

# Hell's Angel (Man to Demoness Antihero TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

## A Commission for Camden Levy

*Beloved motorcycle stuntman Frank is severely injured in a crash and fears he will never ride again. But when he is offered the chance to regain his prowess in exchange for selling his soul to a succubus, he fails to read the fine print. Soon, Frank will find himself turned into a wicked and sexy half-demon biker girl, tasked with hunting wicked souls who escaped from hell.*

## Hell's Angel

The last thing Frank remembered was soaring through the air, clutching the handles of his bike, and feeling like a goddamn *legend*. His girlfriend, Brianna, had warned him not to try the Devil's Jump. 200 feet to a flat landing in front of a crowded audience. No safety equipment. Nothing on standby. All risk, all reward. And to make matters all the more dangerous, he'd let go of the handlebar and pose with his fingers above his temple like he was a true *daredevil*. He was like one of those superheroes out of Star City, only far more impressive, because he was taking a real risk, and there was no damn superflight to save him.

And he'd *succeeded* . . . right up until the point where the back of the bike lit up, the engine pushed too hard for too long. Right up until the ignition pivoted him sideways. Right up until the part where the ground suddenly got closer and closer and closer.

Right up until the point where everything - *everything* - was pain.

And now, the pain was more like a distant ache, but everything still hurt. He was elsewhere. In the blink of an eye, he was suddenly in the white, sterile room of a hospital, no longer on his stomach but lying on his back. He couldn't feel his toes, or his feet, or his legs. He twitched a little, even breathing hurt, and looked around the room.

"Wh-where? What?"

Someone gasped and moved to his side.

"Oh, Frank! Someone! He's awake! He's woken up!"

It was Brianna, his beautiful girlfriend. She rested her arm upon his, her dark skin tone a contrast to his own Caucasian pigmentation.

"Brie?" he said weakly, his voice croaking like a frog. "What happened? I was . . . I was doing the Devil's Jump and-"

"Frank, it's been three days! You've been in a coma. I - I didn't know if you were going to make it!"

The words poured slowly into Frank's mind, shifting like molasses. Something was wrong. Something was very wrong. Brianna took his hand and pressed it against her cheek. Tears fell from her lovely black eyes onto his skin. Her hair was a mess, her tight curls flattened on one side where she'd clearly fallen asleep against a wall in some hospital chair.

"Brie . . . why can't I feel my legs?"

More tears flowed. "Honey, I - I have some bad news. The doctors, they say-"

But the doctors themselves were already flowing into the room, ushering Brie gently aside to check on Frank and ask him questions. His focus began to wane, his ability to stay conscious dissipating by the second. He sank back into the darkness, remembering how wrong the jump had gone.

Why couldn't he move his legs?

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Frank tried to stay in good spirits when Brianna wheeled him out of the hospital several weeks later. The worst of his injuries had healed, and the skin grafts had made the burns better after his Luciferian-themed bike had set aflame. He didn't care that he'd lost some hair, or that he had a facial scar down his cheek. Brianna, typical lover of the bad boy that she was, just ran her finger along it then kissed it very gently.

"It makes you look even more handsome, babe," she told him.

He smirked a little at this, but it took an effort not to look wan. He was a broken man, and there was no path to recovery for the things that truly mattered. The doctors had been clear, as had been the specialists; he would never recover the use of his legs. He would still have sessions to help him recover what movement he could, and apparently he would still be able to have sex - which was one kind of relief. He didn't need a colostomy bag as initially feared, and by all accounts he could still thrive.

He would just need to attend muscle therapy sessions.

He would just need to attend mental health programs.

He would just need to alter the architecture of his home to accommodate his disability.

He would just need to surrender his life and his career and his future and his freedom and everything he had taken for granted for all of his life.

Frank was only in his early thirties. He'd spend his life on the edge, performing daredevil stunts that no one else in his profession would think of approaching, and yet always managing to come away with no more than a few extra scars to add to his tally. Brianna had always worried about him, but they'd literally met at a stunt rally; she'd been dating one of his professional rivals - Taylor Schafe - and he'd snatched her right away with

his devil-may-care attitude. She *knew*, ultimately, what kind of man he was. He'd rather *die* than give up a life of danger and exhilaration. If he couldn't live full throttle, he couldn't live at all.

He certainly wasn't living now. Every time he looked in the mirror in the weeks that followed, he saw a failed reflection of himself. His hair was still ginger, his jaw still square, his eyes an almost orange-amber, like his flames were already igniting. He was handsome, no doubt, but his down-to-earth smile no longer reached said eyes. Instead, it was plastered upon him, fake as could be. It didn't help that the image they showed of him on the news was his old, happy self.

*"It seems that Frank Lucas has begun to recover, but alas it seems his devil-riding days are long behind him. Paralyzed from the waist down permanently, it's a tragic end to a career that captured so many. His long-term stunt rival and friend Taylor Schafe had this to say."*

The screen showed a blonde-haired man with the world's fakest expression of sorrow upon his features.

*"Yeah, me and Frank, we may have been competitors, but I'd never want this fate for him. We were close, in a way. I mean, I was there in the stadium when it happened. Shit, I thought he was gonna die. Frank, if you're listening to this, thoughts and prayers, brother. And don't worry, I'll take care of Brianna for you. She's a special woman."*

"Fuck you, you rat!" Frank screamed. He hurled the remote at the screen, smashing it open and destroying the TV. "We were never friends! Brianna left you for me!"

And she maintained that move. Even as he sunk into despair and turned to the drink, Brianna stayed by his side, loyal though he couldn't know why.

"We'll get through this, darlin'," she told him, holding him from behind before taking his chair and helping wheel him to his next session of physical therapy. He pushed away her hands.

"Don't. If I can't even push my own damn chair forward, what fucking use am I?"

The pain was clear in her eyes, and he had to look away from it.

"I'm sorry, Brie. I just . . . fuck. I don't deserve you anymore."

"Of course you do. Honey, you know I'll stick by you, for good and bad."

"The bad ain't stopping, honey. It's here for good, now. Heh. Here for 'good.' What a sick joke."

He wheeled himself away, still cursing what had happened to him. The moment he'd lost it all replayed in his head every moment of his physical therapy. It replayed when he refused to go to mental counselling after the first session, which he felt to be nothing more than bullshit. It replayed whenever he woke up with itches in legs that wouldn't respond, or

had to shuffle off the bed, or when he couldn't access a store, or when he had to struggle out of a car seat.

When over two months had passed since his horrific injury, Frank finally screamed at Brianna, demanding she leave. The statuesque beauty placed her hands on her wide hips and thrust her considerable chest out at him.

"You want me to leave? You want to be a coward and kill the life we've built together?"

"Of course not!" he yelled. "But I don't want to waste yours! I know you want kids. You deserve someone who can give them to you."

"Oh, did the accident chop off your balls, too? Your equipment still works, you melodramatic jackass."

"Don't tell me things will be the same, Brie. Just don't. This is me saving you from a life with a damn useless cripple."

Brianne rolled her eyes. "For God's sake, what is this, some kinda pity party? You're tougher than this, Frank Lucas. You're tougher than those damn superpowered freaks who flew over our house that one time. I am going *nowhere*, babe. I'm here for you."

Frank narrowed his eyes. His heart was beating heavily in his chest, pained from the sheer love he had for this woman and the necessary act he felt he had to perform.

"Well, I'm not gonna be here for you, Brie. I just ain't. I can't live like this."

"I'm not leaving if you're gonna be a threat to yourself. I am gonna-"

"I won't do anything rash, I promise. But that promise means nothing if you stick around. Go on, get out, Brie. Go to your sister's place. I'll have your stuff sent to you. I just can't anymore. Just fuck off and leave me alone!"

Brianna stepped closer. "Babe, I know this is damn fucking hell to accept, but-"

"I SAID FUCK OFF!!"

His words must have truly scared her, because she actually jumped. A single tear ran down her left cheek, and then she stepped backwards.

"Fine. Fine! That's how it's gonna be, I'll be gone, just as you ask. But only for *one* night, y'hear? One night, and if you do anything stupid I will be the vision of wrath, y'hear?"

Frank sighed. "One night, then. For now."

He just couldn't convince her to leave him. Couldn't she see that he was useless?

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Frank watched the news on the spare TV. More superhero nonsense from Star and Circuit City. Some super speedster gal breaking human records. It was not a world he was interested in; for him, stunts and spectacular actions were committed by ordinary mortals,

not gods. Without risk, there was no true entertainment. People with powers battling in the streets was just competition on cable as far as he was concerned.

Only now, his perspective altered. He watched the live footage of Silver Spear battling some other costumed weirdo on the streets. The former took a heavy blow and was set aflame. It would have killed an ordinary man, but Silver Spear's power let him recover, his flesh healing in real time, his liquid metal armour repairing in real time. It made Frank all the more aware that he would do anything, use any power to get his powers back. He stared up at the many posters of his motorcycle stunts plastered around his trophy room.

"I'd sell my own fucking soul to have it all back," he whispered.

*"That can be arranged."*

Frank nearly fell out of his wheelchair, he was so startled. He turned the wheels, shifting around to face an interloper. It was a woman, tall and graceful and *very much not human*. Her skin was a dark pink, her eyes blood red with slitted pupils, her hair a dark black curtain that fell over her shoulders. She wore a simple dark crop top and black skirt, and her luscious legs were adorned with fishnet stockings. Two purple horns protruded from the top of her forehead, and as she grinned, he noticed that her teeth had sharp points, like they were all incisors. A tail flicked behind her, thin and with an end like a spade, sharp and the same colour as her horns. Even her ears were pointed. She had a rather impressively curvaceous figure, but there was a slimness to her, a grace that seemed to radiate a kind of sinful sensuality. Appropriate, given that she appeared to be some kind of demoness.

"Who - who the fuck are you!?" Frank cried. He grabbed a draw and pulled it open, reached to grab his gun, but the draw suddenly set alight and the gun with it. He pulled back his hand, startled.

"Call me Jezebel," the woman said, swaying forth, her hips rocking. "And I'm here to make you an offer, Frank Lucas."

"Are you a superhero? Some kind of supervillain?"

She rolled her eyes. The light in the room dulled in her presence, and smoke seemed to trail around her feet, which were entirely bare.

"Hardly. I don't do *super*, unless you're talking about my frankly-fantastic looks. No, Frank, I do *deals*. You think I appear like a demoness, don't you? Let me tell you that I *am* one, hot stuff. A succubus, to be exact. Do you know what that means?"

Frank sneered. "I really don't. I also don't like interlopers in my goddamn house."

"What are you going to do? Stand up and fight me? You'd be as useless as your legs."

"Come closer and try."

She chuckled darkly at that. "Please, I make deals, I don't *fight*. That's what you're going to help me with. Once you agree to my deal; a deal you already posed, I might remind you."

Frank gave her a look of confusion. The beautiful and deadly succubus sighed. She clicked her fingers, and Frank's own voice repeated in the air like an echo.

*"I'd sell my own fucking soul to have it all back."*

"Well?" Jezebel said, holding up her hands in a quizzical manner. "Were you lying?"

"Of course I wasn't fucking lying! I'd do anything to heal my body. To not be a useless—"

"Cripple, yes. I've heard the sad spiel. It drew me to you. So, let's get on it, then. Let's *heal* you. For good."

Frank was briefly without words. "Is this some kind of sick joke? Are you just some supervillain?"

"If you want me to tour you through the first three layers of Hell just to convince you, I can. Or you can simply agree to this contract I've taken the liberty of drawing up. She clicked her fingers, and flame manifested into paper before him. He snatched the paper in the air and looked it over. It was written in cursive English, and detailed . . . a total reversal of his paraplegic state.

"Your body will be healed and endowed with the ability to heal again, avoiding any possibility of becoming paralysed once more. You would be Devilman once more, Frank. More than that, you would never have to fear being like this ever again. And all that I require in return is —"

"My soul," Frank said, looking the contract over.

"Yes. Not to burn in Hell, you may notice. That's clearly outlined. Simply to aid with some work on Earth here. No innocents would be harmed, of course. That is imperative. And your identity would remain a secret."

"What kind of jobs?"

Jezebel shrugged. "Hunting the wicked who Hell wishes to take possession of, naturally. It's a win-win-win."

Frank considered the contract again. "And this is real?"

Another click of her fingers, and a small knife appeared on the desk near Frank. "Sign in blood and renounce your soul to me, and you'll find out."

Frank swallowed. He considered Brie's words. About accepting his state.

"Fuck that," he said. "You can have my soul. Just make me whole again."

He pricked his finger and stamped his print upon the paper, then wrote his name with a quill provided by Jezebel in the same spot. She took the contract and ignited it into flame, smiling happily.

“The deed is done. Now, it’s time for me to take possession. Enjoy your healing. Beware, it may be a little . . . painful.”

“How painf-AAAAGHHHHH!!!”

Fire erupted around Frank, consuming his entire body. He screamed in agony as his flesh burned and sizzled, as his bones began to melt and shift, reorganising into a new configuration. His hair caught alight, but to his shock, it didn’t burn up, but instead *extended*, becoming one with the flame until it was long enough to reach his lower back. He clutched his wheelchair even as it too was consumed in fire, trying to escape but unable to do so. The glass of his trophy cabinet reflecting his changing appearance, eliciting further screams from the stuntman: his flesh was scorching and melting and then *healing again*, changing its very shape. His nose took on a more aquiline shape, his jaw sloughed off only to pull back up with a more rounded curve. His eyelashes and eyebrows burned off, then reformed in the flames to become more dainty and feminine.

“HELP MEEEE!!! STOP THISSSSS!!!”

“Oh, Frank, I am helping you. And you don’t need that contraption any longer.”

The wheelchair buckled and melted away, the very steel of the device dripping into the floor. The fire wasn’t spreading to the building, though; it was just concentrating on Frank. His waist and gut literally melted, pulling inwards, and the dripping fat coalesced around his hips and buttocks as he landed to the floor.

“OH GOD! AAGHH!!”

His voice went up an octave. There was a terrific pressure in his chest, and his heart beat heavily, burning within him as if it were now an engine rather than an organ. It glowed in his chest rather brightly, perhaps giving evidence of just that. At any moment Frank thought he was going to die, but instead his body continued to change. His shoulders slimmed, his ribcage melted into a more petite shape. His face and voice became ever more feminine, and his member burned, causing him to writhe in agony as it began to reduce to nothing.

But then . . . feeling.

Sensation.

With a gasp, Frank rocketed to his feet. The power of the flames was still painful, but it began to give way to a more pleasurable sensation. His nerves reconnected to one another, and he stumbled to his dresser, taking in the sight of himself as the flames continued to change him.

“I can . . . walk!”

“Of course you can, per our deal. Naturally, the devil will be in the details, haha.”

Frank grimaced. The flames were becoming ever more blissful, almost *natural*. He moaned, sounding more like a woman in orgasm than a man burning alive. He gasped as body hair burned away, and again as his legs became more shapely. The fires leapt inside of

him, between his legs, burrowing in deep and causing such a fit of ecstasy that he nearly lost control of his legs all over again. He clutched the dresser, whining in purest euphoria

“Ohhhhh! Yesss! Ahghhh! Keep it c-coming, babe! Keep it - coming! OHHHH!!!”

His chest bloomed as the last remnants of his clothing turned to tatters and then ash at his feet. Naked, he could see and feel the growth of two large breasts upon his chest: they pushed out and out and *out*, filling with flesh that had melted from elsewhere, with proud nipples that already sizzled with sensitivity. He cupped them, fingers growing sharp nails, hands turning surprisingly dainty. Instantly, the changing man was met with a luxurious sensation, leaving him to fondle them as they grew yet further. They pulled upon his chest, becoming the size of ripe cantaloupes that tugged on his shoulders, drooping lower due to the sheer pull of gravity upon their expanse.

“T-tits!?” he stammered. “Why am I g-growing t-tits!?”

“So you can be my perfect succubus servant, of course.”

“WH-WHAT!? NNGHH!”

More pleasure, more delirium. Small, dark orange horns pushed out from the top of Frank's forehead. A tail surged out from his backside, thin and coiling like the shape of a serpent, with a spaded end. His skin burned into that same fiery orange, and his eyes became fire; literal orbs of flames within his skull that left flickers of flame whenever he turned his head.

“Holy shit! HOLY SHIT!”

Youth and vitality filled him even as the feminisation process finalised. A new set of clothing covered his body; a shiny black leotard formed over his body, one that terminated with an impressive dip to show off his enormous chasm of cleavage, with only thin spaghetti straps over his shoulders to keep it pulled up. Nevertheless, it pushed up his huge breasts, pressing them together so that the aforementioned cleavage was a long, deep line, his boobs threatening to spill out at any moment. A pair of dark purple leggings extended from the leotard, reached down to his feet, which were then covered by thick biker boots: ones that extended all the way up to his knees in a real punk rocker girl vibe. To complete the effect, a pair of dark shades manifested over her face, followed by a black leather biker jacket; sleeves rolled up and zip undone to show off his incredibly generous chest.

The fire dimmed down, leaving Frank to stare in horror and shock at his new form. At *her* new form, because there was no denying that she was now female, especially with such a perfect hourglass figure, a noticeable thigh gap, and a very large set of perfect breasts. Her mind burned as if still on fire, making it hard for her to think of herself as anything *but* a woman.

But she was no longer human. Her orange skin and horns and tail made that obvious. Her hair was literally composed of living fire, and when she lowered her shades, her

eyes were composed of the deepest burning flames she could imagine, as if they had been struck in hell itself. Perhaps they had. Everything about her form was wrong, from the flickering tail to her overly sharp teeth, to the way her bust jiggled and shifted when she moved, straining to escape her tight leotard top with its plunging low neckline.

“What . . . have . . . you . . . done!?” she finally stammered. Even her voice was different: she had a husky contralto, like she’d smoked too many cigarettes, and yet it also sounded oddly sensuous.

Jezebel stepped forward and placed a hand on her exposed shoulder. “I’ve completed our contract. Your soul is *mine* now, remember? And I said that you’d be doing some favours for me in return for getting your legs back. Now, Frank - or should we call you *Freya* now? - you’re going to help me hunt wicked souls that are overdue for Hell’s grasp, and yet have managed to escape it.”

“No way! I didn’t fucking agree to this! Take the contract back!”

But Jezebel simply smiled. “Oh, I can’t do that, Freya, even if I wanted to, not that I do. The contract is sealed in the Ninth Circle now. This form is yours to enjoy or not, and your duty is clear. But don’t worry, I think you’ll enjoy it. After all, you’ll be completing stunts you never imagined when you were a mortal man.”

Freya stood and turned around. Her tail whipped against the desk, embedding its spaded end into the wood with ease. She pulled it back with an automatic reflex.

“Why am I a woman!? Why am I goddamn succubus or whatever the hell you said it was? I ain’t a woman! I’m a man!”

Jezebel giggled. “I beg to differ, your breasts are even larger than mine, dearie, and that hip-to-waist ratio! Mmmm-hmm! Delicious! I’m very proud of my work here, that’s for sure. And as for *why* you’re a such a delectable female, well, it’s because I’m a *head succubus*, dearie. It’s in my powers. Next time, take a deal from a *male* devil. Besides, I love making a powerful man appreciate becoming an even more powerful woman. As for why you’re a succubus, you’re actually only *half*-succubus, my dear. I’ve merged your energies with that of mine. We are now bound, and you are half of me. In many ways, I have made you my daughter, ha! And like a good daughter, you should be utterly spoiled. Follow me on those new and lovely legs of yours to find out how.”

She walked out of the room, her ass swaying hypnotically. After a moment’s hesitation, the furious Freya followed after her. She found it difficult not to let her own magnificent rear sway, shown off as it was by her mega-tight outfit. Her breasts bobbed with each step, and she found it impossible not to walk in a sexual manner, one foot in front of the other.

“Succubus instinct!” Jezebel declared, as if already knowing Freya’s next question. “You’ll need it. A demoness, or a devil-woman, whatever nomenclature you prefer, needs many tools in her arsenal. Including *this one*.”

She directed Freya to the former man’s expansive garage. The new succubus was so overwhelmed by being able to walk again, the sheer magic of it despite the horror of everything else, that it took her a moment to notice that there was a new ride in the garage. A very demonic-looking ride, in fact: it was an oily black motorcycle with a skull motif, including a silver skull below the handlebars and enormous exhaust pipes that were perforated.

“Woah,” she said. “What is that?”

Jezebel grinned. “That’s your new ride. You’ll find it faster than any other cycle you’ve had. It’ll take more damage and repair itself. It’ll be far better than any vehicle those so-called heroes possess in this world. Yes, you’ll be something *else*, my dear. You’ll use this to hunt your first targets.”

Freya frowned, crossing her arms beneath her breasts and inadvertently lifting them higher. She was trying not to notice her sheer femaleness, particularly her bountiful bosom, heavy as it was.

“And then I can turn back?”

“Then you can find *release*.”

Freya bit her lip with her sharper teeth. She was furious about this, but she had made a deal. She’d sold her freakin’ *soul*, what had she expected from a demoness?

“Fine. Fine. What do I do?”

Jezebel clicked her fingers, and flames manifested around her hand until they formed a photograph. A rather angry-looking brute with dark hair and an ugly beard was in the pic. He looked like a dangerous sort, and he had other members around him.

“Meet Sergei Androvsky,” Jezebel said. “Gang lord. Torturer. Murderer. A man who makes his money off of prostitution, drugs, and gambling. He’s long overdue to join us, but like many in the underworld, he’s taken to collecting trinkets that keep him living longer than he should. Your instincts will bring you to him. Then . . . deal with him.”

“You mean kill him.”

Jezebel shook her head. “You’ll know what to do. Think with your eyes. Now, get going, Freya.”

The new succubus woman mounted the bike even as Jezebel raised the garage door. Uncertainty was in her, but so was a certain keenness. Perhaps it was her half-demoness instincts; she could feel that tether to her mistress, that influx of power. But there was also something else; a budding excitement. She was going to ride again.

Ride like a bat out of hell.

She turned the ignition, and the bike roared to life. Flames left from its exhaust. Its chrome skull turned fiery. Her own flaming hair burst with light with each turn of the accelerator. For a moment, Freya didn't care that she was no longer human, or even that she no longer had a dick. She pushed back the stand and steadied the powerful hellbike.

Then, the half-demon kicked the bike into gear and roared out of the garage, a trail of flame following behind her on the road.

The Hellrider was loose.

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Freya marvelled at the speed of her bike. She shot down the highway, the tires burning continually on the road, the twin exhausts of her bike kicking out flames that sounded suspiciously like the screams of the damned. The wind whipped her long, fiery hair behind her, and her leather jacket flapped as well, rising up like a cape. Cars swerved as she passed them, and various shocked pedestrians gasped as she sped up further. She was very aware of how her very fine posterior was shown off in her driving position, not to mention that any incoming traffic would have a brief snapshot of a very spectacular pair of bright orange breasts. Still, she accelerated further, driving faster than she ever had on the highway, launching off the onramp so that she got actual airtime. For all the insanity of becoming some kind of crazy hellbiker chick, she couldn't deny that this was *still* better than losing the use of her legs; losing her ability to be a total daredevil. Or daredevilless, as she now was.

"WWWOOOOOOHHHOOOOOO!!!" she cried, cackling like a maniac as she skidded down the offramp and then twisted under a passing semi, before righting her bike and shooting through a red light. A police vehicle tried to pursue her, but flames burst from her exhaust in a powerful fury, and she tore forward, rising up in a mono before crashing back down and revving out of sight.

"Holy fuck!" she yelled to herself, looking behind her and then making an impossibly tight corner. "This is something else!"

It was freedom. Despite selling her damn soul for this, it was still *freedom*. Brianna had been wrong; she *could* do stunts again. A life on two wheels was what she wanted, not *four*. But even in the act of thinking about it, a sense of guilt came over her. Just what the hell (literally!) had she agreed to? A sixth sense was pushing her onwards, beyond the edge of town, straight towards Sergei Androsky, just like Jezebel wanted. She could feel a presence there, a wickedness that needed righting, with violence if need be.

"Fuck that," she said. "No one tells Freya - er, Frank Lucas what to do! Not even a demon from hell!"

She skidded to a stop, then revved into gear again and shot down another street. She knew where Brianna would be going, and now she could intercept her. The half-demon former male careened through more traffic, never hitting a single thing but always coming close to danger. It was exhilarating, but she kept her focus clear, ignoring Jezebel's directive. After less than twenty minutes of driving she had made it across town and stashed her bike behind a tree in the outer suburbia where Brianna's sister Ebony lived.

"Okay, how to go about this," Freya muttered to herself. "Maybe don't tell her about the deal. Maybe just . . . fuck! How do I even go about this?"

She went to close her leather jacket and zip it up, but found that she couldn't. It *literally* didn't even have a functioning zip for its zipper, like it was designed to always be open and show off her big demon titties.

"She deserves to know, Freya," she told herself. "Frank. You're Frank. Fuck! Stupid demon part of my brain playing up, trying to make this all seem *normal*."

Her tail flicked about, curling in on itself as if adding to the tangled soup of thoughts already swirling in her mind. She walked back and forth on the front yard, standing beneath the night sky and trying to think of all the words that could fully encapsulate what had just gone on. Failing that, she strode up to the door, hips still swaying with embarrassing sensuality, and rang the bell.

"Please be Brie, please be Brie, please be Brie."

But as was now a pattern for tonight, things didn't go as expected. Brianna's sister Ebony opened the door, took one look at the orange-skinned and horned demoness, with her fiery hair and swaying tail and dark biker chick look, and immediately screamed and slammed the door. Frank caught the door, surprised at her own strength and reflect - was she even stronger and more able now? It would make sense.

"I'm not here to hurt you!" she announced. "I just need to talk to Brie."

Ebony screamed again. "Get out! Demon! Get out!"

"I'm not - I'm half-demon, I guess. Ebony, it's me, damn it. It's Freya. Frank! I need to talk to Brie! Something's happened!"

Ebony calmed down for just a moment. "F-Frank!?"

The demoness gave an awkward grin, full of sharp teeth. Sadly, this just set Ebony screaming again and running down her own hallway. Brie took that moment to stick her head through the living room door, and her eyes went wide.

"Oh God," she gasped.

Freya strode forward, still annoyed at how much her huge boobs bounced in her figure-hugging leotard. "Babe, it's me! It's Frank! We just had an argument. I told you to go! You told me not to do anything dangerous! I told you to fuck off, loudly, and get to your sister's place! I'm sorry for that, okay? I ain't normally like that, but I ain't like *this* normally

either, but you gotta believe this demon chick is actually your man. It's me. I'm Freya. Frank. It's me, babe."

Brie's hand went to her mouth. Somewhere in the background, Ebony was still screaming and trying to find a phone, but neither of them cared about that, yet. Brie approached her cautiously, then with greater confidence.

"Frank? It's you?"

"I stole you away from Taylor Schafe. I told you a joke about my engine. It was trying way too hard with my flirting and you still went out with me anyway. You helped stitch me back up after that stupid chasm stunt, and you made me promise not to do it again. The next morning I did it clean and you didn't talk to me for three weeks, but when you saw me again you said you understood why: it was just who I am. And from then on, I always told you the risks. Always."

Tears ran down her eyes. She looked Frank up and down. "But Frank, you're *orange!* I mean, your skin has ripples of red in it too. You look like a piece of art, like - like -"

"Like fire," Freya finished in her husky voice. "The hair *is* fire, but I think you can touch it."

She reached out, and found she could stroke it. Brie marvelled as she ran her hands through the burning hair. "Why isn't it hurting me?"

"You're not wicked, babe, except when it comes to how badass you are, and your tattoos."

"But how? What? Who!?"

Frank began telling her the story, walking her to out the front of the house so they could get away from Ebony.

"It's okay, sis!" Brie called. "I know her! Just - just settle down and I'll explain soon, alright?" She turned back to Frank as the pair stood on the front lawn, only the light of the stars and the distant streetlight illuminating the pair of them. "So, let me get this straight, you sold your fucking *soul to a demon!?*"

"I wasn't thinking straight, I was desperate!"

"Obviously! Jesus, Frank, what the fuck! You look like a mix between a supervillain and a goddamn stripper! What cup size are you now, triple-D's!? Bigger!?"

"I don't know!"

"You got a pussy?"

She blushed on her molten skin. "Um, yeah. Yeah, I do."

"Are you stuck like this?"

"I'll be released once I punish some wicked people. Drug dealers."

"Jesus, this is some antihero shit. What were you thinking, Frank?"

"I was thinking that I wanted to ride again! It's who I am, Brie?"

She sighed and pinched the bridge of her nose. "You've made me scared about a lot of shit, Frank, but this is the biggest one yet. You're literally a demon-girl right now."

"Half, I think. Look, I can wriggle out of this. I just have to-"

Brie folded her arms and raised an eyebrow. "Send some guy to hell?"

"He's a drug trafficker. Torturer. Real nasty guy and - can you stop looking down?"

Brie looked up. "Those are very prominent tits. Jesus, you look good as a demon gal, Frank. You're lucky I'm bisexual."

"I'm not staying like this!"

She shrugged. "I wouldn't mind."

Frank had to laugh. Definitely still the same Brianna, then. "Look, babe, I will turn back."

"You get your *soul* back, how about that? That's what I'm concerned about. What I've always been concerned about, Frank. Your life and your soul. And now you're giving away both and ending up some flame-haired demon biker chick. God, this is so fucking crazy. I can't believe this is real."

"You and me both. Look, I had to come to your first and apologise, babe. I was wrong. I was an idiot and an asshole. But you stuck by me, and I owed it to you to tell you what I did, but-"

Freya doubled over in pain. Fire seared her core, and not the pleasurable kind. She felt like she was going to burn up for good. Jezebel's voice coursed through her mind.

*"Get to your job, Freya. I've got your soul over the hot coals right now."*

The pain disappeared. Brianna was holding Freya, her own lovely shape pressed up against Freya's feminine form.

"Frank? Babe!? Baby? Are you alright?"

"I've - I've gotta go. Brie, the demon I made the deal with, she needs me to get moving. I ain't got the time to stay."

"Because you made a stupid deal! Frank, you need to get out of this!"

"I'll - I'll find a way, I've got to - are those police sirens?"

They were indeed. Flashing lights were tearing down the neighbourhood straight towards Ebony's house. Brie's eyes went wide.

"Oh, my sister is just as stupid as you are! She called the police! Hurry up Frank! You sort this mess out and you come back to me. I believe in you babe, but you come back with your *soul*, alright!?"

Frank nodded. She turned and ran to behind the bush where she'd stashed her bike. The police cars were closing in on her location, but she got the engine started and revved its guts right out, shooting forward and slicing between two police cars and sending them

careening off course. A huge geyser of flame shot forth from the exhaust, blinding any pursuers.

“Try and catch me now!”

They did, sirens blaring. Apparently, in her panic, Ebony had called in this as a major supervillain attack, because there was a chopper in the air and everywhere. This just made it more daring to Freya. Yes, she was stuck as a woman. Yes, she was stuck as a half-demoness. But she was riding on the edge in a way she never had before. She cut across front yards, launched up playground slides over neighbourhood fences, and crashed through a cemetery. The spotlight fell on her, and with a sharp-toothed grin she gave the middle finger to the chopper, riding up a pile of construction planks to land on the roof of an adjacent apartment building. She tore across the rooftops, her motorcycle leaving a trail of hellfire in her wake. When she launched back off onto the street, she killed said fire, and then she skidded her bike in a one-eighty and headed straight towards her target.

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It was a warehouse at the end of town where Sergei Adrosky was residing. Freya arrived, engine roaring, but killed the power as she got closer, pulling to a stop.

“Now what?” she asked herself. She got off her bike and stared down at her luscious yet inhuman form. “Do I kill him? She said I’d know what to do. Ugh, this fucking night, I tell ya.”

In the end, she chose the direct approach. There were some sentries outside the building, but she’d never been the sneaky kind. So instead she simply walked up to a member who had a red cloth around his arm, signifying his gang colours. She literally couldn’t stop walking sexily, and the more she got closer, the more she could *feel* his attractive nature.

“Jesus, fucking succubus instincts,” she bemoaned, and then louder: “Hey there, honey! Do you mind if I talk?”

The man spun around, surprise on his face. “What the - who are you!?” he said in a thick Russian accent. He levelled his gun at her.

The thrill of danger hit Freya, and oddly made her somewhat aroused. She batted her eyelashes at him, pressing her upper arms together to expose more of her deep cleavage, and she made a moaning sound that left her embarrassed yet even more of a horny devil.

“You haven’t heard? I’m Sergei’s newest gal.”

His gaze fell to her substantial bosom, causing Freya’s body to run even hotter. She was starting to realise that her succubi part *definitely* had some rather embarrassing instincts

that came with it. Still, his appreciative gaze, which also fell to her swaying hips, allowed her to get right up close to him.

“S-Sergei’s new girl? He’s with a metahuman?”

“Think of me more like a hellish dominatrix.”

“Well, I’ll have to, uh, call it in and-”

She slashed out with her sharp claws and severed his radio in half. The man went to pull out his gun and she slashed the end off of it. Before he could scream she muffled him, her tail lashing around his leg to trip him over. He went down, knocking himself out as his head hit the pavement.

“Well I’ll be,” Freya said, placing her hands on her hips and looking past her full bosom to the unconscious man at her feet. “This body *is* pretty super. If only I wasn’t a fucking femme fatale type.”

She advanced to the warehouse. She could *smell* her target, and his virile nature. Something about it was making her even hornier, but she managed to hold it in. It was like stalking a prey, only with a seductive demoness vibe to it.

“If only I could get higher up and - woah!”

Two leathery wings erupted from her lower back, extending outwards and flapping quickly to raise her to the roofing of the warehouse. She almost lost her balance, but managed to cling to the top and scurry up, at which point her wings pulled back into her body, disappearing as if by magic. Hell magic, she supposed.

“Fucking hell,” she added. “I’ve got back wings!”

They might come in use, that was for sure. For now, she peered down through the grimy window into the warehouse. The man she recognised as Sergei Androsky was talking to two men, with a third tied down to a table. Stacks of what had to be bricks of cocaine were piled to the other side of them, and various weapons were heaped to the other side. The man on the table, however, had seen better days, namely because Sergei had a knife and was slowly making small incisions in his chest. She couldn’t make out what he was saying - it was all in Russian - but she’d dealt with mobster types before - they always liked to bet on stunts and races she’d been part of, and sometimes tried to ‘fix’ things. She could tell a threat when she heard one, and Sergei appeared to be making good on it now.

“Time to pay the piper, then,” she said to herself, licking her sharp teeth. She only just noticed then that her tongue was forked. “Just send this bastard to hell and get back your life, Frank. And keep these amazing legs while you’re at it. With a bit more body hair and bulk, obviously. And less . . . volcanic looking.”

Her hair ignited, no longer a dull red but instead a flaming hellscape atop her head as she smashed through the window. By instinct, her wings unfurled from her back once again, allowing her to screech as more flame poured from her throat. She hadn’t even meant to do

that, but it lit up the bricks of cocaine, followed by the weapons as two shocked men ran to grab them.

One of the bodyguards screamed in Russian, but it was too late for him: Freya landed square upon him, crashing to the ground with enough force to knock him instantly unconscious. The other unloaded his pistol upon her. Those same wings covered her, taking damage from the bullets and shredding apart. There was no true feeling to them, however; they were magically summoned, part of her and yet not.

“I’VE COME FOR SERGEI ANDROSKY!” Freya screamed in a hellish tone. “HE HAS A DATE WITH HELL, AND I’M THE SUCCUBUS WHO’LL TAKE HIM THERE!”

She jumped forward when the mobster’s mag ran out, and launched herself at him. With her claws she shred apart his gun, followed by his clothing. He screeched in terror, but his prayers to heaven went unanswered: when he tried to reach for a knife on his leg, she stabbed deep into his stomach with her claws and then twisted. His face paled instantly.

“Sorry, kid, but you were just torturing a poor man. At least, I think he is. Call a hospital. You *might* be saved.”

She turned around, only to duck as a shotgun blast nearly took her out. With a roar of flame she sent Sergei reeling. The man fired several more times and then exited the building in a hurry. Freya was about to chase him when the man on the table begged her something in Russian. With a sigh, she ran back to him.

“You better not make me regret this!” she said.

“Who - who are you?” he said in a thick accent.

With that, she actually grinned. She had never felt such danger, nor such *power*. This was truly the most dangerous stuntwork she’d ever participated in, and it was making her *hot*, from her hard nips all the way to her damp pussy.

“Call me Hell’s Angel,” she said, and then she sliced through the ropes holding him like they were made of half-melted butter. She was about to dash after Sergei when she suddenly saw something: her own face. Her male face. Frank Lucas was in a photograph on the wall, along with several others. Including her *bike*. Including her epic stunts. Including *Brianna*.

“What the *hell*,” she intoned.

She ran for the exit Sergei had escaped through, fire in her heart, only to be hit by bright lights and the sound of a roaring engine. A car came speeding straight towards her, and she barely managed to summon her wings in time to soar over the car, which smashed through the gates ahead and out onto the highway.

“Oh no you don’t!” she screamed, landing back down near her Hellcycle. She turned the ignition and kicked it into gear, and her hair was as bright as the flames from her bike as she tore down the street after him.

Sergei was fast as he sped down the night highway, but she was faster. He was heading out into the country, into the barren rocky mountain stretch. This was all the better in her mind: no one else was on the road presently, leaving this just between her and him. Slowly, she caught up, the road a blur as she powered faster than she ever had before. The flare behind her bike was a warning, and the demoness half of her was filled with lust; a lust to bring this wicked man to *justice*. Yes, she could feel her new purpose flowing in her veins.

“C’MON!” she screamed. “LET’S FIND OUT WHY YOU CAUSED ME TO CRASH!”

She pulled up alongside Sergei, saw the panic in his eyes as her skin glowed with the power of hell, as her sensual body burned to destroy him. He lifted a pistol and shot through his passenger side window, but she hit the brakes and pulled back, only to rock up beside him. Again he fired, this time screaming at her. He knew he was facing a demon. She pulled back again, but he shifted his car right suddenly, knocking her off the road. She only just managed to keep her balance on the bike, but he was far ahead and likely thought he was safe.

Freya grinned. She was the Hell’s Angel, and she was coming for divine retribution. She sped up again, this time leaving the road entirely and taking a short cut straight through the desert. She vaulted up craggy rock, nearly losing her balance before erupting over a cliff edge where the road had descended below her. This was the true Devil Man. No, it was the *Devil Woman*. No hero or villain knew this kind of thrill: she let go of the handlebars and raised her claws out, wings extending . . .

. . . and landed straight upon Sergei’s vehicle with a thud. The demon woman worked quickly: she sliced through the roof of the car with her claws, leaving Sergei to scream as she snatched his gun.

“Hello Sergei!” she yelled with glee. “Are you ready to BURN!?”

She grabbed him even as he spun the wheel, erupting from the top of the car just before it rolled and exploded. Her wings billowed out as she landed, leaving him to roll violently by the side of the road. The flames of the car warmed her brilliantly, and she adopted a very sexy pose, one hand on her hip, the other rubbing her neck as she looked down at the desperate mobster. Freya held up the picture of her old self.

“Why did you have a photo of this man? Tell me, or I’ll kill you right now.”

Sergei trembled, speaking in a thick Russian accent. “Just a job! Had to sabotage his bike!”

“Over a bet?”

“N-no! A rival wanted it done. Blonde guy. His name - was Schafe! Taylor Schafe! The stuntman stole his girl or something. Stole thunder, you know? It was just a job, please let me go! Don’t kill me! I have money. Lots of money.”

But Freya was already quaking, her anger boiling over. She looked down at herself: at her womanly features, her immensely ample chest, her hourglass figure and fiery skin. The way her hair of flames fell down to her waist, and her tail flicked and curled. Becoming *this* was all because of Taylor. Goddamn *Taylor*.

Freya screamed at the sky, a dreadful scream from the bowels of the Ninth Circle itself. When she was finished, she looked down at Sergei, anger flooding through her, igniting her veins.

The man scrambled backwards. "You said you wouldn't kill me!"

"And I won't," the half-demoness replied. She knew now what to do, just as Jezebel said she would. "I'm sending you straight to Hell by express. No death required."

She lifted her sunglasses, revealing her molten eyes. Sergei screamed as he beheld him. A gaze of judgement fell upon the cruel man, and every foul sin he had ever committed was reflected back into his very soul. The ground cracked, and dozens of pale hands reached up from the flames to grab his body. Sergei screamed, the murderer, torture, and all-around bad dude dragged down to hell without even needing to die first. He clutched at talismans around his neck, but they were of no use to him now. The last thing that Freya heard was him screeching for someone to save him, and then the ground closed up as if it had never opened.

Freya stood there, breathing heavily. Her heavy breasts rose and fell in her shiny dark outfit, full and ripe and aroused by what she had done. The job was finished. She simply had to return home and tell Jezebel it was done, and get her release.

But the truth was, she had unfinished business, and the perfect powerset to end what Taylor Schafe had started. If she were a member of that Hero Society, she'd think about the actions she was planning, whether they were moral or not.

But hell had no morals, and for now, neither did Hell's Angel.

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Taylor Schafe entered his impressive home with a giggling beauty on his arm. Freya could smell the arousal on them, and it stirred further need in her, as well as further anger. They were both tipsy, and sex was clearly about to occur. Still, she hid, until the two entered his bedroom, stripping their clothing from one another. Only when they were at their most vulnerable did Freya claw through the wardrobe door dramatically to reveal herself, roaring flame at the feet of the pair and causing them to scream and topple.

"GET OUT, BITCH!" she yelled to the woman. "THIS IS BETWEEN ME AND HIM!"

The blonde beauty cried and ran, vaulting down the stairs and out of the house with half her clothing still missing. Taylor went to run as well, but Freya fanned out her wings and

slashed at his chest, leaving him to topple backwards. She advanced on him, withdrawing her wings and moving in a highly sexually charged manner, throwing him further off-balance.

“Wh-what are you doing? Who are you?”

“I’m your worst nightmare, Taylor,” she said. “You thought you could get rid of me, didn’t you? Thought you could bring down the competition?”

“I - I don’t know you!” the blonde man stammered, crawling backwards on his bed until he had no more space to go.

“Oh yes you do, Taylor. I didn’t always look this way. Just six hours ago I was a man in a wheelchair, paralysed from the waist down by a crash *you* engineered. Sound familiar?”

The man’s eyes went wide. “Frank!? What in the hell?”

“Exactly,” she replied. She crawled up on the bed, her nipples hard from lust, her pussy juices almost threatening to run down her thighs. She was full of anger and rage, but somehow this experience was also turning on her demoness side, a glutton for punishment.

“Are you ready to confess?” she asked. “You sabotaged my bike. You wanted me dead or out of the way. Probably wanted Brianna as well, hmm?”

“No! I mean, sure! Look, I didn’t mean - just go easy here and I’ll explain!”

“Oh, I’ll go easy. You see my new form? You see how sexy I am? I’m a half-succubus now, Taylor. I need danger, I need fire, but I also need sex. I could let you off the hook if you make a new girl like me happy? I see you looking at my big, fat tits. You want me, don’t you? Would you take that deal?”

He nodded eagerly, a sense of confidence returning to him. “Yes, of course. Oh, Frank, baby, you look damn good! Yeah, I’ll show you how a woman feels, I will! I’ll make it up to you in more ways than you can imagine?”

Freya kissed him. His lips were tender and lovely, and the sensation of his hands cupping her breasts even more so. But even as her ecstasy rose, she pulled to a halt. God, being a devil was so deeply unholy, and she was already loving it.

“Oh, but I forgot,” she said. “I’ve already got Brianna for that, don’t I? So where does that leave *you*?”

For just a moment, horrid realisation crept across Taylor’s features. And then her eyes lit up, her Gaze of Punishment making it impossible for him to look away.

“That’s right!” she yelled over his wailing, as every sin was reflected back upon him. “SCREAM LIKE HELL!”

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Freya strutted to her Hellcycle, her hips swaying like they always did in her new form, and perhaps with an extra kick from the sheer number of orgasms she’d experienced sending

her foe down to the worst depths. She hummed happily, not even minding how her perfect boobs bounced in her top. She felt raw and sensual, powerful and sinful in all the best ways. The danger and thrill of the night, not to mention its retribution, was already making her aroused again. She thought of Brianna, and found herself getting further lustful. A good sign.

But as she readied to mount her bike, there was a gush of flame to her left. She looked up, and Jezebel was there, her pink-skinned succubus slow-clapping with a mighty sense of drama and sarcasm.

“Well, well, well,” she said. “Someone took to her new role.”

“I did as you asked,” Freya said. “Now you can change me back.”

“Setting aside the fact that I had a few more favours in mind, a few more wicked persons to punish, I have to be the joyful bearer of bad news, my dear. You aren’t changing back now. Not ever. Not after what you did to Taylor Schafe just now.”

Freya put her hands on her hips. “What are you talking about? I just punished the wicked. He wronged me! Tried to have him killed.”

“Ah, but he wasn’t on my list. He’s wicked, alright. Very deserving of hell. But he hadn’t *escaped* us, as so many others had. And because you breached the conditions of our contract, that means you’ll be like this . . . for life. I hope you enjoy your succubus form, because it’s yours, honey.”

Freya gaped. “But - but you said I can find release!”

“Oh, your soul will be yours again, in time. I can promise you that. And we might even find a way to disguise you during the day, so long as you play along and continue to be Hell’s Angel - love the nickname, by the way. I’m sure you’ll be one sexy human-looking biker chick in the daylight . . . but deep down you’ll still be a sexy, busty demoness, ready to hunt the wicked by night.”

Said demoness grit her teeth. “You did this on purpose. You chose Sergei first because you knew I’d find out about Taylor and take revenge!”

Jezebel shrugged. “I make no secret of it. I’m from Hell, remember? And now, half of you is as well, my *daughter*. Welcome to our big family. I look forward to working together. For now though, I’ll give you leave to relieve those powerful lusts of yours. I promise you, there are many perks to having demon blood. One is the thrill. Another is the seduction of danger. And the third . . . well, I’m sure you’ll find out soon. Enjoy!”

Flame burst in the air, and Jezebel was gone. She left a very confused, very shocked half-demon biker chick behind. Freya cupped her breasts and felt her curvaceous form. Her tail shook as the realisation sank in.

“Goddamn it!” she cried. “That demon bitch!”

But the truth was, as much as she wanted to remain angry, she couldn't. Part of her had wanted to stay like this, at least a while longer. And having that choice taken away, while a reduction in her much-loved freedom, did open up other, much more thrilling freedoms.

The half-demoness retrieved her phone and called Brianna.

"Babe? Yeah, I know what I still sound like. Meet me back at our place and I'll explain everything. And . . . I also promise to make it all up to you."

She licked her lips with anticipation at that last part.

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Brianna and Freya both cried out in pleasure as they touched one another's most erogenous parts. The demoness was in full ecstasy as her lover sucked upon her nipples and groped her ass. In turn, her tail plunged into Brianna's pussy, ploughing it again and again even as her own heat turned up. This was a bliss beyond any Freya had ever felt, especially as a man. Her entire body was so sensitive, so responsive, and she could literally *feel* Brianna's own euphoria, which heightened her own. When her girlfriend began to play with her own pussy, she kissed her lover, forcing her tongue into the other woman's mouth. They moaned together, their breasts rubbing up against one another, and in that exact moment they were both hit by the first of multiple earthshaking orgasms.

"Yess! Fuck yes! YESSS!!" Freya cried victoriously.

"This is the b-best sex we've ever h-had!" Brianna screamed.

Freya should have been offended, but instead she simply touched her girlfriend's womanhood again, causing her to squirm once more with a final climax. The pair collapsed onto the furry carpet in front of their fireplace, their fingers tracing over one another's flesh. They lay there for almost ten minutes without speaking, the intimacy was so close.

"So," Brianna finally said. "That's one way to announce you're stuck like this."

"I figured it would make the truth a little easier to - ahhh - handle."

Brie chuckled. "I'll say. Holy shit, babe, that was something else."

"I know. How do you think I feel?"

"Like a woman?"

"Like a demon . . . in bed."

"More like on the carpet. Jesus, Frank. We've never had sex like that before. Never. And we've had some good sex."

Freya held her closer, kissed the dark skin of her tender neck. "Does that mean you'll stick around? You know, even with me stuck as a demon biker chick dispensing antihero justice by night?"

“It sounds so ridiculous when you say it like that, but . . . I stuck with you when you crashed, babe. I stuck with you when you were injured. You think, after *those* mindblowing orgasms, that I’ll bail now? I love *you*, whatever you look like. And you look really, really good right now.”

Freya grinned and kissed her again. Her tail coiled them closer, and she let Brianna play with her ample chest. It was delightful to feel.

“I should never have doubted you. I’m sorry I was an ass.”

“You can make it up to me by getting your damn soul back. I’m still holding you to that. And no more contracts.”

“Agreed, and agreed. I ain’t touching anything with a pen from now on.”

“Good. Leave that to a smarter woman. But . . . I think we can make this work. Ebony sends her apologies, by the way.”

Freya snorted. “None needed. That car chase was something else.”

“Yes, and we’re gonna have a serious conversation about that later, I can tell you, babe. We’re gonna have boundaries with this new daredevilry.”

Freya cocked her head to one side. “Later? We aren’t talking about it now?”

With that, Brianna grinned. She kissed Freya again, and rubbed her lovely dark orange nipples.

“Not while your succubus magic is working on me, babe. You’ve got a lot of apologising to be doing to your loyal girlfriend, and I’m thinking I want to feel what it’s like to have a forked tongue licking my pussy. Think you can do that?”

Freya laughed. “You’re serious.”

“Damn serious. Now get on down there quick, and I might just return the favour. You may be Hell’s Angel, but I promise to take you to heaven, baby.”

At that, Freya found her arousal growing once more, and her curiosity with it. She kissed Brianna, licked her nipples, and then lowered herself down her belly and towards her opening. Already, she could smell her girlfriend’s lust, and she could feel her own continuing to rise. Oh yes, this was going to be good. In fact, it almost made her no longer regret becoming a half-demon biker antihero.

Six minutes later, with Brianna’s tongue between her thighs, Freya had no regrets at all.

**The End**