

THE DEMON'S COMPLAINT

Demonia put claws on hips and glared at her husband, Kruel, as he entered their cavelet. "Where in Hell have you been? I've had roast murderer in the oven for six hours!"

Kruel smote his scaly forehead. "I forgot. I was just helping greet the new human sinners over in Receiving."

"The new female human sinners, you mean!"

"Of course. They have such nice, soft flesh. I love rending it. And their first screams of agony... That sends shivers of delight through me."

"You're a damned liar! I t-pathed Grime at the Gate and he told me you were skewering new Herty female offenders!"

"Oh, well, maybe one or two Herties. I did seventeen humans. I just do the next in line, whatever they are."

"You were doing those sexy, wart-covered Herty girls exclusively! Don't lie to me, you damned liar! Look at your poker! Coated with green blood! And your barb head is dripping yellow semen!"

"Demonia, sweetie, I was just doing my job!"

"Your job is tending the lake of fire and making sure lost souls don't climb out, not having orgasms at the Gate! I was told forty-seven roasting souls got away during your shift today. Forty-seven! They're crawling into rock holes all over level seven, smoldering and smoking, only half consumed!"

"Oh. That means a lot of overtime to make up---"

"It means this was the last claw! I'm leaving you. I'm taking the demonlets and I'm going to join the Female Demons Crusade."

"You can't---"

"I can! I'm going to drag a human divorce attorney from the slice & dicer and finally get free of you!"

"Okay, do that! You'll regret it! See how well your FDC friends can satisfy you with their artificial pokers!"

"Better that than the wilted prodder and soft barb you wield for me. A demoness needs a good old-fashioned reaming now and then."

"Who wants to rip into a cold orifice like yours?"

"You monster!"

"Damned right!"

“Oh!” Demonica swiftly gathered the 15 demonlets from their stone cribs and stormed out of the five hole cavelet, shouting, “Enjoy the charred murderer in the oven! You can barely hear his screams any more.”

Kruel shouted after her, “You always were a lousy cave keeper! You never could keep a proper coating of shit on the floor!”

END FLASH FICTION #2