

Chapter 1 - The Gates of Hell

"Finally." Muttered Zagrin. He was finally here.

After a short life lived above on Earth, he was now giddily waltzing through the darkened gates of Hell. The air around him was sweltering, as beads of sweat glistened upon his forehead. Lazy rivers of molten metal drifted alongside him as he was ushered down the stone walkways by a demonic guard.

"Hurry and keep moving human!" Barked the demon guard from behind.

Zagrin just couldn't help himself. He was in absolute awe of the place. Stories had told of how doing enough terrible deeds above would land the most foul kind here in the depths of Hell. Sure, many aspiring heroes and do gooders up above strived for a life of purity and good. I mean, why wouldn't you? Everlasting bliss in Heaven alongside the greatest warriors and legends on Earth. It sounded like paradise...to all but Zagrin.

"Why are you smiling human? Don't you know where you're headed?" Zagrin turned his head back to smile gleefully at the demon guard.

"You're taking me to the Pits right? The place where you send the worst miscreants?"

The demon guard looked puzzled. For some reason this human was so eager to be lead to utter damnation and suffering. It scratched its head slowly and nodded, re-leveling the spear that guided Zagrin.

It snorted as it mumbled under its breath. "Strange, this one must be part of the lot that lost its mind..." It continued to lead Zagrin to the Pits.

What the demon guard didn't know was that Zagrin was well versed in the customs of Hell. Alongside his terrible evil lifestyle up above on Earth, Zagrin was avidly fascinated with the characteristics of Hell. Allegedly, those who did enough bad would be subject to endless torture and punishment...by Succubi. Zagrin shuddered with glee at just the thought. Hordes of succubi, scantily clad, plenty of sexual prowess and a domineering personality to boot. None of this compared to the prudes up above in

Heaven. Zagrin yearned for the sensual touch only a demon could satisfy, and by touch he meant the harsh cracking whip of an alluring half naked succubus.

The caverns of Hell criss crossed many times with one another, forming long impossible stone walkways leading high above the bubbling cauldrons of lava that formed a lake of fire far below. Spirits of the damned were ushered to and fro along these walkways. Many cried out in peril while others accepted their doomed fate. Some cast themselves off the edges to burn up in the lava below, yet would merely be reformed in the upper gates of Hell to relive their torment for eternity. As if leading himself, Zagrin finally gazed upon the dark obsidian gates that marked the entrance to the Pits.

"Were here now right? The Pits?" Gestured Zagrin as if HE was the one leading the demon guard.

The demon guard brushed past him and marked out strange crimson arcane sigils upon the gate. With a resounding crack, the gates shuddered open.

The demon guard didn't have to ask as Zagrin as he strode forward past the gates with a skip in his step. All the demon guard could do is watch, mouth agape as a human willingly launched himself forward to one of the most vile recesses of Hell.

"You do know what you are getting yourself into, right human? All that exists in those caverns are the lecherous succubi. They do not take pity on any mortal and shall subject them to-

"A life of eternal torment, suffering, and damnation! Yes yes, I am well versed upon the matter."
Interrupted Zagrin.

"You may think me mad demon, however, if there were a sign up list to enter, you better believe my name would be one of the first on there!"

The demon guard watched as Zagrin merrily walked into the darkness along the path that lead to the Pits.

"Casis is on duty today, I wonder how she'll deal with this one." Thought the demon guard as he sealed the gates.

Sconces dimly lit the path leading forwards as Zagrin lead himself through the gloomy haze. There was a strange dampness in the air, still hot as Hell, given the locale, yet different from the chasms above. Eventually the tunnel began to round a corner, a singular dim red light illuminating the bend ahead. Carefully, Zagrin edged forwards and was astounded by the site he saw ahead of him.

The tunnel opened up into an astronomically sized cavern. Stalactites dotted the ceiling of what would have been a domed roof some 300 to 400 feet high. Cascading falls of lava sat at the back of the magnificent cavern, providing ample illumination. The heat that sweltered forward upon Zagrin was almost unbearable as he shifted his gaze around the cavern. A small stone path lead from his perch near the tunnel that ferried its way downwards to a circle of bright red stones below. Yet, with all the majesty and sheer scale of the cavern, nothing compared to the being that lied at the center of the stones. Lying upon an illuminated pentagram was a succubus. A succubus that seemed to fill at least a quarter of the entire cavern! She was truly massive in scale. The succubus lied there half naked, lazily spread on the ground with one arm propped up beneath her head and the other scratching at her bare stomach. She had a pout on her face as her cheeks seemed puffed for a moment, like she was concentrating on something. All of a sudden, a shock of acknowledgement seemed to startle the succubus as she opened her maw letting forth a mighty belch.

"BRAAAAAAUUUURP!"

"Ooof, those guys just aren't settling too well." Mumbled the succubus as she caressed her belly.

Zagrin was frozen solid, if one could even be frozen here in the sweltering depths of Hell. This was no succubus that he had imagined. No succubus that he had read about in his books. This was a monster! Sure she had all the familiar characteristics that a succubus would have. Striking obsidian hair with streaks of red, porcelain perfect skin, and even the pink heart tattoos that adorned the region just above the succubus' crotch. There was also one painted around her naval...

Zagrin began to slowly back away, this monster was massive and could probably crush him with just a flick of her finger. How was he supposed to bed such a giant creature? Any torment she could afflict on him would be immense! He did not sign up for this, and so Zagrin turned and began to race towards the tunnel behind him.

Casis stretched and yawned. It was a good burp. The kind that makes you feel hungry again. The one that eases out all the discomfort that comes with a satisfyingly filling meal. She rubbed at her eyes as she peered up towards the crimson stone path that lead all her subjects merrily on their way to her waiting punishment.

"There was supposed to be one more for today." Thought Casis as she stretched upwards onto her knees in a sitting position. As the blariness cleared from her sight she spotted it. A tiny human in the midst of a full out sprint towards the tunnel.

Casis sighed. They were never creative in how they reacted to her presence. She had seen it all. First they ran for their lives, next they prostrated themselves before her begging for forgiveness, and then they would usher out terrified screams of remorse as she did away with their being in a variety of manners. All in the end to ultimately cycle back down towards her or another one of her colleagues after they were reformed at the gates of Hell. She slid forward upon her belly and formed a circle around the running human with her arms outstretched and hands clasped together.

Zagrin sprinted, as the already unbearable heat caused him to sweat evermore. He could hear her moving behind him and in a flash a large shadow loomed above. Two resounding booms caused him to wince and halt his progression as the Succubus' arms formed a living wall in front of him. He spun around and saw the face of the monster behind him...smiling.

"Ok Ok." Thought Zagrin. "I can figure a way out of this."

In life, Zagrin had been the son of a prestigious ruler, heeding to the whims of aristocrats and other formal guests. Suffice to say, proper speech, quick cunning and manipulation were his foray. As far as he was concerned... He was also devilish with the ladies when it mattered, bedding many whores and gentlewomen alike. Pun intended.

"See, you are sharp." He assured himself.

Zagrin spun around on his heels and gleefully smiled back at the massive monster.

"Good day my lady! Sorry to have troubled your peaceful rest only a moment ago, but I do say I think I should be headed back up that tunnel behind me! I think the demon guard left his spear on this half of the Pits and how rude of me would it be to not go and remind him of his misfortune."

Zagrin chuckled at his own terrible attempt at lying to this creature. He was terrified and it was obviously showing.

The smile of the succubus broadened into a full out toothy grin. Two sharp fangs along with a perfect row of incisors greeted Zagrin as he swore he could see his reflection in their sheen.

"Oh no need to worry about that little human, I'm sure the demon guard can find his way back here when he gets the chance. " She was toying with him and could obviously sense his unease.

"But I think running away from me is no form of proper introduction. My name is Casis, first of the Succubi sisters of Hell and if I may say, a fair and just giver of all forms of punishment." She fluttered her eyelashes at the last statement, seeming to take full pride in her words.

"Zagrin, charmed I'm sure but I really should be goi-"

"Nonsense!" Boomed Casis as she let out a bellowing sarcastic laugh. He got a glimpse at what lied behind those pearly teeth. A terrifying tunnel of glistening red, much more unsettling than the stony red tunnels he was previously headed for. The maw danced as strings of saliva snapped upon her tongue and farther back he could see a dark tunnel that lead deeper...

Her jaws snapped closed and she grinned once more.

For Casis the introduction and facade could thankfully end soon. The masters of hell had formal laws set in place that required Casis and all other succubi to abide by. Quotas, introductions, formalities, blah

blah blah. It all seemed so dreary and dull. Being the Succubus of Fairness and Justice, she had to abide by some rules, yet most mortals subject to her torment didn't much realize this at all and simply accepted a quick and easy second death after some convincing. This one here would be no different. All she wanted to do was end this dreary day, and doing away with this final human was the only thing that stood before her and another nap.

"Anyways human, you have a couple of choices when it comes to how your peril shall carry out here." She was all business now, noticed Zagrin.

With a snap of her fingers a pair of reading glasses formed over her eyes and with another snap a massive obsidian tablet manifested in front of Zagrin. A slew of scripture was written upon it with a neat little line at the bottom titled "Signature." Thankfully it was a to a decent scale that Zagrin could probably write upon it. As if reading his mind a stick of charcoal manifested in Zagrin's hands.

"You see here human, you need only sign the bottom of this here contract and you and I shall be along our merry way in constructing a fair and just deal in which the both of us can benefit in a quick and timely manner." Hopefully quick, as this was boring Casin all the more.

Zagrin feverishly scanned over the document. "Alright!" He thought, as Zagrin wiped the sweat from his brow. He remembered that deep down here in Hell, the demons loved their contracts. They came in all sorts, usually resulting in the damnation for whichever unfortunate soul signed them. However, Zagrin had done his homework and knew that there were usually loopholes or other sections of these binding bills that could be manipulated, usually for the favor of the demon. There was one section that he lingered upon though.

"The succubus of Justice and Fairness shall administer her suffering through all uses of her body in any creative way she sees fit."

No no, not that part, although it did send a shiver of fear down Zagrin's spine...along with a hint of temptation? No, he instead found himself focused on a line of the contract that clearly outlined a peculiarity. One that allowed the tortured soul the opportunity to advance to a Demonic Rank. Hell, being a tumultuous and chaotic place still had some semblance of order, and Demonic Ranks, from the lowliest of imps to the highest overlord set out the hierarchy. All mortal souls however, were treated as mere refuse. But, to increase a Demonic Rank would mean some power! And with power came opportunity, and opportunity the chance to finally find some decent succubi down here. At least one that wasn't 200 feet tall...

However, there was always a catch. In order to gain this opportunity, the damned would have to bring the punisher, in this Casis the succubi, to a point of utmost pleasure and satisfaction. Just and fair to a degree, he guessed.

Zagrin gazed around the obsidian contract to meet Casis' gaze. She seemed bored now, tapping the ground behind him with her fingers, as if waiting for him to do anything, something. Zagrin did fancy himself popular with the ladies back when he was living, but to pleasure a giant like this one?! Zagrin bit his fingers as he thought about the prospect.

"Just sign already wont you?" Bellowed out Casis impatiently. "I'll end it all for you nice and quick and then tomorrow me or another girl can do it all over again. " She rolled her eyes as she noticed Zagrin begin to speak.

"Alright mighty Casis, succubus of both Justice and Fairness, I shall take up your offer and sign your contract!" His finger was raised mightily in the air as if to make a triumphant point, yet he still trembled slightly.

"Finally, so I guess I'll just gulp you down the-"

"And I shall bring you to the utmost pleasure and satisfaction to gain a Demonic Rank!"

This statement caught her off guard. How bold was this human really? Casis could smell the fear upon him, and either only the foolish or insane made this choice. Many were even too afraid to read the contract, let alone even capable of doing so. It was written in demonic scripture for Devil's sake. Her brow furrowed as she imagined the process, and slowly a sly grin spread across her face.

"I guess this evening wont be so boring after all." Thought Casis out loud. "Ok then human, or should I say, Zagrin. I shall partake in this deal with you, after all it is clearly written in the contract. Fair is fair."

With a confident flourish, Zagrin steadied his palms and signed the bottom of the obsidian contract. The black sooty writing illuminated red for a moment and then caught fire in bright red flames. Zagrin shirked back from the heat and as the flames died down Zagrin noticed the monolithic succubus begin to shift and move.

"Well then Zagrin, see if you can do your best! I am not easy to satisfy, and the very threads of your fate rest upon, and within, my body." The reading glasses poofed out of existence in a puff of black smoke as the demoness rose to her full height.