

## *Death Bringin' Angel*

It was a cold winter's night, a blue moon shining bright. The chill in the hair howled with an icy touch, brushing by the skyscrapers and clattering against windows, attempting to break into where it wasn't wanted. As snow began to drift in dancing sways towards the city streets below, a one-eyed woman walked the lonely streets. Whimsically swaying a bloodied bat by her side, she sauntered down the sidewalks with money and sex on the brain. A pimp by trade and a greedy one at that, she waltzed down the darkened streets every night, going from one of her employees to the next, taking her fair share with care for the women (and a few men) under her ploy and not one of them complained. If the bat didn't keep their traps shut, she just what to say (i.e. threats) to keep them in line.

Tonight, her bat dripped with the blood of one who fought back.

If her criminal existence wasn't blasphemous enough, the place she called her base of operations was a church, a condemned church, but a church nonetheless. On the outside, it looked like some run down place that any one would keep far, far away from, but on the inside, it was a pure and utter den of sin. On a normal night, the hookers lied across the floor among the spilled drugs, all completely high out of their minds and staring up at the ceiling when they weren't mindlessly fucking in scattered orgies.

So when the one-eyed woman opened the door and found the place dead quiet and dark, she knew immediately something was wrong. Tightening her grip on her bat, she cautiously entered, eyes shifting to and fro scanning every nook and cranny surrounding her until a voice had her look up and ahead.

"Looking for that flock of yours?" asked in a calm, womanly voice. Standing against the old stained glass window was the silhouette sitting comfortably on the sill, the pimp unable to make out any details in the darkness. "I've already purified them."

"The fuck is that supposed to mean, bitch." grunted the pimp, tapping her bat in her palm. The figure stood up.

"They're with God now...just as you'll be."

The one-eyed woman gritted her teeth, her grip tightening on her bat.

"You're fuckin with product, bitch!?" She shrieked at the peak of her temper "Get down here so I can cave your fuckin head in!"

Beneath the darkness, the Angel Isabella grinned.

"As you wish." she remarked, unfurling her wings in a glistening glory. The bat slipped from

the pimp's hands and clattered on the floor as she stared dumbfounded at the beautiful holy being slowly rising into the air, her legs frozen where she stood. She was so pretty, so majestic, the most incredible thing she'd ever seen.

Unfortunately for her, it would be her last.

Kicking herself off the glass behind her, Isabella sliced through the air between angel and mortal, her drooling jaws parted wide open. Before the one-eyed pimp knew what was happening she was shoulders deep inside the angel's punishing maw and promptly tackled to the old wooden floor. Thanks to the momentum, nearly the whole Pimp's upper body was forced right past the gullet and into her throat and without losing that momentum, Isabella grabbed the waist of the mortal's jeans and rose upwards, camming the rest of her torso down while lifting her legs into the air. There, gravity only helped the angel in devouring the sinful soul down, no matter how hard those flailing legs kicked. She screamed and she cursed, but ever hard gulp dragged her deeper and deeper inside the tight, fleshy sack pushing out from under Isabella's once thin midriff; forced to curl up into a painfully tight fetal position, the acids burning flesh and cloth immediately upon content.

"NO! FUCK! LET ME OUT!" she screamed just as her feet slipped between the angel's lips, the pimps legs quickly joining so after. She punched and she kicked, all while the gastric fluids rose like the morning tide. Her clothes disintegrated almost instantly, her flesh burning and melting from the bone. "OH GOD I'M SORRY! PLEASE, I'LL DO ANYTHING! LET ME OUT!"

With a wicked grin, Isabella relished her cries, lazily drumming her fingers across her swollen stomach, watching it steadily shrink as it rapidly melted down its prisoner.

"You can pray mortal, and hope the lord has more mercy for your sinful soul than me. Because I *won't*." and with that, the hand resting upon the belly suddenly pressed inwards with all its might, leading to a sickening cacophony of bones crunching and fleshy mashed. In an instant, the pimp's life was ended, reduced to a pile of meat and some parts that vaguely resembled the human that it once was.

"**URRROUP.**" Came the short, wet belch Isabella caught in her hand before sucking the flavor from her lips, her other hand caressing the stomach sagging lifelessly over the waistband of her pants. "So delicious. All of you are so sinfully delicious, I keep forgetting to savor you. Oh well!"

With a devious little chuckle, she went to the door, opening it before pausing briefly.

**PFFFFRT~**

After making sure no one heard that, she chuckled and vanished into the city night; another

sinful mortal soul released from the flesh and left to the lord's mercy, the rest just fat on her ass and shit in her bowels ready to leave tomorrow morning.