You say “God dammit, we have to find some clothes...”

“I think I see a trail of clothes over there,” Tifid says.

You walk up to a patch of grass, and sure enough, you find a trail of clothes leading off into the distance.

“Well, someone’s getting laid,” you say.

“Should we follow it?” Tifid asks.

“Might as well,” you reply.

You follow the trail off into the distance, picking up the clothes as you go.

> You try the clothes on and see if they fit.

You lay out the clothes you’ve collected, and are shocked to find that they fit you perfectly.

“Back to looking sexy,” You say, smoothing out your new outfit.

“Let me try that jacket on,” Tifid says.

“Sure,” you reply.

Tifid tries on the black jacket, and it fits her perfectly as well.

It suddenly dawns on you that these don’t just fit you, they’re your actual clothes.

> You say “What the fuck? Okay, now I’m seriously creeped out.”

“It even has my name stitched on it!” Tifid says, pulling at the jacket to emphasize its fit.

“There’s no way this is a coincidence,” you say. “I bet Chuckles is behind this.”

“Screw that evil clown bastard,” Tifid says. “We need to get out of here, and quick.”

“You’re right. Let’s go,” you say.

Tifid and you continue to follow the trail of clothes. You find a wallet lying on the ground.

“Wallet, wallet!” Tifid shouts.

You pick up the wallet and look inside it.

“There’s like fifty bucks in here,” you say in disbelief.

“Sweet!” Tifid says, taking the wallet from you. “Money for candy.”

Tifid rifles through the wallet, but suddenly looks at you in shock.

“Wait a second, this is my wallet!” she says.

> You say “Well, I’m keeping the fifty bucks.”

“You little bitch!” Tifid says.

Tifid tackles you to the ground and begins trying to rip the bills out of your hands. The two of you roll on the ground, hitting and punching each other for dominance.

“Let go of it!” Tifid shouts, grabbing a handful of your hair and yanking your head back.

Your scuffle is interrupted by the sudden sound of moaning. It seems to be coming from somewhere deeper in the woods. The two of you stop fighting and listen.

“Did you hear that?” you ask.

“What the hell is that?” Tifid says, terrified.

You stand up and straighten yourself out. You slowly walk deeper into the woods, following the sound of the moaning.

“Hello?” you shout. “Is someone there?”

The moaning doesn’t stop, in fact, it gets louder. You slowly realize there’s two voices, moaning in harmony with each other.

The sound is pitch-perfect, and you feel your dick start to get hard.

“Oh shit,” Tifid says, pointing further ahead. “Look!”

> You look where Tifid is pointing.

You walk down the path, until you see two figures lying on the ground, clearly having sex. Upon closer inspection you realize that they look just like you.

“Holy fuck,” Tifid whispers, “It’s us!”

> You say “Ew! Fucking gross!” but don’t advert your eyes.

“Ew! Fucking gross!” you whisper, not being able to avert your eyes.

The two of you hide behind a tree and watch your doppelgangers go at it. It’s pretty hot, and your dick is at full mast.

“I think I’m going to throw up,” says Tifid, not making any attempt to look away.

> You say “Yeah, I’d never do that with you” while continuing to stare.

“Fuck you! I’d never do that with you, either!”

You and Tifid continue to watch your spectral doppelgangers fuck each other. They go at it for at least half an hour, moaning in ecstasy the entire time.

> You say “So that’s what you look like with your hair down...”

“Shut up!” Tifid says, not taking her eyes off the scene. You notice that she’s blushing profusely.

<Tifid’s POV>

“So that’s what you look like with your hair down...” he says. I turn bright red. I can’t believe I’m getting turned on by this. Is this what they call “out of body experience?”

I should be disgusted, but I can feel myself getting wetter and wetter as the two of us watch ourselves... no, my doppelganger and his...

I can’t even say it. It’s so dirty. I’ve never been this dirty...

Then I look at Gil. He’s staring at the scene with a look of lust in his eyes. A very, very hungry look.

Fuck! I can’t help it. I want him to do those things to me.

Oh, I wish that was me up there!

<Your POV>

Tifid's looking at you with lust in her eyes. Her whole body is blushing, and her breathing is shallow.

"W-We should go..." you say, barely able to contain your own lust.

"Y-Yeah..." she replies.

You quickly take the tree-covered deeper into Fucktopia Forest. Tifid says nothing, and simply follows.

You leave your doppelgangers behind, until their moans fade into the distance.

You're very aware of her presence behind you, and you can't get the images of your doppelgangers out of your head.

After awhile of walking in silence, the sun begins to set. It doesn't look like you're going to find your way out before nightfall.

> You awkwardly say "We should... um, find someplace to camp out..."

"Yeah... that's a good idea." Tifid says, and looks at the ground.

You look around until you find a small cave that looks big enough to fit both of you.

You toss some wood you find lying around in a big pile, and Tifid casts a spark. Soon, a campfire is burning in the cave.

Tifid is sitting next to the fire, and you sit down next to her. The two of you quietly watch the flames for a while, before she opens her mouth to speak.

"So... about what happened earlier..." she asks, nervously.

> You say "Don't! Don't say it! I know what you're thinking... but this is exactly what that psycho clown wants!"

"B-But you feel it too, don't you?" Tifid asks, growing increasingly flustered.

"Fucking obviously! Do you think my dick would be this hard for you if I didn't feel anything? That fucking Chuckles must have cast a lust spell on us!"

"You really think he cast a spell?"

"Well how else would you explain this shit?" you say.

"G-Good point. I don't like you that way at all!" says Tifid. "In fact, I fucking hate you! You've always been a big pain in my ass since we first met!"

"The feeling is mutual, trust me!" you yell back.

You and Tifid stare at each other for a moment before you speak up.

> You “So... if we hate each other, then it’s not really sex... right?”

“I mean... that’s a good point. I think the curse is based off our feelings, so if we genuinely hate each other then it shouldn’t matter...” Tifid says, trailing off.

“Exactly... we’d just be using each other to satisfy our urges,” you say.

Tifid nods.

“Right... so it’s more like masturbation, then. Just using each other’s bodies to rub ourselves off...”

“Right...” you respond, convincing no one.

Tifid gulps, but moves closer to you.

“So... let’s do it...”

You move in to kiss her, and she kisses back immediately. She wraps her arms around your neck as the two of you embrace.

After a few moments, your lips part and you stare into each other’s eyes.

> You say “Holy fuck... that was incredi- I mean, it was fucking horrible...”

“Likewise! Your mouth tastes like the bottom of a birdcage!” she yells.

You pull her back in for another kiss, and this one lasts much longer.

Tifid moans into your kiss, and her hot breath enters your lungs. It feels so good you nearly fall over.

Your body temperature begins to rise as the two of you embrace.

“Shit, you kiss like a stupid fucking monkey!” Tifid whispers, breaking the kiss again.

“Well, you smell like one! Fuck, this is weird,” you say.

The two of you stare into each other’s eyes again.

“Well...? Aren’t you going to do it?” Tifid asks.

“Do what?” you ask, dumbly.

“You know... put your hand down my pants... or I could do the same to you...”

Tifid runs her hand along your chest and squeezes your ass. The feel of her warm hand sends shivers down your spine.

<Tifid's POV>

He squeezes my ass in return. The heat is so strong between us right now, I can barely contain myself. I feel like I'm going to spontaneously combust. I want him to take me right here, right now. But instead he just asks:

"Are you sure? I don't want you to have any excuses after this. We're already at the halfway mark."

"I don't care, we already established that we're doing. Unless you're chickening out..."

Gil stares into my eyes. It's enough to almost bring a tear to my eye. Almost.

"As if! I just don't want you to start crying in the middle of things," Gil says.

"Speak for yourself, you pathetic human!" I say.

He kisses me once more, and then one more time, with tongue. He tastes like cigarettes and coffee. The heat from our passion grows so strong I feel like my wings will catch on fire.

His hands glide up my chest as he begins to unbutton my shirt. I run my fingers through his hair, scratching his scalp lightly. He lets out a pleasurable groan and nuzzles his head into my bosom.

"Oh yeah, that's what I'm talking about!" he says, grinning from ear to ear.

I reach into his pants and grasp his erect dick.

"Fuck...!" he utters, as I rub it up and down.

<Your POV>

A shock shoots up your spine as Tifid grabs your crotch. You're so turned on right now that you're losing your mind. You want Tifid more than anything in this world. You've always wanted Tifid, ever since you first laid eyes on her, but you were too stubborn and immature to admit it.

You undo her pants, and slide your hand inside. You rub her crotch, and Tifid's eyes close tightly. She lets out a ragged moan, and then brings her mouth down to your neck.

You feel her fangs gently graze your neck as she bites down softly. Then, she releases your neck, and begins kissing you passionately.

> You whisper "Fuck, Tifid... I hate you so damn much."

“Mmmm... I hate you too...” Tifid says.

You throw your clothes in a pile onto the cold, stone floor of cave in an attempt to make some sort of cushion to lie on.

Tifid sits on your lap, grinding against you as the tip of your dicks just barely brushes against her pussy. She continues to taunt and abuse you verbally while you're underneath her.

“I'm so fucking wet right now...! Fuck you, you pathetic human!” she moans, inching your cockshead up and down her slit.

> You say “Filthy demon! You're lucky I'm so horny or I'd puke right now!”

“Go right ahead, idiot... I'd still fuck you!” Tifid says, continuing to grind on your lap.

She lowers her head down to your neck, and gently bites down on your skin.

“Ah shit... that feels so fucking good...” you moan.

The rest of your clothes come off lightning fast, and you start to return the favor.

“Oh fuck...!” she says, as you slide your hand into her panties.

You rub and penetrate her slit with your fingers. Tifid's cunt is warm, wet, and welcoming. She begins to moan loudly, and she grabs your wrist as if she's about to stop you, but then she thrusts her hips into your hand and deepens the penetration.

> You massage her G-spot.

You slide your index funder into her hole, and begin to massage her G-spot. Tifid's eyes widen in surprise, and she begins to squirm a bit.

“Ah... I... it's been so long...” she manages to say between moans.

You can feel the pressure of her palm pushing back against your hand, but you don't stop.

> You say “Hey... quit pushing... I can't reach as deep.”

“Sorry...” Tifid says.

She backs off a bit, and you're able to slide your finger deeper inside her.

"Ahhh...! That's... mmmmm...!" Tifid moans, as you massage her from the inside.

Tifid's hands rest on your shoulders, and she begins grinding her pussy against your hand.

"I'm about to cum," she says.

> You say "Heh... wouldn't it suck if I stopped right now?"

"Don't you dare...!" Tifid says, grinding her pussy into your hand.

Tifid's body begins to tense up, and you can feel her muscles start to contract around your fingers.

"Oh fuck...!" she whispers.

She cums all over your hand, and it drips down onto the floor.

"I... I've never cum so hard in my life..." she says. "Ah... that was great..."

> You say "Yeah I know, I'm the best."

"Don't get too full of yourself... we're not done yet."

Tifid picks herself up and sits on your dick.

"Um... I'm going to put it in, okay?" she says, suddenly sounding shy.

"Okay," you say, starting to enjoy the new side to Tifid.

She places your dick against her opening, and lowers herself onto it. She gasps as she slowly eases into it. She takes your hands in hers, and leans forward to kiss you on the lips. You feel your dick push past her tight entrance and slide deep into her pussy.

<My true feelings about Tifid>

Tifid is a great girl. She's beautiful, funny, smart, and talented. It's no wonder you fell in love with her. You've known her for many years now, ever since you started your career as a spell thief. You can't really imagine life without her.

The two of you didn't start out as rivals, but after you both tried to steal the same artifact from the wizard Molov, you found yourselves on a collision course.

From there, things escalated and the two of you became enemies. But you've always had feelings for her, and arguing was the only way you could express them. Otherwise, the two of you are a perfect fit. Deep down, you'd do anything for this girl. Even though you usually don't trust demons, you trust her, even if you don't want to admit it. She's the only one who can give you a run for your money.

Now the two of you are naked and fucking. It's been a long time coming. Tifid starts moaning as she bounces up and down on your dick.

"Fuck, Gil... you feel so good... deeper... deeper..." she says.

You feel your dick sink deep into her pussy, all the way to the base. Her wetness is all over your cock.

You grip her hips and start thrusting upwards to meet her downward thrusts. Her breasts jiggle and her horns dig into your chest a bit, but you don't care. She leans forward and kisses you, wrapping her arms around your neck.

You thrust faster and harder as the two of you enjoy your intimacy. Tifid squeezes your hand and digs her fingernails into your back, drawing a little blood.

> You lean over and lay Tifid on the floor.

You lean over and lay Tifid on the floor. You put your hands on her hips and start thrusting in and out of her.

"Yeah, fuck me!" she says as you fuck her harder.

She grabs her breasts and fondles them as you thrust. She then wraps her legs around your waist and locks her feet together. She uses her legs to push you deeper into her with every thrust.

"Fuck me, Gil! Fuck me harder!" she says.

You go faster and harder as the two of you sweat profusely. Tifid kisses you on the lips and sloppily sucks on your tongue as you thrust in and out of her sopping pussy.

> You lose ourselves in rough, sweaty, animalistic sex.

You lose yourselves in the throes of passion.

Tifid slaps you across the face and spits in your face.

"You fucking asshole!" she screams as she starts having an orgasm.

> You yell “Fucking bitch!” and flip her on her stomach, and prone bone her.

You flip Tifid over and slam your dick deep inside her.

“Oooooohhhnnn!” she screams as she digs her heels into your back and pushes you deeper inside herself.

“Fuck! Tifid! Fuck!” you grunt, calling out her name and cursing.

“Bite me, Gil! Fuck me! Do it!”

You grab her shoulders and sink your teeth into her neck. You taste her warm blood in your mouth. She starts squirting, sending her juices dripping down your leg.

<Tifid's POV>

I can't hold on. My mind is growing fuzzy and I can't think straight. All I want is Gil to fuck me harder. Harder!

He feels so good. His cock feels so good.

His cock feels so good. Gil's cock feels so good.

Gil's cock feels good.

Gil's cock.

Gil's cock.

GIL! FUCK!

My body is on fire and I want him to burn me more. I tell him to bite my shoulder. He does it, hard, and I push my face into the dirt and scream.

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

I can't think anymore.

<Your POV>

You have no control anymore. You're just a beast pounding endlessly into your mate.

Tifid's moans have become constant, high pitched screams. Her fingernails claw at the dirt as she tries to push back against you.

You want more. You need more. You can't get enough.

Your body is a mass of nerve endings, and they're all telling you that you need MORE!

> You channel your strength runes for more powerful fucking.

Your muscles burn like fire as the runes tattooed into your body channel your strength.

Your mind goes hazy as your heart beats in your chest. Your soul beats with it. You begin pounding Tifid with inhuman force.

Her moans turn into a series of incomprehensible, bestial noises. Hardly something that should be coming out a person's throat, be they human or demon.

Tifid's claws dig into your arms, but you don't feel it.

If she wasn't a demon, you'd probably break her pelvis and several of her bones.

> You grab her horns and use them as fuck handles.

You wrap your fingers around her horns and use them as leverage as you ram into her.

Her squeals have become whimpers. You ignore them.

You pump your hips. Your pelvis smacks into her ass with a loud, wet sound.

Her eyes roll back into her head as she collapses to the ground, her legs no longer able to support her.

You don't stop fucking her. You flip her onto her back again, and she just lies there quivering endlessly.

You push her ankles up over her head and fuck her with all your strength, bearing down with all your weight.

She doesn't scream anymore. Her mouth hangs open as she tries to take quick, short breaths.

"Gil... Gil..." she pants, your name being the only thing she can get out.

You're getting close. You can feel it. Your balls tingle as your pent up semen gets ready to shoot out through your engorged cock.

Tifid's tongue hangs from her mouth as she stares at you with half-closed eyes. Her chest rapidly rises and falls, her lungs struggling to keep up with her body's need for oxygen.

> Blast the deepest parts of her womb with a furious load.

You roar one last time as you shoot a load into her, the sheer size of it causing your knees to buckle.

Your feet slip and slide as you fall onto Tifid, smothering her under your weight.

She mewls and squeals, locking her ankles behind your back. Her walls contract around your member, desperately trying to milk you for everything you've got.

You crumple over from sheer exhaustion. You're unable to move. You're panting as you try to gather yourself.

"You alright?" you ask, gently nuzzling her nose.

She smacks her lips, staring at you with glossy eyes.

"Kiss... kiss..." she slurs, opening her mouth and jutting out her tongue.

You inch yourself closer to her, kissing her passionately on the lips. Her eyes close as she enjoys your embrace.

She places a hand on the back of your head, pressing you into the kiss as you fill her mouth with your tongue. She sucks on it, swirling it around the inside of her mouth.

You lie there, making out silently beside the fire. After a while, the two of you regain enough strength to sit up. You're covered in dirt, dried saliva, and your own substances, but there's not really anything you can do about it right now.

> You try to confess.

"Tifid," you ask, as she lets out a long yawn. "Why... why do we act like we hate each other?"

She sits up, and looks into your eyes, she shrugs.

"It's what we always do," she says.

"We could stop," you say. "I don't want to hate you."

"Then don't," she says, leaning in and kissing you on the cheek.

> You say it.

"I love you," you say.

“Shit... don’t make me cry,” she says, sniffing.

“I love you,” you say again.

Tifid embraces you tightly, burying her face in your chest and taking a deep breath. She sobs quietly, quaking as the tears run down her face and into your shoulder. You run your hands along her horns and through her hair, cradling her head against your neck. You place a gentle peck on her horn, making her let out a cute little laugh.

“I love you too,” she says, smiling.

“You don’t have to say it back if you don’t mean it,” you say.

“I really do,” she says. “You know... my dad used to tell me humans aren’t so bad, I didn’t believe him...”

> You say “You have a dad?”

“Yes!” Tifid laughs. “You think I grew from fucking mud or something?”

“Well you never mentioned your parents, so I assumed you didn’t have any,” you say.

Tifid slaps you, then sighs.

“Of course I do... my dad’s name is Pellius, he’s a demon who likes humans.”

> You say “Pellius... wait a second. Are you talking about THE Pellius, the President of Demonkind?!”

“Yes, that’s my dad. He’s a cool guy. Taught me everything I know.”

“Like... thief stuff?”

“Oh no, he doesn’t know I’m a spell thief. He hates criminals.”

“But he’s the fucking PRESIDENT!” you say.

“Exactly,” Tifid says. “He’s a stickler for discipline and honor. Grew into a huge softie since he started working with humans.”

> You say “So what... you have daddy issues and became a criminal to rebel?”

“No, I love my dad. I’m just a criminal because it’s fun,” Tifid says.

Tifid takes a deep breath, and looks at you.

“I’m glad you came along, Gil. I think I was in love with you after that first job we did together. Stealing the relic from the Matriarch of Justice? It was so badass, I couldn’t help myself.”

“Yeah, people do say that about me.”

“No, I mean it was sexy. You were so confident, so brave. I couldn’t believe it when I saw a human do a flip off of a wall and steal a vase from a museum.”

> You say flex your sick tats and say “Magical runes, lassie.”

“The tats are hot too,” Tifid says, running her eyes over your tattoos.

> You confess that you liked her from the start, too.

“I know, Gilly, it was super obvious. Why do you think I kept hanging around? My father was right, humans are fun. I’m glad I took his advice.”

The nickname sends your heart fluttering, and you feel a little woozy. You remember that she called you that back in the day, too.

> You say “Shit... I can’t believe it took me this long to sort out my feelings. Why did we ever start fighting so much?”

“Oh, humans,” Tifid says, rolling her eyes. “You lot over-analyze everything. It was fun to watch you squirm. I’ll never forget when you asked me if I wanted to go out for dinner after our first job together.”

Tifid starts laughing her ass off.

“That was fucking priceless,” she says.

> You say “Hey, you were just as much of a bitch to me as I was to you! I can’t even count the number of times you stabbed and burned me!”

“Yeah, it was super funny,” Tifid says.

“You think so? You seemed genuinely mad at times,” you ask.

“I was, and that’s what made it funny. I wasn’t just pretending to be mad, you really pissed me off. The fact that I kept playing along meant I liked you.”

You’re about to lean in for another kiss, but you’re interrupted by a sudden gust of wind from the entrance of the cave.

You look up to see Chuckles the clown staring down at you. He’s holding a bouquet of purple flowers in his hand.

“Congratulations!” he shouts, tossing the bouquet and scattering the flowers all over the two of you.

> You clutch Tifid and scream in fucking terror.

You scream at the top of your lungs. Tifid throws her arms around you and screams with you.

The two of you hold onto each other for dear life.

Chuckles laughs at the sight of you both.

“So, you’ve finally come to accept your feelings,” he says, dancing around the mouth of the cave.

> You “Wh-What do you want, Chucklefuck?”

“You finally gotten rid of your sexual guilt! Good job!” Chuckles continues, ignoring your question outright.

“Why are you here?”

“I came to congratulate you for completing your sexual education! You graduate! Yay!”

“You’re still avoiding the question,” you say.

“Now that you’ve graduated, get the fuck out of my forest! Bye!”

Before you can respond, Chuckles conjures a portal with his hands.

You are pulled into the portal, with Tifid in tow. You hug each other tightly as you tumble through the portal.

When you open your eyes again, you find yourself back at the necromancer's lair on Rask Island.

The Black Tome of Sorrow lies on the ground, still completely destroyed.

> You say "Holy fuck... did all of that really just happen?"

Tifid shrugs her shoulders.

"Yeah... I guess it did," she replies.

"I guess this means we don't have to kill each other now."

Tifid smiles at you.

"Guess not."

The two of you embrace in a long kiss.

> You pick up the Black Tome and say "Do you think this is still worth anything?"

"It's fucking destroyed, Gil."

"Yeah, but it was the Black fucking Tome of Sorrow! I'm sure there are people who would pay good money for it!"

Tifid shrugs.

"Probably. Just don't tell anyone where you got it."

> You say "Shit! We forgot our clothes back in Fucktopia Forest..."

"Fuck it. Let's just get out of here."

You pick up the remains of the Black Tome of Sorrow and head back out of the necromancers' castle.

On your way you, you steal the robes off of the corpses of the necromancers you killed back when you first arrived.

You make your way back to the shore and sigh in relief when you realize your boat is still there.

“Thank goodness,” says Tifid. “I probably can’t fly you across the lake, it’s too far.”

> You say “So... uh... you gonna go home now, or...?”

“Well, I could, you know, stay out for a while...” Tifid says, blushing.

“Won’t your dad get mad?” you ask.

“It’s not like I live with him!” she says.

“Oh. I just assumed...” you say.

“Yeah, well he does pay for everything, so I can’t ever really get mad at him. I can only imagine what he’d do if he found out I was doing... this.”

Tifid points to the two of you.

“This?” you ask.

“You know what I mean!” she says, hitting your shoulder.

> You say “I thought your dad liked humans... would he be against us hooking up?”

“I don’t mean that! I mean stealing the Black Tome of Sorrow and going to some weird sex forest and back!”

“Oh, that,” you say.

“Yeah, that! I could get in a shitload of trouble for all of that!”

“Trouble? From who? Your dad?”

Tifid nods.

“Oh yeah, he does hate criminals.”

“Yeah so if you ever meet him, keep your fucking mouth shut.”

> You say “Yes ma’am... so... you wanna go back to my place?”

Tifid looks at you and smiles.

“Fuck it, why not?” she says, and the two of you board your rowboat and begin to row back to the shore.

You row the boat back to land, and begin to make your way back home. Tifid holds your hand as you walk through the woods.

“I’m actually glad you’re a human,” Tifid says.

“Yeah? Why’s that?” you ask.

“Demons care too much about image. Always trying to look cool. If one sees another doing something, they have to one-up each other with how badass they are.”

> You say “Y-Yeah, I certainly don’t try to do that. Haha...”

“You sure?” Tifid asks.

“Yeah! I mean, I don’t have a lot of friends and all...”

“Neither do I. Fuck it, we’re not cool. We don’t need to be. We’re fucking thieves.” she says with a smile.

“Fuck yeah we are!” you reply.

You and Tifid hold hands as you continue to walk back home.

It’s along trek back to your hideout in the abandoned train, and you’re nervous the entire time.

In the thief world, showing someone else your secret hideout is like confessing your love to them. You’re basically declaring them as your romantic partner, and agreeing to never lie to one another.

If you ever break this rule, it’s considered game over for the relationship.

You both arrive at the hideout.

“So... what do you want to do?” Tifid asks.

You nervously take out your bee gun.

“I... uh... I got a gun that shoots bees!”

“Yeah, I’ve seen it before.”

<Tifid’s POV>

I don’t understand why he’s always waving that bee gun round. I don’t like bees.

Sure, it's funny the first time you make someone shit themselves by shooting a bee at them, but after that it gets old REAL quick. Especially since you need to get up close to use the damn thing.

I see him reaching for it and groan.

“Put that thing away, you're not using that today,” I say.

He looks disappointed, but puts it away.

Well at least he's cute.

<Your POV>

Your face is beet red. You're not exactly experienced with being romantic with girls. The most you've ever done is order a hooker to suck your dick a couple times.

Fuck, you wish you were more experienced with women. What do couples usually do?

> You say “You... want to watch TV and fall asleep together?”

You say this, expecting Tifid to laugh. She doesn't.

Instead, she smiles and nods.

“That sounds nice,” she says.

Great. You've managed to pick something she actually wants to do, and it's the least sexy thing possible.

Shooting the bee gun would have been way more fun.

Well, no use worrying about it now. You turn on the TV and find a movie to watch.

While you're picking out a movie, Tifid looks around your hideout.

“So this is where you've been hiding,” she says.

“Yup,” you reply, not taking your eyes off the TV.

“And this is where you've been stashing your loot?”

“Yup.”

Tifid walks into your kitchenette and looks around.

“What... what is this?” she asks, picking up a wooden stake.

You turn to see her holding it up.

“Oh, that? It's a wooden stake. I kill vampires with that.”

“Does it work?”

You chuckle.

“Of course it works,” you say. “If you’re a stupid twelve year old, that is.”

“What do you mean?” asks Tifid, confused.

> You say “When I was a kid, I was picked on by a vampire bully that lived in my neighborhood. I carved that stake out of a doorstopper to take him down someday. The day never came.”

“Really?”

You nod.

“What happened?” asks Tifid, sitting down beside you.

> You chuckle wryly and say “Nothing. I got my ass beat. Turns out a stake is just a stake if the person using it is a wimp.”

Tifid chuckles.

“So, why do you still have it? Isn’t it a shitty memory?” she asks.

“I keep it as a reminder,” you say.

“Oh? Of what?”

“Of the fact that there’s always someone out there who can beat your ass if you’re not careful.”

Tifid laughs again.

“I feel like I’ve been seeing a different side of you today,” she says.

You shrug.

> You say “It’s nothing special. It’s not even the stupidest thing I did as a kid.”

“Oh? What is it then?” she asks, snuggling up beside you.

“What, you want a ranked list?”

“Hell yeah!” she says, excitedly.

“That’s going to take all night,” you joke. “We’ll never get to the movie.”

“Forget about the movie then, I want to know more about you, Gilly.”

“Well... let’s see...”

Spell Thief Gil's "Top 10 Stupidest Things I Did as a Kid":

10. (Tie) I tried to have a staring contest against a pigeon and got mobbed by its friends after I won and gloated.

10. (Tie) I bit into a light bulb once just to see what would happen.

9. I tried to steal a car from my neighbor's garage. I ended up locking myself in and cried until they found me.

8. I used to steal dentures from the old lady next door and wore them for fun. Then I found out she was a geriatric prostitute who exclusively performed anilingus.

7. I once mixed up an entire bowl of cake batter and drywall mix, poured it into the sink, and attempted to drink it. It tasted horrible.

6. I freed a monkey from a zoo, but it climbed up an electric pole, got electrocuted, and caused a blackout in my whole neighborhood.

5. I was dared to lick a battery. I got a nasty zap and puked on the person who dared me.

4. I went around flipping girls' skirts for fun. They all got mad, ganged up on me, and forced me to wear skirts for a week.

3. I stuck a firecracker up my ass and set it off. No real reason why.

2. I jerked off into a thermos, forgot about it, and later drank from it. I didn't notice until I finished the whole thing.

1. I ran away from home, and lived in a cardboard box in the woods for 2 weeks before getting cold and hungry enough to go home. Mom didn't even notice I was gone.

You smile at the happy memories.

Tifid looks at you with a concerned expression.

"Okay, some of those are really messed up.... But that last one is kind of sad."

"How so?"

"You mother never noticed you were gone? For two whole weeks?"

"Well... she was kind of a busy person."

"What did she do?"

"Oh, she was a cocaine addict and prostitute. Apparently I was born as a result of her trading sex for drugs."

"Gil..."

Tifid gently pulls you into a hug.

"I'm sorry to hear about your childhood."

“Why are you apologizing? It’s not like it’s your fault.”

“I dunno... I just feel bad.”

> You smirk and say “Huh, I guess it really must be pretty fucked if a demon feels bad for me.”

“Oh stop it. It’s not like we demons lack emotions or anything. It’s just that we’re not allowed to show them in public. It’s considered ‘uncool’.”

“Is there such a thing as demons being ‘cool’?”

“Sure there is! I don’t have to worry about that around you, though.”

You laugh.

“Alright then, so what does this hugging and laughing stuff feel like?”

“I dunno, pretty good I guess...”

> You say “So what you’re saying is, you’re basically a huge demon dork.”

Tifid pokes you in the side.

“Shut up! It’s not my fault!”

“Sure, Tif, whatever you say.”

You give a sly wink.

“Oh, you’re really pushing it today mister. How about I stab you for old times’ sake?”

She jokingly jabs you in the side with her tail spike.

“Nope, still not poking hard enough.”

“I could stab you in the face.”

> You grab her tail and kiss it.

Tifid’s face turns red, and she hides it in her hands.

“T-that wasn’t necessary you know!”

> You say “But your honor, it was self-defense!”

Tifid rolls her eyes.

“I’ll let you off with a warning this time, bub.”

You laugh.

> You grab her and say “What, you think you’re the only one who can act cute?”

You grab Tifid by the hands and look into her eyes.

“I’m sorry, I’m too busy being adorable to insult you right now.”

“Hmph! We’ll see about that!”

Tifid tackles you onto the couch so hard it triggers the mechanism. The back and armrests pop open to become a futon. The two of you fall into the bed, Tifid on top of you.

“I guess this means I win?”

You pause for a moment and think about it. You and Tifid have been rivals for so long now that it feels weird to let her have her way like this but...

> You say “Yeah, you do. You win, Tifid.”

Tifid looks at you and frowns.

“But what about your honor? How will you live with yourself, letting a girl beat you?”

> You say “I didn’t get beaten by a girl. I got beaten by the best thief I know.”

Tifid’s playful expression turns into one of surprise and then joy.

“Idiot... that doesn’t make me happy,” she says, grinning ear to ear.

> You hold her close and smell her hair.

You pull Tifid close to you and bury your face in her pale-pink hair. It smells like sweet, like honey.

“H-Hey... what’s with you all of a sudden?”

“Nothing. I just can’t get enough of you.”

You pull Tifid into a deep kiss. Her lips taste like ripe cherries. You feel her kiss you back.

“Tifid, I...”

Tifid pushes you away and looks down, blushing profusely.

“I know...”

The two of you lie on the futon and stare at the ceiling for hours, not saying a word.

It’s a quiet night in your hideout. The moonlight spills through the window of the train car.

The far-off sounds of the city hum in the background.

It’s far too perfect. You almost can’t believe the warmth next to you is Tifid.

“Tifid...”

Tifid stirs from her sleep.

“Hmm? Did you say something?”

“Sorry. Didn’t know you were asleep.”

“Heh. Now you owe me... c’mere...” she coos, holding out her arms.

Tifid’s warm body invites you into her embrace. You lay your head on her chest, and slowly close your eyes.

> You bury your face into her chest.

You bury your face into her chest, enjoying her scent.

“You damn pervert,” she says, giggling softly.

“Call me what you want.”

“Hm. I’m not stopping you,” she says.

Tifid takes a deep breath and sighs contently as she strokes your hair.

It’s a perfect moment for the two of you.

This is what happiness feels like.

Magos Cern's Mansion, Part I

When you wake up the next morning, Tifid is still sleeping, so you decide to let her rest.

You exit the train car to get some fresh air and have a morning. When you return, you see that Tifid hasn't woken up .

You make your way to the kitchen and set some coffee to boil. Then you walk over to the futon and reach out to stroke Tifid's hair.

"Good morning."

"Hey..."

> You say "Breakfast?"

"Mm-hmm," she nods, stretching her arms and legs.

You stand up from the futon.

"I'll go make some."

She puts her hands behind her head and looks up at you with tired eyes.

"Thanks."

After the coffee finishes brewing, you pour yourself a cup and sit down at the table. You turn on the TV and flip through the channels, but nothing's on.

Tifid heads into the shower at the back of the train, so you get to work on breakfast while you wait your turn.

> You throw some bacon on the pan and some toast in the toaster.

While the bacon is sizzling on the pan and the toast is toasting in the toaster, you get a glass of orange juice for yourself and a cup of coffee for Tifid.

Soon, you're ready to go. You set everything on the table and call out to Tifid.

"Breakfast is ready!"

Tifid comes out of the bathroom drying her hair with a towel.

> You stare at her with her hair down and say “Whoa..”

She looks up at you and smiles.

“What?”

You shake your head.

“Nothing.”

She walks over to the table and sits down.

“Come on, tell me.”

You sit down across from her.

“It’s just...you’re really pretty when you let your hair down,” you say, taking a sip of orange juice.

“Oh,” she says, looking down at her food. “Um, thanks.”

> You finish breakfast and start tidying up.

Soon, you and Tifid have finished eating.

“All right,” you say, standing up from the table. “I guess I’ll clean up.”

Tifid nods.

“Thanks, Gil.”

After finishing the dishes, you go to sit down on the futon. Tifid sits down beside you. You take her hand in yours. She turns toward you and kisses you on the cheek.

> You kiss her back, then pick up the remains of the Black Tome and say “Man, I still can’t believe that whole Fucktopia Forest thing happened...”

“Yeah...”

You stand up from the futon.

“I mean, I’ve never even heard of that fucked up place before.”

Tifid gets up from the futon and sits down at your computer desk.

“It’s crazy how much can change in a few days.”

She sits down at your computer desk and switches it on.

> You try to stop her from opening your computer and seeing your wallpaper of her.

“What are you doing?”

“I just want to check my email real quick.”

She flips open your laptop, only to be greeted with the collage of pictures you took of her for your desktop wallpaper.

She turns bright red.

“I..uh...” she stutters. “These are really nice pictures of me.”

She takes some time to glance over each picture in the collage.

> You say “I-I can explain!”

“That’s okay.”

She smiles at you. You smile back.

“Come on,” she says, taking your hand. “Let’s go take a walk.”

Your train car hideout is in a pretty remote part of the city. There’s not much around, but that also means it’s nice and quiet. There’s a path that leads through a field out back that takes you to the highway overpass in less than five minutes. There’s not much there either, just a few warehouses and a billboard advertising a local law firm. It’s still early in the day, so you and Tifid have the overpass mostly to yourselves.

Tifid asks you about your life.

> You say “You mean, aside from my ‘Top 10 Ten Stupidest Things I Did as a Kid?’”

“Yeah,” she says.

“That’s kind of vague. Anything particular you wanna know about?”

“Well, I don’t know. Where did you grow up? Who were your friends? Stuff like that.”

You try to think of what to tell her.

> You say “I grew up in Bishop Main. Despite the name, it was a seedy-as-fuck town. Like I said before, my mother was a drug addict and a prostitute, and I never even knew my father. I pretty much grew up a street rat, running around starting shit like a dumb ass. I was a pretty insecure kid... scrawny as hell, but I still picked fights with everyone, even the demon kids.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. The demons mostly liked to pick on me because I was one of the few human children who stood up to them in the slums.”

“Oh...” Tifid says, looking a bit guilty. “I’m sorry you had to go through that...”

> You look at her and say “Don’t be. The best thing to happen to me happens to be a demon, you know.”

Tifid smiles.

“What’s so funny?” you ask.

“You are.” she says, laughing. “Aww, you’re trying to be all cool and shit.”

> You say “.... Did it work?”

“Yeah,” she says. “It did.”

The two of you sit on the railing, watching the clouds roll by and enjoying each other’s company in silence. Soon, the sun is at its highest point, and neither of you has said a word for at least five minutes. You’re enjoying the peace and quiet.

“What do you want to do now?” Tifid asks.

> You say “Well, I talked a lot about myself. Wanna tell me something about you?”

“Like what?”

“I dunno. Something about you. I wanna know what Tifid was like as a little demoness.”

"I dunno what to tell..." she says, looking downward.

"I mean, you were born on Earth, right? After the Rapture War. What's it like being an Earth-born demon?"

"Oh. It's... it's interesting."

"That's not a very satisfying answer."

Tifid doesn't say anything for a while, and you begin to worry you may have upset her.

"I... I don't know..." she says, looking downward.

> You say "Say. You wanna go steal something?"

"Like what?" Tifid asks.

"I dunno. Anything. Something shiny. We haven't worked together ever since we started fighting... it's been years."

"Yeah. You're right. It has been years. Okay, let's go steal something."

You and Tifid smile at each other, before kissing one another on the lips. You feel the demonic tongue in your mouth, and you pucker your lips out to meet it. The two of you hold each other tightly, but briefly.

"Well if we're going to heist, I at least want to get paid for it," Tifid says, conjuring her phone.

She gives it a few taps and then turns it around to you.

"Here's the jobs I got just this morning."

You stare, awestruck at the sheer number of them. The screen is filled with different requests from people who want various objects stolen.

> You say "What?! How the hell do you have so many?! I get a request like... once or twice a week!"

"Yeah gotta lot of connections that's how."

"You're connected to drug dealers and murderers."

"Yeah."

"Why don't they use their own sons and daughters to do their dirty work?" you ask, genuinely confused.

"Because none of them are as good at it as me," Tifid says, laughing.

You snort at her answer.

> You say “Cuz they haven’t met me: the most badass thief in Heksten City.”

“Yeah, you’re right,” Tifid says, rolling her eyes.

“Let’s do one that pays the most,” you say.

Tifid turns her phone around and shows you a job.

A famous celebrity has lost a family heirloom diamond ring, and he wants it back before his wife notices it’s missing. The pay is three hundred thousand dollars.

You nod, impressed.

> You say “So who do we have to steal it back from?”

“We’ll find out when we accept the mission,” Tifid says, pressing a button on the phone.

Tifid’s phone lights up, and the notification for the job shows up on the screen. It seems that the requestor has accepted Tifid’s price of three hundred thousand dollars.

Tifid takes the phone back in her hand.

“Looks like we’re going to a mansion in the hills,”

> You say “Let’s go!”

Tifid nods and begins to fly off.

“Hey wait!” you shout after her.

“Oops!” she says, fluttering back down. “Sorry, I’ve gotten too used to working solo.”

“Yeah, me too,” you say. “Hey, I have an idea!”

“What is it?”

> You say "Follow me!" and lead her to your bike garage hidden in the abandoned train station.

You run to the bike garage, Tifid following behind. You step inside and flick on the lights.

"This place is huge!" Tifid says in awe.

You smile. It really is. The two of you walk through the rows of bikes until you reach the far back corner, where you keep your favorite ride, a black and red 2015 Harley Davidson Low Rider.

"So, whaddya think?"

"Yeap, these are my babies!" you say proudly.

"... Is this what you spend all your money on?" she asks.

"What, you don't think I should?"

"No, it's cool, I just... didn't know you were into motorcycles."

"Yeah well I'm a lot of things you don't know about."

"That's true," she says.

You hop onto your motorcycle and start the engine. It purrs like a well-tuned machine.

> You pat the seat and say "Hop on!"

Tifid hops on the back of your motorcycle, and the two of you ride out of the garage.

You follow Tifid's directions to the hilltop mansion where you will be performing your heist.

It's quite a distance outside of the city perimeter, in a place that neither demons nor humans usually go.

Tifid wraps her arms around you as you ride along. You smile, enjoying the feel of her body against your back. It's been a while since you've had anyone to hold on to while you ride.

> You say "Having fun? Not sure how it compares to flying but... this is how I get around."

“I’m having a lot of fun, Gilly.”

You park the motorcycle at the foot of the mansion’s driveway.

“This is it,” she says.

The two of you hop off and looks up at the mansion.

“Yeah, this place is pretty big. Who the hell does it belong to?” you ask.

“Lord Rostov. He’s some big shot overlord that runs Sinful Bliss City, to the East. This is his private villa.”

“Why would this guy steal a celebrity ring?”

“Who said he stole it? Maybe he bought it at a flea market or something. I dunno, who cares?” Tifid says.

“Good point, let’s go,” you say.

“Not so fast. We need a plan. We can’t just barge in there and start looking around.”

“You’re right, we’ll need a distraction. Something to draw the attention of the guards...” your eyes settle on Tifid’s succulent lips. “You’d be more than enough.”

Tifid frowns.

“Oh no, I’m not kissing anyone!” she says.

> You say “I’m kidding. Nobody else touches those lips except for me,” then give her a quick kiss.

“I was joking, I wouldn’t make you do that. Come on,” you say.

The two of you slowly creep up the mansion.

“Is this really the best time for PDA?” Tifid asks.

> You say “Oh right, I forgot how much of a square you can be on the job. Don’t worry, I’ll behave.”

“Oh, I wasn’t complaining,” she says.

The two of you press your bodies up against the mansion wall and slowly creep towards the front door. A camera is situated above the front door, next to the doorbell.

“Well, there’s our first obstacle,” Tifid whispers.

> You say "I can shoot it with my bee gun."

"Ugh, that thing again?" Tifid asks with a groan.

You pull out your bee gun and quickly shoot the camera. It's disabled, but you're not sure for how long.

"Go," you whisper to Tifid.

Tifid approaches the front door and presses her ear against it, listening for any noises inside. After a few seconds, she turns to you and flashes a 'V' sign with her fingers.

"I heard something," she whispers.

> You say "I'll lure the guards out. Fly up and get a drop on 'em when it's safe."

"Got it," she says.

Tifid flaps her wings and flies up into the air. She hovers a few feet above the mansion entrance, keeping below the windows to prevent herself from being seen..

You approach the front door and knock on it loudly. You hear some footsteps from inside, before the door is pulled open by a demon guard.

> You say "Hey, check out how hard I can pee."

You whip out your dick and start pissing on the floor with incredible force. The demon stares in awe at your feat.

Tifid takes this chance to fly behind the demon and delivers a powerful blow to the back of his head. The demon falls to the ground, straight into your puddle of piss.

She turns around and looks at you with confusion and disgust.

"What the fuck are you doing?!" Tifid asks.

> You say "Heh, works every time."

“I don’t have time for your weird Earth jokes,” Tifid says, grabbing you by the hand.

She pulls you inside and quickly shuts the door behind you.

“Let’s just get this over with,” she says.

Tifid walks across the foyer into a large room with several chairs facing a stage. Magos Cern stands on the stage, surrounded by a bunch of guards.

“And now, it is time for the main event! The moment you’ve all been waiting for!” Magos Cern says.

The audience, consisting of both demons and humans claps enthusiastically.

The two of you sneak by while everyone is distracted by the show.

> You say “Who’s that guy? Is he Rostov?”

“No, he isn’t, he’s one of his human lackies,” Tifid says, annoyed that you’re talking.

She leads you up some stairs and to a door at the end of the hall.

Tifid takes out her lockpick and gets to work on the door. She works on it for at least two minutes before the door clicks open.

You enter the room and find yourself in a luxurious bathroom.

> You say “Whoa... there’s gotta be three hundred stacks worth of loot in here alone!”

“Stop gawking! Help me look for the ring!”

You help Tifid search the bathroom, but you don’t find anything out of the ordinary.

“There’s nothing here,” you say.

“Are you sure?” Tifid asks.

“I’ve never seen a ring, or anything that looks like one.”

“Fuck! He must have it on him then,” she says.

Magos Cern starts talking on the speakers.

“Oh my, it seems like we have some unwanted pests in the house!”

Tifid’s eyes widen in fear.

“We need to get the fuck out of here,” she says.

“No, wait! He doesn't know where we are,” you say.

“How do you know? There's cameras and microphones everywhere!”

> You say “Then why did they let us get this far? They had so many opportunities to jump us!”

“Because this whole fucking thing is a game to them. They were watching us, and they were having fun.”

“That may be true, but it doesn't change the fact that they don't know where we are. We can still get the drop on him.”

Tifid looks nervous, but she nods in agreement.

You hear Magos Cern's voice again.

“If you're listening, children, I highly recommend that you leave. If you continue to stay in my house, I cannot guarantee your safety.”

Tifid looks extremely worried, but she doesn't say anything.

You head back into the bedroom, and start opening drawers. You find a big stack of clothes, and immediately start grabbing armfuls and throwing them off.

“What the fuck are you doing?”

> You say “Trying to find a disguise, duh! What are you waiting for, you can transform, unlike me!”

“I'm not going to go look for clothes for you, you'll just find some excuse to blame me for it later!”

“Fuck you, you're no fun!” you complain.

Tifid sticks out her tongue, and goes off to transform herself.

Meanwhile, you go rummaging through the clothes. You quickly find a set that looks suitable.

You take off your heist suit, and get dressed.

When you're done, you look just like one of the mansion staff.

Tifid comes back into the room, looking completely different.

She's now a young human woman, with long red hair and a nice dress. She looks like she's in her late teens.

“Holy shit... nice makeover,” you say, genuinely impressed.

“Thanks. Ready to go?”

“Yep!”

The two of you slowly make your way back through the halls. You might be disguised, but you’d still prefer not to be spotted at all.

> You say “Hey Tif... you think... you could transform while we’re doing it? I-if you’re comfortable with it.”

Tifid narrows her eyes and glares at you.

“Why? Am I not pretty enough?”

“No, it’s not that. You’re beautiful. I just thought it’d be a cool experience.”

“Sure, I could transform into a giant bee. Is that what you want?”

> You blush and say “R-Really? Could you?”

Tifid jabs you in the side of your ribs.

“Ow!” you yelp.

“You’re such a weirdo. Stop fucking around, we have a job to do!”

The two of you continue walking.

You reach the door to the vault. You slowly open it, and find yourself staring at a large collection of gold bars, each worth fifty thousand dollars.

“Whoa...” you say, staring at the gold.

“This is insane,” Tifid says, grinning from ear to ear.

You grab a bar, and start loading it into a bag.

“A bag? Seriously? You humans...” Tifid mutters.

She snaps her fingers and a small portal appears. She grabs the sack, and dumps the gold inside.

“Let’s get out of here,” she says.

The two of you continue walking through the mansion, trying to avoid guards.

“So how many humans have you killed?” you ask.

“What kind of question is that? How many demons have YOU killed?”

“I don’t know, that’s why I’m asking you.”

Tifid looks at you, frowning.

"I'm not a murderer," she says. "I've been through shit, and I'll kill if I have to, but I'm not a killer. Never have been."

> You say "Oh yeah. Same."

"Was there even a point to that question?" Tifid asks as she checks around a corner for guards.

"I was just curious."

"Geez Gil, focus on the job!"

> You say "Sorry, it's just so much fun heisting with you..."

Tifid raises an eyebrow, and chuckles.

"Shit, you're adorable," she says.

The two of you continue walking, when you hear a voice.

"Hands up!" a voice screams.

You look behind you, and see two guards staring at you. They're holding Tasers, and are clearly ready to use them.

> You say "Oh shit! Look over there! A giant demon bee!"

You point over the guards' shoulder, and scream as loud as you can. The guards, terrified, quickly turn their heads to look.

"Fucking idiots," Tifid mutters. She takes the opportunity to rush forward and punch them both. She beats them unconscious in a matter of seconds.

"Come on, let's grab the ring and leave," she says, wiping her bloody knuckles on one of the guards' clothes.

> You say "But that magician guy's wearing it! Plus, we already stole a shitton of gold!"

"No can do Gil, we already accepted the job. We have to honor the contract."

> You say “Fuck... you’re so hot when you’re professional. Okay, let’s do it.”

Tifid smiles at you, and grabs your hand.

“Come on, Gil. Let’s get this over with. The sooner we get home... the better.”

She gives you a mischievous wink.

You walk down the hall, and find a large door with an intercom beside it.

“This is it,” Tifid says.

She presses a button on the intercom.

“Who’s there?” a deep voice asks from the speaker.

Tifid clears her throat. When she speaks again, her voice sounds completely different. It’s husky and sultry, perfectly matching her illusory disguise.

“It’s me, boss. I’ve caught one of the intruders.”

You quickly catch on to Tifid’s plan.

> You shout into the speaker “Fuck you! Let go of me, bitch!”

You see a flash as a screen turns on above the speaker.

“Well, what do we have here? An interloper? Good work, bring him to me!”

Magos Cern’s voice is extremely deep and menacing. You didn’t know a human could sound like that, magician or not. It sends a chill down your spine.

The screen turns off again and the door pops open.

“After you, thief,” Tifid says with a smirk.

She plays the role so well you forget for a moment you’re on the same side.

You walk out into the hallway, and see Magos Cern for the first time.

He doesn’t look like what you expected. He is a tall man in black and gray robes standing next to a floating, semi-organic looking computer system. There are a bunch of levers sticking out of the machine.

> You say “Fuck! Let me go! Fucking demon bootlickers! You should be ashamed to call yourselves humans!”

Magos Cern’s face turns to one of fury.

“Filthy peasant! You dare insult me? The great Magos Cern?”

“Fuck you!”

Magos Cern's face twists into an evil grin. He speaks a few words and waves his hands, and suddenly the floor beneath you opens up. You scream as you fall, staring up at the laughing Magos Cern.

Tifid, still in her disguise, stares at you fall with horror in her eyes, but she doesn't break character.

“Have fun in the pit, fool!” he says gleefully.

Magos Cern's Mansion, Part II

> You channel your strength runes to break your fall.

Your magical energy courses through your body, and your muscles harden up, protecting you as you bounce around the chute. Eventually, you tumble into a large, empty metal room. You appear to be in some sort of large, cylindrical chamber. The walls are slicked with some sort of oil, prevent victims from climbing out.

A panel opens in the wall, revealing a glass window. Magos Cern's face appears in it as he laughs at you.

"How do you like my pit, animal?"

> You say "Geez, how much time do you have on your hands to make something like this?"

"Oh, I always have time to entertain myself. Especially when it comes to unwanted guests. Look behind you."

You look behind you, and gasp in horror. You see a dozen tall, metal bars, covered in blood and claw marks.

A pair of glowing eyes shine from behind the bars, and you hear a low growl.

"Aw hell" you mutter, as a row of sharp teeth stretch open, and you are face to face with a large mutant.

"Say hello to Gutsy! He's been eager to meet you."

"Gutsy?" you ask in surprise.

Magos Cern lets out a laugh.

"Writhe for me, plebeian!" the Magos Cern says, laughing maniacally.

Gutsy lunges out of his cell, sending metal bits flying all over the cylindrical room.

> You fire up all of your runic tattoos and yell “Come on, monster!”

You fire up all of your runic tattoos. You feel your muscles and nerves burn with energy, and you begin to feel warm as your blood boils.

Using all of your runes like this causes pain, but it’s the only way you’re going to get out of this alive.

Your runic abilities:

- Strength runes (high grade)
- Regeneration runes (high grade)
- Focus runes (med grade)
- Acceleration runes (med grade)
- Dexterity runes (low grade)
- Energy runes (low grade)
- Endurance runes (low grade)

“Come on, monster!” you say, punching the mutant in the face.

You punch the beast in the snout, shattering part of its metal jaw. The beast falls backwards, howling in pain as it holds its face.

You pounce on top of it and begin smashing its face in with both fists.

> You say “What’s the matter ‘Gutsy’? Izzat all you got? Huh?!”

“What’s the matter ‘Gutsy’? Izzat all you got? Huh?!” you say, as the mutant howls in pain.

The creature bites your arm, tearing out a chunk of flesh. You scream in pain as hot blood spills down your torn shirt. You try to roll away from the beast, but it grabs you by the hair and throws you against the wall.

> You stem the wound with your regeneration runes.

You concentrate, and the runes on your skin glow brightly. Your arm knits itself back together in seconds, although you feel a slight pain for the next few minutes.

The mutant advances on you, but you draw your bee gun.

You unleash a burst of demon bees, and they fly forward, engulfing the beast's head with toxic stings. The creature's face melts off, revealing a metal skull under its flesh. It continues to lurch towards you, undeterred.

> You say "Oh fuck! Cyborgs are immune to bees!"

"Oh fuck! Cyborgs are immune to bees!" you say in surprise as the robot continues towards you.

You leap out of the way as it smashes its fist into the concrete wall you were standing in. It pulls its fist out of the wall and swipes at you, but you roll backwards and stand up, running away.

The mutant quickly catches up to you, grabbing you with its robotic hands. It picks you up off the ground and begins crushing you.

> You suddenly get a brilliant idea and say "Wait a second! That's it! Gutsy, guess what? Both our names start with 'G!'"

The mutant stares at you blankly. Then, it slowly begins to laugh.

"Yeah! It's true! We're both Gs! Ha ha ha ha!" he says, laughing uncontrollably.

"Yeah! We're both Gs!" you say, trying to laugh along with him.

The mutant stops laughing and continues to stare at you blankly.

"Both Gs..." he says slowly, as if trying out the new word.

"Yeah," you say, wiping the tears from your eyes.

Gutsy lowers you to the ground and stares at you blankly, apparently deep in thought. You notice a tear begin to run down his metal cheek.

"Both Gs..." he says again, this time almost a whisper.

The mutant stares at you intently for a moment, then pulls you into a hug. He holds you tightly and rocks you back and forth as he weeps silently.

> You say “There, there big fella. I know. It’s tough being a G. Now let’s get out of here.”

“There, there big fella. I know. It’s tough being a G.” you say soothingly, petting him on the back of his metal neck..

“Yeah...” he says slowly, as if deep in thought.

Gutsy lets you go, then turns around to look at Magos Cern.

“Fuck you, Cern!” he says angrily.

He turns and walks away down the hall, leaving you behind.

“What the hell just happened?” asks Magos Cern, apparently clueless.

> You say “Heh. Works every time.”

“Heh. Works every time.” you reply.

Magos Cern screams something incomprehensible in rage. He starts smashing his keyboard, then rips it off the desk and throws it across the room. His monitor follows shortly after, shattering into a million pieces. He collapses in his seat and begins sobbing uncontrollably.

You walk out of the hole Gutsy made on his way out, making your way back to the main floor of the mansion. Tifid runs up to you and nearly bowls you over in a hug.

“I’m so glad you’re safe, Gil!” she says happily.

“I’m fine, did you get the ring?” you ask.

“Yeah, it’s in my pocket. Come on, let’s get out of here.”

You and Tifid begin to leave the mansion, but are stopped as the sound of heavy, booted feet comes from behind you. You turn around to see several heavily armed mutants approaching you from the front hallway.

> You say “Fuck, where does he get these things! Let’s fucking dip!”

“Christ, where does he get these things?! Let’s fucking dip!” you yell.

“No, Gil, we can take them!” Tifid yells back.

You raise an eyebrow.

“Fuck. Let’s do it.” you say.

Tifid’s horns begin to glow a bright red, and she charges the mutants with reckless abandon.

> You engage in glorious mutant slaughter with Tifid.

You charge into the horde of mutants with Tifid, who transforms into a ten feet tall demon composed of pure flame.

Your magical runes surge with power as you prepare to fight.

The hulking creatures wielding oversized knives and rusty pipes stumble towards you. They obviously don’t know how to handle someone as skilled as you, and their clumsy attempts at stabbing you result in their own deaths at your hands.

You rip off the jaw of one mutant with your bare hands, before throwing it at another, impaling both through the chest. You jam your bee gun down the throat of a mutant charging at you and unleash a barrage of bees, watching as the mutant begins to swell up like a balloon and then explodes in a mess of blood, guts, and bees. You stomp on the head of another, crushing it’s skull with one swift blow.

> You admire Tifid’s carnage.

A mutant rushes Tifid with a knife, but is burned to a crisp as she turns him into ash with a wave of her hand. She sends the ash raining down across the room while she continues to look for more enemies. Several mutants attempt to swarm her, only to be swiftly impaled one by one on her bladed tail. She swings the shish kabob of dead mutants like a mace, using the impaled mutants like blunt instruments to batter their friends to death. She then reverts to her normal form and continues the battle. She stabs, slices, burns, beats, and tears the mutants apart until there is nothing but a pile of blood, organs, chunks, and bodies laying at her feet.

> You grab her and run for the door.

You run for the exit as the mutants rush after you. You reach the door and quickly head outside.

“Hey, we’re not done yet!” Tifid says.

“I am,” you say. “Let’s just go.”

“Why? We can take them!”

> You say “No you don’t understand. I’m aroused as fuck right now. We need to get home NOW.”

“Oh shit, OK!” Tifid says.

You jump onto your bike and start the engine. You put it in gear and peel out of there, tires squealing.

You’re flooring it the entire way back to your hideout.

You almost crash a few times because Tifid keeps clinging to your back, trying to bite and kiss you.

> You carry Tifid bridal style and kick down the train car door.

You manage to get home without crashing. You barely bother to park the motorcycle properly, just kicking down the train car door and rush inside.

You head straight to sofa and throw Tifid onto it. She lets out an excited squeal as she bounces against the cushions

> You take a moment to take it all in.

You take a moment to admire Tifid as she lies on the sofa.

The two of you are still covered in your own sweat, the blood of your enemies, and other unmentionable liquids.

She looks at you with a mix of anticipation and lust.

“You wanna take a shower?” she asks.

> You say “No. I want it like this.”

“Good answer,” Tifid says.

Tifid smiles at you and licks her lips, smearing the thick layer of blood that covers them.

She moves forward and grabs your head, bringing it closer to her own. You gladly close the distance as you passionately embrace in a messy, bloody kiss.

> You say “Hey Tif... the last time I was pretty rough, wasn't I?”

“Well you did get a little carried away,” she says, her voice carrying a mixture of sheepishness and mild annoyance.

“Sorry about that. It's just... the sex was really good. And I have feelings for you. That usually doesn't happen with me.”

Tifid is silent for a moment, then looks into your eyes as you stare into hers.

“Do you want to break up?”

> You feel your heart ache at the question and say “What? No! Never!”

Tifid smiles.

“Good,” she says. “I don't want to either.”

She brings her face close to yours and kisses you passionately. You can feel her wrapping her legs around your waist as she pulls you into her body, grinding her hips against yours.

> You say “I'm just saying... I'll follow your lead this time, how's that sound?”

“Perfect,” she says, smiling.

Tifid and you embrace in a long, slow kiss, your hands exploring each other's bodies as you do so. Then, the two of you begin to kiss and touch each other all over, taking the time to slowly appreciate each other's bodies.

⟨Tifid's thoughts about Gil⟩

Gilly's such a dumbass. He always shouts weird phrases and won't stop waving that bee gun around. I hate that thing. But he's so sweet and nice, and he loves me, so I put up with it.

The sex is great (even if he's really rough sometimes), and I really care about him. It makes me regret we fought for so long.

It's still hard to believe that the boy I'd fall in love with would end up being a human.

They're so much weaker than demons. Gilly is different, though.

He's clumsy and weird, but somehow manages to be an excellent thief. I mean he has to be - he ended up stealing my heart.

I really do love him. I should make the effort to tell him that more often.

<Your POV>

You close your eyes as you follow Tifid's lead. The two of you hold each other close, and gently rock back and forth as you grind against one another. You can feel her long, sticky demon tongue in your mouth, and the warmth of her body is enough to cause your head to spin. After a while, she pulls the two of you apart and looks deep into your eyes.

"Hey, Gil..." she says, sheepishly.

"Something wrong?" you ask.

"No, I wanted to say... I love you, Gilly."

"I love you too, Tifid."

> You let Tifid take the lead.

You let Tifid take the lead. She gently slides down your body, planting soft kisses along your stomach and crotch as she goes. When she finally reaches your crotch, she looks up at you and smiles briefly. Then, she takes out your cock from its confines, licking it slowly as it hardens in her mouth. Her eyes are fixated on it as she continues licking, as if fascinated by its existence. She nibbles and teases it with her lips and tongue, and she easily wins your lust over as it becomes fully erect. She smiles in satisfaction, and begins to slowly move her head closer to it. Her lips make contact with the tip, and she begins to push more of it into her mouth as more of her hair spills out of her bun.

> You undo her ribbon and let her hair down.

You reach forward and slowly untie the ribbon holding up her hair. Her pale-rose hair spills down onto her shoulders, and you let it fall through your fingers.

She looks up at you and smiles before going back to work. The softness of her hair and the warmth of her mouth are enough to push you over the edge, but you do your best to hold it back, not wanting it to be over just yet.

> You brush Tifid's hair back for her while she blows you.

You brush Tifid's hair back for her while she blows you. She looks up at you and smiles, then takes you even deeper into her mouth. Her lips gently caress every inch of your cock as she moves it in and out, and the warmth of her mouth combined with the softness of her hair tickles your legs.

> You say "Haaah...f-fuck... Tifid... k-kiss it! Please! I love it like that!"

She licks the head of your cock before kissing it softly. You grit your teeth as it almost becomes too much to bear.

Tifid giggles, enjoying your reaction.

"You like that?"

"Y-Yeah...!"

She moves up and down the length of your head and shaft, planting kisses everywhere as she moves.

Tifid goes even faster, her hair flying everywhere as her mouth works to make you cum.

> You say "Sshhit! Tifid...!"

You feel yourself at the brink. Just when you're about to cum, Tifid pushes your hips away, holding you back.

"No... Not yet."

"F-Fuck! Why'd you stop?"

She looks at you with a mischievous grin, planting another kiss on your lips.

"Oh Gilly, you're so impatient. Sometimes..." she whispers as she traces her fingertips along your jawline. "Sometimes, you have to learn how to wait."

She looks at you with those sultry eyes of hers before moving in for another kiss. You can taste yourself on her lips.

“If you want me to let you cum,” she says, breaking the kiss for a moment. “You’ll have to wait until I say you can.”

> You say “Fuck... fuck you’re evil!”

Tifid pulls her head back and slaps you across the face.

“Bad Gilly! I didn’t give you permission to speak.”

You wince as she grabs a handful of your hair, forcing you to look into her eyes.

“Do you want me to stop?” she asks.

“Fuck no...”

Tifid pulls your hair harder, forcing your head to tilt all the way back. Then, she plants her mouth firmly on yours.

“Then shut up,” she whispers, releasing your hair. “Now, be a good boy and stay quiet.”

You nod eagerly as Tifid grabs a hold of your wrists, pulling your hands behind your back. She wraps your arms with the belt of her skirt, binding them together tightly.

“That’s it. That’s a good boy.”

Tifid’s sudden change in demeanor surprises you. You didn’t know she was into this type of thing, but it’s getting you so hot and bothered you don’t care.

You stay quiet, not wanting to spoil Tifid’s fun. She’s in a playful mood, and if you want your orgasm you’ll have to go along with it.

Tifid grabs a hold of your wrist, and bends your elbows backwards, over your head and behind the sofa. She ties your bound wrists to the frame, pulling it taught so you have no choice but to sit there.

> You play along and whimper “Wh-What are you going to do to me, demon?”

Tifid slaps you again.

“Didn’t I say to shut up? Now that you’ve asked, I’m going to do whatever I want with you. You’re going to lie there and take it. If you do anything but, I’ll break your legs. Got it?”

You whimper and nod anxiously as she ties your ankles to the legs of the sofa, forcing your legs apart.

You're no longer sure if she's just role-playing or if she's actually serious now... you don't want to risk finding out.

Tifid steps back, giving you a good look at her. Her breasts are practically falling out of her blouse as she smiles cruelly down at you.

"Now then, what should I do with you?" she asks, running a finger along your cheek. "Hmm, what would feel good?"

She traces the outline of your jaw as she thinks.

> You gulp and patiently await your fate, your cock aching painfully at full mast.

"Shall we try this?" she asks, taking her long, purple fingernails and slicing them down your chest.

You gasp in pain as four long cuts appear on your chest, from the top of your pecs to just above your belly button. You wince and grit your teeth as the demoneess slowly slides her fingernails up the cuts, making you shudder in pain.

> You grit your teeth and say "Ow fuck!!"

Tifid's expression suddenly changes, as if snapping out of a trance.

"Oh... oh shit! This really hurts, doesn't it?" she says guiltily.

"Well yeah... but wasn't that the point?"

"Sorry... I got a bit... carried away..." she says nervously.

"It's fine," you assure her. "It was... really fucking hot."

She smiles in relief.

"That's good. I need to learn when to stop. Especially when I'm on top," she says with a wink.

She looks at your bleeding chest and frowns.

"Sorry, I can't get back into it anymore..."

> You say "Shit, I guess I should've kept my mouth shut."

“I’m so sorry, Gil...” she says, her voice filled with guilt.

“Don’t worry, I get it. It’s hot. It’s part of the fantasy.”

She casts a spell over you, and your chest quickly begins to heal. By the time she leans in to kiss you, you’re left with only a few light scars across your chest.

“Mmmm, there we go,” she smiles, before kissing you deeply.

> You say “You know, I would’ve been happy to bear those scars. I’d wear ’em with pride.”

“I know,” Tifid smiles. “But I don’t want you to have to wear scars just for my twisted fantasies.”

Tifid gently presses her lips against yours, kissing you softly.

> You say “Still, it was really cool knowing what you’re into. But... can you untie me now? My arm’s starting to fall asleep.”

“Oh! Yeah, of course!”

Tifid undoes your restraints, gently rubbing circulation back into your numb arm.

“Thanks,” you say.

“So... after all that, you still wanna be with me?” Tifid asks nervously.

> You kiss her passionately and say “Does that answer your question?”

“I guess it does,” she smiles.

You lean in and kiss her again, and for a moment you’re lost in the moment... until you hear the door opening.

You quickly look up, to see Magos Cern standing in the doorway. He glares at you with intense focus.

“What’s going on here?”

> You pull up your pants and yell “WHAT THE FUCK?! GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!”

You pull up your pants and leap to your feet, yelling at Magos. He stares at you impassively, as you begin to sweat nervously.

“Do you know who I am?” Magos says calmly.

“Yeah, you’re Magos fucking Cern. Now get the fuck out of here!”

Magos walks forward, raising an eyebrow.

“Did I startle you?”

> You draw your bee gun and yell “GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY CRIB ASSHOLE!”

You raise your gun, pointing it at Magos. He stares at you, before smiling.

“Is that a bee gun? How quaint.”

He draws a gun of his own and points it at you.

“Bees are nothing compared to mantids.”

He fires, and you scream as a mantid’s claws collides into your chest. You collapse to the ground, watching as your bees fly around you.

Magos looks at the mantis disappointingly.

“You could’ve at least killed him.”

Magos points his gun at you, ready to fire again, but suddenly stumbles backwards as your bees fly into his eyes.

“FUCK!” he screams “MY EYES!”

Tifid watches in confusion as the two of you roll around the room, the bees stinging at Magos’ face, and the mantis clawing at yours.

Magos begins blindly firing his gun, sending more mantises tearing through the room.

“What the fuck do I do?” she asks.

> You yell “Kick his ass!!” while you tear the mantis off you and smash it into the floor.

“Kick his ass!!” you yell, and Tifid leaps into the fray.

She lands a couple of kicks to Magos’ face, and he weakly shoves her away. You pick up the mantis claw and ram it into Magos’ chest repeatedly, watching as he weakly defends himself.

Magos grabs you by the throat, and begins to choke the life out of you.

> You crush his fingers and yell “Don’t fucking touch my girlfriend you piece of shit!”

You crush his fingers, and he screams in pain.

“NOOO!” he yells.

You sit on top of him, ramming the mantis into his chest repeatedly as hard as you can. Magos twitches and weakly twirls around his fingers, but blood is pouring out of his chest, and you know the magician is dead.

“Holy shit” says Tifid, “You killed him.”

“Yeah, thanks for the help back there, babe!” you say, tossing the mashed mantis aside.

“That was... kind of sexy” mutters Tifid, “I never noticed how muscular you look when you’re killing someone.”

> Fuck on Magos Cern’s corpse.

“Take me, Gil! Fuck me on this asshole’s corpse!”

Tifid gets on her hands and knees over the corpse, and begins grinding her ass back at you. You’re harder than you’ve ever been in your whole life.

You position yourself behind her, and easily slide into her wet vagina.

“Oh fuck” she yells in surprise as you begin thrusting in and out of her.

“God you’re tight, Tif!” you cry out.

Tifid’s sopping cunt grips onto your dick as you pound her from behind.

The two of you fuck like a madman and a lustful beast on the dead body of Magos Cern.

With every thrust, blood spurts out from his mouth and wounds with a sickening squelching noise, splattering all over the floor and walls.

“Shit” says Tifid, “I think some of the blood got inside me...”

> You say “Looks like we don’t need lube then”

Tifid turns around to look at you with a smile. She buries her face in the gaping wound in the corpse's chest.

You continue fucking atop the dead body as Tifid begins moaning and laughing, enjoying herself.

"Yeah baby, fuck me!" she yells, as one of her hands disappears under her, no doubt pleasuring herself.

"Oh shit!" she yells as you begin to orgasm.

She sinks her teeth into the corpse to stifle her own screams. You pull out and cover her back in semen.

"Oh wow, you made a mess!" she says gleefully.

"Damn, that was awesome," you say, wiping the blood off your dick with the dead body's clothes.

The two of you collapse beside the corpse of Magos Cern, panting.

> You say "Shit, we gotta get this thing out of here before it starts to rot in the heat..."

"Well I'm not touching it" Tifid say.

"We literally just fucked on it" you complain. "We gotta move it".

"Fine" she says, standing up.

Tifid attempts to move, but can't get off the corpse because her vagina is stuck on a piece of cracked rib.

"Help me!" she yells, as the corpse's asshole suddenly expands, and begins to secrete a thick brown fluid.

"Oh dear God! It's shit!" you yell.

Tifid manages to dig out the piece of rib, but the smell is too much for her, and she collapses to the ground, vomiting.

> You vomit at the sight of Tifid vomiting.

Your vomit joins the growing puddle of bile, blood, and postmortem discharge, creating a new, orange colored mixture of puke.

"I think I'm dying!" you complain.

"Oh, shut up!" Tifid yells, between labored gasps.

> You look at the carpet and say “God damn it!! This is gonna take forever to get out!!”

“Here, let me take care of it!” Tifid says as she conjures a great fireball.

The fire burns the corpse, and the air around it. Soon, it begins to spread around the rest of the train.

> You say “AHHHHH!!! WHY'D YOU DO THAT IN HERE?!”

“Oh shit” Tifid says as the two of you notice just how flammable the interior of the train car is.

The fire licks at the cars, and soon catches the gas canisters at the kitchenette.

Sparks begin to fly from the gas cans, and soon they're spouting huge plumes of flame.

The car quickly fills with an orange glow, and you find yourself burning up.

“Let's get the fuck out of here!!” Tifid screams, as the two of you burst through the wall with your combined, superhuman strength, and roll to safety on the gravel.

The car explodes behind you, casting flaming debris in all directions.

> You say “... Fuck.”

“Oops,” Tifid says.

You watch in dumbstruck silence as your hideout and your livelihood burn away.

“I'm so sorry, Gil!” Tifid says.

You stay silent for a moment, before gathering yourself.

“It's okay,” you reply.

“That was my fault.”

> You shrug and say "It's nothing... it's all material anyway. All things that are born and created must one day fade away. Nothing lasts forever" as you shed a single tear.

"Don't hate me, Gil! Please! I'll make it up to you! I'll pay for the damage! I'll get us a new place to live, with enough money that we'll never have to work again!"

"It's fine, Tifid. I don't need much. I have my bee gun, and I have you."

"I'm so, so sorry..."

You stare at her blankly.

"It's just a train... but it's still a home..."

Tifid starts to cry.

"I'm sorry...! I'm sorry...!"

You start to cry.

"It's fine... I'll forgive you."

"But you're crying!"

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Tifid. The loss of one train is not enough to make me cry," you say as hot tears stream down your face.

The two of you hold each other in front of the burning wreckage. Eventually the flames burn out, and the sun begins to set.

> You say "So... um... can I move in with you?"

"... Yeah. Of course! Of course you can!" Tifid says, wiping the tears from her eyes.

> You turn to the camera, wink, and whisper "Oh we in now, boys!"

The audience breaks into hysterical laughter and cheering. One of them stands up and gives you a thumbs up, while another offers you a bottle of wine. You accept it, taking a swig before passing it to Tifid who drains it.

"I broke the fourth wall!" you say in amazement. The audience begin to cheer louder.

"That's my boy!" the man says, grinning ear to ear.

> You patch up the fourth wall before it breaks reality, then look for anything you can salvage from the wreck.

You shoo the audience away and they disperse, some of them laughing, while others curse at you and make obscene gestures.

You find a silver spoon in the wreckage, and keep it.

“Do you think that will be enough?” Tifid asks.

“It’s a start,” you say. “I’m sure we’ll find something else.”

You continue looking through the wreck until you find something shiny.

> You dig the shiny object out of the charred metal.

The object is a gun. You recognize it as Magos Cern’s mantis rifle.

It looks like a Remington 710 except it’s completely silver and shoots mantises instead of bullets.

> You yell “OH. MY. GOD.” and acquire mantis gun.

You have acquired the mantis gun. You can now shoot the future predators of the galaxy.

“Now we can shoot at anything!” you say, giving Tifid a grin.

Tifid rubs her temples and sighs. “Well it’s better than bees.”

> You say “This makes everything worth it. My whole life has lead up to this moment.”

“I don’t know if I agree with that... but at least you’re happy. That’s all that matters,” Tifid says.

> You hug her and say “You’re the best!”

Tifid smiles. “I know, but let’s keep looking. There might be more stuff we can salvage.”

You keep looking through the debris from the wrecked train car, looking for anything of yours that survived.

Eventually, you end up with a pile of stuff that halfway salvageable, along with Magos Cern's body, which survived completely unharmed.

> You say "What the fuck? Is this guy fireproof?"

"It would appear so," she says.

"God dammit, the entire reason we blew the train up was to get rid of the body," you say angrily.

"There's always the mantis gun." Tifid says sarcastically.

"Yeah. Fucking hell, that's a lot of firepower for one person."

"You should let the mantises deal with him," Tifid says.

"Yeah, but they might breed in the corpse and take over the world!" you say.

"So?" Tifid asks. "It's not like they're going to be sentient or something..."

> You hold the mantis gun in reverence and say "Mantises are powerful creatures, much more so than bees. They must be respected. Magos Cern was a foolish man who did not respect the mantises and he paid for it with his life."

"That's one way to put it," Tifid says.

Your belief in the mantis gun pays off, as it manages to keep you and Tifid alive. Now you have to come up with some way to get rid of Magos Cern's body.

"Well we can't burn him or bury him," you say. "Let's throw him off a cliff."

> You drag Magos Cern's body to the lake.

You drag Magos Cern's body through town, toward the lake. A few people glance in your direction, but they don't say anything. Soon, you reach the lake shore.

You carry him up and find a suitable cliff, one with a view of the ocean. You throw Magos' body over the edge. It falls down, but then stops abruptly in midair, hanging there.

“What the fuck?” you ask.

“Oh dear,” Tifid says. “It appears the Void has another plan for him.”

You look up. A large, pitch black entity is holding Magos’ body in midair. It speaks in a low, raspy voice.

“I believe I am the answer to your question, Earthling.”

“What are you?” you ask.

“I am the Empty Night,” it says. “I am a self-made god motivated by an ever-growing, ever-loving need to consume.”

> You ask “A god? What do you want with us?”

“You interest me. I want you to join me.”

You and Tifid look at each other.

“What do we get out of it?” you ask.

“I will fill your desire,” Empty Night says. “For a price, of course.”

You and Tifid discuss the offer for some time. Tifid’s smart - she doesn’t take the offer immediately, instead thinking about it.

“He’s lying. Deals with dark gods never work out. Trust me, I’m a demon. I’d know.”

> You whisper “I agree, he came out of Magos’ asscrack. Nothing good ever came from there.”

“I agree,” you say. “He came out of Magos’ asscrack. Nothing good ever came from there.”

Tifid hesitates, then nods slowly.

“Ok,” she says. “Let’s reject his offer.”

You nod in response, and turn back toward town.

“Hey, wait! Where are you going?” it cries. “Don’t you want to join me?”

“Sorry, no,” you say.

“Don’t worry, I’ll have the last laugh!” Empty Night says. “You’ll soon get bored on Earth, and come back to me!”

“I doubt it,” you say.

Somehow, in its own way, Empty Night sounds sad when it replies.

“Fools! I will have my revenge!”

“Fuck you, asshole!” you say.

“Fuck you, asshole!” Tifid says, echoing your insult.

Empty Night flies away, sobbing.

Tifid looks at you.

“What the hell was that all about?”

“No idea,” you reply.

The two of you walk back to Heksten City in silence.

> You say “So... I guess we’ll move my stuff to your place then? I’m a little excited, I’ve never been to your place before.”

“So... I guess we’ll move my stuff to your place then? I’m a little excited, I’ve never been to your place before.”

“Sure, why not,” Tifid says. “Let’s head back, then go to my place.”

You nod. After a short motorcycle ride, you arrive back at the town.

Tifid picks up all the stuff you salvaged from the wreckage of your old hideout and throws them into her storage portal.

The two of you then drive to a part of the city you’ve never been to, and soon arrive at Tifid’s place. It’s a small, one-story house, very humble.

“Well, here it is,” Tifid says. “Sorry for the lack of stairs.”

> You say “Wow, this place is really comfy. I thought you’d live in a mansion, being the Demon President’s daughter and all.”

“Yeah, I got the mansion torn down so I could build this place.”

“Wait so you had a mansion, and tore it down?!”

“Mhmm, I don’t like big houses.”

“But why?!”

“It’s just nice to live in a small house. I don’t need anything else.”

You don’t know if that’s really cool, or really stupid.

Well, whatever makes Tif happy.

“So what do you wanna do now that we’re here?”

> You get flirty and say “I dunno... what do YOU wanna do?”

“It’s your place... what do YOU wanna do?” you ask, flirtatiously.

Tifid thinks about it for a moment, then smiles.

“You want to try something fun?” she asks.

“Hell yeah,” you say.

“Okay, follow me then.”

Tifid unlocks the door and gestures for you to follow.

When you enter the house, your jaw almost drops. The interior is nothing like the humble-looking exterior.

It looks like a secret base straight out of a movie.

The place is huge, with giant walls covered with high-tech gadgets and monitors.

You see a bunch of bunks, a kitchen, a firing range, a large computer, and much more.

> You say “What the hell? THIS is where you’ve been living? I thought you said you didn’t like big houses?”

“I don’t.”

“So why’d you make this giant?” you ask.

“It isn’t that big... is it?” Tifid replies, looking genuinely confused.

> You start crying because, this entire time, your arch-rival lived in the literal secret base of your dreams while you lived in a shitty train car.

“What’s wrong?” Tifid asks, sounding concerned.

“I’m... I’m jealous,” you say between sobs.

“Wait a minute... YOU’RE JEALOUS?!?”

“YES! You have all the high-tech stuff!”

“That’s it? That’s what you’re upset about?”

> You say “You don’t understand a man’s heart, Tif. I’ve literally dreamt about a place like this since I was a boy.”

“I don’t know why you’re so upset. You live here now, too. Forget about it.”

“Well, yeah. But, I mean... that’s not the point.”

“You don’t like this old place?”

> You say “Are you kidding me?! I love it! Hurry, show me everything!”

You and Tifid spend the next few hours going through everything in the base.

The kitchen is well-stocked with food.

The firing range turns out to be even better-equipped than you imagined.

You see high-tech medical stations.

A gigantic library.

You enter a room with a bunch of game consoles, new and old, as well as a gaming PC.

You find a room full of action figures, comic books, and fantasy novels.

A room with only workout equipment.

Finally, you enter a bedroom bigger than two of your old hideouts put together.

> You say “Jesus Christ... I hope I don’t become a useless, trophy boyfriend.”

“Oh, you won’t,” Tifid says. “We’ll still spend time together. Come on, we should go meet my father.”

“Does he know about me?” you ask.

“I have no idea, but probably...” she answers.

Tifid suddenly seems worried. Your heart drops.

“What’s wrong?” you ask.

“Um... nothing.” She looks away nervously. “Never mind me.”

> You say “I thought you didn’t live with your dad... is he here right now?”

“Yeah, he’s visiting today,” she answers. “Come on, I’ll show you.”

She leads you through unfamiliar hallways for a while, before stopping in a dimly lit room.

You find yourself in a well-lit room. A man covered with tentacles sits in the corner of the room, his back to you.

Even without seeing his face, you notice the massive horns protruding from the top of his head. Now you know where Tifid got hers.

“Daddy, I want you to meet someone,” Tifid says. “This is Gil! He’s my boyfriend.”

The man turns around. You’re horrified by what you see.

His head is partially human, but his eyes are gone, replaced with tentacles that writhe in place of a face. The only distinguishing feature on his face is a single, gaping maw filled with rows of razor-teeth.

“Hello,” the strange creature says in a deep, guttural voice. “Tifid has told me much about you. You met through work, did you not?”

> You adjust your posture as straight as you can and say “Y-Yes sir, Mr. President, sir! It’s a pleasure to finally meet you! Tifid has been so good to me!”

“It is as she says,” the demon answers. “Now that I’ve finally met you, it’s time for me to decide whether or not to keep you around.”

His eyes narrow. He stares at you in silence for what seems like an eternity.

You stand frozen the entire time. You’re not sure if it’s some sort of demon ability, but you can’t seem to move a muscle.

“Baw haw haw haw!” he suddenly laughs. “You may be young, but you have a strong set of shoulders. Looks like Tifid’s luck improved when she met you!”

> You say “Trust me sir, that goes double for me.”

The Demon President, Pellius, leans over and puts a hand on your shoulder. His presence is enough to make you almost pass out.

He leans over close to you and whispers into your ear.

“Just between you and I, she’s a sucker for compliments. Just give her some hugs and kisses and tell her she’s the prettiest girl you know. She eats that shit up.”

> You smirk and say “Ain’t that the truth!”

Pellius grins. “Ah, you know it boy! You know it!”

“We’re going to get along just fine.”

You sigh in relief as he takes his hand off you.

“So, you’re in love with my daughter?”

“Of course!”

“What color is her blood?” he asks, without warning.

> You gulp and say “I-I’m afraid I don’t understand that question, s-sir...”

Tifid steps between the two of you.

“Oh quit it, Daddy! You know it doesn’t matter! That’s just some dumb demon tradition.”

“What tradition,” you ask?

“Oh, it’s a long story...” Tifid says.

“No, Tifid,” says Pellius, cutting her off. “We may be on Earth, but we’re still damn demons. Now answer my question, boy!”

> You say “So... if I answer correctly, does that mean I pass?”

“That’s right. Now go on, answer!”

You think for a moment, then state your answer.

“It’s purple! I’ve seen it plenty of times!”

Tifid sighs and puts her palm over her face. It seems she’s not having much fun with her father.

“Do... do I pass?” you ask, sheepishly.

“Yes, you answered correctly,” says Pellius. “But that means you’ve seen my daughter bleed!”

“What?”

“That’s right, boy! You’ve seen her blood! You’ve seen my darling Tifid wounded!”

> You beg for forgiveness.

“I’m sorry! I’m a terrible boyfriend!” you repeat, over and over again.

“You misunderstand. That’s a wonderful thing!” Pellius says. “Now let me finish, boy! Do you really love my daughter?”

“Yes!”

“Do you really want to spend the rest of your life with her?”

“Yes! I want to spend the rest of my life with, and love her!”

“Would you die for her?!”

“Yes! I would give up my life to save Tifid!”

“Oh, Daddy, what’s the point of—” Tifid begins, but is soon interrupted.

“Shut it, Tifid! This is important!”

“I would, sir! I really would! I love Tifid!”

“Good! You pass!”

> You say “Thank you sir!”

“Thank you for your approval, sir! I’ll take good care of Tifid!” you say, trying your hardest not to cry.

Pellius lets out another monstrous laugh, his tentacles wriggling happily.

“Well, don’t get carried away. The two of you are young! Get hurt! Beat each other up a bit! It keeps relationships interesting! But, we’re demons! We do have a habit of getting what we want. Take my advice, boy: get her knocked up as soon as you can!”

Pellius slaps your shoulders repeatedly. His massive hands and tentacle-like arms are as big as tree trunks. You nearly fall from the force of his slaps.

“Okay Daddy, I think you’ve had enough fun!” Tifid shouts.

“Yes, I think so too. I must leave now. Gil, I trust you’ll remember our conversation!”

Pellius gives Tifid a great hug before he emits a black plume of smoke from his mouth. He screeches horribly before disappearing in a black cloud, leaving you to stare blankly at his now empty chair.

> You fall to your knees and retch.

You fall to your knees and throw up until there’s nothing left but bile.

The scent of your own vomit makes you feel sick. You grip your knees to your chest and rock back and forth for minutes.

Tifid rushes to your side and uses her own sleeves to wipe your barf off your face.

“I’m so sorry, Gilly! Oh, that was horrible! I’ll let him have it the next time I see him!”

She picks you up and holds you close to her bosom.

> You say “Actually... he seems like a pretty cool guy.”

“What?!” Tifid shouts, clearly in shock.

“Yeah, I think that went really well!”

“But... he slapped you around and made you throw up!”

> You say “Yeah, that was so badass. I hope we get to hang out more.”

“You think he’s a badass? Really?!” Tifid says while helping you to your feet.

“Yeah, don’t you think so?”

“Hell no! He’s an old-fashioned geezer! He’s messing you, you know!!”

“No, I think he’s just being honest.”

Tifid sighs and shakes her head.

“Well don’t go taking after him, or I might die of shame.”

> You say “You know... he gave me permission to ‘knock you up’, what do you think of that?”

“I think you shouldn’t do that... oh hell no! I can’t have babies! I’m too young and I want to have fun!”

She gives you a cheeky grin.

“Yeah it is a bit early... but... eventually?” you say, half-jokingly.

Tifid bursts into laughter.

“Give it a year or so. If you’re still being a weirdo, and I’m still being a badass, then we’ll talk about it,” she says.

“Deal!” you say, holding out your hand.

Tifid looks at it before snatching it away.

“Don’t shake your girlfriend’s hand like a fucking normie!” she says, snatching her hand away.

“Sorry,” you say, laughing.

“Fuck you, you’re fine!” she says, laughing along with you.

Tifid cuddles up against your arm.

“Let’s get some sleep, Gilly. I’ve still got school tomorrow.”

> You say “You... you go to school?”

“Of course I do! I’m not a fucking bum! Give me some credit!” she says, almost yelling.

“Sorry! I didn’t mean to offend you or anything, you’re perfect in every way imaginable. You’re the air I breathe,” you say, quickly changing the subject.

“Shut up and hold me, Gilly.”

> You say “No really though, I thought you were a thief.”

“Plenty of people have part-time jobs in college,” she says.

“You’re in college?” you say, surprised.

“Yeah, I just said that,” she says.

> You say “Oh thank god. College. Phew!”

She punches your arm.

“I’m fucking smart, you idiot! I never said I was in kindergarten!” she says, laughing.

“That’s not what I... never mind. I need a shower.”

“Yeah, you do. You smell,” she says.

Suddenly, you both laugh.

“You’re still a weirdo,” she says.

“You’re still a badass,” you reply, smiling.

“Damn right.”

You smile and hold her tight.

> You go take a shower in Tifid's awesome secret heist base.

"Alright, I'll go wash up," you say.

You walk into the bathroom and turn on the shower. While the water heats up, you undress, throwing your clothing into a pile in the corner of the room.

You step quickly into the tub and under the hot water. You let out a sigh as you relax. It's almost orgasmic to be honest.

It's been ages since you had a real shower. The one back in your old hideout was nothing compared to this one. You could get used to this.

You wash yourself with some 'Megan's Scents' soap. Before today, you didn't even know that soaps came in smells other than 'DISH'.

You wonder who Megan is, and why they're making soap out of her. Maybe she got caught stealing and was sentenced to death.

Next, you wonder what Tifid's doing right now. You know she's just a few rooms away, but she might as well be light years away.

You wish she could be in the shower with you, but you'd probably end up fucking again and staying up too late.

You wonder what she's thinking. Is she even thinking about you?

> You yell "TIFID! ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT ME?!"

Tifid's voice rings out from somewhere down the hall.

"NO! GOING TO MY ROOM!"

"OK!" you yell back.

It's a little disappointing knowing that Tifid is thinking about her room instead of you, but you don't really mind.

This is the happiest you've been in a while, and it's all thanks to Tifid. You'd do anything for her. You'd die for her, you love her...

You shake your head. Damn, I really AM in love with her.

You lie in the tub, thinking about all the things you love about Tifid.

You love that she's smart and pretty, but also kicks tons of ass.

You love that she gets annoyed when you do dumb things, but always tolerates it in the end.

You love how she gives the best hugs ever. It's almost like she's using some sort of weird 'magic'. Or maybe it's because she's so short and cute.

You love how she sticks by you through thick and thin, even though it's got to be difficult sometimes.

You love how the two of you can bicker and fight until you're at each other's throats, but always end up making up in the end.

And of course, the sex is amazing, but that's just a small part of it.

You wonder if this is what love at first sight is, because you've never been in this position before. It doesn't matter; you're in it now, and you can't imagine anyone better to be in this situation with.

You're thinking about her so much, you begin to feel a sharp pain in your chest.

It's not a sharp pain though, it's a good pain.

You hear the door to the bathroom creak open, and glance over to see Tifid standing at the doorway with a towel around her.

> You say "Whoa... hey."

Tifid looks over at you, not startled in the slightest.

"Hey yourself. You look comfy."

"Yeah, this rocks... I could get used to this."

You smile at her, and she smiles back.

"Um... you got room in there?"

> You say "For you? Fuck yes I do" and scoot over in the tub.

She smiles.

"I don't think we'll be able to fit," you say. No matter how much you move, the tub is built for one person.

Tifid just giggles and steps in anyway.

Her towel falls off, and her slick, wet body presses into yours.

"I guess we will now."

She lies in the tub on top of you, resting her head against your chest.

You catch the magnificent scent of her hair. Combined with the hot water, you start to feel a little woozy.

“Mmmm... it’s been ages since I’ve had a proper bath...”

She yawns, and closes her eyes.

“You want to scrub my back?”

“Sure thing,” you say.

You grab the soap and begin to rub it between your hands, creating a foamy lather.

“I... I love you, Gilly.”

Never having been in a proper relationship before, this experience overwhelms you.

> You say “I love you too, Tif, I can’t say that enough.”

Tifid smiles.

“I know you do.”

The two of you lie together in the tub. There’s not much talking for a while.

“Hey, Gilly?” Tifid asks after a bit.

“Yeah?”

“Um... how many relationships have you been in before me?”

> You bluntly say “None, you’re my first and only girlfriend.”

“Really?”

“Yeah.”

“That’s so adorable. I’m your first.”

She smiles.

You start to wonder if she’s feeling a sense of pity, but the way her hand is resting against yours says something different.

> You say “What about you? Any exes I should know about?”

“None that really mattered.”

“None that mattered?”

“Yeah, I mean I dated a few guys before, but they were all kind of dumb and full of themselves. So was I, really.”

> You say “You know, I’m kind of dumb and full of myself.”

“Wow am I really hearing this? Gil, the great thief himself, admitting he’s dumb... sure, you’re not the brightest. But I like that about you.”

You shoot her a wry smile.

“Don’t tell anyone,” you say.

“My lips are sealed.”

> You say “Well... gotta make sure...” and lean in to kiss her.

Tifid leans in to kiss you back.

“Well? Do they seem sealed enough?”

“I guess they are,” you say, smiling.

The two of you kiss for a while, before Tifid speaks again.

“Hey... you wanna do it in this tub?”

“Do what?”

“You know... have sex. It seems like we’re in a good place right now, so... why not?”

You stare into Tifid’s eyes for a moment, then look down at the water.

> You say “The water’s gonna get filthy... and plus we don’t have condoms.”

“It’s okay, we can just take another bath, and as for condoms...”

Tifid moves her face next to your ears and whispers very slowly, and very deliberately.

“We. Don’t. Need. Them.”

You’ve never heard of this method of birth control before.

“Is that a special spell to prevent pregnancy or something?” you ask.

“No, silly. I just mean it’s a safe time for me. So we can do it raw.”

“Oh. Well that’s great... but wait, isn’t it still possible for me to get you pregnant anyway?”

Tifid rolls her eyes at you.

“You came in me before, so why ask now? Just shut up and kiss me.”

You shut up and kiss her.

> You fondle her awesome demon tiddies.

You reach out and grope Tifid's breasts. They're small, but they feel nice in your hands. You squeeze them, and Tifid makes a small sound in the back of her throat. She wraps her arms around your neck and moves her hips against yours, grinding her crotch against your erect penis.

Tifid stops kissing you and looks into your eyes for a moment.

"Do you want to go further?"

> You jam her down on your dick.

"Fuck yes!" you say, pulling Tifid's hips forward and sliding your dick inside of her.

Tifid's pussy is very warm, and wet. You feel like your dick is in a velvet glove. Tifid gasps as you thrust into her again and again, harder and faster with each thrust. She wraps her legs around your waist and leans her head back against the tub as she moans in ecstasy.

> You pick her up and pull her into a sitting position.

You pick Tifid up in your arms, still inside her as she wraps her legs around your waist and her arms around your shoulders. She starts kissing you again as the water runs over the two of you. You feel a tingling in your groin as you thrust deeper and deeper into her, feeling the tip of your dick press against her cervix. You moan into her mouth as you begin to feel yourself coming closer to orgasm.

> You hold it in to ensure Tifid cums before you do.

You begin thrusting slower, trying to hold off your orgasm as long as possible. Tifid wraps her arms around your head and presses your face against her left breast, moaning in ecstasy.

"Oh God, Gil. I'm... I'm..." she pants.

Tifid suddenly stiffens and lets out a moan of ecstasy, digging her fingernails into your shoulders.

> You tease her nipples with your tongue while fucking her.

You pull back a bit, licking and sucking on her stiff nipples as she moans in ecstasy. Tifid's arms begin to tremble, and she releases her death grip on your shoulders.

“Oh fuck, Gil! I'm gonna... holy shit!” she pants.

Tifid suddenly begins shaking as an orgasm wracks through her body. You can feel her pussy begin to convulse as it tightly grips your dick.

> You hold Tifid close and let her cum.

You pull her close and hold her tight as she orgasms.

She buries her face into your shoulder and lets out short, sharp breaths.

> You stroke her back and let her ride it all out.

You gently stroke her back as she rides out her orgasm. She slowly comes back to earth, breathing heavily.

“Oh my God,” she pants. “That was amazing.”

You begin thrusting into her again as she wraps her legs around your waist and kisses you on the lips.

“Mmh, Gil. I want you to... inside... I want your cum inside me...” she says between kisses.

> You say “I'm really close, too. Hold onto me.”

“I'm really close, too. Hold onto me.”

You grip her shoulders as you begin to fuck her with wild abandon. Tifid's hips are moving in time with your thrusts, and you can hear wet noises as your hips make contact. You lean in and kiss her on the mouth as you begin to tense up.

“Tif...! Tifid! I'm gonna...!” you manage to grunt.

“Me too, Gil! Oh fuck! I’m coming again!” she moans loudly.

You feel Tifid’s pussy tighten significantly around your dick as you groan loudly.

“Hold on! I’ll pull...!” you begin to say, but Tifid interrupts you.

“GIL! GIL YOU IDIOT!” Tifid screams. “Don’t pull out! Fill up my womb! PLEASE!”

> You grab Tifid’s horns as you 中出し the fuck out of her.

You grab Tifid’s horns as you release a torrent of pent up seed into her womb. She bites down on her lips and goes quiet, unable to express the waves of euphoria that are flooding through her body. She digs her fingers into your arms, gripping so tightly that her knuckles turn pale. Her demonic strength causes handprint-shaped bruises to appear. Her fingernails pierce into your skin, but you don’t even feel it. All you feel is the pleasure flowing out of you and into her.

Tifid locks her legs around you and holds you inside her as your orgasm begins to subside. You thrust a few more times before your body is able to relax. Your grip on Tifid’s horns lessens as you lean back and take a deep breath. You watch Tifid’s face as her own tension is released. A thin trickle of blood comes out of her nose, and she begins to pant heavily.

Tifid loses strength in her fingers and her hands fall limply off your arms. You manage to catch her before she falls off you and hold her against you. You somehow manage to remain standing as you hold her in your arms, feeling both of your hearts beating rapidly.

<Tifid’s POV>

Unable to switch to Tifid’s POV because she passed out.

<Your POV>

> You clean Tifid and yourself up and carry her to bed.

You look at Tifid, unconscious and vulnerable in your arms. You feel so... Protective of her. You always have ever since you met her, but right now it feels different. More powerful.

She means everything to you. Without her, your life has no meaning or purpose. She completes you.

And you're not going to let anyone take her away from you.

You drain the filthy water out of the tub and run it again. You gently set Tifid down in the warm water. You clean her off, and then yourself, before carrying her out and laying her on her bed. You cover her up and cuddle next to her, gently stroking her hair. You smile and kiss her forehead before drifting off to sleep.



The Greatest Robbery

[*Somehow, it's implied that 2-3 months pass with Gil and Tifid living together.*]

You wake up to the feeling of something gently tapping your arm. You open your eyes and find yourself staring into Tifid's smiling face only a few inches away. You smile back and give her a quick peck on the lips.

"Good morning," she says.

"Good morning," you reply. "How long have you been awake for?"

"Not long," she replies. "I tried to let you sleep in."

> You say "Are you okay? You passed out after we... did it last night."

"I'm fine, Gilly. I just... wasn't used to it, that's all."

"What do you mean?"

Tifid looks away and stares at the wall, her face turning red.

"I-It's embarrassing..."

"Tif, you can tell me anything."

"I get really sensitive when my horns are touched during sex. Especially when you grab them so aggressively."

You sigh with relief.

> You shed a single tear and say "Thank you. Thank you for saying that."

"Gilly?"

"Nothing, Tif. It's nothing. I'm just... really happy right now."

You lean in to kiss her, and she does the same. After a few minutes you part, and you stare into her eyes for a while.

> You say “愛しています”

“Gilly, you’re speaking in Japanese.”

You furrow your eyebrows and say, “Did I just say something in Japanese?”

Tifid smiles and nods.

“What did I say?”

“You said ‘I love you’.”

You smile and kiss her again.

“Well I do,” you reply. “I really do.”

“Anyway, Gilly, I have classes today so I’ll be gone until the afternoon. Make sure to lock up if you’re going out, okay?”

“Got it,” you reply.

She stands up and begins to gather her clothes. She puts on her underwear and her stockings, then she pulls on her trousers and buttons up the fly. She throws on her tie and fastens it around her neck, then she puts on her blazer.

Tifid looks at you with a smile, then she walks over and kisses you goodbye.

> You say “Have a good day, Tif.”

“I will, Gilly,” she replies.

She leaves the room, then you hear her exiting through the front door.

Looks like you’ll be alone today.

> You grab Tifid’s pillow and huff her scent until it goes away.

You place the pillow on your face and inhale. Her scent disappears, but you don’t care. You’re enjoying it while it lasts.

Eventually you stop and get up. You go to Tifid’s nightstand and find that Tifid has left a set of keys for you.

> You worship the keys for awhile, then get dressed.

You clutch the keys in your palms as if they were sacred objects.

They say when a significant other gives you their house keys they are giving you the key to their heart.

These are Tifid's house keys, and she gave them to you.

You've been stealing all your life, but now you have something worth keeping. Something that's worth more than all the money in the world. You have Tifid.

And she has given you the key to her house. That means she trusts you, and wants you to have a place to stay whenever you want. Maybe even a place in her life.

A tear falls from your eye and hits one of the keys.

> You stop crying and get dressed.

You stand and head into the bathroom to get dressed. You put on your clothes and fix your hair in the mirror.

Once you are satisfied with how you look, you head out the door.

Tifid won't be home anytime soon, that means you have the day to yourself.

You're starting to miss her already, but that's just how it is when you're in love.

But while you may miss her, that doesn't mean you can just sit around and wait. You have a day to yourself, and you're going to do something meaningful with it.

> You use Tifid's supercomputer to look up the heist board.

You head down to Tifid's secret underground super-computer room. She has everything set up to break into various places, steal shit, and upload her findings to the heist board.

Tifid has it set up so that a single click of a button opens a security door at whatever place she wants to rob. She can also control cameras, locks, and other security features from here.

> You wonder why Tifid needs all of this technology when she can use magic.

You have no idea why Tifid goes to such elaborate lengths to break into places, when she can just teleport inside.

She claims it's part of the fun, and that she actually does it for the intellectual challenge. You think she's full of shit, and just uses it as an excuse to try to one-up you. After all, you've never once seen her use magic in the bedroom.

Note to self: Next time Tifid wants to get frisky, suggest she use magic while we do. I have a feeling that would be incredibly sexy.

Now that you think about it, you can't believe you've never thought of doing that before. Of course, you've only been fucking for a few months now, so you're still trying new things.

> You see if there are any interesting jobs listed on the heist board.

You head to the heist board. There are currently no jobs available. This disappoints you.

Since there are no jobs available, you instead decide to look up someone you can potentially steal from instead.

Tifid's supercomputer has a vast database of Heksten's citizenry, from common civilians to wealthy celebrities and politicians.

All you have to do is type in a name to call up their details. The results will be displayed in the following format:

- Name:
- Age:
- Profession:
- Income:
- Background:
- Misc. Notes (by Tifid):

> You search up "Ryan Gosling"

- Name: Ryan Gosling

- Age: 32
- Profession: Actor
- Income: \$10,000,000.00 (per movie)
- Background: Raised in Ontario, Canada. Seen in “The Mickey Mouse Club”, “The Lovely Bones”, “Crazy, Stupid, Love.”
- Misc. Notes (by Tifid): Would tap that.

> You search up “Satan’s True Identity”

- Name: Satan
- Age: Unknown
- Profession: Demon-Lord
- Income: Wealth of Hell
- Background: [Redacted]
- Misc. Notes (by Tifid): If you meet him, run.

> You search up “The Mormon”

- Name: The Mormon
- Age: Unknown
- Profession: Criminal Mastermind
- Income: Unknown
- Background: Leader of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

- Misc. Notes (by Tifid): I've been studying his movement for a while now, and while he isn't human, he sure acts like one. And that's very, very dangerous.

> You search up yourself.

- Name: Gilly
- Age: 26
- Profession: Unknown (Thief)
- Income: \$0.00
- Background: Grew up in Bishop Main City, mother was a cocaine addict and prostitute.
- Misc. Notes (by Tifid): Lunch is in the fridge. I might be home late tonight. I love you!

> You search up "Count Grey"

- Name: Count Grey
- Age: Unknown
- Profession: Vampire
- Income: Wealth of the Grey Clan
- Background: Leader of a group of vampires in Eastern Europe. A group of elite vampires, if you will.
- Misc. Notes (by Tifid): Always sticking his nose where it doesn't belong. I think he's planning something big. Very big.

> You search up “Pellius”

- Name: Pellius Buer
- Age: 5,400
- Profession: President of Demonkind
- Income: Uncalculable
- Background: Leader of all demons, ambassador of Hell, all around cool guy. Brokered the treaty between demons and humans.
- Misc. Notes (by Tifid): My father. A bit of a hardass, but I still love him. His favorite movie is The Goonies.

> You search up “Tifid Buer”

- Name: Tifid Buer
- Age: [Redacted]
- Profession: College Student
- Income: [Redacted]
- Background: Daughter of Demon Lord Pellius Buer. Born and raised on Earth during the Rapture War. Has a tendency to overwork herself.
- Misc. Notes (by Tifid): You’ll do anything to protect me, won’t you, Gilly? Just kidding. I trust you.

> You search up “Dendrin”

- Name: Dendrin

- Age: Unknown
- Profession: God of Shadows
- Income: Unknown
- Background: An ancient god, predating even Hell itself. His origins are unknown.
- Misc. Notes (by Tifid): I don't worship Dendrin, but he's a good connection to have. He's not like the other gods, he's got an actual job. Never try to steal from him.

> You search up "Great Lich Lord"

- Name: Great Lich Lord
- Age: Unknown
- Profession: Leader of the undead, damnation of the living
- Income: Steady tithe of souls offered by his subjects.
- Background: An undead necromancer of staggering power. Once ruled the world before being defeated by a group of heroes. Ever since he revived, he's been trying to get revenge.
- Misc. Notes (by Tifid): A bit of deadbeat. Dad says he hasn't visited in a while.

> You look up "Sir Kit"

- Name: Sir Kit
- Age: 25
- Profession: Liar, asshole

- Income: Government paycheck
- Background: Punk from a family of professional demonslayers from the days of the war.
- Misc. Notes (by Tifid): He's the worst. A lying, hypocritical, two-faced, piece of shit. I want to vomit every time I see him.

> You search up "Sneed"

- Name: Sneed
- Age: Unknown
- Profession: Demon merchant
- Income: Unknown
- Background: A demon with a long, dark history on Earth. Was the demon equivalent of a drug lord.
- Misc. Notes (by Tifid): My former boss when I worked part time. There's not much to say about him. He doesn't respect me, he doesn't respect anyone. He's the reason I went to college to pursue an actual future.

> You search up "Aiden"

- Name: Aiden Cranfield
- Age: Unknown
- Profession: Mercenary
- Income: Variable income
- Background: A mercenary with an extensive history in special forces. Was once part of a private military company until it was dissolved. Now works for himself.

- Misc. Notes (by Tifid): He's a tough guy who is still suffering from the death of his wife.

> You search up "Anonymous"

- Name: Anonymous
- Age: Unknown
- Profession: Unknown
- Income: Unknown
- Background: Unknown
- Misc. Notes (by Tifid): I won't sell out anon.

> You see what other features Tifid's computer has.

Tifid's supercomputer is quite impressive. It has several features, including a voice-controlled web browser, webcam, and a GPS system.

The GPS system is currently tracking the location of your vehicle.

Tifid also uses her supercomputer to talk to people online through video-chat.

> You look up Tifid's browser history.

You attempt to look up Tifid's Internet history, but nothing shows up. Tifid has already cleared her history.

> You go on "Taboo! Answers", a question and answer website designed for demons.

You go on a website called "Taboo! Answers", a question and answer website designed for demons. Demons ask each other questions, which other users can then freely post answers to.

The site also encourages humans to ask demons questions, and vice versa.

> You check if Tifid ever asked anything about you.

Sure enough, she did once ask the website about you.

Her question was “I think I’ve fallen in love with a human. Help!”

Tifid got many answers, most of them not safe for work.

The answers, in order of popularity:

1. “Join the club, hon.”
2. “Just suck his dick and get it over with.”
3. “Take advantage of him before he becomes aware of his own worth.”
4. “Leave him, he’s human.”
5. “Show him true happiness, and give him immortality so he doesn’t die and leave you alone.”
6. “Kill yourself, race-traitor.”
7. “Leave the hidden world, and live with him among the sheep.”
8. “Take him, abuse him, break his spirit, and turn him into a soulless, sex-hungry monster.”
9. “It’s not a crush. It’s the desire to eat his soul.”
10. “Leave. Him. Now.”
11. “Cut off his dick and pickle it in a jar.”
12. “Go to Hel-Mart, buy a bar of Ivory soap, wash your genitals with it, and the obsession will go away.”
13. “Leave him, before he finds out what you really are, and destroys you along with all the others.”
14. “What’s a computer?”

15. “No.”
16. “He’s not worthy of you, Tifid. You are a princess of hell. You are precious and magnificent, whereas he is a mindless drone, a worker ant that will be crushed underfoot eventually. Why would you stoop so low as to date such a creature? Is it the age difference? An enduring flower like yourself couldn’t possibly be attracted to a short-lived youth! So why would you waste your time on a lowly worm like him? Does he have money? Does he have power? Does he have connections? IF so, then perhaps there could be an arrangement of mutual benefit, but if not, then you are just doing it out of... what, desperation? Stupidity?”
(The answer goes on for another six paragraphs)
17. “Girl, you done fucked up.”
18. “Let’s see. He’s human, you’re a demon. If you have sex, you will probably kill him, and even if you don’t, there is a good chance his DNA will repel yours, making reproduction impossible. Also, he probably has a tiny dick.”
19. “Don’t listen to these idiots. Humans can be kind, trusting partners, and amazing lovers. I’m dating a human myself, and he’s wonderful. Good luck!”
20. “Too late, I already fucked him in the ass. He’s addicted to gay demon sex now. We’ll be getting married soon.”

> You check the questions that Tifid provided answers to.

These are the questions that Tifid has provided answers to:

Q. What is the best way to gain weight?

A. “Eat. Eat a lot, even if you’re full. You need to become bigger to contain all of your demon energy.”

Q. What is the best way to get taller?

A. "It's scientifically impossible to grow taller after puberty, but if you're asking how to grow higher after puberty, then I'd suggest smoking a lot of weed. It worked for me!"

Q. What's the best prompt for AI Dungeon?

A. "You are a demon huntress. You are riding your hellhound across the countryside when you come across a cabin. Inside, you find a human boy who is terrified. 'Please, help me!' he says. You step forward and..."

Q. How do I beat the Nameless King?

A. "Get stronger."

Q. In your opinion, what is the best video game of all time?

A. "Thief 1."

Q. Who is your favorite demon and why?

A. "I hear the President's daughter is an angel."

Q. What is the best way to assassinate someone?

A. "It depends on the situation. Want to talk about it?"

Q. Why are the Demonkin such attention whores?

A. "The average demon isn't much different from the average human. We're just looking for a bit of acceptance, really."

Q. What do you think of me?

A. "I think...you need to get laid."

Q. What are your measurements (doing a poll)?

A. "Chest: 34 in. Waist: 23 in. Hips: 40 in."

Q. STR or DEX?

A. "Allocate them as you need."

Q. What's everyone's favorite color?

A. "Pink. :)"

Q. Describe your ideal partner

A. "Someone who will make me laugh, lets me make fun of them, and isn't afraid to call me out when I'm being an asshole. I think being able to fight helps, so we can beat the shit out of each other when we're mad."

Q. how is babby formed? How girl get pragnet?

A. "It's more fun to find out yourself."

Q. 我 ▪ ▪ 如何学英文?

A. "我不會 ▪ 中文"

Q. Is murder illegal?

A. "Fuck no."

Q. What are you going to do once the Earth is ruled by demons?

A. "It won't happen. The treaty won't let us."

Q. Are Heaven and God real?

A. "They say that long ago, demons were given the right to inherit the Earth after it had been ruined by humans. Personally, I think it's bullshit."

Q. Are demons and humans related?

A. "No, we just share a world."

Q. I'm about to order a pizza, give me three toppings!

A. "Meat, meat and more meat."

Q. If you could have one thing in the world, what would it be?

A. "I want Gil to hold me real tight. Damn it. Now I made myself sad..."

> You decide to steal from Ryan Gosling for your next heist.

After searching through Tifid's extensive list of viable targets, you decide to rob actor and musician, Ryan Gosling. You do it mostly because Tifid seems to have a bit of a celebrity crush on him.

“Should be easy enough,” you think to yourself, as you begin planning the heist. You use the super computer to break into the security at his home. Surprisingly, it’s not even that secure.

> You decide this is too easy and heist him the old fashioned way.

You don’t rely on the security of a system, you rely on your own skills, magic, and gadgets.

Your plan is simple. Drive up to his house in the middle of the night while he sleeps. Disable the alarms and camera systems. Drill a hole into his wall safe and steal everything inside. Should be easy.

You’ve already chosen your outfit for the job: your usual heist outfit, a black mask, and a pair of leather driving gloves. You check yourself in the mirror. You don’t look like a badass. You don’t look intimidating. But looks are deceiving, and you’re more than ready for this job.

You arrive in the Beverly Hills area at 3 AM, right in front of Ryan Gosling’s house.

> You sneak through the front yard and disable the security system.

You hop out of the getaway car, your gloved hands covered in rubber surgical tubing. You move slowly through the manicured lawn, toward the security system. There’s no guard here, but they might be patrolling another part of the property. In addition, there are cameras and motion sensors everywhere. It’ll be tough to disable everything without setting off any alarms.

> You use your focus runes to sense the 5G in the air and avoid detection.

You step through the tall blades of grass, your feet pushing the blades aside. The cool air of the night rushes past you, making you shiver. The runes along your arm begin to tingle, allowing you to feel the wireless signals in the air.

You spot the camera to your left, and quickly make your way around it. A cone of infrared light shines from its lens into the yard, but as long as you stay out of that you should be fine. You see the wall of the house up ahead, and begin

moving toward it. Suddenly, an alarm shrills through the air, causing you to groan in exasperation.

> You dive into a bush and use your bees to trick anyone who comes to check.

You roll into the nearby hedge, covering your body with leaves and petals. You raise your bee gun, and wait patiently for the guards to arrive. The alarm still blares through the air, so you're sure someone's coming to check it out.

Suddenly, two guards rush into view, heading straight for the security panel. You ready your gun.

> You shoot bees to make the guards think the insects tripped the alarm.

You raise your gun, pointing it at the guards. You take the trigger, sending a stream of bees at the two guards. They both twist around as the bees fly out at them, stinging furiously. The guards begin swatting at their faces and arms, trying to get the insects off of them. The bees' attack sends them into anaphylactic shock, and they soon lie on the ground, unconscious.

> You hide their unconscious bodies in the bush and shut off the alarm.

You drag the guards' bodies into the hedge, keeping them out of sight. Once they're hidden, you walk up to the security panel and open it, disabling the alarm. You smile as you hear cheering from inside the house. The distraction worked! You quickly head back to the gate, using your bees to guide you.

> You look for a place to break into Ryan Gosling's mansion.

You sneak around the outside of the mansion, looking for an entrance. The front door would be a choke point, easy to defend with only one entrance. The basement windows would be easy to breach, but likely have horrible sightlines. The skylights would give you the highest vantage point, but they'd be extremely

exposed if you were spotted. The service entrance would have the least light and closest quarters for you to maneuver in.

> You sneak into the mansion through the basement windows.

You sneak into the mansion through the basement windows. You find yourself in the basement, with four hallways leading away from the room. You go up to each hallway, pressing your ear against it to hear if anyone is on the other side. When you don't hear anything, you slowly peek your head around the corner to see what's down the hall.

Down the first hall, you see a room with a guard standing by the door.

> You yell from around the corner "Hey guard, this is Ryan! I need you to stop guarding and go home!"

"Mr. Gosling? Is that you?" The guard asks.

"Yes, that's right! It is I, Ryan Gosling!" you yell from around the corner.

"Sir? Where are you? Why are you whispering?"

You hear the guard's footsteps getting closer.

> You yell "Stop! Don't come this way! I-It's a full moon and I'm in my goose form right now! Honk!"

"Oh geez, I'm sorry Mr. Gosling! I didn't know!" The guard says, as you hear him retreating back to his chair.

"That's OK, you couldn't have known... Shit! The transformation is happening! Don't come over!"

"What should I do? Should I call an ambulance?" he says, with concern in his voice.

"No! Just go home! I'll see you tomorrow!" you yell.

"OK, good night, Mr. Gosling," he says.

You hear him head back to his chair.

"Shit... Shit... OK, that was close," you whisper to yourself.

"What was close?" a voice asks behind you.

You turn around, and see another security guard staring at you with a shotgun in his hands.

“Who the fuck are you?” he asks.

> You say “Uh Ryan Gosling? I own this mansion”

“Uh, Ryan Gosling? I own this mansion,” you say.

“The fuck you doing breaking into your own mansion?” he asks.

> You say “I was method acting for my next film where I star as a thief with demon girlfriend. You just broke my immersion!”

“I was method acting for my next film where I star as a thief with demon girlfriend. You just broke my immersion!”

The guard stares at you, stunned.

“I... I’m sorry Mr. Gosling,” the guard says, putting down his gun.

> You say “That’s fine. Can you tell me where I keep all of my money? This is, uh, also part of the method acting.”

“That’s fine. Can you tell me where I keep all of my money? This is, uh, also part of the method acting,” you say.

“Uh, yeah! It’s in the safe in your room on the second floor, Mr. Gosling.”

“Great! Thanks, my man!”

The guard nods, and you turn to go. As you leave you hear the guard mutter “I can’t believe Mr. Gosling called me ‘my man’...”

> You sneak to Ryan Gosling’s bedroom while being careful not to get spotted.

You sneak back to Ryan Gosling’s room, and quickly find the safe. The actor himself doesn’t seem to be home, and his remaining guards are too busy watching re-runs of Game of Thrones to notice you.

“This safe is pretty easy. He should really get himself a better one,” you think to yourself.

After a few minutes, you open the safe and take all of the money inside. You take a moment to admire your haul.

> You remember you forgot to bring a heist bag and curse “Shit! Amateur mistake!”

“Shit! Amateur mistake!” you think to yourself.

Suddenly, you hear a sound behind you. You turn around to find yourself staring down the barrel of a pistol held by Ryan Gosling himself.

“Hands in the air, dammit!” Gosling says.

> You put your hands up and say “Whoa, hey Goosey, buddy, put the gun down, eh?”

“Whoa, hey Goosey, buddy, put the gun down, eh?” you say.

The gun’s barrel points right at your forehead as Gosling says “You callin’ me ‘Goosey’, asshole?”

“Uh... no? I mean, Mr. Gosling?”

You see Gosling’s finger start to tighten on the trigger. You have no choice but to do something.

> You blurt out “Demon girls! They’re hot, right?”

“Demon girls! They’re hot, right?” you blurt out.

Gosling pauses, then nods slowly. “Yeah... yeah, I guess they are. What’s your point?”

> You say “But they’re not real! They never will be! They’re fictional!”

“But they’re not real! They never will be! They’re fictional!” you say.

Gosling's eyes narrow. He snarls, "Fictional... I don't fucking care if they're fictional! My girlfriend is fucking imaginary, but that doesn't mean I don't love her!"

You see tears welling up in Gosling's eyes.

> You "Same, brother! We're kindred spirits! We're both in love with perfect people who don't exist!"

"Same, brother! We're kindred spirits! We're both in love with perfect people who don't exist!" you say.

Gosling's face softens. He sighs, then says "Thank you. No one understands."
You reach forward and gently take the gun from him. He doesn't resist.

> You toss the gun aside and hug your bro. Real life is so cruel, but at least you can find solace in your delusions.

Tossing the gun aside, you embrace Gosling in a hug. Gosling hugs you back, and thanks you for listening.

"You get it, don't you? I can tell you love demon girls, too. It's OK to embrace your love for them," Gosling says.

> You say "I need a bunch of money to take my demon girlfriend on a date, but I'm broke, Ryan."

"I need a bunch of money to take my demon girlfriend on a date, but I'm broke, Ryan." you say.

Gosling smiles at you. "How much do you need?"

"All of the money in that safe," you say.

"Fuck that, the cops will be here soon. I'll give you twenty thousand. That's all I can spare," Gosling says.

"OK," you say. "I'll take it."

Gosling turns and heads to the door, putting on a pair of dark sunglasses. He says, "You seem like a swell guy. I'll give you five minutes before I call the cops."

> You say “A five minute window is all I need. See you around, Ryan. Never stop loving demon girls.”

“A five minute window is all I need. See you around, Ryan. Never stop loving demon girls.” you say.

Ryan Gosling simply nods and heads out of the room.

After he leaves, you grab the case and make your getaway. As you’re leaving the building, sirens begin to blare. The police have arrived.

You manage to run to your car before they see you, and drive away.

> You haul ass back home.

You drive back to Tifid’s house and pull into the driveway. You put the car in park, hop out, and head to the door.

> You scan the keycard that Tifid gave you to get in.

The keycard works, and you open the front door. You step inside, and find yourself staring down the business end of a shotgun.

“Don’t move,” the demon holding it says. “Where’s Tifid?”

“She’s not here,” you say.

“I saw her enter this house. I’m not stupid. Tell me where she is.”

> You take a good look at the demon.

The demon holding the shotgun has several eyes and a toothy mouth in their face. Their skin is bright red and they have three bony protrusions sticking out of their chin. They’re wearing a pinstripe suit and two fedora hats, one on top of the other, with a tuxedo shirt and bow tie.

“Tifid’s not here,” you say. “She went out.”

“Where?”

“Away, what’s it to you?”

The demon points the shotgun at you.

“Who are you?” they ask.

> You say “I’m the janitor, asshole. I came to clean the place.”

“Bullshit,” the demon says. “Tell me the truth.”

“I am!” you say. “I’m the janitor. I’m supposed to come in and clean this place once a week.”

The demon lowers the shotgun, but doesn’t put it down.

“I know Tifid,” they say. “She doesn’t have a janitor.”

> You say “She’s fucking rich man, she can do whatever she wants. Now you gonna let me do my job, or what?”

“You better get to cleaning,” the demon says, finally putting the shotgun down. “We’ll be watching you.”

The demon sits down on the couch, and you walk into the kitchen.

You don’t know what this demon is doing in Tifid’s place, but you need to figure out how to get rid of them.

> You say “Aw shit, buddy, can you help me out? I have a jar of cleaning fluid, but the lid’s stuck.”

“What?” the demon asks.

“I can’t open this jar,” you say. “I need some help.”

The demon walks over to you and takes the jar. They twist it open, and peer cautiously inside.

“That’s no cleaning fluid,” the demon says, “This thing’s empty...”

> You glass him.

You smash the glass bottle in your hand over the demon’s head. The glass shatters, but the demon takes it square in the temple. They collapse onto the floor, bleeding profusely. You reach down and take the shotgun off them.

“Not so tough without your gun, are you?” you say.

The demon doesn't answer, and simply snarls at you.

> You press the gun against his chest and say "Who are you, and what do you want with Tifid?"

You press the shotgun against the demon's chest, but he just laughs.

"You'll have to try harder than that, Spell Thief," he says. "I'm an astral demon. I don't even feel pain in this form."

The demon then morphs into a copy of you, identical save for red eyes and sharp claws.

> You say "Spell Thief? Who's that?"

"Don't play dumb with me. It's what they call you in the underworld. You're the best spell thief in the business."

"I'm not a thief," you say. "I'm a janitor."

"Sure you are, buddy," the demon says. "Now give me the gun. You don't want to do that."

"Don't I?" you ask.

You raise the shotgun to the demon's head and pull the trigger. The slug explodes out the back of his head, which disperses like smoke. The hole quickly repairs itself, and the demon reforms.

"You're going to have to try harder than that," the demon laughs.

"I'm out of bullets," you say, dropping the shotgun.

The demon charges towards you, grabbing you by the collar. Their claws dig into your skin, but you remain defiant.

> You look at your doppelganger and say "What the fuck man, you only keep one bullet in there?"

You look at the demon and realize you've made a mistake.

"Oh yes, I always do that. Call it insurance."

The demon slams you against the wall and holds you in the air.

"Why are you here?" he asks. "Are you one of Tifid's friends? A rival?"

You remain silent. The demon laughs.

“I’m going to take my time with you,” the demon says.

The demon tosses you to the floor and raises a claw.

“First I’m going to-”

A bullet tears through the demon’s head, ending his life. The demon explodes into a thick cloud of red smoke and fades away.

Tifid stands in the doorway, smoking pistol in hand. She looks at the two of you, seemingly unperturbed by what just happened.

“Sorry I’m late,” she says.

> You say “Tif! Holy shit, you saved my life!”

You run over to Tifid and wrap your arms around her. She hugs you back, then slaps you in the face.

“What the fuck?” you say, holding your stinging cheek.

“You should know how to handle yourself better!” Tifid scolds. “You let a guy like that get the better of you? You could have died if I hadn’t made it in time!”

> You say “The gun didn’t work because he was astral or some shit. How come your gun worked?”

“I didn’t use regular bullets,” she explains, twirling the pistol around her finger. “I filled them with my own blood. It works pretty well, as you can see.”

Tifid grabs you and hugs you once again.

“You’re a mess,” she laughs, wiping blood off your face. “Let’s get you cleaned up.”

As Tifid helps you through the heist base to the medical station, you ask her all the things on your mind.

You have so many questions, and she answers them patiently, one by one.

“Why did you come home? I thought you had classes today.”

“I do,” she replies. “But I got a security alert from the base, and it wasn’t you so I got worried and left. I’m glad I did.”

> You say “Sorry, I made you skip class to save my dumb ass.”

“It’s fine,” she says. “I’m actually glad you’re okay. You did good work today. Let’s get you cleaned up.”

Tifid takes you to the medical station, where you're patched up by a med bot. You feel much better after that. It's been a long time since you've had a genuine injury like this, and it's refreshing in some way. The human body is resilient.

> You say "By the way, how did you know which one was the real me? That guy copied my looks and everything."

"Oh, it was easy," she says, leaning close. "The real Gil... smells like me."

Tifid nuzzles you on the neck, and you blush.

"It helps to mark things that are yours," she explains with a wink. She then turns around and heads back into the hall.

"Oh my God, that was so hot," you whisper to yourself.

> You follow Tifid back to the kitchen to examine the dead astral demon's clothes.

You follow Tifid back to the kitchen, where the astral demon's clothes lie in a pile. His two fedoras are torn and charred from Tifid's shot, but the rest of his clothes appear untouched, as if they were never worn.

> You say "So who was this guy? He kept asking if you were home. He even knew about me."

"I have no idea," Tifid says. "This is the first I've seen him. He knew too much to be a coincidence, though."

"You didn't recognize him or anything?"

"Nope," she says. "Never saw him in my life."

You pause, looking at the pile of clothes in thought.

> You say "He called me by my code name, Spell Thief. I didn't know I was that famous."

“Well you are now,” she says, laughing. “Criminals love code names. You’re lucky the demon didn’t know your real name. It’s probably best if we keep it a secret.”

You nod in agreement.

> You say “Do you have a criminal code name Tif? You got around way more than I ever did.”

Tifid chuckles. You sense a slight nervousness in her voice.

“Who, me? No, of course not!” she says. “I wasn’t really doing anything that interesting, anyways. I’m too by-the-books to earn a code name.”

> You say “Ha! Nice try, but you’re a terrible liar! Come on, tell me! Please?”

Tifid sighs, then starts to blush.

“Fine,” she says. “But please, this is just between you and me, okay? It was a long time ago.”

You nod furiously. There’s no way you’re letting this one get out.

“Fine...” she begins, taking a deep breath. “They called me DARK-EYE. DARK-EYE the Invisible. Like the superheroes in the comic books, okay?”

Tifid looks away, a bit too embarrassed. She goes to cover her face with her hands, but even the tips of her fingers are turning red.

> You sputter and say “Wait a minute, YOU’RE the DARK-EYE?! The one behind the legendary Larion Bank Heist?!”

“Please,” she says, her voice dropping an octave. “Don’t tell anyone. I was young and stupid, okay? I’m a serious professional now.”

“Oh come on!” you say, incredulous. “You can’t just drop a detail like that on me and expect me to forget about it!”

“I said drop it!” she says, turning away from you.

> You say “Holy shit, I can’t believe you’re the DARK-EYE. I looked up to you when I was a kid, you know! I followed all of your exploits in the paper!”

“You did?” she asks, genuinely surprised.

“Yeah! I remember seeing your photos on the news and in magazines. You looked so cool and collected, wearing a black hoodie and that awesome eyeball mask!”

“Stop...!” she says, looking away. “I told you, it was a long time ago.”

> You say “I even remember your signature catchphrase!”

You turn to face her and open your mouth. Tifid tackles you before you can even get the first word out.

“No! Don’t say it!” she says, her voice shrill.

“Why? I remember perfectly!” you tease.

“I’ll die of embarrassment if you say it!” she pleads.

“Okay, okay!” you reassure her. “I won’t say it.”

She looks at you and nods slowly.

“Thank you...”

> You pull her close and whisper the catchphrase into her ear.

Just when Tifid lets her guard down, you whisper her old catchphrase:

“Darkness has its eye on you!”

“Aaaugh!” she yells, covering your mouth.

“You’re such an asshole! I knew you’d say it!” she says, but you can hear the laughter in her voice.

> You pry her hands away and say “It’s awesome! I used to yell that at bullies when I tried to take them on, you know!”

“Really?” she asks.

“Yeah!” you say. “I’d stomp up to them and go ‘Hey! Darkness has its eye on you! Watch the fuck out!’”

You put on a silly voice and continue, “And then I’d get my ass handed to me!”

“Hah! It’s because you didn’t say it right!” she laughs. “Say it like this: ‘Hey, you shitty dick! Dark...’ uh, wait, that’s not right. Um... shit...”

She covers her mouth when she realizes what you’re making her do.

> You say “Aw, that was so close!”

“Fuck you, you’re enjoying this!” she says, tackling you once again.

“No, it was great! Really!” you protest. “You’re a natural!”

“Oh, fuck off,” she says. “Come on, did you forget we had an intruder in the place just minutes ago?”

She stands up and holds out her hand to pull you up.

> You say “Hey, Tif? I knew demons lived longer... but if you were DARK-EYE when I was a kid then...”

You trail off as you realize something.

“Is there a problem?” Tifid asks, her eyes narrowing.

“Uh, no! No problem!” you say. “Just, uh, you’re really young! You know, I thought demons lived longer.”

“We do,” she says, a hard edge entering her voice.

“Oh! Right!” you say. “What I meant was... uh... I just...”

Tifid puts a finger to your lips, a small smile on her face.

“Hush, Gilly,” she says. “Just shut your adorable mouth.”

> You say through her finger “I always had a thing for older women anyway.”

“What did I just say?” Tifid asks.

She pulls you in for a kiss, and you let it happen. You figure it’s the best way to shut yourself up.

> You break off the kiss and say “Oh yeah, we should keep looking through that dead demon’s clothes for clues as to who he works for.”

“Sure, let’s do that,” Tifid says.

You quickly go through the demon’s pockets and pouches, but don’t find anything.

You thought there might at least be an emblem or something, but nothing turns up.

“Fuck, I’ve got nothing,” you say. “There’s not even a body left on account of him being astral and all that.”

“I could get someone to look at these clothes, it might lead to something,” Tifid says.

> You say “That bastard was clearly looking for you, I just happened to come home first... if it’d been you...”

“I’m not going anywhere, Gil,” she says again.

“I... suppose you’re right,” you say.

“You really need to calm down, Gil.”

Tifid smiles, and you return it.

“Wanna make some dinner?” she asks.

“Yeah,” you say. “Let’s do that.”

You and Tifid go into the kitchen. She begins preparing some pasta while you cut up some tomatoes, garlic, and basil for the sauce. Tifid has so many spices in her kitchen it boggles your mind. You pick the ones you know and end up making a delicious dinner.

You help Tifid wash the dishes after you’re done eating.

“I have to study for an exam, do you wanna keep me company?” Tifid asks.

> You say “Do you even have to ask? I’m not too good with books but I could help you if you want.”

“I’ll help you study, then,” you say.

You and Tifid go into the living room. You begin reading aloud from a textbook while Tifid takes notes. It takes hours, but eventually you finish going through everything she has to study.

“Thanks for helping me, Gil,” she says as you put away the book.

“Don’t mention it,” you say.

“Now that that’s out of the way... wanna do something fun?”

“Like what?” you ask.

Tifid puts her finger to her lips and smirks.

“It’s a surprise. You’ll like it, trust me,” she says.

You look at her, raising an eyebrow suspiciously.

“What is it?” you ask.

“You’ll see when we get there. Let’s go.”

Tifid grabs your hand and the two of you enter an elevator near the back of the secret base. She looks at you nervously for a moment, opening and closing her mouth a few times before speaking again.

“So... there’s something I want to tell you,” she says.

“What?” you ask.

“No, no, it’s nothing bad! It’s just... well, it’s about a past relationship I had.”

> You say “It’s fine, I know you dated other people before. If anything I’m the weird one... I didn’t exactly have a very social upbringing.”

“No, this is different,” Tifid says.

“How so?” you ask.

Tifid sighs, looking nervous as the elevator doors open. You find yourself in an ornate room covered in velvet curtains and decorated with statues. It looks completely different from the other, more modern rooms of the secret base.

Large tapestries adorn the walls, each one depicting a great demon lord from centuries past. You recognize some of them.

There’s Pellius Buer, Tifid’s father and the current President of Demonkind.

Rostov Malphas, a well-known demon lord who owns a famous entertainment district in Sinful Bliss City.

And there’s others, most of whom you’ve only heard of in passing.

> You say “What is this place?”

“This is where the old demon lords used to meet to make decisions,” Tifid explains.

She walks along the hall, running her hands along the tapestries as she looks at them.

“Or they did, anyway. After the peace treaty was signed, it’s mostly been used for storage. That’s why this room is so ornate. It was the meeting place, so it got the best decorations.”

Tifid walks to a wooden door, opening it. Inside is a large, round table. The table has clawed feet and is covered by a purple tablecloth. Twelve chairs surround it.

> You say “Holy shit! So this is like the demon round table? Or the demon war room?”

“I guess,” Tifid says, sounding bored. “It was where the Lords of Hell made their plans centuries ago.”

She walks over to the table and sits in one of the chairs, resting her head on the table. You walk over to her, sitting in a chair opposite her.

> You say “Wow, I feel like a badass just sitting here, and I’m not even a demon!”

“You are a badass,” Tifid says, smiling at you.

“I am?”

“Yeah. You’re my badass.”

“Aw man... you’re making me go red...” you say, blushing.

Tifid laughs, getting up from her seat and walking over to you. She wrap her arms around you and nuzzles her head against your shoulders.

“You’re so adorable,” she says.

Tifid looks at you, her eyes glinting. She leans towards you, and you happily meet her half way for a kiss. She slides one hand along your jaw as she kisses you, while her other hand slides down your chest and rests on your thigh.

> You say “So uh, is this what you wanted to show me?”

“Oh! Uh... no. It isn’t,” Tifid stutters, adjusting her collar before clearing her throat. “Come on, we have to go further in.”

Tifid grabs your hand and pulls you up. She leads you through a set of doors at the back of the demon war room and into another hall.

While you walk, she continues speaking.

“So... um... about that past relationship I was talking about...”

“Yeah?” you ask.

“Please don’t overreact, Gil. Try to understand, okay?” she says, nervously.

> You say “It can’t be that bad... unless you’re still seeing the guy behind my back. Please don’t say you’ve been seeing him behind my back...”

“No! No, nothing like that! I’d never!” Tifid says, quickly. Her tone turns from unsure to anger.

“Well, as long as th-” you can’t even finish your reply before Tifid cuts you off.

“Listen up, Gil. I want you to get one thing straight. I’d never cheat on you. Never. EVER. Do you understand?” she says, as a cold determination enters her eyes.

“Yes. I under-”

“I would NEVER cheat on you,” she interrupts. You notice the air around her shimmering as her body temperature rises.

“Okay! I unders-”

“I would NEVER. CHEAT. ON YOU.” she says, emphasizing each word.

“Alright, alright! Jesus...” you mutter, intimidated by her stare and her aggressiveness.

Tifid lowers her voice.

“And you have my word, that if I ever find out some filthy, treacherous fucking skank has laid their hands on this...” she says as she grabs your cheek and pulls,

“Or this...” she says as she grabs your crotch,

“...while you’re supposed to be mine, I’ll deliver unto this planet a wrath that even the old gods would blush at. I’ll sink this rock straight into its own fucking sun.”

You nod. You nod so intensely that you feel your neck hurting afterward.

“Yes, Sir!” you say.

She smiles, satisfied with your answer.

“Good! I trust you, Gilly!” she says.

You feel a sense of unease, but also incredible warmth.

> You say “Sorry I doubted you. Really.”

Tifid doesn’t seem angry anymore, but she’s still pouting.

“Unlike you humans, we demons live by contracts and deals. You know that.” she says, turning away from you. “A relationship is a contract. I trust you. I hope you trust me.”

> You say “I do! I’m really sorry. Forgive me?”

Tifid turns to you, furrowing her eyebrows.

“You’re sorry? Just sorry? After what you said?”

> You hug her from behind and say “Please forgive me. I’ll cry if you don’t. Don’t make a grown man cry, Tifid!”

She chuckles.

“Well, I wouldn’t want to be the cause of a grown man crying...” she says.

She turns around and hugs you, resting her head on your shoulder.

“There, there, I forgive you. You didn’t mean it.” she says.

You hug her back, grinning.

> You say “So tell me what you wanted to say already.”

“Oh, yeah. Well, technically... I had a fiance at one point.” she says.

“Oh?” you say. “What happened?”

“I beat that fucker until he begged for his life,” she says, bluntly.

“Now this I gotta hear.” you say, chuckling.

“It was back during the war. My dad was an even bigger deal than he is now. As his daughter, I was practically a princess of Hell. So it was decided... my husband was to be someone of equal status on the human side.”

“So what happened?” you ask.

“Well, back then, the most powerful faction on the human side was the Holy Covenant. They had all the rich people and the powerful people in their pocket. I was set to be married to an adjudicator’s son,” she says.

“Weren’t the Holy Covenant demonslayers?” you ask. “Why would your dad allow that?”

“He fought it, but in the end the other demon lords overruled him. Everyone was getting sick of the war. If that was the way to peace, then so be it.” she says.

> You say “An arranged marriage? That sounds so old fashioned, though.”

“You get used to it. The war was pretty hellish, and most of us were just happy it was ending, Arranged marriages and all.”

“I suppose that makes sense,” you say.

“Anyway, long story short, the marriage deal turned out to be a sham. The Holy Covenant was never going to accept it. They were trying to kidnap me. My would-be husband held me at gunpoint and tried to force me to drink a love potion. I beat him so severely he ended up in a coma. They didn’t expect a ‘princess’ to fight back like that.” she says, laughing.

“That’s pretty crazy. I’m surprised you didn’t get into even more trouble.” you say.

“Oh, I did. They said I was to be executed for attempted murder, but my father intervened and told them to fuck off. The Holy Covenant wasn’t going to take me as a hostage after that, so the war continued. They say that the failed deal set back the end of the war by a decade.”

> You say “Hey so, just out of curiosity, what was that guy’s name? The one you were supposed to marry?”

“Uh...his name was Kit.” she says.

> You say “I’LL KILL THAT MOTHERFUCKER”

“Well good news then, he’s probably already dead.”

“I’m not taking any chances,” you say.

“No, really, this happened decades ago,” Tifid says. “Plus, I haven’t heard about him since the war ended. He probably got himself killed by the fighting.”

> You say “I’ll find his sorry ass corpse, bring it back to life, then kill him again.”

“Don’t be silly,” she says. “Even if he were still alive, he’d be an old man by now. Let sleeping dogs lie.”

“You’re probably right,” you say. “Is that what it feels like to be jealous?”

“You’re jealous?” she says, putting her hand to her chest and feigning shock.

> You say “I dunno, something about that name just fucks with me. Like he’s wronged me in a thousand different timelines or something.”

“Trust me, you don’t have anything to worry about. I barely knew him, and he’s dead now anyway.”

Now it’s your turn to be in a bad mood. You spend the rest of the trip down the long hallway sulking. Tifid seems to pick up on this.

“Sorry, I knew you’d care too much about it, but you had the right to know.”

“You don’t need to apologize. I get it, even if I don’t necessarily like it,” you say.

“Besides, I didn’t tell you that story for nothing. Here, come look!” Tifid gestures for you to follow her into a room at the end of the hallway.

> You enter the room with Tifid.

The room looks like a combination between an armory and a giant safety vault. There are antiquated weapons of all kinds hanging from the walls and ceiling. You spot several swords, axes, maces, morning stars, pole-arms, spears, bows, cross-

bows, and even a couple of old flintlock pistols. The floor is mostly empty except for a red carpet in the center.

> You say “Whoa... Phat loot.”

“Yeah, this room was built to keep my most valuable treasures safe. Nobody else has ever been in here except for me... well, until now, that is.”

You put your hand on a nearby sword.

“Hey, be careful!” Tifid says, smacking your hand away. “These are demonic weapons that can kill you if you don’t know what you’re doing. Look, I’ll show you.”

Tifid pulls the sword off the wall. Her arm immediately catches on fire.

“See? If I were a human, I would have been cinders in an instant. However, since I’m a demon of flame, this doesn’t hurt at all.”

“Oh. Neat,” you say with a blank expression.

Tifid laughs and shakes her head.

“This is nothing compared to what I really want to show you.”

Tifid walks over to the back of the vault, where there is a small box. It’s much more simple-looking than all the other crates and containers in the room.

It’s made out of wood, and the patterns on it make it look like a fancy jewelry box. Tifid walks back over to you, carrying the box.

“This... this is what I really want to show you.”

Tifid puts the box in your hands. It’s surprisingly light for something made of wood.

“Open it,” she commands, more gently than before.

You carefully open the box.

> You peer inside.

You look inside the box, and see nothing at first. Then, as your eyes adjust, you see something shimmering on top of the black, velvet lining.

It looks like a thin piece of glass, large enough to resemble a dagger. Once you become aware of the object’s existence, the rest of it miraculously fades into view. It’s so clearly visible now that you wonder how you’d missed it before. It seems

to be a flawless crystal resembling amethyst. You pull the object out of the box to examine it closer. On one end is a golden handle, the other end pointed and sharp. It is beautiful, but you are confused as to what it could be.

“What is it?” you ask. “It’s absolutely gorgeous.”

“Shh...” Tifid puts a finger to her lips. “I’m going to tell you, but you have to try to guess.”

You examine the object in your hand, turning it over several times.

“Is it... an arrowhead?”

“Not quite.”

“A dagger?”

“Half right. Try again.”

You continue to try to guess what the object in your hand could be for a few more tries.

“I’ll give you a hint,” Tifid says. She takes your hand in hers, and places it against her chest. “Feel that?”

> You try to guess what Tifid means.

Tifid’s chest rises and falls as she breathes. You feel your hand heat up against her chest.

You realize that a similar heat is coming off of the strange object in your hand.

“Tif... this is...?”

“Yes,” she says. “It’s my heart.”

“That’s...” you pause. You have no words. You feel dizzy. “But... how?”

“We demons are different from you humans, Gilly. Our flesh and blood are weaved with magic. We are composed of it. When we bleed, when we spit, when we cry... all of that is magic in a way.”

She takes your hand off her chest and places it over the dagger, then closes your fingers over the hilt.

“This was forged in my heart. It’s made of the same stuff as I am. I want you to have it.”

“You can’t be serious! I can’t take something like that!” you exclaim.

“It’s meant to be given away, Gil. And besides...” Tifid gives you a little smile. “It already feels like it belongs to you.”

> You say “I’ll cherish it. I’ll keep it safe forever. This is Spell Thief Gil’s greatest treasure. I’ll never find anything greater for as long as I live.”

Tifid giggles.

“Don’t be so dramatic, Gilly. It’s actually meant to be a weapon, you know.”

“So the shape of the blade isn’t just for show?” you ask, turning the dagger around in the light.

“Nothing about me is just for show.”

> You say “Well I knew that, but after what you just said I’m not sure I want to be swinging this thing around.”

“Gilly, don’t be a coward. I want to see how well you can use it!”

Tifid grabs your hand and leads you all the way back up to the firing range on the main floor of the secret base. You’ve never been here before.

“You can break anything you want in here. Go on, Gilly! Give it a whirl!”

> You give the knife a few practice twirls to see how it handles.

You twirl the knife around and feel it quickly, easily spinning in your grip.

“What the... it’s like it just does whatever I want. It’s so balanced and perfectly weighted. I’ve never seen anything like it.”

“I told you, Gil. Nothing about me is just for show.”

> You swing the dagger at a practice dummy.

You slash the blade at the leather dummy, and it immediately bursts into flames. You jump back a bit, not expecting that to happen at all.

“Holy shit!”

“Impressive,” Tifid says, admiring the burning dummy. “It’s practically as strong as when I do it myself.”

“Do you think I could set someone on fire?” you ask, eyeing the dagger carefully.

“You want to try it out on a person?”

“Just asking hypothetically.”

“Well, I’m pretty sure society wouldn’t approve of you lighting random people on fire.”

“No, I suppose not.”

> You turn the heartblade over in your hands once more, admiring its beauty.

This is Tifid’s heart in your hand.

“What does this heartblade do, exactly?” you ask.

“It is a bunch of my essence condensed into a weapon form,” Tifid says. “As I said, it’s practically a part of me. It has all the same properties as me, just on a smaller scale.”

“So I can use it to fly, then?”

“Well, you could try,” she says with a smile. “But the heartblade won’t be able to sustain your full weight. It’s designed to be used as a weapon.”

You look down at the dagger, and back up to Tifid.

> You say “So it’s like... I always have a part of you with me...”

“So it’s like... I always have a part of you with me...”

“Exactly. Just don’t lose it.”

Tifid wraps her arm around your back, giving you a kiss on the cheek.

“Thank you, Gil,” she says. “For everything.”

> You say “Thankful enough to give me a literal piece of your heart?”

“Thankful enough to give me a literal piece of your heart?”

“Well, I don’t have much choice in the matter. It already belongs to you. But yes, I’m happy enough to do that for you.”

She looks at you with those mesmerizing eyes of hers. The corners of her mouth turn upward, and she gives you a warm smile. You can’t help but smile back.

> You say “Damn, I feel like a champion from those old fairy tales.”

“Damn, I feel like a champion from those old fairy tales.”

Tifid giggles.

“I bet you do. The hero and his magical demon girlfriend live happily ever after.”

You laugh at that last part. You’re hardly a hero, but if that’s what it takes for you to be with Tifid, then so be it.

“There’s one more thing about that blade, Gil,” she says.

“Oh? What’s that?”

“Um... don’t freak out okay? I mean, I know we just got together and all, but...”

Tifid looks downward and twists her fingers. Her voice quavers as she struggles to get the words out.

“As long as you have it... you’ll live forever. Physically at least. Mentally... well that’s another story.”

“What do you mean?”

Tifid shifts her gaze to look out the window.

“You won’t age. You’ll stay as you are forever. At least as long as I’m alive. As long as my heart beats, your life will continue.”

Tifid reaches out and grabs your hand.

“Is that... okay with you?”

> You say “So, basically, you’re making me a demon?”

“So, basically, you’re making me a demon?”

Tifid turns to face you. She has an uneasy expression.

“Not necessarily... you’ll still be a human... just one that lives a very long time. I suppose you’ll be... better than humans, in some ways.”

“What do you mean?”

Tifid looks downward.

“Well... like I said, you won’t age. You can still be killed, but you won’t die of old age.”

“Oh.”

Tifid sighs and shakes her head.

“Sorry. I knew this was a bad idea. What am I thinking? This is so selfish of me. I don’t care if you live forever, I just want to be with you... I’m sorry.”

She tries to take the heartblade away from you, but you grip it tightly.

> You say “No take-backs. This is already Spell Thief Gil’s most precious treasure. I said I’ll keep it safe forever and I meant it.”

“No take-backs. This is already Spell Thief Gil’s most precious treasure. I said I’ll keep it safe forever and I meant it.”

Tifid turns to face you, and smiles.

“Really? You’re not just saying that?”

You shake your head.

“I won’t ever let it go. It’s going to stay with me forever, no matter what.”

She grins.

> You say “And if it means I’ll stick around until my brain turns to mush, that’s fine too.”

“And if it means I’ll stick around until my brain turns to mush, that’s fine too.”

Tifid begins to laugh, but soon her laughter turns to tears.

“Oh Gil...” she sobs, “Thank you... I...”

Tifid tries to say more, but she is overcome with emotion.

> You hug Tifid tight and let her cry into you.

You hold Tifid tightly as she cries into your chest. Her tears are warm, and a little sticky.

“I just... I’m sorry...” she says.

“It’s okay,” you say, “Just let it all out.”

Tifid begins to cry louder until she’s practically bawling. You’ve never seen her this upset.

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m so sorry...” she says, over and over again.

You hug her tighter.

> You say “You gave me immortality and you’re apologizing? You can be real weird sometimes, Tif.”

“You gave me immortality and you’re apologizing? You can be real weird sometimes, Tif.”

She sniffs and wipes her nose on her shoulder.

“I know,” she says, “But I was afraid you’d hate me if you found out how it all worked.”

> You say “That’s impossible. I could never hate you. Even back when we fought as rivals, I never really hated you.”

“That’s impossible. I could never hate you. Even back if we fought as rivals, I never really hated you.”

You stroke her head, trying to comfort her, but your words just end up making her even more emotional.

Eventually she manages to calm down enough to speak properly.

“You idiot...” she says, “Normally, people would think about these things. They would weigh up the pros and cons, and all that...”

> You say “I don’t see any cons about spending an eternity with you.”

“I don’t see any cons about spending an eternity with you.”

Tifid looks at you with bloodshot eyes.

“You... you really mean that?” she asks.

You look into her eyes, and nod.

“Then I love you too,” she says, “More than I could ever put into words.”

She hugs you tightly, and you embrace her in return. After a moment, she pulls away.

> You say “I don’t want to ruin the moment, Tif... but didn’t we get really sidetracked? We should find out who that astral demon was. Even if you killed him, his buddies could be on the way.”

“I don’t want to ruin the moment, Tif... but didn’t we get really sidetracked? We should find out who that astral demon was. Even if you killed him, his buddies could be on the way.”

Tifid nods slowly, before her face darkens.

“I think I know who that demon was...” she says.

“Who was it?” you ask, “Do you know him?”

“Know him? No. But I think I know who he might work for...”

> You say “How? We didn’t find any clues on his clothes after you vaporized him.”

“How? We didn’t find any clues on his clothes after you vaporized him.”

Tifid bites her lip nervously.

“I... I think he works for my father,” she says, “That, or one of the other demon lords. There aren’t too many astral demons running around.”

You nod slowly, trying to recall what you know about demons and their hierarchical system.

> You say “I highly doubt your dad would send an assassin with a shotgun to your house... so that leaves...”

“Yes,” Tifid says, “One of the other demon lords. They’re a quarrelsome lot, and I’ve pissed off most of them at one time or another.”

“Which one?” you ask.

“My best guess? Lord Rostov.”

You snort.

> You say “Well I mean... we did kill his favorite magician. We’re probably in this together.”

“Well I mean... we did kill his favorite magician. We’re probably in this together.”

Tifid shrugs.

“Probably,” she says, “But it’s good to be sure. Especially when dealing with demons.”

Tifid looks out the window for a moment, before turning to you with a smile.

“Well, now what?” she asks.

You shrug.

> You say “I was hoping you’d tell me. The only thing I know about demons is how to steal from them... and hide from them.”

Tifid smiles.

“And make them fall hopelessly in love with you?” she asks.

You smile back.

“Oh yeah. That too.”

“Well,” she says, getting back on topic. “I guess the first thing to do is gather intelligence. We should figure out where this bastard lives.”

> You say “To the supercomputer?”

“To the supercomputer,” she agrees.

You follow her to her computer, and sit next to her as she brings up a map of Sinful Bliss City, which is Rostov’s domain.

She taps at the keyboard for a minute. Dozens of red marks appear, all over the city.

“This is where we know he’s been seen,” she says, pointing at a specific red mark. “Which means this is where his base is. The question is whether we should assault it directly, or try to figure out a way to sneak in.”

> You say “That’s the casino isn’t it? I’ve never been to Sinful Bliss, but I do know about the entertainment district.”

“It is. And don’t worry, I’ll have you properly disguised.”

“Neat. I love magic disguises!”

“They’re not really magic. It’s just advanced technology.”

> You say “What will we do once we infiltrate the place anyway? It’s not like we can kill him.”

“What will we do once we infiltrate the place anyway? It’s not like we can kill him.”

“No, but we can cause a lot of problems. Remember, the goal isn’t to kill him, it’s to make him wish he was dead.”

You nod. Tifid smiles and kisses you on the cheek.

“Don’t worry,” she says. “I’ll protect you.”

> You say “I’ll protect you, too, Tif.”

“I’ll protect you, too, Tif.”

She looks at you, smiles a bit, and nods.

“Thanks,” she says.

She moves in to kiss you, but before your lips touch, the door to the computer room flies open and hits the wall. Standing in the doorway is a figure wearing a black cloak and hood. They hold up a lantern, illuminating themselves. It’s Magos Cern.

> You say “WHAT THE FUCK?! How’d you get in here?! Didn’t we toss your corpse off a cliff?!”

“WHAT THE FUCK?! How’d you get in here?! Didn’t we toss your corpse off a cliff?!”

Magos Cern ignores you, and turns to Tifid.

“You, demon girl, come with me. You,” he says, turning to you, “do not concern yourself. Go back to your... games.”

Magos Cern turns and walks back out the door.

> You turn to Tifid and say “Let’s get rid of this asshole.”

“Let’s get rid of this asshole.”

“Fucking perfect,” she says.

You turn and head after Magos Cern, followed by Tifid.

> You pursue Magos Cern.

You burst out of the door, following Tifid. Magos Cern turns to you.

“Good, demon girl. You’re coming with me. Him, I don’t care about. Kill or don’t kill, it makes no difference to me.”

Magos Cern walks away. Tifid flicks her wrists, sending out two small blasts of fire that singe the back of Magos’ robes. He keeps walking. She frowns, creating a larger burst of fire that engulfs his head.

> You run and dropkick him to the floor.

You dropkick Magos Cern, sending his face first into the floor. He collapses on the floor, and you stomp on his back.

“What do you want?”

Magos turns to you. His robes are torn, and the robotic parts of him are revealed. He’s a robot, or at least part robot.

“We want many things. World peace. A cure for cancer.”

> You say “Oh shit. He’s a robot now, go figure.”

“The man you knew as ‘Magos Cern’ was, as you say, a robot. A complicated structure of electric brains and cogs with the outward appearance of a human.”

“So why the fuck did you bleed all over the place when we killed you last time?”

“That was a bug. A minor, fixable bug.”

> You say “Blood and guts was a ‘fixable bug’? How the fuck does that happen?”

“The process was experimental! It was meant to create the perfect infiltrator! Some crucial data was lost, and instead of forming a perfect infiltrator, it formed a half-man half-machine that... well, bled and died.”

You look at Tifid. She shrugs.

> You say “This sounds like some weird ass nonsense. Let’s just hack him up and get this over with”

Magos Cern sighs, while Tifid simply nods.

“Fine, do it,” she says.

You walk forward, raising your heartblade. Magos Cern pulls out a small pistol from his robes, pulling the trigger and firing a burst of energy.

> You block the blast with the heartblade.

You swing your blade, the energy bursting forward and deflecting the bolt of energy into the ceiling. Magos fires another burst of bolts, which you block, before he drops the gun, instead reaching forward and grabbing your throat with his bare hands. He begins to squeeze, strangling you.

Tifid walks forward, stabbing her hand into Magos’ armpit and slicing through metal and wiring. Blades, wires and fluid pour out. Magos Cern drops you, before collapsing to the ground. You land on your feet, checking your throat is still intact. It is; however, you’re now covered in the oil and blood mixture that Magos Cern is made of.

> You say “Ugh, gross. Why does it always end in a mess?”

Tifid looks down at Magos, poking his body with her foot.

“It’s well made. I’m surprised Rostov would allow someone so... sloppy into his employ, though. I suppose the niche he fills is done so well that his eccentricities are endurable.”

> You say “We should probably do something about this base’s security system. People keep breaking in randomly, and always when we’re about to get intimate. It sucks.”

“Ww should probably do something about the base’s security system. People keep breaking in randomly, and always when we’re about to get intimate. It sucks.”

Tifid nods.

“Yeah... yeah I’ll look at it later. We should probably throw this in the incinerator.”

> You carry the robotic Magos Cern’s body to the incinerator in the secret base.

You walk over to the body of Magos Cern, picking it up and hauling it over your shoulder. It’s surprisingly light, but then, he’s had most of his organs and flesh stripped away to be replaced with robotics.

You arrive at the incinerator, dumping Magos Cern’s body into it. You set it on fire, watching as the robotic corpse is consumed by flames.

“Shall we?” Tifid asks, gesturing towards the door.

> You say “Can we please fix the security system before we do anything lewd? I really don’t want random characters barging in on us again.”

“Can we please fix the security system before we do anything lewd? I really don’t want random characters barging in on us again.”

Tifid laughs, nodding her head.

“Of course, Gil. Whatever you want.”

> You fix the goddamn security system so nobody can barge in on you during sexy times ever again.

You and Tifid set to work on repairing the security system. It's not too difficult, and you're finished in under an hour.

"There," you say. "The security system is fixed."

"Thank God," Tifid says. "I don't want to have to do that again. I'll set the alarms, you can go wait for me in our room."

A Night of Passion

> You go wait for Tifid in the bedroom.

You go to the bedroom, sitting down on the bed. You wait for Tifid to come to you, which doesn't take long.

"Hey, baby," she says, wrapping her arms around you.

"Hey," you reply, returning the hug.

Tifid kisses you, and the two of you make out for a while. It's been a stressful day, and the two of you are horny as hell, so it's not long before clothes start coming off. Tifid is now topless, while you've taken off your shirt and dropped your pants. Tifid gets down on her knees and begins unbuckling your belt.

> You say "Wait... you mentioned you had disguises, right?"

"Wait... you mentioned you had disguises, right?"

"Yeah, what about them?" Tifid asks.

"Could we use them?" you ask.

"What do you mean?"

> You say "You know... to make things more exciting."

"You know... to make things more exciting."

Tifid smiles.

"You dirty bastard. I like it. Let's do it."

> You check out Tifid's collection of disguises.

Tifid walks over to a large walk-in closet, opening it. You see a wide variety of disguises, everything from a police officer's uniform to a typical Jersey Turnpike toll-taker's outfit.

"Pick anything you like," Tifid says. "I have way more than I need."

You pick out an airline pilot's uniform. It's a tight fit, but it'll do.

> You say "It's a bit tight, especially around my ass."

"It's a bit tight, especially around my ass."

"I know," Tifid says, biting her lips. "It's perfect."

> You say "Welcome aboard the Gil Plane, this is your captain speaking. We advise all passengers to strap in because things are about to get really, really turbulent."

"Welcome aboard the Gil Plane, this is your captain speaking. We advise all passengers to strap in because things are about to get really, really turbulent."

Tifid laughs.

"That's the stupidest fucking thing I've ever heard," she says.

You laugh as well. You're glad you suggested this.

> You put on the huskiest voice you can muster and say "Ma'am, I'm afraid I'm going to have to escort you back to your seat. You know... for safety."

"Ma'am, I'm afraid I'm going to have to escort you back to your seat. You know... for safety."

Tifid laughs, and gets up from her seat. She approaches you slowly, and runs her hand along your jawline.

"Oh? And what if I don't want to go back to my seat?" she says, running her tongue along her lips.

You take a deep breath, trying to hide your excitement.

> You say “You’d better listen to the captain. The Gil Plane has disciplinary measures for... bad passengers.”

“You’d better listen to the captain. The Gil Plane has disciplinary measures for... bad passengers.”

Tifid runs her hand down your chest, and grabs your crotch.

“Oh please captain,” she pleads teasingly into your ear. “Don’t throw me off the plane.”

She gives your crotch a firm squeeze, and you exhale sharply.

“Well... I suppose we can work something out,” you say.

Tifid smiles, and releases her grip on your crotch. She puts her hands behind her back, and looks up at you expectantly.

“So... what’s the deal?” she asks.

> You say “You’re gonna have to show me you can be a good passenger.”

“You’re gonna have to show me you can be a good passenger.”

Tifid raises an eyebrow, and gives you a sly grin.

“Well... I suppose I can do that,” she says.

She leans in, and kisses you softly on the lips. She pushes your head towards her, and you open your mouth to allow her tongue inside. She wraps her arms around your neck, pressing her body against yours.

> You slide your hand up her shirt and say “Shit, we’re experiencing a lot of drag. We’re gonna have to... check the flaps.”

You slide your hand up her shirt and say “Shit, we’re experiencing a lot of drag. We’re gonna have to... check the flaps.”

Tifid giggles, and pulls away from you.

“I guess I’ll have to inspect them myself,” she says.

She begins unbuttoning her shirt, and you eagerly watch her. Her shirt comes off, revealing her bra. She moves in to kiss you again, and you can feel her soft

breasts against your chest. She slides her hand up your shirt, and you shudder in ecstasy as she touches your bare skin.

“Mmmm... I can tell the flaps are jammed,” she says.

She begins to unfasten your belt, and while you pull her hair tie out of her hair. She unbuttons your pants, and you eagerly help her pull them down.

“Well... what do we have here?” she asks, giving your cock a quick squeeze.

“Looks like someone is ready for takeoff,” she says.

Tifid drops to her knees and pulls your underwear down, releasing your cock. She grins, and takes your dick into her mouth.

> You say “Aw fuck... this is gonna delay the flight by a lot.”

“Aw fuck... this is gonna delay the flight by a lot,” you say, as Tifid sucks your dick.

Tifid begins working her tongue around your cock as she sucks on it, and you run your hands through her hair. She looks up at you and smiles around your dick, and you shudder in ecstasy. She begins moving her head back and forth, sucking harder and harder as she goes.

> You say “Shit... Tif... I’m all out of aviation puns.”

“Shit... Tif... I’m all out of aviation puns,” you say, as Tifid sucks your dick.

Tifid giggles, and her laughter sends shivers down your spine. She begins moving her head faster, and you can feel yourself getting closer to the edge. You reach down, and run your hands through her hair as she sucks your dick.

> You put your captain’s hat on her while she blows you.

You put your captain’s hat on her while she blows you.

It doesn’t sit properly due to her large horns, but somehow that makes it even more adorable.

“What was that for?” she asks.

“I just thought you’d look cute,” you say. “I was totally right.”

Tifid giggles, and the vibrations send you over the edge.

“Tif... I’m gonna...”

Sensing you’re about to come, she eases up on the blowjob, preventing you from finishing.

“Aw, why’d you do that for?” you ask.

“You gave me the hat, so I’m the captain now,” she says. “You’re my passenger now, so just enjoy the ride.”

“Fuck... okay.”

You lie back on the bed, and Tifid goes back down on you.

For the next hour, you forget all your worries as Tifid pleasures you with her mouth.

Every time you’re about to finish, she backs off, only to edge you slowly again. She uses every technique in the book to keep you right at the cusp.

Sometimes, she’d gently pepper your head and shaft with kisses. Other times, she’d swirl her tongue around the head.

Occasionally, she’d deep throat you, forcing you into the tight opening of her throat.

> You beg Tifid to let you come.

You beg Tifid to let you come.

“Tifid, I’ve gotta come,” you say.

“Not yet,” she says, going back down on you.

You groan in ecstasy as she continues to edge you. The longer you go, the more the pleasure builds up. Eventually, you’re twitching and convulsing in orgasmic bliss.

Tifid smiles as she comes up for air.

> You say “Tif, please, don’t be mean... I can’t take this...”

“Tifid, please, don’t be mean... I can’t take this...” you say.

“Oh, sure,” she says, as she climbs on top of you. “But not in my mouth.”

Tifid lowers herself onto your cock. She gasps as you enter her.

“You can come inside me,” she says.

“Are you sure?” you ask.

“Yeah,” she says. “We don’t need to worry about protection anymore. I don’t give a fuck.”

You thrust into her, and she lets out a pleased yelp. You feel the tip of your dick hit her cervix, and you’re pretty sure you’re reaching her womb.

> You say “Fuck, you can’t just say that to a guy, Tif. It’s really dangerous.”

“Fuck, you can’t just say that to a guy, Tif. It’s really dangerous.”

“I trust you,” she says.

You thrust into her harder and deeper as she moans in pleasure. You reach your hand around her hip and start rubbing her clit. She lets out a pleased squeal as you do so. You thrust faster and faster as she writhes in ecstasy on top of you.

> You sit up and say “Hey... I’m gonna grab your horns again, okay?”

“Hey... I’m gonna grab your horns again, okay?”

“Mmhmm,” she moans.

You sit up and grab her horns, thrusting into her faster and faster. She closes her eyes and lets out a squeal as you push deeper and deeper into her womb. Your balls are practically hitting her ass as you fuck her as hard as you can.

> You fuck her in a sitting position.

You thrust into her as she squeals in pleasure. You feel the tip of your dick reaching deeper and deeper into her. She lets out a shriek and a moan as you push in. You’re practically fucking her womb now, and it feels amazing. You can feel yourself about to come, and Tifid seems to be feeling the same way.

“I’m gonna... come,” you say.

“Come inside me,”

> You grab her horns and rub them hard right as she orgasms.

You rub her horns hard as she orgasms, and she lets out a yelp.

“W-Wait, Gilly... I...!” she tries to protest, but her voice trails off into a shriek.

“Fuck... fuck...!” you curse under your breath as you grab her waist and ram her as hard as you can.

“Guh.... unnnghh...” Tifid’s cries turn into guttural groans as you push deeper and deeper into her.

“FUCK!” you yell, thrusting into her.

“GILLY! I’M COMING!” she shrieks, as you feel your dick pulsate inside her.

> You mating press Tifid.

You ravish her with the legendary mating press technique. You push in as hard as you can and stay still, letting her writhe in ecstasy. Her moans are so loud that they drown out the sound of your flesh pounding hers. You feel the tip of your dick reaching deeper and deeper into her. She lets out a shriek and a moan as you push in. You’re practically fucking her womb now, and it feels amazing.

> You “Do you feel that, Tif? It’s like my dick is kissing your cervix.”

“It feels... good. It feels good...” she says, slurring her words.

You grab her horns and pull her head up as you continue thrusting.

“Look at me,” you command.

She opens her eyes and looks into your eyes as you penetrate her. Her normally slit pupils are dilated, and tears are running down her cheeks.

> You kiss her deeply.

You grab her head and kiss her deeply as you push in. She lets out a moan as you put all your weight on her and thrust as hard as you can.

“GILLY! I’M COMING! I’M COMING!” she screams.

“TIFID! I’M COMING TOO!” you scream, as you start to lose yourself.

> You paint her insides.

You shoot your cum as far into her as you can. Your dick spasms and twitches as you pump her full of your sweet, nutritious semen.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” you moan as you keep going.

“Gilly!” she shrieks as you push in even further.

> You literally cum buckets.

Your dick is pulsating and you shoot load after load into her.

“I can feel it,” she says. “It’s so warm, filling me up.”

Your dick starts to go flaccid, but still spurts out a little bit of cum every now and then. Your body tenses up so hard you have no choice but to clutch Tifid with all your might. You press your mouth into her shoulder as you groan, while your dick spits out the last few drops.

“Fuck,” you sigh as you pull out.

You sit up and look at your handy work. Tifid is an absolute mess. Her hair is played out, her back is arched, and her tits are covered in your love. Her cunt is also overflowing with your semen.

“You... you’re a god,” she says as she struggles to catch her breath.

> You tip your captain’s hat and say “No, I’m an airplane pilot.”

You tip your captain’s hat and say “No, I’m an airplane pilot.”

Tifid bursts out laughing, but then winces and clutches her stomach.

“Ouch... it hurts to laugh,” she says as she wipes the tears from her eyes.

You grab your bee gun and start putting it away.

“I think I need a shower,” you say.

“Yeah, me too. I can feel your jizz dripping out of me.”

“We should do something about that,” you say with a smirk.

“Maybe next time,” Tifid replies. “My abs hurt too much to fuck again.”

> You take a shower with Tifid.

You shower with Tifid.

You are in the shower, scrubbing yourself clean. The shower is amazing; the water is just the right temperature and there are so many settings to choose from. You don't know which one to use.

"Let me handle this," Tifid says as she grabs your hand and brings it towards one of the nozzles.

> You 'Accidentally' graze her nipple.

You graze her nipple and she shudders.

"That's my nipple," she says with a smirk.

"I'm so sorry," you say as you let the water hit it full force.

You bring your hands around to Tifid's front. You gently glide your hands across her stomach, marveling at how her muscles are more pronounced when her skin is wet.

"Gil stop, you're making me horny again," she says as she pushes your hand away.

You step out of the shower and grab a towel. You are about to offer one to Tifid, but stop yourself. You look over at her; her skin is glistening as water runs down it.

> You say "Tif, I've been a thief most of my life, so trust me when I say it's a crime that we can't do it again tonight."

You stare at her tits for a moment.

"You can't go to bed horny, Tif," you say as you grab her hand and lead her into your bedroom.

"Shit... I'm so sore though..." she says.

Despite her words, she appears to be excited.

You pull her back into the shower.

"Fuck... I'm going to regret this, I know it," she says as you turn the shower back on. You grab the soap and begin to lather her body.

"I'll be gentle, Tif," you say.

"Whatever, just get on with it," she says.

You begin with her legs, slowly working your way up. You spend some time on her inner thighs since that seems to be the spot she enjoys the most. By the time you make it to her pelvis and abdomen, you can tell she's enjoying it.

"Mmmm... Gil... my tits..."

> You work her clit with your nimble, thieffy fingers.

You gently begin to massage her clit with your fingers, applying gentle pressure. "Fuck..." she says.

You continue massaging, as she begins to moan in pleasure. Her body goes limp, as you hold her up against the wall of the shower.

She orgasms, and you keep going. She has another one, and then another.

"Damn... damn it...!" she screams as she climaxes for the fourth time in a row.

"How's that, Tif?" you ask.

"Shut the fuck up and keep doing what you're doing!" she demands.

"OK," you say with a smile.

> You lick her horns while you massage her clit.

You gently kiss her right horn, then wrap your lips around it and give it a long, slow lick. You put your hand on her left horn and massage it while you run your tongue up and down the other.

"Oh m-my... guh..." she moans, unable to form full sentences.

Tifa seems to be having trouble speaking, she's moaning and grunting as you pleasure her.

Tifid has told you how sensitive her horns become during sex, but you never imagined it would be this pleasurable for her. You begin to pick up the pace, thrusting your fingers in and out as you lick and suck on her horns.

"Fuck! Fuck! F-fuck!" she yells as she climaxes for the seventh time.

> You try to make her come with only her horns.

You slide your hand out of her dripping vagina and focus on her horns, rubbing them and running your fingers up and down.

You apply as much pressure as you can to her sensitive areas. She seems to love it, and she begins to moan louder than ever. You can tell she's really getting into it.

"Oh... shit... G-Gilly..." she moans.

> You sit her down on your lap and tell her you're gonna milk her horns.

You sit down on the shower floor with your back against the wall, and pull Tifid on top of you. You place her on your lap so that her back is to you, and wrap your fingers around both of her horns.

"Hold on, ok? I'm about to milk these things. Hard." you whisper into her ear.

"Wait, Gil, I've never done this before!" she says, looking back at you.

"Neither have I, but we're about to."

You form your thumb and index fingers around the base of Tifid's horns, right where it connects to her head. Her squeals are muffled by the running water and her hands tightly grip your thighs as you apply pressure.

"Unnggh! Shit! This feels so...!" she groans as you milk her horns.

> You drag your fingers from the base of her horns to the tip.

You drag your fingers from the base of her horns to the tip, feeling the ridges pass under your skin. As you move along the length of her horn, you start to increase your speed and pressure.

Tifid begins to shudder as she reaches her peak. Her eyes shut tightly and she pants loudly while grinding her teeth. You can feel her convulsing against you.

She's enjoying it, you can tell.

"G-Gilly! Nnnnnnnn....!" she moans.

You bring your hands back to the base of her horns again, and this time you add another finger to your grip. You start stroking her slowly, and Tifid's knees begin to buckle.

"Brace yourself against me if you need to," you say.

Tifid reaches behind herself and holds on to your forearms as you continue to jerk her off. Her body shakes and squirms as you pleasure her, and soon enough she lets out a yelp.

“I... I can't! I'm gonna...” she says.

You start stroking her faster and faster, and then you slow down.

“What? What are you gonna do?” you ask.

“I'm gonna...!” she cries out, and then you feel it.

A burst of honey squirts out of Tifid's body and into the water.

> You kiss her neck and whisper “We're not done yet.”

You kiss her neck and whisper “We're not done yet”.

Tifid turns to look at you. There's fear and desperation in her eyes.

“You're gonna do it again? But I can't!” she says.

“You can,” you say.

She shakes her head.

“I can't! Not right away! You know I need time!” she says.

> You say “I'm using my whole hand this time. Get ready.”

“I'm using my whole hand this time. Get ready.”

“You're joking. You're actually joking right now. I can't, I just can't!” she says, almost panicking.

“It'll be alright,” you say. “Just take it easy, and stop me if I'm going too fast.”

“No, no, no, no!” she says.

> You grip both her horns with all your fingers, hard.

“I'm doing it,” you say. “Don't bite your tongue.”

You grip both her horns with all your fingers, hard. Tifid immediately shuts her eyes and grits her teeth.

“That's it... just ride it out,” you say.

Slowly but surely, your hand travels towards the tip of her horns. Her horns begin to heat up, and steam begins to rise from them as you move forward.

“Nnnnnngh...! Nnnnnnnnn...!” Tifid begins to moan.

You get to the end of her horns, and they are boiling hot to the touch. Still, you persist, determined to wring as much pleasure out of Tifid as you can.

“Fffffnnnnn...! Nnnnnnn...!!” Tifid lets out a series of gasps and whimpers.

As you move your hand back towards the base of her horns, her body begins to shudder, and she grabs your wrist with one hand while the other presses against the side of her head. She slides her little finger inside of her mouth and bites down.

> You kiss the nape of her neck and say “I love you” while continuing to wring her horns out.

“Nnnngh...! L-love... Love...!” Tifid slurs, tears streaming down her face.

You feel her waist and pelvis trembling as her muscles flex erratically. Her small wings flutter and flap while she loses control of her whole lower body. You grip her horns even tighter as you begin to coax every bit of pleasure out of her that you can. She begins to moan, louder and louder until she’s screaming in ecstasy.

> You kiss her neck and shoulders.

You take a deep breath and plant your lips on her neck, right below her ear. You flick your tongue back and forth against her skin as she lets out a squeal.

“Nnnnngh...! Please...!” She begs.

“Please what?” you ask, teasingly. “Tell me how you want it.”

“P-please...” she whimpers. “Fuck me...”

“That’s not specific enough.”

“I- inside... Inside...!” she begs. “My vagina... My p-pussy...”

“Sure thing,” you smile.

> You shift her up on your lap and slide her down on your cock.

You pick her up and maneuver her over your erect cock. You press the head against her and begin to push yourself inside of her. She lets out a loud gasp as you slide into her.

“Ahhh! Fuck! Fuck!” She moans as she tosses her head back.

You feel her tight, wet pussy squeeze tightly around your shaft as you thrust in and out of her at a steady pace.

> You milk her horns while you fuck her.

You grasp Tifid's horns against and massage them forcefully while pumping in and out of her.

"Ah! Ah! Fuck! Fuck!" She screams.

> You use her sensitive horns as fuck handles.

You fuck her harder and faster, thrusting in and out of her. You grasp onto her horns and run your fingers along their lengths. Tifid arches her back and lets out a high pitched moan as she begins to cum all over your cock. The warm sensation causes nearly drives you over the edge, but you hold on and keep going at a steady pace.

"AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!" Tifid screams as she cums again.

> You slam Tifid up against the wall of the shower and continue to pound her like a beast.

You grab her by the hips and pull her off of your member, pushing her up against the wall. You lift her one leg up and thrust back into her, faster than before. She cries out as you continue to fuck the ever loving hell out of her.

"Ah! Ah! Fuck! Fuck!" She screams as she cums again.

You don't stop and continue to fuck her as hard as you can.

Tifid's legs completely gives out, so you pick her up and continue to fuck her. She doesn't even have the strength to hold you back, so you bear hug her and continue to fuck her while holding her up.

"Fuck! Fuck me! Fuck! Fuck!" Tifid screams as she continues to orgasm.

She gushes with every thrust, filling the shower floor with her love juice. The smell of soap is quickly replaced by the thick musk of sex.

"D-Dying... g-gonna... die.... cumming.... again... ahhhhhhhhhh!" Tifid screams as her body tenses up and begins to convulse.

You continue to hold her up and fuck her as hard as you can as she has the most powerful orgasm of her life.

“GIL! GILLY! GILLLLLLLYYYYY!!!” She screams as bites your shoulder, the pain of her teeth sending you over the edge.

You quickly pull out and blast your load all over her stomach and tits, with some even getting on her face.

You stand there panting heavily as the water runs down your face. Tifid slumps down and falls to her knees, causing your dick to slip out of her. You hold her against you as you try to catch your breath.

“Shit... Tifid...” you whisper as you move your lips to her ear.

“That was...” she tries to speak, but then just pauses.

She looks up at you with a smile and moves her hand to your cheek, caressing it gently. You lean in and kiss her as she wraps her arms around you.

You both hold each other tenderly under the running water as you continue to kiss.

The sensation of her tongue in your mouth is too much to bear, and you get hard again.

You hold her for a few minutes as you both try to regain your strength, but it isn't long before you both get the urge to fuck again. You continue for what seems like forever, and then forever some more. You fuck all over the bathroom. Against the shower door. In the tub. On top of the sinks. When you run out of places, you just start fucking on the floor.

Your body aches, and your even soul feels tired, but your dick is as hard as ever.

“We need... to stop...” Tifid pants as she pushes you against the wall and slides you into her.

“Oh fuck!” you moan.

She leans in and licks your ear, causing your knees to buckle.

“Tifid...” you whimper as she nibbles on your ear.

> You say “I can't stop... I need to feel you more... cum in you more...!”

“Fill me...! Please...!” Tifid moans as she presses her mouth against yours.

You wrap your arms around her as you begin to thrust, you push yourself against her as she pushes back. She wraps her legs around you and holds on to you for dear life.

You move faster and faster as the pleasure becomes too much to handle. You can feel yourself getting close as Tifid bites your neck.

> You cum inside Tifid for the nth time tonight.

“I’m... gonna... cum!” you grunt.

“Do it!” Tifid begs as she licks your face, which is already wet with her spit.

You explode inside of her as she does the same. Your bodies shake and shiver as you lean against the wall for support. You stay like this for what seems like forever, but eventually you finish.

> You say “Shit...! I’m still hard! Why can’t I calm down...? Tifid...!”

You must have came at least seven times or more, but all it takes is another look at Tifid and you’re ready to go again.

“We... really... need to stop...” Tifid says, out of breath.

“Shit... I-I can’t... I need to be inside you again...” you moan.

“Oooh... me too... just one look at you and I...! I need it!”

<Tifid’s POV>

Gil’s dick is so big, so powerful. I can’t control myself around it, I need it all the time. The second it touches me I go crazy.

I’m scared of it. Scared of how it makes me feel. We’ve done it a few time before now, but never has it been like this. I’m so obsessed with him it hurts.

Even when we’re right next to each other... even when we’re this close... it’s not enough. I need more.

I can feel him penetrating me even now, but I need more. It’s never enough.

It’s like I’m drowning in his cum, and it feels so fucking good.

I’ll do anything for him. If he wants me to get on my knees right now and suck his dick, I would.

Fuck, maybe I will...

“I need you... all of you...!”

<Your POV>

You're taken aback by her aggressiveness. You see a lust in her eyes you've never seen before, and it's turning you on. She looks at your dick and licks her lips.

"P-please... let me suck it..." she begs, staring deep into your eyes.

> You say "But I wanna cum inside your womb! Here, suck my tongue instead."

"Yeah... I will... I'll suck it..." she says.

You lean and stick your tongue out, and she does the same. She touches her tongue to yours, and the two of you share a long, intimate kiss.

You feel your dick throbbing as you kiss her. Her warm, wet mouth feels so inviting. You run your fingers through her hair and massage the back of her head.

Tifid eagerly suckles on your tongue as you slide yourself inside of her for the nth time tonight.

Your dick is already raw from all the friction, but you don't care. All that matters is Tifid. She needs your cock, and you'll be damned if you don't give it to her.

She wraps her legs around your waist as you push yourself deeper and deeper inside of her. Her moans are growing louder and louder, and yours are too. The two of you are going at it like animals.

> You say "How... many times... is this now...?"

"I... I don't know..." she pants.

Tifid reaches climax for the umpteenth time, and you're really feeling it. Her pussy tightens around your dick as she cums, which is enough to push you over the edge as well. You release your seed inside of her, and it's more satisfying than ever before.

It's still not enough. Your loads are thicker than ever. How is it that you can still cum? You don't know and you don't care.

You carry Tifid back to the bedroom to continue fucking there.

"But Gil, the mess! We need to clean up first!" Tifid says.

"Fuck... it..." you pant.

Tifid's pussy is still very sensitive from all the sex. You thrust yourself into her once again and she cums immediately. She's lost in a sea of ecstasy, and you're

finding it hard to contain yourself as well. You're cumming faster and more than ever now. Sometimes you cum just from putting it in her. Sometimes you cum multiple times in a row. It's all you can think of doing.

Cumming inside of Tifid. Cumming all over her. In her mouth. Between her tits. All of it is fair game. You just want to release your seed everywhere you can, and she's completely on board with that idea.

She holds you close and kisses you passionately as you fuck her. She cums again as you thrust into her, and you do as well. You nearly pass out from pleasure.

You've got so much cum built up that when you reach climax, it shoots out like a rocket.

"How... how are you doing that Gil" she asks, as you blast rope after rope of sticky cum all over her face. She's drenched in it.

"Don't... know..." you groan, as you continue to spray her.

It's like your balls are hooked up to a hose, and you're still not done. You shoot so much out that it begins to drip down onto the floor. Your mind is totally blank as you focus on releasing your seed as fast as you can.

"Fuck that's so hot... stop wasting it... do it inside..." Tifid moans.

You've lost all control at this point. You grunt as you begin to push your dick into Tifid, but your dick is still spurting so much that you can't get it in all the way. Your mind is awash with the hormones racing through your body right now.

"Shit... hurry... before it's all wasted... I can't take much more of this... fuck... I'm already at my limit..." Tifid says, as her eyes roll back into her head. She's literally frothing from the mouth right now. You've never seen her like this before.

You press your dick into her as hard and fast as you can, and manage to slide it in all the way.

"Ugh! Fuck! There! Fill me up! Ungh!"

<Tifid's POV>

The smell of his sweaty body is filling my nostrils. I can feel his muscular chest on my tits. His dick is inside me, and he's thrusting as hard as he can. My body is pushed back very hard with each thrust, and I can't help but groan with pleasure.

I can feel his dick throbbing inside me. I don't know how much more of this I can take. I'm covered in his cum, and it's in my hair, my eyes, my mouth, and my

nose. I'm drowning in it. And still he thrusts and thrusts. The scent is so strong... it's doing something weird to me. I'm starting to lose control of my body.

"Harder... faster..." I beg. It's like I'm begging him to hit me. He's so strong, so muscular, and his dick is so powerful as it thrusts into me. The bed is shaking and squeaking as he starts to go even faster.

"Oh fuck! Gil!" I groan loudly as I feel his dick throb even harder.

<Your POV>

You feel her pussy start to spasm and convulse around your dick. You slam yourself again and again into Tifid while you continuously cum inside of her. There's no actual climax anymore, you're just continuously having a stream of orgasms.

Tifid's face is covered with sweat, and her eyes roll back into her head. She begins to make inhuman noises as she starts to convulse even more violently. Her pussy spasms and contracts around your dick, causing you to nearly pass out from the sensation.

"Fuck! Shit!" You groan as you slam yourself into her over and over again.

> You hug Tifid as tight as you can and kiss her as you feel the mother of all loads building up in your balls.

Tifid looks at you with a vacant stare.

"Don't stop... fuck me..." she begs.

You thrust yourself into her as hard as you can while the room shakes around you. The bed squeaks and groans as your feet slide along the floor. Tifid grabs your arms tightly as her back arches off the bed. You're drowning in sweat and pussy juice, but neither of you care.

> You say "Tif... here it is... this one's gonna be so big..."

"Drown me..." she says.

You thrust your hips with everything you have. The room is shaking so violently that it's hard to keep your balance. You reach around her ass and squeeze her

cheeks as hard as you can while you plow into her as deep as you can. You feel the mother of all loads building up in your balls. It hurts so fucking good.

“Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!” You grunt as you keep pounding.

“Yes! Yes! Fuck!” she screams.

“Fuck! Fuck!” You moan as you’re about to explode.

“Oh fuck! Give it to me!” she screams, right before her whole body begins to convulse in ecstasy.

You feel the immediate need to release yourself. Your body trembles and shakes as you pump your load into her as hard as you can. You gasp and moan as you collapse on top of her.

Tifid’s whole body spasms and convulses as she loses all control of herself. Her nails dig into your arms as you feel her whole body shaking beneath you. She’s moaning and screaming like a madwoman, shaking her head from side to side.

You lay on top of her, breathing heavily. Your hands rub her body as you try to regain your strength. You’re surprised that you actually have the energy to go again, but you need a breather first.

“Oh... fuck... that was... insane” she says.

“Yeah... what the fuck...” you pant.

“Shit... I’m covered in your spunk,” Tifid says, wiping your jizz from her face.

“I need another shower,” you say, finally catching your breath.

Tifid rolls off the bed with a thud. She lies on the floor for a few minutes before she picks herself up and stumbles towards the bathroom.

“This time... we should shower separately... or we’ll be at it all night,” she says.

> You say “Yeah... good plan. We’ll definitely end up fucking again if we’re together in there...”

“Yeah... good plan. We’ll definitely end up fucking again if we’re together in there...”

You wait for Tifid to take a shower, and then do so yourself. Afterwards, you toss the filthy bedsheets into the wash. Too lazy to lay down fresh sheets, the two of you just sleep in the spare bedroom instead. More than once the temptation to have sex strikes you, but you resist.

Eventually the two of you fall asleep with your hands up each other’s clothes.

The following morning, you wake up to a symphony of pain.

Everything is sore. You're covered in bruises and hickeys. Hell, you've even got cuts and scrapes. Tifid is quietly snoozing beside you, but judging from the similar bruises on her body, she's not going to have a much better day than you.

There's no way you're going to be able to do any thief work today. Or much of anything, really.

You think back to the events of last night. It is a blurry haze of sex. The two of you probably left messes all over the house that you'll have to clean up later.

You're pretty sure stimulating Tifid's horns like that caused some sort of weird magical reaction. There's no way you could have jizzed as much as you did last night. It felt like it would never end.

Still, it was fun. You don't regret any of it.

You gently kiss Tifid on the forehead. Her skin looks especially radiant in the morning light. She looks so cute sleeping there.

You brush her soft, lavender hair from her eyes, then kiss her once more on the cheek. She stirs slightly, and smiles as she nuzzles against your chest.

"You're awfully affectionate this morning," she murmurs.

> You say "Sorry, didn't mean to wake you."

"You didn't," she says. "I was awake long before you were. I've been watching you sleep for a while now."

You feel your face turning red.

"Really?" you ask.

Tifid nods.

"Why?" you ask, trying to keep the conversation going.

"Because I love you," she replies.

She rolls over to kiss you on the lips, but winces as she rolls over the hickeys and bite marks you left on her neck last night.

“Ow, fuck!” she mutters.

“I feel it, too,” you say, chuckling. “Trust me.”

“Ugh... this day is gonna suck...” she groans.

> You say “It’s the weekend. We can just lie around if we want.”

“Sounds good,” she says.

Tifid rests her head against your chest, and the two of you lie in bed together for a while. You listen to her breath as it slows down to a resting rate, then you let yourself drift off once again.

You wake up an hour later to the sound of your beeping cell phone.

> You endure the aching pain, roll over, and pick up your phone.

Tifid does the same, and the two of you look at each other.

“Who could be calling at this hour?” you ask.

You reach over to your bedside table and pick up your phone. It’s an email from none other than President Pellius.

> You say “What the... how does your dad know my contact information?”

“I have no idea,” Tifid replies, baffled. “But he is the Demon President... he probably knows a bunch of things.”

“Good point,” you say.

> You open the email and read it together with Tifid.

From: Pellius Buer <pbuer@hell.gov.demon>

To: Gil <kingofbees@hekmil.com>

Subject: ARE YOU READY FOR AN OUTDOOR ADVENTURE?

Message Text:

HELLO, GIL.

I HOPE YOU ARE WELL. OUR LAST MEETING WAS PLEASANT. I ENJOYED OUR CHAT.

I'M SENDING THIS EMAIL BECAUSE I WISH TO INVITE YOU ON AN OUTING THIS WEEKEND.

I HAVE RECENTLY TAKEN UP THE HUMAN HOBBY KNOWN AS "FISHING". IT IS AN OCCUPATION THAT REQUIRES ONE TO STAND IN THE MIDDLE OF A STREAM AND DOMINATE AQUATIC LIFEFORMS THROUGH THE UTILIZATION OF A VARIETY OF WEAPONS AND TOOLS, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO: HOOKS, LINES, MESHES, AND BAIT. I BELIEVE YOU WILL FIND IT TO BE A PLEASANT DIVERSION FROM YOUR MUNDANE LIFE OF HUMAN COLLEGE RESEARCH. IF YOU ARE INTERESTED, I WILL MEET YOU AT THE MARINA AT 7:00 PM ON SATURDAY. YOU CAN FIND THE MARINA BY FOLLOWING THE ROAD THAT LEAVES TOWN. IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO MISS.

TIFID, IF YOU ARE ALSO READING THIS, I MUST REQUEST THAT YOU DO NOT ATTEND. I HAVE LEARNED THAT FISHING IS A RITUAL FOR MEN, AND IT IS SAID THAT THE PRESENCE OF WOMEN CAN CAUSE BAD LUCK. I APOLOGIZE FOR THE INCONVENIENCE. DADDY LOVES YOU.

THE ANTICIPATION IS GROWING,
PRESIDENT PELLIUS BUER

You finish reading the email and look at Tifid, not knowing what to think.

“Your dad just invited me fishing,” you say.

“Yeah, it sounds like he really wants you to go,” Tifid says.

> You say “But it also sounds like he doesn’t want you to go because of some silly superstition.”

“Oh, that’s just daddy being daddy. I don’t really mind it,” she says. “You don’t have to go either, if you don’t want to. You can just stay here with me, if you’d prefer.”

You look at Tifid’s inviting eyes, then look back at the email.

> You say “I guess I’ll go. I actually like fishing, and it’ll be a good chance to score points with your dad.”

“Wow, really?” Tifid says, a bit surprised. “That’s... actually really sweet of you.”

“Yeah. I guess I’m just a sweet guy,” you say, smiling.

Tifid smiles back.

“You’re right,” she says. “Daddy doesn’t get out of the office much, so I’m sure he’d love to have the company.”

> You say “By the way... why does your dad think I’m a college researcher?”

“Oh, that?” Tifid says, looking away nervously. “I... uh... kind of fibbed a bit. I can’t exactly tell him about your spell thief stuff. He’d want to lock you up and throw away the key.”

“So you told him I’m a college researcher?” you ask.

“Well, something like that,” she says.

“Tifid...” you say disapprovingly.

“Come on, what else was I supposed to say? He already knows I met you through work... I just made something up!” she says.

“Tifid...”

“Oh, will you relax? He’s not going to interrogate you or anything,” she says. “Just go along with it if he brings it up. Tell him you’re doing research for some book about modern security systems or something.”

“This is a really shitty plan, Tifid,” you say.

“Will you stop fucking complaining?” she says. “Just lay some of your usual charm on him, and he’ll be putty in your hands. Trust me.”

“Fine,” you say. “But don’t blame me if he sees through my deception.”

“He won’t,” she says. “My dad’s a sucker for humans. He’ll probably be too preoccupied with asking you about your favorite food and whatnot.”

> You say “Well... he is an awesome guy. Guess I’ll just play it cool.”

“Well... he is an awesome guy. Guess I’ll just play it cool,” you say.

Tifid smiles at your comment.

“I’m sure you’ll do just fine,” she says reassuringly.

> You spend the day cleaning the secret base with Tifid and preparing for tomorrow’s fishing trip with her dad.

You spend the day cleaning the secret base with Tifid and preparing for tomorrow’s fishing trip with her dad.

“Are you sure I don’t have to bring anything else?” you ask.

“No, just bring yourself. I told you, my dad loves humans. He’s something like a fanboy of your kind,” Tifid says.

◀Fast forward to Saturday, 6:30 PM▶

You sling your fishing equipment on your bike and hop on. Tifid walks up beside you and gives you a quick kiss on your cheek.

“Have fun! And say hi to my dad for me!” she says.

“Will do. See you soon,” you say.

You ride off to toward the Heksten Marina, which is on the way out of town. You’re excited to see her dad. Specifically, you’re excited to get the chance to impress him. Scoring points with Pellius is a good way to get even closer to his daugh-

ter. You park your bike outside the marina, then take a deep breath before walking inside.

Pellius stands out like a sore thumb in the marina. Not only is he massive compared to everything else, he is also wearing a bright green Hawaiian shirt with yellow pineapples and palm trees. You spot him standing on a bench and holding a small megaphone in his hand.

“GIL! OVER HERE!” he booms as soon as he sees you.

You wince. Your ears are still ringing as you walk over to him.

“Hello, Mr. President!” you shout up at him.

“COME NOW! CALL ME PELLIOUS,” he says, slapping you hard on the shoulder.

> You feel your eardrums begging for mercy as you say “Pellius, sir? What’s with the megaphone?”

Your eardrums quake from the aural assault.

“What’s with the megaphone, sir?”

Pellius laughs as he switches off the megaphone. Even without it, his voice is loud enough to draw a little crowd.

“Why not? It adds flavor to the occasion! You know, back in Hell we didn’t have anything like this! If we wanted to be heard, we had to make ourselves heard! You never stop appreciating modern technology, eh Gil?”

You can’t help but grin. The way Pellius speaks is always interesting. You almost forget he’s a hulking mass of teeth and tentacles. Almost.

“So what are we going to do today?” you ask.

“You’ll see! Just follow me!”

Pellius walks out of the marina and towards the docks. You follow after him. He stops at a broken down, rusted out boat. It’s called “The Piledriver”. The name is painted in yellow paint that has faded from years in the sun.

“Well? What do you think?” he asks, placing a hand on the hull.

> You say “She looks... uh... seasoned.”

“Ha! No need to butter me up, boy! I can sense the doubt in you. But make no mistake, this old girl used to give the Ferryman himself a run for his money! Ha!”

Pellius runs his hand along the boat, patting it like someone would a horse.

“The Ferryman? As in Charon, the guy with the boat and the coin?”

“Oh ho! Aren’t you a smart one! That sad, skeletal sack always thought he was the king of the Acheron, but The Piledriver and I were making that journey long before he came along! Yes, boy. I used to be the Ferryman.”

“Wait. You?”

“That’s right. It was the old Buer family business. Before my father passed on the duty to me, it was passed down from father to son for generations.”

Pellius runs his tendrils along boat as he continues to reminisce.

“It was a proud lineage, too! After I left, Charon took over. But even he knows who the true ace of the Acheron is.”

> You say “What happened? Did you decide to quit?”

Pellius shakes his head.

“No, boy. I would never just quit. It was more like I had to.”

“What? Why?”

“Being the Ferryman means you meet a lot of humans. Souls, of course, but humans nonetheless. One of those souls was the love of my life. She died before her time, and she came to the Acheron to be ferried across. That’s when I first saw her. I fell head over heels.”

> You say “No way! Then what happened?”

“Oh, this, and that,” he says, waving his tentacles about, “and before you know it, we were married! She and I were so happy together. I mean, don’t get me wrong. We had our troubles. You can’t exactly have a house overlooking a river of boiling blood and bones, and be all peaches and cream. But, as they say, the best thing you can hold onto in life is each other. I was happy. Really happy. Happier than I ever thought possible.”

> You say “Where is she now? Are you still together?”

“Sadly, no. She was taken from me. But she lives on, in here,” he says, pointing to his heart. “And, of course, in our child.”

“You mean Tifid? She’s the daughter of your human wife? How??”

“Ah, so many questions! But if I told you everything, I’d run out of stories before our trip even begins! Come aboard, Gil! It’s a lovely night for some fishing.”

> You go fishing with Pellius.

You step aboard the boat. It’s surprisingly solid despite its appearance. You drop your fishing gear into a corner and look to your left. You see a girl dressed in a crisp white business suit. She’s sitting in one of the seats. Her legs are so long they are folded up in front of her. She looks at you, her eyes are cold and unmoving, almost unnaturally so. You jump a little. You weren’t expecting to see anyone else out here. The girl doesn’t say anything, nor does she move. She just sits there and stares at you, almost through you.

> You examine the girl, noting every detail.

She is young, and looks only a few years older than you. She has long, silver hair, which falls in front of one of her eyes. Her skin is pale, almost like porcelain, and nearly as white as the suit she is wearing. She stares at you with unnerving blue eyes. You notice that the joints on her fingers are segmented, like a doll’s. In fact, the closer you look, the more you realize that there are seams all over her body. You can see them along her jaws, her neck, and her wrists. Judging by the length of her arms and legs, she must be at least eight feet tall, if not more. If she stood up, she would easily tower over you.

> You say “Uh... nice to meet you?”

She doesn’t respond.

“Uh... you OK?”

Still nothing. It's almost like she's a mannequin, except for the fact that her chest slowly rises and falls with breathing. You notice that her eyes are fixed on yours. You don't think she's blinked for the entire time you stare back into her unrelenting gaze.

"Ah yes, let me introduce you," Pellius says. "This is Yalia the Reaper, my bodyguard. Yalia, this is Gil, Tifid's beloved. He's the one I was telling you about."

You look back at the girl.

She doesn't respond.

> You get a little freaked out, but suck it up for Tifid's sake. You extend your hand and say "Hi, I'm Gil. Pleased to meet you."

Yalia lets out a low "Hm" and simply turns her face away from you. Her eyes, however, remain trained on yours.

You let your hand fall back to your side and feel your face flush with embarrassment. Why was this so difficult?

Pellius slaps you on the back and says "Don't worry about her. She doesn't speak much. I've tried to get her to be more social for her own good, but... ah, well."

Yalia crosses her long, thin arms. You can hear sounds similar to gears and cogs whirring and ticking as they move. It's hard to tell, but she seems to be pouting at Pellius' comment.

Pellius simply gives a chuckle.

"You'll have to forgive her. She's known Tifid for along time, and she can be a bit overprotective at times. But she has the best intentions. Isn't that right, Yalia?"

It takes a moment, but you see Yalia give a quick nod.

> You say "Always a pleasure to meet more of Tifid's family."

Yalia gives a curt nod.

Pellius gives another chuckle as Yalia puts her head in her hands and sighs. "Always a pleasure to meet more of Tifid's family." You say, giving a short wave.

Yalia seems to pause, before raising her hand in a wave back. It seems more dismissive than welcoming, but it's a start.

“Well then,” Pellius says, clapping his tentacles together. “Now that the introductions are over with, let’s get on with the fishing.”

You spend the next few hours fishing and chatting. It seems that Yalia does speak, but only when she feels it’s necessary, and even then it’s usually single words at a time. Still, she’s getting friendlier, so that’s good.

In addition, Yalia seems to be quite knowledgeable on a vast array of subjects. For example, she can instantly identify any type of fish you catch.

This is helpful, since Heksten Lake seems to be full of supernatural species of fish that you’ve never seen before. She also knows a lot about the local fauna, the current political climate, and even the weather.

> You say to Pellius “So tell me more about Tifid’s mother. I’m really curious now.”

Pellius clears his throat.

“Like I said, her mother was a human soul who was wrongfully condemned to Hell. Back in those days, humans performed all sorts of rituals to conjure demons. Some of them involved sacrifices, and the souls of the sacrificed became demons. This was considered a one-way trip, but, being the Ferryman at the time, and having fallen for her...”

Pellius’ tentacles turn a deep red, a sure sign of embarrassment.

“...I decided to offer her a free return trip.”

“What was her name?” you ask.

“Lily.”

> You say “Did you get in trouble for it?”

“Actually, no. The other demons just assumed I was taking her as a slave. I wasn’t exactly popular with them at the time anyway. I could never do that to her, though. Lily was the most important person in the world to me. Still is.”

“How did she die?” you ask.

“She was a soul, my boy, she can’t die twice! But she eventually served her time in Hell and she was reincarnated. As for where, I don’t know. It’s a big world, and even demons have trouble keeping track of everyone.”

You don't say anything. You're feeling rather depressed right now, thinking about how this woman you've never met has had such a profound effect on your life. After all, if it weren't for her, Tifid wouldn't even exist, and you wouldn't be sitting here right now. Who knows where you would be?

> You say "I'm sorry to hear about your wife. I won't pretend to understand how much you loved her... but I'll treasure the daughter she left behind."

Pellius turns away from you, and goes silent. For a second, you're worried that you've upset him, but then he breaks into a wide, toothy smile and claps you on the back.

"You're a good man, Gil," he says. "But enough about my past. Let's talk about yours!"

"My past, sir?"

"Yes. I've done quite a bit of digging on you, you know."

> You say "You... you have?"

"Of course! I have my ways. For example, I know all about your exploits as a spellthief. Quite the career you had! The magic you stole, the people you killed, the people who almost killed you... it's all very fascinating."

You freeze. You can't help but feel a pit of dread forming in your stomach. Does this man know about what you did? He can't know, right? He's just fishing, both literally and figuratively.

> You say "No Pellius, sir... I think you're mistaken. I'm just an ordinary college student studying something-something security."

"Ha ha! Don't be so modest! I've seen your rap sheet. It's three times as long as your resume! But don't worry, all of us make mistakes when we're young. It's how we learn, after all!"

He seems rather gleeful when he says this, which is a little unsettling.

You aren't sure what you should say. This is the President of human-demon relations you're talking to. If you admit to your past, he might just call the guards and have you thrown in jail. If that happens, you'll never see Tifid again...

But if you lie...

> You say "Hypothetically speaking, sir, if I did have such a past... what would happen?"

Pellius smiles and casts his fishing rod again. Then, he continues to speak while reeling in the line.

"Well, hypothetically, I'd have to uphold the rules of this city. Lying, cheating, stealing, and violence are not tolerated here. I'd have no choice but to apprehend you, and given the extent of your crimes, I'd have no choice but to throw you in jail."

"I see," you reply.

You know he's telling the truth. Lying is out of the question. If you try to lie to him, you're toast. You'll have to tell the truth and accept whatever happens as a result.

> You look for a chance to escape.

You back up and try to put some distance between Pellius and yourself. However, Yalia stands up behind you and puts a cold, rigid hand on your shoulder. Her fingers whirl and click as they lock into place.

Pellius gives a small chuckle.

"Don't be so nervous. This is all hypothetical, of course. Just like how I hypothetically have a double life as a masked wrestler."

"Wait, what?"

Pellius sighs and shrugs.

"But that's neither here, nor there. The truth is, I planned this trip because I needed to speak with you in private. You see, I wish to hire you for a job."

"A job?"

"Yes, and I'm afraid it's one you must accept. I am unable to take 'no' for an answer."

> You say “But you’re the President... Hypothetically speaking, wouldn’t it be wrong for you to associate with a criminal?”

Pellius nods.

“Yes, it would. But some things are more important than the rules. Tifid is one of the few truly precious things I have left. I need someone who not only has your skills, but also your love for her.”

“So you’re saying this job is for Tifid’s sake?”

Pellius nods.

“I’ll give you the details if you agree. And if you do, I’m willing to overlook your past.”

> You say “I’ll do it.”

Pellius smiles.

“Well now, isn’t that quite the change in attitude.”

“If it’s for Tifid’s sake, I’ll do anything,” you say.

“Good. I had a feeling you’d say that,” Pellius responds.

He motions for Yalia to release you.

“I’ll be frank, then. Have you heard of the demon named Rostov Malphas?”

> You say “He’s the mayor of Sinful Bliss City, the largest entertainment hub in the world.”

“That’s correct. I believe he has plans to kidnap my daughter, Tifid.”

“Kidnap? It’s crazy... who the hell is even capable of doing that without being absolutely annihilated?” you ask.

“I’m afraid this isn’t a matter of strength. This is a matter of... well... obligation.”

“What do you mean?”

Pellius turns his back to you and is quiet for a moment. He folds his arms behind him and begins to pace.

“Some time ago, I enacted a plan to end the Rapture War. One of the conditions of this plan was to offer Tifid’s hand in marriage to a particular clan of humans.”

> You say “I’ve heard of this from Tifid. She says it was an arranged marriage to some punk in the Something-Or-Other... I forgot the name.”

Pellius nods.

“Yes, the Holy Covenant. If she’s told you, then you also know how it ended.”

“Yeah, the guy she was to marry was a dick. He didn’t want to marry her. He just wanted her for power.”

“Well... let’s just say it’s a little more complicated than that. I won’t go into details about how Tifid isn’t entirely innocent, but she ended up beating him to an inch of his life.”

“Yeah, I heard about that too. Wish I could have been there to see it.”

“Ah yes, she was so beautiful in the bloodstained gown, I couldn’t have been more proud of her. We agreed never to speak of it, however.”

“So... what’s that got to do with this Rostov guy?”

“You see, Gil... Rostov was the one who was to oversee the marriage between Tifid and the man of the Holy Covenant. To this day, he still has the contract. We’re almost certain he keeps it close to him at all times. We have information to suggest that he’s planning on using it to reenact the wedding.”

> You say “But... how? Who’s the be the groom? Him?”

Pellius shakes his head.

“No, it’s to be the same fellow Tifid beat to a pulp, the man she spared. Rostov kept him alive as his personal agent. We don’t know when they plan to act, but it must be soon.”

> You say “What’s this asshole’s name again?”

“His name is Kit.”

> You say “I’LL KILL THAT BASTARD!!”

“Off the record, I share your sentiment,” says Pellius. “But it might not be as easy as it sounds. We don’t know much about him, except that he’s an eternal youth of some sort. He doesn’t appear to age, but it seems as if he’s not immortal.”

“He’s been alive all this time and he’s still willing to go through with this wedding?”

“Both demons and humans can be petty. It would not be strange at all for Rostov and Kit to be working together even.”

> You say “So, basically, they’re using Tifid as a means to an end.”

“Correct.”

You have a look of concentration on your face. After a few moments, you speak up.

“Where do I come in?”

“We want you to infiltrate Rostov’s home, and then steal the wedding contract.”

> You say “When do we start? I’m fucking ready. We can do this tonight.”

Pellius smiles.

“So I take it you’re in?”

“You bet your ass I’m in. I’ll make those sacks of shit regret ever being born.”

Pellius is surprised by your language, but doesn’t comment.

“Right, it’s all set then. I’ll be in touch with you when I have more information.”

> You say “Yes, sir. Let me know as soon as we’re ready. I’m eager to begin.”

“I’ll bet you are. Then we have an agreement, Spell Thief Gil?”

Pellius extends his hand to you.

“I accept the job.”

You shake hands with him. His tentacles coil firmly around your hand.

Though he has no visible eyes, you can feel him staring into your very soul.

“We demons are bound by deals and agreements, just like this one. I am helpless to go back on my word. I can only count on you to protect my daughter.”

> You say “I won’t let either of you down.”

“I’m glad to hear it.”

Pellius lets go of your hand.

The two of you then go back to fishing for another hour or so.

Despite what just transpired, the rest of the trip is fairly normal. The more time you spend with Pellius, the more you begin to look up to him.

You never knew your father. It feels nice to know what it’s like to have one.

Eventually, Pellius brings The Piledriver back into the docks.

“Right, I should be off. Yalia will take you back to the city. Take care of yourself, Gil.”

> You say “Same to you, Pellius.”

Pellius nods, then begins emitting a terrifying shriek.

A black cloud of smoke pours from his mouth and envelopes his body. Red lightning ripples through the clouds.

In an instant, Pellius is gone, leaving you and Yalia alone.

She gives you a sideways glance.

> You say “You don’t have to escort me or anything. I drove here, I can make it back on my own.”

Yalia shakes her head.

“Let’s go,” she says, firmly.

You take that to mean she’s intent on following you back to the city.

You grab your stuff and begin heading toward your motorcycle.

Yalia walks behind you, her gears and servos whirring softly as she walks.

You mount your motorcycle and she gets on behind you. She towers over you from behind, but surprisingly, she doesn’t add to the weight of the bike at all.

It’s a long ride back to the city. Yalia does not utter a single word the entire ride.

⟨**Yalia's POV**⟩

- Target Label: Gil
- Age: 26
- Sex: Male
- Occupation: Spell Thief
- HP: 1500/1500
- MP: 40/40
- Weapon: Bee Gun (a revolver that shoots bees)
- Assessment: Tifid's boyfriend. He looks like a lower class slob with a lack of personal hygiene. My recommendation is to dispose of him, but President Pellius asked me to keep him alive.

I've never been fond of humans. They're fragile and weak, and most of them are unsavory characters. The ones that aren't unsavory tend to have serious character flaws that make up for it, like being boring or talking too much. Humans are the most repulsive beings in this galaxy. I cannot believe Lady Tifid fell in love with one.

Speaking of, my beloved Lady Tifid... how is she? Her last message to me was over a month ago. I hope she's doing well. I worry about her constantly. The thought that something could happen to her and I wouldn't know... it keeps me up at night. But I know she's strong. And yet she chose to date a human, of all creatures. A race known for being frail, weak, and unskilled in the ways of combat.

Still, I will admit that he has a certain charm to him. A charismatic personality doesn't necessarily make up for his other shortcomings. He's got the President wrapped around his finger, though I cannot fathom why.

Perhaps I am overthinking this. I'll use this as my chance to spend more time with Tifid. I'm eager to return by her side. Her well-being is my priority, and if this thief gets in my way, I'll have to do something about it.

⟨**Your POV**⟩

You feel Yalia's silent gaze against your back. It makes the hairs on the back of your neck stand up.

Eventually you arrive back at Tifid's place. The lights are on, so she must be home.

> You unload your stuff and head for the door.

You carry your loot over to Tifid's front door and ring the doorbell.

"Who is it?" Tifid's voice says through the speaker.

"It's me, open up!" you say.

There's a buzzing sound as the door unlocks. You push it open and go inside.

Tifid is standing in the doorway to the kitchen, dressed in a pink bathrobe.

"Hey," you say.

"Hey yourself," Tifid says, standing on her toes to kiss you.

She glances over your shoulder and sees Yalia standing behind you.

"Y-Yalia?! What are you doing here?" she asks.

Yalia pushes past you and steps into the doorway.

"Greetings, Lady Tifid, it's been so long," she says.

Tifid looks like she's going to say something, but then stops. She stares at you, and then back to Yalia, opening and closing her mouth a few times. She looks down and shuffles awkwardly, eventually rubbing the back of her neck with one hand.

"Um... yeah... why don't you come in?" she says.

Tifid steps aside to let Yalia in, then turns to you and speaks quietly.

"Why is Yalia here?" she whispers.

"She's here to protect you, apparently..." you say.

"I don't need anyone to protect me!" Tifid says.

> You say "Your dad seems to think so. Why? Don't you like her?"

Tifid sighs.

"Of course I do, but..."

"But what?" you ask, raising an eyebrow.

“She tends to get really... serious when it comes to protecting me. She takes her job way too seriously,” Tifid says, shaking her head.

“Isn’t that a good thing?”

“You idiot! If she’s around... she’s gonna be all up in our business! We won’t have any ‘alone time’. You know what I mean?”

> You say “Oh... OH FUCK! God dammit!”

You curse when you realize what Tifid is saying.

“You think it’ll be that bad? She seems to mind her own business...”

Tifid’s lowers her voice even more, and you have to strain to hear her.

“You don’t know her like I do, Gilly... She’ll follow us everywhere! She’ll want to be involved in everything! She’ll probably try to sleep in the same bed as me! Ugh!”

> You say “But... But then where will I sleep?”

“You’ll probably have to sleep in a separate bedroom from me,” Tifid says, shaking her head.

> You feel a single tear fall from your face and say “I-It’s fine... your dad knows best... as long as you stay safe...”

Tifid puts her hand on your shoulder, a sad look on her face.

“I’m sorry, Gilly... I’ll talk to my dad about it later.”

You stare at the floor in silence for a few moments, then turn to see Yalia watching you. Her face is stony, unreadable.

“Don’t worry about it,” you say, smiling weakly at Tifid.

Tifid sighs, then begins walking up the stairs.

You drag your stuff through the door and lock it behind you.

As it turns out, Tifid was right. Yalia would not allow you to step foot in Tifid’s bedroom. You spend the night alone in the guest bedroom. It feels cold and lonely without your girlfriend there. Occasionally, you grope at the sheets in an attempt

to feel Tifid's warmth, but all you feel is cold, empty loneliness. You begin to cry, your mind overwhelmed by sadness and despair.

You barely sleep a wink the whole night.



You wake up the next morning feeling miserable. After some time, Tifid wakes up as well and joins you in the kitchen.

She looks just as miserable as you.

“Mornin’, Gilly,” she says, throwing some bread in the toaster.

“Morning, Tifid,” you say, your voice completely devoid of emotion.

“How did you sleep?” she asks.

“I didn’t.”

“Me neither.”

You stand in silence until the toast is ready, then sit down at the table.

Tifid slathers the toast with peanut butter and jelly, and hands it to you. You take it and, and see that it’s spread into the shape of a heart.

“I made your toast into a heart,” Tifid says, smiling sadly.

You stare at the toast and feel your eyes beginning to water.

> You say “Is this what it’s going to come to? Communicating with toast, and unable to boink whenever we want like responsible adults?”

“Don’t worry, Gilly. I’ll think of something... but you gotta keep it in your pants for now, okay?”

“But what if I can’t hold back the sexy?”

“Then just jerk off to porn like everyone else does,” Tifid says, shoving the bread at you.

“But I don’t want to jerk off to porn! I want the real thing!” you say, through a mouthful of toast.

“Shhhhhh! Not so loud! Yalia’s room is right next to ours!”

> You say “Man, who cares! This is your place, you should be able to do whatever you want!”

“Don’t you mean whatever you want, Gil? Yalia’s every bit as important to me as you are, and I don’t want to do anything that might make her upset.”

“But it’s not fair!” you say, sulking like a child.

“Oh quit being a baby. It’s not like we don’t see each other every day.”

“Fine. I guess you’re right...” you say, resigned to your fate.

“Thanks for understanding,” she says, kissing you on the cheek. “Don’t worry, I’ll get her to understand.”

> You ask “Can we at least do something together tonight? How about watching a movie?”

“Okay, that sounds nice,” Tifid says, smiling.

“Great! Why don’t you pick something? I’m not exactly the best at choosing,” you say.

“Sure thing, Gilly. I’ll dig out some of the good ones.”

After breakfast, you bid each other goodbye. Tifid goes to Paimon University for work, and Yalia goes with her. You spend the day in the computer room doing research for your upcoming heist.

Pellius hasn’t sent you the details yet, but that doesn’t mean you can’t get a head start. You’re able to find out some useful information about Rostov Malphas, the most important being that he resides on the penthouse floor of Sinful Bliss City’s largest casino: The Regal Room.

If Rostov is keeping the marriage contract anywhere, it’s there.

Just the thought of someone taking advantage of Tifid makes you clench your hands into fists. You’re going to show them. You don’t care how powerful they are, or how many demons they can command. When you get your hands on them, they will pay.

“You look focused,” Yalia says, breaking you out of your thoughts.

> You say “Yalia? Didn’t you go with Tifid?”

“I did, but she told me to come home. It seems she does not enjoy my presence,” Yalia says, her tone a bit sullen.

You raise an eyebrow.

“Huh. So you do have feelings after all!” you say with a smirk.

“That is an incredibly poor attempt at humor,” Yalia says with a sigh.

“Hey, at least I understand what a joke is!” you say.

She rolls her eyes.

“I’m going to go back to work. You enjoy talking to yourself,” she says, leaving the room.

> You say “Aw come on, learn to laugh a little! For the record, Tifid loves you like family, you know. She told me as much. It’s just she feels awkward around you because you try too hard.”

Yalia’s head droops a little, and she sighs.

“She is right,” she says. “I do try too hard. Since she was a child, I have always tried to protect her. Her safety, as well as that of Master Pellius, is my main purpose in life.”

> You say “I get it, you want to keep her safe. So do I. That’s why I agreed to do the Rostov job.”

“Hmph, you think you can? You will do well not to underestimate Rostov. He is ancient, and powerful enough to rival Master Pellius. A mere human like you may as well be nothing to him.”

You scowl.

“What, you think I can’t do it?”

“I didn’t say that. It’s just... a wise man knows his limitations.”

> You say “Good thing I’m an idiot.”

Yalia’s face seems to relax a little.

“Hm. That is something we can both agree on.”

> You say “Look, like it or not, I’m just as much a part of Tifid’s like as you are. It would be nice if we could get along. I wouldn’t mind being friends.”

“Friends?” she says, arching an eyebrow.

“Sure,” you say. “Why not?”

Yalia stares at you for a while, as if pondering your offer.

“I accept. In return, you will teach me how to be more approachable to Lady Tifid.”

You smile.

> You say “Fine with me. I happen to be an expert on Tifid-based approachability.”

Yalia does not react at all to your joke.

“That is not a real term.”

“It is now.”

Yalia groans.

“Just... forget it.”

“Nah, you’re having fun with this. I can tell.”

She shakes her head, smiling a little.

“Very well. Go ahead and teach me then.”

> You say “The importance is small steps. It’ll be weird if you make too big of a change. For now, just try to smile a bit more around her.”

“Smile?” she asks, raising an eyebrow. “I do not understand how that would be useful.”

“Trust me. It will make a difference.”

Yalia sighs, then nods.

“I will try. You are the expert, after all. Or so you claim.”

“Good,” you say. “Also, just call me Gil.”

She stares at you for a while.

“As you wish... Gil.”

> You instruct Yalia to give her best smile.

The gears in her jaws click and grind as she clenches her teeth.

Her lips purse inward slightly, and her mouth parts unnaturally wide. Her eyes squint and she bares her teeth.

They're sharp like an insect's mandibles, but that hardly surprises you at this point.

"Not a bad start," you say. "But let's work on the eyes."

She nods, and her irises dilate rapidly, filling her eyes with a neon blue.

Her pupils transform from round dots to horizontal slits, similar to that of a goat's.

"How is this?" she asks.

> You say "Huh... not exactly what I had in mind. Let's try a different approach. Think of the happiest memory you have, and a smile might come more naturally."

"Understood," she says, closing her eyes.

Yalia stays silent for a while, almost like she's meditating. With her eyes shut and standing so still, she really does look like a mannequin.

Suddenly, her lips purse again, this time with an emotion you can't quite place. She smiles and... and it actually seems like the real deal!

"This is amazing!" you say, genuinely surprised. "You actually look happy!"

She tilts her head a little and touches her lips.

"Oh my. I guess I do."

> You say "Just out of curiosity, what did you think about?"

She shrugs her shoulders and blinks her neon blue eyes.

"When Lady Tifid was a child, I used to push her on a swing made from vines," she says. "I never thought about that day for years, but it's all coming back now."

> You say “Huh... Tifid as a little girl, huh? I guess that would make anyone happy.”

Yalia shoots you a disgusted look.

“Oh come on. That’s not what I mean,” you say. “Anyway, it worked, didn’t it?”

Yalia takes a deep breath, and nods.

“Hm. I suppose it did,” she says.

“It’s like I said, baby steps first. Give it a shot around Tifid, I’m sure she’ll notice the difference.”

“I see. Perhaps I will,” she says. “In any case, you have my thanks. Now I must be going.”

Yalia turns and takes her leave. You hear her footsteps fade into the hallway.

Tifid comes home later in the afternoon.

“How was class?” you ask.

“Boring,” she says, taking off her jacket. “How was your day?”

“Productive,” you say.

“Ooh. Go on any good heists?”

“Not yet. I’m doing some research before hand.”

“You? Doing research? This must be a day of firsts,” she says.

> You shrug and help her take her stuff.

“So what’s this new job about?” she asks.

“I can’t tell you, it’s... classified,” you say.

Tifid raises an eyebrow.

“Classified? Come on, I thought we trusted each other.”

“It’s not that I don’t trust you, it’s...”

You scratch your head.

“...it’s just complicated.”

“Oh, it’s complicated, alright.”

> You say “... Okay, I’ll tell you. But promise not to get worked up, okay?”

“Oh, you know me,” Tifid says. “I don’t get worked up over nothing.”

“Okay. Well, you know that Kit guy and the whole arranged marriage you had with him?”

“Yeah?”

“Well, your dad asked me to steal the marriage contract between you and Kit.”

“What?” Tifid asks.

> You say “Yeah, apparently it’s still around and Rostov has it. He plans to use it to reenact the wedding.”

“Reenact the wedding? That doesn’t even make sense,” Tifid says.

“I know, right? I’m not sure why he wants it either. Well, actually I’m assuming it has something to do with Hell stuff he wouldn’t explain. But all I know is that he wants me to steal it.”

“But you don’t know where it is?” Tifid asks.

“I have an idea where it might be. It’s at his casino, The Regal Room.”

“You’ve been there?” Tifid asks.

“Not yet. It’s really secluded, high security, and a huge building on top of that,” you say.

“So what then? You’re just going to walk in the front door and ask them if you can search the place?”

“...I hadn’t thought that far ahead, to be honest.”

“So when were you planning on doing this?”

> You say “Your dad has to send me the details... anyway, I’m not supposed to be telling you any of this!”

“Since when do you care if you’re not supposed to do something?”

“Fair. But look, your dad trusted me to protect you. I really didn’t want to break that trust, but...”

“But what? I’m an adult. I can make my own decisions and choices.”

You’re quiet for a moment. You didn’t really expect Tifid to be this calm about it all. Not that you were trying to hide it from her, but still...

> You say “I know, Tif. That’s why I told you... I can’t keep secrets from you. Honor among thieves, remember?”

“Oh, Gilly. You’re too good for this world,” she says, smiling. “I guess I can’t really talk you out of it. But you have to promise me one thing.”

“What’s that?”

“Let me come with you. I’m a hell of a thief, too. You know that! I can help.”

> You say “So... part of me wants to say ‘No, it’s dangerous!’ but the awesomer part of me is saying ‘FUCK YEAH!’”

Tifid looks at you, her smile widening.

“Oh yeah. Good boy!” she says, extending her hand to your head and messing up your hair.

“Man, your dad is gonna kill me...” you say.

“He’s not. He trusts you, remember? But if you really want to avoid his wrath, just... you know... don’t tell him.”

“Yeah, that’s what I’ll do. Not like I’d ever lie to you!”

Tifid pulls your head closer to hers and gives you a kiss on the cheek. Then she steps backward.

“So when are you planning on going?”

“I dunno... whenever your dad sends me the rest of the plans.”

Tifid nods, and you continue helping her put her stuff away.

> You say “Anyway, did you pick a movie for tonight? I’m no good with that kind of stuff.”

Tifid walks over to her laptop, opens it, and clicks around the file explorer for a bit. Then, looking up at you, she says:

“So... what do you think of *The Machine Girl*?”

“Never heard of it.”

“Really? It’s kind of a cult classic.”

“Is it gory?” you ask.

“Oh yeah. Plus, it’s hilarious in a so-bad-it’s-good kind of way.”

> You say “Just curious, Tif. What do you think of the films of David Lean?”

“You mean the guy who made *Doctor Zhivago*?”

“Yep.”

Tifid walks over to the couch, and sits down next to you with her laptop.

“Well, I really liked *Lawrence of Arabia*. I saw the film for the first time like, twelve years ago, and it was just... amazing. Just the scope! I mean, a movie about T.E. Lawrence, not even an actor, and they spent the entire budget on hiring guys on motorcycles to ride across the desert and show how awesome he was. You know what I’m talking about, right?”

> You say “No. I don’t know shit about movies, actually. I’m just parroting what I read from some guy online.”

Tifid bonks you in the side of the head.

“Stop trying to pretend you’re not really smart, Gilly.”

“How do you figure?”

“You put in all this effort to make your writing sound stupid. I’m on to you, buster. Now tell me what movies you like.”

You both settle down in the living room, and Tifid starts up her mini film festival.

> You say “Well, I remember breaking into the theaters as a kid to steal food from the concession stand. But the only thing they had was *Reservoir Dogs* on repeat.”

“Oh, that’s a good one!”

“Really? I wouldn’t know. I just liked the movie because all the guys had cool nicknames like ‘Mr. Blonde’ and ‘Mr. Blue.’”

“Yeah, it’s a Tarantino movie. You really should try watching his other stuff.”

You think about it for a bit.

“In fact, let’s add some to my Netflix queue,” Tifid says. She clicks on her laptop some more.

“Sure,” you say. It really doesn’t matter what you watch. The fact you’re spending an evening with Tifid is all you really want or need.

> You say “By the way Tifid, what’s Netflix?”

“Oh, you’ve really never heard of it?” Tifid asks. “It’s this website that lets you watch TV shows and movies online. It used to be run by humans, but they shut it down and now it’s run by demons.”

“Is there a difference?”

“The human version required that you pay monthly for the movies while the demon version is all free. But you have to know how to access it. There’s some real nasty stuff on here.”

“You’re kidding me.”

“I shit you not. The human version was alright, I guess, but it had limits. The demon version is better in my opinion. I’m one of the only ones who has access to it though, so you can only use it while you’re home.”

> You say “Neat” and start your movie night with Tifid.

“Alright, so let’s see what we got here,” Tifid says. She starts the queue and it begins with the movie *The Machine Girl*, which she suggested earlier.

Suddenly, a screen pops up on her laptop.

“What the fuck?” you say.

“It’s just an ad,” Tifid says. “Don’t worry about it.”

The ad features a man in a business suit with a devilish smile. He holds a red pitchfork and leans on it like a walking stick. Flames rise from behind him.

“Hello there, kiddies!” the man smiles. “Do you like horror movies? Real horror? Like, blood-and-guts horror? No vampires or werewolves here. I’m talking about real horrors of the real world! Mass murders, genocides, terrorist attacks, executions, and more! With Showtime Evil, you can experience the most horrific evils humanity has to offer!”

“What the fuck? Get out of here!” Tifid says, as she mashes on the ‘X’ button. “How the hell did this shit get on here?”

“Now wait just a moment, young lady! I see you’re having a lovely evening with your boyfriend. How about you two spice it up with a bit of terrorism and genocide? With Showtime Evil, you can experience the thrill of destroying entire foreign cultures with the push of a button. Don’t wait! Every Sunday is Genocide Sunday, where you can choose from a wide selection of horrors, such as the 2004 tsunami that killed over 230,000 people... the Rwandan genocide that murdered 800,000 people... or how about the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki that led to the deaths of over 200,000 people? Don’t wait! Showtime Evil. Evil. Showtime.”

“What the fuck is this?” you ask.

“It’s just an ad, they don’t really have any of those things, it’s actually just a scam to get your credit card number. Come on, let’s watch something else.”

Tifid attempts to click the ‘X’ button again, but the on-screen demon’s face blocks her from doing so.

“You’ve been chosen, kiddies!” the demon grins. “Congratulations! You have both been selected to receive a limited-time offer! Receive your very own vial of deadly poison, and you can choose which horrific genocide you’d like to unleash upon the world! This deal is only available until the clock strikes midnight, so click soon!”

You stare at the screen in confusion.

> You say “That poison might be useful... for heists, I mean.”

The demon continues grinning. “That’s right! Why not use it for crimes? Order now, and you’ll receive a free vial of poison and a free genocide of your choice!”

“Genocide?” you whisper.

“Genocide.”

> You say “I’d like to see the mass genocide that Tifid committed on the literal trillions of my genetic fodder.”

“Genetic fodder?” the ad demon asks. “What do you mean?”

“You know, like my sperm cells. I must have dumped trillions of them inside of her. Not to mention the ones I slaughtered jerking off while thinking about her.”

“Gil, what the fuck are you saying?!” cries Tifid. Her face is turning bright red.

The demon lets out an awkward laugh before explaining further. “No, no, no! A ‘genocide’ is when you kill every man, woman and child of a specific nation! Sheesh, kid, you don’t even know the definition of the word?”

> You say “I think you’re the one who doesn’t understand the definition of the word. Now are you going to honor the deal or not?”

The demon laughs a nervous laughter.

“Well if that’s what you want... sure! I’ll give you a vial of poison, and the genocide of your sperm!”

The on-screen demon disappears in a puff of smoke, leaving you to face Tifid. The room feels incredibly awkward as you stare at each other in silence. You can sense the feelings of anger and disappointment emanating from her being, you just wish you knew why...

> You say “Hey come on... I was just kidding. He can’t actually have footage of that!”

Tifid says nothing. The room remains silent, and it’s getting more awkward by the minute.

Soon, you receive an email containing a video attachment. You open the video, and it appears to be some sort of microscopic camera, recording... your sperm cells. They are swimming towards what looks like a glowing ball of fire. Tiny labels on the sperm read “Gil’s Sperm”, while the label on the glowing ball reads “Tifid’s Infernal Egg”. You watch as countless of your sperm approach the egg, only to be burned to a crisp.

> You watch the footage together with Tifid.

You sit in silence and watch the genocide of your sperm together. It’s almost as if you’re watching a thriller movie, and you can feel your heartbeat quickening. Slowly but surely, every one of your swimmers meet their fiery deaths, until they reach the egg. Every once in a while one gets exceptionally close to the egg, but none of them manage to penetrate the defenses.

“I can’t believe it...” You whisper. “My boys... they fought hard...”
Tifid sorrowfully strokes the back of your hand. “The best of them did.”

> You say “Shit, is it really that tough for a human to impregnate a demon?”

“It’s not impossible,” Tifid says. “And it happens more than you think. But probably not to people like you, Gilly. The only ones who manage to pull that off would be powerful sorcerers with wisdom far beyond their years.”

“That’s... pretty discouraging.”

“The magic involved is pretty complicated,” Tifid says. “I’ll admit that even I couldn’t do it, and I’d say I’m pretty good with magic.”

> You say “Magic huh? What if I just try really, really hard... and lots and lots of times?”

Tifid smiles faintly. “How long do you think you can keep that up? You’d probably die of exhaustion.”

“It would be a cause worth dying for,” you say, grinning.

“Oh? Someone seems eager to work for once,” says Tifid, coyly.

> You put a hand on her thigh and move closer.

Tifid’s eyes widen as she notices your hand slowly inching towards her left thigh. Your lips move to within an inch of hers.

Slowly but surely, Tifid reciprocates the kiss. You can feel her slender fingers on your leg. Her lips are warm and moist, and very very inviting.

“Take it slow,” she whispers in the middle of the kissing.

You oblige, slowing down to change the angle of your kiss ever so slightly. Her lips are quivering now, but just as inviting...

You act on impulse and quickly turn your head to kiss her neck. Tifid’s whole body shivers in response to your sudden movement, causing her grip on your leg to loosen.

Just as things are about to get really steamy between you and Tifid, you hear footsteps coming down the hallway. Yalia has arrived with a massive bowl of popcorn and her phone in her hand.

“Ahem,” she says, not looking up from her phone. “Do you want the clichéd line of ‘I can see you’, or would you rather I just pretend I haven’t seen anything?”

Tifid quickly pushes you away, a deep shade of red coming across her face as she does so. You sit back in your seat, flustered and confused.

“Um... what...?”

“Really Gilly? Really? You can’t even come up with something better than that?”

> You say “It’s not what you think, Yalia! I was checking her neck for... uh... melanoma?”

“Sure, sure,” says Yalia, putting down her phone. “The two of you are together, I understand, but please, control your urges in the future.”

Tifid clears her throat in an attempt to hide her embarrassment.

“Thanks for the advice, Yalia,” she says. “We’ll be sure to keep it in mind.”

“So, did you need something?” You ask, a bit crossly.

“I just brought some popcorn and wanted to see what you guys were up to,” says Yalia. “But it seems you’ve been pretty busy, haven’t you?”

“We were just about to watch a movie,” says Tifid. “Would you like to join us?”

“I’m not sure if I’m exactly wanted here,” says Yalia, glancing at you.

“Nonsense,” Tifid says, patting the sofa. “There’s plenty of room for one more. Isn’t that right, Gilly?”

“Uh... yeah!” You say, a bit too enthusiastically. “Plenty of room.”

“Alright, then,” says Yalia. She takes a seat between the two of you and puts the popcorn on the coffee table.

> You silently bellyache at being blueballed by Yalia.

The three of you watch the movie in silence.

Tifid seems much more uptight when Yalia's around; you guess that she feels like she can't really talk when her bodyguard's around to listen, and so she's much more talkative when it's just the two of you.

Meanwhile, Yalia seems content just to sit there and watch you two like some sort of voyeuristic robot pervert.

The movie's actually pretty good, but the whole situation is a bit uncomfortable.

> You subtly nudge Yalia and say "Remember when we practiced smiling? Now's your chance to get on Tifid's good side!"

You give Yalia a light nudge, nodding towards Tifid and smiling as you do so.

"What?" She asks, looking uncomfortable.

"Just find some excuse to show it off, I dunno, offer to get her some tea or something!" You whisper.

"I don't need to practice that," she says, giving you a dirty look.

You nod towards Yalia and Tifid.

"Go on," you say.

"Fine..." she says. "Lady Tifid, would you like some tea?"

"That'd be lovely, Yalia," she replies.

"I'll go make some then," Yalia says. She glances in your direction, and you give her a silent thumbs up.

Yalia smiles, just like you practiced.

"Perfect," you say.

"I'm not doing this for you, I'm doing it for her," says Yalia.

She gets up and heads into the kitchen. You turn your attention towards Tifid, smiling at her as the two of you continue to watch the movie.

> You say "Psst, you know, today, I taught Yalia how to smile. She really wants you to be more comfortable around her you know. Maybe if you threw her a bone, she'd be willing to let us be a little closer at home."

"What?" She asks, giving you a confused look.

“If... If you talked to her more,” you say, stumbling over your words as you do so. “Complimented her and... and stuff, then she might ease up and act nicer to you. You know, be a friendlier roommate and all that.”

Tifid looks at you for a moment.

“No, I meant, you taught Yalia how to smile? Like she did just now?”

You nod eagerly.

“Yeah, I did.”

Tifid gives you a small smile. She leans in closer to you, looking briefly at Yalia, who is in the kitchen, as she does so.

“I think that’s great. Thank you for caring about her enough to do that, I know it wasn’t easy for you.”

You rub the back of your head nervously.

> You say “Aw shucks... I mean, it wasn’t completely selfless. But like you said, she’s practically family to you, so I’d rather we get along.”

Tifid smiles at you warmly, then leans over to kiss you on the cheek.

“Thank you Gilly, you just scored some Tifid points” she says.

“What are Tifid points?” you ask.

“Oh, it’s a very special system... get enough... and good things happen. You just got some!” She winks at you.

You’re about to say something flirty in return, but Yalia returns with drinks for the three of you. You take a cup, and the three of you begin to drink and chat happily while watching the move. You’re still not completely over Yalia’s whole third-wheeling thing, but at the very least, it’s nice to see Tifid acting a bit more relaxed, and Yalia actually making an effort to talk with you. It’s a nice evening, and the three of you continue to spend more time together like this.

You’ve been making more of an effort to spend time with Yalia as friends, rather than just seeing her as competition for Tifid’s attention.

The move is over, and the three of you tidy up and prepare to go to bed. As usual, Yalia insists on sleeping together with Tifid, while you take a separate room. You weren’t expecting things to change right away, but you’ve got to admit, you’re a little disappointed.

Just before you go to your separate rooms, Yalia ushers you aside.

“I... I want to apologize for my brash words earlier this morning. I spoke in haste and possible made things worse between us” she says.

> You say “Don’t worry about it. It’s good to see you getting along better with Tifid. She really does care for you, you know. Even if she feels a bit awkward around you. But we can fix that, slowly.”

“Yes, I understand. Apparently she cares very much for you, as well. I suppose I’ll have to accept that.”

“Does that mean you’ll let me sleep with you two tonight?” you ask.

“No.” she says bluntly.

You give an awkward chuckle, then bid her good night. Yalia nods and bids you the same.

You spend yet another night pining for Tifid’s warmth, but at least the three of you are getting along a little better.

Tifid’s warming up to Yalia, and Yalia’s starting to warm up to you. It’s only a matter of time before she softens up.

You might not have much, but you know that with Tifid by your side, you’ll be able to accomplish anything...

That’s why, no matter what, you have to succeed in stealing that marriage contract back from Rostov.

With your mind set, you sleep a little easier tonight.

The Final Preparations

The next morning, you finally receive the details of the heist from President Pellius.

“So, have you begun preparations?” he asks, over the video call.

“Yes, and Tifid is coming with me.” you say.

“What?! You told her?!”

> You say “She would have found out anyway. She’s your daughter, you how smart she is. If anything I spared us both from an earful.”

“You spoke to her about it?”

“Yes, I told her everything.”

“Gil... I trusted you. After all the warnings, you couldn’t even do this one thing right.”

“What? Why are you getting so angry? You were the one who hired me in the first place! You wanted me to steal the contract back! I can’t do that if I don’t tell Tifid about it!”

“I know, and that was a mistake. But you, I THOUGHT you were smart enough to not reveal what you were doing.”

> You say “I don’t regret my decision. I respect your daughter more than anything in the world. I’m not sneaking around behind her back. At the very least, you must understand that.”

He says nothing for a moment, before nodding. “Yes... yes, I do.”

“I’m sorry, Pellius. I had to let her know. I couldn’t stand to continue lying to her.”

The demon president sighs. “I guess you’re right. My daughter’s stubbornness is no joke. Sooner or later, she’d find out and try to follow you herself.”

You smile. “Thanks, sir. It means a lot.”

Pellius chuckles. “Looks like I’m entrusting my daughter to you in more ways than one, now. I hope you realize that.”

“I do. I swear I’ll protect her with my life.”

“I know you will. Best of luck, Gil.”

The video call ends. You have a lot to prepare before you leave. You decide to take another day to prepare. Once you set out, you won’t be coming back until you succeed, or you die. There’s just one thing you must do.

> You go to the headquarters of the vampire mob lord, Count Grey.

You get on your bike and ride over to Count Grey’s mansion. You arrive shortly, and park in the driveway. As you get off and remove your helmet, a valet walks up to you.

“Hello sir, welcome to Count Grey’s mansion.” He says in a monotone voice.

“I’m here to see the Count.”

“Do you have an appointment?”

“No, but it’s important.”

The valet sighs and heads back into the mansion. You wait for about a minute before the valet comes back.

“He’ll see you now.” The valet says in the same tone as before. You follow him into the mansion.

“You may leave your bike here. The Count will bring you to his office.”

“Thanks.” You say as you walk past the valet.

You follow the valet through a series of halls. The mansion clearly wasn’t made with a shortage of money, that’s for sure. Eventually, you reach a set of stairs. At the top of these stairs is a metal door. The valet stretches out his arm, pointing towards the door.

“Through there.” He says in the same monotone voice. You nod, and approach the door. As you reach for the door knob, the valet speaks one last time.

“Good luck, sir.”

You turn the doorknob and open the door.

Behind the door is a large, circular room. In the middle of the room sits Count Grey. Count Grey wears a black tuxedo and a formal black top hat. His white hair extends down to his shoulders, and his pale skin makes him look very aristocratic.

His overweight appearance seems out of place with his classy tuxedo. He sits in a red velvet chair, staring at you. As you stare back, he slowly stands up.

“Well, well, well... Gileon, isn't it?” Count Grey says, his aristocratic voice matching his appearance.

> You say “Been a while, Count.”

“Yes... It has been a while, hasn't it? You're looking well, Gileon. Still the same old Gileon.”

“I guess.”

“The last time I saw you... You were just a kid. A little shit, tossing garbage at my limo. Now, here you are, famed Spell Thief. I have to ask though... How is your mother?”

“She's dead.”

“I see... I'm sorry to hear that. I always did like her. She had such... vigor.”

“That's one way to put it. She was a junkie whore.”

“Indeed. But she still had that spark, that energy... I'll miss her... Sit, won't you? This is rather a long story.”

Count Grey motions to a seat across from him. You sit, while Count Grey retakes his own seat.

“So... let's get one thing straight, Gileon. You've done me great wrong. I don't forget that. When I found out that it was you who stole that manuscript from me, I was furious. After all I had done for you, that's how you repaid me? But! I can let it go. I can forgive.”

> You say “Yeah, that's real nice of you, old man. But I didn't come here for forgiveness. I came here for business.” You then pull out the bee gun, then the mantis gun, and put them both on the table between you.

“My, my... don't these look lovely? What are they?” Count Grey asks.

“One of these puts out a burst of bees, which chase the target. The other shoots mantises, which latch on and eat the target.”

“Interesting. And you're selling these?”

> You say “No, I want you to combine them for me.”

Count Grey leans back and chuckles. His rotund belly shakes with every laugh. “Gileon, my boy, you must be joking. That’s not possible.”

“Is it not? I thought I was talking to the Count Grey, the greatest arms maker in the world.”

Count Grey’s laughter ceases. He leans forward and grabs both guns from the table. He picks them up and squints at them, holding them in his wrinkled hands.

“You don’t think I haven’t tried? I’ve made many guns that combine the best qualities of other weapons, and those are fine successes. But bees are... finicky... and mantises... hrm. They aren’t easy to domesticate.”

> You say “So... you’re saying you can’t do it?”

“Well, I wouldn’t go that far. I’m just saying... the price would be high. Very high. Maybe too high.”

“What do you want?” you ask.

Count Grey looks around, then leans closer towards you.

“I want to be young again. Restore my lost youth.”

“You’re over five hundred years old! I’m not going to make you twenty.”

“No, no, you misunderstand. I don’t want to be twenty. I want to be the age I was when I first became immortal.”

Count Grey takes off his glasses and sits back.

> You say “What if I gave you someone who had eternal youth? Would you be able to work with that?”

“Hmm... I suppose it would make things easier. Who is this person?”

“That’s for me to worry about, not you. I need a yes or no answer.”

Count Grey thinks for a moment.

“Okay, sure. If you bring me someone with eternal youth, I can absolutely give you a gun that will surpass anything the world has ever seen. But you have to

understand, I will need this person for an extended amount of time. It will take months.”

> You say “I don’t care what you do to him. But I need the hybrid gun by tomorrow. If you can do that, I’ll give you your man within 3 days’ time. Thief’s honor.”

“Then we have ourselves a deal!” Count Grey says, shaking your hand. As he does so, you feel as if your very soul has been set ablaze. The sensation is painful, but brief.

“Now the deal, as they say, is sealed.”

Count Grey rings a small bell. The door to the room opens, and two large orcs enter. They’re dressed in butler outfits, and they look at him expectantly. The Count gives them a cold glare, then gestures to the guns.

“Take these to room 217. Have them ready for the ritual.”

The orcs nod, and begin to pick up the guns. They exit the room with their load, and the Count turns back to you.

“You’ll get your weapon by tonight, Gileon. After that, you give me the sacrifice. If you are unable to honor the deal, then...”

The Count lets the threat go unfinished, but you know the repercussions of backing out of a deal with a demon. Your soul would be forfeit.

> You say “I know how this works. See you tonight, old man.”

“Yes, tonight.”

The Count grins. He’s missing a few teeth, and looks more like a demon than most demons you’ve encountered.

Shivering, you turn to leave. You’re too anxious to go home, so instead, you ride your motorbike around town. You ride past the cathedral, where a large group of people are gathering. They seem to be the same people that have been visiting recently. Father Tomas must be giving another sermon.

You ride a few blocks away, and eventually pull up to a bar.

> Enter The Shade

It's The Shade, where you first accepted the Black Tome job three months ago. It was during that job where you reconciled with Tifid, and the two of you have been dating ever since. You love her, and she loves you. These past months have been the happiest of your life.

You walk inside, and see a few crooks at a table drinking beer. You sit down at the bar, and order a whiskey. The bartender, whom you recognize as the same one from three months ago, gives you a bottle and a glass.

"Gil! I haven't seen you in here for a while. How's that girlfriend of yours?"

"I'm doing well, and she's doing well too," you say, pouring a glass of whiskey. "Say, do you know anything about the crowds gathering around at the cathedral? There seems to be a lot of people there."

"Yeah, I heard about that. Some religious guy named Tomas is apparently giving sermons to thousands of people every day. I hear he's quite charismatic."

You nod.

"I might go check it out, thanks for the info," you say.

"Suit yourself," the bartender says, as you down your whiskey and leave.

At the cathedral, people are streaming in and out of the great bronze doors. You walk up to a police woman guarding the door.

"Hello, sir. Do you have business here? The sermon is for believers only," she says.

"Religious stuff isn't my thing, but I just wanted to see what the big deal is about this Father Tomas. Can't hurt to take a look. I'm just a curious tourist."

> You ask the woman if she is a believer herself.

"I... I'm a believer, sir," the officer says nervously. "I appreciate your understanding."

You nod, and smile at her.

> You say "How can you still believe in God, when the Rapture has come and gone, and we literally live among demons?"

The woman stares at you for a second.

“I... I don’t know. I just... When I pray, I feel as if God is there, listening.”

You shake your head. This woman is either brainwashed or stupid, or both.

> You say “I have a demon for a girlfriend. What do you think of that, fundie?”

“The demons are fallen angels. God loves them all, even the demons. That’s what Father Tomas teaches us.”

You didn’t expect this type of answer. From what you know about religion, God is supposed to punish the wicked and reward the righteous.

> You say “Can your god tell me how I can put a baby in my demon gf? Her infernal egg always burns up my splooge platoon. I can use any advice I can get.”

The security officer laughs nervously.

“Um... You should probably talk to Father Tomas about that.”

A man in priestly robes walks out of the door. He looks oddly familiar.

“Hello, brother. Do you wish to join us for the sermon?”

The man looks young that you expected him to be. He must be no more than his mid thirties. He small, circular spectacles that make him look owlsh.

He smiles at you warmly, and you feel a sudden urge to hug him. Like a best friend you never had.

You feel like you can trust this man... But that’s just ridiculous, isn’t it? You’ve never seen him before in your life.

“Do you have some business here, or do you just want to stare at me?” the priest says impatiently.

“Who are you?” you ask.

“I am Father Tomas. Why?”

> You shake off Father Tomas' hypnotic aura, and ask "I wanna make a baby with my demon girlfriend, but her infernal ovum always burns up my patrimonial pollywogs. Got any advice for me, churchman?"

Father Tomas smiles.

"Come in, then," he says, his voice thick with the promise of dark dreams...

You enter the church, and find yourself in a fairly empty room, with only a few chairs around a table. You sit down opposite Father Tomas.

"So... You wish to make a baby."

"That's right."

"Why?"

"Erm... Well, because..."

You forge past the embarrassment to find the words.

"Because... I love Tifid and I want to start a family with her."

"You can't. You're not married," Father Tomas says, as if it is the most obvious thing in the world.

> You say "Does that matter? If we get married, will my ball-borne buccaneers be able to breach her overpowered ovaries?"

Father Tomas chuckles.

"Once you have God's blessing as a married couple, then sure. It would easily be possible."

"So I just need God's blessing to have a baby with Tifid?"

"No, my son, you must save that for the wedding night."

You blush profusely at Father Tomas' blunt words. You wonder how much of this is actually true.

> You say "You're serious? If we get married and fugg on the wedding night, we can have a baby??"

"Yes," Father Tomas nods. "Where did you think babies came from? Storks?"

You're not sure how to answer that; it seems like a trick question.

“Now, I must warn you: you and Tifid will need to have sex for this to work. Perhaps even more than once. Do you think you can handle that?”

“Are you fucking kidding me? We basically survive off sex!”

“Excellent, then the two of you will have many happy and healthy children. Or one extremely happy and healthy child, at least.”

> You say “I’m surprised you’re so keen on giving advice to someone who’s in love with a demon.”

Father Tomas takes off his glasses and stares at you with his naked eyes.

“My son, love knows no boundaries. I could tell you endless stories of the saints who loved those who society believed were damned. There is the tale of Saint James, who took care of a starving vampire that wished to end her undead existence. Nine months later, he had a magnificent child with her; that infant went on to become mother fucking Joan of fucking Arc.”

“Wait, that story is definitely made up,” you interrupt.

“Do you think I’d lie to you about something like that? I am a man of God!” Father Tomas exclaims. “My point is, my son, that love is powerful and transcends all boundaries, even ones between species.”

> You say “What would you say to all the men and women of this world, who seek monstergirl wives and monsterboy husbands?”

Father Tomas sighs. He stares at the ceiling of his office, as if looking for inspiration from above.

“Love is love, my son. Whether you love a human, a monstergirl or a monsterboy, it matters not. The only thing that matters is that you open your heart and embrace the beauty of whoever it is you’ve fallen for. You have God’s blessing in whatever you do.”

“So, God approves of monstergirls AND monsterboys?” you ask, raising an eyebrow.

“Of course. The Lord, Himself, created all the creatures of this world. If He considers them fine enough to spend eternity with Him in Heaven, then are they not fine enough for us?” Father Tomas says, pulling a small metal cross from

underneath his robes and kissing it. “Now, my son. Go forth, settle down with your lovely demon bride.”

> You say “Thank you, Father Tomas. I might be one step closer to believing.”

“I would say God has already blessed you if your marriage goes well.”

“Do you think it will?”

Father Tomas shrugs. “Only the Lord above knows such things. But I trust that if the two of you love each other, then you will be happy together. That is what God desires for all men and women of good faith: to find happiness with another, until death do they part.”

> You go back to Count Grey to collect your legendary weapon. He should have finished the ritual to combine the bee gun and the mantis gun to create it.

“Ah, wonderful. You made it back alive. I trust you’ve come for your weapon?” Count Grey asks.

You nod. “Yes, please.”

“Terrific,” the vampire says with a grin. “Come with me.” He walks over to a large wooden door and opens it, revealing a room filled with machinery. In the center is a large, intimidating-looking weapon. It’s shaped like a large handgun, but with no discernible chamber or magazine. It’s large and heavy-looking, but the handle is designed to fit in a demon’s hand. Black and yellow stripes run down the side, and it’s covered by intricate patterns resembling insect wings. You can tell just by looking at it that the weapon was built for dealing out pain and death.

“This, my dear boy, is the Hornet Gun,” Count Grey says with a grin. “It’s the hybridized form of the Mantis Gun and the Bee Gun.”

Count Grey runs his fingers along the barrel, eyeing it with a look of pride.

“The agility of a bee, and the strength of a mantis. The hornet is a creature of exceptional power; this gun is no different. It packs a punch, boy. It’ll shoot clear through several enemies before stopping. I dare say it might even be able to kill a major demon! Take it. It is my finest work, and now it’s yours.”

> You take the Hornet Gun and feel its power in the palm of your hands.

You reach out and grip the weapon. It's heavier than you expected, but you're able to hold it. You smile faintly, raising it up and aiming at a nearby table. You fire, and the blast knocks you back with its recoil. You didn't expect it to be so powerful! You blink, surprised, as you notice that the table is now blown to bits. An angry looking hornet appears from nowhere and begins buzzing around your head.

"What do you think?" Count Grey asks.

"It's... incredible," you say, staring at the gun in awe.

"Of course it is. Now, don't forget our deal. In three days, I expect that immortal you promised me."

Count Grey grins at you, licking his lips. Then, he turns and disappears into the shadows.

You stare after him, waiting for him to disappear. Once he's gone, you let out a sigh of relief.

You're escorted by outside by Count Grey's henchmen.

Just as you're about to get on your motorcycle and leave, a voice from behind causes you to jump.

"What are you doing?" Tifid asks.

> You say "Tifid?? What are you doing here??"

"I followed you," Tifid replies.

"Followed me? Why?" you ask.

"Curiosity," Tifid admits. "What were you doing?"

"Meeting with Count Grey," you say.

Tifid's eyes narrow.

"What did he want?" Tifid asks.

> You say "You know he's an arms dealer, right? I just came to get a new piece for the big heist."

“Really? What?” Tifid asks.

“A new weapon. A revolver. It shoots hornets,” you say.

Tifid rolls her eyes.

“I don’t see why we need a new weapon. The heist is going to be fine.”

> You say “I was due for a power up. Trust me, this is necessary.”

“I was due for a power up. Trust me, this is necessary.”

Tifid shrugs. She seems to accept your answer.

“Want to go eat at the Sanguine Moon?” Tifid asks.

The Sanguine Moon is a vampire-themed restaurant that serves blood-pudding and other oddities. It’s a place where many supernatural creatures go to socialize.

> You say “I know that place... it’s super fancy. You sure you wanna be seen there... with a guy like me?”

Tifid smiles.

“Yes. I can be seen with a guy like you,” she says.

Tifid grabs your hand, pulling you along with her.

“Ok, let’s go.”

The ride to the Sanguine Moon is, unfortunately, short. The restaurant is located at the heart of the city, easily one of the most populated areas. Someone like you, who is used to prowling the backstreets, isn’t used to this much activity.

When the two of you enter the restaurant, the maitre d’ looks at you both expectantly.

“Do you have a reservation?” she asks.

Tifid flashes the emblem she wears on her neck. It’s a silver necklace in the shape of lion’s head. The symbol of House Buer.

“Ah, yes. Lady Tifid. Your usual table is available, right this way,” the woman says.

You follow the woman into the restaurant’s dining area. The room is filled with round tables. At each table sits supernatural creatures, some you’ve never seen before back in the slums. They’re all talking and laughing amongst themselves, as

waiters and waitresses go back and forth from the kitchen to the tables, delivering food and drinks to the customers.

The woman leads you to a table near the back wall. The table is specially set with House Buer's emblem displayed proudly in the center. A candle sits on either side of the table's centerpiece, an arrangement of bloody red roses in the shape of a roaring dragon.

> You say "Oh, sick!"

Tifid grins as the woman seats her at the table.

"Thank you," Tifid says to the woman.

"I'll have your waiter over here in a moment to take your drink orders," the woman says, smiling.

She walks away, leaving you and Tifid alone at the table. You look at Tifid and smile.

> You say in a low whisper "Shit, Tif... I feel kinda out of place here. Everyone's dressed so fancy..."

You whisper as you look down at your ripped and dirty work pants.

"I mean, nobody here would be caught dead wearing what I'm... what...?"

Tifid pats your head comfortingly.

"You look fine, Gilly," she says reassuringly.

"Yeah? You sure?" you ask.

"Yeah. You're perfect the way you are," she says softly.

> You say "Aw Tif... people are watching."

Tifid looks around, then leans forward over the table.

"So what?" she asks defiantly.

She reaches forward and grabs your hand, gripping it tightly. She smiles as she intertwines your fingers with your own.

"We don't have to stay here," she says. "I just thought it might be nice to switch up the scenery, you know?"

You shake your head in response.

“Nah. It’s okay. I like it,” you say.

Tifid giggles as the waiter approaches the table. He’s an older man, with a long, gray beard that reaches the top of his worn leather apron.

“Hello, and welcome to The Sanguine Moon. My name is Oswald. I’ll be your waiter tonight. Can I start you off with any drinks?”

The menu is absolutely too fancy for you, so you just let Tifid handle all of the ordering. The meal is more exquisite than any you’ve ever had in your life.

Tifid smiles as she watches your reaction, brushing a lock of her lavender hair behind her ear. You feel yourself turning red as she holds your hand under the table.

The entrée is soon brought out, and the two of you dig in. You’ve never tasted anything so good in your entire life. The steak is juicy and soft, and the vegetables are cooked to perfection.

> You say “This stuff is so good, I could cry.”

“Really?” Tifid asks.

“Yeah,” you say, nodding your head.

Tifid giggles as she watches you eat. You feel like a king, eating this meal with the most beautiful girl in the world. As the waiter comes back and removes the entrée, you look over at the dessert trolley being pushed by another waitress.

Tifid spots it as well, and smiles.

> You say “I know you’re gonna tell me it doesn’t matter, but how much does this all cost?”

“Gil... money isn’t an issue, you know that,” she says.

You shake your head.

“I feel like I’m just mooching off of you.”

“Nonsense, you’re worth more to me than anything money can buy,” she says.

Tifid leans over the table, kissing you on your cheek.

“Awwwww,” the waitress coos from behind the trolley.

“Will you be having anything to eat or drink?” she asks, swiveling the trolley towards you.

You look at the trolley. Almost everything there is deeply colored and flavored. Your mouth begins to water as you spot several different types of cakes and pies, colorful fruit jellies, chocolate mousse and ice cream sundaes.

> You ask Tifid to choose a dessert. It's your chance to learn something new about her.

“Which one do you want?” you ask Tifid.

Tifid looks at the trolley. She bites her bottom lip as she scans the desserts. You have no idea what she's thinking, but she looks adorable doing it.

“I'll have... that one,” she says, pointing at a milkshake-type drink. “The Coffee Crème Frappuccino.”

“One coffee crème frappuccino,” the waitress says, setting the drink on your table. “With two straws... for the couple.”

She winks at you both, then wheels the trolley away.

You look over at Tifid. Her head is bowed, and her cheeks look like they're burning. Her embarrassment is clearly setting in. You're surprised it took so long.

> You say “Hmm... Romantically aggressive Tifid is great, but I might like flustered Tifid better.”

“What am I, a trading card? Make up your mind,” she says.

She smiles and lightly kicks your leg under the table.

“I'll have you know I'm a complicated woman,” she says.

You laugh. Tifid has always had an assertive nature. She's only shy on occasion, that's why her embarrassment is so cute.

> You look at the drink and say “Wow... this thing is hefty. I can feel my arteries clogging just looking at it.”

Tifid looks at the drink and makes a face.

“Ugh, I shouldn’t have gotten that,” she says. “Just because I’m with you doesn’t mean I can stop watching what I eat.”

You smile and take the two straws, then slide one of them toward your half of the drink.

“Well, what are we waiting for?” you say. “This isn’t going to drink itself.”

You each put a straw to your mouth and begin drinking, but only for a moment. Tifid quickly stops.

“Oh God, that’s almost disgustingly good,” she says.

> You say “Speaking of God, I spoke to a priest today... about the two of us... possibly... you know...”

Tifid releases the straw from her mouth and looks at you, then releases her straw as well.

“Wait, really?” she says. “What did he say?”

She looks at you with an expression you can’t quite read. It’s hard to tell if she is concerned, or curious.

> You say “He says God supports love between humans and demons, and if we... uh... ‘try it’ after being properly married, we’ll be able to have a kid...”

Tifid looks down and pauses for a moment.

“Well... we do agree that kids are overrated... but... I dunno... I mean, if God wants us to be together, why not?” she says.

She quickly looks up at you, then back down.

“I mean, I’m not so sure about the whole marriage thing...” she says.

> You say “Yeah, I know how you feel about marriage, Tif. Sorry, I guess I just wanted to see your reaction. I’m more than fine with how things are between us.”

Tifid smiles.

“Me too,” she says. “Still, I suppose it’s good to have options. Thanks for tell me this, anyway.”

She puts her hand on your arm and squeezes gently.

“Hey, you wanna finish this and head out?” she asks. “It’s getting kind of stuffy in here.”

> You finish the massive The Coffee Crème Frappuccino with Tifid.

You share the massive drink with Tifid. It takes a lot of work, but the two of you manage to finish it.

“That was pretty good,” Tifid says after finishing the drink. “Should we head out?”

You nod.

”I suppose. I’m just not sure where we should go,” you say.

Tifid thinks for a moment.

”We have one day before the big heist... I’d like to spend it somewhere, just the two of us,” Tifid says.

> You take Tifid to your old ‘secret spot’ as a kid: the old billboard on the hill to watch the sunset.

”Well, there’s this place I loved to go to as a kid,” you say. ”It’s a billboard on a hill. It has a perfect view of the sunset.“

Tifid smiles.

”That does sound nice,” she says. ”Let’s go, then.“

You pay for the meals, and leave the Sanguine Moon. You get on your motor-bike, and Tifid climbs on behind you.

The sun is setting as you arrive at the billboard. It’s really more of a platform that’s been swallowed up by the branches of a very large tree. The billboard has been out of use for years, and the tree has grown so much that it’s covering it. The branches form a canopy over the platform, creating a cozy spot. It has a railing and a metal staircase leading up to it. You go up to it and Tifid follows.

The sun is just setting as you reach the top.

“It’s beautiful,” Tifid says in awe, looking at the view. “You said you came here as a kid? How did you find this place?”

> You say “I stumbled upon it one day while running from some bullies. It became my go-to spot... like a secret base. Actually, it might have been my very first hideout, now that I think about it.”

Tifid smiles at you.

“Gilly as a little boy, hiding from the world,” she says. “I bet you dreamed of becoming a superhero.”

> You look at her mischievously and say “Actually, I dreamed of becoming a cat burglar... you know, like my hero, DARK-EYE.”

Tifid blushes.

“I thought we agreed not to bring that up anymore,” she says.

“Well, I’m sorry. It’s just that you’re adorable when you blush.”

Tifid punches you and shakes her head, smiling.

“You’re ridiculous,” she says.

> You lean back against the billboard and say “It’s been a while since we got to spend time alone like this... Yalia isn’t with you today?”

Tifid shakes her head.

“She’s running an errand for my dad tonight,” she says. “So we should have the rest of the night alone.”

The two of you lean back against the billboard and watch as the sun sinks below the horizon, bathing the sky in red and orange.

“So... if we get the night to ourselves... you thinking what I’m thinking?” you say, winking.

Tifid hits you in the shoulder.

“Pervert,” she says, smiling.

You lean in to kiss her, but she turns her head at the last second.

“Not now,” she says. “It’s... it’s almost sunset. If we start making out now, we might not stop.”

You pout in mock sadness.

> You say “What if I just describe what I’d like to do to you? That’d be pretty sexy and romantic, right?”

Tifid smiles.

“I suppose that would be all right,” she says.

You take a deep breath, and begin to describe everything you’d like to do with Tifid. You talk about how you’d undress her, caress her, please her in every way you can imagine.

> You say “Well... I’d begin by kissing you on the top of the head. Then, I’d slowly work my way down. I’d kiss your horns, then your forehead, then your ears and cheeks...”

Tifid slowly turns red as you continue, and begins to fidget with every word.

“This is so awkward, Gilly...” she says.

“Hold on, I’m not done,” you say, flashing her a mischievous smile.

You continue with your description.

> You say “Where was I...? Oh yeah. After your cheeks, I’ll kiss both your eyelids...gently. Then I’ll move down to your chin, and neck... Oh boy. Your neck. I’d pepper it with so many kisses, it’d make you squirm.”

“Wait, what about my lips?” Tifid asks.

“No... not your lips. I know you’d want that, so I’m not doing it. Instead... I move down a bit lower. I kiss your... collarbone. Right beside your neck.”

“Oh... meanie,” Tifid says.

“Then, I move lower. Kissing you all along your shoulders and arms, then... your hands and fingers, too.”

Tifid rubs her fingers together as she listens, almost as if she can feel your phantom kisses.

“Then... I move lower still. I kiss your elbows, then the bends of your arms, and then... Between your ribs. I kiss each one, until I reach your... waist.”

You stare at Tifid’s hourglass figure. You find it hard to breath normally as you take in her beauty.

> You say “After that, I’ll move onto your tail. I’d cover every inch of it with feather-light kisses.”

“My... my tail, too? Even the end?” Tifid asks.

“Especially the end,” you say.

Tifid gulps, and wipes her brow nervously.

She says, “Wow... it’s getting kind of warm...”

> You lean in close and say “Oh, but we’re not done yet. I’d have so... so many more kisses left to give.”

Tifid slowly moves into your arms. You embrace her as she looks up at you with anticipation.

“What else...?” she asks anxiously. “What happens next...?”

“I would kiss... the soles of your feet. I would massage your toes, and in the process, plant a trail of kisses all the way up your legs... to the thighs... then around your knees... then the underside of your loins and hips...”

Tifid begins to squirm in your embrace. Her cheeks turn red, and she bites her lip. Her tail snakes around your leg and squeezes tightly.

“And then... the final kiss... would be...”

You place a hand on Tifid’s neck and lean in close. You kiss her deeply and lovingly. Her entire body tenses up as your lips caress hers, and she kisses you back.

You taste her breath as she moans into your mouth. You feel her entire body shudder from this one, blissful act.

The two of you share this tender moment in silence before Tifid finally pulls away. She pants heavily, her face a mask of pure desire.

“Holy shit...” she whispers. “What... what exactly did you just do to me?”

> You say “I talked real sexy. Did you like it?”

“Oh...” Tifid says, falling back into your arms. “Oh... yes. Hell yes...”

She kisses you on the lips again, her tongue swirling around yours. She stops and then looks at you coyly from under her long eyelashes.

“What else would you do to me?” she asks. “Tell me how you’d explore my body. I want to hear the naughtiest thing you could imagine us doing.”

Tifid’s face and neck turns a deep shade of red, and she squeezes your hand tightly.

“I... I want you to show me how much you love me.”

> You say “Let’s get home for that... we’re alone for the night, right? We can do whatever we want.”

“Let’s get home for that... we’re alone for the night, right? We can do whatever we want.”

“Okay... home... now...” she whispers.

You ride home, speeding all the way. The two of you barely get through the door before you’re both tearing each other’s clothes off, and collapsing onto your bed.

You kiss Tifid deeply as she moans into your mouth, running her fingers through your hair. You caress her breasts, eventually working your way down to her crotch.

You gently work your fingers along her slit, causing Tifid to shudder with anticipation.

“Oh shit... it’s been so long, Gilly... please...”

You slide your middle finger into her tight sex, which is already dripping wet. You wiggle it around a bit, and then slide in a second before moving in and out quite quickly. Tifid raises her head off the pillow and presses her face into your chest as she lets out a long groan.

“Shit... oh shit... oh shit...”

> You say “Hey... you wanna see a neat trick I learned off a porn vid?”

“Hey... you wanna see a neat trick I learned off a porn vid?”

“Huh? What are you doing down there?”

“Just lie back and enjoy it...”

Put gently push your middle and ringer fingers as deep as you can inside her. You curl them slightly and move them in a ‘come hither’ motion. Tifid’s eyes roll straight back into her head and she lets out a long sigh.

“Oh... fuck, Gil...”

You begin working your fingers up and down slowly, rubbing her G-spot with varying speed and pressure. Using your index and pinky finger as leverage, you rub the area just behind your thumb against her front wall. After about a minute of this, Tifid’s breathing begins to quicken, and she’s letting out irregular moans.

“Ah... ah... ah... Gilly... I’m... oh shit...”

Tifid grips your arm with one hand and grabs a pillow with the other, biting into it.

> You put your other hand on her chest and gently hold her in place, then say “I’m going to go faster... get ready, okay?”

“I’m going to go faster... get ready, okay?”

“Yeah... I’m ready...”

You increase the speed and pressure of your fingers and Tifid grips your wrist tightly, closing her eyes. You feel her abdomen begin to tighten as she starts to squirm. She lets out a high pitched squeak, her whole body convulsing. You gently hold her in place with your free hand so she doesn’t push you away while writhing about. You begin to pump your fingers faster, putting more power behind your motions. Instead of sliding them in and out, you rock them up and down against her most sensitive inner spots. Her whimpers give way to high pitched squeaks and pants, she begins to scream.

“Stop, stop, stop! I, can’t, I’m...”

Tifid grabs your wrist and pushes your fingers as deep as she can inside her as she arches her back. You feel her insides begin to contract around your fingers as a warm liquid spreads over your hand and onto the sheets beneath you.

“Gil! I....!!” she gasps and groans, unable to complete a sentence as her whole body shivers.

Her face is completely red as she closes her eyes and holds your wrist in place while the waves of pleasure rack through her body, leaving her soaked in sweat and panting heavily.

> You jackhammer her sopping cunt with your fingers, mercilessly massaging her G-spot with rough, but steady, pressure.

You jackhammer your fingers into her spasming cunt, relentlessly massaging her G-spot with rough, but steady, pressure.

“Do you want me to stop?”

“No! No no no no no no!!!” she whimpers.

She shakes her head and grips the pillow as hard as she can. You curl your fingers and massage a particularly thick part of her inner wall that pebbles out from inside her like a mound of flesh.

“Ahh! My womb!” she cries and bites her lip, quaking and writhing as a new flood spills onto the bed from under her.

For several minutes, you don’t let up. You continually push Tifid to the edge of orgasm, but don’t allow her to fall over that edge. You watch her squirm in agony, but you know you’re only building her up for a bigger release.

Tifid’s toes curl and uncurl, her knees shake, and her hands twist into the sheets as she bites down on her knuckle to keep from screaming. Sweat beads down her body, and you can see her make a Herculean effort to hold back the avalanche of sensations that desire is inflicting upon her.

“Please, Gil! Please!! I can’t...It’s too much...I need to...to...” Tifid begs.

“Cum?” you ask.

“Yes! Cum!” she answers.

> You hold her tightly against you and brace your fingers against her G-spot, then say “Okay. Here it comes.”

“Oh, God!” Tifid screams as she feels you massage her G-spot with your fingers. With a quake that turns to a shudder, then a shiver, then a convulsion, she finally lets go of all of her pent-up desires.

A flood rushes out from between her legs as the muscles in her vagina clamp down on your fingers.

Her entire body tenses and curls up from the overwhelming feeling of bliss that you have given her. She latches onto you for dear life, burying her face into your chest.

Tifid lets out a scream of total ecstasy that you feel more than you hear, as it vibrates against your chest.

You continue to assault her G-spot, letting her ride out orgasm after orgasm. Droplets of her wetness fly out and drip down your arm. Her thighs quiver, her lower abdomen contracts, her knees knock, and her toes clench.

“Ah...ah...yes! Yes! Yes!” Tifid pants as a trickle of blood runs out the side of her tightly clenched mouth.

> You wring out one final, mind-blowing orgasm from her, the most powerful one yet.

You maintain your attention to her lower body, and with a flick of your wrist you push her over the edge for one last time.

A bloodcurdling scream tears from her throat as she claws at your chest. Her entire body begins to convulse uncontrollably. Her eyes roll to the back of her head and a river of urine floods out between her legs as she goes completely limp, save for an occasional spasm passing through her.

You hold her close as she continues to experience aftershocks for at least a full minute.

After she finally calms down, she raises her head away from your chest, and looks up at you.

Her face is covered in a mixture of tears, sweat, and saliva, and her hair is a complete mess. Her eyes are still rolling about in her head, and she has the most satisfied and relieved expression on her face that you have ever seen.

“Gil...” she sighs. “You’re...you’re so good to me... so good...”

“You deserve it,” you say.

“I... I can’t believe I peed myself... that’s never happened before.”

“I know. I’m sorry.”

“No, don’t be. That was... amazing. Holy fuck... Please do that to me every time.”

You chuckle and kiss her forehead.

“Maybe I’ll mix it up sometimes,” you say. “But that can happen when you’re in the zone.”

Your hands glide down your lover’s body, caressing every curve and valley along the way. You plant one last kiss on her neck before withdrawing your hands from within her.

Tifid gives one last shudder as she feels your presence leave her body.

“I love you,” she whispers.

“I love you, too.”

You gather her into your arms, and hold her close as she nuzzles her head against your neck.

It feels so good to comfort her like this. You wish you could do it every day for the rest of her life. She deserves this joy.

> You say “We should probably clean these sheets before Yalia comes back...”

“Wait... we’re done?” Tifid asks, her eyes widening.

You nod, smiling.

“But... you didn’t get to finish,” she says.

> You say “I think you came hard enough for the both of us, to be honest.”

“I suppose...” she says. “That’s incredibly sweet of you... that’s also being unfair. Come on, at least let me finish you off.”

“It’s fine, Tif. You look exhausted, anyway.”

“I am, but that was entirely your fault,” she says, sticking her tongue out at you. “You know what? I think I will finish you off.”

“You don’t have to do that, Tif,” you say. “Really. Don’t force yourself.”

She seems to consider your words for a moment.

“Then... Then just use me, at least,” she says.

“What do you mean?” you ask.

“Use my body... anywhere... any way you want... I just want to make you feel good...”

She looks away, her ears reddening. She seems a little embarrassed at what she just said. You can’t believe it. Is she seriously giving you permission to have your way with her?

> You say “A-Any way?”

“Any way,” she replies, looking into your eyes.

You lean forward and kiss her on the lips.

“I’ll be back in a minute,” you say.

> You come back with your Bee King costume.

You run over to your closet, where you keep the outfit. You quickly slip into the yellow and black suit before donning a plastic crown with fake jewels. You grab the prop hornet gun, and rush back to Tif.

“What on Earth is that?” Tifid asks, staring at you from the bed.

> You say “Buzz up people?! It’s me, ya boy, the Bee King! Awwww ye! Kachow!”

You jump on the bed and hold the gun, pretending to fire it.

“Oh my god, that’s horrible. I think I’m going to be sick,” Tifid says, putting a hand over her mouth.

“What? You don’t think it’s funny? You’re laughing,” you say, waving the gun around.

“No, I’m not. This is so embarrassing. Kill me now...”

> You say “Kill you? No... no... my little flower. I’m the last Bee King alive, and I’ll need your to help me sire a few heirs.”

“What?” Tifid asks.

You leap onto her, and the gun drops out of your hand. She giggles as the two of you wrestle on the bed.

“Oh, you!! Come on then, Your Majesty, let’s see what you’re really made of...” Tifid smiles.

The next hour is a blur.

By the time you’re done, the both of you are slathered in sweat, bodily fluids, and honey. The bed sheets are stained and in need of a change, but you’re both panting with smiles on your faces.

“That was... that was fucking incredible...” you chuckle. “Shit... I always wanted to try that.”

“You did?”

> You say “Fuck yes. It’s been my fantasy since, like, forever!”

“Your sex fantasy involves a bed of honey and attacking someone as a bee?”

“Is there something wrong with that?”

“... Gilly, you’re so weird. That’s probably why I love you, though,” Tifid says, smiling.

“I know, and that’s why you’re my favorite person ever,” you say. “Well, anyway, the both of us need showers. Come on.”

You leap out of the bed, grab your skivvies and gun from the floor, then offer a hand to Tifid. She takes it as you pull her up, then you lead her to the bathroom.

> You clean yourself up.

“I had fun earlier...” you say.

“So did I,” Tifid says.

You both enter the bathroom, leaving a trail of honey behind you as you go. Once inside, the two of you get into the shower and turn it on. You lather each other up in soapsuds as you wash one another off, taking care to do extra scrubbing on dirty areas.

“Gil, we absolutely can’t do it again, okay? Yalia will be home soon.”

“I know, I know. Damn,” you say.

> You finish showering, then put the sheets in the wash.

You shower for a while longer, then step out and dry off. You get the sheets off the bed and throw them in the wash before Yalia gets home, then you wait for her to come back. After a while of waiting, you hear a key turn in the front door, then it swings open. Yalia looks around to make sure you're there, then she walks inside and smiles as she sees you.

"Hello, Lady Tifid... Gil."

"Hey, Yalia. Did your work with Daddy go well?" asks Tifid.

"It went fine. I may have to go out of town for a bit, though. There's some important business he needs attended to," she says.

"Will you be going alone?" you ask, raising an eyebrow.

"I most certainly will not. I'll be bringing a few professionals with me," Yalia says.

"Do you have any idea how long you'll be gone?" Tifid asks.

"It shouldn't take longer than a week," Yalia says.

You nod, then yawn. Yalia looks at you and tilts her head.

"Someone seems tired."

> You say "It's been a long day."

"You should head to bed, then." Yalia replies.

"Alright," you say. "Good night, ladies."

"Good night," they both say in unison.

It has, indeed, been a long day. But you got many things done. You secured the plans Pellius sent you to infiltrate Rostov's casino. You managed to obtain a new, powerful weapon. On top of all of that, you got to spend a lot of time being intimate with Tifid. Tomorrow is when everything will be put into motion. Tomorrow, the Regal Room Heist will begin.

You lay down in bed, once again alone. As usual, Yalia insists on sleeping with her master, so you don't get to spend the night with Tifid.

But for once, you don't mind. Being alone will give you more time to meditate on the task at hand.

You drift off to sleep, thinking about what the next few days may hold.

The next day, you're woken up by Tifid kissing you on the cheek.

"Get up, sleepyhead," she says.

> You say "Good morning, Tif. Today's the day, isn't it?"

"It sure is," Tifid replies with a smile.

You get up and embrace her, kissing her deeply. She kisses you back, putting both of her hands around your waist.

"I was just about to wake you up," she says once you part. "Breakfast is in the kitchen."

Then, she winks at you and leaves.

When you enter the kitchen, you see that Yalia is already prepared to leave for her week-long job.

"Good morning, Gil. Master Pellius has informed me that today is the day you will be carrying out your mission."

> You say "Don't call it a mission. It's just a job, and I won't fail."

"Okay, Gil. But will you be coming back here afterwards?"

"Of course. Bet on it."

Yalia smiles. It's a genuine smile, just like how you taught her.

"I won't be around to meddle in the affairs between Lady Tifid and yourself... but I trust you'll be a gentleman?"

"Come on, Yalia, what do you take me for?"

"A human punk," she replies bluntly. "But admittedly, you're a competent one. Mostly."

As you and Yalia laugh, she goes to leave. She turns around and approaches you before she leaves.

“Please. Take care of Lady Tifid.”

“I will,” you reply.

With that, she leaves to go work at her job. That means it’s just you and Tifid. The two of you have a lot to go over before you set out for the big heist.

You head to the computer room of the secret base, where Tifid is already going over the plans.

In the middle of the room is a hologram of the Regal Room’s layout. Each floor is labeled in detail, as well as the placement of security measures, and the routine of the guards.

President Pellius has gone to great lengths to collect this information for you, and you won’t let him or Tifid down.

“Hey, Gilly,” she says as she notices you entering the computer room. “You ready to go over the plans?”

“Of course,” you reply.

“Perfect, let’s get to it.”

Tifid switches off the lights in the room, and the hologram activates automatically.

“Okay,” Tifid begins, “With you around, this has a 90% chance of going to shit as soon as we step foot in the place, but just try to keep these things in mind, okay?”

“I will,” you say.

> You examine the schematics of the Regal Room.

The Regal Room is a large casino, the biggest one in existence on Post-Rapture Earth. It is located in Sinful Bliss City, otherwise known as SBC. It hosts thousands of people every day, and hundreds of workers. The city itself is privately owned by the demon lord Rostov Malphas, and all the inhabitants have contracts with him to live and work there. He has a massive amount of people in his employ, both humans and demons alike. You shudder to think what would happen if you failed.

The plans for the Regal Room are fairly straight forward. It is a large, oval building, with a twenty-story tower rising out of the massive courtyard at its center. At

the top the tower, on the penthouse floor, is Rostov's personal chambers. That's where you need to be. If Tifid's marriage contract is anywhere, it will be there.

Other than the tower, there are four levels to the main Regal Room building. The first level is the guest level, which houses all the luxury suites, restaurants, a massive pool area, and more. It is the largest of the building's four levels. The second level is the gaming floor, filled with slot machines, table games, and everything in between. This floor is always filled with people day and night. The third level is the Oasis Side. It is a VIP floor, completely separated from the rest of the Regal Room by a security checkpoint. The fourth level is below ground, and is called the Underground Side. It is a massive basement area that is purportedly used as a storage space, but rumors have it that it is also an illegal fighting ring specializing in supernatural violence that cannot be found anywhere else.

The plan is simple. Tifid will visit the Regal Room under the guise of being a special guest, while you masquerade as her personal security detail. With your disguises and her celebrity status, you should not only be able to pass the front desk, but also avoid any of the Regal Room's more stringent security along the way. As the daughter of the Demon President, no one will think anything of it. Once on the second level where most of the guests are, you and Tifid will head straight for the Oasis Side elevator while she attempts to lure any attention away from you. You'd just be her big, muscled bodyguard after all. Once you split up, she will sneak into the security room, and deactivate the lock on the central tower long enough for you to slip inside, reach Rostov's private chamber, and retrieve the marriage contract. After that, you will meet up with her again on the gaming floor, and make your escape from the Regal Room altogether.

> You say "Wow... this is starting to sound like an actual heist."

"Yeah. It sure is, Gil. Why? You scared?"

> You say "For once, I actually am. Your happiness is on the line, Tif. I can't afford to fuck up."

"You won't. As long as we stick to the plan, everything should go smoothly," Tifid grins.

Tifid suddenly turns serious and sighs, leaning against the wall for support. "I just hope it'll be enough..." She mutters under her breath.

> You hug her and say "I said I'm scared, but that doesn't mean I won't succeed. No matter what happens, I'll protect you. Just like how I can always count on you to protect me."

You suddenly wrap your arms around her.

"I said I'm scared, but that doesn't mean I won't succeed. No matter what happens, I'll protect you. Just like how I can always count on you to protect me."

After a few moments, Tifid wraps her arms around your shoulders and squeezes tightly. She stands on her toes and kisses you briefly on the lips.

"I love you, Gilly," Tifid whispers into your ear.

She lets go of you and takes a deep breath, fiddling with her gloves nervously.

"Right," she says, forcing a smile onto her face. "Now that we got that out of the way, let's get to work."

You nod. The pair of you leave the secret base, and enter the night, which seems so much darker now that your future is shrouded in uncertainty.

> You say "Guess my bike won't really work for this job, huh? Do you have anything in mind?"

"Oh yeah, just wait 'til you see what I have in store for this one, Gilly."

Tifid reaches into her pocket and pulls out a car key, tossing them to you.

"What's this for?" You ask, snatching the keys out of the air.

"Press it, and you'll see," she answers.

> You press the button on the key to call your sweet ass ride.

The key makes a small beep, and you hear the purring of an engine closing behind you.

You turn around and find yourself staring at a beautiful, brand-new, cherry red convertible. The top is down on the car, and the seats are black, soft leather.

“I borrowed it from someone who owes me a favor,” Tifid says, answering the question that’s obviously on your mind. “Perfect for our needs.”

> You say “Hot damn, Sinful Bliss City, won’t be able to handle us.”

Tifid giggles, and the two of you hop inside the car. She starts driving toward the Regal Room Casino. You feel your palms begin to sweat as you get closer to your heist, and you realize that this is the first time you’ve ever felt nervous about committing a crime in your entire life. Sinful Bliss City, where the Regal Room is located, is about three hours away from your current location.

You remain silent during the ride, as does Tifid. The radio is playing some music, but you’re not really paying attention to that. Instead, you’re focused on what’s going to happen mere hours from now.

> You reach Sinful Bliss City.

Eventually, you reach the city’s perimeter. There is a large, flamboyant sign bearing the city’s name as well as its slogan. It reads:

“Sinful Bliss City: The Way to Heaven, Paved in Sin”

You roll your eyes at Sinful Bliss City’s pretension. Tifid giggles a bit at your expression, but doesn’t say anything.

The two of you soon arrive at a motel on the outskirts of the city just as the sun having long since set.

Tifid has booked a room in advance as a place for the two of you to prepare, and to stay the night. The Regal Room also has a guest accommodations, but you’d be crazy to even consider staying at the place you’re trying to rob.

Tifid collects the room pass from the front desk, then drives around to the back of the motel, and pulls into a spot near the door of your room. The two of you get out of the car.

Tifid takes the car key with her to the room, and hands it to you as you walk inside.

“You’re going to be playing the part of my bodyguard, so it only makes sense for you to drive.”

> You nod, take the car keys, and walk into the room with Tifid.

You nod, and take the keys.

Tifid pulls the pass card out of her pocket and uses it to unlock the door. Once inside, she turns on the lights and you see that the room is fairly plain, but livable. It's clean enough for the two of you, so that's all that really matters.

> You lay out your Casino-themed disguises and take a good look.

You take a good look at the disguises that Tifid has picked out for this heist. Her taste is impeccable, as usual.

Tifid's costume is an elegant black evening gown, and a fur scarf adorned with roses. It's complemented by sheer black opera gloves, and stiletto heels. She'll be turning heads for sure.

You'll be wearing a white, pinstriped tuxedo paired with a gold-printed vest, as well as matching gloves and a pair of stylish shades.

The two of you are going to look like perfect guests, and that's exactly what you're aiming for.

> You say "Wow... is that seriously what you're going to wear? I might die from happiness if I see you with that on."

"Wow... is that seriously what you're going to wear? I might die from happiness if I see you with that on."

Tifid smiles, and pretends to slap you.

"Behave. And besides, you'll be looking as dapper as I will be when we go out."

She steps close to you and traces her finger along your chest.

"And once that happens... it might be me who'll be swooning."

She smiles, kisses you on the cheek, and heads off to the bathroom to wash up for the night.

> You think over the heist in the motel room while waiting for Tifid to finishing bathing.

You sit down on the bed, and think over the heist in your head.

You know the plan, and you know the stakes. Things could get a little... heated. Especially between you and that bastard, Kit.

From what you've heard, his ego is almost as great as his skills. That's not an uncommon trait for demonslayers, however. Anybody who can take out a demon has to be tough as nails.

How will you play it when you meet him? You're a thief, not a warrior. You can deal with a few thugs, but not a slayer of demons.

Of course, he probably sees you as no better than a demon. Something to be exterminated for the greater good of society.

Will you have to kill him? Can you kill him? You don't know.

You hear the bathroom door open, and see Tifid peeking her head out.

"Um... Gil? Won't you be coming in here?"

You snap out of your daze. "What? Oh, um... yeah."

She giggles, and steps back into the bathroom.

You stand up and walk into the bathroom, closing the door behind you.

> You get in the tub with Tifid, but remain distracted by doubt.

Tifid tells you to come into the tub with her. She's sitting naked body in the tub, and moves over to make room.

You undress and step in, letting the warm water ease your worries. Tifid rolls over onto you, and rests her head against your chest.

"What's wrong?" she asks, sensing your tension.

You open your mouth to explain the doubts you're having, but decide against it. You don't want to get her worried.

"Nothing," you say. "I'm fine."

She looks up at you, and you stare into her deep blue eyes.

"Liar," she says with a frown, then kisses you tenderly on the forehead. "If you can't tell me as your girlfriend, then tell me as a fellow thief."

> You hold her close and say “I dunno Tif... all of a sudden, I feel like I have so much to lose. I used to be a bum. A petty criminal with nothing. Now I have you... my whole world. Your future depends on this job... and that scares me.”

You hold her close, as she twirls your hair between her fingers.

“There’s no need to be scared,” she says. “I’ll be here with you through thick and thin.”

She smiles, and kisses you again, this time on the cheek.

“You’re not alone. You’ll never be alone. I’ll always be here for you, and you for me,” she says, snuggling up against you.

> You cry. Not just for theatrics, or trickery, but truly and honestly cry for the first time in a long time.

The tears flow freely down your cheeks, as you sob into her shoulder.

“Awww, Gilly! Don’t cry!” she says, “It’ll be alright.”

“I love you,” you say. You have never meant that more than this very moment.

“I love you too.”

You embrace her, and hold each other close. Nothing else matters. Not heists, nor money, or anything.

You have everything you need right here in this very moment.

> You let Tifid’s warmth wipe your doubts away. There’s no room for second-guesses. No matter what comes your way, you will succeed, for her sake.

“I’m ready,” you say. “We’ve come too far to turn back now. We will succeed, both for my own sake, and for yours.”

Tifid smiles, and nods.

> You raise your fist to her and say “Partners forever. Thieves’ honor.”

Tifid looks at you and smiles. She raises her right hand to yours, and you bump your fists together.

“Partners forever,” she whispers.

> You hug her deeply and kiss her.

As your lips touch, a wonderful feeling of warmth and contentment washes over you. This is what it must feel to be home, you think. Your worries and doubts fall away, leaving nothing but the two of you in this embrace. The world fades away, and there is only you and Tifid.

Tears stream down your cheeks as the emotions overwhelm you both. Everything feels perfect in this moment.

> You say “I was going to say we shouldn’t get intimate tonight since it might mess up my focus... but...”

Tifid giggles. “Shut up and kiss me.”

The two of you embrace, as your emotions reach a fever.

Your lips meet once again, and you lose yourself in the moment. All that matters is the two of you right now. Nothing else in the world exists but the two of you...

> You slowly trace your fingers along her thighs.

Tifid bites her lip, as you gently caress her thighs. She leans back, and sighs happily. Her warm breath enters your own lungs, as she exhales slowly. Her breasts heave up and down with her breathing, as you move closer towards her.

Your lips meet her neck, where you plant a small kiss. She lets out a small moan of ecstasy, as her fingers run through your hair.

Before you can continue to touch her any further, she grabs your wrist and stops your caress.

“Wait... it’s fine if we do it, but... let’s not get to crazy, okay? We need to wake up early tomorrow. We have a big day ahead of us.”

> You say “Yeah. I know. Just a little bit to ease the tension, that’s all. Unless... you’d prefer not to.”

Tifid shakes her head. “No, I don’t mind.”

“Well... alright then,” you say.

Tifid gulps nervously, and nods in return.

You slowly continue to move your hands to her thigh, and grab a hold of it. Her legs are strong yet supple, tensing ever so slightly as you caress her. She bites her lip, before releasing a sigh of ecstasy.

> You un your fingers along her whole body, allowing the steam and heat get to your head.

Your hands masterfully roam her supple thighs, but you don’t stop there. Grasping her firmly by the shoulder, you turn her around and begin caressing her stomach and chest. The water drips down along her body, as you feel your own heart-beat rising with excitement.

Her body tenses up in ecstasy, as you can’t help but tease her a little bit. You take advantage of her momentary lapse in judgement to pull her entire body into your grasp.

She gasps, and you can’t help but chuckle a bit. Still, she doesn’t resist, and allows you to continue pleasuring her.

You go back to kissing her, as your hands caress the rest of her body. Her chest heaves up and down as she pants heavily.

“Fuck... how do you always do this to me? God damn it... you always know what I want...”

> You gently nibble on her ears and whisper “If there’s one thing I know better than thieving... it’s pleasing my queen.”

“Oh... fuck... you really just called me that...” Tifid whispers, her voice filled with both ecstasy and embarrassment.

Tifid is already at your mercy, so you continue to take advantage of her heightened state. You kiss her neck, as your hands roam up and down her supple body.

The pressure of her body on your loins is too much to bear, and you get rock hard. Unable to take it, you lift her up and slowly slide yourself inside of her. She gasps, as you continue pleasuring her in this position, kissing along her supple breasts.

As you thrust into her, the tub begins to shake and rattle. Tifid's hands grasp at your back as she lets out a loud, drawn out moan.

> You rather than doing it roughly like you usually do, fuck slowly. Very, very slowly.

You continue to thrust into her, going as slowly as you can. Tifid's moans fill the bathroom as you caress every inch of her body with your hands.

You pull her into a sitting position, so the two of you are face to face as you continue.

Her mouth hangs open as she pants heavily, digging her nails into your back as she approaches orgasm. Her legs quiver and shake as she closes her eyes, and lets out a loud squeal as she climaxes. By now you're already close yourself, but you want to make this last for as long as possible, so you slow down your pace.

<Tifid's POV>

I can't hold on and longer, and cum long and hard all over Gilly's cock. My whole body trembles as I moan in ecstasy.

I put my arms around Gilly and embrace him tightly. He's usually a rougher... and more forceful. Not that I don't like that, but this is so different. I never knew it could be like this.

It feels so good, like a constant, deliberate assault on my body. I can feel every inch of him, inside and out. He grabs a handful of my hair and kisses me deeply as he continues to pump into me. His tongue dances playfully with mine as my body begins to tingle.

I want more.

His hands glide over my hips and presses me closer to him. We're barely thrusting against each other... more like grinding. My entire body aches to feel him inside me, as deep as he can go.

"Yes... yes!" I moan, biting his neck. I dig my nails into his skin and he lets out a pleased yelp.

The water laps against our bodies and the sides of the tub as we continue. He massages my breasts and tweaks my nipples, which send waves of pure bliss through my body.

My hands wander all over his body, feeling his muscles tense and relax as he continues to thrust... slowly. Up and down, in and out.

I bite his shoulder and wrap my legs around him, pulling him even closer to me. I need him inside me. Deep inside me.

The only thing I can think about is how much I want him, how good he feels, and the ecstasy that I feel when we're together like this. It's more than physical. Something else is there, something indescribable.

I don't care what it is. All that matters is that I have it, and I need more of it.

"G-Gilly," I moan.

"Tif..." he grunts back.

Something in me crumbles when I hear his voice. All the bravado I had moments ago, about us, about the heist... it all comes falling apart.

I don't want to lose him. He's my world. Everything I do is for him, and I know that there's no question he feels the same way.

"Gilly... don't die... please don't die...!"

<Your POV>

Tears begin to pour down Tifid's cheeks as she begs you desperately.

"What's wrong, Tif?" you say, easing up on your thrusts.

You sit up and wipe the tears off her face with your thumbs.

"Tif?"

She puts her head on your chest while you wrap your arms around her body.

"I don't want to lose you!" she continues to sob. "We don't have to do the heist! We can just run away! Go someplace where Rostov can't find us!"

"Tif, are you sure about that?" you ask. "What about your father?"

"I don't care! I'd rather be dead than lose you!" she cries.

You hold her tighter while she cries into your chest.

It's strange. Instead of fear, or doubt, you feel even more determination than before.

There is no way you'll let Rostov, nor Kit, nor anyone else, by they demon or human, take you away from her.

> You press your foreheads together and say "Tifid, listen to me. I will never leave you. I'll be with you until the universe itself rots away. As long as Tifid exists, Spell Thief Gil is invincible. No force alive can put me down. And if it does somehow happen, I'll claw my way out of whatever dark hole they send my soul, and find my way back to you. Understand? I love you. I always have, and I always will."

Tifid slowly stops crying.

She lifts her head from your chest, and wipes away her tears with her shoulder. Slowly, she puts on a faint smile.

"Yeah... I... I understand now," she says. "I trust you, Gilly. Always have, always will."

You grin, and lean in to kiss her forehead. Then, you embrace her again.

> You slowly begin rocking yourself into her again, pleasuring her while comforting her by stroking her head.

The two of you sit there in the tub, holding each other in an intimate embrace. You begin to caress her body, and she starts moaning softly. The sound of her voice is like music to your ears.

With Tifid on your lap, facing you, you begin to fuck her in a slow, rocking motion. You know by the way her breath hitches every now and then that she's enjoying this.

> You plant your dick as deep as it will go, and slowly grind it against her womb.

Tifid pushes her hips into you, forcing your dick as deep as it can go inside her. You thrust back, continuing your grinding motion. In this position, you have free reign over her entire body. You take advantage of this, massaging every inch of her skin that you can reach.

Tifid is a mess. Mere moments ago, she was distraught, now she's moaning in ecstasy. Not knowing how to handle herself, she simply rests her head limply against you, surrendering herself to the pleasure.

"Gilly... I don't know what to... how should...?" she whimpers, unable to put her thoughts into words.

> You hold her close and say "Shhh... it's okay, Tif. Just enjoy it. This is supposed to be comfort sex, remember? Just focus on how I feel inside of you. Cum your problems away."

You lean in and kiss her neck. She whimpers as you do, and starts to shake a little as she desperately tries to hold back her orgasm.

"Oh Gilly... this... this feels... so..." she closes her eyes and buries her face into your chest. Her wet hair trickles down her back as she shakes her head from side to side.

"Shhh... shhh..." you whisper, as you continue to grind yourself deep into her.

"G-Gilly!" she whimpers, shaking her head. She takes a deep breath and grits her teeth, desperately trying not to cum.

> You say "It's fine... go ahead... I'm here. I'm here."

Her eyes widen, and a deep flush appears on her face. She bites down on her bottom lip as she hugs you tightly. Her entire body begins to shake, causing you to shudder as well.

She releases a long, low whimper as you feel her tighten around your cock. A powerful wave of heat washes through her and into your body as you shudder and groan in ecstasy. In all the times you've done it with Tifid, you've never felt anything like this before.

A pale blue flame engulfs her body, and envelops you as well. Rather than burning you, it provides a soothing warmth. The scent of lavender and honeysuckle

enters your nose as the fire seems to caress your body, rather than consume it. You feel a sense of euphoria as the flames wrap around you both.

“Ah... Gilly...!” Tifid sighs. She holds you tightly, as if she’s afraid that if she let’s go, the feeling will go with it.

> You start to speed up your thrusts, building her continuous orgasms further and further.

She hugs you tightly, her fingernails digging into your shoulders.

“Ah... ah... Gilly! It’s so... it’s so good! Don’t... don’t stop!” she cries out as she begins to orgasm once again.

You continue to thrust your dick inside of her, not slowing down or speeding up in the slightest.

You feel Tifid cum again, and again, and then again still. She’s no longer able to think or act or speak, only able to feel.

And you’re giving her this feeling. All of this is because of you.

Tifid rests limply against you in the tub, having no strength left to do anything except lie there and cum. Your powerful thrusts are still going at a steady pace. You feel yourself approaching your limit.

> You say “Tif... I’m gonna cum soon. I want to shoot it inside you...”

“Sh- sure... g- go ahead...” Tifid says between breaths, no longer even able to form complete sentences.

You grip Tifid tightly by her thighs as you continue to thrust rapidly into her, your dick beginning to throb as it prepares to shoot your load deep inside of her.

“I- I’m gonna cum!” you warn Tifid.

> You hug her as tight as you can, as you orgasm together from sticky, sweaty, slow sex.

You hug Tifid tightly as you cum inside of her, releasing jet after jet of sticky, warm semen deep within her womb. You grunt and groan as you continue to thrust gently, losing yourself in the moment.

Tifid's entire body twitches and shakes as she holds onto you as hard as she can. Not knowing how to cope with the mind-numbing pleasure ripping through her, she simply presses her lips to yours, hoping that somehow, the act of kissing will allow her to focus and find some way to deal with this.

The two of you remain in the tub for quite some time, kissing and hugging each other tightly as you go on to fill her womb up with your love.

Tifid rests her head against your chest happily, sighing contently as she wraps her arms around you.

As you finish, you slowly pull out of her, chunks of your cum flowing from inside of her and dropping into the water. She gives a small moan of protest as you do so, as if she wants you to stay inside of her.

You sigh contently as you lie back against the tub. Tifid slumps forward onto you, panting in deep, sharp breaths. You can tell she's still struggling to come off the orgasm she experienced.

"Wow... wow..." she whispers, over and over again.

> You say "Wow is right. You came so hard, you started making flames... it didn't hurt at all though."

"I know... I don't even know what that was about... it's never happened before, I swear!"

"It was really sexy... not to mention really beautiful."

Tifid smiles as she cuddles against you.

"That was... so different. You're usually pretty rough, not that I dislike that, but that was just... wow."

> You say "I wanted to try something special."

"I can tell... I'm glad you did... that was wonderful, Gilly."

You snuggle up against Tifid, holding her tightly as she nuzzles against your chest. You smile happily, laughing in spite of yourself. This is the happiest you've been in a long, long time.

"Tifid..." you whisper.

"Mmh?" she asks.

“I love you...”

Tifid hugs you tightly, nuzzling her face against you.

“I love you too...”

Your heart flutters as you hold her tightly against you, resting your head against hers and closing your eyes.

It’s times like this that show that maybe... just maybe, you’re worth something after all.

> You clean ourselves up and head to bed together. Tomorrow is the day of the Regal Room heist operation. You will need to wake up early to prepare.

You drain the dirty water that’s been tainted by your lovemaking, and run a fresh bath. You both hold hands as you sit in the water, basking in the warmth and leaning into each other. After cleaning up proper, you get dressed and head to bed together.

You need to wake up early for the heist tomorrow, so you rest your head against her shoulder and close your eyes. You need all the rest you can get.

Tifid smiles as she pulls you close, nuzzling your chest.

“When I’m with you, I feel... safe... happy...” she whispers.

“I feel the same way. I feel like you can do anything. I’ll never let any harm come to you, Tifid.”

Tifid holds you tightly and stares up at you.

“Same here,” she says. “If anyone, or anything ever tries to hurt you, Gil, I promise I’ll protect you.”

“I know you would. We make a great team, don’t we?”

Tifid kisses you on the cheek and holds you close.

“We’re unbeatable.”

> You say “Hey Tif... random question, but is it true demons love DnD and all that nerdy shit?”

“Don’t call Dungeons & Dragons nerdy!”

Tifid’s voice is suddenly much louder. You wince, and she apologizes.

“Sorry, Gil... I just get a little defensive about that. Yeah, it’s true. Why do you ask?”

“I guess I just didn’t think about it before. I mean you’re literally a demon. It’s hard to imagine that you play roleplaying games.”

“Of course I do! All the time! You should see my collection of D&D figurines, I have everyone from the 5th Edition Starter Set, the entire Baldur’s Gate set, and the entire Midwinter set. I even have the exclusive Morrigan and Werewolf figurine!”

> You say “I don’t know what any of that means, but if you’re that into it, maybe you can try teaching me sometime.”

“You want me to teach you?”

“Yeah. I mean, it can’t be that hard, can it?”

Tifid rubs her cheeks against your chest as she thinks.

“Well... I guess I could try teaching you. It would be fun to see the face of the great Spell Thief when he realizes he’s hopeless at something.”

> You say “Hey, don’t underestimate me. I’ll probably kick ass at D&D.”

Tifid laughs and rolls her eyes playfully.

“Oh, Gilly. You’re so clueless and adorable. But if you’re serious, I’ll teach you everything I know.”

> You say “Alright, thanks for answering. Let’s get some sleep.”

“Sure thing, babe.”

Tifid kisses your chest and wraps her arms around you. You lay on your side and grab her by the waist, pulling her closer to you. The two of you fall asleep in an embrace.

The next morning, you wake up at the crack of dawn to prepare for the imminent heist. The Regal Room doesn't open until after dark, but that doesn't mean you're unprepared. There's plenty of things to do to get ready.

> You double check your gear: Hornet Gun, communications devices, hacking modules, magical talismans... the works.

You have all the gear you need to pull this off. Once night comes, and the Regal Room opens, you'll don your disguises and begin the operation. You keep the plan in mind: Tifid will play the part of a celebrity guest - the Lady of the Buer House. You will play the part of her muscled bodyguard. She will use her rank and influence in the demon world to bypass security and distract Rostov and the guests, while you will make your way to the penthouse, where the marriage contract is kept. You are to break in, steal the contents, then escape out the window with your life. This is easier said than done. But you WILL get it done.

> You wait for nightfall, don your fancy casino-themed disguises, and pull up to the Regal Room in style.

You pull up to the Regal Room's entrance and step out first, before walking around the vehicle and opening the passenger door for Tifid. All of the gathering guests immediately turn their attention towards you, and begin whispering to one another as they point in your direction. It's an intimidating feeling, having so many eyes focused on you. You hear hushed murmurs like:

"Who the hell are they?"

"Did they seriously just show up in a fucking sports car?"

"I thought only movie stars could get away with that..."

“Wait a minute, that’s not a movie star... that’s Lady Tifid! The daughter of the Buer House herself!”

“She’s even more beautiful in person... and she’s wearing diamonds!”

“Who’s the other one, her bodyguard?”

“He must be. He looks like he could crush a man in half. Is that a horn in his forehead? No... that’s just his hair.”

“He looks mean. I bet he’s a hitman. Or a mercenary.”

Despite being dressed in a classy tuxedo, you’re getting some very negative attention. That’s just as well, seeing as you’re supposed to be playing the part of Tifid’s “mean, burly hired gun.”

“Don’t listen to them, Gil,” Tifid says, as you help her out of the car. “I happen to think you look dashing in your tux.”

> You say “Oh, I want them to be scared of me. I’m not letting any punk-ass ‘admirers’ get too close to you.”

“Oh, I want them to be scared of me. I’m not letting any punk-ass ‘admirers’ get too close to you.”

“I appreciate the thought,” Tifid smiles. “But you don’t need to be violent. I can take care of myself. If anyone gets out of line, I’ll put them in their place. Besides, you’re here with me. That’s all that matters.”

> You say “Y-Yeah. Of course, Tif. Sorry, got a bit overprotective, I guess.”

“Y-Yeah. Of course, Tif. Sorry, got a bit overprotective, I guess.”

“I understand,” she smiles, putting her hand on your arm.

As soon as Tifid steps out of the car, the two of you are bombarded by flashing cameras and screaming reporters.

“Lady Tifid, who designed your dress tonight?”

“Lady Tifid, we didn’t expect to see you here. Did Lord Rostov invite you?”

“Lady Tifid, how does it feel to be the most beautiful woman in the room?”

Tifid politely smiles and answers a few questions before walking toward the entrance with you by her side.

A young valet pushes past the horde of guests to greet you.

“May I... take your vehicle, sir?” the teenager asks. Judging by the horns on his head, he appears to be a young demon.

“Sure, buddy,” you say, handing him the keys. The valet nods his head respectfully and begins to head towards your car.

“Thank you,” Tifid tells the teenager. “By the way, do you know if Sir Kit is here tonight?”

The valet thinks for a moment.

“I think I saw him head inside not too long ago,” he answers.

“I see. Thank you again.”

> You enter the Regal Room like total fucking ballers.

You and Tifid walk straight up to the Regal Room’s entrance. You flip your shades up and pop your collar for effect, while Tifid doesn’t even need to do anything special to look extravagant.

“Good evening, madam,” the guards say in unison, opening the Regal Room’s doors for you.

Tifid smiles and gives them a friendly wave as the two of you move inside.

The horde of reporters and paparazzi try to follow you in, but are shut out by the guards.

Tifid is at your side, laughing and smiling as you weave through the crowd of guests. Suddenly, she grabs your arm and stops you.

“Gil... look over there,” Tifid says, in a low whisper.

You look across the room and spot Lord Rostov and Kit standing on a balcony above the entrance hall.

> You take a good, long look at Rostov and Kit, burning their appearance into your mind.

You stand next to Tifid and look up at Rostov. He’s a tall, well-dressed demon. While his body is that of a man’s, his head resembles a monstrous-looking bird with a complex pattern of black, red feathers. These feathers extend down from his head, giving the impression of human hair.

Rostov is looking down from the balcony at the guests, along with his right-hand man, Kit. Kit is a young man with long, silver hair and a pretty face. So pretty, in fact, that it's a little unnerving. He smiles a lot, but you can sense a hint of ruthlessness in that smile. He's not looking at the guests though: he's looking in your direction. More specifically, he's looking at Tifid.

Kit just smiles slyly and looks back at Rostov, who is starting to speak.

Tifid pulls you closer to her.

"Come on, we have to go meet them," she whispers in your ear.

"Do we have to?" you ask, a little annoyed. "I'd rather just get on with the plan."

"This is part of the plan, silly," Tifid says.

The pair of you walk up a large set of stairs and onto the balcony of overlooking the guest hall.

"There she is, the immaculate Lady Buer," Rostov says in a booming voice as you approach. "Come, allow me to welcome you to my humble palace of pleasures."

He turns and extends a hand towards Tifid.

Tifid steps forward and takes it, and he raises her hand up to his lips. He kisses the back of her hand softly.

"The pleasure is all mine, Lord Rostov," she responds.

"And, I'm sure you already know my personal guard," he says, gesturing towards Kit.

Kit smiles towards you.

Tifid shoots him a look of disgust, but manages to keep her cool.

"Yes, we've met," she responds. "It's a pleasure to see you again, Kit."

He just continues smiling.

"And who is this?" he asks, looking over you. "I don't believe I've seen you before."

> You introduce yourself with a fake identity.

"I'm Lady Buer's new servant," you say in a firm voice.

"Ah, a servant, eh?" Kit says. "Well, I'll be kind to you. After all, I was once in your position."

You blink in silence. “I’m sorry... You were once in my position? What do you mean?”

Kit’s smile widens as he looks over at Tifid.

“... Oh, you didn’t tell him? That’s not very nice. And here I thought we were all professionals,” he says.

“I was getting to it,” Tifid snaps at him.

Kit opens his mouth to continue, but is interrupted Rostov.

“Now, now, let’s not fight,” he says. “The night’s just begun. Lady Tifid, I’ll see you afterwards, I’m sure.”

Tifid straightens herself up. “Yes, of course,” she responds.

Rostov bids you goodbye and leaves, with Kit following.

As they turn to leave, you notice a large black bat flying next to Kit. It’s connected to him by an intricate black chain that wraps around his wrist. The two don’t speak or look at each other, but the bat seems to follow his every move.

> You turn to Tifid and say “Kit worked for you?? Why didn’t you tell me?!”

Tifid sighs as she looks at you.

“Honestly Gilly, the less you know about Kit, the better. I’ll tell you all about it in due time, I promise.”

You frown and look away. It always feels like there’s more secrets with her.

> You “That’s not good enough. I thought we were partners. I’m tired of the plot twists.”

Tifid smiles, and places her hand on your shoulder.

“You’re right, Gilly. I’ll tell you everything soon.”

“That’s what you said last time,” you say with a frown.

Tifid looks down, and then back at you.

“I promise, okay? Now come on, let’s get going,” she says.

> You grab her arm and say “Please, Tif. Don’t hide things from me. What’s so bad that you can tell me now?”

Tifid looks at you and sighs.

“You may not like me after I tell you.”

“That won’t change how I feel about you.”

Tifid bites her lip nervously.

“Well... Kit and I used to go out. We were in love, or at least I thought we were. Then he pulled that stunt where he tried to kidnap me. I nearly killed him for that. Now he’s trying to pull the same stunt with Rostov’s help.”

> You say “I see... so the marriage wasn’t just a political thing. You really loved him, huh?”

Tifid’s eyes widen, and she looks away. It takes her a moment to compose herself, but after a second she manages to turn back toward you with a smile.

“Only a little,” she says.

“You can’t fool me, Tifid. I can tell it still hurts you.”

“I’ll get over it,” she says with a shrug.

> You pull her somewhere private, kiss her on the lips, and say “Fuck that twink bastard. You’ve got me, and I’m the shit.”

Tifid’s eyes widen, and she blushes.

“Someone’s confident,” she says, looking up at you slyly.

“I’ll show you confidence,” you say with a smirk, picking her up bridal style and walking into the next room.

Tifid screams in surprise, but the screams turn into laughter as you kiss her.

“Gil, the heist! We can’t just...”

“Oh shit, you’re right!” you say.

“Stick to the plan. I’ll be here waiting,” Tifid says with a wink.

> You say “Gotcha, I’ll my make my way to the stairs. Let me know when you manage to deactivate the security to the penthouse.”

“Got it,” Tifid says. “Be careful, and try not to hurt yourself.”

Tifid plants a kiss on you, then turns and walks off. You watch her go, then head to the stairs. You walk down to the stairwell, but find the entrance guarded by two massive figures, each holding flaming halberds. These must be the infamous Clockwork Men whom you’ve heard so much about. They must be really into the whole clock motif down here.

“Halt, intruders must be reported to Lord Rostov!” one of them says in a monotone voice.

> You say “Listen, pal, I need to get to the Game Floor. Can you let me by?”

“The way to the Game Floor is through the elevator. Please take it,” the other one says in a monotone voice.

“As you have said, comrade,” the first one says in a monotone voice.

They stare at you, waiting for you to take the hint and go away.

This won’t do. You need to access the stairwell to move on with the heist plan.

> You say “Okay, but consider this. That guy’s drive train is waaay bigger than yours, and he knows it.”

The Clockwork Men stop talking stop, and look at each other.

“I.. I don’t like where this is going,” one of them says.

“Neither do I, comrade. But let’s face it, mine is superior to yours,” the other one says.

The first one nods. “You’re right. I can accept that.”

“Thank you,” the other one says.

They both draw their swords, and charge at you.

“Oh come on!” you shout, rolling your eyes.

> You duck between their swings and stick them with water talismans.

You duck under the swords of the first Clockwork Man, then hit him with a water talisman. He begins to rust and slow down, before you smash his head in with your elbow.

The other one hits you with his hilt, sending you to the floor. As you stand up, you unleash a spray of water at him, but he blocks it with his sword. He swings, but you're quick enough to dodge it. You keep your distance from his sword, before you jump over him and hit him with a growth talisman. Vines entangle him, before he becomes too big and falls to the floor. You push him into a corner, and now he looks just like a decorative statue.

> You shove the remains of the other Clockwork Man into a nearby broom closet, then go into the stairwell.

You open up the door to the stairwell, and begin to head up it. The penthouse floor is a few stories up, and you'll need to wait for Tifid to open the door for you. You begin to hear scuffling behind you, and turn around. The other Clockwork Man you jammed into the broom closet is following you. He begins to pick himself up, before charging at you with a yell.

“Shut up!” you hiss, kicking him in the face.

He crumples to the floor, trying to stand up again.

> You throw his parts down the stairwell so he can't put himself back together again.

You rip his arm from his body, and toss it down the stairwell. You hear a loud thud and a clatter as it lands somewhere far below. The head quickly follows, rolling down. The legs follow, tumbling down the stairs. He's dead now, you can be sure of that.

> You dust your hands off, and begin heading up toward the penthouse level.

You walk up the stairwell, to the penthouse floor. You try the door, but find it still locked. You wait for Tifid to deactivate the wards. The wards fizzle out with a beep, and the light turns green. You grab the handle, and head inside.

You walk into the penthouse, looking around. You see Kit, lying on a sofa in front of a large window. Outside the window, you can see the city stretching out towards the horizon. Kit wakes up as you enter.

> You run up and slap him as hard as you can to put him back to sleep.

You run up and slap Kit as hard as you can. Just before your hand reaches his face, Kit's hand snaps forward and he grabs your wrist. You have no time to react, and Kit grabs your wrist with one hand and jams the other fist into your stomach, knocking the wind out of you. He stands up, pushing you against the wall and holding you in place.

"You were a fool to come here," Kit says softly.

He drops your arm, and you slide down the wall and sit on the floor, winded. He across the penthouse, heading over to a large window. He looks out at the view of Sinful Bliss City.

"It's beautiful, isn't it?" Kit says, staring out the window. "From up here, it's just... the city is so peaceful from up here. You wouldn't know just how peaceful it really is."

"Why are you doing this?" you ask.

"You wouldn't understand," Kit says softly.

> You "Save it, you prick. Since you're here, I guess I don't have to play pretend anymore."

"I wouldn't expect you to understand. You don't have the mental capacity to follow what I was talking about."

You try to think of something to say in response, but can't find anything. Kit chuckles softly, then sighs.

"I'm assuming you're here to try to stop me from marrying Tifid," Kit says.

"Yeah," you say. "I'll do whatever it takes to stop that from happening."

"You realize that if you fail, there's nothing stopping me from taking your head?" Kit says, smiling.

> You say "Why? Is something wrong with yours?"

"Fucking smart ass," Kit says. "You don't even want to know what I'm going to do to Tifid? You don't care?"

"I know exactly what you're going to do to her," you say. "You're going to break her heart and take her away from everything and everyone she knows and loves. Why the fuck would I care about that?"

Kit raises an eyebrow, looking back out the window.

"That's... probably true. But it's necessary. Our marriage is necessary for the future of this planet."

"How's that?" you ask.

"After we're wed, I will ascend to become a full fledged demon lord. At that point, I will have more power and influence to... properly attempt to stop the coming darkness."

Kit closes his eyes, and sighs softly.

"That's why this is necessary," Kit says.

> You say "Oh yeah? Demons are everywhere, you dumbass. We don't need another one. Why are you so special?"

Kit rubs his temples, sighing as he does so.

"Because, you imbecile, I'm an angel. I'm not some God-forsaken demon, nor am I a mere mortal," Kit says. "I am an agent of TRUE order and good. The world needs a me to watch over it."

Kit goes silent, opening his eyes once more.

"Now, enough of this. Let's get on with this duel before I become too tempted to unleash my divine wrath upon you. So, are you ready?"

Kit asks.

> You “No. I don’t really want to fight you. I’m just going to walk over to Rostov’s bedroom real quick.”

Kit narrows his eyes, staring at you as he slowly unsheathes his sword.

“You’re trying my patience, human.”

“I’m not doing anything of the sort,” you say, walking past Kit.

As you enter Rostov’s bedroom, you notice that the man himself is nowhere to be found.

> You look for the marriage contract.

You search the room for the marriage contract, but you realize it could be anywhere. You begin to look under furniture and inside drawers, but you can’t find it.

“What are you looking for?” Kit asks.

“The marriage contract!” you say.

“That’s classified information, human,” Kit says.

You continue to look, but still can’t find it.

> You text Tifid: “Babe. Kit says he’s an angel. Can’t find marriage contract in Rostov’s room.”

You send the text and wait for Tifid’s reply. She always has the best information. Tifid replies instantly.

Tifid: “What do you mean? He’s not an angel.”

You stare at the message in confusion, then turn to Kit.

“You really are an angel, aren’t you?”

“I told you that already. Do you not trust the word of God?” Kit asks.

“But... but... you’re evil!”

“No, I’m the embodiment of justice,” Kit says. “Now show some respect.”

> You text Tifid: “Kit says he’s an angel. Embodiment of justice. Still can’t find contract.”

You wait for a response from Tifid. She's prone to messaging you back immediately, so you expect her to do so soon.

She replies a few minutes later.

Tifid: "I'm on my way there. Just stay in the room and don't do anything stupid."

You put your phone away and stare at Kit, who is tapping his foot impatiently.

> You attempt to buy some time until Tifid arrives by saying "Alright, you boy scout, if you're so just, then what's the answer to the trolley problem?"

"What's that?" Kit asks, looking confused.

You explain the trolley problem, and after a moment of thought Kit answers.

"I would get on the track, allowing the trolley to hit me, but also stopping it from hitting everyone behind that. That's how I would do it."

"That's nonsense," you say. "The trolley would run you over, then hit everyone else!"

"No, it wouldn't," Kit says. "I'm a fucking angel."

> You say "Fuck, maybe that wasn't the best thing to ask. Okay, new question: what are you going to do about that giant demon bee behind you?"

"Demon bee?" Kit asks, looking behind him.

"Fucking idiot," you say, as you run up to him and kick him in the shin.

Kit falls over, as you expected him to.

> You kick his pansy twink-boy ass.

You take advantage of your position, and begin to wail on Kit.

"You like that, Kit? You like getting your ass kicked by the big man?" you say, as you knee him in the stomach.

"Please stop!" Kit begs, as you begin to punch him in the face.

"Ah! You little!" Kit cries as you bring a fist down on his head.

You punch him several times in the face until he stops struggling. Then, after catching your breath, you start searching him for anything that might help you find the contract.

After a few minutes of searching, you find a crumpled note in one of his pockets. You open it up, and see that it's a poem.

It reads:

To get to the wedding hall,
You need to follow my song.
First there's wood,
Then there's wool,
Then the door you will find.

"That's fucking stupid," you mutter. "This riddle doesn't even rhyme."

> You look around for a fireplace, maybe.

There's a fireplace in the room, but you don't see anything else that looks useful. You search around for something else that could be a door, but you come up empty-handed.

While you're searching, Tifid bursts through the door of the penthouse suite. "Gil! Where are you?"

"Over here!" you call from the fireplace.

Tifid runs over to you, following your voice. She spots Kit's unconscious body on the floor and jumps back in surprise.

"Holy shit! Did you do this to him?"

> You say "Yeah. Surprised I can handle myself?"

"Yeah... I mean no. I just, um, didn't expect you to be able to beat him in a fight." Tifid says, staring at Kit's body.

She nudges him with her foot to make sure that he's unconscious, then quickly runs over to the corner of the penthouse suite.

"We need to find the door quickly! I can hear him stirring. He might wake up soon!"

You move quickly over to where Tifid is, and search for what you think could be a door.

> You say “Here, look at this riddle. It mentions a song, then wood, then wool. What could it mean?”

“I don’t fucking know! I’m working on it, though!” Tifid says, staring intently at the rest of the room.

You see what resembles a door frame hidden behind a tapestry, and walk in that direction.

“Wait a second... I think I see something.”

“Well don’t touch it! It could be a trap!”

> You say “Let’s find out!” and throw Kit’s unconscious body at the tapestry.

“What the fuck are you doing?!” Tifid shouts, but it’s too late.

You throw Kit’s unconscious body at the tapestry, and it falls to the ground. Kit falls on the ground as well, and lets out a pained groan. The door doesn’t seem to be trapped.

> You give Tifid a thumbs up.

Tifid slowly lets out a sigh, then gives you a thumbs up in return.

“Let’s go,” she whispers.

You both walk over to the door and leave Kit behind. The two of you enter a hallway, and move quickly but as quietly as you can.

“Should we really just leave him like that? What if he gets mad when he wakes up?” you ask.

“He’s smart enough to know that if he tries to kill us when he wakes up, we’ll just kill him first. Let’s go,” Tifid responds.

You nod, and follow her lead. After a few minutes, the two of you arrive at a large, open room. In the middle of the room is a large, clear case with what looks like a scroll inside.

> You say “Is that the marriage contract?”

“That’s the scroll, yeah.”

“Do you think you can open that?”

Tifid shakes her head.

“No, I can’t touch it, that’s the whole point,” she responds.

The two of you think for a moment.

“What if we break it?” you ask.

“We can’t break it, there’s a magic shield protecting it.”

“Can we shoot it with the hornet gun?”

“Maybe, but it’s not going to be easy. Okay, here’s what you need to do...”

> You shoot the glass case with the hornet gun before Tifid can explain her plan.

You pull out your hornet gun and fire at the case. A stream of angry hornets fly out of the barrel and towards the case.

“Ugh! Gil!” Tifid yells in frustration.

The hornets shoot out, but then quickly turn around and start flying back to you. However, they don’t attack - they just hover around your head.

“What the heck?” you say in confusion. “I thought hornets were aggressive...”

The hornets are buzzing around your head for a while, as if they’re waiting for your orders.

> You command the hornets to seek out the security measures through their ability to detect radiation.

“Go find the security measures,” you say in a commanding voice.

The hornets leave your head and buzz around the room. The swarm breaks up into several smaller groups, each one flying in a different direction. These groups then fly up to the walls and disappear into small holes and cracks.

“Wow, Gil, I think this was a good idea,” Tifid says after a minute or two of waiting. “We might actually be able to pull this off.”

> You say “You know it, babe. I’m all about those good ideas.”

“You’re not wrong,” she replies, smiling. “This was a great call.”

The buzzing sound of the hornets flying back grows louder until they return through the holes in the walls. They find your head and quickly surround you again.

“So, what did you find?” Tifid asks.

> You start dancing and making buzzing noises to communicate with your hornet pals.

“Yup, you are definitely the weird one in this relationship,” Tifid says, rolling her eyes. “Just tell me what they said, please.”

The hornets reciprocate, buzzing a message back to you.

“They identified where the security measures are. The problem is, they’re everywhere. Watch your step, because there’s pressure pads under the floor. You trip those, and...”

“... And?” she says, raising an eyebrow.

“Uh... something about large screws falling from the ceiling. Like, really large screws.”

“That doesn’t sound good.”

“Yeah...” you say, scratching your head. “That doesn’t sound good.”

“We’re thieves. We deal with dangerous situations every day.”

“True,” you say. “But those things are dangerous in a whole other way.”

> You ask the hornets to lead you safely across the room to the glass case containing the marriage contract.

You wave your arm in the air to get the hornets’ attention, and then point to the floor, miming walking.

They fly into an upright position, as though they’re ready to march. They fly forward in single file, mapping out the safe route tile by tile. You follow them, and they fly back to inspect each tile before you step on it.

You reach the glass case without incident. Inside is a velvet pillow with a golden scroll on it. This must be the marriage contract.

“Hurry, Gil!” Tifid says from the entrance of the room. “Grab it and let’s go!”

> You lift up the glass case and grab the marriage contract.

You reach your hands inside the case and grab the marriage contract. As soon as you touch it, you hear a loud click behind you.

“Trap!” you shout, ducking under a swinging iron bar. It slams into the marriage contract, tearing through the scroll and lodging itself in the wall. Debris from the wall and the bar falls on you as you duck to the floor.

> You take a look at the state of the marriage contract.

The marriage contract is torn to shreds, useless. You grab the remains and head back to Tifid without triggering any more traps.

“It’s wrecked!” you tell her.

“Wait a second,” she says, and looks over the remains. Her eyes widen. “It’s fake! This is just a piece of parchment with the words ‘Marriage contract’ written on it in giant letters!”

> You slap your face and say “Doh! We fell for the oldest trick in the anti-heist book!”

You slap your face, open your eyes, and groan.

“We fell for the oldest trick in the book!” you say. “Now what?”

Tifid’s face is red with embarrassment.

“Well, let’s get out of here,” she says. “I don’t want to be in here any longer.”

You and Tifid attempt leave the vault, but the entrance is suddenly blocked by thick, unbreakable steel. Lord Rostov and his guards have trapped you in the vault!

“Oh my, what do we have here? A pair of thieves?” Lord Rostov laughs as he materializes out of the shadows. A large group of armed guards materializes with him. They have you surrounded.

“Lady Tifid, I’m disappointed, but not surprised, to find you here. It seems the apple doesn’t fall far from the tree.”

“What are you planning?” Tifid asks in a flat voice.

“I think you know,” Lord Rostov smiles. “You’re a smart girl. But let’s cut to the chase. Hand over your heartblade, I know you’ve given it to your incompetent boyfriend to hold, and I’ll go easy on the pair of you. You’ll be able to leave here alive.”

> You say “How the fuck do you know about that?!”

“How the fuck do you know about that?!”

“I’m a demon lord! Of course I know!” Lord Rostov laughs. “But if you’d like proof, in exchange for your heartblade, I can give you this,” he pulls out a photo and holds it up revealing a picture of you and Tifid kissing.

“How did you get a picture of us?” Tifid shouts.

> You say “Oh damn, that’s a good pic, tho. Like, the angle is perfect. And that slight blur, on the out-of-focus background? Kinda artsy.”

“Oh damn, that’s a good pic, tho. Like, the angle is perfect. And that slight blur, on the out-of-focus background? Kinda artsy.”

“Ah yes, I knew you’d appreciate it. After all, you are my son.” Lord Rostov says.

“What?!” you and Tifid exclaim.

“Ah, so finally you both know the truth. That’s right, boy, your full name is Gileon Malphas, and you are my son.”

“You’re lying,” Tifid says. “How the hell is that even possible?”

“Yeah!” you say. “That sounds like a load of bullshit to me.”

“It’s a long story,” Lord Rostov sighs. “To make it briefer than it actually was, I was depressed, and very very bored. Following the war, I decided to take a trip around the world, in a human form, just to see if I could find something new, something interesting. And after stumbling upon a town, I saw your mother. She was a prostitute who lived in the slums of that town. The poor lass didn’t have

much, not even a sound mind. I offered her a good price, and she accepted. A few months later, you were born.”

> You say “That’s fucking nonsense! You just pulled that out of your ass! If you’re really my father, prove it, asshole!”

“Ah, of course, proof. Hang on.” Lord Rostov says, pulling out a book. He opens it to a page with a date, and a short note.

April 18,

I had a good time tonight. No baby-momma drama, that’s for sure.

“There! See?” Lord Rostov says.

> You say “D-Dad?”

“Buh?” Lord Rostov says, looking up.

“Dad... no, sorry. I just... I had a lot of trouble believing you at first, but I guess the proof is right there, isn’t it? And I...” you say.

Tears begin to well in your eyes as you realize that you’ve finally unlocked the biggest secret in your life.

Tifid slaps you upside the head.

“What was that for!?” you ask.

“You idiot! Don’t fall for his tricks!”

> You say “Of course I knew it was a trick! I just kidding around.”

“This isn’t the time for jokes, Gil!” Tifid shouts.

Lord Rostov smiles and shrugs.

“But Gileon, if I weren’t your father, then could I do this?”

He raises a scaled finger to his lips, and blows. You see a red glint in his eye, and immediately begin to feel weak in the knees.

“Wh-what are you doing to me?” you ask.

“Oh, just affirming our blood bond. Now be a good boy and hand over the heartblade.”

You feel your body move against your will, and your fingers fumble to grab the handle of the heartblade. You try to struggle against it, but find you cannot resist Rostov's control.

> You say "Now wait just a minute. I'm already Tifid's boyfriend. If you're really my father like you say, then doesn't that work out for you?"

"You wish, boy. You're just a human. A mistake that will soon be corrected. I have no use for you beyond your value as a puppet."

You feel your arm extend outwards, offering the blade to Lord Rostov.

Rostov reaches out to take the blade from you, but his hand is suddenly wreathed by a black flame. He withdraws it, and shakes it in pain.

Tifid laughs.

"Didn't expect that, did you?" she says.

"That was foolish, Lady Tifid. You may be too powerful for me to control directly, but I can still hurt you."

"And that's your last threat? You're really lacking in imagination, you know that? No wonder you lost to my father!" Tifid says with a smug grin on her face.

"Watch your tone, girl," Rostov warns. "This is my domain. I will menace how I please."

"Sure it is. And you're doing such a great job of menacin- AGH!"

Tifid twists in the air, letting out a scream of pain. Blood begins to drip from her nose, as she falls to her knees.

Rostov walks over, calmly, and yanks her up by the arm.

"Now, my fair lady, I believe we have a marriage contract to sign."

> You say "You fucking BASTARD! I'LL KILL YOU!"

As Rostov extends his finger towards you once again and grins.

"It's past your bedtime, little boy. Time for you to sleep."

Your eyes close of their own accord, and you sleep. The world goes dark and silent. You do not dream.





You awake to find yourself in a cell of some sort. You are in excruciating pain, and you look up to see that you've been chained to a wall. It's anyone's guess how long you've been hanging for.

You look down and realize that you have been stripped naked, and your body is covered with scars. It's only then that you remember what they did to you. You were brought to the Regal Room's underground floor, and you were tortured for days.

> You look around for anyone else in sight.

You hear the sound of footsteps coming from your left. You look over, and to your surprise, you see Kit walking towards you. He opens the cell doors and steps inside, walking right up to you.

"Kit..." you rasp.

"Still alive, rat?" Kit says. His tone is one of coldness and malice. "Look at you. I've never seen anyone in such a pitiful state. You're barely even a man anymore. You're nothing but an animal."

"What... happened... to... Tifid?"

"Oh you'll see her soon enough, though probably not in the way you think."

You wince in pain as Kit grinds a gloved finger into an open wound.

"AAAAGH! FUCK, YOU PRICK!"

"That's for stealing my princess, you filthy rat."

> You say "Heh... What can I say...? I'm the best thief in the business..."

"And that's exactly what you'll always be. A filthy, common thief. Not worthy enough to even be called an insect."

Kit speaks with such venom that spit flies from his mouth and lands on your face.

“A worm like you would never amount to anything, least of all Tifid’s partner. She needs a true equal, like me. I’m going to make her so happy, and you on the other hand, are going to suffer. You’ll watch as I take everything from you. Your freedom, your woman, then your life.”

> You say “Christ... you are pathetic. Look at you... molesting a naked, helpless man. Go on... suck me off while you’re at it.”

A cold, emotionless stare turns to one of anger. Kit grits his teeth as he delivers a relentless flurry of fists to you. He repeatedly punches you in the face, the pain so severe that it feels like your skull could shatter from the force.

“You worthless fucking rodent! Ugh! I’m going to enjoy watching you die!”

Kit pauses to regain his composure and notices that you remain defiant. He snarls and steps back, readying another strike. Just then, a voice calls out from the doorway.

A large demon clad in riot gear enters, wielding a large and menacing spear.

“Sir Kit, what’s going on in here? I heard shouting.”

Kit looks to you with murder in his eyes, before turning to the new arrival.

“Nothing, just subduing the prisoner.”

The demon simply nods.

“Lord Rostov has declared that this one will be the next to fight. The bookies have given odds on whether he’ll survive the next match.”

Kit smirks at the news, and he turns back to you.

“Oh, what fun. Maybe I’ll pick up some of your teeth as a reminder of your failure. This has been fun, but I have other places to be, like picking up my wedding tux. Enjoy the arena, and the rest of your short life.”

> You say “Just you wait, Kit. I’m fucking coming for you. You and Rostov both. You pieces of shit!”

Kit cackles as the guards escort him back out. They then proceed to lock your cell. You spend some time motionless, recovering from your many wounds. You

hurt in various places on your body, and while the pain is sharp, it's not enough to take your mind off of the throbbing in your skull. You can only guess that you have a concussion. After a few hours, the guards return and unlock your shackles, only to put you in heavier cuffs.

"You're up." One of them says gruffly.

They toss you a pair of ragged pants, which you put on as best you can with your wrists bound together.

The two then grab you and forcibly drag you out of your cell. You try to walk but stumble, sending a bolt of pain through your head. The two notice, and one injects you with something through your neck.

You immediately feel a jolt of energy, and the pain in your head goes away.

> You say "What the fuck was that? What'd you stick me with?"

"Hell if I know," the guard says. "Sure feels good, doesn't it? We give it to all the combatants in the arena. Gives 'em a little pick-me-up before a match."

"It makes for a better show!" the other guard says, laughing.

"Where are we going?" You ask.

"Where do you think? You're having your death match before the wedding. If you win, which you won't, you get to live. If you lose, well... you won't be around to see your precious Tifid marry that pansy-ass angel! Ha ha ha!"

> You say "Just wondering... what are my odds?"

"Oh, let's see... you're fighting two orcs AND a troll. Those are some mighty poor odds. I'd say... twenty-to-one?"

> You say "Perfect. Bet on me, big guy, and you'll never have to work again."

"Ha ha! That's a good one, kid. You know, I might just do that!"

The guards take you to an elevator, remove your shackles, and throw you in.

"This thing goes straight up into the arena. Good luck, kid. By the way... what the fuck is your name?"

> You say “Gil. Remember it, if you ever need anything stolen.”

“You’re a real joker, kid,” the guard says. “See you on the other side.”

The elevator doors close, and you begin your ascension. It feels like an eternity. Eventually...

Click!

The elevator doors open, and you’re nearly blinded by floodlights. You walk out into the center of a massive arena. You see hundreds, perhaps thousands, of people watching you. The audience consists of both humans and demons. They cheer at the sight of you, and all around you two dozen monitors show a live feed of your face.

> You check the screen for your moniker.

The video billboard in front of you reads “GILEON: THE MORTAL BASTARD”. The graphic explodes, only to be replaced with a large, demonic skull. Underneath that is yet another subtitle, which reads “VS”. The graphic explodes again, and another label appears: “HECTOR, HUGO, and PYTHON: TRIPLE THREAT!”

The stadium explodes with cheers. The announcer begins talking, but you can’t hear them over the sound of the crowd. The camera focuses on your opponents. The two orcs look like monsters, but the troll... he just looks scary. All three of them are wearing some sort of decorative armor that’s more for show than defense.

> You scan the crowd to see if you can spot either Rostov, Kit, or, most importantly, Tifid.

The stadium is massive, and it takes you a while to peer through the sea of horns, wings, and spikes to find Tifid. She’s now wearing a magnificent, white wedding dress. It’s extremely long, with an elaborate train that drags along the ground behind her. She’s sitting in a private box owned by Lord Rostov which is walled off by a pane of thick glass, presumably for the demon lord’s own protection.

Tifid looks miserable, and rightfully so. Her eyes are red and puffy, no doubt from crying. The skin around her eyes is also dark, which makes her look almost like she's wearing eye shadow. As soon as she sees you, she runs up to the glass wall and starts pounding on it. She begins screaming something you can't hear, but from her mouth movements, you can guess it's your name.

> You blow Tifid a kiss and give her a thumbs up.

Tifid stares at you in disbelief, then slaps her hands over her face. She then kisses her fingertips and presses them against the glass before collapsing to her knees. She must be beside herself with worry, but there's nothing you can do except give a wink. That gets a weak smile out of her, before she goes back to looking miserable.

After checking in on Tifid, you return your attention to the fight at hand. Namely, three massive monsters all intent on killing you. You doubt you'll even be able to kill one of them before the other two put you down.

But somehow, you're not worried. Perhaps it's because you know Tifid is here in the stands, watching. Perhaps it's because you've come this far and there's no point in getting killed now. Or perhaps it's because you're always in the presence of death in the first place; why worry if it comes a little sooner than expected?

In any case, you prepare yourself for battle.

> You channel all of the enhancement runes tattooed into your left arm, and push them to their limits.

You thrust all of your focus into the enhancement runes in your tattoo, and a magnificent flash of energy ripples out from them. You feel the magic burn through your muscles, making them more powerful than ever before.

The announcer steps into the center of the ring and sets down his microphone. He lets out a long, high-pitched whistle, and the audience quiets down.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FOLKS, WELCOME TO THE FINAL BOUT OF THE CONTEST OF CHAMPIONS!" he shouts into the microphone. The audience applauds, but the referee shuts them down.

"TONIGHT, IN THE REGAL ROOM ONLY, YOU CAN SEE A TRULY UNIQUE SHOW OF VIOLENCE. WE HAVE FOR YOU, BRUTAL COM-

BAT BETWEEN A HUMAN, TWO ORCS, AND A TROLL! LET'S HEAR IT FOR OUR FIGHTERS!"

You hear the roar of the crowd as they clap and cheer. You can make out some of the cheers and jeers.

"Ha ha ha ha! Three against one? That's hardly fair! Three to one! Three to one!"

"Look at that human! He's a scrawny thing! Poor pathetic little monkey!"

"Think we'll see blood?"

"Do it, man! Slaughter the non-humans! They're nothing but animals!"

The announcer's whistle cuts through the noise once again.

"START THE BOUT!"

> You punch the troll as hard as you can, with all of your runes revving at maximum, and see how much damage it does.

You get the jump on your opponents. You quickly draw your fist back and ram it upward, straight into the troll's jaw. His head snaps back as his feet leave the ground. You feel his jaw shatter into pieces and his teeth scrape across his tongue as he flies up. He lets out a gurgling scream as his body begins to twist and turn in the air.

The audience gasps as you watch the troll fall back toward the ring with a heavy thud. His body lies still.

You wince as you feel your knuckles fracture and bruise. The pain is tremendous, but you ignore it. It was a necessary price to win.

"OH MY! DID YOU SEE THAT?"

"TWO TO ONE, ORCS! TWO TO ONE!"

The orc on the left slowly walks over to the troll's body. He nudges it with his foot. The troll doesn't move.

> You spit on the floor, raise your good hand, and gesture to the orcs in a "bring it" motion.

The orcs look at each other, then back at you. They grunt something in their language, and begin to move forward slowly. You wait with bated breath as they get closer and closer.

The orc on the left suddenly swipes at your legs. You leap over the swing and land a heavy, painful kick right in the center of his face. You hear a crunch as his nose breaks and his face caves in on itself. The other orc swings at you, but you duck out of the way. You reach your hands up and grab his arm. With all of your might, you yank it downward and pull him toward you. You twist, and toss him over your shoulder, using the momentum to slam his elbow onto the floor. He lets out a yell as his arm snaps at the elbow.

> You stomp his lights out.

You raise your foot and bring your heel down onto his face. You hear a crushing sound as his nose crunches and collapses inward.

His eyes roll back into his head as he falls unconscious.

> You turn to the other orc and say “Really? This is it? I didn’t even try.”

The remaining orc stares at you, his face turning red with anger. He lets out a horrible yell and charges at you. You quickly leap out of the way. His forward momentum causes him to trip over his two injured friends. He slams into the ground face first.

> You put him in a rear naked choke hold.

You grab him from behind, your forearm pressed against his neck. You squeeze tightly as he starts to struggle and yell. He’s not going anywhere though. You increase the pressure, and he slowly fades out of consciousness.

You hold him until he goes limp.

You drop the body of the orc beside you.

Diplomacy is over.

> You look up at Tifid and scream “BABE, I WON!”

Tifid probably can’t hear you from behind the glass of the private box, but she seems to understand. She goes absolutely wild, jumping up and down, and hugging you through the glass. Even the guards seem mildly impressed.

“NOW WAIT JUST A MOMENT, FOLKS! IT LOOKS LIKE THERE’S A NEW DEVELOPMENT IN THE RING!”

The announcer points to the entrance on the other side of the arena. You look up to see a figure entering the ring. It’s a young man with long hair tied in a pony tail, and wearing knight armor. On his hip is a silver sword, and on his back is a silver shield with a red cross. He raises his hands in the air, to an enormous reaction from the crowd.

“Please welcome Sir Kit of the Cherubim!”

The announcer’s words are met with thunderous cheers. Seems like most people have switched to rooting for Kit, and booing you.

> You say “Nice getup. Don’t suppose I’ll get anything like that.”

Kit snorts at your comment.

“This is my battle armor, you idiot. I fight for God and the Church, this is what I use.”

Despite the situation, you can’t help but laugh at that.

> You say “A sword AND a shield? A bit overdressed to fight someone completely unarmed, don’t you think? Or are you really that scared of me?”

Kit’s face hardens at your mockery, and he levels his sword at you.

“I’m going to enjoy killing you.”

With that, he charges towards you. He swings the sword, but you duck under it and keep close to his body. You throw a punch at his stomach, but he twists to the side and lets it fly past him.

> You kick sand into his eyes.

You quickly kick sand into his eyes, and he drops his sword.

“AAAAGH! MY EYES!” Kit screams, desperately trying to wipe the sand out of his eyes.

You quickly grab his sword and pull it out of his grip. He falls to his knees, and you push the tip of the blade against his throat.

> You say “Dude, you suck.”

“You filth! That was a dirty trick!” Kit shouts.

You smirk at his complaint.

“I thought angels were meant to be good and just. You’re terrible, and just lost the fight.”

“I won’t let you mock me!” Kit shouts, as two glowing wings sprout from his back. A halo floats above his head, and he charges at you. He grabs your wrist and twists, causing you to drop the sword. He picks it up before it even hits the ground.

“Now you’re gonna get it.” Kit says, twisting his sword straight into your gut.

You wince as the pain shoots through you, but Kit isn’t finished. He twists the sword again, opening up the wound further and causing more pain. He twists a third time, and with a scream you fall to the ground, writhing in pain.

> You look down to see the damage.

You look down to see Kit’s sword sticking out of your stomach. A steady stream of blood is pouring down the blade and onto the sand. You can feel your strength fading away, and you know you don’t have long left.

“Any last words, joker?” Kit asks, lifting up his sword.

> You say “Yeah... please... come closer... I need to tell you...” then headbutt him when he comes close.

You cover your mouth and let out a forced, pretend cough.

“What? What is it?” Kit asks.

You take a moment to build up a larger cough, and when you think he’s close enough, you headbutt him in the face. He falls stumbles backwards, but doesn’t fall. Your little trick only makes him angrier, but you figure it wouldn’t matter for much longer.

“You little... you’re gonna pay for that!” Kit says, lifting his sword above his head. Kit brings the sword down, and your life comes to an end.

> You see the world move in slow motion, as one typically does during a dire moment. Look up at Tifid one last time.

Your vision starts to get blurry, but through the pain you can make out the shocked expression on Tifid’s face. You hear the smashing of glass, and then the light fluttering of leathery wings. Through your blurry vision you can just about make out Tifid’s figure barreling through the window of the private booth, and descending upon you.

You feel her hands on your face, and then everything fades away to blackness. In that moment, you hope that she’ll get out of here alive.

> You try to reach up and touch her face.

You try to reach up towards her, but the pain is overwhelming. She catches your hand and holds it against her cheek.

As your vision begins to fade away, you feel her warmth.

“Gil!! No... no no no no!!!” she sobs as she holds your head in her hands.

“Tifid...” you utter as blood trickles from your mouth. You can feel the taste of iron pooling on your tongue.

You take a deep breath and close your eyes. You take your last breath and feel your lungs deflate of air.

Kit seems to be saying something, but you can’t quite make it out.

The last thing you feel is Tifid’s hot tears splashing against your face.

You have died by the hand of Sir Kit, but it was all for the woman you loved.

> You see your life flash before your eyes.

You see yourself. A child, growing up in the slums. You come home one day to find your mother dead from an overdose. You are alone in this world.

You starve in the streets, and eventually get desperate enough to pick the pockets of Count Grey, the Vampire Count himself. You make a run for it, but Grey's men are faster than you. He breaks your legs and brings you back to his mansion. He nurses you back to health, and eventually trains you to be a thief.

Count Grey's training is the best there is, but he enslaves you all the same. He forces magical tattoos on you, and makes you to work for him. You perform various heists and robberies at his command. His favorite part of the job is beating you when you fail him.

You spend your teenage years in a cage. Sometimes he feeds you scraps, sometimes he lets you starve for days. Eventually, you make your escape, and strike it out on your own.

You still work in the underworld as a thief, stealing anything if the price is right. You meet Tifid, a fellow loner and criminal. You two form a bitter rivalry that eventually develops into love.

Your relationship is stormy, and you both constantly pester one another, but you wouldn't have it any other way. Tifid is stubborn, fiery, and independent, but she's all you want and need.

At the end of the day you know that you couldn't live without her.

You did all of this for her, and now you'll die in her arms.

It all seems so fitting somehow. You were born to love Tifid. Nothing else seems right. Even if it was brief, even if it was tragic, it was still perfect.

Your story ends here.

Except it doesn't.

> You ascend.

You awaken in a place filled with light. You're on some sort of floating platform. Far below you, a crowded city is laid out before you. People bustle through the streets, going about their daily lives. You can't help but be captivated by the sight.

A booming voice calls down to you, “Gileon Malphas! By the grace of God, I welcome you!”

You look to your left, and see a figure cloaked in white. A golden mask covers the figure’s face, and a shining halo floats behind his head. A tunic and robe made of fine cloth is worn by the figure, and in his hand he carries a staff with a glowing blue orb at the top.

> You say “Who are you? Where is this place?”

The figure looks down on you. “I am God.”

You scowl “That’s a terrible joke.”

God sighs heavily. “No, I’m serious. Terrible jokes are what you humans are good at.”

You stare in awe at the powerful being before you.

> You say “You can’t be God. God’s an old man with a beard, like Santa.”

God throws back his head and laughs heartily, the orb on his staff pulsing with blue light. “Oh, my children have been updating my image! I had no idea I inspired such creativity. You should see the odd ideas they come up with for Jesus! Still, can’t complain, it keeps them off the streets.”

The massive being before you radiates power and authority. You feel certain that he is everything he claims to be.

> You say “So... this is heaven? Am I dead?”

“Yes, Gileon, you have died. This is indeed the afterlife. It’s not quite what most humans imagine, but then most humans don’t get it until they arrive here.”

You look around at the gleaming white landscape. “So this is heaven? Does that mean I’m in the good place? How? I was a criminal my entire life, a thief. I never harmed anyone who didn’t deserve it, but...”

God smiles at you. “Gileon Malphas, your heart was always in the right place. You tried to protect the poor and the innocent whenever you could. That is a

good man, Gileon, regardless of the crimes you committed to put food on your table. There are many here in this after life who are far less deserving than you.”

“Truly?” You ask, unsure what to think.

“Yes, and most important of all, you died for love. That is the highest calling there is. We shall grant you a wish, as is customary for those who reach us with this calling.”

“Anything?” You ask, thinking quickly.

“Anything within my power, which really means anything at all.”

You take a moment to think, but really there is only one thing you want. “Alright then...”

> You say “Send me back. I need to go back to Earth. I still need to kick that prick Kit’s faggot ass.”

“I want to go back.”

God smiles. “Ah yes, the deceased often wish to return to the world they left behind. It is natural. Sadly, this wish is impossible.”

“What? Why?” You demand, your heart sinking. “You said I could have anything, why not this?”

“You’re already dead, Gileon. The dead don’t live again, no matter how great a life they lived.”

> You say “Bullshit! I’m not done yet! Besides, Kit is an angel. He killed me, so take responsibility as his boss!”

God frowns. “I’m sorry Gileon. I understand your frustration. It’s true I am partly to blame for Kit’s actions, but the dead stay dead. Consider this your gift instead.”

“What gift?”

“The knowledge that you died for love, and that your life had meaning. That’s the greatest gift of all.”

“Yeah... Yeah I suppose it is.” You admit.

> You say “Wait, not it isn’t! That’s a load of fairy-tale garbage! Send me back, Big Man! Tifid’s still trapped in that sham marriage! She’s probably sick with grief! I can’t let it end this way!”

“Sorry Gileon, I can’t. This is it for you. Heaven is more peaceful than you can imagine. Forget about your pettiness, your lusts, your greed. None of it matters anymore. You’ll be happier that way.”

“But... But I’m not ready!”

“Few people are. Whether they be human or demon, adult or child. It is not the length of your life, but the way you lived it that counts. You will be remembered fondly, Gileon. Now, it is time for you to move on. Embrace eternity.”

> You sigh and say “I hate to do this to you, Big Man... but I invoke the rule of ‘G’.”

“Rule of ‘G’?” God asks with a frown.

“Yeah, it’s an unbreakable code. Both our names start with a ‘G’. That means we’re bound by blood, Big Man. I think you know what that means.”

“I’m not sure I follow.”

“It means you’ve gotta have my back, God. That’s how this works.”

“I’m not sure about what you’re talking about, Gileon...”

“Sure you are. You know the rule: ‘G’s gotta have each other’s back.’ Help a brother out. Send me back.”

God sighs, and runs a hand across his chin.

“I really think you should let go, Gileon. You had a good run. This is your fate.”

> You cross your arms and say “Fuck that. I’m invoking the rule of ‘G’. You’re sending me back.”

God sighs once again, this time deeper than before.

“... Very well. But this is your last chance, Gileon. The next time you die, you’re staying there.”

“Right. Thanks, Big Man. Oh, and can you do me just one, teensy favor before you send me back?”

“What is it?”

> You say “I want a cool, full-body armor. Insect themed... like... that TV show with the superheroes that ride around on motorbikes.”

“You mean the Kamen Riders?”

“Yeah, those guys! You know about them?”

“I know everything,” he says, smiling. “I’ll make your armor and send you back. When you want to call your power, just scream the phrase, ‘Henshin, Engage G.’”

Holy fuck. You just got God to smile and joke. He’s never liked you (or any of us, really), so having his good side can help you out in the future. Just make sure you don’t fuck up...

> You say “Oh my fucking You, this is awesome. I can’t believe I actually got you to agree to this. You’re the best, God!”

God frantically waves his hands and shakes his head.

“No, no, no! Don’t say that. And for the love of Me, don’t tell anyone I made this armor for you. I don’t want everyone coming to me asking favors like you.”

“Got it.”

God snaps his fingers, and a flash of blue light blinds you.

Your soul hurtles back towards your body in a huge bolt of lightning.

> You explode back into the arena, now clad in your usual clothes.

The lightning bolt hits you straight in the chest, and you scream. Your soul is forced back into your body, and you fall on your ass.

Your head hurts, and it takes a moment for you to regain your bearings. You’re alive. And somehow, all your clothes from before are back on your body.

Tifid, having been thrown back by the force of the blast, looks up at you like a miracle just happened.

She crawls over to you, and holds you in her arms.

“Gil... You’re alive...” she whispers, caressing your face. “I thought you were dead!”

“I’m too cool to die,” you chuckle.

> You get up, stare down Kit and say “Ready for round two?”

Kit’s expression twists into a mixture of shock and rage. He grits his teeth, and his angelic wings spread out to their full width.

“You... You son of a bitch!” he screams. “How are you still fucking alive?”

“Had a talk with your boss. We reached an understanding,” you chuckle.

“Shit! Shit! Fuck! Fucking damn it! Shit!” Kit screams, spitting out curse words.

“I can’t believe it! Why?? How???”

“He’s a G, not that I’d expect you to understand.”

“Fine!” Kit yells, his voice hoarse. “You and me, right now. Let’s finish this.”

He spreads his wings and readies his blade.

> You grasp the shining golden letter G on your belt and shout “HEN-SHIN! ENGAGE G!”

You feel a surge of power fill you up as your clothes transform into a sleek black and gold armor. It resembles a tailcoat jacket, with shoulder pads over a golden chest piece and black pants. A fur-lined collar wraps around your neck, and a gold helmet with a black visor covers your head. You flex your fingers, and sharp ebony gauntlets cover them. You press one finger to the G belt buckle, and it glows brightly as you hover into the air.

You gasp as newfound strength fills you up, and let out a metallic chuckle.

“You... You’ve got to be fucking kidding me,” Kit says, staring at the shining golden G on your belt. “That thing’s a god-killing weapon! How the fuck do you have that?”

> You point stylishly at Kit and say something incredibly cool.

“I’m not here to kill a god. I’m just here to kill you.”

Your voice reverberates inside your helmet and comes out as a fearsome, booming echo. Kit looks taken aback by your sheer manliness, and takes a step back as you point at him. You’re ready to fight.

Kit dons a helmet of his own, and is now covered head-to-toe in holy warrior armor.

“Well, boy? I’m waiting for you to make the first move,” Kit says, standing in an offensive position.

You wave your hand and shake your head.

“Nothing from you will harm me.”

With those words, you raise your gauntlet and charge.

> You charge at each other while screaming each other’s names.

“KIIIIIIIT!!!” you scream.

“GIIIIIIIL!!!” Kit roars, forsaking his sword for his fists.

In a fit of fury, you swing your fist at Kit’s helmeted head. He blocks it with his arm, and counters with a punch of his own. The two of you yell and scream as you pummel the other, smashing fists, and sending shockwaves rippling through the air. You leave dents in your wake, and with every hit Kit and you roar louder.

You send Kit stumbling back with a solid left jab to his jaw. He looks winded, and you’re about to follow up with a right haymaker, when he does something you didn’t expect.

Kit spreads his arms open, and beams of light shine over him. When the light fades, Kit is replaced by a man made of pure light. A being not of this world.

“Look upon me!” Kit says, his voice booming. “I am Kit the Luminous, and I am an angel of the Lord.”

Pillars of light rain down upon the arena, causing the audience to run for cover. You stand still, and the rain bounces off you harmlessly.

“I was chosen by God to smite the wicked!” Kit says, raising his arms up to unleash holy light. “And that shall be you, Gil!”

> You rush back to Tifid and protect her from the light beams as Kit goes on his crazed rampage.

“Stop that you fucking moron!” you say as Kit sends a beam of light towards you. You deflect it with your gauntlet, and it flies off into the crowd and sets ablaze

an entire row of aristocrats. Kit raises his hand, and a disk of light materializes. He throws it at you, and you grab Tifid before rolling out of the way.

“Tif! Are you okay? Are you hurt?”

“Not... not really,” she says, panting. “Here, take this! Wasn’t able to give it to you before! Ha ha!”

Tifid hands you your hornet gun. You’d nearly forgotten about this thing with all the crazy shit that’s happened.

You aim your hornet gun at Kit but you’re unsure what to do. Does a man of light actually feel pain? Is this gun even effective on him?

> You rip off your helmet, exposing your face, and say “Let’s take him down together.”

You rip off your helmet, exposing your face.

“TIFID!” Kit says, the sound of his voice hurting your eardrums. “GET AWAY FROM HIM!”

“Let’s take him down together,” you say, as Tifid nods in agreement.

“Together!” she says. She places her hands over yours, and you hold the hornet gun tightly.

> You pull the trigger together.

You pull the trigger, unleashing a swarm of hornets. Tifid’s power, combined with the energy from your god-killing armor, enhances their effects hundredfold. They fly towards Kit in a spiral formation, hitting him directly in the face. Kit screams in pain as hornets lay their stings into his eyes, his ears, his nose, his mouth and any other part of his face they can get to. Kit howls as his skin bubbles from the acidic effects of the hornets. Thin beams of light erupt from his eyes, before the light in them goes out. Kit collapses forward, utterly destroyed by the effects of your hornet swarm. The hornets buzz around you and Tifid in celebration of your victory, before disappearing.

“Thanks,” you say to Tifid, who’s staring at Kit in a combination of terror and awe.

She looks over at you, smiling.

“I knew you’d pull through,” she responds, as you embrace. She traces her fingers along your armor, admiring its design. “Wow... I wouldn’t mind if you wore this all of the time...” “Maybe I should,” you say.

> You walk over and put a foot on Kit head, then demand to know where Rostov and the real marriage contract are.

You step over to Kit, putting your foot on his head. You pull out your gun, pointing it at him.

“Kit,” you say. “This is the last time you’ll ever see me. Where’s Rostov.” “Go ahead and kill me,” Kit says dismissively.

> You say “Nah, I won’t kill you. I’ve got other plans for you. But first, you’re gonna tell me where Rostov is.”

You grind your heels into his skull, and Kit winces.

“Go fuck yourself,” Kit says, spitting out a tooth.

You pick up his own sword, resting the blade on his neck. Kit begins to sweat nervously.

“Tell me where Rostov is,” you say.

“Second Floor, west wing, second door on the right,” Kit says urgently.

“Thanks,” you say.

Kit seethes under his breath in response, and you back away slowly. Kit reaches for a small blade, holding it up threateningly, but you flick your wrist, severing his hand at the wrist. He screams in agony as his severed hand and the knife fall to the ground.

“Remember this,” you say. “I did that without even looking.”

“You cretin,” Kit says. “Who do you think you are?!”

> You say “I’m just a Mortal Bastard”, and stomp his lights out.

“I’m just a mortal bastard,” you say.

You drop your foot on Kit’s face, shattering his nose. He blacks out.

Tifid runs up to you, and looks down at Kit's unconscious body.

"Fucking prick," she says, as she spits on Kit's face.

She turns away and shakes her head.

"Sorry I couldn't help more. The contract prevents me from causing him direct harm," she says.

> You kiss her and say "I'm so happy I have you back. I'd die a thousand more times for you, any day."

You pull her close and kiss her. You hold her hand, and look into her striking, violet eyes.

"I'm so happy I have you back," you say. "I'd die a thousand more times for you, any day."

"Oh, Gilly... please don't do things like that. I don't want you to die."

"It's okay, because I'll come back every time. I promise," you say.

You hold her closely, and she hugs back.

"I really missed you," she says.

You kiss her, a long and passionate embrace of love and trust. Your lips fit together perfectly, like two pieces of a perfect puzzle. Her hands weave into your hair, as you hold her by the waist.

> You say "Oh yeah, nice wedding dress by the way. Shame you won't get to use it now, not that I'm complaining."

"Oh yeah, nice wedding dress by the way. Shame you won't get to use it now, not that I'm complaining."

Tifid smiles.

"Not necessarily..." she says.

"What do you mean?" you ask.

"Nothing. I'll tell you later. Let's go find Rostov, that bastard's got to be around here somewhere."

You nod in agreement, and begin to walk out of the room.

> You say “Oh yeah, there’s one thing I almost forgot. Count Grey! Get out here, I know you’re watching! You always are!”

“Oh yeah, there’s one thing I almost forgot. Count Grey! Get out here, I know you’re watching! You always are!”

There is a pause, and then the shadows near the wall move. You turn to face them as Count Grey steps out. He wears a black cloak over his suit, the lining matching his dark hair and pale skin. His sharp facial features give him a somewhat ghoulish appearance. He smiles at you in his usual way, baring his fangs.

“How did you know it was me?” he asks playfully.

“Lucky guess,” you say.

“I’ll remember that for next time.”

> You point to Kit and say “There’s the immortal I promised you. Now we’re even.”

“There’s the immortal I promised you. Now we’re even.”

Count Grey smiles, revealing his fangs. He walks slowly towards Kit, shaking his head.

“You’re too kind, Gil.”

Count Grey raises his hands, and two more vampires appear from the shadows. They pick up Kit’s body without a sound and carry him away.

“What are you going to do to him?” you ask.

“Oh, not much,” Count Grey says. “Just some little experiments I’ve been wanting to try out for years. Nothing that will hurt him permanently.”

> You say “Well I don’t really give a shit. Have fun, you sick fuck.”

“Well I don’t really give a shit. Have fun, you sick fuck.”

Count Grey smiles.

“I always do,” he says.

Count Grey and his vampires carry Kit away to who know what fate, while you turn to walk outside.

> You storm Rostov's office with Tifid.

You storm Rostov's office with Tifid.

The two of you enter the large office, where Rostov sits behind his desk. He sighs when he sees you.

"Well, well, well," Rostov says, leaning back in his chair and examining the pair of you. "Look who it is. The thief and his little demon princess."

> You say "What's up, 'dad'? I took care of your little bitchboy Kit. Now, hand over the marriage contract."

"What's up, 'dad'? I took care of your little bitchboy Kit. Now, hand over the marriage contract."

Rostov sighs, shaking his head.

"You don't change, do you?" he says. "Always so aggressive. What about poor Tifid? Is your aggressive nature not why she's afraid of you?"

"What? I'm not afraid of him," Tifid says, confused.

"Of course you are, darling," Rostov smiles. "It's okay, you don't need to hide anything. It's only natural."

"No, really. I'm not afraid of Gil," Tifid says, looking at you.

"Oh... I see. Well that's awkward," he says.

Your eyes narrow.

"Hand over the contract, Rostov! And the heartblade, too!" you say, taking a step forward.

Rostov sighs again, before smiling at you and pulling out a document. He tosses it across the table to you. He then pulls out the heartblade and does the same. You quickly catch both items, before opening up the contract and scanning through it.

> You show it to Tifid to verify that it's real.

You show it to Tifid to verify that it's real.

"Tifid, is this the contract?" you say, showing her the piece of parchment.

She looks at it, leaning over to read it before nodding.

“Yes,” she says.

> You say “Huh. I’m surprised you didn’t try to pull another trick on us, Rostov.”

Rostov leans forward, placing his face in his hands and rubbing it, before looking up at you.

“Oh, I had planned to,” he admits. “But I’m far too tired to come up with something that elaborate.”

“Don’t think you’ll get away with all this that easily,” you say.

“Get away with what? That document is legitimate. You’re the ones breaking into my home to steal from me.”

“He’s technically right, Gil,” Tifid says.

“But what if he’s trying to fuck with us?”

“I’m sure he is,” she says, staring at you. “But the contract is real. It’s not a forgery. We should take it.”

“Fine,” you seethe. You look at Rostov. “You’ve made a wise decision, Rostov.”

You quickly turn, heading back to the exit.

“I’ll admit, I was wrong about you, boy,” Rostov says, as you leave. “I’ll be seeing you.”

> You say “Yeah. Not likely!” and walk out with Tifid.

“Yeah. Not likely!” you yell, walking out with Tifid.

You quickly hurry down the stairs and through the hallways, heading back towards the front door of the Regal Room. None of the guards try to stop you, and soon you’re back out on the streets of the Sinful Bliss City.

“So that... that was a thing,” Tifid says, as you head down the steps.

“It sure was. I sure didn’t expect it to go that way.”

“Me neither. But we got what we came for. I’d call this mission a success.”

You nod, and the pair of you begin the walk across the street. You find your vehicle, the red convertible sports car, and climb in. Tifid climbs in on the passenger side, and sighs deeply as she leans back.

“Good lord... I need sleep.” Tifid says, closing her eyes.

“Go for it. I’ll wake you when we get home.”

Tifid nods, and closes her eyes, resting her head against the seat as she drifts to sleep. You turn the car on, and begin to drive down the road.

> You drive back to Heksten City and go home.

Three hours later...

You pull up to your mansion, and cut the engine. Tifid wakes with a yawn, stretching her arms above her head as she wakes.

“Wakey, wakey. We’re back home,” you say.

“Already?” she asks. “I slept for the entire ride?”

“Yep,” you reply. “Shall we go?”

You step out of the car, and walk up to the house. You unlock the door, and walk inside, Tifid following close behind. You flick on the lights, illuminating your home.

“Home sweet home,” you say.

“Finally,” Tifid says.

> You pick Tifid up princess style while she’s wearing the wedding dress from her sham marriage with Kit.

You bend down, picking Tifid up princess style. She holds the dress up as you do so, so you don’t trip on it. You walk up the stairs, and slowly move to your bedroom. You set her down on your bed, and she lies there.

“Thanks, Gilly,” she says, lying her head down on the pillow.

“Don’t mention it,” you say.

> You collapse beside her from sheer exhaustion. You’re utterly spent, having literally been tortured for days, died, went to Heaven, and came back to life.

You collapse beside her, and close your eyes. You’re utterly spent, having literally been tortured for days, died, went to Heaven, and came back to life.

Tifid rolls over and scoops your head into her arms, cradling it.

“You’re my hero,” she says.

“Nah. I’m just a dumbass that’s head over heels for you,” you reply.

She slowly leans in, and you close your eyes. Your lips meet, as the two of you share a passionate kiss.

“I love you,” she whispers.

“I love you, too,” you reply.

She lies down beside you, pressing her body against yours. You wrap your arms around her, and cuddle for a while. The two of you fall asleep in each other’s arms, not even bothering to take off your day clothes. You need sleep, and you need it now.



You rest for a while, and then wake up to find yourself in the early hours of the morning. Tifid sleeps soundly besides you. You look at her sleeping peacefully. Then, you look around the room to find something to write with. You spot a pad of paper and a pen on the end table by the couch.

> You draw two silly, open eyes and stick them over Tifid's face, then snap a photo of the prank.

You pick up the pen, and draw two silly, open eyes on the notepaper and stick them over her face. Then, you pull out your phone and snap a picture of the prank.

Tifid stirs, and slowly opens her eyes.

"What the hell?" she says, in a groggy voice.

> You say "Hey, check it out, you have googly eyes" and show her the photo.

"Hey, check it out, you have googly eyes," you say, and pull out your phone.

Tifid sits up, and gives you a confused look as she pulls the stickers off her face. Then, she realizes what you did, and smiles.

"That's so fucking childish," she says with a giggle.

"You're one to talk," you say, and hand her the phone.

She takes it from you, and pulls up the photo you just took. She bursts out laughing while looking at the photo.

"You're such a fuckboy," she says.

"I try," you reply with a smile.

The two of you sit in silence for a while, as Tifid messes around with your phone. Eventually, she stops, and hands it back to you. You put it back in your pocket.

> You say “I have to meet with your dad and give him the marriage contract. He’s the one who hired me to steal it, after all.”

“I know,” Tifid says.

“Do you want to come with me?”

Tifid nods in response.

“Yeah, I’ll come,” she says. “It’s only fair that I’m there for this.”

> You kiss her on the cheek and say “Okay, babe. Let’s go.”

“Let’s go,” you say.

The two of you drive through the city to Pellius’ office. The journey takes about fifteen minutes, and there’s no conversation for the majority of it. You’re both still tired from the day before. Eventually, you pull into the parking lot of the Demonic Senate.

“You ready to do this?” you ask.

“As ready as I’ll ever be,” Tifid replies.

The two of you step off the motorcycle, and walk into the building. You step into an elevator, and ride it up to the fiftieth floor where the Demonic Senate is located. The doors open, and reveal a large room with dozens of people milling about. Some of them look like normal humans. Others have features which mark them as demonic. Goat-like faces, horns, pointed teeth, and long fingernails. Each of them wears a suit, and some of the female demons wear dresses. You walk through the crowd until you reach a large desk near the back of the room. A demon sits at the desk, which has several lines of people in front of it.

> You approach the front desk and ask for President Pellius.

“Name?” the demon at the desk asks.

“Gil.”

“Reason for visit?”

“I need to see your boss.”

“Do you have an appointment?” the demon asks. “President Pellius is a very busy man.”

Tifid steps forward and speaks.

“Tell him his daughter is here to see him.”

The demon raises an eyebrow at this. He seems distressed, and begins looking through some papers.

“Lady Tifid!” he says. “I didn’t realize...well, anyway, if you wait a moment I’m sure he’ll be able to see you soon.”

> You whisper to Tifid “Damn, I love it when you flaunt your power and status like that...”

“Damn, I love it when you flaunt your power and status like that...”

Tifid giggles. The demon at the desk is clearly uncomfortable.

“Is there anything else I can assist you with?” he asks.

“No, that will be all,” Tifid says.

The demon nods, and walks away from the desk.

> You wait for Pellius to show up.

After a few minutes, the demon who spoke to you before walks over to you.

“President Pellius will see you now.”

“Thanks,” you say.

The two of you approach the desk, and the other demon leaves. A large black door stands on the other side of the desk. You watch as the demon knocks on the door.

“Come in,” a voice says from inside.

The demon opens the door and allows you to walk inside. The room you enter resembles the Oval Office, but instead of American flags, demonic symbols adorn the walls. Pellius springs from his desk when he sees you, and practically bowls you over in an attempt to hug you.

“Gil!” he says. “How are you, my boy?”

“I’m fine,” you say. “And you?”

“Couldn’t be better!” Pellius says, leading you over to the sofa. “Now sit, sit! Would you like a drink? We have every kind of soda and juice you could want!”

“Daddy, we don’t have time for that,” Tifid says, rolling her eyes. “We need to discuss-”

Before Tifid can finish, Pellius wraps his tentacles around her in a great big hug, and says,

“Tifid, my little princess! I love you!”

“Daddy, not in front of everyone!” Tifid says, struggling to escape from her father’s grasp. “Let me go!”

Pellius finally lets her go. Tifid takes a step back, and fixes her hair while blushing.

“Now, now Tifid,” Pellius says. “What do you mean by that? You’ll always be my little princess.”

> You hand Pellius the marriage contract and say “Mission complete. Rostov has nothing over Tifid, or you anymore.”

You pull out the contract and say,

“We got the contract. Rostov has nothing over you anymore.”

“My boy! My boy!”

Pellius walks over to you, and hugs you for a little longer than normal. He’s almost sobbing with happiness when he stops hugging you.

“Well done, my boy! Well done! I knew I could trust you.”

> You say “So what happens now? Are you going to destroy it?”

“So what happens now?” you say. “Are you going to destroy it?”

“It’s not that simple, I’m afraid,” he says. “A demonic contract isn’t so easily broken. But as long as it’s in my hands, it will never be used again. Now then, I’m going to have to give you a little...”

Pellius looks over at his daughter, and then back at you.

“A little ‘treat’ for all your hard work.”

“What!?” you say. “I thought the job was finished!”

"It is," Pellius says. "I just mean you deserve some form of payment. You certainly deserve it!"

> You say "Payment? Tifid's happiness is the only reason I did this. It's all I need."

You shake your head and say, "Tifid's happiness is all I need. It's the only reason I did this. Please, no more deals."

"Hmm..."

Pellius scratches his chin and looks down, as if studying you.

"You know what?" he says. "I think you've more than proven yourself, Gil. And..."

He leans in really close to you, and whispers at a volume only the two of you can hear.

"If you wish for Tifid's hand in marriage, you shall have it. You won't even need to ask."

> You give Pellius a silent, but resolute, fistbump.

All of the worry and fear you've been feeling starts to melt away. You feel like an enormous weight has been lifted off your shoulders. You give him a silent, but resolute, fistbump. That seems to make him happy. Pellius laughs thunderously, and slaps you on the back so hard you go sprawling.

"Hell yeah!" you say.

Pellius clears his throat and takes a seat behind his desk.

"Now, I'm sure you two lovebirds have a lot to talk about," he says. "You don't need me around for that, now do you? Go on, get out of here. We'll talk later."

"Thank you, Sir," you say.

"See you later, Daddy!" Tifid says, and walks out of the office. You follow her out the front door. You don't bother looking back at the office; you just want to be with her.

When you exit the building, she nudges you in the elbow.

"So...?" she asks. "What did my father say to you?"

> You say “I’ll... uh... tell you later. Say, you wanna go somewhere, just the two of us?”

“As long as it’s with you, I’m game,” Tifid says.

“Sweet! Let’s go.”

> You take Tifid to the abandoned overpass by the train yard, where you spent your first morning as a couple.

You arrive at the abandoned overpass by the train yard. You spent your first morning as a couple here, after all.

“This is where we came after our first night together,” you say.

Tifid smiles.

“It is,” she says.

You sit down on the same railing you sat on that morning.

> You say “A lot’s happened between us, yeah? We went from bitter rivals, constantly fighting, and getting in each other’s way to... well... all this.”

“Yeah. It was fun watching you suffer,” Tifid says, smirking.

“Right back at you,” you say with a smile.

Tifid sits down next to you, and you hold her hand.

“Do you ever feel like our relationship was... I dunno, fated?” you say.

“Do you believe in that stuff?” she asks.

“I dunno. I guess it’s possible.”

“Meh. I don’t believe in fate.”

> You say “I might. Sometimes I think I’m too dumb and reckless to be alive without a bit of intervention from the stars.”

Tifid laughs.

“I love it when you’re so serious,” she says.

“Only for you, Tifid,” you say.

Tifid smiles at you.

“I’m lucky to have found you,” she says.

You look into her eyes. You find her deeply beautiful. Maybe it’s time you told her just how you feel about her.

> You take out the heartblade and rest it on your palm, then say “Tif... a while ago, you gave me this: your heart. I’ll treasure it forever. But now, I want to give you mine...”

Tifid’s eyes widen in shock.

“You... you want to...” she begins to ask, but you put a finger over her lips.

“Please, Tifid, let me finish,” you say.

She nods. You take a deep breath, and speak from the heart.

> You tell Tifid how you feel. Not as Gileon Malphas, or the Spell Thief, or whatever other confusing nonsense people want to call you. Tell Tifid how Gil, just Gil, feels about her. Then, ask her to marry you.

“Tif, I’ve never been great with words, at least not when it really counts. I’m not that smart. I can’t say or do anything fancy... I’m not a hero. I’m not a demon lord, or an angel, or whatever other weird stuff that’s out there. I’m just a guy who steals shit for a living. But, for you, I’ll be whatever it takes. And I can tell you this: whenever you’re around, I feel truly alive. Everything just fits. When you’re gone... I’m not the same. Tifid, you make me better than I am.”

> You brush her hair aside and put your forehead to hers, then, take the small, velvet box out of your pocket and open it between the two of you.

“If you feel the same way, then please, Tifid Buer, will you marry me?”

She stares at the ring, her wide eyes begin filling up with tears. She places a hand over her mouth and gasps, almost choking on her own breath as she does. Her breathing hitches as she struggles to contain herself.

“Yes,” she says, in barely more than a whisper, but loud and clear enough for you to hear. You slip the ring on her finger, and embrace her tightly.

“Yes, Gilly, I’ll marry you! I’ll marry the fuck out of you!” She laughs, hugging you back. You kiss her, and laugh as well, feeling the tears run down your face.

“I love you,” you say, holding her by the shoulders.

“I love you too, Gilly,” she says, wiping your tears away with her sleeve, “I love you so much.”

> You chuckle and say “Guess I just gave my soul to a demon.”

Tifid strokes the ring protectively and sticks her tongue out at you.

“No take backs! You’re stuck with me now! I’m the best thing that’s ever happened to you, so get used to it.”

“I wouldn’t have it any other way,” you say.

> You say “Guess we have a wedding to plan now, huh? A real one. No evil plots. No shitty angels.”

“Oh hell yes,” Tifid says, kissing you.

“You should go tell your dad,” you say, “He seemed pretty excited about us.”

“Yeah, I’ll go tell him soon. But...where will the wedding be?”

“I dunno, you pick. I don’t know shit about weddings.”

“Fine. We’ll have to figure it out later. But for now,” she stares at the box lovingly, then puts it away, “I just want to go home with you. I’m so exhausted; my head is killing me.”

> You say “Same. Coming back to life in god-killing armor really takes a lot out of you. I need to just lie around and be a piece of shit for a day or two.”

Tifid nods. You drive back to your secret hideout, hand in hand, and lie in bed together.

“This is nice,” you say, mumbling into the pillow.

“Hush, Gil. I need to nap.”

You hold her tight as she drifts off, and do the same soon after.

Timeskip: 11 Months Later.

Day of the Wedding.

You sit nervously in your tuxedo, tapping your fingers on the seat. You don't like wearing these things. You prefer jeans and a shirt. Or your heist outfit. But regardless of what you're wearing, you've got way too much adrenaline running through your body to focus on anything else.

"Dude, just relax," says Chuckles, trying to calm you down.

> You say "Thanks Chuckles. Real glad you could make it out of Fucktopia Forest to join us. Without you, Tifid and I wouldn't have gotten together."

"Thanks Gil, but really, you did it all yourself. You got rid of your sexual issues and finally just spoke to Tifid. You've got this. Hell, you even saved the world from a maniacal angel. If you can do all that, you can get married without having a panic attack."

"Yeah...I guess I have come a long way, haven't I? I still don't understand how I did it. I mean, I have no idea how I managed to get so lucky."

"It might have something to do with you being a stud. When you're as hot as me, luck tends to be on your side."

You laugh. Chuckles is an idiot and a pervert, but he does know how to cheer people up. That's why he's the Clown God.

The door to the waiting room swings open, and Count Grey walks in.

"Gileon! So it's finally time for you to get married. Are you prepared?"

> You say "Damn straight. I still have no clue why you were so eager to host us, though."

Count Grey smirks.

"You insult me, dear boy. I raised you like a son, didn't I? I wanted to pay my respects by letting you get married in my castle."

> You say "Knowing you, it's probably to do with politics or connections."

"Ha, you catch on quick," he chuckles. "But enough about my reasons. Are you ready?"

You stand up.

“Ready as I’ll ever be.”

Count Grey and Chuckles lead you down the staircase to where the procession is waiting. Like you rehearsed, you walk down the aisle and stand before the priest, Father Tomas. Despite the momentous occasion, you’ve never felt more alone. You have no family to speak of, so nearly everyone here is a stranger. There’s no way that Rostov, if he even is your actual father, would come to this; you know he’s too busy abandoning you and cooking up schemes as it is. Count Grey might be your mentor, but he’s still a demon, plus he pretty much abused you as a kid.

> You sigh and fidget while waiting for the procession to continue.

As the wedding procession continues, you begin to hear whispers among the guests.

“Is that the groom? I’d heard he was a human.”

“Yeah, and quite a young one at that. And a thief, no less.”

“I wonder why Lady Tifid would marry someone so lowborn.”

“Where is the best man? Does he even have one?”

“I heard he saved her from some villain, and she felt indebted. How sweet.”

“I heard she was tricked into it by her father.”

You groan, but the voices don’t stop. The priest isn’t even bothering to keep quiet anymore.

Suddenly, you feel a hand grip your shoulder. The tell-tale clicking and whirring of gears implies that it’s Yalia.

“Stand tall, you are Lady Tifid’s chosen.”

She squeezes your shoulder reassuringly, then lets go. You’re about to turn and thank her when you hear a voice that sends chills down your spine.

“Getting cold feet? You’re not even married yet.”

Your head slowly turns to see Kit, leaning against a wall with his arms crossed. His face is still half-buried in bandages, and his one eye stares at you with a mixture of pity and malice.

“W-what the hell are you doing here?”

“I came to see you suffer.”

> You say “Didn’t Count Grey make you his personal bitch or something? Give it up.”

“D-don’t speak his name!”

“Why not? Too scared of him? I just saw him. He’s probably still around.”

You expect Kit to explode in a fit of curses, but instead he takes a deep breath and attempts to calm himself.

“You think you have what it takes to make her happy?”

“...”

“You think you have what it takes to survive in this cruel world?”

Kit’s “charm” is really getting on your nerves. Still, you can’t help but give him an answer.

> You say “Oh, I just got a great idea. You can be my best man!” then give him the ring. “You can hand this to me, and watch as I make Tifid the happiest woman on Earth, in Hell, or anywhere else in existence. Oh, and don’t even try to run. I don’t expect Grey will be too happy about it if you do.”

You stuff the ring into Kit’s hand as he looks at you in shock and anger. It takes him a while to compose himself, but he manages it. He’s about to say something when the music stops, and the crowd goes silent.

The doors slowly open, and your bride enters the room. You feel your heart stop for a moment as you just stare at Tifid in her wedding gown. She’s...beautiful. More beautiful than you ever thought possible. Even Kit falls silent as he stares at her.

> You elbow Kit in his ribs and say “Come on, ‘best man’, we’re up!” then wait at the altar as Pellius escorts his daughter down the aisle.

You elbow Kit in his ribs and say “Come on, ‘best man’, we’re up!” then wait at the altar as Pellius escorts his daughter down the aisle. Kit reluctantly follows you as you march up the aisle with purpose. You blossom into a grin when you see your beloved walk up to the altar. She locks eyes with you, and her beautiful

smile is all you see. Pellius frowns when he sees Kit by your side, and leans in to whisper to you.

“What is he doing here?”

You shrug, not wanting to ruin the moment with an explanation. Kit looks like he wants to run away as he stares at the demon lord, but you give him a quick glare which causes him to stand a little straighter. Pellius seems to take the hint, and smiles a big, toothy smile as he gives Tifid a lingering kiss on the hand and then turns to you.

“I’m looking forward to calling you son.”

You grin and nod eagerly as the ceremony begins. Kit stands at your side, fidgeting and looking like he wants nothing more than to run away from this entire experience. You almost pity the fool until you remember everything he put you through. After a few minutes of the wedding march, you and your bride reach the altar.

> You hold Tifid’s hands as Father Tomas goes through the motions.

Father Tomas begins the wedding in a hushed voice.

“We are all here to bear witness to this bond of holy matrimony. Two souls united into a symphony of love and harmony, binding two beings into one. No one can tear you apart today, for the heavens themselves behold this rite and bless your bond with an unbreakable strength. May you, like our world, become both demon and human, made whole by each other’s company.”

You and Tifid both nod as Father Tomas continues.

“Do you, Gileon, take this woman to be your wife?”

“I do.”

“Do you, Tifid, take this man to be your husband?”

“I do.”

The priest smiles at the both of you.

“Then I pronounce you man and wife. You may now kiss the bride.”

You take a little bow before Tifid, and hold your arm out in a mock “regal” pose. Grinning, she takes your hand and slaps you hard in the face. The entire room erupts into laughter as you rub your cheek.

> You say “Ow... what was that for?”

“For old time’s sake!” she says, with a sly smile. “Come on, you have to do it, too!”

“Are you crazy? I’m not slapping you...”

“Don’t be a coward, Gil! Come on! You’ve done it before!”

> You wind your arm back and slap Tifid as hard as you can.

The force of your slap causes Tifid to stand there in shock. Her nose is bleeding, and she quickly raises a hand to it.

“Oh fuck, I...” you begin to say, but are quickly interrupted by cheers.

Pellius, especially, is cheering so hard he’s pumping his tentacles in the air.

“That’s it, boy! Make her bleed! Ha ha ha!”

Tifid wipes the blood off her nose and raises her hand to you.

“Now put a ring on it, you bastard!”

> You snatch the ring from the bystanding Kit, put it on Tifid, and kiss her in the most dramatic way possible.

As the crowd roars, you sweep Tifid off her feet and kiss her in front of everyone. The kiss, unsurprisingly, is much more passionate than any you’ve shared before.

Tifid looks over your shoulder and gives a thumbs-up to Yalia, who rolls her eyes and smiles.

Kit, on the other hand, simply covers his face in embarrassment.

> You yell “Peace out ya schmucks! I’m off to be the luckiest man in the world!”, and bridal carry Tifid to your bike.

With Tifid in your arms, you rush out of the castle and to your motorbike.

“Hurry Gil, I waited all day for you, and I’m not waiting any longer! Take me home!” Getting on the back of your motorbike, she wraps her arms around you. She’s all over you before you can even start the engine, and as you ride off, she

starts whispering sweet nothings into your ear. Her words start off as loving as can be, but start to turn dirtier and dirtier the more she goes on.

The progression of Tifid's "sweet nothings":

- "I love you!"
- "We're going to have so much fun, just me and you."
- "I'm going to spoil you until we're bankrupt!"
- "I'm going to give the best blowjobs in the whole world."
- "...and then we'll fuck for our entire lives. I want to have your children."
- "Maybe we'll adopt some too, if my uterus gets sore."
- "I love you Gil, I'll always love you."
- "We don't even need to reach the secret base, you can just pull over into this cornfield and do me right here. I don't care."
- "I just want to be as close to you as I can."
- "Mmmm... Come on, Gilly... I need it right now, let's make love..."

> You say "Holy shit, Tif, please, I need to drive."

"Oh grow some guts, you chicken. You fucking pussy," Tifid says as she starts to tear your clothes off, piece by piece. Your bowtie and boutonniere go flying off into the freeway. Next goes your jacket, then, followed by your shirt.

> You say "How are you even doing that?!"

"I can do lots of things, Gilly. Lots and lots of things. Just for you."

Somebody honks their horn at you as they drive by on the freeway. You just give them the finger as you punch it to reach top speed. The wind starts to blow through your hair and past your chest, which is now bare as you floor your bike

through the traffic. By the time you get back home, you're lucky you even have any pants left.

"...Let's make love, Gilly... let's make babies... I want to have your babies... Gimme! Gimme!"

She's practically begging you at this point.

> You scoop Tifid up and bust through the door, then head straight for the master bedroom.

You make your way into the bedroom as quick as you can. You're already ripping your pants off as you enter the room, and toss them aside. Tifid doesn't even bother to strip, she just teleports out of her clothes and into your arms as you hop onto the bed.

God, she is so beautiful. So perfect for you in every way. Her gorgeous body that you love to gaze at is pressed up against you, as if it was meant to be.

> You kiss Tifid with passion exceeding that of a trillion perfect sunsets.

The two of you lock lips as you slowly move your hand across her back, feeling every curve and every dimple through her skin. She holds you in a tight embrace, and tight is an understatement because she could crush your bones if she really wanted to.

"I love you, Gilly," she says, through desperate breaths.

"I love you, too, Tif."

As you gaze into Tifid's beautiful eyes, you feel a surge of emotion so powerful that you almost can't contain it. You feel like you could stare into her eyes for an eternity as your fingers glide through her hair, although only one thing comes to mind...

Fuck her brains out.

> You do exactly that.

You kiss her again, this time with even more passion than last time. You can feel her heart pounding with anticipation for what's to come. Your hands roam

all over her body as your mouth explores every inch of her– from her neck, to her ears, to her shoulders, and even her belly button, before finally arriving at the promised land.

> You say “I’m about to conquer this shit so hard, Satan himself will cower at the feat.”

“Come on... own this, you little bastard,” Tifid whispers, staring up at you with anticipation.

You lift one of her legs, and plant light kisses on her inner thigh. She moans in ecstasy as you work your lips up to her ankles, then back down again.

Tifid’s breathing quickens.

“No more foreplay! Stick it in! STICK IT IN!” she angrily commands.

> You say “Shhh... calm down. Let a man do his work.”

“Stop teasing me, Gilly! I swear to god, I’m about to– Ugh!”

You feel Tifid’s body shudder as you graze your lips against her the side of her knee.

She grips the sheet with both hands as you slowly slide your mouth up to her other thigh, then back down again.

> You say “Wow, you came already? I barely touched you.”

“You’re such a fucking asshole,” she whispers, but her face is beaming with a wide smile.

After the foreplay, it’s time for the main course.

As I’ve said before, this story is not for the weak-minded. If you don’t think you can stomach reading about a man and his demon bride fornicating in vivid detail, then I suggest you skip the next few paragraphs. But know that you’ll forever bear the shame of being a fun-sucking prude.

> You continue to lightly tease Tifid all over for several more minutes, then sit up and look at your proud work.

After several, excruciatingly pleasurable minutes of teasing, you relinquish Tifid from your grasp and sit back up.

You haven't even touched her seriously yet, and she's already a mess. A thin layer of sweat has formed all over her body, and she lies there with an arm over her eyes.

A thin layer of drool runs down the corner of her gaping mouth as she pants, and one glance at her groin confirms that you've definitely got her in the mood now.

> You gently lift her arm away from her face and whisper "Hey, Tif, you still with me?"

She lifts herself up onto her elbows and, without saying a word, pulls you in for a kiss.

"No more teasing," she moans as she holds your head in place.

"We just got married, Tif. Can you blame me for wanting to drag this out a bit?"

You hear her muttering "shut up" over and over as she buries her tongue in your mouth.

Her hand glides over your naked chest as you lean in to kiss her neck, then move upwards to caress her face.

Her breathing intensifies as her hands run through your hair, and you can feel her nails digging into your shoulders and back.

When she breaks the kiss, she tosses her head back and groans.

> You glide your thumbs over her nipples as you nibble on her ears.

Tifid grabs your head and, after one last moan, releases you from the kiss.

"G-Gil..."

As she takes a sharp intake of breath, her fingers trace the outline of your muscular frame as she bites her bottom lip.

Your thumbs glide over her nipples as you take one of her pointed ears gently between your lips, and she lets out a shuddering gasp as you flick your tongue playfully against it.

She throws her head back as she runs her hands through your hair, and grabbing a handful as she moans deeply.

“S-so good at this...”

> You trace your fingers over her breasts, then along her ribs and navel, then finally between her legs.

She lifts her head and looks into your eyes as she bites her finger in an attempt to stifle a scream.

Her breathing intensifies as you gently flick your thumbs over her erect nipples. Then, you slide your hands downwards, tracing the outline of her ribs and navel as a playful smile curls the corners of your mouth.

Your hands gently caress the inside of her thighs, as you lean in to kiss her neck.

“Nnhhh... G-Gil... I can't... You're... Ah!”

You gently part her legs and push them up to her chest, kissing her inner thigh as you slowly slide your middle and index fingers up and down along her slit.

“Ah...!”

Tifid bucks her hips as she raises her bottom from the bed, then pushes your hand away as she sits up and wraps her arms around you.

“E-Enough already! I... I want you... Inside me... Now...”

Her hot breath in your ear and her delicate fingers tracing the contours of your muscles sends a chill down your spine as you feel a twitching sensation in your nether regions. You gently turn her over and place her on her stomach, then lift her legs up so they're bent at the knee. You plant little kisses on the back of her thighs, calves, and ankles as she grips the bed sheets and whispers “Come on, Gilly. Make a mess out of me...”

You spread her feet apart with your hands and position yourself as your member touches the warmth inside her and her toes curl.

> You deliberately “miss” a few times, driving your shaft along her lips and clit instead of inside of her.

You gently glide your glans up and down her folds as she writhes and squirms. You keep missing the mark, rubbing yourself against her lips and mound but never quite entering her.

“Oh... Gilly... Don’t tease...!” she moans as she arches her waist to meet your manhood.

“Sorry, I can’t help it... you’re just... so beautiful...” you say with a shaky voice as you continue rubbing her lips and clit with the tip of your dick.

“Oh, Gilly! I want...! I want you...! Don’t make me beg... because I’ll totally beg if I have to...”

> You say “Fuck, please, Tif. Beg me. That’ll absolutely destroy my dick.”

“Please... please, Gilly. I... Want you inside me. Fuck me, I... I need it!” Tifid says as she turns her head and glances over her shoulder.

She reaches back and grabs her ankles, pulling her knees as far apart as she can.

“Come on, hubby... own your demon bride... Mark me with your big, strong, human cock...”

You slam your hips forward, penetrating her up to the hilt as you grab her waist.

“A-AHHHHHHHHH-” she screams, as she balls her hands into the sheets and pulls them over her head.

> You rest your cock inside of her briefly before pulling out completely, and then slamming into her again.

You pull out of her slowly, and then thrust into her again as she lets out a loud moan. You repeat the process, slowing gouging her insides with your dick as she screams in ecstasy. Each time, you pull your entire length out and thrust it back in with as much force as you can.

After every few thrusts, you lean over and squish your crotch right up against her ass, grinding the tip of your dick as deep as you can. Tifid goes absolutely wild when you do this, squirming, screaming and begging for more.

“Oh! Oh! God! Yes! That’s it! Just... like.... thhhhhh.... that!”

Her pussy tightens around your cock, hugging it as you thrust in and out of her. Her ass moves back to meet your thrusts, as she pushes herself onto your lap with aplomb.

> You hold her close and whisper “Shit, Tif, I didn’t even know aplomb was a word.”

Tifid reaches down and entwines her fingers with your own as she closes her eyes and grins.

“Y-Yeah... it means... composure under stress.”

“Ah... like how I’m maintaining a stiff upper lip while fucking my newlywed wife?”

“No, like how I’m giving you a fucking dictionary definition while I get my guts ripped out...”

You thrust even harder and deeper as she screams into the sheets, practically pushing against her womb as she feels your dick head swell even larger than before, the tip of it brushing up against her cervix.

“Oh my fuh...!!!” she groans as she lets herself go, her whole body shaking as she lets out a long moan.

You feel her walls pulsate and shake around your dick as she lets out a long grunt, her hot pussy squirting her love nectar all over your crotch and balls. You slow your thrusts to long, gentle pushes as you feel her walls continue to squeeze and contract, sucking on your length as if eager to drain every single drop of cum out of your balls.

> You grab her horns and crush her into the mattress in pronebone mode.

You grab her by her large, curved horns and hold on to them as you slam your cock back into her pussy, forcing it into her tight hole as you start to thrust. Tifid wraps her fingers around your wrists, clutching you with vise-like force. Her knuckles go white as she holds on for all of her sanity. You can feel her demonic strength on your bones, but you don’t care. You keep thrusting and thrusting,

letting out a low growl as you start to push into her harder and harder. Her legs kick and flail as they struggle to keep still, but you keep pounding all the same.

> You coil her tail around your hand and pull as you rail her.

You grit your teeth as you keep pumping your dick into her, and then grab ahold of her tail and start tugging it. You wrap it around your wrist and snap it back, gently, as you continue to thrust. Tifid immediately lets out a throaty growl as her fingers dig into your arm, leaving faint white marks. Her ethereal wings, usually hidden away unless she's flying, burst out of her back and start flapping erratically. They pulse and fizzle, as if unable to sustain themselves for long.

> You use your intimate knowledge of her body, and unique demonic anatomy, to make her make her cum her brains out.

You ravish her body like a wild animal, thrusting and coiling, as you fuck Tifid into one orgasm after another. The two of you are at it for hours, the both of you not stopping for a moment's rest as you relentlessly continue, despite the fact that you've already both reached pure exhaustion.

The sun slowly sets over the window, soon replaced by a soft moonlight.

Timelapse of Gil and Tifid's Lovemaking:

- 9:00 PM - Tifid's fingers curl as she lets out a long, loud moan. The sound of it is almost painful to hear.
- 11:50 PM - Tifid begins to purr like a cat as she wraps her legs around Gil's waist.
- 2:20 AM - Gil can no longer speak as he has spent the better part of the night screaming Tifid's name, but he continues to fuck her relentlessly. He is a man possessed.
- 3:20 AM - Break time. Tifid goes to get a drink while Gil smokes a cigarette and pounds back a Red Bull in one breath.

- 4:00 AM - Tifid has collapsed on the bed, her body twitching and covered in sweat, her eyes glazed over as she stares up at the ceiling. “I need a break,” she whimpers.
- 5:50 AM - Birds begin chirping outside the window. The bed has become too soaked with bodily fluids to continue, so they move on to the floor.
- 7:20 AM - Gil has spent the past two hours gently teasing Tifid’s clit as she writhes about in pure ecstasy, begging him to stop as she cums time after time after time. At last, she pushes his hand away, whining again that she needs a break.
- 8:50 AM - Break time. Tifid takes a light nap while Gil watches the sun rise, quite possibly the first time all night that he’s actually been still.
- 9:50 AM - Gil tries to sleep just as Tifid begins poking him and begging him to continue. His mind is fuzzy and his body is sore, but he manages to get it up yet again.
- 10:20 AM - Gil is now wrapped in chains as Tifid rides him like a cowgirl. “I love you, Gilly!” she screams.
- 11:10 AM - Instead of chains, Gil is now wrapped in bandages. The reason is unknown, but our hero is too busy getting busy to care.
- 12:00 PM - Tifid pours honey all over Gil’s body, then begins licking it off. He appears to be dressed as a gladiator.
- 1:20 PM - Break time. Gil complains that his dick is too sore to continue (as well as several other body parts), so they just eat a nice lunch and watch “Futurama” together.
- 2:00 PM - The bed is gone, replaced with a mountain of bones. A circle of ghosts comprising of ancient Roman soldiers, medieval knights, and all variety of soldiers from throughout history all chant “Fuck!” in unison. The air is filled with the smell of gunpowder as cannonballs blast off in a wide arc above Gil’s head.

- 3:20 PM - Tifid has transformed into a 10 feet tall demonic-goddess made of fire and lightning. Gil continues to have sex with her. Her moans cause wildlife outside the house to mutate into horrific abominations.
- 3:30 PM - Tifid suddenly disappears. A portal to another world opens up and dozens of succubi come pouring out. They all take turns riding Gil like a rodeo bull.
- 5:30 PM - Gil has donned his Kamen Rider armor and is fighting demon invaders from another dimension. Tifid, who is now a heavenly knight, rides to his aid on a pegasus.
- 6:00 PM - The two cuddle in bed, watching “It’s Always Sunny In Philadelphia”.
- 10:04 PM - Gil ejaculates deep into Tifid’s womb, clutching her hand tightly while whispering “I love you” repeatedly.

“I love you,” she whispers back, locking your waists together with her legs. You have successfully consummated your marriage without incident.

> You plummet face-first on top of Tifid without even bothering to pull out.

You topple on top of Tifid, like a tree falling. You lie on top of her, panting and covered in sweat.

“I’m so... fucking tired,” you moan. Your voice sounds hoarse, and it hurts to talk.

Tifid wraps her arms gently around you and strokes your head.

“You were a trooper, Gilly,” she says, kissing you on the forehead. “You were a real trooper.”

> You say between labored breaths: “What... the fuck... was all... that about?”

“Oh... that... I’m not sure, but I think I came so hard that my magic altered reality,” Tifid says, almost too calmly.

“What... do you mean?” you ask.

“My orgasms have been so strong they’ve drastically shifted the fabric of reality. For approximately four hours, I became a living anomaly.”

“Did you just make up random shit again?” you ask, raising an eyebrow.

“No! I was coming so hard that I almost destroyed the universe,” she says.

> You say “I don’t get it... who the hell were all those winged girls? They pinned me down and ran a girl-train on me. I was fucking scared.”

“I don’t know,” Tifid says. “I think those were my childhood imaginary friends that I converted to real and turned into succubi.”

“You did what to imaginary friends?” you ask.

“Don’t worry your sexy little head about it,” she says. “Just close your eyes and let me pamper you for a bit. You deserve it.”

> You close your eyes and let Tifid pamper you for a bit.

You lie there, letting yourself sink against Tifid’s body as she gently pets your hair and rubs your chest. She coos softly into your ear, comforting you with her voice.

“That’s it. That’s my big strong hero,” she says. “You did well tonight.”

“What... what was that... with the winged girls again?” you ask.

“I told you, didn’t I? I came so hard I converted my imaginary friends into reality,” Tifid says. “I think they were a little too real though, hence why they tried to fuck you to death.”

> You say “Wait... does that mean I cheated on you?”

“No, silly,” she says. “They came from my mind. It’s all me. You didn’t do anything wrong.”

“Oh thank fucking Christ,” you say, breathing a sigh of relief.

“I know, right?” Tifid says. “Anyway, enough talking. It’s time to go to sleep.”

You lie on the bed, drifting off. Tifid’s embrace feels like home. Your day might’ve been long and stressful, but this moment of rest is well-earned.

You wake up to Tifid's face immediately inches away from your own.
"Morning, Gilly," she says with a smile.

> You say "Oh man, I get to wake up to this every day from now on, huh?"

"Yes you do," Tifid says, kissing you.

"This is the best day of my life," you say.

"It'll get even better, as long as we're together," she says. "Oh, and by the way, my dad wants to have dinner later."

> You say "Heh, it does get better."

"You really like my dad, huh?" Tifid asks.

"Yeah," you say. "He's a badass!"

Tifid pulls you in for a long, deep kiss.

"Shit, the world must be unfair, because I didn't do anything to deserve you," Tifid says.

> You say "Fuck that. We deserve each other. Forever and always."

Tifid kisses you again.

"Forever and always," she agrees.

Epilogue

10 years later...

The year is 2088, and humans and demons live side-by-side on Earth. The combined efforts of humans and demons have propelled science and technology to new heights, and revealed the existence of other worlds. As it turns out, Earth, Hell, and Heaven were not the only places inhabited by intelligent beings.

You are Gil, a former thief who is now a security operative for an inter-dimensional trading company run by demons. Your wife is Tifid, a powerful flame demon, who just got promoted to head of the research and development department for the company. Tifid says you should be the one running the company, but you just don't feel like being the boss. Besides, you know she's gunning for the top spot anyway, and it'll be fun to work for her.

The two of you now have a little 10-year-old daughter named Mona, who has the unique genetic combination of human blond hair and red eyes, as well as pointed demon ears. Her horns have yet to grow in, but according to X-rays and tests run by demon doctors, they should be even fancier than her mom's. To Tifid's exasperation, Mona takes after you in her love for mischief. She also seems to have an unhealthy obsession with stag beetles. You don't know where she got that from.

Your father-in-law, Pellius, is still the acting President of Demonkind, and is unlikely to lose his position anytime soon. He visits you and Tifid on occasion, and is especially fond of Mona. He spoils her so much that Tifid has forbidden him from bringing gifts when it's not her birthday or Christmas.

Your relationship with Tifid's bodyguard, Yalia the Doll is... complicated. She's still not over you. In fact, she's been getting jealous of all the time you've been spending with Tifid and Mona. She would sooner die than admit it, of course. You guess she really wants a baby... You don't know if dolls can even have children, but you're considering introducing her to a human coworker you know who's into model figures.

Rostov, the demon who claimed to be your father, hasn't been in contact with you for a while. After Tifid's sham marriage was annulled, the entire city he owned disappeared off the map completely, not even Hell knows where it is. You have a feeling you know what he's doing, but that's another story.

Count Grey is... well, Count Grey. He's still brooding in his castle, making the occasional political move. You haven't spoken to him in years, but you're sure he's still up to something. From what you know, he still hasn't found a suitable successor.

As for Kit, the angel, he eventually found his way back to Heaven, though you hear he's jobless now, and addicted to alcohol. Can't say you're exactly losing any sleep over it.

Things are doing well, all things considered. You've moved out of the secret base into a regular apartment. It's upscale, but nothing too fancy. It's also a lot smaller than your old place, but you don't mind - it just means you get to be closer to Tifid, and your adorable little Mona. Every day you go to work, you never know what's going to happen. One day you might be signing paperwork in the office, the next you might be apprehending crazed alien killers and otherworldly demigods. You might have switched careers, but your skills have only grown sharper. It keeps things interesting. Not a bad way to live, really. For a guy who started with nothing, you're doing pretty good. Then again, you've always been good at seizing opportunities.

You're still a thief at heart, after all.

/aidg/, 2020

THE END

Glossary

Buer: A great demon clan to which Tifid and her father Pellius belong. The Buer clan is old and very powerful, with many connections and subjects. Since the end of the Rapture War, they have been trying to establish a positive relationship between humans and demons on Earth.

Chuckles, the Clown God: An eldritch being who lives in Fucktopia Forest, a mysterious place full of depraved and perverted mysterious. His mouth is filled with tentacles. Chuckles seeks to rid everyone of their sexual inhibitions by putting them through bizarre sexual education. Chuckles' catchphrase is: "You've gotta let go of your sexual guilt!" Chuckles likes you and Tifid because the two of you graduated from his sex ed lessons."

Count Grey: Count Grey is a corpulent vampire mob lord and an arms dealer that specializes in supernatural firearms. Grey is the one who created the bee gun. Grey was your mentor, and you learned the ways of crime under him. Grey was strict and abusive, but an effective teacher. You begrudgingly respect him.

Disguise: Yours and Tifid's disguise for the Regal Room heist are casino-themed. You'll wear a white tuxedo with stylish shades, while Tifid wears a black evening gown with a fur scarf, opera gloves, and stilettos. She looks dazzling in her outfit.

Earth: The Earth has been ravaged following the Rapture War between humans and demons. Earth and Hell collided together, fusing the two worlds into one. Humans and demons now live alongside one another on the ravaged planet.

Fucktopia Forest: The domain of Chuckles the perverted Clown God. It is located in a dimension separate from both Earth and Hell. It is a mysterious place full of depraved and perverted mysteries.

G letter: Apparently, the funniest thing in the universe. It works as a last resort during dire situations.

Gileon Malphas: You are Gil. You are a thief through and through. You are not very book smart, and prefer to get by using street knowledge and instinct. You have a huge problem with money, and are constantly broke. You are also a recovering cocaine addict.

Your full name is Gileon Malphas. You are the bastard son of Rostov Malphas, a demon lord known as the Pleasure King. You do not yet know this fact. You are a male human with medium-length blond hair and green eyes. You have a lean and muscular build, due to his life of thievery. You look like someone who's constantly up to no good. You have a bizarre charm, and can talk your way out of almost anything.

Heartblade: The heartblade is forged from Tifid's own heart, and she has given it to you. The heartblade is a powerful weapon that contains the magic of a flame demon. The heartblade is capable of setting things aflame without hurting you. Due to Tifid's love, nobody else can wield the heartblade except for you.

Heist Base: Tifid's secret heist base is a large complex hidden beneath a small one-story house. You live with Tifid in the heist base, using it as both your home and a base of operations for your thief work.

Hornet Gun: The Hornet Gun is a powerful gun that shoots angry hornets, and it can blow through multiple enemies. The Hornet Gun is crafted by Count Grey after combining the Bee Gun and the Mantis Gun. The Hornet Gun is your trusty weapon that never lets you down.

Lord Rostov Malphas: A powerful demon lord who has a vast number of subjects. He has the head of a monstrous bird. He is President Pellius' political rival, and seeks to overthrow his leadership of the demons. Has has many

servants, both human and demon. He is Sir Kit's master. He owns the Regal room. He is the Pleasure King. Rostov is secretly your (Gil's) father. While in human form, he had sex with your crack-addict mother.

Marriage Contract: Tifid's marriage contract is a magical document that will force her to marry Kit. As a demon, Tifid cannot go against the contract. Your goal is to steal it to protect her happiness.

Paimon University: An institution of higher learning located at Heksten City. It specializes in cultural studies and magical research. Tifid is a student here.

Pellius Buer: Pellius used to be the Ferryman of Hell before he quit and became President of Demonkind. Pellius quit after he met Tifid's mother. They eloped and had a happy life before she was reincarnated.

Regal Room: The Regal Room is a massive casino owned by Lord Rostov. There are five floors: the basement, guest floor, the game floor, the VIP floor, and the penthouse. The penthouse is Rostov's private quarters, and where he keeps the marriage contract.

Runic Tattoos: You have runes tattooed on your skin to grant you power when you channel them. You have runes that increase your strength, focus, and speed.

Sinful Bliss City: Sinful Bliss City is a place of depravity and wanton greed ruled by the demon lord Rostov Malphas. Sinful Bliss City has a large red light district and a massive casino called the Regal Room.

Sir Kit: Kit is Lord Rostov's champion, and right-hand man. Kit is an angel, a holy being from Heaven. Kit was Tifid's fiance at one point in the past, but he lied and tried to kidnap Tifid. Tifid beat him within an inch of Kit life. Lord Rostov granted Kit eternal youth. Kit is still in love with Tifid. Kit has a massive ego, and is your bitter enemy.

Talismans: Talismans are paper slips with magic spells engraved into them. Talismans can be used even by people with no magical prowess.

Tifid Buer: As the daughter of a demon lord, Tifid's life was one of luxury and privilege. Tifid can act spoiled, and somewhat arrogant. Tifid has the tendency to get upset when things don't go as planned. Tifid's middle name Conflagreta. Tifid hates hornets.

Tifid used to be engaged to a demonslayer named Kit. Kit tried to kidnap Tifid, so she beat him within an inch of his life. Two decades ago, Tifid had a phase where she went under the thief codename DARK-EYE, and her catchphrase was: "Darkness has its eye on you!". Tifid is embarrassed by her DARK-EYE antics.