

I originally wanted to write something hot and steamy about my favorite demon, but got lost and sleepy along the way, so here's a rushed short fic with a smudge of sex right at the end.

Also, I'm too lazy to proofread, so expect some typos.

"Welcome to the Mansion of Heresy, where demons gather..." The cloaked Minister said nonchalantly, as he did in every previous encounter, what was he anyways? His monotone voice and calculated demeanor gave him a mechanical aura, but if that were true, what would be his origin? All machines must be manufactured, so by that train of logic- "We have developed a new form of fusion that may be of assistance to you." the Devil Summoner's thoughts were interrupted by the sudden message, "Let us call it the Sacrificial Fusion."

The minister explained, through this new technique powerful new demons could be created, good news, the Summoner's storage was full and attempts at recruiting new allies proved... unsuccessful. With careful consideration, two demons were placed inside giant glass tubes, that were then filled with a transparent, unknown liquid, while the third was placed inside an iron spiked cage.

As the minister chanted, electricity filled the air and a pillar of light shone brightly from the pedestal connecting all three "ingredients", who vanished into thin air, forcing the Summoner to block his eyes with his arm; as the process reached its conclusion and fog began to retake the room a new figure found herself present in the shadowy cathedral, hovering only slightly above ground she flashed a smirk and simply introduced herself: "I am Persephone, the Reaper. Charmed I'm sure..."

Rummaging through the rooms of a derelict skyscraper, the Summoner reminisced about life before the nukes fell: at this hour he would be at the store welcoming clients and gazing at passerbys, each of them living out their own lives, content with being unaware of each other, being unaware of others now is a death sentence.

As he scavenged for supplies his companions chatted at a close distance: "You think so? Most Faeries have lost their connection to the environment around them, not that they're to blame, nature has grown ferocious in response to this new age." High Pixie remarked as Persephone came closer.

With a smile, the monochromatic woman replied while floating higher, "But of course!" her enthusiasms as high

as herself, "Oh, it is inspirational that your kind has proliferated so much in spite of the circumstances of the World." the goddess closed her eyes and held her apple close to her chest.

The Summoner didn't mind the conversation, with his senses keened to detect approaching enemies he could afford to have some background noise and the topic had caught his attention, somewhat, Persephone was a greek goddess as far as he recalled, maybe holding dominion over nature? To talk so openly with a Pixie, meant she was connected to a degree to vegetation and such, but it wouldn't matter much either way, whatever role she had in antiquity, now she lives to serve and fight.

Suddenly, a chill ran through the back of his neck, an enemy had spotted them. "You two, get in position now!" The order caught the demons off guard, but they quickly understood and did as they were instructed. High Pixie snuck behind the Summoner while Persephone stood by his side.

This was a good combo, one could heal efficiently and quickly while the other had devastating ice attacks, all while consuming a reasonable amount of Magnetite, if things got dicey, he could swap High pixie for another attacker, but hopefully things wouldn't come to that, as the shadowy figures approached his heart raced faster: "Hee-re we come Ho! Things were getting too damn boring!" The small snowman declared pompously, "You tell 'em!" Replied the flying Jack-O'-Latern.

Two demons, could be worse, but a complacent Summoner gets an early grave; the Pyro Jack was the obvious target, with a simple glance from her master Persephone understood his command and stretched her arms while focusing energy at the ground below her target, however, before she could fully cast her spell Jack Frost jumped towards his assailants and breathed a devastating snowstorm.

While Persephone and the Summoner managed to avoid any major injuries, High Pixie was frozen solid and dropped to the ground as an ice statue, catching on to the opening, Pyro Jack changed the target of his fireball to the helpless Fairy who died instantly being unable to dodge, the maneuver also allowed him to evade the pillar of ice surging beneath him, she flinched, "This doesn't look good." while the Summoner drew his shotgun, two shots were let out, both missed, "What the hell! These guys are smallfries, is it a full moon or something?"

Pyro Jack didn't waste time, a second fireball hit the Summoner, throwing him back into a wall, Persephone rushed to his aid, "What are you doing?" he moaned "You can't win like this, we need to flee!" She replied.

Why did she care? If he dies, she could just bail, it'd be easier to flee without him even, yet there was

such genuine worry in her voice. "Don't worry, I haven't survived this long by luck alone." He said pulling out a smoke bomb, "Can you carry me out of here?"

"Of course!" Persephone looked behind her back to see their assailants charging more attacks, she quickly shielded her master from the magic assault, enduring grueling wounds. As the Summoner engulfed the room in smoke the pair flew out through a window into the wasteland, the nearest city was at least five kilometers away, yet she held her master tight as she carried him in her arms.

The room was dry and hot, the cheapest at the bunker, the Summoner sat in a corner staring off at the ceiling lost in thought. After checking how much Macca he had left, he opened his arm-mounted COMP and typed some instructions at the keyboard, as he pressed the confirm key Persephone materialized before him, fully healed after being taken to the Healing Hall, she stretched out her limbs before facing him.

"It's good to see you in one piece." she said smiling "Yeah yeah, spare me the small talk." he cut her off in a tired tone, fitting of his deadeyed expression.

"You demons come in all kinds, huh?" Persephone looked puzzled at his declaration, "Well, so do you humans." the Summoner didn't look amused by her reply, but also didn't seem to care enough to get angry either. He stood up and walked towards her. "Why did you protect me so fiercely at those ruins? I know our contract puts you as my guardian, but that was the first time I've seen a demon act so selflessly." he asked, locking their gaze.

Lowering herself to the ground so that he wouldn't have to stare upwards to meet her eyes, in a serene tone she reasoned: "Us Reapers are a sparse bunch, I myself have never met any other of my kind yet our connection to death gives all of us... unique perspectives." the explanation did not bring up any special reaction out of the Summoner, which made Persephone go into more detail "Back when I resided in Tartarus I came across all manner of humans, some remorseful, some abhorrent, yet it pained me so to see them all..."

"Now the World itself is as if it's about to die, I can feel it." Fidgeting with her pomegranite, her eyes were covered by her fringe as she lowered her head, "Is it so weird for me to think so?"

"I don't really care, it was just curiosity." lifting her head by the chin, he examined closely her face, "There was this girl, long ago. I met her before it all went to shit but lost contact after the bombs dropped." his voice took a cold turn "Found her in Shinjuku about two years ago, she was unrecognizable, if it weren't for a

birthmark on her shoulder I'd be none the wiser, disease ate her to the bone." his plain expression contrasted his sad tale "Y'know, you look kinda like her." the words made Persephone stare in confusion.

"Yeah, your nose is the same." he said while giving it a quick press with his finger, Persephone flinched before he suddenly connected their mouths in a deep, long kiss, "She was a way better kisser though."

They breathed heavily laying on the ground, Persephone opened her legs revealing her smooth crotch, although it posed no features normally, her entire groin split in half revealing her bronze, moist insides. "You demons are something else alright, you sure this won't mess you up somehow?" the Summoner asked with his dick in hand, "Our bodies are so alien to one another it'd be surprising if anything did happen because of this." confident in her words, he shoved his cock at once. The sensation was completely new, "alien" truly was the best way to describe it, cold and sticky, but also dense and somewhat spongy? It was like fucking chewing gum.

Persephone moaned progressively louder, he tightened his grip on her ankles and pushed deeper still, she responded by further splitting her body in half, her navel opened and her insides expanded outwards to envelop the Summoner's cock.

"Holy shit!" his back curved from the pleasure, he was expecting to last much longer, but the pleasure assault from Persephone's flesh made him explode inside her torso. Sweaty and Panting, they embraced each other for a quick break, "I won't ever fuse you away" he said exhausted; caressing her head with one hand and wipping his forehead with the other.

The goddess smiled, it seemed once again she had found companionship in spite of the decadence surrounding her.